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JANUARY 1, 1870.

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

JANUARY, 1870.

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

Death of Mr. Philpot.

BEFORE this No. of the "Gospel Standard" comes before its readers, the sad tidings will have spread far and wide that he who edited it for upwards of 20 years has been called away from the scene of his labours. His numerous friends, and those who loved and esteemed him for the truth's sake, will be looking for some little account of his last days; and one of his sorrowing children has written the following:

Joseph Charles Philpot, the third son of the late Charles Philpot, Rector of Ripple and Vicar of St. Margaret at Cliffe, was born at Ripple, near Deal, Kent, on September 13th, 1802.

He was educated at St. Paul's School, London, whence he proceeded to Worcester College, Oxford, where he had obtained an open scholarship. After studying the usual time at the University, he graduated in 1824, taking a first class in classics; and during the next four years he was engaged in private tuition in Ireland and in Oxford. In 1829, according to his own account, he was residing at Stadhampton, a village in Oxfordshire, of which he was curate, having been some time previously ordained and elected a Fellow of his College. Already during his stay in Ireland the Lord had begun the work of grace upon his soul; but it was some years before he attained to such a full knowledge of the truths of the gospel as led him finally to secede from the Church of England. This he did in March, 1835, after much conflict, consideration, and prayer, thus giving

up all his worldly prospects, and being also in delicate health, going forth, as he himself said, like Abraham, not knowing whither he went, but counting with Moses the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt. The Lord, however, has constantly appeared for him in a way of providence, and he often remarked how he could, like Huntington, write his "Bank of Faith."

In 1838 he became pastor of the Particular Baptist church at Stamford and also of that at Oakham, where he preached on alternate Lord's days until the year 1864, when, on account of his always delicate chest and frequent attacks of bronchitis, he was strongly advised by a medical friend to give up the ministry and move to a warmer part. Croydon was chosen, as being a warm, healthy place, where the truth was faithfully preached, and he has often said how he saw the hand of the Lord in his removal there, where he could enjoy hearing the gospel, and have the friendship of his dear friend Mr. Covell, whom he loved as a brother, and with whom he could feel such sweet union. During the summer months he felt it to be a privilege that he could again preach the blessed truths of the gospel, but seemed always glad to get into winter quarters and to enjoy the quiet of his own room, where he could read the Word and meditate and write for the good of God's people.

During the autumn of this year, when fulfilling an engagement at Allington, his health gave way, and he had a slight attack of his old complaint, caused more by overwork than by cold. From this he recovered, and laboured with his pen, as usual, until November 21st, when he took cold; and gradually a more severe attack of bronchitis than usual came on, attended with great shortness of breath.

On Thursday, the 2nd December, he felt too ill to leave his bed, and in the evening his eldest son, Dr. Philpot, was written for from town; but as he had so frequently suffered from these attacks, no serious apprehensions were entertained as to his recovery. He refused to have any further medical advice, but when urged on Tuesday, the 7th, he consented that another doctor should be sent for, though he did not live to see him. From Sunday, the 5th, he suffered at intervals from shortness of breath, which he patiently endured, saying frequently, "O Lord, pity my case!" and, "Gracious Lord, mighty to save!" and his lips occasionally moved as if in silent prayer. He could not lie down or rest on his right side, and scarcely slept for two nights; but on Tuesday night the bronchitis was so far better

that he was able to lie down, and obtained some refreshing sleep, so that on Wednesday morning we all hoped he would recover from this attack, as he had done from so many previous ones. The event proved, however, that it had been too much for his strength. About seven o'clock that evening, he appeared very much exhausted, his strength gradually failing, and towards midnight it was evident he was sinking. We were then called round his bed to take our last farewell of him we loved so much. He was perfectly conscious, knowing us all, and calmly bidding us Good-bye. His dear wife asked him if he suffered pain. He said, "No." To his children he said, "Love one another." "Be kind to your mother. She's been a good wife to me, and a good mother to you all."—"Follow on to know the Lord." After sending his parting love to various friends by name, and "*the friends*," and giving directions about his will and burial, he seemed to have done with earth. Then at intervals we caught these last words: "Better to die than to live!" "Mighty to save!" "Mighty to save!" This he said several times. "I die in the faith I have preached and felt."—"The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from *all* sin."—"O, *if* I could depart and be with Christ, which is far better!"—"Praise the Lord; bless his holy name." We watched his strength gradually ebbing, and just before he departed he looked up earnestly, then closed his eyes and said, "Beautiful!" His dear wife, who was close beside him, asked, "What's beautiful?" He made no direct answer, but presently said, with his failing voice, "Praise the Lord, O my soul!" These were his last words; and soon after this he gently passed away, at half-past three on the morning of the 9th.

Croydon, December 13th.

The following is from the pen of his dear friend, Mr. Covell:

"I would just say that our dear and highly-valued friend, Mr. Philpot, was at chapel on Sunday, Nov. 21st, though the weather was too cold for him to have prudently ventured out, on account of his weak chest; yet he was such a lover of God's house, his truths and ordinances, that when health and weather permitted he was sure to be there. When the morning service was over, he came as usual into the vestry, expressed his feelings as to what he had heard, shook hands, and exclaimed, 'Happy art thou, O Israel!'

"When I called upon him on the following Tuesday, he said he thought he had taken cold. I said he looked so well on the Sabbath that I had been hoping he would have taken the morning service on the first Lord's day in December; when he replied, 'I think my preaching is all over. I feel as if I shall not be

able to preach again!' and after some further conversation I left him. From that time he appeared very poorly, though nothing serious was apprehended; and when I called to see him on December 6th, I found him confined to his bed. When I entered his room, he said, 'I am very ill; one of my old attacks, but more severe.' I said, 'How is your mind?' 'Dark and dead,' said he, 'and nothing short of a manifestation of Christ to my soul will do for me. Hart's hymn suits me well:

"Come needy, come guilty,
Come just as you are."

"I said, 'God will teach us to the last our dependence upon him, for he knows the pride of our heart, that if we could do without him we would. You remember the last sermon you preached for us—the sealed and open evidences. You have them, now,' I said, 'the open ones.' When he answered, 'It was for the truth, and the truth that brought him out from the Church in sincerity and faith; and then the sealed ones, O,' he said, 'what thousands of prayers and tears have gone up from my heart to God in secret!' 'Then,' I said, 'there is honesty of heart and the fear of God you are in possession of.' 'O! but,' he replied, 'my sins and the many things I look back upon with such shame and sorrow.' Then I said, 'This made Christ so fitting a Saviour that, as we came to him at first so it must be to the last,—Have mercy upon us; save, or we perish! We should not get beyond it.' Knowing how weak he was, I said I would leave him; when he asked me to read him one of Mr. Hart's hymns and a psalm; and he said, 'How often, when you have been tracing out spiritual evidences, I have felt and been sure I possessed them, and how my heart has echoed to them that I am sure we are one spirit.' I read hymn 779 in Gadsby's Selection, and said, 'You know what these things are.'" He looked and smiled. I then read Ps. xxxviii., and at various verses, O how he responded to them! After a few minutes in prayer, in which he responded so feelingly, we shook hands, never to see each other again in the flesh, to hear his voice, or take sweet converse together.

"I mourn his loss, and feel that I have lost one of the kindest, wisest, and most prayerful of my highly-valued and loved friends; but to him it is eternal gain. Blessed soul! Happy man! from sin and sorrow free! His praise is in all the churches; therefore I need say no more.

"Croydon, Dec. 13th."

"FRANCIS COVELL."

The funeral took place on Thursday, Dec. 16th, in the Croydon cemetery, at three o'clock. Long before the time, many persons had assembled. It had been arranged that the chapel doors should not be opened until the mourners arrived; but as the rain came down in torrents, it was found desirable to break through that arrangement. The doors were thrown open and the chapel was not only speedily filled, but crowded, and still large

numbers were outside under the arch which connects the Non-conformist chapel with the Episcopal one. The arch was, however, only a very partial protection, as the wind, which was high, blew the rain right through.

Amongst those present, our messengers collected the names of the following :

Ministers—Messrs. Blanchard, Boorne, Churcher, Clifford, Covell, Forster, Funnell, Godwin, Gordelier, Harbour, Hatton, Holden, Marshall. Maunder, Mockford, Row, Stedman, Swonnell, and Walsh.

Deacons—Messrs. Forrest and Harris, Tabernacle, Hastings; Messrs. Funnell and Vine, Ebenezer, Hastings; Mr. Hicks, Abingdon; Mr. Knight, Liverpool; Messrs. Gladwin, Lake, and Saxby, Zoar, London; Messrs. Link and Marshall, Gower Street, London; Mr. Scott, Salem, London; Mr. Walter, Wadhurst.

Other Friends.—Wm. Allard, Bailey, Thos. Biggs, Brown, Charlwood, Geo. Covell, Cripp, Evans, Robt. Frost, H. Glover, Wm. Gray, Hawkins, J. S. Hinton, Jones, King, Landen, C. Marting, Geo. Matthew, John Mayhew, J. Page, S. Page, Plume, Ricketstaff, Ridley, Robinson, Rogers, Turner, and J. T. Wood, Croydon.—Messrs. E. Barber, R. Bennett, J. J. Bennicke, F. Berrington, Booth, J. Branwhite, Thos. Brown, Colley, Wm. Curzons, James Davies, R. Demetrius, Edwd. Jones Ebbs, Frewin, John, Wm., and Alfred Gadsby, R. P. Gould, Jos. Gray, Josiah Hale, James Howarth, Hunt, Alfred Jacob, A. B. Markwick, Newbury, Patrick, Pearce, S. Poulson, W. Richardson, Ruddle, Geo. Slape, D. Smith, Stembridge, Wm. Thornton, Felix Whittome, Harry Whittome, Wm. Wilkins, J. Williams, Thos. Williams, Jas. Womack, and Young, London.—Messrs. Wm. Abraham, Westerham Hill; F. Asprey, Merton; Batcheller, Charlwood; John Batt, Epsom; James Boorne, Carshalton; John Boorne, Woolwich; Burrise, Seven Oaks; Thos. Carr, Brixton; Church, Beckenham; Collis, Clapham; Funnell, Hastings; W. Gower, Sutton; F. Haffenden, Penge; Hill, Staplehurst; Holloway, Putney; Jabez Hover, Epsom; Thos. Howard, Putney; S. Hunt, Brighton; R. H. King, Barking; R. Kingston, Wandsworth; Kirby; C. Lack, Tooting; G. Lack, Mitcham; Wm. Lucas, Westerham Hill (late of Leeds); Masters, Potton; Matthew, Haddiscombe; Parks, Bromley; R. May, Staplehurst; Wm. Pawlett, Peterborough; Playfoot, Edenbridge; Wm. Rhodes, Wallington; Roworth, sen., late of Nottingham; W. Rumeus, Upper Mitcham; Rumsey, Kennington; David Smith, Farnborough; George Smith, Brixton; W. Taverner, Rye; Treacher, Gosport; Henry Thompson, Grantham; Wm. Turner, Brixton; Vine, Hastings; E. Walter, Maldon; A. Welman, Godalming; Horatio Weston, Sudbury; J. Whittome, New Brentford.

It was impossible to collect the names of all present, on account of the crush in the chapel and the rain outside. There

were many more females present than males. All were in deep mourning. It is long since we looked upon a spectacle so affecting.

Our official reporter says: "During the whole of the time the ceremony was being performed, the rain descended in torrents, and rendered umbrellas all but useless. Inside the chapel of the cemetery the scene was very impressive. It was crowded to its utmost capacity by a sorrowful company, whilst numbers of persons, many of whom stood in the rain the whole time, were unable to gain admission. The service lasted for upwards of an hour. We regret to state that, owing to the prevailing darkness, we were not able to secure so full a report of what was said as we should have liked. It is a pity that, at this season of the year, so late an hour as three o'clock was fixed upon."

Punctually at three o'clock, the hearse arrived. Many of the friends in the chapel had to go out to make room for those who bore the coffin, and for the mourners—Dr. Charles William Philpot and Mr. Joseph Henry Philpot. The coffin was a polished oak one, which encased a leaden one. The inscription was simply: "Joseph Charles Philpot. Died Dec. 9, 1869. Aged 67."

Mr. Marshall gave out two verses of that well-known hymn of Hart's:

"Sons of God, by blest adoption."

Mr. Godwin then read part of 1 Cor. xv., and commented on the words, "By the grace of God I am what I am," in the following terms: Who among this assembly can join the apostle from heartfelt experience, and say, "By the grace of God I am what I am?" The dear friend whose mortal remains we have before us died, bearing witness to this truth; he knew sensibly and feelingly that he was nothing spiritually but what the grace of God had made him. It was my privilege to know and to have blessed intercourse with our dear brother for the last 34 years; therefore you will not think that I am speaking unadvisedly when I say that he was one of the meekest and most childlike of men that ever the Lord took in hand. Many have thrown out insinuations relative to a stiffness and pride which characterised his life; but such persons never knew his heart. He inherited this stiffness from his mother, and he partook of it in common with his sister now living; but there are few here who could bear a stronger testimony to the love of God than he, and few could declare with so much fervid emotion, "By the grace of God I am what I am." We have to follow him. His death teaches many lessons, but most of all the important one that time here with us is but short. I had expected to have been called hence before him, but I have outlived him, and can say for myself, as he so often said, "By the grace of God I am what I am." No one here can justly estimate the abundant labours, and the attending results of our departed friend; God

alone can do that; but this I may say, that he worked both with mind and pen early and late, but now he has gone; and, blessed be God, he has gone to the Jesus whom he loved. The labours in which he engaged were not due to his personal abilities, though they were great, or to his multifarious talents, though they were conspicuous; but they were due simply to the grace of God which made him what he was. He stopped at nothing; he never turned back; and now, after the storms and trials of life, the God he loved has landed him safe in glory.

Mr. Godwin then offered up a deep and comprehensive prayer.

Mr. Covell then addressed the company to the following effect: What a solemn reality is death! It is enough to make the infidel and the sceptic alike tremble, and blush, and be filled with confusion; for, apart from the blessed consolations of true religion, there exists nothing which can inspire one with a holy confidence in meeting with the grim tyrant. Man dies by various diseases, but few people find the real cause. If men would but turn to holy writ, they would find that "sin entered, and death by sin, and that death has passed upon all, for all have sinned." And so, dear friends, nothing but death will remove sin from the child of God. Death, as I have said, is enough to make the scoffer and the mere professor tremble. A sound creed, a consistent life, being the member of a church, will avail nothing at death. Death sweeps all these away; but a living union to the blessed Son of God will enable the believer to swallow up death in victory, and to hail the approach of the grim tyrant as a release from the troubles and trials of earth to the joys and serenity of heaven. Look to it, sinner! Look to it, mere professor! Thou art united in the bonds of a living faith to the Redeemer or to the world. Death will dissolve all partnerships—the partnership of the husband with the wife, the parents with the children, the brother with the brother, the friend with the friend, the holy with the unholy; but with a living union to the Son of God there is no separation. The death of our dear friend is a warning voice, speaking to all the children of God. It is a warning voice, telling us to have our loins girded, our shoes upon our feet, and our lamps burning, like servants waiting for their Lord; and when he shall appear, we shall have nothing to do but to obey his summons, and say, "Come, Lord Jesus!" What a union is that which exists between soul and body! The soul is immortal, the body is of the earth, and both are held together by the breath of our nostrils, which, if suspended for one moment, dissolves the union. How slender is the thread by which we are bound to life! Sleepless nights, weakness of body, the care of physicians and friends, are all terminated by the suspension of breath. What may have been with us a struggle for months, nay, years, is terminated by death in one moment. Death is a blessed exchange for the true Christian; but let the mere professor turn from his perversity, and let him pray God to enable him to consider his latter end.

In the case of our dear friend, death put him near to Jesus Christ—the best position he ever had. How many sicknesses, how many recoveries and relapses he had are known to his friends, but death terminated the work in an instant; and from that there is no relapse. He can become sick no more. His racking cough has ceased to trouble him, his weakness has left him. O! What a friend to him was death! On earth he had in his own soul the substance of future joys, and he realises now the truth of the Scripture and the declaration of God that he will satisfy the desires of the righteous. He shall no more travail with pain; he shall suffer no more corruption; and thus, I repeat, death proved his best friend, in carrying him into the arms of the Son of God. Our good friend had three birthdays, and these all must experience if they ever reign with God in heaven. The first was when he was born into a world of sin and sorrow, and when the hearts of his parents were filled with gladness. But he was conceived in sin and shapen in iniquity. The next birthday was when he was born of the Spirit, and was made alive to God by Jesus Christ. The last birthday was on the 9th of December, when he dropped this mortal flesh and the heaven-born spirit ascended to the Father of mercies and the God of love. He was at the first birth led captive by the devil. Sin ruled, and ruled so as to lead him captive by its power, and conquering him by its prevailing influence. At the next birth, sin became a servant, for the Master was the love of Christ, which led him to aspire to eternal things. At the last birth, sin was nothing, for, despite its power, he entered into glory, and into the never-dying love of Christ. You all know what it is to have the first birth; would to God that all had felt the blessed experience of the second. If there are any here who have not known what it is to be born of the Spirit, I beseech you to consider this matter. You have come here to follow the remains of our dear friend to the tomb, but what an unspeakable mercy it would be were you able to follow him in faith, to follow him in truth, to follow him to eternal glory, to walk in the footsteps of the dear departed. The Holy Ghost tells us, “Whom he did foreknow, them he also called.” Then the first step to heaven is being called,—“called from darkness to light and from the power of Satan unto God.” When God said, “Seek ye my face,” the heart’s response of our dear friend and brother was, “Thy face, Lord, will I seek.” His next step was repentance for sin. “O!” he used to say, “what a filthy thing is sin! What mischief there is in it!” And so, like our dear friend, we should all be animated by a hatred for sin, and turn from it. But our trust must not be in ourselves. Like our dear friend, we must look to God to free us from sin, and say, as he often said:

“Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee.”

He knew what it was to have peace in his conscience, and peace

in every respect, because he knew what it was to be reconciled to God by the death of his Son. Not only did he have faith, but the witness of the Holy Ghost: "The Spirit itself beareth witness." He had the witness in his heart: "For if we believe the testimony of man, the testimony of God is greater;" and "There are Three that bear witness in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost, and there are three that bear witness on earth, the Spirit, the water, and the blood." The Spirit bore witness to his heart that he was a child of God. Blessed man! Happy man! He has now entered into glory, and realised what his soul longed to obtain. But we are told of the "fruits of the Spirit;" and those fruits in him were humility, meekness, and other Christian graces, whereby the world took knowledge of him that he had been with Jesus. These were some of the steps in which he walked Zionward, until at last he reached the destined place, singing, "To him that loved me, and washed me in his own blood, to him be glory, might, majesty, and dominion."

Let us look at him in his earthly career, and see what the grace of God made him. I am not here to extol the man, but I am here to extol the faith in which he lived and in which he died. He was a man of like passions with ourselves, and had feelings, and infirmities appertaining to sinful flesh; but what he was besides was by the grace of God. He would say, "Not to myself, but to God do I owe everything;" and it was that grace that made him the man he was in all his relationships in life; and "if any child of God lack grace, let him ask of God, and it shall be given;" for our heavenly Father has no partiality, nor is there in his character a shadow of turning.

If we look at our departed friend as an editor, we shall find him exemplifying in his own life those Christian graces for which he was so distinguished. How many pens were employed against him, and how many bitter words were used! As far as they touched himself, he passed them by; but when doctrine was assailed, with what a vigour, a masterly vigour, did he tear the arguments to pieces, expose error, and defend the truth. As an editor, he had opportunities of glorifying his own name; but, except when absolutely necessary, his name never appeared. He sank his individuality in the ennobling principles for which he contended. If we look at his writings, and his Meditations, we look at something that will speak even now that he has gone. How ably he exposed error, how aptly he answered perplexing questions, how he made difficult things plain, I need not say. Thousands living have been benefited by him, and perhaps it is not too much to say that thousands now dead have in their time been the same.

If we look at him as a preacher, how bold he was in declaring truth, how masterly was his manner of dealing with scriptural passages. Thousands have hung upon his lips. It was but to

proclaim his name, and the edifice in which he was to preach would be filled.

If we look at him as a Christian, we shall find him very low in his own esteem. If you had seen him as often as I have, you too could have borne testimony to the tears and the sorrows he manifested for sin. And yet, as I have said, he had an inward peace in believing which stamped him as a true child of God.

As a husband, how kind, how affectionate he was! The bereaved knows that, and for her our deepest sympathies are excited in her sad affliction.

As a father, O how anxiously and constantly did he strive for the temporal and spiritual welfare of his children!

As a friend, I can bear testimony from long intercourse to his courteous and affable manner. It might have been somewhat hard to find a place in his heart, but once found, confidence was not easily destroyed. It must ever be a source of satisfaction to me that he declared that he enjoyed my ministry. Again and again has he expressed how thankful he was to God for bringing him to Croydon.

His labour now is o'er and earthly things with him have come to an end. He is now absent from the body, but he is present with the Lord, and is singing the song of Moses and the Lamb. So may we be followers of him who through faith now inherits the promises, and may the desire come from the inmost depths of our soul, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

The crowd then left the chapel, and, forming outside, followed the coffin-bearers to the grave, which is about mid-way between the main entrance to the cemetery and the chapels.

The grave is a brick one, of considerable depth. It appeared to be as dry as a room in a house.

Owing to the torrents of rain that fell, there was no singing at the grave as proposed, and Mr. Covell made his remarks as brief as possible. As soon as the coffin was lowered into the grave, Mr. C. said: "Know you not that a great man and a prince is buried this day, proving that all flesh is as grass, and the glory of man is as the flower of grass? The gold of acquired literature that our dear departed friend possessed, and the silver of human eloquence to speak it forth, now lies silent in the dust; but John said he 'heard a voice from heaven, saying, Write, Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord. Yea, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.' It is done; the conflict is over; the spirit has fled; Philpot, that herald sent of God to make to man his great salvation known, is dead! Let Zion's children, weeping, kiss the rod and gird on their robes of deepest sackcloth. As the husbandman sows his seed in hope of a fruitful crop, so we commit our friend's body to the dust, in

sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life. And while we say, 'Earth to earth, and dust to dust,' yet this mortal and corruptible body shall at the Archangel's trump be raised immortal and incorruptible, and soul and body be reunited and be for ever with the Lord, singing, 'Salvation to God and the Lamb.'

Mr. Godwin said a few words: "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory throughour Lord Jesus Christ,—the Hope and Saviour of every poor trembling, sensible sinner who believeth in him."

Then followed the benediction, and the mournful scene was over.

On Dec. 12th, though before the interment of our departed friend, the pulpit at Gower Street Chapel was in deep mourning. Mr. Walsh was supplying, and took for his text in the morning, Heb. xiii. 8, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." In the course of his remarks, he said, "I cannot avoid noticing the changes that have taken place in the ranks of Zion's ministers within the short compass of 27 years. Gadsby, who has justly been styled the great Apostle of the North, was then drawing near the end of a most useful and successful campaign, ready to say, under the solemn anointing and power of the Holy Ghost, 'I have fought a good fight. I have finished my course.' And, indeed, the fight had been a mighty struggle. He stood alone many years; yet not alone, for the Lord stood by him and made him the instrument of planting, directly and indirectly, more gospel churches, contending, under the power of the Holy Spirit, for the truth, doctrinal, practical, and experimental, accompanied with the ordinances as practised and commanded by the Lord Jesus Christ, than any other man during this century or the last, or, judging from appearances, than will be in the next. Through the mighty power that attended his ministry, Warburton was brought forth to stand by his side in the conflict, and to go forth watering as Apollos of old; but evidently his final destination was not the North but the West of England; and there he was sent forth to bear the standard of the cross; with what success is well known, so into the particulars of which I need not now enter. Another, however, was, through the same means, raised up in the person of Kershaw, who may truly be termed a modern Barnabas (a son of consolation); and whilst Warburton was fighting, planting, and watering in the West, aided latterly by Mortimer, Gadsby and Kershaw were side by side in the North. M'Kenzie also was brought forth to strengthen their hands. For 15 years he went forth, by the power of God, bearing in his body the dying of the Lord Jesus. Taylor also was added to the ranks, and made and makes an able minister of the Spirit, with others I cannot now name. We now turn to the South, and there the Lord was preparing, in the persons of Tiptaft and Philpot, two men in the Church of England, and bringing them out, making them

'mighty, through God, to the pulling down of strong holds,' God making the thundering appeals and thousand questions of the one as pointed arrows and swords, 'piercing to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit,' and the preachings and writings of the other as of a man wondered at, and enduring hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. Indeed it may truly be said that he fell a glorious conqueror through our Lord Jesus Christ, with his harness buckled on, preparing to enter on another year's campaign, and contemplating commencing it by the New Year's Address, when almost instantly he was commanded to halt and lie down, slip through his harness, put off his weak, frail tabernacle, to be adorned in the pure garments of salvation, righteousness, and praise, and be presented before his Lord, King, and Saviour, to hear the blessed welcome, 'Come, thou blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for thee from the foundation of the world.' And now, instead of a New Year's Address to the sorrowing 'woman in the wilderness,' he is employed above, casting his crown before his adorable Redeemer, and, in an *eternal* New Year's Address, without a frail body, difficulty of breathing, fearful of another bronchitic attack, or weighted down with the weakness of the flesh, but with immortal lungs, where the inhabitants never say, 'I am sick,' and where the shafts of slander, persecution, or scorn can never enter, but amongst that innumerable army of patriarchs, prophets, apostles, martyrs, and his fellows in arms who have gone before, ascribing salvation to God and the Lamb for ever and ever. He shall hunger no more, nor thirst any more; but, in the fulness of joy at God's right hand, and in his presence for evermore, be ever singing, without weariness, 'Unto him that loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood, to him be glory for ever and ever. Amen.' We need not be told that 'a prince and a great man has fallen in Israel' (2 Sam. iii. 38), one who was 'a faithful man and who feared God above many;' for the fact is more deeply engraven in our hearts than a thousand tongues can tell or pens describe. Not to speak of many others I cannot call to mind, I look on Zion and say, Where are the nobles (Jer. xxx. 21) I have spoken of? Most of them taken away from the evil to come—Gadsby, Warburton, M'Kenzie, Tiptaft, Mortimer, and now Philpot, all gone to reap an eternal reward. Having done the will of God, they now inherit the promise. Kershaw is laid aside, waiting the command of his Governor (Jer. xxx. 21); Taylor is still labouring with that strength and vigour it pleases God to give him; Dangerfield is also, for a time at least, laid aside. Again, I say, What changes! But O what a mercy that, though Jesus was dead, he is now alive for evermore, and holds the keys of hell and death; and, bless his dear name, he is 'the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.' To human reason there appears a dark future in Zion's prospects; but faith says, 'All power is given to Christ (her Head) in heaven and in earth, and

he who has power to take away has also power to raise up more faithful labourers and send them into his vineyard. O that he would graciously be pleased to pour out a spirit of prayer and supplications upon his own dear family, and bring to their remembrance his saying, 'I will yet for this be inquired of by the house of Israel to do it for them;' and be brought with submission to say,

“When and wherever thou shouldst smite
Teach me to own thy sovereign right,
And underneath the heaviest load
Be still, and know that thou art God.”

The pulpit at Zoar, Great Alie Street, was also put in black on the 12th.

My dear Friend,—I duly received yours, in which was communicated the departure of our dear brother in the Lord and fellow-labourer in the vineyard of the Son of God, dear Mr. Philpot, to be for ever with the Lord.

I deeply feel the loss of him on my own account, but more especially mourn his removal from us on the behalf of the church, whose willing servant he has been for so many years. My acquaintance with him commenced soon after he left the Established Church. He being invited to supply your dear father's pulpit, I went to Manchester to hear him, and was introduced to him by the deacons; after which I supped with him at your house; and thus began a friendship which has met with no interruption, but rather increased, as we have met and preached together in different places, and corresponded on matters connected with the church of God. The Lord called him to a great work, and ever held him firm to the truth, as he did Jeremiah: “A defenced city, and an iron pillar, and brazen walls,” against error and in the defence of the truth.

When I was lying, to all appearance, at the edge of the grave, he sent a most sympathising letter to my dear wife. The Lord grant that the blessings he desired might rest upon her may be abundantly bestowed upon his dear wife and children.

The words of David respecting Abner are suitable on this occasion: “Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?” (2 Sam. iii. 38.) But I need not enlarge. His labours are known and prized by the living family: “And he being dead yet speaketh.” The pen that wrote is laid aside, and the heart that dictated by the teaching of the blessed Spirit has ceased its labours; but the immortal spirit is now in open vision with a Triune Jehovah whom he so delighted to honour.

I have consulted my deacons, and we shall put the pulpit in mourning. I should not have mentioned this, but you requested to know.

Through mercy I get a little strength, and went into the pulpit a little time last Sabbath afternoon.

I remain, Yours affectionately,
 Hope Chapel House, Rochdale, JOHN KERSHAW.
 Dec. 11, 1869.

My dear Friend,—When yours, announcing the death of dear Philpot, came to hand, I little expected such a message; but such are the ways of our God with men: "In such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh."

How solemnly grand and yet afflicting, to think that our dear friend is no more among the sons of men below? Well, he has "fought a good fight," and entered into rest! How easy to observe the hand of God in your laying aside your paper, that your attention may wholly, for the time, be turned to the "Standard." I can but admire this. God Almighty direct you, and supply you with every needful thing, for the church's sake.

Reflecting on your words, "He passed peacefully away," my soul felt a little of that sweetness which is akin to spiritual worship, mingling with holy submission to God's will.

The absence (I will not say the loss) of our dear friend and valuable brother, will be much felt. Many will mourn over the blank; but, remembering the words of Jesus, "Lo, I am with you alway," will cheer the mind, and draw the heart of the child of sorrow away from man, whose breath is in his nostrils, and little to be accounted of, remembering that the Redeemer will retain his own glory.

That our dear brother was made very useful will not be doubted by any real lover of the truth as it is in Jesus. The churches of Christ in England, and other lands also, knew the power of his pen, perhaps more than his preaching, as he certainly excelled in the communication of his mind in writing. Such was God's gift in him. That he stood firm in the doctrines of the gospel was the work of God upon his heart, and that, in wielding the sword of the Spirit, the Lord taught his hands to war and his fingers to fight, those who opposed the truth he defended know full well. That memorable and able work on the Eternity of God the Son, our glorious Daysman, will pass down from father to son, and from mother to daughter, in the family of Zion for ages to come; while the savour of Philpot's name will be felt by those who need that mighty One upon whom God the Father "laid help," whose name is called the "Word of God," who hath spoken to us in these last days, by whom also God made the world, and appointed him heir of all things.

Our brother's life, since he stood in the church of Christ, reminds one of the life of Jeremiah the prophet, one of "contention." When I last dined with him at our late brother Clowes's in London, he told me that no less than thirty books had been written against him by one and another; so that his mind must have had great and heavy exercises.

Ever ready to answer the inquiries of weak minds, he stood at the door of the "Gospel Standard" to open or shut its pages as his judgment and will decided. Clear and sound in doctrine, possessing much information, great penetration, and no small amount of that wisdom which cometh down from above, qualifying him for his work of faith and labour of love; and when we further consider that he was also perfectly master of the Greek language (no small acquisition to a Bible student), that he was of a studious mind, and a ready writer, we can but admire the hand of God in bringing him out of that strange "Establishment," the Church of England, a great number of whose members are groping their way back to Rome, from whence it came, as fast as circumstances will allow, and placing him in the church of the Lord Jesus Christ to be a standard-bearer in our Zion. O how different his path to theirs! "My soul, come not thou into their secret."

Our brother had read, carefully and prayerfully, no doubt, Paul's beautiful comparison of himself to a wise master-builder, having laid the "great foundation," "Jesus Christ," and, listening to Paul's instructions, took heed how he built thereon, the churches of Jesus know. The gold, the silver, and the precious stones, our brother built upon the Rock of Ages, and the day also will declare it when every man's work shall be tried as by fire. O, that day of trial for the sons of Levi! when those who have tampered with God's truth, God's worship, and God's ordinances, shall see their wood, hay, and stubble all on fire, and God himself rewarding the faithful stewards. (1 Cor. iii.)

I cannot help thinking of, and also sympathising with, those who are looking forward to the New Year's Address, who have counted upon seeing again the good, substantial, and weighty matter such as it often contained, how disappointed many will feel; and, however good an address may be supplied, many, even of the Lord's dear people, will not be able to look beyond the man to the matter. Time, however, will work wonders, as our God has his way in the whirlwind.

May those in our own land, and in the far West and South, to whom your next No. shall carry the solemn tidings, feel the high sovereignty of their heavenly Father, and remember, though our brother is gone, that he is present with the Lord.

Manchester.

A. B. TAYLOR.

My dear Friend,—Before I received yours, a friend had communicated to me the mournful intelligence of the departure out of time into eternity of our mutual friend Philpot.

We cannot for one moment mourn on his behalf,—dying was his gain. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them." This is his case. No more shall Satan vex and tease his happy soul; no more shall sin, sickness, pain, or loss disturb his peaceful spirit

His labours are done. His soul was in the work of the Lord; there was his treasure and there was his heart, His was a great work. God raised him up, especially fitted and fully qualified him for that honourable position in which he placed him—a minister of the Lord Jesus Christ and an editor; both of which he discharged faithfully to God and his own conscience. His labour was not in vain in the Lord. God abundantly blessed him in preaching and in writing. There is a cloud of witnesses still left, and a cloud now before the throne who can attest this. Hundreds have blessed God for raising him up, and thousands yet unborn will praise him for the same; for he "being dead, yet speaketh."

Once particularly his ministry was much blessed to me. It is now several years since. He was to preach at Beeston, and I walked over to hear him. Before service I went and saw him, when he appeared, as I thought, distant. This Satan took the advantage of, and filled my mind with prejudice. I felt determined not to hear him profitably; yea, more, I made up my mind, if possible, to pull to pieces what he did say. Indeed, to such an extent was Satan permitted to work in me that when Mr. Philpot entered the chapel, enmity rose in my heart, and, to my shame, a hope that God would shut him up and confound him before all the people. At length he rose, and gave out his text: Jude 20, 21. He first spoke of the Lord's people being loved of God, then of each other. How the Lord broke down all prejudice that was in my heart. Strange to tell, the very feelings I was under he minutely described. The wall of evil surmisings which Satan had raised in me fell before the sound of the truth of the gospel like the walls of Jericho before the ram's horns. My soul was like a watered garden under the sermon. I blessed the Lord, and blessed the preacher in the name of the Lord. After service I went again and saw him. I said to him, "Frown or smile, it will make no difference to me. I am unworthy your notice; but God has blessed my soul this night." Never was one Christian more familiar with another than he with me. We wept together. "Never do I," said he, "remember preaching more in the Spirit than I have preached this night." We drank into one spirit, and parted that night with mutual blessings in our mouths. "The memory of the just is blessed."

Error and erroneous men fell before our friend's weighty sermons and powerful pen, like Dagon before the Ark, or like Goliath before David, or like the empty oratory of Tertullus before Paul's words of truth and soberness. Undaunted by frowns, regardless of reproach, he went forward in his beloved work, upheld by the grace of God. Neither caresses, on the one hand, nor threatenings, on the other, could deter him from his delightful work, which he pursued unto the end. Like Asher, he dipped his foot in oil, and was acceptable unto his brethren. And thus finished his course with joy and peace.

The Lord permitting, I have given notice to preach a funeral sermon next Lord's day. Yours affectionately,
Southill, Dec. 18th, 1869. J. WARBURTON.

My dear Friend,—Thanks for your note, informing me of the loss you and thousands of others have met with in the departure of dear Mr. Philpot. Isa. xxvi. 19 flowed into my mind on reading it, and I took that Scripture for my text yesterday, and announced the circumstance which led to it.

A few of us meet to-night, to arrange about putting the pulpit in black.

I purpose (p.v.) attending the funeral. I suppose the time you name is when the service will commence.

Yours affectionately,
Hastings, Dec. 11, 1869. JOHN FORSTER.

Dear Friend,—The New Year's No. of the "Gospel Standard" will announce the death of its justly-valued editor. His pen is laid aside for ever, and his tongue lies silent in the grave. The letter from his daughter conveying the mournful intelligence, and inviting me, with my dear friend Godwin, to follow his mortal remains to the tomb, saddened my heart greatly. I had hoped that he might have been spared a little longer to the church of Christ, and I trusted to have yet awhile enjoyed the privilege of his wise counsel.

The church has lost a faithful servant, and I have lost a valued friend. He was a bold, unflinching, uncompromising advocate of truth. All who knew him admired the honesty of the man. Scarcely would his greatest detractors dare to question his thorough conscientiousness. For conscience' sake he left the Church of England, of which he was an ordained minister; and though a young man, and possessed of great gifts and learning, with every promise of distinction before him in his profession, he laid his ambition down, with all his worldly prospects, at the feet of Christ, and sacrificed all for truth. And truth being dearer to him than wealth or fame, he cast in his lot among the people of God, the poor and needy followers of Jesus Christ. He possessed an influence in the churches which he had well earned by his long and faithful services and his godly life. His place will not easily be filled. A man, however gifted, and whatever the measure of grace he possesses, must be years in the confidence of the people of God ere he can exercise the power in the churches which Joseph Charles Philpot did. His great natural gifts, his polished learning, and his large measure of grace he employed in the best of all causes, the cause of God and truth; and the lovers of truth honoured him, and he was worthy of all honour.

How true a friend he was I can testify, and I deeply feel my loss. True friends are not so abundant that we can afford to lose one. I never knew how much I loved him till I heard that

he was gone. How glad I am that I never grieved him; how sorry that I had not valued him more! Long shall I remember his oft-repeated kindnesses in encouraging me in the work of Christ, and his constant solicitude for my welfare.

As a friend, I could but bear this feeble testimony to his worth, as you requested. "The memory of the just is blessed."

Yours in Jesus,

Dec. 20, 1869.

FREDERICK MARSHALL.

My dear Sir,—Having heard of the great loss you and the church of Christ have sustained by the death of our much-esteemed friend Mr. Philpot, we feel solemnly and sorrowfully affected by it, and desire to express our sympathy with you, and also his family, and the church at large, at so great a loss; for we know of none who have been so highly favoured an instrument in the hand of the Lord. And did we not believe the Lord will not leave himself without his witnesses, we should feel his loss an irreparable one. But all power both in heaven and on earth is the Lord's; therefore we know he can, if he pleases, raise up one to supply the loss. May we and the church at large have a spirit of prayer poured out upon us to wrestle with him, as Lord of the harvest, to raise up and send forth more faithful labourers into his vineyard. Still we can but think of the Lord's mercy in sparing him so long. May the Lord direct you, if his pleasure, to find another efficient editor for the "Gospel Standard," that its usefulness may be continued.

These are a few of the many feeling desires of a small section of the church of Christ meeting at Zoar Chapel, Canterbury, for and toward you and the church at large. JOHN HALKE.

21, Havelock Street, Canterbury, Dec. 14, 1869.

My dear Friend,— . . . I do so much feel Mr. Philpot's death! I am sure it is a great loss to the church in many places. And the "Standard!"—dear Mr. Gadsby, what a trial and responsibility to you, as now left! I can only hope and pray that grace may be given you, at this time, to write and to manage. It seems to me such a great weight of responsibility. I do hope you may not choose any other one to take Mr. P.'s place in a hurry. No light, forward man would be fit for such an office, and those are just the ones who would be ready. You know my dearest husband was one of your oldest friends, and was from the first what would be called "a 'Standard' man;" and how he would have felt it had he been now alive! There seems no such man left as your dear father or M'Kenzie. So many things are wanted in an author; so much weight, and power, and solemnity. It is a different gift to preaching.

May the Lord be with you at this time, and direct every word and every thought. So prays Your sincere Friend,

18, Preston Street, Brighton, Dec. 11th.

EMMA BROWN.

A Few Verses

TO THE HONOURED AND BELOVED MEMORY OF MR. J. C. PHILPOT, WHO, BY THE SOVEREIGN GRACE OF GOD, WAS MADE AS BOLD AS A LION AGAINST ALL FALSE PROFESSORS, BUT AS A NURSING FATHER TO ALL REAL POSSESSORS. THE SAVOUR OF HIS NAME, LIKE BUNYAN'S, HUNTINGTON'S, GADSBY'S, TOPLADY'S, AND OTHER OF GOD'S NOBLES, WILL EVER BE LIKE FRAGRANT FLOWERS, AND SWEET SPICES IN THE SPIRIT-TAUGHT CHURCHES OF CHRIST, AND IN EVERY SPIRIT-TAUGHT HEART TILL THE END OF TIME.

SOLDIER of Christ, well done !

Thy last great battle's over, thy last great victory won,
One with that noble army, who through fire and flame,
That noble army of martyrs, who through tribulation came.

Methinks the song of the ransomed binds my spirit like a spell;
Another jewel for Jesus raised to glories none can tell;
Another blood-bought trophy of free and sovereign grace,
To gaze through all eternity on the great Redeemer's face.

At Sinai's fiery mountain thy first lesson was learnt well,
That the brightest of creature righteousness deserves the lowest hell.
Yes, thou didst learn full well in dark temptation's hour
That man could only destroy himself by his free will and power.

As Jesus wept o'er Lazarus, so do we weep o'er thee;
Next to the great Immanuel, O how we loved thee !
And what was this great secret which won our deepest love?
'Twas thy righteous lion-like boldness, with the meekness of the dove.

In thee we clearly saw Immanuel's glorious face,
Sign'd with his royal signet, so full of truth and grace,
From the first sigh of penitence to the moment of thy death,
Free grace, in its power and purity, was the theme of every breath.

But thou hadst two great realities, which vultures never saw,—
Life in a precious Jesus, death in a fiery law;
O! Wondrous saving mystery, God manifest in flesh,
Reveal'd in thy soul's great weakness, in the hour of deep distress.

Another secret thou didst learn, that vultures never knew,
The opening of Nature's living tomb, a fearful nameless crew,
Led by the Spirit, thou couldst discern false Achan's wedge of gold,
And all those groves and idols to mortal ear ne'er told.

But thousands of false professors, with a sepulchre within,
Like the old scribes and pharisees, a name to live they win,
Like bees they came about thee, to sting thee unto death;
Thirty-seven erroneous books came from their poison'd breath.

But like thy great Master with the Spirit's two-edged sword,
They fell like rotten wood before thy mighty word;
I heard thee in thy spiritual youth, through life until the last,
Where are now thy bitter enemies, the present and the past?

What thy hand touched it realised of God's tremendous word,
In judgment or in mercy, both were the Spirit's sword,
And all those pleasant pictures, which once so brightly shone,
By the law-curse in thy conscience were now for ever gone.

And as thou felt, so thou didst preach, and sinners boldly tell,
The law for ever condemn'd them down to the lowest hell;
Then when the Day-star in thy heart rose by the Spirit's power,
Thou wouldst tell them 'twas the earnest of salvation's glorious hour.

And when in thy soul Immanuel with unclouded glory shone,
And the Father smiled upon thee in his beloved Son,
Clothed with Christ's righteousness, and shelter'd 'neath his blood,
Like Paul in holy triumph, in Gower Street thou hast stood.

A king and a priest to God, there did thy spirit trace
The heights and depths, the lengths and breadths, of free and sovereign
grace,

The Spirit hovering o'er thee, with his double anointing power,
Proclaim'd in the law-wrecked sinner his condemnation o'er.

Hark to his dying words: "*Better to die than live!*"

Our broken hearts and weeping eyes, dear Lord, to thee we give,—
Our Jesus, Counsellor, and Friend, God's well-beloved Son.

Holy Spirit give us submission! God's will must e'er be done.

"*In the faith of the truths I have preached, I lay me down to die!*"

These were the dear man's words; this was his holy cry.

Hark again how he sweetly speaks: "*Bless the Lord, my soul.*"

And his ransomed spirit took its flight beyond sin's dark control.

Philpot, like Israel's great Commander, gave up all for Christ;
He saw Him who was invisible, who for him laid down his life,
And like his glorious Master, he counted well the cost,
And gladly for the reproach of Christ Egypt's great treasures lost.

Like a rich bed of roses, thy name shall ever stand,

Till the archangels' trump is heard o'er earth, and sea, and land.

Yes, like a fragrant bed of spices, in our hearts thou wilt ever bloom,
For a double immortality is written on thy tomb.

With Bunyan, Gadsby, Huntington, and with ten thousand more,
Through fire and flood thou hast landed on Immanuel's happy shore;
And with those immortal ones wearing their martyr's crown,
For ever the greatest debtor, and kneeling the lowest down.

All that he was as a Christian and as a minister we trace

To the rich covenant of free and sovereign grace;

Therefore from the church militant and the ransom'd host above,

To the glorious Triune Jehovah shall rise our song of love.

W.

[We hope next month to give the Funeral Sermon preached
by Mr. Covell, at Croydon, on Sunday morning, Dec. 19, and
the following month a sermon preached on the same day by Mr.
Taylor at Gower Street Chapel.]

As we say, There would be no thieves if there were no receivers; so would there not be so many open mouths to detract and slander, if there were not so many open ears to entertain them. If I cannot stop another man's mouth from speaking ill, I will either open my mouth to reprove it, or else I will stop mine ears from hearing it; and then let him see in my face that he hath no room in my heart.—*Bp. Hall.*

SAITH God, "I will take away their stony heart, and give them a heart of flesh." I will remove that sturdy heart which is in them, and will give them a frameable, teachable heart which shall ply and yield to whatasoever I shall teach them. The taking away of the indisposition of the soul to any duty, and the fitting, framing, and disposing of a soul to perform any spiritual service is the alone work of God.—*Ambrose.*

RICH, AND INCREASED WITH GOODS.

“Because thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked.”—REV. III. 17.

It is plain that the authority and dignity of all persons will carry a weight with their words. This is generally the case. Now, the speaker of these words is no less than the Lord Jesus Christ. In verse 14, he calls himself the Amen, the Faithful and True Witness, the Beginning of the Creation of God. Now, as he is the faithful and true witness, he never will deceive us; and, therefore, his word is to be depended on, for he is truth: “I am the truth.”

These things were addressed to the church of Laodicea; and our Lord tells her that she was neither cold nor hot, but lukewarm; and he would therefore cast her out of his mouth. By which I understand a profession of the gospel mixed with a worldly spirit; much show of godliness in appearance, but the heart not engaged with God; a name to live, but dead. We all know that this is an awful state. It is “glorying in appearance, but not in heart.” God requires worship in spirit and in truth, and wisdom in the hidden parts of the heart. But all this is only a fair show in the flesh; and, therefore, Christ says, “I would thou wert cold or hot;” that is, either one thing or the other. “You profess to know God, but in works you deny him.” As God says by the prophet Ezekiel: “Thou art unto them as a very lovely song, and as one that playeth well on an instrument, and they sit as my people, and hear thy words, but do them not. With their mouth they show much love, but their heart is gone after their covetousness.” This is drawing nigh with the mouth, and honouring God with the lip, while the heart is far from him; and such, Christ says, are lukewarm, and he will spue them out of his mouth.

And then come in the words of our text: “Because thou sayest, I am rich and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked.”

We will take up every particular of the text as it stands; and may the most Holy Spirit guide me into the truth, and give me the true sense and meaning of the text.

I. This is the *charge* brought against the Laodicean church. She boasted she was rich, and increased with goods. There are two ways that this may stand good, according to Scripture:

1. *Worldly riches*, which we all know is having much of this world, whether it be in land, houses, gold, or jewels. The more people have of these things, the richer they are. Now, the evil does not lie in being rich, if honestly gotten, but in trusting in these uncertain riches; uncertain, I say, for riches make to themselves wings, and flee away. Hence David says, “If riches increase, set not your heart upon them.” Setting the heart upon riches is making a god of them. “The rich man’s

wealth is a strong city and a high wall in his own conceit;" "Woe to them that join house to house and land to land, that they may build their nest on high, and be delivered from the power of evil." Such trust in their riches, as the King of Babylon did, and cast off God. Hence the king said, when standing on the top of his palace, "Is not this great Babylon which I have built, for the house of the kingdom, by the might of my power, and for the honour of my majesty?" (Dan. iv. 30.) And at that moment he was driven from amongst men, and went mad for seven years, according to Daniel's words, to teach him that God ruled in the heavens.

Another instance we have of one who trusted in these uncertain riches, and that is the fool in the gospel. He could not tell where to put his stock-in-trade, it was so great; therefore he concluded he would pull down his barns and build greater, and there he would bestow all his goods; and he would say to his soul, "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease; eat, drink, and be merry." But the answer from God is, "This night thy soul shall be required of thee; then whose shall these be that thou hast provided? So is he that layeth up treasure on earth, and is not rich toward God."

Let what has been said suffice to show the vanity of trusting in earthly riches.

But, 2, there is another sort of riches, and of which sort I think also it is that the charge lies against the Laodicean church, when Christ says, "Because thou sayest, I am rich and increased with goods;" and that is, being *rich in themselves*. And this arises from a whole heart with the veil upon it, untaken away; from insensibility, hardness of heart, and blindness of mind; no sense of want and no danger feared; and such are said to be rich; as you read: "He filleth the hungry with good things, but the rich he sendeth empty away." "But," say you, "wherein did their supposed riches consist?" I answer, they could not see evil in their own hearts or in their lives. Hence Solomon says, "There is a nation pure in their own eyes, but never washed from their filthiness." Again. They thought they were holy people, and therefore they say, "Stand by thyself, come not near unto me, for I am holier than thou." Again. They believed they were righteous. Hence you read of some that trusted in themselves that they were righteous and despised others. Again. Being quite ignorant of their own hearts, they boasted that they abounded in good works. As one said, "Lord, I thank thee that I am not as other men, no extortioner, nor unjust, nor even as this publican. I fast twice in the week; I give alms of all that I possess." Again. They boasted of their light, and said to the Saviour, "Are we blind also?" Likewise of their own wisdom. Hence you read, "Woe to them that are wise in their own eyes, and prudent in their own sight." And thus I might go on. Now, we will put all this crop of supposed riches together—purity, keeping God's commandments,

holiness, righteousness, good works, light, and wisdom. If these things in people be rooted, and such come under the sound of the gospel, they then have an opportunity to add to their supposed riches gifts and abilities and light into the letter of the gospel. These things will make them shine; and depend upon it there is everything of God's work counterfeited in such characters. God's people are believers; and you read of a feigned faith. God's children have peace; and these cry, "Peace, peace," when God says there is no peace; for the strong man armed keeps possession of his palace, and his goods are in peace. God's children have a good hope through grace; and you read of "the hope of the hypocrite," that shall be as the spider's web. God's people have a fear of him; and you read, "Their fear toward me is taught by the precepts of men." God's people are quickened, they have life; and these have a name to live. God's people delight in the Almighty; and these delight to know his ways, and take a delight in approaching the Almighty. God's people die in peace, and these have no bands in their death, their strength is firm. Now, if these seven be added to the others, you may see that they increase with goods.

These things are awful, but they are really true; and Paul will help us here. Hence he says, "Though I speak with the tongue of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am nothing; and though I have all knowledge, and understand all mysteries, and though I have all faith so that I could remove mountains, and though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing."

Well. These Laodiceans were rich and increased with goods, and had need of nothing. This is what they said; and, indeed, seeing they were whole-hearted, and had this supposed treasure as well as worldly wealth, what could they need? Why, nothing, according to their views and feelings. But O, this is a dreadful state to be in, and shuts such out of all God's promises, for the promises are to the needy and none else.

But Christ says, "Thou knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked." Now, let us examine each of these particulars by the word of God.

They are said to be wretched. Huntington used to say that the best dictionary was the word of God; and I am fully of his mind. Then, according to God's word, what is it to be wretched? I answer, that to be a wretched man is to have but one nature, the nature I was born with, and to grow up in the state of sin, insensible of all danger; this is the root of all wretchedness—to be born in sin and shapen in iniquity, and to go on in sin and be insensible of the awful state I am in; and let such pursue, whatever they may be and however they may appear to prosper in their pursuits, still, as they have no new nature, they are wretched, whether in a profession of religion or not, let their attainments be what they may, whether property, gifts, light,

knowledge, or understanding, health, strength, connections in life, or whatever they may be, they are wretched, though they know it not. The apostle Paul also, under keen feelings and exercises from the old man of sin, calls himself wretched; by which he gives us clearly to understand that to be harassed by the old man is wretched indeed. But Paul felt it, and all believers feel it a sore burden to them, which they must carry to the grave: and, therefore, Paul cries out, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" Thus to be wretched, in the strictest sense, is to be in the image of old Adam, in our first-born state, destitute of grace, not having what Peter calls the "divine nature," but this body of death in our sins, guilt, chains, in prison, and exposed to wrath and ruin, or to be connected with these things.

But let us further examine this body of death, in order to prove the wretchedness of it. Sometimes Paul calls it the old man: "Put off the old man, which is corrupt, according to its deceitful lusts, and put on the new man," &c. There he opposes the old man to the new, or the new to the old. Sometimes he calls it sin, and opposes it to grace: "Sin shall not have dominion over you; for ye are not under the law, but under grace." Sometimes he calls it the law in the members, and opposes the law of the mind to it: "I feel a law in my members warring against the law of my mind." Sometimes he calls it flesh, and opposes it to the Spirit: "The flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh." And here he calls it a "body of death;" and the reason is because everything of death is in it, and not a breath of spiritual life. Therefore, to be in old Adam, and have no new nature, such are dead men in every sense of the word, though they know it not. They are under the sentence, and nothing keeps them from the execution of it but the breath in their nostrils. O this is wretched indeed!

Now, though it is very painful work thus to be exercised all our days, yet here it is we learn the wretched condition of all that are out of Christ and destitute of the new man. We feel the state they are in; and I believe no creature living appears so wretched as God's children do according to their own feelings; and this makes them know the real worth and value of an interest in the Lord Jesus Christ. They clearly see and feel the true state of all men destitute of God's grace; but the others know not, as our text says, that they are wretched. Sin hardens the heart, Satan blinds the mind, and the veil remains; and though you may talk sincerely to them of this awful state, and lay it down clearly and scripturally to them, yet it will never be of any use unless God is pleased in mercy to open their eyes and quicken their souls. Still, it is right in us, as much as possible, to enforce these things to them when they will hear us, but not when they ridicule and blaspheme it: "Rebuke not a scorner, and speak not in the ears of a fool; for he will despise the wisdom of thy words."

From what has been said, we see what a wretched state man is in by the fall—born in sin, shapen in iniquity, alienated from the life of God, blinded by the god of this world, far from God by wicked works, having no hope and without God in the world, in possession of this old man, at war with God and in union with Satan. God hates them, being in old Adam's image, and they hate God, having no new nature; as you read: "Three shepherds I cut off in one month; and my soul loathed them, and their soul also abhorred me." (Zech. xi. 8.)

But let us further investigate this body of death, that we may more clearly see its wretchedness. 1. The *will* of this old man, or body of death, I say the will of it will end in its destruction, as our Lord Jesus said in the days of his flesh: "But those mine enemies that would not that I should reign over them, bring hither and slay them before me." And again: "Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life." That is, you have only one nature and one will in that nature, and that is to reject me as your Sovereign and to keep from me. You will not come to me for life; and as life is only in me, you never can, never will obtain it. "I am the resurrection and the life."

2. The *blindness* of this body of death: "Darkness has covered the face of the earth, and gross darkness the people." Hence they are said to be "alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that is in them, because of the blindness of their hearts."

3. The *enmity* of this body of death. This also will end in destruction: "But he that sinneth against me wrongeth his own soul. All that hate me love death; they love death in the following way,—they love the broad road, and that leads to destruction; they love sin, and by sin came death; they love a broken law, and will contend for it, saying, "Except ye be circumcised, and keep the law of Moses, ye cannot be saved;" and thus by trusting in it for life, and expecting to be saved by their obedience to it, either in whole or in part, they love that which will terminate in death; for the law is the ministration of death and condemnation to all that are out of Christ. The right use of it is to make us know our low estate, that we may fly for refuge to Jesus Christ, and find him a hiding-place from the wrath of God; but if we pervert the right use of the law, and, through our not understanding its spiritual meaning, cleave to it and abide by it for life and salvation, we love that which will be our ruin. "There is a way that seemeth right unto men, but the end thereof is the way of death," says the wise man.

Lastly. They are in *union* with such as are *hypocrites*, and therefore love death; as Solomon, when speaking of a false church, says, "Her guests are in the depths of hell." "All that hate me love death."

Now, all these things are snares, and they are very pleasing to the old man. The broad road is pleasing, because in this road there is no obstruction, and people can live as they list;

while the narrow path is a strait and difficult path; this the old man hates. Sin also is pleasing to this old man. Hence you read of the pleasures of sin for a season. Self-righteousness this old man likes; and therefore it nurses itself in dead works, calls it keeping the law; and not a little pleased are such with their performances. This is a deep snare of the devil, that such, being ignorant of the strict righteousness and justice of God in the law, may dream of meriting God's favour and reject the imputed righteousness of Jesus Christ, which is by faith, and not by dead works. Also it is pleasing to the old man to be in union with them that are hypocrites. A form of godliness the old man likes, and to be viewed a devout, upright character. Hence you read that the Pharisees loved the praise of men, and to be called, Rabbi, Rabbi. All this sort of religion goes down with this old man. Prophesying smooth things and prophesying deceit is very well to him; but, as God says, "What will ye do in the end hereof?"

Without enlarging, you may see what it is to be wretched in God's account, however ignorant we may be of it: "Thou knowest not that thou art wretched," &c.

(To be continued.)

I AM CRUCIFIED WITH CHRIST; NEVERTHELESS I LIVE; YET NOT I, BUT CHRIST LIVETH IN ME.

My dear Friend,—I have long had it on my mind to write to you, but have never before to-night felt a disposition to take pen in hand, and now my heart is desiring to ask every word of the Lord, that I may write in the Spirit with a single eye to the glory of God. My prayer is that the flesh may now be commanded to stand aside, as having no part or lot in the inward operations of the Holy Ghost within his own temple in my soul. I am made to know and feel that I might write a sheet full of most blessed truths, and all the time the intellect only be engaged and the Spirit dishonoured. How far, very far, may the intellect, the reasoning powers, go in apprehending and perceiving the inward doings of God in his own kingdom within the heart, and explaining them to others; but this the Spirit never bears witness to. It is the unction, the anointing, which teacheth all things. The unction tries the Spirit, whether it be of God; by it we distinguish and discover the voice of Christ, the true Shepherd, speaking in and through his own anointed servants, and the counterfeit voice of hirelings. May the Lord in his rich mercy anoint our souls with his holy unction that we may walk in the light, as he is in the light, and have fellowship one with another, and experience the blood of Jesus Christ, cleansing us from all sin. I know no fellowship can be enjoyed by a guilty conscience; then our souls must have daily to do with the blood, yea, we need hourly cleansing and washing and purging. Praise to the Lord, this blood is in permanent effi-

cacy; a word from his dear mouth in the Spirit is sufficient. Speak, Lord, the word only, and our souls shall be healed and have fellowship with thee. O for one drop of this precious, precious cleansing blood! This, this is the religion of Jesus Christ coming into vital union and connection with that stream of life and virtue flowing from his dear heart into my heart. joining heart with heart, Spirit with spirit. How my poor soul does desire and long, and thirst and pant to pass over all my bonds into the very interior of the holiest of all, there to abide with my dearest Lord, and never more depart from his side! This I know is my happy privilege as a child of his, but he is saying to me now by his Spirit, "Thou must be put to death in the flesh first, really and truly crucified, and when thou art able by my Spirit to say, 'I am dead with Christ,' thou wilt know what it is to abide in my love; thy will will then be lost and swallowed up in mine, thy soul will then rejoice in tribulations, and thou wilt be as happy under the most heavy sorrows as when all things are going on well, for thou wilt be brought simply to rest thy soul quietly and passively upon the Lord alone." This is the great mystery, the simple resting down of the soul upon God in confidence. The whole mystery lies in the simple passiveness of the soul; but O, God, what hast thou to do with this soul before it is brought there? I feel that it must, as it were, be [pulled and broken to pieces until every energy and activity of the old man is let out and the flesh actually withered under the breath of Christ's mouth, having the eternal Word dwelling in such power within the soul, crucifying and mortifying, and passing sentence of death upon every thing until we are brought into that broken and passive state under the hand of God set forth by a bruised reed—a state in which the devil has no power upon us, for the apostle says, "If Christ be in you, the body is dead because of sin." O what a glory does my soul see in such a condition; the old man chained and bound by the strong arm of Christ, Satan dispossessed, and the kingdom of Christ in mighty power within the soul, and Jesus there reigning without a rival. Do not suppose I am looking for sinless perfection. O no. It is only for the old man to get from under the strong hand of Christ, and he will be as rampant as the old lion. May the Lord explain his own truth, and pardon my soul, if I have in any way misrepresented it. The state of my soul at this time is truly solemn. Satan is trying at all points, and in every way, to get me away from Christ, to take up with something short of him, and my heart as base and deceitful as possible, is ready to join in anything. But the Lord will not let me go. It is his hold of me, and not mine of him, that keeps me. I am obliged to cry to him to take a stronger, more powerful hold of my soul, and never allow me to have my own way. I am obliged to cry, "Search me; try me; sift me." O, I dare not ask for things smooth and easy, for I know this is not God's way, and the soul

is only right under discipline. However painful, I desire to welcome it, and I cry, "Lord, if darkness be needful, let it be dark; if rebuke, let me have it; if chastisement, let me have it, only give me strength to bear it, and a circumcised heart to understand thee." How greatly is my responsibility increased! Every sin I now am guilty of is against the Spirit; for he is within me, giving his inward checks and admonitions at every turn. And O how I sin against him by my light-mindedness and uncalled-for connections with this ungodly world! Were he to deal with me as I act towards him, he would be for ever silent unto me, and give me up to the sin and rebellion of my heart, and never speak more, until the Bridegroom is beheld coming on the clouds of heaven to claim his kingdom, whose right it is to reign. Silence unto the soul is the most severe and-to-be dreaded attitude the Lord can assume over his children. The rod, however, keenly felt and heavenly used, I look upon as a most blessed proof of Fatherly love and care; and when the soul is brought to look at every trial and affliction as coming from the hand of a tender, loving Father, who, while he is smiting with one hand, is supporting and putting strength into the soul with the other, will be able to say, "It is well." I am constrained to cry to the Lord, to be purged, humbled, and broken; for I feel the old man still so strong, so unmortified, and so lively that I greatly need it. It is the destruction of the flesh I require to make me sober, even sanctification—the apostle has it, spirit, soul, and body. This is a mystery little understood in these last days. Men talk of an eternal sanctification before time, election and final perseverance, all before time, and seem to desire nothing and hear about nothing but love before time; but my soul must have these matters inwardly revealed and explained, or they do me no good. I must have a present sanctification by the power of the indwelling Spirit; for they that are Christ's have crucified the flesh, with its affections and lusts. What proof, then, have I, or do I give, of being Christ's, if my affections and lusts have the same power as in years gone by? The apostle goes on: "If we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in the Spirit." This is very difficult, for it must be a walking in every way contrary to the world and the flesh; a forsaking of father and mother, leaving all for Christ's sake; and I pray God to dwell in me so powerfully that I may be found thus walking, being dead to the world.

What solemn truths does my soul see in connection with sanctification and this walk in the Spirit! Ah, my brother, how far, very far, are we walking from the steps of those primitive, happy saints who lived at the opening of this dispensation! Verily, they were found walking in the Spirit, but where are we? How has the Church fallen now under the feet of the devil walking in the ways and spirit of the God of this world! Were the Son of Man this night to return, would he find faith on the earth? My cry to God shall be, "Bring me to walk in the Spirit, cost what it

will," and I know what it will cost the flesh, but I hate the flesh, after the inner man. I am aware these things are looked upon as enthusiasm in this day, and by many of the Lord's own children; but it is because their eyes are blinded by the God of this world. The religion of Jesus Christ, with his commands, are unaltered; and, if the Church were in the attitude she ought to be, she would now be treading in the same steps those primitive holy ones did. I awoke this morning with these words: "Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity." Before going to business I asked the Lord to give me a word for the day, and this was immediately given: "If ye be dead with Christ, seek those things which are above," and I pray God I may ever reckon myself dead indeed unto sin. O what shall I render to the Lord for all his love and mercy to me. Lord, take my poor heart and melt it down in gratitude and praises. Drop thy sweet precious blood into my soul; keep me clinging to thee, abiding in thee, as the branch in the vine, and made to partake of the root and fatness of the good olive tree. Then shall I bear much fruit. Keep me looking unto Jesus in simplicity—this is the attitude—at the feet of Jesus.

The Lord Jesus Christ be with your spirit. After all the clashing, cavilling, and book-writing the religion of Jesus comes to this at last, having the strong working Spirit of Christ joined with our poor feeble spirits. May we both experience daily this blessed union, and daily come in vital contact with the life and virtue streaming from the heart of Jesus.

Yours in the body mystical,

London, March 4th, 1839.

G. H.

[The above letter was written to the late John Wade, of Uppingham. There is in it something rather mystical, which we do not altogether like; but its general drift is good, and for that reason we insert it.—J. C. P.]

A NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

My dear Friend beloved in the Lord Jesus Christ, and in God the Father,—How safe the poor sinner must be in the hand and care of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost; but yet how fearful the poor soul is at times, when passing under the clouds of gloom and dismay! Still the soul must be safe, because it is kept by the mighty power of God, through faith, unto eternal salvation.

The dear Lord hath brought us through the year 1868, and we are entered into 1869. How many trials, troubles, and crosses the Lord brought us through last year; and they are gone for ever with the year! And not only so, but remember how many mercies the Lord gave us during the past year, and what help, health, and strength he hath given us. And although we had some hard conflicts, powerful temptations, painful persecutions, and sore trials, yet here we are, groaning on, sighing

on, crying on, fighting on, under the divine banner of Christ the anointed One. My soul entered the new year, for the first three weeks, in a most painful way and manner. The sore conflict between sin and grace, and unbelief and faith, was so trying, day and night, that I felt as though I could not bear up under it.

O, my friend, none can tell anything about the path of a child of God but they that are or have been in it; and how trying to go forward in the pulpit work, shut up and bound with heavy chains, and tempted by the devil, and tormented with indwelling sin. But, dear brother, we must wear the crown of thorns before we can wear the crown of glory. We must run the race before we can win the prize. We must fight the battle before we can gain the victory.

May the dear Lord Jesus shine upon your heart and soul; and may the Holy Ghost anoint your soul with fresh oil, and bless the truth to the hearts of the hearers, so that your hearts might be comforted together.

But my friend may be ready to say, "You have wandered away from your subject, and have not said a single word about what took place at the end of the first three weeks in the new year." Well. My soul had been watching and waiting for a new year's gift; and on the morning of the 21st of last month, the Lord sweetly broke in upon my soul, and the springs of love, joy, and peace flowed within my heart like a river, until I was as happy as I could live. And O what a day I had of solid rest! Not a sin in my wretched heart, neither a devil in hell could move my soul from off the Rock. The old serpent tried once in the day, and said, "You will die!" and my soul answered, "Well. My loins art girt, my lamp is burning, and my soul is made ready for that blessed change:

"For death, that puts an end to life,
Will put an end to sin."

Our united love to you and yours, and to all friends.

Yours affectionately,

Godmanchester.

T. GODWIN.

**"BLESSED IS THE MAN WHOM THOU TEACH-
EST OUT OF THY LAW."**

It is said that Lydia was a worshipper of God before she heard Paul. That which first sets people worshipping God is a guilty conscience from the convictions of the law, which operate more or less on all men, heathens not exempted. Now it seems to have operated powerfully on Lydia, as her heart was shut up, not from the works of the law, for she was worshipping God, and no doubt laboured hard to pacify a guilty conscience, and to appease the wrath of heaven which the law worked: "The law worketh wrath." But things growing worse and worse, and her sins appearing greater than her work, stop her mouth and shut up the way for the mercy of God by the works of the law;

this appears to be the state she was in, shut up in doubts and fears, when she went to hear Paul. When Paul by his preaching set before her a new and living way for the mercy of God, through the satisfaction of Christ's atonement made to law and justice, it pleased God to open first her understanding, and, secondly, a door of faith in her heart to receive the things spoken by Paul, which begat in her a good hope through grace; not through the works of the law, but through the mercy of God in Christ Jesus. And this appears to be the way that God opened the heart of Lydia, which sin, law, and unbelief had shut.

Again. The justification Mr. D. preaches is a spurious justification. It consists in a knowledge of the doctrine of the gospel being interwoven with or engrafted on the convictions of the law, which in Old Testament language is mixing woollen and linen together; and, according to the language of the Saviour, putting new wine (the doctrine of the love of God) into an old bottle, a legal spirit, which is in reality the justification of all foolish virgins. Brethren, I do not say that you have this justification, I hope better things; but I would have you look well to your ministry. This is the point on which thousands miscarry in this our day. Our father Abraham was caught in this snare. No wonder, then, if his children are caught in the same trap now, and bring forth a spurious seed as he did. You recollect that Ishmael was a mixture partly of the father of the faithful and partly of Hagar, the law, in which mystery is set forth the false justification by law and gospel being mixed together in a man's experience, by which a false confidence is begotten and a false peace brought in, which they nurse as a real deliverance or the promised seed, as Abraham did Ishmael in his days.

Abraham was very fond of his spurious child, and none but God could beat him out of its being the child of promise; and when it was done it was very grievous in his sight, and he cried out, "O that Ishmael might live before thee." And this is the cry of every one in a false peace. They shun the light; they love not those that preach closely; it is grievous to them to be disturbed; and nothing but the power of the Spirit of God applying the law in all its majesty and power to the condemning and imprisoning of the sinner under the sentence of death can do it. This is not an easy work or the work of a day, but must be accomplished before any true justification can take place. It is not every one that has had convictions that knows what it is to be taught effectually by God the Father out of his righteous law; a slight plaister will do for a slight wound.

The mouth of conviction in many places has been stopped by a reformation of life, by works of righteousness, by vows and resolutions, by prayers and tears, by outward ordinances, &c. &c.; and others, by attaining the bare knowledge of the plan of salvation, have fallen asleep in the arms of a false peace without ever knowing the power of divine things. It is an easy thing

for a man to talk about election or the sovereignty of God with a hope founded on himself or any other thing; but let the great deep of his heart be broken up by the power and Spirit of God; let corruption boil up in him like a boiling pot, carrying him away like the wind, and tossing him like a tempest, this will bring him to his wits' end, and put him to his last shift, crying day and night to Heaven for help; but no answer coming to prayer, the heavens appearing iron and brass over his head, and feeling himself fast bound in the strongholds of sin and Satan, with the curse of God's righteous law in his conscience—this will make his loins to bend and his face to turn pale, and sink him into the horrible pit. Unbelief shuts him up as in a prison. He writes bitter things against himself. His strength faileth, his hopes give way, and he concludes himself a reprobate, and that God has rejected him. He meditates terror. Fearfulness and trembling take hold of him, and he is afraid of God's judgments. He now begins to know something of the sovereignty of God. Election now appears in its true colours, and unbelief and the devil tell him he is not elected. This causes the enmity of his heart to break forth. Hard thoughts of God begin to arise. The carnal mind cannot yield to be damned by the law. It is not subject to the law of God, nor indeed can be; therefore it wars and fights against the justice of it in the condemnation of a sinner.

He that knoweth nothing of these things knoweth not what it is to be taught effectually out of the law, or to be under the mighty hand of God, which all are, more or less, before they are truly justified. Every one must be brought to acknowledge the justice of God in his condemnation, before true justification can take place, because it is an act of grace conferred on none but those who are under sentence of death. . . .

F. BOSTON.

Obituary.

MR. WESTHORPE.

Died on 25th June, 1869, at Burnham, Essex, aged 73, William Westhorpe, Baptist minister.

The Lord convinced him of his awful state as a sinner when young, residing at Billericay, in his native county; which convictions never left him finally until he was brought into the liberty of the gospel. A severe thunderstorm taking place at Billericay laid the foundation of his convictions. He became seriously impressed in his mind and dejected in spirit. A fair coming off some time afterwards, he promised himself he would not go there; but when the time arrived he found he had not power to withstand the temptation. Still he felt conscience testifying against him, and when he entered the dancing-room, guilt and shame were felt within, and he could not take pleasure in it as heretofore. He felt determined to mend his ways and

FEBRUARY 1, 1870.

THE

GOSPEL STANDARD.

FEBRUARY, 1870.

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

Death of Mr. Kershaw.

LAST month it was our painful duty to announce the death of Mr. Philpot; and this month our pain is renewed by our having to announce the death of Mr. Kershaw. The hope which was raised, by a little improvement in his health, that he might be spared yet a short time longer as a blessing to the churches, though only for lighter labours than formerly, has been dashed to the ground and shivered as a delicate china bowl falling from the hand.

We have been favoured with the following from the pen of a once kind and faithful servant, but now a married wife (who was much with our dear departed one), aided by the bereaved and sorrowing widow :

Mr. Kershaw returned home from London on the 17th of last May, very poorly in body. From the remarks he made he evidently thought his work was nearly done; but we hoped with nursing and rest he would soon be restored to his usual health. He appeared much better in a few days, and on the following Sabbath preached in the morning from Deut. viii. 2: "And thou shalt remember all the way," &c. In the afternoon he spoke from 1 Sam. xxx. 6: "But David encouraged himself in the Lord his God." It was with difficulty he ascended the pulpit stairs; but we were all astonished at the vigorous manner in which he was enabled to speak. He was evidently in the full enjoyment of the precious truths he brought forward. It was a very solemn time to many of us. He opened the service with the 4th hymn :

"Keep silence, all created things," &c.,
and concluded with the 143rd :

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

I think I shall never forget his look as he glanced round upon the congregation whilst we were singing the last verse :

"While I draw this fleeting breath," &c.

His countenance looked so death-like. When he had finished, his strength completely gave way. The doctor was sent for. He said it was complete exhaustion from over-exertion, causing derangement of the liver, with a tendency to jaundice.

During the week, Mr. K. often said his work was done, and appeared quite happy in the prospect of death. On the following Saturday he was very ill, which was the first time we apprehended any danger. Very early in the morning he began talking to Mrs. Kershaw about his death, and some things he should like to be attended to at his funeral. She, not wishing to hear of his death, tried to put him off; when he remarked, "My dear, you will have to come to it, and you had better hear it whilst I am able to speak." The day following he appeared much better, and remarked to Mrs. K. that he had been meditating on Phil. i., especially from verse 19. When I went into the room, and inquired how he was, he said, "Rather better in body and very happy in soul; I am with Paul in the 1st of Philippians." He asked Mrs. K. to read it, and he dwelt very much on verse 20. He said he longed to depart and be with Christ, which was far better. Still, if it was the Lord's will for him to abide in the flesh a little longer, for our "furtherance and joy of faith," he was willing to remain; but he earnestly desired that "Christ might be magnified in his body, whether by life or by death." Christ was indeed magnified in his body during that long affliction, in which he was confined to his bed until the latter end of July, during five or six weeks of which time we were daily expecting his death, not the least hope being entertained of his recovery by most of those who saw him. But O the joy of his soul during that time! It seemed inexpressible! His cup seemed filled to overflowing. On one occasion, seeing the tears roll down his face, Mrs. Kershaw said, "My dear, I think those are not tears of sorrow." With all the energy he possessed, he exclaimed, "Sorrow! No! Never name sorrow, but joy!" Not being able to raise himself or turn in bed, and requiring moving so frequently, he had to have two attendants with him in the night for several weeks, many of whom said it was quite a treat to be with him, he was so blessedly favoured in his soul, and enabled to bring forward so many precious things. He would often have those about him engaged in reading the Word of God and good hymns.

It is impossible to remember anything like all which escaped his lips. His sick chamber was like a little Bethel. I well remember one Sabbath morning, whilst sitting by his bedside, he, not being able to speak audibly, beckoned to me, and on putting my ear to his mouth, he said, "O, the blessed covenant!" I replied, "You feel the stability of the covenant and your interest in it?" "O, yes" (with much earnestness); "I am in the covenant. I shall obtain the victory. Blessed covenant! It is all my salvation, and all my desire. I have had such a sweet view of it." He then requested me to read all the

hymns upon the covenant in Gadsby's Selection. When I read the 411th :

“Come, saints, and sing in sweet accord,” &c.,

the tears rolled down his cheeks ; and when I came to the last verse he waved his hand, and said, “I shall soon be there !” At another time he wanted 2 Tim. iv. 1-8 read, dwelling much on verse 8 : “Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness,” &c. Sometimes he wanted all the hymns on death read to him ; at other times those on the church, that of Newton's being a great favourite of his :

“Glorious things of thee are spoken.”

As also the 112th :

“No more, my God, I boast no more,” &c.

Also the 340th :

“A debtor to mercy alone.”

And the 482nd :

“In heaven my choicest treasure lies.”

And he would often exclaim :

“Hail, blessed time ! Lord, bid me come !”

The last verse of the 461st was often his language :

“So, whenever the signal's given,” &c.

In fact, during all his illness, the Lord seemed to keep the enemy at a great distance. We do not remember more than two instances in which he spoke of his being permitted to trouble him. At one time he requested Mrs. Kershaw to find that portion : “Get thee behind me, Satan.” She then said, “Is Satan tempting you ?” He replied, “Yes, to pride ; because so many of the great people call to inquire after me.” The other time he said to me, “I have had such a conflict with the enemy ; but I am more than ever convinced of the reality of those truths I have so long been enabled to preach. They will do to live and die with.”

Many had been the earnest prayers put up to the Lord, on his behalf, for his restoration ; and, contrary to all our expectations, he began to recover, and about July 20th was able to be got up. On the 25th he was carried down stairs, and during the following week was taken out a little in an invalid chair. The following Sabbath, Aug. 1, was the day appointed for the annual Sunday-school sermons. He was very anxious to be present in the afternoon, and give out the first hymn ; which desire the Lord granted. He was, indeed, enabled to give out all three hymns. It was a solemn and impressive scene, to see our aged and beloved pastor once more within the walls of that chapel he so dearly loved. Many were the tears shed by his dear church and congregation, tears both of sorrow and joy ; sorrow to see him so altered, yet joy to have him once more amongst us. It was like life from the dead.

I should have stated that when he began to recover, Mrs. Kershaw said, “Well, my dear, I do hope the Lord will spare

you to us a little longer ;” at which remark he seemed quite cast down. He did not like the idea of getting better, and did not want to hear of it ; but as he gained a little strength the Lord brought his mind to it, and he began to have an ardent desire to speak once more in the name of the Lord, and, as he sometimes said, to tell the dear people how the Lord could support and comfort the mind in the prospect of death and dissolution.

His dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Knight, invited him to Waterloo, near Liverpool ; and accordingly, as soon as he was considered fit to travel, Mrs. Kershaw accompanied him there, fondly hoping it might tend to recruit his strength, which it appeared to do at first ; but the extremely warm weather which set in at that time tended greatly to prostrate him. He had every attention from his kind friends, but returned home not so much improved as was expected from the change. He, however, gained a little strength ; and on Dec. 12th went into the pulpit in the afternoon, and took these words for a text : “ For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.” (He was in the pulpit the Sabbath morning previously, speaking on the death of a young woman who had been brought up in the Sunday-school, but did not take a text, and spoke only a short time.) He spoke from the first part : “ For me to live is Christ.” In his remarks he alluded to the death of dear Mr. Philpot ; likewise to what he had experienced in his own sickness. The next Sabbath he preached from the latter part : “ And to die is gain.” The following Sabbath he had these words : “ The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come ; and unto him shall the gathering of the people be.” (Gen. xlix. 10.)

The Friday following he was not so well, and his friends tried to dissuade him from going into the pulpit on Lord’s day, Jan. 2nd ; but, being the first Sabbath in the New Year, he was so very desirous that they could not restrain him. He went in for the last time, and spoke from : “ By them that have preached the gospel unto you with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.” He afterwards assisted in administering the ordinance of the Lord’s Supper.

He gradually sank after this ; and on the following Thursday evening took to his bed again,—that bed from which he never again rose.

(The great consolations he enjoyed during the early part of his affliction gradually diminished as he gained strength ; but a calm settled peace in the “ everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure,” rested upon his spirit, which he often expressed to ministers and friends who called to see him.)

On the Friday (Jan. 7th) before he died, he asked Mrs. Kershaw to get the Bible, saying, “ It is not my usual custom to tell my texts before I preach from them ; but I will tell you what I hope to preach from if I ever enter the pulpit again.

It is in Zech. : ' Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts.' " And he then added, " You must read the next verse, for I cannot remember it all." The verse being read, he said, " Yes, that's it ! That's what I shall tell the people ! " (Zech. iv. 6, 7.)

Through extreme weakness, a kind of stupor seemed to come over him, with intervals of consciousness, Mrs. Kershaw said to him, " You seem to breathe hard." He replied, " Yes. A few more struggles and all will be over." She said, " Are you happy in your mind, trusting in the Lord ? " He replied, " Yes."

On Sunday evening, Jan. 9th, while Mrs. Kershaw was standing watching him, he began :

" ' Yes, I shall soon be landed,
On yonder shores of bliss ;
With all my powers expanded,
Shall dwell where Jesus is ; ' "

repeating the last line several times ; and then :

" ' Yes, I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given ;
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heaven.' "

And in a minute or two afterwards :

" ' Far from a world of grief and sin,
With God eternally shut in.' "

adding, " God is faithful ! God is faithful ! " which were the last words he distinctly spoke.

He took little notice after that ; but lived until 20 minutes to 9 on Tuesday morning ; when he expired, in the most calm and peaceful manner, in the 78th year of his age, and the 53rd of his pastorate over the church.—S. J. CLEGG.

J. Gadsby saw him on June 19th. His voice was gone ; he could speak only in a whisper, but his face was literally radiant with glory. He desired his daughter-in-law to read hymns 518 and 667, both by the late Mr. Gadsby. When she read the last line of the first verse of 518 :

" Glory to the Lord on high ; "

again the last line of the last verse :

" Hallelujah to their King ; "

and throughout the whole of 667 :

" Immortal honours rest on Jesu's head, "

he waved his arm triumphantly, and it seemed as if his soul had hard work to keep in his body. He then again called his daughter-in-law to him, and whispered in her ear (he had not strength to do more), " Tell him I cannot forget the solemn manner in which his father used to exclaim, with all the powers of his body and soul, ' Honours crown his brow for ever ! ' O how it rejoiced my soul ! I see him now in the pulpit with the eye of my mind." And again he waved his arm, as if longing to fly up to him. He also expressed a wish that Mr. Philpot

would look over the account he had written of himself, and curtail or correct it where necessary. Little did he then think that Mr. P. would be taken first.

As it was morally certain that a large number of people would be present at the funeral, a programme, to prevent confusion, was printed and circulated, stating the order to be observed, and containing also the hymns which were to be sung. This is a universal rule in the North on Anniversary occasions for Sunday-schools, &c.

The coffin was not closed until nearly ten o'clock, so that all who wished could take a last view of the one they so greatly loved for the truth's sake. The inscription on the lid was simply: "John Kershaw, died Jan. 11th, 1870, in his 78th year."

It was arranged, in accordance with Mr. Kershaw's wish, that the body should be taken into the chapel (the house adjoining the chapel) before taken to the cemetery. This was done exactly at 10.20, the mourners, including the widow, following. Admission into the chapel was by ticket—a judicious thought, to prevent the chapel being filled with townspeople to the exclusion of friends from a distance. In a few minutes every seat was occupied, and large numbers had to remain outside. Every one present was not only in mourning, but in *deep* mourning, corresponding with the grief unmistakably experienced.

At 10.30 Mr. Bowker, of Bury, gave out the first hymn on the paper (112 Gadsby's):

"No more, my God, I boast no more," &c.

(This hymn, as expressed in the preceding report, was a favourite one of Mr. K.'s.) Mr. Vaughan, of Bradford, then read 2 Tim. iv. 1-7, commenting upon it as he proceeded, and making some excellent remarks with regard to the apostle; but only half an hour being allowed for the whole service in the chapel, his time was too limited to allow him to extend his remarks any way lengthily as to the deceased; otherwise, what an opening there was in verse 7. Mr. Bowker then gave out the second hymn on the paper (466 Gadsby's):*

"Why do we mourn departed friends," &c.

Mr. Vaughan then pronounced the Benediction, and all prepared for departure to the cemetery.

Preceding the hearse were four carriages, containing ministers; then the bearers; then immediately following the hearse were five mourning coaches; then carriages containing deacons and the committee, into one of which the writer of this account was

* No one who has never heard a northern congregation unite in singing a well-known hymn to a well-known tune can form the slightest idea of the sublimity with which this hymn was sung. (Tune, *French*.) Every heart, every voice, seemed to join in one harmonious chord, and every syllable, sweet and melodious, was as distinct, as true to time, as if spoken by one individual only, and that individual an orator of note.

courteously pressed, along with Mr. Tatham, an ex-Mayor of Rochdale; Mr. Knight, of Liverpool; and Mr. Lake, of Zoar, London; then other carriages; then friends on foot; then Sunday-school scholars and teachers. It was impossible to see from one end of the procession to the other. There were altogether, a friend who counted them informed us, forty-nine carriages, including that of the present mayor and some other leading inhabitants of the town; for Mr. Kershaw was not only a true minister of the gospel, but also a good and useful citizen, the poor man's friend and advocate in public as well as private, and no man's enemy; consequently, universally respected. Thousands of people lined the streets and occupied the windows along the way of the *cortège*.

In two or three minutes after the mourners were seated in the cemetery chapel, a rolling stream of people filled the place. There was no rude pushing, though a tithe of the people could not get in. We should have been amongst the outsiders, had it not been for a little friendly giving way for us at the doors. We sat next to a Mr. Jackson, eighty years of age, one of the deacons, who is the only person now living who was connected with Hope Chapel in 1820. Mr. Kershaw settled there in 1817. The dear man had a coloured handkerchief over his head, the first sight of which drew a tear from our eyes, it so reminded us of our departed friend, who often covered his head in a similar way.

When the doors were closed, Mr. Hand quoted Dan. xii. 2, and made a few appropriate remarks thereon, adding: "On the third Sabbath in June last, when, to all appearance, our friend lay at the gate of death, I was at Rochdale supplying his pulpit. He expressed a desire to have the hymns which were sung that morning put upon paper. These hymns I cannot now call to mind, but they were read to him at the time. Before I entered the chapel, he communicated his desire to see me, and said, 'I wish you, in approaching the throne of grace in prayer, to ask the dear Lord (if it be his will) to grant me a speedy dismissal from the body, that I may be present with him in everlasting rest. Those who were with him informed me that, at the conclusion of the second hymn, when he thought I was about to read my text, he offered up a most solemn prayer: 'Now, O Lord, be with and help thy servant to declare thy solemn truth.' After this time, as is known to many, he gradually recovered a little strength, and was able to enter his chapel. Upon the last Sabbath, I believe, in October, I was again supplying for him. In the afternoon he entered the chapel, and was enabled to continue there to listen to the sermon. When over, he retired to his parlour, and when I entered the house he sent for me; and, as he lay upon his sofa, he put out his hand, and grasped mine with all the warmth of sincere and brotherly affection, and addressed me thus: 'The Lord bless you, and always enable you to preach

his solemn truth as I have heard you this afternoon.' Upon another occasion, after he had heard me, he gave me this counsel: 'Friend Hand, in dealing out the truths of God, always endeavour to leave the historical part of it as soon as you can, and seek to get into the vein of experimental truth, whereby you may feed the living family of God.' On the Sabbath prior to his departure I was again supplying for him. He was then confined to his bed, suffering acute pain; but his mind was most blessedly ruminating upon eternal things. On the following day, at noon, I, with Mrs. Kershaw, his son John, and a friend, stood around his bed, momentarily expecting his redeemed soul to quit its clay tenement. Mrs. K. said, 'Mr. Hand, come close to him, and gently ask him if he knows you.' I did as she requested me. My last words to the departed saint were, 'My dear Mr. Kershaw, do you know my voice?' He answered, 'Yes; it is Mr. Hand.' I then left him."

Mr. Hand then offered up a few words in prayer, and was evidently deeply affected.

The body was then taken to its last earthly abode—a capacious brick grave—and placed between two infant grandchildren.

Mr. Taylor addressed the assembled multitude, as follows: "Beloved Brethren and Friends in the Lord Jesus Christ,—We have now laid in the cold grave, but hopeful resting-place, the mortal remains of our beloved brother; and say, 'Earth to earth, ashes to ashes! Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.' But, though sorrow and sadness press upon our spirits, we know that our brother shall arise again; for the earth shall cast out the dead. Yes. 'Thy dead men shall live; together with my dead body shall they arise. Awake and sing, ye that dwell in the dust; for thy dew is as the dew of herbs; and the earth shall cast out the dead.'

"It is twenty-six years, within a few days, since I held our departed brother's hat, while he addressed many hundreds who stood around the open grave and dead body of dear William Gadsby. I have not stood by the grave of any mortal, more sweetly satisfied of the safety of the soul than I do now. This body is the mortal remains, not only of a saint, but of an honoured servant of the Lord Jesus, who has carried the good news and glad tidings of salvation to many souls in trouble; and he had many seals to his ministry and souls to his hire.

"About the end of the year 1827, if I mistake not, I first heard our departed brother preach; and though I was but young, I had heard many glowing sermons by highly educated, and, I must say, some of them excellent men; but friend Kershaw was the first man I observed seeking to apply the truth of God to the heart, and showing how the believer's soul, echoing back the truth of revelation, seeks communion with God. He seemed to me to have a higher aim than simply to move the senses. He sought to affect the heart; reaching past common things, sought

to move the soul. I then thought him a man verily in earnest, though a very plain man indeed. And, brethren, since then our brother John Kershaw has preached the gospel of the Son of God in almost every city, town, village, and hamlet in England—and in Scotland, too, he has declared the mysteries of the Cross; and now, like a shock of corn fully ripe, the soul is gathered with the redeemed above, while the mortal remains shall rest in hope, till the morning of that auspicious day when the trumpet shall sound and the dead shall be raised incorruptible. The town of Rochdale has known our brother all his life, and for more than fifty years he has been pastor over a flock of saints there, many of whom are gone before him, over the flood. That our brother's good character is beyond dispute, as a neighbour, a friend, a citizen, a Christian, and a gospel minister, all who knew him fully admit. In many respects our brother was an amiable man. He was kind, affectionate, and tender, even to a fault. He well knew how to seek for the life of God in a longing sinner's soul, and, if there, seldom failed to find it; and would seek to comfort the spirit, by bringing on to the foreground the invitations and promises of the gospel:

“‘If John found roots, the case was his;
He knew that sighs would turn to praise.’

“I now stand surrounded by many hundreds of his townsmen and friends, who are paying this last tribute of respect to his mortal remains; and not only so, but I feel confident that the very flower and bloom of Rochdale, in divine things, stand before me around this grave; men taught by the Spirit of God, many aged and infirm among you, waiting out your short life's span, when you also must be laid in the house appointed for all living. The Lord raise your hearts above the fear of death. Death is a conquered foe, and the last enemy to be destroyed. Our most glorious Redeemer has spoiled death, and brought life and immortality to light by the gospel. Fear not, brethren, to look the enemy in the face; look beyond him over the flood. ‘The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law; but thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.’

“Our Lord Jesus Christ is the way to God, to heaven, and to glory. A word or two about the way to God, brethren. You heard in the adjoining chapel that portion of truth: ‘Ye must be born again;’ a truth indeed, but a truth ignored; yet a truth that will outlive all time, and a truth without the power and experience of which no man can see the kingdom of God. Our Jesus is the way, and the truth, and the life. ‘No man,’ said he, ‘cometh unto the Father but by me.’ God has said, ‘There is a path that no fowl knoweth, that the vulture's eye hath not seen;’ and that ‘the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein.’ This is the path of the just; that shining path. The redeemed walk there. Upon it they return to Zion; and though there is much sighing, there is also

singing; and because the Lord leads them, therefore 'the righteous shall hold on his way;' and though the way seem very narrow at times, again it is indeed a place of broad rivers and streams to the poor saints who flow together to the goodness of the Lord, to the place where the hand of the Lord rests, where he himself feeds the flock of slaughter, and carries the lambs in his bosom, and leads gently the heavy-laden souls.

"And now, brethren, a few thoughts on the resurrection of the dead. Paul says to the Romans, '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.' This doctrine is a doctrine purely of faith. I mean we have no experience of it, in the same way we experience a sense of pardon, mercy, and adoption; or when we have an answer to prayer, we know that God hears us, and that he is a prayer-hearing God. It is not time yet to experience the doctrine in question; but faith, the faith of the operation of God, holds it fast, and says with Paul, 'But now is Christ risen from the dead,' and become the first-fruit. And the church must follow: 'If we be dead with Christ, we believe that we shall also live with him, both by faith here and in eternal glory above.' As of old, so now, if in this life only we have hope in Christ, then the Christian life is but a name. When Paul preached the resurrection of the body, 'some mocked;' and it grieved the Sadducees of old that through Jesus this doctrine was made known. And now the departed, as well as the living, are looking forward to that glorious time, the one saying, 'How long, O Lord, how long shall it be?' while we also look for the redemption of the purchased possession, to the praise of his glory; thus we wait 'for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body.' This doctrine, my brethren, is the grand key-stone in the economy of salvation: 'If Christ be not risen, ye are yet in your sins, and we are false witnesses of God; because we have testified of God that he raised up Christ, whom he raised not up, if so be that the dead rise not, and they who are fallen asleep in Christ are perished; but now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept.'

"The justice of God demands the resurrection of the wicked dead. As the death of the body cannot atone for sin, there must be a re-union, that the soul and body which sinned together may be judged, one complete, entire person. Hence Daniel says, 'Some to shame and everlasting contempt.' Then it will be known most fully that God will by no means clear the guilty. (Exod. xxxiv. 7; Num. xiv. 18.)

"But you, ye saints of the Most High God, who have fled for refuge, and have laid hold on the hope set before you, your faith beholds the empty grave of Christ, your death-conquering Jesus, for it was not possible that he could be holden of death. And here, child of sorrow, child of hope, you shelter under cover of

him who lives and was dead, who rose and revived, and says, 'Because I live, ye shall live also;' and your very heart says, 'O to know more of the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, and to be made conformable to his death.'

"And now, brethren, a word to you who have lost a pastor deservedly beloved. This is the time when the enemy, the accuser of the brethren, may, and will, seek to sow discord among you, and seek to separate chief friends. Brethren, stand fast; I beg of you, stand fast in the gospel of God,—Father, Son, and Spirit. Stand close together; stand true to gospel rule. Let no detached power guide your action. No authority outside the church should move you. Accept with gratitude all kindness from such who wish you well, but maintain *church government*, not party or personal rule. Christ's church is well directed in God's word; the Lord himself is her Lawgiver and Saviour; and should you, through weakness or error, mistake a point, as most do, retract at once, and the act being one by the church assembled, the whole body bears the burden, and may find you an errand to God for wisdom, who gives liberally and upbraideth not. And, brethren, above all, keep your pulpit clean; and the Lord give you understanding in all things to do his will.

"And again I say, we leave in this last resting-place the mortal remains of our beloved brother; and as one star differeth from another star in glory, so, exactly so, shall the resurrection body differ from this which we have sown in corruption, to be raised in incorruption, sown in weakness to be raised in power, sown a natural body to be raised a spiritual body. And thus we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body, according to the working whereby he is able even to subdue all things unto himself. To whom be glory for ever. Amen."

Mr. Leach, of Hollinwood,* then gave out the third hymn on the paper (439 Gadsby's, with two additional verses):

"When I survey the wondrous cross," &c., and closed the mournful whole with prayer.

It was estimated that there were about 1,800 or 2,000 persons present. There would have been hundreds more, had circumstances been more favourable. But the cemetery is nearly two miles from the chapel, the roads were dreadfully muddy, and the air damp and exceedingly foggy; besides which, the early hour fixed for the service must have kept many at home, as even from Manchester there was no train which would be in time after the one at 8.40, and that was due at Rochdale at 9.5, above an hour too soon.

The funeral took place on Monday, Jan. 17th.

A friend (son of the late Mr. Horbury, minister, of Blackburn)

* Some years ago, a ragged, barefooted boy, named William Leach, was *pressed* into Hope Chapel Sunday-school. He grew up. Grace touched his heart, and he subsequently joined the church. That once barefooted boy is now minister of the church at Hollinwood.

has kindly sent us a list of persons present, so far as he could ascertain their names; but it is so numerous, we cannot possibly spare the space for them, though we hoped to have been able to do so. We must content ourselves by saying there were friends from Manchester, Charlesworth, Hollinwood, Bury, Preston, Stockport, Eccles, Holywell Green, Slaithwaite, Bradford, Warrington, Ogden, Blackburn, Thurlston, Church, Wigan, Halifax, Bacup, Chatterton, Haslingden, Lansfield, Hyde, Stacksteads, Hebden Bridge, Blackpool, Saddleworth, Denholme, Hindley, Liverpool, London, Oldham, Chester, Clayton, &c. &c.

Notwithstanding that it was Monday, and so early, the following ministers were present: Messrs. Ramsbottom, Accrington; Archer, Blackburn; Vaughan, Bradford; Bowker, Bury; Hand, Charlesworth; Standeven, Eccles; Rastern and David Smith, Halifax; Kent and Powell, Heywood; Leach, Hollinwood; Davidson, Holywell Green; Taylor, Manchester; Nuttall, Ogden; Neal, Oldham; Howarth, Preston; M'Cappin, Chapman, Lewis, Masterman, Parkinson, Pickles, and Pitt, Rochdale; Bamford, Slaithwaite; Chandler, Stockport; Ritson, Warrington; Derbyshire, Wigan.

There was a deputation from the church at Manchester, to express their sympathy with the widow and the brethren at Rochdale.

Many of the friends from the country returned to the chapel, or rather to the noble school-room close by, where refreshments were provided. Nearly 200 sat down at one time. They were waited upon by the Sunday-school teachers and others.

We feel that we cannot acquit our conscience without bearing our testimony to the admirable way in which everything was carried out, the only drawback being the early hour fixed for the service. Some had to walk 12 miles, and some had to drive seven or eight miles in the fog, and then travel 40 miles by rail; and even they had to start so early that they reached Rochdale at nine o'clock, so inconvenient were the trains. Mr. Taylor, with three of his deacons (one, Mr. Wilton, being not well able to travel, and the other, Mr. Greaves, being confined to his bed), went all the way from Manchester in a mourning coach. A single half hour or so would have made all the difference. But the time was fixed by the deceased, it being the time he for so many years went into the chapel on a Lord's day morning.

Mr. K. has left only one child,—a son; and he is the father of six children, the eldest being 25. He is Registrar of the district in which he resides, and stands well with his fellow-townsmen. There is also a granddaughter, the mother, Mr. K.'s daughter, having been deceased some years.

In answer to many inquiries, we may here supply an omission from last month's notice of Mr. Philpot. Mr. P. has left four children, two sons and two daughters. The youngest, a son, has not yet completed his professional education.

The Late Mr. Philpot.

A SERMON PREACHED AT CROYDON, ON SUNDAY MORNING,
DECEMBER 19, 1869, BY MR. COVELL.

It is well known that Mr. Philpot, during his residence at Croydon, frequently attended Mr. Covell's ministry, and sometimes preached for him, and that he was greatly attached to Mr. Covell as a friend.

Previous to the service a prayer-meeting was held. Some time before the public service commenced, the chapel was crowded with an expectant congregation, dressed for the most part in black. The pulpit and lower desk were covered with black cloth.

Mr. Covell, on ascending the pulpit, bespoke the sympathy and prayers of those present on his behalf. He said he had lost a very dear friend, and he felt the blow acutely. He subsequently read Ps. xxxix., which he had also read to Mr. Philpot on the Monday before he died. The text was Zech. xi. 2: "Howl, fir-tree; for the cedar is fallen." Mr. Covell then proceeded:

The words that I have read arrested my mind as soon as I heard that our dear friend was no more: "Your fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live for ever?" Death, having received his commission from the God of Heaven by the entrance of sin, walks up and down our land, laying his thousands low. He steps upon the mighty deep, enters into our ships, and lays its thousands at his feet. He steps on board our men-of-war, and strikes the hearts of oak dumb and prostrate before him. Death flies abroad to every nation, kindred, tribe, and tongue, and lays the king and the subject, the prince and the peasant, the wise and the ignorant, the civilized and the barbarian, the young and the old, the parent and the child, the husband and the wife, prostrate before him, and proclaims his universal power and dominion over all flesh. But there is a people that defy him by faith; and as he comes in contact with them, and they embrace him hand-to-hand, while he strikes the dart of death into their vitals, they swallow him up, and cry in sweet feeling and faith: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law; but thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." Dropping into the arms of the ever-blessed Son of God, who is death's Conqueror, they sing of victory through the blood of the Lamb. Thrice blessed that man and that woman who have this faith, and who by it can conquer death, and overcome him that hath the power of death.

If we look into the blessed Word of God, we find how many noble cedars have fallen. If we look at the cedar that God planted himself in the garden of Eden, you know how that cedar man, spread forth his boughs in the wisdom that he had, and in the

knowledge that he possessed, and how he grew up in innocency, and delighted in the Almighty. But "sin entered, and death by sin." If we turn to Abraham, the father of the faithful, and the friend of God, yet we read that, notwithstanding all this he died in a good old age, full of riches and honours. We read of patriarchs, of the number of years they lived, as if they had outbraved death, smiled at its passing terrors, and had nothing to fear from what lay before; but after reaching hundreds of years, as many of them did, down fell the cedars. To prove that the first man is of the earth, earthy—the second alone is the Lord from Heaven—we find that Noah, escaping a mighty deluge which swept millions into a watery abyss, outlived the destruction; but death entered, and laid him at last amongst those who had gone before. Lot goes out from a burning city, and while thousands are consumed within its walls and by the surrounding flames, Lot escapes, and surely he might say: "The bitterness of death is past." But death overtook him, and he was counted another of the monster's victims. If we look at other saints of God—at Moses, the meekest man upon the face of the earth, we shall find that death was too strong for him. If we look at Aaron, we shall find that death spared him not; if we look at Samson, who could take the gates of brass, and carry them to the top of a hill, and with the jaw-bone of an ass slay a thousand men, he crumbles and falls when caught in death's grasp; Solomon, the wisest of men, can find out no pathway by which to escape it; David, the man after God's own heart, must be numbered with the dead; Samuel, the priest of the Lord, that offered sacrifices to his name, and whom God answered according to his request, cannot silence nor evade the fierce power of death. So we find the truth of my text in these things: "Howl, fir-tree; for the cedars are fallen."

To bring life and immortality to light, to abolish death, and him that had the power of death, we find the Son of God becoming incarnate, taking upon him the seed of Abraham: "Forasmuch as the children were partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same," that he might overcome him that overcame all things, and bring life and immortality to light through the gospel; and having fulfilled the Father's will, wrought out an everlasting righteousness, magnified the law, satisfied justice, accomplished all that was written concerning him, removing every debt, blotting out the handwriting of ordinances that were against his people; and having fulfilled all, and gone to the end of the law for righteousness, now he meets death, and as he meets him, he bows his head and cries out, "It is finished!" and gives up the ghost. In doing this he gave death a blow from which he will never recover, a blow which renders him powerless to harm or hurt any of the living family of God. He turned this king of terrors and terror of kings into a kind messenger to his people, and made him a

channel to bring his redeemed people home to himself, that they might lie in his bosom, and bask in his smiles, and be with him for ever. Thus he made that death which is a terror to all that are destitute of a living faith in the blessed Christ of God, become a sweet sleep to his people, whereby they may be delivered from all the fears and troubles, perplexities and distresses, of this world, and be planted in the paradise of God, to flourish, to the praise of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, who brought them there.

Let us look at these cedar-trees, and how they became so; for the Scripture tells us that all men and women are by nature and practice briars and thorns. They are conceived in sin, and brought forth in iniquity; and then comes the question: "How can a clean thing come out of an unclean? How can a briar and a thorn become a cedar-tree, to bring forth fruit to the honour and praise of God?" While with men things are impossible, all things are possible with God; for these briars and thorns, which are useless and fruitless, and only fit for burning, God causes to show forth his praise, and to magnify the riches of his grace in their salvation and eternal joy. God saith: "I will plant in the wilderness the cedar-tree, and the shittah-tree, and the myrtle-tree, and the oil-tree. I will set in the desert the fir-tree," &c., that men may see, know, and consider that the hand of the Lord hath done it, and his hand alone hath created it. The Holy Ghost tells us: "There is hope of a tree if it be cut down, that through the scent of water it will bud and bring forth boughs like a plant." When God makes these thorns and briars, cedar-trees, shittah-trees, and myrtle-trees, he cuts them down by the convicting power of his own spirit. He fulfils only what he declares by the prophet Jeremiah, that he would pull down, throw down, pluck up, and destroy, before he would build and plant. And this he does in the hearts of his elect, by the arresting of their consciences through the Spirit. He cuts down their vain hopes, sweeps away their vain confidences, pulls to pieces and destroys all their self-righteousness, and discovers to them the false foundation upon which they have been resting, and all others that pass on in confidence of what they are able to do, will find to their shame and confusion at last the human merits on which they have relied, the creature self-sufficiency and strength they supposed they possessed.

These things he cuts off and cuts down, and under the influence of his own Spirit, the man withers like grass. Our friend found it to be so, for in the midst of all his learning, the vigour of youth, high desires and expectations, and supposed power of human ability, God made him to see and feel that all flesh was as grass, and that without God he could do nothing.

Has God, my hearer, swept away all thy self-confidence? Has the axe, as the Scripture says, been laid to the root of the tree? Has the blessed Spirit swept away all the things upon which

thy hope of heaven was resting, and have the life and blood of the Son of God discovered to thee the insufficiency of all thy doings, and brought thee into feeling thy own nothingness, and made thee cry from thy very heart: "God be merciful to me, a sinner?" "Save, Lord, or I perish!" Have they brought thee so to see and feel that all thy righteousness is as filthy rags, that all thy fruit must come from him, that in thy flesh dwelleth no good thing? and to feel that without him you can do nothing, and to exclaim with thy hand upon thy mouth: "Guilty, guilty!" before God. The Scripture declares every mouth shall be stopped, and all the world shall become guilty before God. This will be the case with his elect in this life. It is said: "Blessed is the man whose hope the Lord is, for he shall be like a tree planted by the waters. His leaf shall be green, and he shall not cease from yielding fruit." This is one of the cedars. The Psalmist looks at this man, and, when speaking of him under the name of the godly, says: "He shall be like a tree planted by the waters, whose leaf shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth, it shall prosper. But the ungodly are not so." When Balaam takes a view of God's people, what is he obliged to acknowledge? As he looks from the eminence formed by the hills of Moab, and sees them, he cries out: "How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacles, O Israel! As valleys are they spread forth, as gardens by the river-side, as the trees of lign-aloes which the Lord hath planted, and as cedar-trees beside the waters." He sees that they are a people that God has blessed; and though he has the wish and the desire to curse them, he knows that the eye of God is upon them for good, and perceiving their happy state in life, and their happy state in death, he cries out, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." But this was the desire of the slothful, which, you read, killeth him; it never draws him in love, to seek the things the righteous do.

But God, as I just now said, having cut these false ideas and practices down, and laid them prostrate, now begins to fulfil what he has said—to "build and to plant." "The righteous shall flourish like the palm-tree. He shall be like a cedar in Lebanon; he shall bring forth fruit, to show that the Lord is upright." God's ways are contrary to ours, and his thoughts are above and beyond those of man. He has always a way of his own, and that, as I have said, is contrary to all the ways and doings of man; for he takes all these briars and thorns, and grafts them into a good olive-tree; and as he does so in order that this olive-tree may bring fruit to his name, and flourish in his courts, through the scent of water it buds. Having by his Spirit wrought a faith in the heart, whereby it is manifestly united to the blessed Christ of God, hope springs up, and that hope is in the mercy of God: "With the Lord there is mercy, and with him there is plenteous redemption." Hope begins to move in the poor soul, and causes him to say at times, Who can

tell how great is his mercy, how boundless is his love, how free is his grace, how large is his heart! and as the sweet Spirit moves and operates upon the soul, so these earnest desires and feelings run up and down in the mind, and draw it to the God of Heaven, and to the Christ of God. Thus the soul finds and feels that that hope deferred which makes the heart sick, yet when the desire comes it is a tree of life, and is a guarantee that his expectations shall not perish for ever: "Blessed is the man whose hope the Lord is." The newly-awakened soul feels all this, and exclaims, "Lord, truly my hope is even in thee;" "Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance and my God." This hope becomes in his heart like an anchor to his soul, sure and steadfast. It enters into that within the veil. Fears assail him, doubts hang about him, misgivings, jealousies, suspicions, and failings exercise, sink, and distress him; but hope keeps his head above water. Hope thou in God! thy expectation is from him. Wait thou only upon God. Wait, I say, on the Lord.

Do you know anything of these things, my hearer? On what is thy hope founded? From what does it spring? You read of the hope of the unjust man, and what becomes of it; it perisheth. You hear of the hope of the hypocrite; it is a spider's web; and God destroys the hope of men, and death sweeps them away at the last. O! Hast thou thy hope wrought in thee by the sweet breathings, the bedewings, and blessed influences, teachings, and incomings from the Spirit of God; whereby thou art at times enabled to say: "This is my comfort in my affliction; thy word hath quickened me?" You will want this when you come to die. All other hopes will then be swept away whenever thou art clasped in the arms of death. But this faith in God will hold thee up, and enable thee to look out for what it is in expectation, a sure reward. It is said: "The cedars of the Lord are full of sap." The cedars of Lebanon which God hath planted have sap, and that sap is the sweet influence, the divine power, and indwelling of the blessed Spirit in the hearts of God's elect; the cedar-trees which he hath planted in the wilderness to show forth his grace and power, and what his right hand and his holy arm can do, that, notwithstanding the coldness of their hearts, the deathly places in their souls' feelings, their little faith, their want of love; yet they are full of sap, for there is life in their souls; according to what the Son of God has said: "I give to my sheep eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand;" "The water that I shall give them shall be in them a well of water, springing up into everlasting life;" so they are planted by the waters, and the water of eternal life is in their souls. The Spirit of all grace is planted in their souls, and therefore they are full of sap, and because Christ loves them and lives, they shall live also. Every virtue flows from him. Their life, power, and grace flow from him.

Therefore you find that, notwithstanding the dead, dark places into which these servants of his come, notwithstanding their mourning, sighing, and deep feeling, you can see the sap in all this; for is it not manifest in their sorrow for sin, their complaining of their deadness, their mourning over their barrenness, their unfruitfulness, their shortcomings, infirmities, ignorance, carnality, and worldly-mindedness, and their longings for spirituality, and to realize more fully the power and love of God in their souls?

Do you, my hearers, know what these things mean? If you do, what an unspeakable mercy; for God declares: "This people have I formed for myself; they shall show forth my praise." They show forth his praise by the things he works in their hearts. He separates them from the ungodly, brings them out of the world of mere professors, and makes them to be a people wondered at. So they stand out as cedars of the Lord; and notwithstanding the temptations to which they are subject, the evils of their own hearts, the many things to entice and are intended to draw them aside and to bring them back, they are firm, stable, immovable, and fixed as to the things of God, the ways of God, the truth of God, the grace of God, the Christ of God, and the Spirit of God; feeling that without him they can do nothing. They know that from him all their fruits spring; and so they live, prove, and testify that by the grace of God they are what they are.

It is said of these cedar-trees that they shall not wither. No! They are not like the hypocrite whose fruit endureth for a little while and then perisheth. O, no! But this faith that has been wrought in their hearts enables them to cleave to and abide by, follow after, and hold to the Christ of God as the Way, the Truth, and the Life, and the feeling and faith of their souls is: "Nothing but thy blood, O Jesus, has done it all. O! may I be found in him, not having on my own righteousness which is of the law, but the righteousness which is of God, even the righteousness of God by faith!" That love they have to God springs from that love which God hath shed abroad in their hearts; and so they love God with his own love. They love him for what he is, for his goodness, his mercy, his holiness, his justice, his faithfulness, his love, and his truth. They love him for what he is, and for the things which he hath wrought in them; and nothing can ever drown this love. It is not for his gifts, but they love him for himself, and he is always the same. Therefore they flourish in the courts of the Lord, bring forth fruit, and their leaf does not wither; no, nor their fruit dry up; for now abideth faith, hope, and love. These are the three graces abiding in their hearts, and so they stand in the courts of the Lord, to prove that they are the people whom he has formed for himself. And then he promises and they realize it, that "they shall not build and another inhabit, they shall not plant and another eat; for as

the days of a tree are the days of my people, and mine elect shall long enjoy the work of their hands. They shall not labour in vain, nor bring forth fruit for trouble." They are the seed of the blessed Lord, and their offspring with them; and having built their hope and faith upon the Christ of God, upon his merits, obedience, and death, their hope centring in the God of Heaven, running through the mercy, love, and blood of his Son, and their love wrought in their heart by the blessed Spirit, having builded on these things, they shall inherit the promises. Having these things thus planted in their souls, they shall eat, and be able to say before they die, "This is my God, and I have waited for him, and now he is become my salvation. I know in whom I have believed, and that he will keep that which I have committed to him against that day." They shall not labour in vain; but, as they have thus sown these things under the influence and power of the blessed Spirit, so they shall reap in joy, for they are the seed of the blessed God, and so they grow up in Jesus Christ in all things, and feel that he is their life, and the length of their days. They live to prove the power, the goodness, the faithfulness of God in maintaining their souls in this wilderness world through which they pass. In the mercies they receive, as well as in the acknowledgments they pay to the great Giver, God is honoured, and his name is praised.

We read also that the Lord breaketh the cedars in Lebanon the cedars of Lebanon that he hath planted; and having, as I just said, made them flourish and show forth his grace and his power, after maintaining and cherishing them for a time, he sends forth his servant Death, to fell these trees; and from this earth they are transplanted into the paradise of God, to flourish there for ever, and to sing the never-ending song of that grace, love, and mercy that brought them there: "Unto him be all the honour, the praise, and the glory."

God grant that each of you may be as those trees which are thus transplanted from earth into heavenly soil; and may he, in his mercy, forbid that you should continue a dry tree with withered branches which are only fit for, and will at last be consumed in the fire of hell; for the tree that is not for fruit is for the fire. If it be God's will, O that this may never be your case. Rather may you be planted in the courts of the Lord, to flourish and bring forth fruit to him, to show that the Lord is upright.

Respecting our dear departed friend, we shall see how these things that I have just hastily touched upon were set forth and manifested in him. We will look at him as a youth in college, walking its corridors with high expectations, ambitious views, pleasing prospects, learned in classic lore; and as he was delighting in these things, the blessed Spirit arrests his mind, and by the light given him he sees a people at a distance that are poor and mean, that are despised, afflicted, contemned, and reproached by the world; but he sees that they have a God. He

sees there is a divine excellence, a divine beauty which they possess, as a something which is hidden from the world's eye. The Holy Ghost gives him to see and feel that this is a true people; and in faith, in sincerity, and truth his heart cries: "This people shall be my people, and their God shall be my God;" and as he begins to step towards them, and after them, there is the hill of adversity facing him, the wind of this world's contempt is blowing hard against him. Reproach, poverty, and disgrace press him hard, whilst the world's flattering smiles, pleasing prospects, all lay before him to lead him aside. But with an eye of faith he sees and feels that this is the people that the Lord hath blessed, and by faith he esteems the reproach of Christ greater riches than all the treasures this world can bestow, or the honours that his college can afford; and he steps forward after these things, casting the things he cherished before under his feet, and forth he goes in faith; and as he goes, love moves his soul, and he breaks through his fetters. He is no longer bound by the discipline of a human system, a human establishment. He casts all this behind, because he is bound upon man's noblest errand, the preaching of the unsearchable riches of Christ.

As I have said, he was unfettered now from college discipline; from the bonds of all human systems and establishments he is free. He runs over father and mother, casts aside his fellow-collegians, tramples his classic learning under his feet, and bursts the iron gates of the college. Now his willing feet go hither and thither to preach glad tidings through the love and blood of the Son of God.

And now we begin to find how he testifies of the free sovereign grace flowing from the Father of all mercies, through the blood of his Son, to poor, ruined, wretched, and sinful men; and how he also begins to testify that Jesus is the Way, the Truth, and the Life, and that salvation is alone in him, and that his blood alone cleanseth from all sin. He testifies to the grace and efficacy of God the Holy Ghost to open sinners' eyes and hearts, and bring them to the feet of the blessed Son of God, who alone can save the lost. What thousands rejoiced in the message he brought them; how many blessed God for it, and found indeed a word spoken in season through him, how good it was! Nobly were the words exemplified in him: "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace, that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth." Not all the winds of adversity, nor the hill of difficulty, nor the flattering smiles of men could move him; for you know what a cedar is, how firm, how stable, how fixed. Nothing could move him from testifying, from insisting, from declaring to the very last that these were the things men needed to secure their eternal happiness. Not the frowns nor the smiles of men could move him from these blessed and glorious truths. How the cedar has fallen!

Passing over the many years of his life in which he stood firm and fast in spiritual things, as his sermons will testify, for his praise is in all the churches, and as hundreds and thousands can also testify to the sincerity of his heart, the uprightness of his motives, the interest of his soul, the faith, the hope, the love, the humility, that were found in him, and at times abounded in him—all these were evidences that he was united to Christ by a living faith. He brought forth fruit to the last, and flourished in the courts of his God.

So, my friends, we come to his last days. He was here this day month, when we were speaking from the words: "Happy art thou, O Israel!" When the service was over, and we parted in the chapel, as he shook hands with me he exclaimed: "Happy art thou, O Israel!" Has he not now entered into the full fruition of that happiness? All his enemies have become liars. He walks in the paths of eternal love and unmerited favour, and sings with thousands who have gone before: "Salvation to God and the Lamb!"

When I called upon him on the Tuesday, he was fearful he had taken a slight cold. I said, "Then it is vain to ask you to preach for me on the first Sabbath in the month." He said, "We shall see about it between this and then." When I called again, his breathing was bad, and he suffered from one of his old attacks, of a more than usually severe character. His breathing was more difficult than he had ever before experienced it. He sent word on the Monday that he should like to see me, and as I entered the room in response to this wish, and to the wish of my heart, he said, "I am very ill." I replied, "Yes, it is so. How is your mind?" "Dark! Dead!" was the reply. Not that he had any doubts as to the reality of the work of God in his soul; not that he had any question as to what his end would be, as far as regards the reality of eternal life; but what he ever delighted in was a living, feeling religion, which combined the consolations of the spirit, the smiles of God, and the realization of the Christ of God. Not feeling these things, he brought out the expression, "I am dark! I am dead! Nothing short," he said, "of a manifestation of Christ to my soul will do for me." And this was the manifestation he wanted at first, the manifestation he wanted all the way through; and he must have it now; nothing but a full and enjoyed Christ will do for the living children of God. I said, "You remember the last sermon you preached at Croydon upon the open evidences and the sealed evidences. You know what the open ones are." He answered, "It was for the truth that I came out from the Church in sincerity and faith." Then I said, "The sealed ones." "What thousands of prayers and tears," he said, "have gone out of my heart to the God of Heaven."

True religion, my hearers, is something more than a notion, something that is really known and felt. Real religion is of

God ; it begins, is carried on by, and will end alone in God. As I thus spoke, he said to me, "How many times, when you have been speaking of Scriptural evidences, I have felt I possessed them." "Nor have I any doubt about it," I said. He said, "How that hymn of Mr. Hart's suits me:

"Come needy, come guilty,
Come loathsome and bare."

I replied, "God will make his Christ such a fitting one to the end of our days. We cannot do without him ; and as you and I came at the first, crying, 'Save, or we perish ! Have mercy upon us ! Help us !' so it must be to the last. God will make us know our dependence on him."

I read hymn 779 in Gadsby's book :

"Faith implanted from above," &c.

I stopped at the second verse, saying, "This line suits me, and so it will you :

"Happy souls that cleave to Christ."

He looked up and smiled ; for he knew it was true.

Having read Ps. xxxix., I offered up prayer, to which his heart responded in a degree that he could not describe. He shook me by the hand, and we parted, to see each other's face no more in the flesh. But my loss is his gain ; nor do I desire, however deeply I may feel that loss, however painful it may be, to wish him back in this world of sin and woe.

On the Wednesday he felt better, for his chest was improved, and his breathing easier. There were great expectations that he would be restored ; for, although this was a serious illness, nothing dangerous was apprehended. He refused to see a medical man from London, or from the neighbourhood, except Dr. Charles, his elder son, in whom he reposed every confidence.

On the Wednesday evening it was seen and felt that he was much weaker. At nine o'clock he had an intermitting pulse, and by midnight it was manifest that he was dying. He knew this, for he said to his elder son, "I am dying, Charles !". And as the fact became more apparent, like the patriarch of old, he began to gather his feet up into his bed, and he cried out, "It is better to die than to live !" Death came, but its bitterness was passed. The thing that he so longed for—a manifestation of Christ—was now felt and realized in his soul, and he exclaimed, "I am happy !" and then, like a fond and anxious parent, he kissed his children, and the spirit of the gospel was manifested in the words he addressed to them. Having, as I observed, kissed them, he said, "Love one another. Be kind to your mother. She has been a kind, good wife to me, and a tender mother to you." Then with words I pray the children may never forget, but that may continually ring in their ears in every crooked path they may take, and strengthen them in every good way in which they may walk, he said, "Follow on to know the Lord." May they follow him in love, in faith, and

in truth, as their father followed Christ, and then at last they may in heaven sing, "Salvation to God and the Lamb!"

Thus, in his dying testimony to the truths that he preached, he bore witness that he felt their power. There fell a cedar-tree! Those truths will do to die by, dear friends. See that you have got such testimonies, sinner. They will comfort you in life, cheer you in death, and with them you may exclaim with the departed, "It is better to die than to live!" To swim in the ocean of abounding peace, to bask in the smiles of his Christ, to rejoice in the love of his God, and to be filled with all the comforts of the Holy Ghost, was better than to live.

Then he preaches his last sermon. May we never forget it. May poor, anxious, sensible, inquiring hearts hear and listen to it, and may the blessed Spirit enable us all to hold the belief of it, and live in the faith of it. It is this: "Mighty to save!" Here are words to die with; here are words to say to the helpless and the ruined. "Mighty to save!" said our friend, and, closing his eyes, exclaimed, "Beautiful!"—"Praise the Lord, O my soul!" And with this he gives up the ghost, and wings his way to the God who loved him, to the Christ who bought him, and to the Blessed Spirit who taught him, to be in heaven for ever and ever.

It is said of the cedar-tree, and the remark is true, that it leaves a sweet smell. It is firm and stable; and besides there is this fragrantcy in it. If we look into the Church of God, what a scent, what a savour there is in the name of Abraham, of David, of Samuel, of Josiah, of many others. The very name of one of these is like a perfume. What a savour goes forth, and what a sweet smell arises from the names of any of God's people. But such names as those of Canaan, Balaam, and Judas stink in their nostrils, and become loathsome to them. So with the children of God, not only with Old Testament saints, but with those of modern times. What a savour is left behind by names such as Gadsby, Warburton, Tiptaft, and now our dear friend Philpot! What a perfume such names leave! what a fragrance! As we think of them, we feel that "blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." The perfume that these have left is what the Christ of God wrought in them and accomplished by them.

And now, may you and I thus be enabled to follow them, and leave that name behind that they left; so that we through faith and patience may inherit the promises as well as those who have gone before, and feel, when we come to die, as our friend felt, that "it is better to die than to live." So shall we breathe out our souls into the hands of the blessed Son of God, saying, "Into thy hands I can commend my spirit; for thou hast redeemed me, Lord God of truth," and then flourish in the paradise of God to the praise of the Triune Jehovah. Amen.

Dear Sir,—I enclose a letter from the church at Stamford, expressing our sorrow and grief at the death of our late pastor, Mr. J. C. Philpot. The letter was unanimously adopted at a church meeting, held on Wednesday, Jan. 5.

It was also decided to have a marble tablet erected in the chapel to his memory. The Lord, whose faithful servant he was, highly honoured him by blessing both his sermons and writings to the establishing and building up of his people in their most holy faith, as well as making him an able disputant and defender of the truth of God against all error and heresies. His warning voice was raised at the first sound of the enemy. His reproofs, mingled with kindness and love, were felt; his counsel, in guiding the affairs of the church, was followed; but now his voice is heard no more. He is enjoying that eternal rest which was his subject the last time he preached amongst us. He was of a kind, amiable disposition; yet, when the doctrines of the gospel were attacked—those doctrines which were dear to him—he wrote in a firm, decided manner, sparing neither friend nor foe, as in the case of that glorious doctrine of the eternal Sonship.

You, dear Sir, have lost his valuable services in connexion with the "Standard," and no doubt will be some time before you find an efficient successor; but I pray that the Lord may support and strengthen you for the laborious work which lies before you; and may it please his gracious Majesty, as the harvest truly is great and the labourers few, to raise up and qualify more labourers to work in his vineyard—men valiant for the truth.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours affectionately, for the truth's sake,

Stamford, Jan. 10, 1870.

RICHARD M. ROBINSON.

The Particular Baptist Church worshipping at North Street Chapel, Stamford, desires to record their deep sorrow at the loss they, with the church of God at large, have sustained in the death of that eminent and faithful minister of the gospel, Mr. J. C. Philpot. They especially knew, therefore greatly loved and highly prized and valued him, for he laboured amongst them and the sister church at Oakham for twenty-six years, and many can testify to the blessing of God resting upon his ministry to their souls.

His great natural gifts, learning, and ability, coupled with a mind of deep thought and research, together with the grace of God conspicuously manifested in him, made him not only an able and eloquent preacher, but a bold, fearless advocate for the truths of the gospel, in doctrine, experience, and practice; and his line of opening up and expounding Scripture, with a thorough knowledge of the evils of his own heart, enabled him to trace out the various experiences, trials, and temptations of God's living family, which gave him a place in their hearts that time cannot efface.

Though by God's providence removed from us, he was always welcomed upon his annual visits. His printed sermons and editorial writings kept him, as it were, always before us; so that we feel his loss as greatly as if he had still been our pastor, and he will live in the hearts of his bereaved people as long as this generation survives, and his memory will be carried down from generation to generation.

His earnest solicitude for the welfare of the poor of his flock, in both churches, was exemplified in his endeavours to obtain for those eligible, the benefits of that admirable institution, the Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society.

We also desire to sympathize with his bereaved widow and sorrowing family, under their irreparable loss; and humbly pray that, now that he has entered into rest, the God of all mercies may support them, and graciously answer the many petitions he offered up for their spiritual and temporal welfare.

We will not add more, we could not say less, in memory of the dear departed one, whose praise is in all the churches.

Signed on behalf of the church,

ROBERT LAXTON, }
JOSEPH MITTON, } *Deacons.*

Jan. 5, 1870.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. PHILPOT.

DEAR Philpot is landed safe over the river,

No more with the cares of the wilderness press'd;

No sickness nor anguish, for ever and ever,

Shall bow down his body or trouble his breast.

His conflict is done,

The battle is won,

He rests from his labours in heavenly bliss.

No sorrow or pain

Shall molest him again.

We can't wish him to return to a world such as this.

No more shall the malice of mortals annoy him,

Nor Satan again hurl his fierce fiery dart,

To wound and afflict, though he could not destroy him;

No more under indwelling sin will he smart.

His afflictions are o'er;

He will suffer no more.

His poor feeble body return'd to the dust,

But his free spirit soar'd

To the God he adored,

In whom was his hope, and his joy, and his trust.

Be silent, each murmur; let sweet resignation

Submit to the will of our heavenly King;

While we humbly arise in sublime contemplation,

To the land of the blest where the Seraphim sing.

There let us pursue him;

By faith we may view him,

Array'd in white robes at the foot of the throne;

See, see him there stand,

With a palm in his hand,

And with all the white millions relationship own.

Ah! Now he can gaze on his Saviour so peerless,
 Whose beauties he labour'd on earth to portray;
 His glorified vision, all steadfast and tearless,
 Can bear the effulgence of heavenly day.
 The vision so bright
 That dazzled the sight
 Of apostles and prophets he now can behold;
 Can bask in the ray
 Of ineffable day,
 And drink heavenly pleasure with rapture untold.
 "Beautiful," beautiful, here was the vision,
 Which God to his dear dying loved one reveal'd;
 But 'twas better to pass the immortal transition,
 And view all the glory the mortal conceal'd.
 "Praise the Lord," he then said,
 As he bow'd his dear head;
 But now he can praise without any alloy,
 Can bless and adore
 His dear Lord evermore,
 And drink at the fulness of infinite joy.
 But O! We poor sheep in the wilderness ramble,
 Where sharp pricking thorns in our pathway oft lie;
 Our feet are entangled in many a bramble,
 And we in the dark can no pathway descry.
 But our heavenly Guide
 Still keeps by our side,
 To raise us, to cheer us, to lead us along,
 'Till the Jordan is pass'd
 And we safe at last
 Unite with the blest in the ever-new song.

C. SPIRE.

Obituary.

MR. WESTHORPE.

(Concluded from Page 40.)

"Those glorious doctrines distilled into my soul like holy fragrance and sacred dew, which appeared wonderful to me. I had not then heard them preached, but as they blessedly flowed into my soul I spoke them out with my tongue.

"One Lord's day, standing in the chapel-yard after the prayer-meeting talking with the friends, I spoke of the doctrine of election, and the everlasting love of God to a peculiar people predestinated to eternal life before the foundation of the world. I told them the preaching I sat under did not feed my soul. The deacons looked at me, then the people all seemed astonished, and looked one at another. At last the decision was, 'He (myself) must go to Prettiwell,' which was about two miles and a half from Rochford, at which place a few poor, God-fearing people met in a cottage for worship, and had a minister occasionally. I had heard of them previously, but was afraid to go near, as report said they were Antinomians and lived in sin; but, being tired out at R., I said to my wife, 'I will go to P. the next time they have a

preacher.' She was quite agreeable, as the Lord had wrought upon her effectually, so that she could not get on with the ministry we sat under. Accordingly we went and heard for ourselves. The preacher's name was James Stephens, a builder. He preached in a poor man's cottage. It was in 1823, or 1824. I heard he was a member with a Mr. Burnett, Baptist minister, Woolwich. It proved a joyful day to us, the first gospel preaching we had ever heard. The text was Isa. ix. 6: 'The government shall be upon his shoulder.' I looked at the man with astonishment, for he blessedly entered into my feelings, and traced out the work of God in my soul. He spoke also of the bondage, temptations, and fiery darts of Satan I had been labouring under; also how God could be just and the justifier of the ungodly; yea, many things that had passed between God and my soul. I did not need to ask any one if it was truth; I had the witness in my heart.

"The following Lord's day I went to my old chapel at R., where I had attended the six years of my distress, trouble, and bondage. The minister had his text chosen for the circumstance, and sermon written out ready for me; but, although his arrows flew thick and fast, blessed be the Lord, they went beyond me. One and another of the friends smiled, as they knew well who he was levelling at. I spoke to one who sat near me, 'You will not see me here any more yet.'

"During the next week I heard that Mr. Collins, of Maldon (whose obituary appeared in the 'Gospel Standard' for March, 1861), was going to preach at Thundersly, near Rayleigh. I got a piece of bread and cheese, and set off across the fields, about five miles and a half. I was late. The dear man of God had taken his text, Dan. ii. 21. Here I was at home. He entered into many of my bitters and sweets, my ups and downs, the ins and outs my soul had passed through; he spoke largely also of the work of the Spirit in the heart in contrast with the empty profession of the day, and with great emphasis repeated those lines of Watts's:

" 'He calls the fool and makes him know
The myst'ries of his grace,
To lay aspiring wisdom low,
And all its pride abase.'

I felt my soul united to the dear man, which was never removed, and he lived to reach his ninety-second year."

Mr. W. had many tossings about in providence as well as in soul matters. He was a baker some years, also a gentleman's coachman. He then removed to Great Wakering, Essex, and kept a shop, and ultimately added leather cutter and seller. It was when living here he frequently became a correspondent of the "Gospel Standard," in the first years of its publication, both in prose and verse, his signature being generally "W. W., Great Wakering, Essex." He ceased to correspond and write,

either to magazines or otherwise, on account of a long and severe affliction, causing great weakness, especially in the hands. It was while residing here also he buried his wife and nine children in about twelve months. In April, 1839, he remarried.

“Soon after the Lord had blessed me,” he says, “with pardoning love, I felt an impression on my mind to tell poor sinners what he had done for my soul; so that the work of the ministry was with me night and day. I entreated the Lord to remove it, feeling my ignorance and weakness so much; also the importance of the work made me tremble. About 1833 I used to meet with a few people in a poor man’s house, no gospel ministry being in the neighbourhood, for reading the scriptures and prayer, one of the friends commenting a little on the word. This person urged me to assist him; but I trembled from head to foot, greatly fearing I should do wrong. He continued his request; so I said one evening I would try. I did so. I read John iv., and I was greatly helped; so my mouth was opened to speak a little, my heart was enlarged, and I had the witness in my soul I had experienced the truth I then so feebly testified of.

“Soon after this, I had business to transact at Burnham, and at that time there were a few of the Lord’s poor met in a room. Mr. Collins preached for them once a month. Having to remain the evening, I met with them for prayer, and as they had heard I had commented a little on the word, they wished me to do so to them. No sooner had I been requested to conduct the meeting than my trembling and shaking came upon me. Nevertheless, I made an attempt. I read, prayed, and spoke a little, as the Lord enabled me. The friends expressed themselves to be edified and comforted. They also desired me to visit them once a month. I felt daily a deep sense of my ignorance and insufficiency, and when I had done speaking I could have hid my head out of sight of the people, concluding I could never speak again. Nevertheless, the friends testified again and again of the Lord blessing the word, would not give way to my complaints, but urged me to get into the pulpit. I told them I dared not go there, the very thought made me tremble. In 1838 there was a small chapel to let at Burnham, formerly belonging to the Wesleyans; a friend hired the chapel,—the one we now occupy. After this, I sank fathoms, concluding I could never enter a pulpit while the thought of putting my hand to the gospel plough and looking back filled me with terror. I cried earnestly to the Lord, to show me if I erred and dishonoured his precious name in proclaiming the wonders of redeeming love to poor sinners. I could appeal to his dear Majesty, I did it not for gain, receiving nothing for my services, nor did I wish for anything. I thought I was well paid if the dear Lord made me in any measure a help to his poor afflicted people. In my great trial and exercise he enabled me to keep close to his word and a throne of grace. I rose from my knees one evening in great fear and perplexity, having asked the Lord,

if I sinned in speaking in his dear name, he would take away the great desire I had to do so, or give me some token of his approbation; and, bless his dear name, these words came powerfully and sweetly into my soul: 'I will make all my goodness pass before thee;' which he did abundantly. When I entered the pulpit in Burnham chapel all fear was taken away, and my first text there was 1 Chron. xxix. 3.

"After this I had several calls to supply at Rayleigh, Billericay, Foulness Island, Witham, &c., and at times had sweet testimonies that my labour was not in vain in the Lord."

The following particulars are furnished by his afflicted and sorrowing widow:

"My dear husband was not altogether a stranger to the readers of the 'Gospel Standard.' He contributed to its pages until the Lord was pleased to lay on him his afflicting hand with rheumatic fever, so that he could not feed himself for upwards of twelve months. His pains were most intense; this was in 1854 and 1855. From this he never fully recovered. I am a witness of the goodness of God to his afflicted servant. The faithfulness of God was manifested in a wonderful manner, in supporting him in this trying and painful affliction; for at times he sank very low, and thought the Lord was about to take down his tabernacle. The following scripture was powerfully blessed to him: 'Thou shalt not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord.' Also that other: 'To abide in the flesh is more profitable for you.' He often told the Lord if he raised him up again his first text should be: 'Thou shalt not die,' &c.

"The intense heat of the summer of 1868 greatly took effect upon him, and it was with great difficulty he could go to chapel, although a very short distance. His last sermon was in July, 1868. I think I shall never forget the time. The text was: 'The horse is prepared against the battle, but safety is of the Lord.' He spoke very sweetly on the latter clause, showing many places and spots the soul would try for refuge and safety, but the Lord would so purge his people and refine them, by terrible things in righteousness, that safety and refuge, might only be found in the Lord. He continued about twenty minutes, and sat down quite exhausted. I felt an impression that morning that his work was done. Kent's hymn was given out at the close of the service:

"'The Lord's the battle is.'

I assisted him home. He sat down, and said, 'What a poor helpless creature I am; I think my work is done;' tears running down his cheeks. I replied:

"'Thy staff and sandals too

Thou shalt with joy lay by.'

He sweetly smiled amidst his falling tears. During the week following he was taken very ill; from which time he gradually sank. He often said, 'What a lot of sinful, helpless lumber I

am! Lord, have mercy upon me, and leave me not!' I took the 'Gospel Standard' for May, 1837, and read a few lines of a piece he penned:

"Forsake me not, most gracious God,
While in this world I stay;
But O! support me by thy word,
And keep me day by day,' &c.

He said, 'I am come no further yet; I want the same things now.' When cast down, I would remind him how many times the Lord had appeared, and brought him through. 'Yes,' he would reply, 'when under the bondage of the law so many years, when I lost a beloved wife and nine children, painful exercises in the church, with losses and crosses in business, world, &c., the dear Lord hath sustained and delivered me, saying he would make all his goodness pass before me; and his word has been fulfilled; and here I am surrounded with mercies. O that I could love him more, praise him more, honour him more!'

"He suffered much from his head. He feared he should lose his senses. The disease was softening of the brain. His memory respecting natural and temporal things was very much shaken; but in spiritual and divine things he was quite clear. He often begged of the Lord to keep him in his senses. He was also much afraid of sinning, of saying something wrong when his mind rambled. 'I would rather die than sin against the Lord, or be left to say one word dishonourable against his dear and precious name.'

"April 13, 1869.—He was dark and restless. He said, 'O! my bitter cup, my bitter cup! The enemy throws his temptations like fiery darts at me.' I replied, 'It is said of the dear Lord that being in an agony he prayed more earnestly.' 'Yes,' he said, 'and so I have had fellowship with him in his sufferings. I cried out, I want to bring forth more fruit, that I may honour the Lord more. I want a little of the wine of the kingdom.' I said, 'You have tasted it.' 'O yes,' he replied, 'I have had full draughts.'

"I've been indulged that stream to sip,
That Zion's city cheers."

On writing to a friend, I asked if he had any word to send. He said, 'Tell my dear brother my days of darkness are many, and the road weary, yet the dear Lord comes at times and cheers and comforts me. I have sucked sweetness from that passage: "The servant of the Lord must not strive, but be gentle to all men, apt to teach, patient." Also these words: "Cast down, but not destroyed."'

"On one occasion he was much cast down; when I repeated a verse of one of Kent's hymns:

"But why should heaven's indulgent care,
Amidst the general woe,
A single saint a sinner spare,
Whose heart was loth to go?"

It touched a chord in his heart, and lit up his countenance with love. He called aloud, 'O holy doctrine! My soul loves it!'

"May 13.—Having received a letter from a friend, which I read to him, he exclaimed, 'My dear, he is a real friend and true brother, and what a mercy the Lord has sustained that unity of spirit amid all the changing scenes of this poor life! Here I am, upon a bed of languishing, and at times sorely beset with temptations, darkness of mind, hidings of God's face, which is the most painful of all; yet I am in hope of eternal life, which God, that cannot lie, promised before the world began; and because he hath put his fear in my heart, therefore does my soul pant after his holiness and righteousness, to be the breast-plate of my heart.'

"Having been deprived the pleasure for a considerable time of meeting with the friends in public worship, he had a great desire to do so once more, and break bread to them; but this favour was not granted him. The Lord was preparing him for the banquet above.

"On returning from chapel, I told him the Lord had been in our midst, blessing the reading of one of Mr. Philpot's sermons. He melted into tears, and replied: 'What hath God wrought! He hath indeed raised up faithful men for the comfort and edification of his dear people, and for the defence of truth in this awful day of declension.'

"June 13.—On reading to my dear husband, I came to the words, 'He loved me.' He cried out, 'He hath loved *me*, and saved such a rebel as I.' He was quite overpowered, and could bear no more. He spoke of the matchless love of God—a theme so dear to him. He would say: 'He loved *me*, and gave himself for *me*.'

"June 19.—I observed to him I thought the Lord was taking his tabernacle down. He replied, 'I think I shall be spared to you a little longer; but I desire the will of the Lord to be done.' A friend said to him, 'You are not tired of the religion of Jesus Christ? You have often said love to a precious Christ and salvation by him, to comprehend and fully prove the depths of everlasting love is the most blessed state a soul can be in this side of eternity.' He turned his eyes towards his friend, and said: 'O Lord, have mercy upon me, a poor sinful worm. I want to abound in hope, in love, and every grace, by the power of the Holy Ghost.' Viewing his poor prostrate body, I said, 'May the Lord grant you as glorious an entrance into the heavenly Jerusalem as he did Mr. Peake, of Oakham,' whose letters and obituary we read many times, and found very precious to us both; also Mr. Bourne's letters; we had often been refreshed thereby. He said, 'Amen,' and then repeated:

"'Jesus, lover of my soul,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee."

Can I give thee up? No, no; never, never!

"On Tuesday evening following he sank very low, and ap-

peared to shrink at death, saying, 'How shall I feel when I come to die? How shall I meet death? O Lord, come and enlarge my heart. I cannot rest without thee. Nothing can with a precious Christ compare. I want the refreshing streams of salvation.' I replied, 'A dear saint of God once declared, "I have waited for thy salvation, O Lord!"' He replied, 'I can say likewise, Bless his precious name; nothing can fill up the vacancy of a precious Christ, when his sensible presence is withheld. O the lumber that is in my heart! How low I am sunk; but I thirst and pant for the presence of my precious Christ.'

"June 23.—He was in prayer nearly all the day. He cried out, 'Come, come, my dear Lord Jesus. Take my ransomed spirit to thy dear self. Let me to thy bosom fly.' It was very solemn to be in the room with him. A friend called in to see him. He saw him smile, and remarked, 'You give us a smile!' 'Yes,' he said, '*I shall smile.*' He was too far gone to converse much.

"June 25.—His dear children assembled to take their last farewell of their dying parent, who, through grace, had set them a blessed example and godly precept of the power of that religion of which God is the Author, proving to a demonstration that blessed Scripture: 'Him that honoureth me, him will my Father honour.'

"He fell asleep in Jesus, without a struggle or a groan, in the night of June 25, 1869, aged 73, and was interred in the chapel-yard, Southminster, where his body rests in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection unto eternal life."

He was a good man, through grace, and feared God above many: "The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance."

Hastings, Sept. 14, 1869.

J. FORSTER.

JOHN TIDSWELL.—On Nov. 9th, 1869, in his 57th year, John Tidswell, of Denholme, a member of the church of Christ meeting in Zoar Chapel, Bradford, being baptized and received into the church in 1851.

About 30 years ago divine light shone in some measure in his soul. He felt himself to be a lost, ruined sinner. He tried, as most under convictions do, to make himself better; but he found himself like the woman with the bloody issue, rather to get worse than better. He attended the means, and then joined the Independents at Denholme; but here it proved a barren wilderness. The preacher was a minister of the letter only, and consequently could not enter into John's feelings, nor describe how such a wretched sinner as he could be saved. He wandered about from place to place, till, hearing that Mr. Kershaw was preaching at Hebden Bridge, about eight miles distant, he went to hear him, and was so astonished at his knowledge of the exercises of his soul that he thought he must be an angel. To use his own lan-

guage: "He entered into the very feelings of my soul. He described so exactly the ins and outs, the liftings up and castings down of my poor soul, that I said, 'He cannot be a man.'" He came away so refreshed, so lifted up in a salvation all of grace, which humbles the sinner, and exalts a precious Christ, that there was no rest for the sole of his foot in Denholme afterwards; so he went down to Bradford frequently to hear Mr. Hunter. This could not be borne by the Independent minister at Denholme. He went to him, and told him he must fill up his place on Sunday, and every Sunday, or he must be cut off. He said, "You go down to Bradford on a Sunday, get your head filled with nonsense, and then come and spread it among my flock." However, these things moved not John, for he had found food for his soul, and heard a salvation described without money and without price, which was the joy and rejoicing of his heart.

About 20 years ago Mr. Kershaw was baptizing a few persons at Horking Stone, about a mile and a half from Denholme, and John went over. He had been much exercised about baptism; but here all his doubts were dispersed.

He continued to go down to Bradford, and was proposed to the church as a candidate for baptism, and the church received him. He was baptized, and found it to be the answer of a good conscience towards God, and went on his way rejoicing.

I was his companion in tribulation for many years. For upwards of ten years we attended together a prayer-meeting held at a friend's house. At these meetings we have, if not deceived, felt Christ precious to our poor souls. We have often gone there doubting and fearing; yet the Lord has met us, and given us a lift by the way, and we have returned home like giants refreshed with new wine. We have often taken sweet counsel together, and gone to the house of God in company. John was never so well satisfied as when he was sitting in the old chapel at Zoar, listening to the words of everlasting life, proclaimed by Mr. H., and since then by our present esteemed pastor, Mr. Vaughan, under whose ministry he has often been refreshed in the bowels of Jesus Christ.

Our friend was an honest open-hearted Christian. He had no double-facedness about him. What he thought he expressed, and at times feared neither men nor devils. The peace and prosperity of Zion lay near his heart. Yea, he loved the house of God, and the place where his honour dwells. Rain or fair, so long as health and strength permitted, he was generally seen in his place, though he had to go seven miles on a Sunday morning.

The path he had to travel was a path of tribulation. He had many family afflictions, and was also greatly exercised himself both in body and mind. Some six or seven years ago he had the pleurisy, which left a bad cough, which continued with him to the last. His occupation as underground steward in a coal-pit was not favourable to his complaint, and he gradually sank under it. Yet, amidst all his conflicts of flesh and spirit, he had

his liftings up, as he called them, and his little hills Mizar, where the Lord sometimes appeared in a gracious way and manner. One of these little hills he had in the pit bottom. One morning, twelve days before his death, he wended his way to this spot; but was so weak and feeble in body that he reached it with great difficulty. After resting a little, he uttered words something like these: "O Lord, thou seest what a poor, weak, helpless thing I am. Do appear, Lord, for me." "Do, Lord, manifest thyself to my poor soul. Thou seest, Lord, I can do nothing without thee. Do appear, Lord." Immediately light and gladness sprang up into his fearing and desponding heart, and he blessed and praised God for his great salvation. He said, "*I fairly shouted, 'Come, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he has done for my soul.'*" (When he related this to me, he was so melted down that the tears rolled down his cheeks.) When leaving the place, he said, "Now, devil, I have proved thee a liar once more."

The last time he heard Mr. Vaughan preach was the last Sunday but one before he died. The text was Isa. xxxii. 18, 19. He enjoyed the sermon much, saying he could go with him every step of the way.

About two hours before he died, his wife asked him if he had nothing to say to her and the family. He said, "God will take care of you all. He says he 'will be a Father to the fatherless, and a Husband to the widow;' and his promise has never failed, and never will." Then, lifting up both hands, he said, "Exalt a precious Christ for a full and free salvation." His last words, about five minutes before he died, were, "*All's well!*"

THOMAS BANCROFT, Sen.

Denholme, Dec. 18, 1869.

JONATHAN DYSON.—On Nov. 15th, 1869, aged 53, Jonathan Dyson, deacon of the church at Siddall Hall.

From conversation that I have had with him at various times, I believe he was called by grace when he was about 25 years of age; up to which time he neither knew nor cared to know God, his ways, or his people; but when the arrows of the Almighty entered into his conscience, he was made to tremble. One night, in the midst of his soul trouble, he got up in the dead of the night, and walked about the fields in the neighbourhood where he then lived. He saw a light in a barn or cow-house, and made to the place. The farmer was a gracious man. When he saw poor Jonathan come in, he said, "What is the matter with you?" Jonathan said, "I am miserable, and know not what to do, or where to go; for I am afraid I shall go to hell." The farmer was waiting for one of his cows calving that night, and asked Jonathan to stay with him for a time. He then said to Jonathan, "It is the work of God in your soul that is the cause of all this trouble," and he endeavoured to comfort him.

After this, Jonathan began to go to the Baptist chapel at Golcar, and ultimately joined that church in 1844. He was baptized by a Mr. Green, the pastor of the church at Golcar, of whom I have heard him often speak very highly. He was not delivered from under the law by Mr. Green's ministry, but he was delivered from it under a sermon by

some other person, whose name I do not now remember; but the man was preaching from Ps. lv. 22.

Some years after he joined that church, Mr. Green left the place, and removed to a distance, when another pastor was appointed, with whom Jonathan could not get along so well in the ministry of the work; nor did he ever settle down again agreeably, either under this man's ministry, or that of any other who followed him at Golcar; but, after the room was opened at Siddall Hall, he began to go there—a distance of seven or eight miles; and, no matter what kind of weather, we found Jonathan to be the first at the chapel. I can truly say that his religion was not of the kind that only comes out to chapel when the weather is fine. O, no; for he would be there when the hills were covered with snow, having to walk all the way alone; yet, "not alone."

In 1861, he joined the church at Siddall Hall, from which time I do not ever remember his being absent up to the time of his affliction, by which he was laid aside nine or ten months ago. Previously to this he had for the most part enjoyed good health; but he was suddenly seized with a pain which the doctor said was gout in the stomach; however, it soon settled down into his left leg, which he was never again able to move. He was a great sufferer in his affliction, so much so that people have wondered how he could exist at all.

When under the influence of the old man of sin, he was of a sour and bad temper, and could scarcely ever be at peace with any one, either at home or abroad. But he was no hypocrite. He would tell his mind, fearless of consequences, either as a man of business or a professor of religion. But when he was under the influence of the new man of grace, he was one of the most meek and, perhaps, the most humble of men that ever I knew. In this respect poor Jonathan showed two very great extremes. In one extreme, he would appear to be like a rock for hardness, and as cold as an iceberg; at the other extreme, he would be as soft and tender as an affectionate parent.

He was a true believer in the doctrines of grace; and, though an illiterate man, he could distinguish accurately between the letter and the spirit of the gospel, and between truth and error in doctrine, experience, and practice.

On his bed of affliction, he generally seemed to be much reconciled, but at times would express a wish to recover, if it were the Lord's will. He said at one time, "If I knew that I had only twelve minutes to live, I should be glad if eleven of them were gone." He had not much light in his afflictions, nor much joy; but he said to me, on asking him how he felt, "I shall land safely, and meet you in heaven:

"Freed from a world of toil and sin,
Eternally with God shut in."

For some time before his death, his conversation became more savoury, and he spoke more freely of his departure, with great solemnity and feeling.

With all Jonathan's singularity and obstinacy, I never doubted the sincerity of his religion, nor do I doubt his safety in heaven.

DAVID SMITH.

THOMAS HICKMOTT.—On April 23rd, 1869, aged 70, Thomas Hickmott, of New Brompton, Chatham, Kent, for some years a member of the Particular Baptist church, High Street, Chatham.

He was a man who had little to say, but exhibited in his life the reality of the religion he possessed, which supported him amidst severe pain and suffering, which he endured at intervals during his pilgrimage here below, and enabled him to rejoice in his blessed Lord Jesus (as he

was wont to say through the teaching of the divine Spirit) in the hour of death, trusting alone in him, and building on the immutable Rock of Ages for safety for ever. J. C.

CAROLINE HICKMOTT.—On Sept. 10th, 1869, aged 48, Caroline Hickmott, wife of the above; also a member of the same church.

Those who were privileged to visit her in her long and painful affliction, cancer, from which she suffered much even while her companion was dying near her (both lying on beds of suffering, and unable to help each other), could not but be struck with wonder and thankfulness to the God of salvation, who enabled her to rejoice in tribulation. Fears sometimes would distress her mind, lest she should after all be found among those who have but a name to live and yet are dead. But these fears, with the temptations and suggestions of the great adversary, were removed. The words of Jesus, as spoken in her heart, yielded her much consolation: "In my Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you." She would often repeat the following verse:

"A few more rolling suns at most
Will land me on fair Canaan's coast,
Where I shall sing the song of grace,
And see my glorious hiding-place."

She would sometimes say, "I am very much like Job in my afflictions. Do not grieve for me when I am gone:

"When languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond my cage
And long to fly away.

Sweet to reflect how grace divine," &c.

The day before her death, she said to the nurse, a godly woman, "O nurse, I cannot tell you what there is laid up in store for the Lord's dear people. I would not wish to be rich here. See what there is laid up for me." That hymn:

"Jesus, lover of my soul,"

was also very precious to her. An hour before she died, raising her hands and clapping them, she exclaimed, "Precious Christ! O Lamb of God! O Lamb of God! O Lamb of God!" And shortly afterwards, in the same manner as before, she said, "Precious Christ! Blessed Jesus!" Then bidding her two sons, with other relatives, good-bye, she again raised her hands, clapping them together, and saying, "Bless the Lord, O my soul! They are coming! Blessed Jesus! Blessed Saviour!"

She desired to be raised a little higher, said no more, but breathed her life away in the dear Redeemer's bosom. J. C.

ANN DIPLOCK.—On Dec. 24th, 1869, aged 61, Ann Diplock, a member of the church of Rehoboth, Richmond.

She was a lover of the truth, and contended for that which she had experienced in her own soul. She was taken with a fit on the 21st, and could not speak, and laid unconscious till she gently breathed her last, on the 24th. The Lord had, however, given her a sweet token of his love a few days before she was taken ill, by saying unto her soul, "Come, let us reason together. Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as wool; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as white as snow." She said she had never felt such a melting down and contrition of soul for years.

She was much afflicted the last year or two with a cough and short-

ness of breath; and she travelled much in the dark, fearing how her end would be. I have often heard her say, "O that the Lord would give me one more token, and take me home." And the Lord granted her the desire of her soul, and delivered her from the body of sin and death.

She was not able to speak, so as to leave what is called a dying testimony; but she left a *living* one. I lived in the same house with her for eleven years, and we were partakers of each other's trials, and also of the delivering hand of God, in providence and grace. I have seen the tears trickle down her face with gratitude when she has been telling me of the Lord's goodness to her soul; and also for the temporal blessings that the Lord bestowed upon her in time of need.

The church has lost an honourable member. She was truly a mother in Israel, encouraging seeking souls where she saw the Lord's hand had begun the work. One of her favourite hymns was:

"If ever my poor soul is saved,
'Tis Christ must be the way."

Many of the friends came to see her when she lay ill. As she could not speak, one of the friends said, "Absent from the body, present with the Lord." She lifted up her hand as a token that she felt it.

She was baptized by Mr. Kershaw, at Brighton, and would often speak about him, and Mr. Gadsby, and Mr. Warburton, and the blessings she had had under their ministry; with them all she is now casting her crown at the feet of Jesus, and crowning him Lord of all.

A. HALL.

JAMES BAILEY.—On Nov. 18th, 1869, aged 81, James Bailey, of Balderstone Hall, near Blackburn.

My father, in the beginning of his profession, was mixed up with the Independents, and while there he used to say he would meet all the Baptists with this text: "Christ tasted death for every man," to prove that they were wrong, but the Lord opened his eyes by the application of this portion to his mind: "For both he that sanctifieth and they who are sanctified are all of one; for which cause he is not ashamed to call them brethren." And then began his soul-trouble; for the Lord set his sins before his face, and brought him under the law as the administration of condemnation. It was truly painful at times to hear him sigh and groan, so distressed was he on account of sins against so good and holy a God; and in this state of soul-trouble he would often go down into one of our fields in which there was a large tree, and there pour out his soul before God in humble confession, and begging of God to be merciful to him; but the heavens, he often said, appeared to him as brass, and the earth under him as iron, and that the Lord shut out his prayer.

While in this state of mind, he was led to hear that dear man of God, Mr. M'Kenzie, who entered very deeply into the sorrows of a sin-despairing soul, from these words: "And thy heaven that is over thy head shall be brass, and the earth that is under thee shall be iron;" and the Lord the Spirit made it a word in season to him, and like rain on the mown grass. Before this, he said he thought no one was nearer sinking into despair than he was; for he felt that all hope of mercy was clean gone for ever.

Some time after this, he was exercised about attending to the ordinance of baptism; but he feared he was not a proper character; so he failed to come forward. Then he fell into a legal self-righteous spirit, and oftentimes got very proud of his religious standing, of which the enemy took advantage. As he had to go to the market, he came home the worse for taking too much drink; and O the agony of soul that he would

labour under for days and weeks together. Yet, after he got, as he thought, straight again, he was at his old work of legal working, and growing proud of his nice holy walk, as he thought. At this time he had a nephew living servant with him, one who feared God, who would often say, "He is going to have another fall for his pride; for the Lord will let no flesh glory in his presence, but 'he that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord.'" And so it fell out, when he said to his nephew, "The Lord has taken my religion and given it to thee."

He continued for some years in a backsliding state. During this time I began to be concerned about my own soul; and O what a trouble it was to me sometimes to see my father. I thought I could bear any kind of trouble better than that. I remember the last time I went to fetch him home I was full of grief, and I prayed to the Lord as I was going for him home that it might be the last time; and these words came sweetly to my mind:

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

And so it was. The Lord, in rich sovereign grace and mercy, through the blood of the Lamb, broke into his soul with these words: "Tura, O backsliding children, saith the Lord; for I am married unto you." (Jer. iii. 14.) And so fully and powerfully was the blessing poured into him that he cried out, "It is enough, Lord! Lord, stay thy hand; I can bear no more," and so little, humble, and meek did the Lord make him by this sweet visit that ever after he was like a little child. There was now a marked change to be seen in him by all around; and perhaps never was this portion more exemplified than in him: "Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord." Yea, so jealous was he of himself that we often heard him cry out, "Lord, help me! Lord, keep me!"

Some time after this the enemy was suffered to tempt him that all would come to nothing, and he would be lost at last; but the blessed Spirit helped him with groanings that cannot be uttered; and so close was he kept to his dear Lord that he spent hours in his little room that he had, in prayer, and reading his Bible, hymn-book, "Gospel Standard," and some of Huntington's works; but while Satan was suffered to tempt him he feared he would fall and dishonour the Lord, whom he felt he loved above all; and to strengthen him the Spirit sent these words with power and unction to his heart: "The meek will he guide in judgment, and the meek will he teach his way;" when such unutterable joy filled his soul that he could not but speak out, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits," &c. Just after this he went to hear Mr. M'Kenzie, at Preston; when, to his great surprise, he took for his text: "The meek will he guide in judgment, and the meek will he teach his way;" and so much did Mr. M'Kenzie enter into his experience, both the dark and the bright side, that he had a double blessing, which was a means of both strengthening and confirming him of his interest in the everlasting love and great salvation of his covenant God.

He was very fond of Mr. Philpot's sermons; they were much blessed to him.

About this time he began to hear Mr. Horbury, at Blackburn, and Mr. Horbury began to preach at our house once a month, which my father prized very much, as his preaching was often made a blessing to him. Mr. M'Kenzie also preached at our house; but I cannot say much about him, as I was very young when he came.

On the first Lord's day in Oct., 1853, Mr. Horbury was baptizing, when he spoke from these words: "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord. Wherefore standest thou without?" My father said it was, "Come in, come in," sounding in his ears until the next church meeting, when he was obliged to come in and tell what the Lord had done for him. He had these lines sweetly applied at the time:

"Helpless and weak, a sinner great,

Yet in his righteousness complete."

He was baptized in Nov., 1853, and he continued a consistent member, and adorned his profession by a holy walk, that even the wicked were constrained to say there never was a more honest, upright, or better man than he; and to the truth of this all who knew him can testify. O what is it that the grace and love of God cannot do for a poor sinner! For the last three or four years he profited much under Mr. Archer's ministry. On one occasion he was much cast down in his mind, Satan continually holding before his mind's eye his former backslidings, so that he could look at nothing else for a time, when Mr. A. took for his text Ezek. xxxiv. 16, and which was so much blessed to him that he rejoiced for some time after in the everlasting love of his covenant God. Also Mr. Freeman used to preach at our house occasionally, and my father heard him with great satisfaction; and of these precious seasons he never seemed to lose sight to his death.

These portions of Scripture were sweetly applied to his mind a few weeks before he died: "The Lord is gracious and full of compassion, slow to anger, and of great mercy; for with the Lord there is mercy, and with him there is plenteous redemption." And I think I may truly say I never saw a man more dead to the world and the things thereof. He never liked to be among any but God's people. They were the excellent of the earth to him.

For about eighteen months before he died, his eyes began to fail him, which was a sore grief to him, as it prevented him reading, though he quoted portions of the word of God as he sat in his chair, and sang his favourite hymns (he had always a sweet voice for singing), viz., 93, 208, 333, 334, 1108, and 132. He sang them all through but the last verse. On the Friday night before he died, the last verse of hymn 330:

"Blest is the man, O God," &c.,

was very much blessed to him. On the same day our minister and one of the deacons came to see him. He said to them, "I have been looking all through the Scriptures to see if I could find a character just suited to me, and I have found one in the publican, for his prayer is just suited to me: 'God be merciful to me, a sinner!' and I hope to die with it." He helped them to sing hymn 160:

"There is a fountain filled with blood," &c.,

when his countenance brightened up, and especially at the last verse.

All through his illness he manifested an entire submission to the will of God, and a patience that was most surprising, as he suffered much, his disease being a mortification of the foot. After he was taken to bed this night his pains left him, and he lay in a most composed manner, sweetly holding communion with his Lord and Saviour.

On Sunday morning, the 14th, as I assisted to raise him up in bed and to lift him on the chair while the bed was made easy and more comfortable, I said, "Father, you will soon have done with the troubles of this world." He answered, "O happy! Happy! Happy! Happy!" He had a great desire to depart and be with Christ.

On the 15th our minister went up into his room to see him, when he was surprised to see the heavenly countenance that he had, and could scarcely believe his own eyes, for his face shone as the face of an angel.

My father said to him, "Is that you, Mr. Archer?" He replied, "Yes;" when my father said, "I have been a poor, tempted, fearing creature, a poor sinner indeed, and Satan has often told me that when I came to a death-bed God would leave me, and that I should have to go out of this world in darkness, shame, and disgrace, and be lost at last; but I now prove him to be a liar; for I could never have thought my dear Lord would have blessed me in this manner. I have often had to say, 'Enough, Lord; enough, Lord; I can bear no more;' but this exceeds all that ever I had in my life. O glory, glory, glory be to the Lord for his great salvation." Mr. A. said, "Well, here you are, with this knowledge, and death, judgment, and eternity before you. Then how precious must that faith be whereby a poor sinner believes in God as his covenant God and Father in Christ Jesus, and through faith in his blood to be enabled to triumph over sin, flesh, world, Satan, death, hell, and the grave." "O yes," he said, "precious faith in the blood of the Lamb! Glory be to God for that precious gift to me; for I am sure it is his gift and work." He said to Mr. A., "Will you get the Bible, and read for me my favourite Psalm: 'I will extol thee, my God, O King, and I will bless thy name for ever and ever?'" This was done, and while it was being read, and prayer made for him, it was as though his soul would leap out of his body, he was in such an ecstasy of joy. Truly the little room was like a heaven below. And this happy state continued until he died. Surely this was the anointing for his burial; for the enemy was never suffered to attack him once more.

The next morning I entered his room early, and still found him in the same comfortable state, firmly resting on Christ, his precious Rock. He saw his end was near, and he felt as if he was already in heaven. He was much encouraged by it. I asked him, if he remembered these words being applied to him about twenty years before: "For I am married unto you." "Aye, aye," he said; "Turn, O backsliding children, saith the Lord, for I am married unto you;" and he spoke with great emphasis and said, "It was a marrying, too, for a poor backsliding sinner to be married to the Lord. I was in a rebellious state, but the Lord, in rich sovereign mercy, brought me back to himself. Bless his holy name!" His mind was so clear that he seemed as if he could speak of all the way the Lord had led him, if he had had strength; but here his strength failed him.

Through the Tuesday night we sat up with him; when he broke out, saying, "Glory be to the Lord, I shall soon be where there is no more pain, sorrow, or groaning under a body of sin and death. O how I long to be there! Yet I desire to wait the Lord's time, which is best." After this he said but little, as he got weaker and weaker; but he again broke out in prayer: "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!" My sister gave him some grapes which some friends had brought, and she said to him, "What kind friends you have!" "Aye," he answered, "but there is a Friend above all others."

After this it began to be difficult to understand what he said; but we heard him say, "Bless the Lord!" He tried to say something more; but we could only make out "Lord" and "Spirit." This was about twelve o'clock on Wednesday night. He lay quiet for about three hours, and then ceased to breathe.

Balderstone, near Blackburn.

WILLIAM BAILEY.

A correspondent has pointed out that the article signed "L.," in last December No., was inserted also in June, 1869. The late editor must have had two copies sent to him. Editors ought to have good memories; but they cannot remember everything.

MARCH 1, 1870.

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

MARCH, 1870.

MATT. V. 6; 2 TIM. I. 9; ROM. IX. 7; ACTS VIII. 37. 33; MATT. XXVIII. 19.

THE BOX OF OINTMENT.

A SERMON BY MR. TAYLOR, OF MANCHESTER, PREACHED AT GOWER STREET CHAPEL, LONDON, DECEMBER 19TH, 1870, BEING THE DAY FOR THE ANNUAL COLLECTIONS FOR THE POOR.

THE strangers here will be ready to say, "Why is the pulpit in black?" The reason is, the Lord has taken away a brother from the ministry, and at a very short notice; and that brother was among us "a great man, and a prince in Israel." At a few days' notice it pleased God to invite him to the world of spirits. His mortal remains were interred at Croydon on Thursday, and we are left here to lament his absence.

In the year 1835, I think, a new magazine was published, called "The Gospel Standard." Subsequently, Mr. Philpot became the editor, and remained so upwards of twenty years. His kindness has favoured many a weak-minded brother, in answering many questions in that magazine; and he has, onward, year after year, wielded the sword of the Spirit in a masterly manner, looking to God for help, defending the word, and leaving the enemies wounded. He is no more in the land of the living, but he will speak a long time. "He, being dead, yet speaketh;" and the savour of his name will be felt many, many years to come, by many living souls. In their troubles, their hearts have often beat high at the remembrance of him and the goodly words which fell from his lips from time to time, meeting the difficulties of the saints, and cheering them on their way. And now, friends, we have to fight on. There are two or three of us old ministers that now stand in the front rank. The enemy will come upon us shortly; but let us fall in the same battle, let us fall in the same strife, let us earnestly contend for the same faith once delivered to the saints. And you are, each in your order, following as fast as time can move. There is no discharge in the war to which we are referring, and all the saints must meet the same foe.

But, brethren, the Redeemer has spoiled death. He holds the keys of it, and to you who look for the Redeemer in death,

he will be found of you there. God help you to forget "the things that are behind, and press forward toward those things which are before." The prize is yonder. The Lord give us understanding in all things. And let us remember God "will not give his glory to another, nor his praise to graven images." "Then shall we know, if we follow on to know the Lord,"—to know the Lord. It is the Lord, the very God of Jacob, who giveth instruction in all things.

That portion of God's word I would call your attention to this morning you will find in Mark xiv. 6, 7, and the former part of 8: "And Jesus said, Let her alone; why trouble ye her? She has wrought a good work on me; for ye have the poor with you always, and whensoever ye will, ye may do them good; but me ye have not always. She hath done what she could."

These are the Redeemer's words, words in which there is no mistake, and words apparently extorted from the Redeemer by the conduct of one finding fault with a saint. That saint was a woman, who had a very valuable box of ointment, and came to the Redeemer where he was sitting. I know not what preparations she made, or how she introduced herself, but she took the box, and broke it, and poured the ointment on the Redeemer's head. In our country this would have been thought a great liberty, a strange liberty, and, perhaps, an unbecoming liberty; but not so in the East. There was a certain party looking on, and his heart said, "What a shame! What extravagance there! What waste! This ointment might have been sold for a great deal of money, even three hundred pence, and given to the poor; instead of this, it is thoroughly wasted." This he said, not that he cared for the poor; he did not care for the poor; he happened to be a thief; and, you know, it is not often that thieves care about God's poor. You see his very character in his finding fault with a woman who performed a great work and a good work upon the Lord, and a work that cost her a great deal more than three hundred pence.

You will observe where this work began,—in the woman's heart. It began in thinking about the Lord Jesus, in feeling love to the Lord Jesus; and when this began to germinate in her soul, she began to purpose, and to wonder what she might do. We know not how many thoughts she had upon this business; but she began to plan, and she settled upon the purchase of this box of ointment and upon the method of using it. And who knows how many objections stood in her way, how many difficulties arose before her? But she carries out her plan, and she executes her plan. And so, Christians, if ever you have broken a box of ointment upon the Redeemer's head in your holy admiration of his great name, you know what it cost you; you know how you ventured, and you know what brought you to the point; and how, resolving at all hazards; and how at length you sang out to the praise of the glory of God's grace.

Now here is this poor woman interfered with by a carnal professor, by a man that never knew the grace of God in truth, and who cannot see any cause for so much display about the things of God and the salvation that is in Christ, and respect for the honour and glory of his great name. No; he would have applied it in a very different manner; but the Lord takes up the case, and says, "Let her alone; let her alone; she has wrought a good work upon me."

You hear a great deal about good works, friends, in these days; but here is one you do not hear much said about. Here is a good work; and the Lord, understanding the depth of it, and the value of it, and the honour it conferred upon him, he himself saith, "She hath wrought a great work and a good work upon me;" and however little she thought of it, there it was. Then he takes up the subject in another light, and says, "Ye have the poor always with you; you can do them good whenever it is suitable; you have them always with you; but you have not me always with you; and, therefore, the poor dear woman she brought the ointment when she had the opportunity, and she poured out the ointment when she had the opportunity, just as you do. And the Redeemer said, "Verily I say unto you, Wheresoever this gospel shall be preached throughout the whole world, this also that she hath done shall be spoken of for a memorial of her."

Brethren, it is when you feel the Lord's presence with you that you pour the ointment on his blessed head. Yes; and so the Redeemer saw the true state of the woman, and he said, "The poor ye have always with you, and whensoever ye will, ye may do them good; but me ye have not always with you." You know this, do you not? You know this, that you have not always the Lord Jesus with you. There is no saint but understands this; and the poor saint often wanders alone, and knows not where he is, or what he is doing, and goes about to hide himself. "But me ye have not always." And yet there is a sense in which the Redeemer is always with his people: "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world;" but not in the experience of the saint.

And then he adds, "She hath done what she could;" and upon this ground, brethren, we consider that doing what we can is accepted. It is accepted: "She hath done what she could."

But in calling your attention to the text in another form, I would,

I. Notice *the box of ointment* that the Lord's people have in days that are past poured out in thanksgiving to the Lord.

II. I would try to notice that it is *but seldom* they can do it: "Me ye have not always."

III. I would notice that the Redeemer counts this to be *a good work*: "She hath wrought a good work upon me."

May the Lord give us understanding in these things.

I. In the first place, I would try to notice what we are to understand, in a figurative sense, relative to the *box of ointment*. It was very precious ; and I would compare this box of ointment to the growing of grace in the heart of the saint in all ages past, the heaping together of God's mercy and grace in the soul when it had no opportunity to pour it out for the time being. If you will go back into the olden times, you will find David speaking of his cup running over ; it ran over. Was David meaning the fat of the land simply ? No. Was David meaning that the Lord had filled his heart with earthly comfort simply ? O, no. But David was remembering what God had done in bringing him up out of the horrible pit, and out of the miry clay, and setting his feet upon a rock. Cannot you, Christian, remember, when God delivered you from bonds and from dark places, how you secretly offered up thanksgiving to your God ? Do not you remember the feeling of your soul when you came across that passage : "Praise is silent for thee, O God, in Zion?" You were then gathering together your ointment ; you were then gathering together the good things God had done for you ; you were then gathering into one pot, so to speak, the mercies that God had caused to pass over you ; but, as yet, you had not got the heart to tell it out to God in honest simplicity and in gospel grandeur ; but you would gather it and hug it, and you longed that God would loose your tongue, and come down upon your spirit, and enable you to tell what God had done for you. Thus you were gathering together that which by-and-bye the Lord enabled you to pour out upon his glorious head, to the honour of his great and glorious name. Thus David expressing himself, says, "My cup runneth over." Christian, when your cup runneth over, where does it run ? It runs over in thankfulness to God, and you pour it out upon the head of the Lord Jesus in honour of his glorious redemption, in honour of his magnifying God's holy law for thee, in honour of all that Christ has done ; and with David again you say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name ; who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases," &c.

When we are enabled thus to speak, our cup runneth over, and we pour ointment, in this sense, on the head of our glorious Lord, giving honour to him to whom honour is due, and praise to the God of our salvation. And thus the Lord's dear children, all of them, in their turn, break their box of ointment on the glorious head of their Redeemer ; and it is a good work upon Christ.

There was a man who left his father's house at an early age, though he was 70, and God met with him when he was on his journey, and gave him certain promises. Jacob was his name ; and that man had said very little about God ; but, mark you, he was wrapped up with Abraham and with Isaac in the promises ; and the covenant ran through his very blood down unto David

and to Christ. Hear this man on his journey. He had been brought up tenderly, no doubt, by an affectionate mother and a gracious father. But he is turned out to face the world, is half driven out, and with all the comforts of human life that he experienced in that princely house, he does not get so effeminate that he cannot sleep on the moor or on the grassy down, but he concludes—taking the case as it is—to lie down on the earth, and he makes a stone his pillow, and the canopy of heaven is spread out over him; and there he goes to sleep. Warriors are obliged to lie on hard beds sometimes, and so was Jacob; and so you, Christians, are obliged at times to make a hard bed in your travels, and to be content to lie upon it. God came upon this man, and he gave him a beautiful vision in a dream. There was a ladder, and there were angels ascending and descending on this ladder. Its foot was upon the ground, and the top of it was in heaven. What we may see in this vision is not for us now to notice; but there it was, and God communed with the man, and he awoke out of his sleep, and he found a box of ointment immediately. He seems to gather it to him as he awoke; for he says, “This is none other than the house of God. Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not.” His heart is full, his soul is bedewed, and he sets up the stone that was his pillow, and he pours another kind of oil upon the stone, anointing the pillow, and he says, “If God will be with me, and will keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat and raiment to put on, so that I come again to my father’s house in peace, then shall the Lord be my God;” and he, poor Jacob, agrees, blessedly agrees, with what the Lord enjoins in his very vision to him; and the two thus making a contract, Jacob’s heart is filled with satisfaction and praise to the God of heaven. And then he names this God who met him here, the God of Bethel; he calls the place Bethel, and God the God of Bethel, the God who met him at a future time there.

Christian, have you no spot in your journey where God has blessed your spirit? Is there no circumstance in your life where God enabled you to pour honours upon the head of Father, Son, and Spirit? Is there no retired spot in your garden, no corner in your bed-chamber, no field, no place, where you have poured holy ointment upon the head of the God of Israel, blessing him for what he had done for your never-dying soul? “Yes,” says one; “many a time have I been enabled to tell the Lord what good things he had done for me, and if he would but go on to be gracious, how satisfied my never-dying soul would be both for time and for eternity.”

And thus, brethren, the Lord’s people, all in their turn, have a box of ointment to pour out in honour of the name of the God of the woman.

If I call your attention to another of the saints, Jonah, you will find that poor Jonah’s box of ointment had dead flies in it.

The poor ill-tempered man was in a sad condition. He admitted things; but there were dead flies in most of his experience, rebelling against the God of heaven. And then you see the poor man, the greatest sinner on board the vessel, and after his troubles are over for the time, you find him angry with God. The dead flies send out a stink, instead of there being a sweet smell. O, Christian, have you ever been in Jonah's place? Have you ever felt, with all the mercies God has given you, a nasty discontented spirit, a murmuring at God's sovereignty, a rebelling against God, a being angry with God, and justifying yourself and your ways? This spirit sometimes mingles with the experience of the saints. But O, brethren, there is a box of ointment apart from that. You cannot pour ill-temper on the head of the Lord Jesus Christ. No; you are ashamed of yourself when you feel them; but the God of Jonah blessed Jonah, favoured Jonah, and sooner or later caused him to forget all his ill-temper. He sank submissively into God's sovereignty, and learned to bless the God of his salvation. And so it will be with you.

There are many of the Lord's saints who murmur, and fret, and repine, and grieve, and grumble, as if their life was made up of bitterness; forgetting the mercy of God, forgetting salvation, forgetting the pardoning love of God. But O, Christian, you never can go to God with the dead flies in your ointment; you never did, and you never will; unless it be when your murmurings come up before him; and then he moves your soul to plead for a soft heart, and for anointing grace to bring you to your senses.

Thus the Lord's people, in their trials and struggles, have all got their fears, and their doubts, and their trials that no one can interfere with.

Where shall we find another box of ointment? Paul, poor Paul, who had many bitter cups in his lifetime; but you will find him at one time gathering together the mercies of God, and combining them, like the apothecary, and putting them together into one pot; and you will hear him exclaim in eloquent words: "I am persuaded," he says, "I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God." Here is the rich ointment, believer. It is the love of God poured out in the persuasion that Paul is filled with it, and declaring that neither height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate him from the love of God. Poor man! What was he collecting when let down from the window in the basket, and escaping from the hands of his pursuers? And what when on board the ship? He was collecting the ointment then, when God stood by him. And when he came to pour it out, then it is, believer, that the Lord's dear child makes manifest what God has been working in him amongst troubles, and sorrows, and griefs.

II. But let me notice, there may be here, this morning, I dare say in this large congregation there are, some who have been gathering ointment for years, and who cannot deny but they, like the bee, have got a little honey from this flower and from that flower, and they have been gathering it together, and have put it up; some have even written it down, it may be, in their diary, to which they may refer; but they cannot always taste the honey, though they may see the ink; but still the things which God has done for the child of grace, they have got them together, and the soul says, "I can tell many things; surely God did them for me; but I have no power yet to break the box, I have no power yet to bring it to the Lord, and to honour the Lord in it. This is what I seek," says the poor sinner; "if God would break into my spirit, if God would but come into my case, if I might surely know that he had blotted out my transgressions!—I know he has done many things for me; I dare not doubt that. I am sure," says the soul, "they have been done, and I want to be sure whether the Lord has done it or not." Now, if the Lord would just speak to you so, and ask you to gather together all the favours that you have enjoyed, and bring them to his feet and spread them there, what would more delight your soul? What would more comfort your heart than to be able to admit before God that the work was his? This would be breaking the box. Well, come, poor child of God; you stick to the little sweet sense you have of the Redeemer's kindnesses; put them together. You stick to the little intimations of God's mercy which you have had in your journey; parcel them out. You stick to the little testimonies God has given you under the preaching of that man, and under that of the other man; put them together and hoard them up; they are precious, they are precious; and when the time comes that God shall let the hind loose, when the time comes that God shall take away transgression, when the time comes that God will blot out iniquity, when the time comes that the Lord will exalt himself in your soul's experience, and bring you, like the woman, venturing, at all hazards, to break the box, the smell will be enjoyed by every saint within whose reach it comes. The savour of God's mercies will rise among the children of the kingdom, and all around will help you to bless God while blessing him yourself.

Thus the Christian must in due time be enabled to break the box of ointment, and pour it on the Redeemer's head. Whom would you own as your salvation but the Redeemer? Whose name would you magnify in your salvation but the Christ of God? Whose power would you admit could take away your sins? The Jews would admit no power but God; and, therefore, when the Redeemer, absolutely before their eyes, forgave sin, they said, "What blasphemy!" But it will not be blasphemy with you. O, no! When you feel that your sins are gone, when you feel that they are blotted out, you will break the box

of ointment on the Redeemer's head, and, let the world say what it may, let thieves and robbers and all that come within the knowledge of the circumstances of your soul, pour out their vengeance, you will prostrate before the Lord, break the box of ointment, and in holy adoration say, "This is the God of my salvation." Care for your box, then, Christian. Let it be full. The Lord's time is a time of love and of mercy; your time is a fleeting, changing thing; and God will meet with you at the right time, and strengthen you to break the box of ointment, and pour it out upon the head of the Lord Jesus Christ in honour to his blessed name.

III. Let us notice now, for a few minutes, the *good work* the woman performed on the Lord Jesus. Take the opposite, and you see the infidel, you see the Sadducee, you see the sceptic, and you see all mere professors. You never hear of mere professors breaking a box of ointment on the head of the Lord Jesus, or performing any good work upon him. They perform good works upon themselves, and for themselves, and, by their good works, think they obtain heaven. Now we stand upon very different ground, very different ground indeed. There are three great dogmas in these days that the general professor stands by. These are, 1, God's love to all; 2, Christ's redemption of all; and, 3, the Spirit's striving with all; and this is man's from first to last, man's device, man's delusion, man's eternal ruin. A man who lives and dies believing that Christ died for all, and that God loves all, and that the Spirit is striving with all, he will never come and break a box of ointment on the head of the Redeemer so long as the world stands. No, he never will, he never will. O, Christian, if I could believe that the Holy Ghost is striving with all, in point of salvation, what might be said of those strivings where the good news and glad tidings of salvation were never heard? Thousands there are to-day that do not know there is a God, or a Christ, or a Spirit, or a redemption; millions that never heard of it; and yet to say God loves them! O, fellow-sinners, fellow-sinners, whom the Lord loves with redemption love, he operates upon as he did upon this woman; he causes the sinner to wonder and to worship, and he brings a man, dead in trespasses and dead in sins, to life, he brings him to life; it is a special work, a great work; and when this work falls upon the heart of a mortal man, that man is cut down as a cumberer of the ground, and he seeks to know salvation that is in Christ Jesus, and wonders whether God will be merciful to him or not. The law of God cuts him down as a cumberer of the ground, and he is condemned in every thought, word, and deed of his life, until the Lord, in his mercy, appears for him; and as the Lord, in mercy, appears for him, then the invitations of the gospel become so suitable, then the promises of the gospel are so grand, and then the application of the blood of Christ is so adapted to wash away the guilt of the soul, and to present the sinner clean before the Lord! It is

here, brethren, that all such souls work a good work, an honourable work, an honest work, in declaring the redemption that is in Christ Jesus. There is no man works a good work upon the Lord Jesus who does not attribute to him a complete salvation, an entire salvation, a finished salvation. And there is no man that works a good work upon God the Father, in any sense of the word, save that man who declares his love to be a love acting upon and saving the object beloved; and this is good, and this is acceptable to God the Father, and to God the Son. And there is no man who works a good work upon God the Spirit, or in behalf of God the Spirit, in contending for the truth as it is in the word of God, but the man who contends that the Spirit is able to overturn every enemy, and all the enmity of the fallen heart, and to slay and to bring the soul, in obedience, to the feet of the Lord Jesus, to seek, to sue for mercy, and to obtain it, too, according to the promises of God.

Now this the is way that I consider good works are wrought in this respect in honour of the name of our God, and in the magnifying of the Trinity in Unity, in the salvation of Israel.

“She hath wrought a good work, she hath wrought a good work upon me.” Well; there was nothing said by the woman in reply. Silent wonder and adoration filled her heart; her whole soul was in it; there was not a word expressed; but the whole heart was there; not a word said, but silent glories were poured out upon the head of the Lord Jesus Christ. O, Christian, you understand those silent adorations; you understand those private emotions; you understand what it is to feel a drawing to the God of your life, and pouring out to him your whole soul in secret, and begging and longing that he would help you and assist you, and guide you through this desert of sin, sorrow, and woe. “She hath wrought a good work upon me.” And so every sinner who, in God’s own course, is brought into the act of confession and adoration, works a good work upon the Lord Jesus Christ.

Now the Lord distinguishes greatly between the work for himself and the charity to which the man referred who objected to the woman’s acts: “The poor,” he said, “ye have with you always, and whensoever ye will, ye may do them good; but me ye have not always.” Now, Christian, just a thought about your knowledge of this fact; you have not always the Lord with you in the sense of my text and in the sense of your experience; for, in the sense of the text, the Lord referred to his going away; but in the sense I refer to, it is the absence of the Lord in trouble. Well now, “Me ye have not always.”

Now may I ask, are there not a few here this day who have got the box of ointment in their hearts, and have not the opportunity and they cannot come before the Lord with it? He is absent, he is absent. Well now, what must I say to such? I must say what the Redeemer said, “I will see you again, and your hearts

shall rejoice." The Redeemer will come again ; he will give you an opportunity to break your box of ointment, and to pour out your thanksgiving before him. He will not only give you an opportunity, but he will enlarge your soul so that you will be able to do it. "I will see you again." "And if I go away, I will come again." Come, Christian, you do know that the Lord is not always with you. How long is it, aged friend, how long is it since the Lord was with you? when you were able to pour the box of ointment on his head, in a spiritual sense, and bless him, and adore his holy name? When was it last? When was it that his name was to you as ointment poured forth, and you returned the ointment of your gratitude on his head? Where was it? When was the time? "O," says the soul, "it is such a long time ago, I cannot name the months or even the years." Well now, come. Have you the fact? Have you the fact? Facts, you know, are stubborn things ; and if you want to pour out your adoration upon the Lord, it is like an act which, when once done, cannot be undone. If it is a fact, why, then you did it. Had you committed theft, if you had done that once, you could never undo it. Well now, as the Lord has once blest, comforted, cheered your spirit, it has been done ; it has been done ; and you can remember something about it. Well then, say, "I remember it." Gather your ointment, Christian. Pack up all the little blessings you have had from Christ, treasure them ; you know whence they come, you know what worth they possess ; and, though you are not able to bless and praise his holy name at present, the day will come to give you enlargement of heart. He will break your bonds, and pour ointment upon your soul. And thus, in return, the Lord gives thee power to pour out ointment upon his glorious head. Though he is not ever with you, though he suffers you to go many days alone in darkness, and sorrow, and trouble, and trial, yet the time of the singing of birds will come, and the voice of the turtle will again be heard in the land. And thus the blessed God of salvation will secure to himself a residue of praise out of the mouths of babes and sucklings. And these are the good things the Lord counts done unto him, done unto him.

Well now, "the poor," the Lord said, "ye have always with you ;" ye have them always. Beloved, we have met to-day to do something for the poor,—to give, of our substance, to the Lord's poor. I am not much of a beggar, and yet somehow I get a good deal of money, here and there through the country, I have not much logic in my begging ; it is usually a straightforward story at best. "The poor ye have always with you, and whosoever ye will, ye may do them good." Now, there is a freeness of will wherein you may part with your copper, your silver, and your gold ; and who does more than Arminians in this way, who work for life? But there is another ; there is a sweet compulsory chain of love that God throws over the necks of his dear saints, and it draws them to behold him ;

and while they are giving to the poor, they are lending to the Lord; and "whenever ye will, ye may do them good." Come, then, Christian brethren, and let us show our will this day. I have referred you to what good has been done to the Lord, in his own esteem, according to his own declaration, "She hath wrought a good work upon me;" and, brethren, just try to think what you are doing to the name of the Lord Jesus when you are telling what he has done for you. This is the reaction of it, that brings you to give to the Lord's poor. Depend upon it, those who lend to the Lord will have good interest, good interest. He is the best banker that ever the world knew, and some saints well understand it. Therefore, as the Lord has enabled you, pour out your box of ointment, be it a large box or a small box; and, as in days that are past, you will be collecting another box of ointment; and though it take a long time often to collect it, depend upon it you are collecting it for a special purpose, to pour it out on the head of the God of your salvation. And as you go on, keep your eye on the Lord's poor, O keep your eye on the Lord's poor, and give whenever you have an opportunity. There is a large people here, and a great many poor, and the deacons are very candid in showing you distinctly what becomes of the money that is given, how it is disposed of, and everything respecting it; and you who have been enabled to break large boxes of ointment upon the Redeemer's head, just come this morning and pour out a little upon the head of God's poor, and ask the blessing of God upon what you give, and it will return into your own bosom tenfold. The Lord bless his word to your never-dying souls, and enrich your hearts with divine realities. Amen and amen.

PAUL declared, "I die daily," not once or twice only, not once in his life, or once a year, no, nor once a month, or once a week. "I die daily." Here, then, we find Paul was not exempt from our feelings, from our sorrows, from our temptations. Paul died and continued to die. His was a living death, a dying life. "But Paul," you will say, "had great revivings, great manifestations, and extraordinary blessings with much assurance." True, he had; but we must not (Paul tells us) compare ourselves among ourselves, or measure ourselves by others' measure. Paul was placed in a situation which we are not likely to fill; Paul needed all the blessings he had to support him in his arduous proceedings, and under his complicated trials not only from within but from without. It was needful he should be much filled with the Lord's gifts and presence, that he might speak as one having authority, and give manifest proof that God was with him. But we are not all Pauls. We are not situated as he was. If we have Paul's blessings in the same extent, we must have Paul's troubles likewise, to the full.—*Isbell*.

GIVE us a man in the state of nature, and, though all the ministers under heaven should preach mercy unto him, though all the angels in heaven should exhort and entreat him, though all glory and happiness were laid before him, and he were wished only to believe and take it and it shall be his for ever; yet in his natural condition he could have no power to receive so blessed an offer.—*Ambrose*.

RICH, AND INCREASED WITH GOODS.

BY JOHN RUSK.

(Continued from page 30.)

“Because thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked.”—REV. III. 17.

II. Let us attend a little, in the next place, to the second particular, namely, miserable.

It is declared in holy writ, and observation and experience teach us the same, that “destruction and misery are in all the sinner’s ways.” But though this is a truth keenly felt by God’s people, yet very few feel it; I was going to say none; but there are some that are given up to a fearful looking-for of judgment in this world, such as have been desperate in fighting against the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. These, I say, have been made public examples of the vengeance of God, and on whomsoever this (corner) stone shall fall, it will grind him to powder. Now, if destruction and misery are in all their ways, then it is evident that let a man in a natural state pursue whatever way he may, destruction and misery are in it, let it be what it will. Though we might mention many ways according to God’s word, such as the way of lying, the way of the ungodly, the way of the wicked is as darkness, &c., they call their lands by their own names, and leave their wealth to others. This their way is their folly. (Ps. xlix. 13.) Not only is their way their folly, but it is an evil way (Ps. cxix. 104), the way of abomination. (Prov. xv. 9.) Yet after all, there are but two ways that a man can be in which will make him come to a miserable end; all these ways meet in these two: 1, the broad way, which is living in open wickedness or carnal security; and 2, attempting to keep the moral law in order to inherit eternal life. This is the way of death, though it seemeth right to man.

Now these in our text appear to me to be in this way. But why? I answer, the veil was on their heart which, in reading Moses, says Paul, remains untaken away. They knew not that they were miserable. Every one that is under the law, the veil is on his heart; and this was the apostle Paul’s case, for he thought that, touching the righteousness of the law, he was blameless. The veil was then on his heart.

The foundation of all man’s misery appears to me to be a broken law, to be under that law and exposed to every curse of it; and if such come into a profession of the gospel, the legal self-righteous spirit still remains; and these are generally the worst of enemies to the power; for they were never humbled, neither was the fallow-ground of their hearts ever broken up. Witness Cain, Saul, Ahithophel, Judas, and many others. Such people conclude that they do a deal for God, and view him unjust in not rewarding them; but though they feel not their misery now, yet when their eyes are truly opened, how awful and perilous will their state and case be. Jeremiah tells

us that in a broken law man's misery lies, when he says, "I am the man that hath seen affliction by the rod of his wrath;" and Paul tells us that "the law worketh wrath." He hath led me and brought me into darkness and not into light, and we know that blackness and darkness come from that law. "Surely against me is he turned." But God is angry in the law; and so you may read much more of it: "He hath filled me with bitterness," which Job calls writing bitter things against him; and Paul says it is the handwriting of ordinances that is against us. And for this reason the law requires love, but we are enmity; and so it is against us. Therefore Jeremiah says, "Remembering mine affliction, and my misery, the wormwood and the gall," &c. But *he* knew it, while these in our text were by nature under this same law and *knew it not*. This, Jeremiah says, is misery. But why? Because to be under the law and die so is to die under the curse and exposed to the wrath of God. "My sword shall be bathed in heaven, and come down upon Idumea, the people of my curse, to judgment;" and "cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them." Such die in all their sins, accountable to God for everything more than Yea and Nay, without pardon, without peace, without hope, no Surety having discharged their debts; but in all their guilt, filth, and corruption, the mask falls off, and they appear in the image of Satan, which is enmity. All their former talk of a mantle of love avails nothing now, for though they hid hatred in this world with a lying tongue, yet now their wickedness will be shown to both angels and men.

O reader, beware of trusting in the rags of your own obedience.

Moreover, this misery consists again in God's not appearing a God-hearing and answering of prayer, when he lets their enemies triumph over them, and will not deliver them, being provoked with their idols or false gods that they have trusted in. This is another part of their misery: "And the children of Israel did evil again in the sight of the Lord, and served Baalim and Ashtaroth, and the gods of Syria, and the gods of Zidon, and the gods of Moab, and the gods of the children of Ammon, and the gods of the Philistines, and forsook the Lord, and served not him. And the anger of the Lord was hot against Israel, and he sold them into the hands of the Philistines, and into the hands of the children of Ammon; and that year they vexed and oppressed the children of Israel." And they cried to the Lord; and he said, "Wherefore I will deliver you no more, and they put away the strange gods and served the Lord; and his soul was grieved for the misery of Israel." (Judg. x. 6-16.) From all which we learn how offensive these false gods are in the eyes of the true God, and what misery it procures to them that serve them. God is a jealous God; his glory he will not give to another, nor his praise to graven images.

"But," say you, "none of these charges could possibly be

brought against the Laodicean church in your text." Yes; and for this reason; they made a god of their *riches*. You read of gods of gold and gods of silver. Now, by boasting of their riches they worshipped these riches, and made a god of them. In the next place, they were *rich in themselves*, and so made self their god,—“lovers of their own selves.” They were increased with goods; but as they boasted of this, they worshipped the gifts of God, and not the Giver. “It is he that giveth power to get wealth;” and David says, “All is thine, and of thine own have we offered;” but these, instead of sacrificing to the Lord, “sacrificed to their own net, and burned incense to their own drag;” whereas we read, “Sacrifice to the Lord, and pay thy vows to God.” And in the last place they *needed nothing*. This is an independent spirit, and is highly offensive in God’s sight; for let them have what they would, they needed God to keep them in possession of what they had. “Promotion cometh not from the east nor the west. God setteth up one and putteth down another. I make poor, I make rich. I the Lord do all these things.” This was “worshipping the creature more than the Creator, who is blessed for ever.” Whatever is highest in our affection, short of God, is a false god, whether it be money, honour, praise of man, self, creature objects, or what not. Whatever it may be, God will resist it, and misery enough we shall find if we belong to him; and if we can serve these false gods and feel happy at the same time, we are truly miserable in the account of God, though ignorant of it: “Thou *knowest not* that thou art wretched, miserable,” &c.

What a snare were these idol gods to King Solomon, and what a deal he suffered in his old age. He loved many strange wives, and they turned his heart to build idol temples, and serve idol gods; for which there were ten tribes taken from him, and given to his servant Jeroboam; and he sought to kill Jeroboam. Thus “he provoked God to jealousy with them that were no gods;” and God provoked him to jealousy by Jeroboam. And on this account Solomon says, “Jealousy is the rage of a man; therefore he will not spare in the day of vengeance. He will not regard any ransom; neither will he rest content, though thou givest many gifts.” And again: “Jealousy is cruel as the grave; the coals thereof are coals of fire which hath a most vehement flame.” This is misery indeed, and it will come on the best of God’s family if they provoke the Lord to it with their idols.

From what has been said, we clearly see that to be miserable in God’s account is not only to be under the curse of a broken law, and insensible of all danger, but serving false gods, whether money, honour, self, human wisdom, human righteousness, the creatures of God, or whatever is uppermost in our affections short of himself. And here lies the danger: “Thou *knowest not* that thou art wretched, miserable, poor, blind, and naked.”

III. Let us proceed to the third particular, which is being *poor*. To be poor literally is, 1, to be deeply involved *in debt*, and to

have nothing to discharge these debts with ; 2, to be poor is to have *no clothing*, but be covered with rags ; 3, to be poor is to have *no house* to dwell in ; 4, to be poor is to have *no food* but what we beg of others ; 5, to be poor is to have *no friends*.

Now this is poverty literally ; and in this state we all are spiritually, whether we know it or not.

1. We are *deeply in debt* to God. Sins against God are debts, and therefore what one evangelist calls debts another calls trespasses. One says, "Forgive us our *debts*," and another says, "Forgive us our *trespasses*," or sins. And you read : "A certain creditor had two debtors." The creditor is God the Father, and the debtors are the children of men.

2. We are *destitute of righteousness*. Hence God says : "There is none righteous, no not one." It is true they have a covering ; but this is of no use, but makes them more unrighteous : "Woe to them that cover with a covering, but not of my Spirit, that they may add sin to sin." I say, many cover themselves this way, but it is of no use.

3. We have *no house* to dwell in spiritually ; and, therefore, we are exposed to all weathers, storms, and dangers. The hail (or God's judgments) will come down on the forest (Isa. xxxii. 19) ; and if we attempt to build a house on the sand, the rains will descend, the wind will blow, the floods will come, and beat on such a house, and the ruin will be very great. Some have made lies their refuge, and under falsehood have hid themselves ; but "the hail shall sweep away the refuges of lies, and the waters shall overflow the hiding-place." (Isa. xxviii. 17.) Then we have no house that will stand in any stead.

4. We have *no food* to eat that can satisfy. We may feed on vanity, we may feed on the wind, we may spend money for that which is not bread, we may feed upon husks ; but after all we are in a starving condition, whether we know it or not.

5. We have *no friends* but such as are in as perilous a state as ourselves—no true friends to help us out of this poverty. No. Some may pretend much friendship, but they are as badly off as ourselves. We may make to ourselves friends of the unrighteous mammon, but this is "the habitation of devils" (Rev. xviii. 2), and "the habitation of cruelty." (Ps. lxxiv. 20.)

Now, as this is spiritual poverty, what is it which will make us sensible of our true state ? The Laodiceans were in this very state, but knew it not. Thou *knowest not* that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked. To this I answer, Life and light from God coming into the soul, and making us in God's holy law feel and see what we really are. This, and this only, will make us sensible of our poverty. The law of itself will not, any more than a glass will show the state of a man who is stone blind. This is plain ; and therefore Christ counsels such to anoint their eyes with eye-salve, that they may see ; that is, see the deplorable condition they are in by sin, in nature, birth, and practice. Now this must be the case.

Then the soul is not only *poor*, but *needy*; and when this is the case, there is everything that such can want in Christ Jesus:

1. We are deeply in debt, and Christ is our *Surety* to discharge our infinite debts. This Job, as a debtor, prayed for: "Put me in a surety with thee." (Job xvii. 3.) David also, as a debtor, born in sin and shapen in iniquity, prayed the same: "Be surety for thy servant for good" (Ps. cxix. 122); and Solomon says, he that becomes a surety must smart for it; and this Surety is Jesus Christ. Hence Paul says: "By so much was Jesus made a Surety of a better testament." (Heb. vii. 22.)

"To this dear Surety's hands,
My soul, commit thy cause;
He answers and fulfils
His Father's broken laws.
Believing souls now free are set;
For Christ has paid the dreadful debt."

2. We have no righteousness, and feel it, and hunger and thirst after righteousness; and Christ is our *righteousness*, or covering; for "by his obedience shall many be made righteous;" and "in the Lord shall all the seed of Israel be justified, and shall glory."

3. We are poor and needy, having no house to dwell in; but Jesus Christ, as God-Man, is our strong habitation for a house of defence to save us. (Ps. lxxi. 3.) And when we are brought to enjoy all spiritual blessings in Christ Jesus, it is called being brought to the banqueting house. (Song ii. 4.) This is the "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." It cannot be heaven; for, as Huntington justly observed, this house is in the heavens. This secures us from all storms and dangers: "And why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say? Whosoever cometh to me, and heareth my sayings, and doeth them, I will show you to whom he is like," &c. (Luke vi. 46-48.) But what was this Rock? Christ will tell us: "Whom do men say that I, the Son of Man, am?" Why, "Some say Jeremiah, or one of the prophets." "But whom do ye say that I am?" Says Peter, "Thou art Christ, the Son of the living God." "Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona, for flesh and blood hath not revealed this unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven. And I say unto thee that thou art Peter" (and this thou shortly wilt know, that thou art *only* Peter when thou deniest me); "and upon this Rock" (which thou hast confessed, and which thou, after thy fall, wilt know the worth of more than ever), "upon this Rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall never prevail against it,"—neither the foundation nor the superstructure. And Paul also tells us that every spiritual Israelite drank of the spiritual Rock that followed them, and that Rock was Christ,—not as man, but as God-Man, the Second Person in the Trinity. Therefore David says, "Who is a Rock save our God?"

(To be continued in our next.)

A LETTER BY THE LATE WILLIAM BROWN.

My dear Friend,—I was very glad to hear from you, and should have answered your letter before, but we have been fully engaged lately with removing.

We left Crawley on the 28th of Feb., and had a very merciful journey and kind reception here. The Lord's hand was very clearly traced by me in this movement, and it is sweet to prove his gracious presence and blessing in our outward concerns, as well as in our souls. I believe, my friend, you will one day bless the Lord for what he has done for you even already. He has given you a heart to seek after him. The world and its concerns are no longer supreme in your affections; and if you cannot love and serve the Lord as you would, still your heart's desire and prayer to God is, that he would enable you to love him.

O what a sweet word is that of Christ's to Peter: "Simon, lovest thou me?" This word has melted my heart, and I have felt what Cowper says:

"Lord, this is my chief complaint,
That my love is cold and faint;
Yet I love thee and adore;
O for grace to love thee more!"

Wait on the Lord; again I say, wait on the Lord. The Holy Ghost alone can reveal Christ to the soul. The judgment may be informed, the mind in some measure enlightened, the outward conversation circumspect, and yet the poor sinner's heart unchanged. God looks at the heart, and he makes a living soul look there too; and nothing short of a heartfelt knowledge of Christ will satisfy that soul. He shall not speak of himself; he will not, and does not puff up the soul with pride and self-conceit. That spirit is not the Spirit of Christ. Grace humbles, melts, and purifies the heart. "Knowledge puffeth up." One moment's solemn communion with Christ in his sufferings and death is worth more, ten thousand times more, than all the treasures of knowledge stored up in the largest brain and clearest head in the world. The question is, "What do we feel? Are we sensibly-vile sinners, lost, helpless, undone, polluted, guilty wretches?" If we are not, it is vain to talk of a precious Christ. Salvation is only prized by those who feel what they are in the sight of a holy God. What makes manifest is light. Light from above comes down into the dark and deep dungeon of our filthy hearts. O what a sickening sight of himself the sinner has! and the further he goes, and the longer he lives, the viler he feels, and the more helpless to do anything aright. His cry is more and more heartfelt: "Hold me up, O Lord. Keep me, bless me, wash me, direct me, and do all for me. Work in me; enable me to do thy will." If a man has not a broken heart and a tender conscience, I should be sorry to stand in his place for eternity, whatever his attain-

ments may be. To be honest before God, a heart-searching God, is a mark no hypocrite ever had. God is not to be deceived, however man may be.

I hope and trust the Lord has greater things in store for you than you have yet experienced. I would have you to press on till deliverance comes; but, at the same time, you have much to bless the Lord for, and I would have you not to overlook that. The Lord has done great things for you. You are not as you were, in total darkness, rebellion, and enmity against God. He who has begun the good work will carry it on. There is this peculiarity in the child of God, he cannot see himself in as good a light as others see him. He thinks the best of others, and the worst of himself; while a hypocrite thinks the worst of others, and tries to make, and also to think, the best of himself.

I hope the Lord will bless you and keep you in the narrow path. I have a pleasing recollection of my two visits to N., and hope the Lord sent me among you.

Your sincere Friend, for truth's sake,
Godmanchester, March 11, 1844. W. BROWN.

A HEAVENLY REST.

"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."

BLESSED be God, a rest remains
From sin and sorrow, grief and pains,—
An undefiled rest in heaven,
With all the just through Christ forgiven.

This sinful world is not our rest;
A wicked heart is here a pest;
The scenes within and scenes without
Subject us oft to fear and doubt.

Bondage and darkness cause us grief,
An evil heart of unbelief;
An adversary close at hand,
Whose arts are hard to understand.

But now and then our hearts are bless'd
By faith to enter into rest;
In what Eternal Love has done
Through God the Father's own dear Son.

The love of Christ, his life and death,
Received are by precious faith;
Thus the believer knows he's blest,
And sweetly enters into rest.

But soon his rest disturbed is;
He loses for a while the bliss;
Gropes for what's lost, as one that's blind,
And seeks for Christ, but cannot find.

Then, favour'd with the life of faith,
He rests in Jesus' life and death;
And then his soul, so long distress'd,
"Returns and enters into rest."

KNIT TOGETHER IN LOVE.

THESE are dark, dreary, and eventful days, and call on the thoughtful and observant people of God to watch more vigilantly, and pray more earnestly—to pray fervently for the outpouring of God the Holy Spirit, both on the hearers of the truth, and on the ministration of the word of truth. How affectionate the language of Paul, and how earnest was his desire for the well-being of the church of God: “For I would that ye knew what great conflict I have for you, and for them at Laodicea, and for as many as have not seen my face in the flesh; 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.” (Col. ii. 1, 2.) The knitting together of the hearts of the living portion of the hearers of the Gospel constitutes the grand living mark of discrimination between our congregations generally; and it would be well if the churches were more particular, while seeking an increase of numbers, to subject their desire to the most important consideration, that of the unity of the faith. Numbers cannot compensate for the unity obtained only by the heart being knit to another of kindred sentiments which have been received in the love of the truth. The knitting of hearts together in love is the sacred indissoluble bond of union and fellowship. It will prevent or heal division and dissensions in the churches.

First. A true godly sorrowing for sin, and a mourning over the many imperfections and shortcomings, self-aborred, and a “being brought to the loathing of the person” (Ezek. xvi. 5), by a discovery of the filth of sin, which stops the mouth from boasting in the flesh, and a sense of the sparing mercy of God to such unworthy creatures, causes them to love him who has not dealt with them as their sins deserve, and the soul becomes knit to all those who know the plague of their own heart, and are mourners in Zion. The heart unites to other hearts in love and fellowship where there is a like spirit of humbleness before God. The broken-hearted are one in spirit, and united to Jesus; they are one in confessions of the hatefulness of sin and the impossibility of salvation, except by the almighty arm of the Christ of God. They can unite in heart with one another, and to the saints already in glory, who have cried out, “O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?”

Secondly. A reception of the truth in the love of it; in its power and divine persuasion; and in its life-invigorating influence, will knit heart to heart in love. The revelation of the doctrines of divine truth in its spirit, laying open to the soul the mercy God has in store for it, the sins he has pardoned, and the prayers he has heard, are some of the mysteries of vital godliness which are sure to bind the living in Jerusalem together. The living word, as it enters the heart, accompanied by the

Spirit, spreads its divine influence over the mind, and quickens the faith of a desponding soul, enabling it to touch the hem of Christ's garment, and virtue flows out of his sacred person to heal the many disorders caused by sin. The truth in its vitality, thus received, heals the backsliding, lays a foundation for a good hope, banishes the love of the world from the mind, for the time being, while it is in operation, reconciles the soul to God, stops the murmuring of the tongue, and produces a stillness and a calm waiting for God. Devils fly before it, and strength is communicated to the heart to face whatever dangers, trials, and difficulties are in the way, when truth thus enters with quickening power. O how this knits heart to heart. This is what is much needed at the present time.

Thirdly. As the Holy Spirit leads the soul into all truth, he produces a oneness of faith; and although the faith of God's elect differs in size, some being weak in or of little faith, and others of great faith, yet, whatever may be the degree, there is unity in the substance of what is revealed, producing a unity in doctrine; by which is to be understood, not the letter or framework of divine truth, but the effectual operation of truth enlightening the understanding, and instructing the soul in the way of righteousness. What a heavenly light shines into the mind of a poor condemned sinner, who is at a loss to understand how he can be saved, when the holy doctrine of the atonement enters his soul, giving him the "knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins." (Luke i. 77.) If a man were to study the letter of the doctrine of salvation, he could never get beyond "ever learning and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth." (2 Tim. iii. 7.) But the Holy Spirit leads the mind into it in a moment. Salvation by grace appears plain, and is for ever sealed as a truth on the heart. So that heart to heart is knit together by the teaching of the Holy Spirit, who infuses life into the doctrines of truth in the soul, and conveys them to the heart with a harmonious consistency corresponding with "one spirit" and "one faith." (Eph. iv. 3-6.)

Let us therefore contend for those doctrines which have enlarged the heart, enlightened the mind, and instructed the soul in those heavenly realities which have spread a divine influence over the whole life and conduct, holding "fast the form of sound words" which God has taught us; such as David found when he wrote: "How sweet are thy words," &c. Fear none who despise the vital experimental knowledge of the gospel, which alone is accompanied with the gracious renewings of the Spirit. For however correct the letter of truth may be, if it lack the warm and soul-reviving influence of God the Spirit, it will fail at death. Contend, therefore, for life in the word, life in the prayer, life in the profession, and life in the creed. Life only can triumph in death, and it is the life of godliness which stands by a man in every condition of this life.

The Late Mr. Philpot.

[Some of our readers may think that letters sufficient of this kind have been already inserted. But shall we not render "honour to whom honour is due," whether living or dead? Yea, to an elder, to one who so laboured in word and doctrine, we would render "double honour." (Rom. xiii. 7; 1 Tim. v. 17; Rev. xiv. 13.) We hope the following, selected from many others, will be read with interest and pleasure.]

My dear Friend,—I duly received the circular stating that the "Gospel Standard" would certainly be continued; and I have given notice to my people to that effect. I do believe that had it been discontinued it would have been a very grievous blow indeed to most of the subscribers. We all feel that we have sustained a great loss in the removal of Mr. Philpot; and also we deeply sympathize with you under the crushing weight which has fallen upon you; but as you say the magazine was published and blessed to many of the redeemed family of God years before Mr. Philpot was the editor, so I trust and believe it will be blessed to thousands more; and I can heartily say, "Amen" to your desire, namely, that it may be made a blessing to generations yet unborn. "The Lord liveth" has been a support to my mind under these solemn bereavements; and although we may say, "Philpot is not, and Kershaw is not," yet "the Lord liveth, and blessed be the God of our salvation." May you be supported under *all* your afflictions, and encouraged by the Lord himself to go forth in the strength of the Lord, publishing the same full and free salvation, the same certain sound for which the "Standard" has from its commencement been noted and noticed, though not always approved by men of "*broader views.*"

Yours sincerely in the Truth,

Devizes, Jan. 21, 1870.

THOS. DANGERFIELD.

Dear Sir,—Little, insignificant, and so far beneath the notice of many professing Christians as we appear to be, the few in New York and its surroundings who have been made acquainted, through the "Gospel Standard," the "Gospel Pulpit," &c., with the writings and labours of that honoured servant of the Lord, the late Mr. Philpot, feel, deeply feel and lament his removal by death from the field of his usefulness, at the very period when, to our poor finite comprehension, he seemed to be so much needed. Although our loss is his gain, and our better judgment tells us it is, it must be, for the glory of God, yet it is such hard work, under the circumstances, to say, feelingly and unreservedly to say, "Thy will be done."

When I read in the December No. of your late monthly paper that it was the last No. that was to be published, I could not, for the life of me, see that the reasons assigned for its discontinuance were such as warranted it; but when, in a few days after, I received the mournful intelligence of the demise of the much-respected and beloved editor of the "Gospel Standard," I could not but admire and adore the wisdom of our God, who so

ordered it that you may be able to devote more of your attention to the "Standard." May you be spared for a long time yet to do so. May its banner still be unfurled as an ensign for the Lord's living family, and may we be brought to bow with humble submission to the will of God, inasmuch as we know that

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

Your Friend and Companion in Tribulation,

New York, Jan. 22, 1870.

JOHN AXFORD.

My dear Friend,—When I received your note to inform me of the death of our departed friend Philpot, I was broken to pieces, and thought, "Surely I have read it wrong;" but I found I had not. It was "Our dear editor of the 'Gospel Standard' is gone!" Well; I could say, "Lord, his work is done in preaching in thy name, and writing for thee. No more will his tongue move to speak out here below of the glorious Person, work, love, and blood of him who was the chiefest amongst ten thousand to his soul; no more his hand move to write for the instruction, edification, and comfort of the Lord's tried family; no more tears dropping from his eyes; no more his heart aching on the account of the dark cloud over the church's coldness and indifference. No, no. He is gone from all slander and clamour, toil and care, to be with his Lord, to praise the Three-One for ever. It is a great loss. We all feel it.

The first time I heard of him was when I saw your dear father in Manchester, who spoke to me about him as being one raised up by the Lord for a great work; and I have often wept when in Zoar Chapel, London, thinking of your father as the first to recommend me to them; and I have felt the same towards our departed friend Philpot, who was the first to recommend me to Eden Street, now meeting at Gower Street Chapel. His writings have been made very useful to my soul. One sermon he preached at Alvescot was so precious, I felt I could eat every word. It seemed as if it was all for me. I can say, too, I found him a kind sympathizing friend to me when I was sued for the wool stolen off my premises, at which time I felt as if my heart would break; but the dear man wrote to me in such a feeling way as was a great relief to my mind, and gave me advice how to move and wait the end, which would be for good; and this I found to be true. The end was better than the beginning thereof.

The Lord bless and take care of the widow and fatherless children. May their father's God be their God in truth and love. Then their father's home will be their home. But I must forbear.

Yours in the Truth,

Sandford House, Cheltenham.

G. GORTON.

My dear Sir,—The Lord's hand is not shortened, but his arm is stretched out still. Those words have been impressed on my mind the past few weeks. On Saturday, being the day I usually get my "Standard," I was much looking forward to Mr. Phil-

pot's New-Year's Address, when, on opening it, the sad truth of his death met my eyes. I could only drop the book, retire to my bed-room, and implore the Almighty to raise up some one to take his place; when the portion just quoted came afresh to my mind. O that you, dear Sir, may be able to stand still, and see the salvation of God. While labouring hard for the comfort of others, may you receive a double portion from the Holy Spirit, in your own soul. I can with gratitude speak of the many happy hours I have spent when on a bed of sickness, frequently in reading the "Gospel Standard," in connexion with the Bible; but with Mr. P. death was but going home, a going home of the soul.

I have occasionally been indulged with the hope of meeting dear Mr. Philpot in heaven, where there will be no sin or doubts and fears.

I hope I shall not be thought intrusive in offering my sympathy. May his own family and his immediate circle of friends be led to feel resigned to the will of God, and may we all be kept watchful, waiting to be called hence.

Jan. 3, 1870.

M. P.

My dear Sir,—When I heard of the death of Mr. Philpot, I felt an inward weeping and grief, which I took as an evidence for me, and not against me; for John says, "We know that we have passed from death unto life because we love the brethren."

Mr. Philpot was a daily exercised man, and was not suffered to settle down upon the doctrines or an experience of twenty years gone by. He was a man that cut up all letter trust, and it was his insisting upon the power of truth made known to the soul by the Holy Ghost that got him so many enemies. And not only him, but so it is with every minister that insists upon the same things. Still the Lord reigneth. Let the earth rejoice; let the multitude of isles (or churches) be glad thereof; "and though clouds and darkness are round about him," still "righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne."

Mr. Philpot's loss to the churches is great. If you were able to get a man with the same amount of learning, how about the same amount of grace and a daily knowledge of his own heart, with a spirit of discernment? But may the Lord guide you in the choice of an editor and what pieces you put into the "Gospel Standard." My commission was, "Deal thy bread (Christ) to the hungry, that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house (the church of Christ); when thou seest the naked that thou cover him, and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh." May the "Gospel Standard" still go on to do the same thing; and may the blessing of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost rest upon its pages. This is the desire of

Yours in the truth,

Marden, Kent, Jan. 4, 1870.

T. S. SWONNELL.

Dear Mr. Gadsby,—It has been upon my mind to write a few lines to you ever since I heard of the death of our dear, dear editor, Mr. Philpot; but I knew that you would receive so many letters, and the additional work, together with the heavy trial, would press so hard upon you that I felt unwilling to trouble you to read my poor scribble; but I feel that I can no longer refrain from expressing my sympathy with you in the great loss you have sustained. Having been a regular reader of the "Gospel Standard," I feel constrained to add my feeble testimony to that of thousands more to the blessing which the Lord has caused to rest upon its pages.

When it pleased the Lord first to quicken my heart to feel, and open my eyes to see my sad state as a sinner in the sight of a pure and holy God, for several years I laboured to better my state. I could not bear to hear of the doctrine of election, because it seemed to cut me quite off; but one day I called at the house of a friend, and seeing a number of the "Gospel Standard" on the table, I took it up and read the words at the head: "The election hath obtained it, and the rest are blinded." I was so struck with the words that I exclaimed, "If that is Scripture, I will never oppose that doctrine again; for there it is, whether I am elected or not." This was about the year 1839.

Being at that time very young, and very ignorant too, before I was established in the truth, I was sadly led astray by false teachers into error; but after the Lord was graciously pleased to manifest himself to my soul, as a God pardoning *my* iniquity, transgression, and sin, I began to read the "Gospel Standard." I borrowed the back numbers up to the year 1847, when I began to take it in myself, and have continued to do so up to the present time.

For many years I was out of the reach of a preached gospel, and next to the Bible the "Standard" was my chief comfort. The writings of your dear father and Mr. Warburton were often made a blessing to my soul; but those of our late beloved editor were specially blessed, both in the way of reproof, correction, instruction, edification, encouragement, and comfort. His pieces in the "Standard" and his sermons became increasingly precious to my soul every year; so that I can truly say no other man's writings were so highly valued by me. I once went fifty miles to hear him preach, and it was a season never to be forgotten. I have often felt condemned for not writing to tell him about it; but I shrank from doing anything which would look like trying to attract the notice of so great a man, as I esteemed him to be.

Well, the Lord gave him to us for a season; and truly he was a burning and a shining light; and now that he has taken him away, may he enable us to say, "Blessed be the name of the Lord." He had a sovereign right to take home his beloved child to the glorious mansion prepared for him in his Father's house above.

Dear Sir, I do feel most deeply for you in this trial; your burden must be great indeed, with your bodily and family afflictions added to this sad bereavement. But, cheer up, dear brother; the Lord of Hosts is still with us, and the God of Jacob is still our refuge. He will give you strength equal to your day, and he will give you all the wisdom needful for the great work which lies before you. It is a remarkable thing that you should have been led to give up your paper just when you did. We greatly regretted it at the time, but now see the hand of the Lord in it. You have now other work to do. May the Lord help you to do it with a single eye to his glory and the good of his chosen people. May the Lord be pleased to raise up a man who shall be both able and willing to work with you in love and union for the good of his poor tried people; and may the "Gospel Standard" long be found as a witness for God and truth in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation. This is the prayer of
 Your unworthy Sister in Jesus,
 Laverton, Jan. 4, 1870. C. SPIRE.

The late Mr. Kershaw.

Dear Friends,—I knew Mr. Kershaw for about 32 years, for about 27 intimately. Before I knew him I heard him spoken of as an Antinomian. I at that time was under deep distress of soul from law-work. When I heard him preach for the first time, I had never in my life heard a gospel sermon before. His sermon was the means of taking such a weight off my mind that I went home rejoicing in the God of my salvation. It was preached in a large club-room at Wadsworth, near Hebden Bridge, and the room was filled. Many of us went home talking of his sermon. By the Holy Spirit's power and grace of God, the sermon just fitted my case, and gave me such new light that I shall never forget as long as my memory lasts. After that I heard him preach scores of good sound doctrinal, experimental, and practical sermons. A fellow-workman and I used to walk from our homes at Mytholmroyd to Rochdale, 12 miles there and 12 back, and returned home sometimes by Todmorden, making it three miles further, so that we could talk with others going that way who had been to hear him. Our hearts used to burn within us by the way, and we often had a week's food in store to feed upon; and when Sunday came again we were off again and again.

I tell you these things to show you how the Lord blessed our dear friend to his people, many of whom, like us, came from the country round and round, and flocked to his chapel like doves to the window.

As a Christian adviser, I always found him to be depended upon, because he always took the Scriptures for his guide, and had such an aptitude to point out the right ones for the occasion. He was always for peace. "Blessed are the peace-

makers, for they shall be called the children of God." He once told me of being himself insulted at a funeral by a minister, and he was enabled, by the grace of God, not to resent it; but, his Master like, the first opportunity he had he returned good for evil. Seeing the minister one very wet day walking in the rain, he prevailed upon the driver of a coach to take him inside. The minister was so overcome with Mr. Kershaw's kindness that he begged his pardon for the offence at the funeral.

Once, when I had received a large sheet-full of abuse from a person, I wrote him back what I thought a suitable reply, and I took it to Mr. K. for his opinion; but I shall never forget what a changed appearance my epistle had when my dear Christian father had pruned it, and just added to it, "A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger."

He preached in many pulpits in and about London, and, I believe, as Mr. Taylor said at the grave, in almost every county in England; and he preached also in Scotland; and wherever he went his Lord and Master honoured the word spoken by him. Many times when I have accompanied him to the old Assembly Room, and other places in and about Halifax, when he has had hold of my arm on our way he has shaken like a leaf, and used to say, "O Samuel, the word shakes me almost to pieces." But in a few moments after he had taken his text, he would speak forth the gospel of Jesus, so that even the weakest of God's children might understand, and often, under his sermons, read their titles clear.

I will conclude. He has fought a good fight, and is sat down with Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and all the redeemed family that are called home, singing unto the Lamb for ever and ever those grand songs which those alone can sing who are in the Lamb's book of life. Amen.

Halifax.

SAMUEL MAGSON.

Obituary.

ELVIRA SHADWELL.—On July 17th, 1869, aged 38, Elvira Shadwell, of Devizes.

The subject of this sketch was born at Poulshot, Wilts; but in the providence of God, after her marriage, came to reside at Devizes. She had always borne a strictly moral character, and for some years past, with her husband and family, attended the ministry of Dr. Marston, who thus writes concerning her, previous to the time of my visiting her: "In the beginning of the year, her health, which for some time had been rather delicate, began more visibly to decline, and it was soon evident to all around that her time in this world would be short. I myself had expressed the opinion, which proved to be correct, that although she would most probably get through her confinement, which was expected in June, she would survive it but a very short time."

For some time before her confinement, I attended her professionally; but being unable to engage to attend her at that time, it was necessary to hand over her case. Hence, during the last few weeks of her life, I saw less of her than previously. During the time of my attendance, I had frequent opportunities of conversing with her, and found that she had had some convictions of sin, and at times in hearing the word there had been a measure of concern for her soul, with a feeling of need of something which she had not got, and a dread of professing what she did not feel; but at the same time there seemed the lacking of that deep and solemn sense of her own sinfulness and that earnest desire after the Lord Jesus Christ, which are the main characteristics of a work of grace in a sinner's soul, I had some hope that there were dawns of life, but could not feel that satisfaction which I desired, and dwelt much with her on the necessity of a new birth, evidenced by repentance towards God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; and for this besought the God of all grace in prayer with her. There was a great clinging to life, and in spite of evidence of advancing disease, that sanguine hope of recovery which is so often evident in consumptive patients.

"She was safely brought through her confinement, and then, as I had anticipated, the progress of her disease rapidly increased. She was frequently visited by some of our friends, and the same state of mind that I have described continued till about the third day before her death."

On July 9th, I called to see her for the first time during her illness. She did not then appear to feel herself to be a lost and ruined sinner. I endeavoured to point out to her that the invitations, promises, and encouragements of God's word were for certain characters, and how vain it would be to direct the whole to a physician, &c., and of the necessity of God the Holy Ghost convincing her of her sins.

On the following Monday I again called, and whilst with her another friend came in. She then appeared to be in about the same state of mind as on the previous Friday. We pointed out to her the solemn position in which she stood, and that unless God the Spirit convinced her of her sins, and led her to the precious blood of Jesus, she must be eternally lost; and after begging the Lord to do this for her, if consistent with his divine will, we left her.

On the following Wednesday she appeared to have given up all hope of recovery, which, to this time, had been entertained by her, and, when getting up in the afternoon, remarked that she did not think she should get up many more times. During the same day she repeated part of that hymn:

"Jesus, lover of my soul;"

and asked for the book (Gadsby's Selection), which she read for some time. In the evening she was evidently taken for death. I called between eight and nine o'clock, and

found her much worse. I felt it, indeed, truly solemn, and amongst other things said, "Mrs. Shadwell, do you really feel yourself as a lost and ruined sinner in the sight of a holy God?" After a pause she replied, "I cannot say what I do not feel." I assured her that I would not have her do so on any consideration, and then asked her what her feelings were whilst listening to the preaching of the word from time to time. Her reply was that sometimes she felt comforted, and at other times there seemed to be nothing for her; and in explanation of this said that sometimes she hoped that the Lord would have mercy upon her, and convert her soul, and that at other times she was afraid that he would not. After I left, her husband's brother, a gracious man, said to her, "If the Lord has begun the work, he will carry it on." She replied, "I know he will, if it is begun," and expressed a desire that it might be so.

I called about nine o'clock the next morning (Thursday), and found her very anxious about the Lord having begun a work of grace on her heart (she had previously remarked to Miss P., a person waiting on her, that hymn 143, "Rock of Ages," had been sweet to her, and added that she hoped to be found on that Rock, the Lord Jesus Christ). After speaking and reading to her for some time, she had a violent fit of coughing, and almost immediately afterwards began crying aloud for mercy, exclaiming:

"'Nothing in my hand I bring, &c.'

"'None but Jesus Can do helpless sinners good.'

"I am afraid it is too late, I am afraid I am too vile," &c. &c. I then read to her Hart's Experience in verse, and some hymns which seemed to express the very feelings of her soul; and her cries for mercy were so loud that a person from the next house came to inquire what was the matter, and her holy violence was such that she would cry till quite exhausted, and then, after resting awhile, would renew those cries in such language as the following: "O Jesus, say unto my soul, I am thy salvation;" "O say, Daughter, thy sins are forgiven thee;" "Lord, save, or I perish;" "God be merciful to me, a sinner." And striking on her breast, she exclaimed, "I have a never-dying soul;" "I am a guilty sinner in the sight of a holy God;" "I know thou wilt have mercy on whom thou wilt have mercy;" "I cannot let thee go, precious Jesus, unless thou dost manifest thyself to me as my Saviour;" "I know thou art a precious Jesus, but I want to know thou art mine;" "Thou canst not alter the word that is gone out of thy mouth: 'Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out;'" "O Lamb of God, I come;" "Say the word only, and I shall be saved."

"'Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.'"

"I know he is a precious Jesus, but I want to feel that

he is precious to *my* never-dying soul;" "I must wait. O give me patience to wait thy time."

"The vilest sinner out of hell,
That lives to feel his need,
Is welcome to the throne of grace,
The blood of Christ to plead."

"Christ *only* can save my soul." Very much more she said in an agony of mind of the same character. At intervals I read and quoted such portions of the word as I thought would meet her case, and trust that the Lord led me to such as he owned and blest in answer to prayer, for I *solemnly* felt that unless God the Holy Ghost applied the word, all would be in vain. Psalm xlv., cvi., &c., also Isa. xliii., appeared to encourage her; likewise the dying thief's experience, the parables of the Prodigal Son, and the Widow, and the Unjust Judge; likewise these words: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief;" "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin;" "He receiveth *sinners*, and eateth with them." Also that hymn of Hart's:

"Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched."

She would ask with great earnestness, "Do you think the Lord has begun the 'good work' in me?" During the afternoon she expressed her fear that she had been impatient during her illness, and begged the Lord to forgive her, and grant her more patience, and expressed likewise her gratitude for his goodness during her confinement. In the morning of the same day she said to her husband, "Dear John, you must give me up; I can leave you now and the dear children. I trust that the Lord in mercy has afflicted me, and I hope it will be sanctified to you."

About six o'clock, a sister in the Lord called to see her; the interview she describes as follows: "When I went into her room, after asking her how she ~~was~~, she said, 'Still in the land of the living.' She seemed just then rather low; but before I left her hope seemed raised, and she told me how she had felt earlier in the day. She said, 'Jesus was so precious, that, instead of feeling a desire to get well, I wanted to go to be with him; I felt that I could leave my husband, children, and all that before had lain so much on my mind. Jesus was so precious that it weaned me from everything here; but since then I have had such doubts and fears about it, I want him to come and tell me that I am his, and that he is mine. It is not only just passing out of this world, but it is for eternity, *eternity!* O come, dear Jesus, and tell me that I am thine. Do you think he will come?' I said, 'Yes, I believe he will; for

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

She said, 'But I am such a great sinner. Dear Lord, do have mercy on the vilest of sinners.' I said, 'Have you any-

thing of your own to trust in?' She replied, 'No; if I am saved, it must be all of free and sovereign grace.' She then begged the Lord very earnestly to come and bless her soul, telling him that she could not give it up. I said, 'You feel with the hymn :

"Lord, I cannot let thee go."

She answered, 'Yes ; that just speaks what I feel. Mine is indeed an urgent case ;' and she repeated many times :

"'Tis a point I long to know," &c.

I said, 'This is a world of pain and affliction.' 'Yes,' she answered ; 'but not one pain or affliction too many. What is mine compared with what Jesus suffered? O, if I could but feel assured it was for me!' She said this verse had given her hope : 'Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.' I said, 'There are many encouragements in God's word for the weak and helpless.' 'Yes, there are,' she said, 'but are they for me? My time in this world cannot be long, and I want to feel assured that I shall be with Jesus, and that he will be with me in death.'

"I then very reluctantly bade her good-bye, feeling thankful for what she had told me, believing it to be in answer to prayer, and assured that the Lord would appear for her; and on my way home, felt such a spirit of prayer and wrestling with the Lord on her behalf that I cannot describe."

During the night she was much in prayer, and several times said to the person sitting up with her, "Do you think that the Lord will appear for me? I am afraid I shall be lost after all." Hymn 705 she wished read several times, the second verse especially. I called in the morning (Friday), about nine o'clock, and found her still very anxious that the Lord would manifest himself to her. She said those words had been on her mind: "Ye believe in God, believe also in me." After reading several encouraging portions of God's word, &c., I left her, anxiously waiting for the salvation of God. I called again in the evening, when I found the poor body sinking fast; but she was wrestling hard with the Lord for a manifestation of his pardoning love and mercy. All feeling that she would not live through the night, and feeling confident that the Lord would appear on her behalf, I was anxious to be with her, to see the end. The nurse having in the afternoon told her she thought I would, it seemed to give her pleasure; and her husband too having a desire that I should, I returned about ten o'clock in such a solemn state of mind that no words can express. Immediately on entering the house, I heard some one speaking very loud. Her eldest boy said to me, "That's mother; she has been praying like that for the last ten minutes." I went up stairs, and found her wrestling with the Lord, and crying aloud for mercy, although for some time previously she could speak only just above a whisper. The following is some of the language she then made use of, but with such earnestness that no

tongue could describe: "Do come, Lord Jesus! Thou hast done all things well. I cannot let thee go unless thou dost bless me. If I could but touch the hem of thy garment, I should be saved. Thou art a precious Jesus; but I want to feel that thou art precious to my never-dying soul. Ah! Jesus, I know that thou wilt manifest thyself to me; I know thou wilt come. Christ sitteth on the right hand of God; I want to be there. Crown him Lord of all. Shall I be brought there? I want thee to show me. This is a *solemn* scene; this is a *solemn* scene!" And turning to those around her bed, she said, "I dare say you feel this to be a solemn scene. I go to prepare a place for you. Is that place prepared for me? Washed and forgiven. Victory! Palms! palms! palms!" and turning to me, she asked, "What does that mean?" I replied, "It denotes victory." She then said, "I believe he will. Goats on one side, and the Lord's people on the other," which she repeated several times with the greatest solemnity, and added, "What a privilege to be with the Lord's people! I've been wanting to come for a long time; I trust that the Lord in mercy has afflicted me. Strait is the gate. I want to enter into the fulness of it. I find it to be a very narrow way. The vilest out of hell." "Take me and wash me," she repeated again and again. "He began the work; I believe he began the work, and Jesus is the beginning and the ending. He will not cast out one. What a precious Jesus. He hath done all things well; and where he has begun a good work he will carry it on. Am I his child? My burden seems to be dropped." (I had been alluding some time previously to Bunyan's Pilgrim in sight of the cross with the burden on his back; also to Lazarus in his grave-clothes, calling her special attention to the Lord's words, "Loose him, and let him go," which she said just described her case, and that she only wanted the Lord just to speak the same words concerning her.)

At 11.50 she said in a low whisper, for she could not now speak louder, as her life was fast ebbing away, "A sinner saved by sovereign grace. Come, Lord Jesus!" Then she asked, "Do you think I've worn him out?" I replied, "It is written, 'Shall not God avenge his own elect?'" &c., calling her particular attention to the words, "Though he bear long with them," and quoted several passages. She then whispered, "Jesus, thou Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world; precious Jesus, thou which taketh away the sin of the world!" She then requested me to pray for her. I then endeavoured to call audibly on the Lord Jesus, reminding him of his precious promises to the coming sinner, to the sensibly-lost, the sick, &c. At 12.10, turning to me, she said, "Mark!

"When you see my eye strings break,
How soft the moments roll;
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
But glory in my soul."

There was then a pause. An hour afterwards I said to her, "Do you feel that it is all well? She replied, "I hope it is." I then said, "When you feel that it is, if unable to speak, hold up your hand." There was then a long silence, her lips moving at times, but nothing could be heard, the poor body being thoroughly exhausted and the struggle for breath intense. O the anguish of my soul during this interval, lest she had not been truly convinced of her sins by the Holy Ghost, and fearing lest I had endeavoured to give comfort where the Lord had not intended it, and thereby deceived her soul, although I could appeal to a heart-searching God that I would not have done so on any consideration, feeling as I had felt from the first the very solemn position in which I stood.

At 1.20, after a pause, she held up her left hand, and again in about half an hour afterwards, slightly waving it; but in about another hour she said quite distinctly, "Over the river! Got over the river!" and then, "The burden is gone. He has made it manifest. The scales are fallen from my eyes. I can now see, I could not before,

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my soul out sweetly there."

And soon afterwards added, "Precious Jesus! I am saved! What a mercy! Precious Jesus!" and again, "Justice is satisfied! Justice is satisfied!" which she repeated several times. I said to her, "You can now crown Jesus Lord of all!" She replied, "Yes. Saved by sovereign grace! Saved by sovereign grace. He is a precious Jesus! He is precious! Mighty to save! Precious Jesus! Mighty Saviour! What a precious Jesus; precious to my never-dying soul." I then said to her, "You can now say, 'Lord, now testest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation!'" She replied, "Yes, bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name." My heart, too, being in tune, I said, "O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together." She then said, "What a precious Jesus!" I remarked, "You can now say, 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil.'" "Yes," she replied, adding,

"Now I can tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found."

And shortly afterwards, "Precious Jesus!" which she repeated with almost a laugh on her countenance, her feelings being evidently beyond expression. Then, referring to her body, she said, "My poor tabernacle!" Then "Precious Jesus! The vilest sinner out of hell saved by sovereign grace." "What a thing to be a saved sinner, saved by sovereign grace! What a precious Jesus! What a mercy to be out of hell!" I added, "And going to heaven!" She answered, "Yes;" and then,

“In my Father's house are many mansions!” adding, “This tabernacle will soon be dissolved, *very soon.*”

Noticing the fearful struggle with the “last enemy,” I said, “You now realise the truth of the poet's words:

“O, the *pain*, the *bliss* of dying.”

To which she assented; and then said, “Precious Jesus!” I then told her that I should tell Dr. Marston all about her happy end. She replied, “So do. Tell all the world, saved by sovereign grace!”

The struggle with the last enemy was then painful to behold. I left her for a short time, and on my return at 9.30 the nurse told me she asked her if she then felt the Lord precious to her soul; to which she answered, “Yes.” At 9.50 I read to her these words: “His left hand is under my head, and his right hand doth embrace me,” to which she assented. After this there would be at intervals a groan or remark about the poor body, being perfectly conscious up to the last quarter of an hour of her life.

At 12 o'clock our dear sister fell asleep in the Lord. D.

GIDEON GOSDEN.—On Jan. 16th, 1869, in his 24th year, Gideon Gosden.

He was brought up under the sound of the truth at Zoar Chapel, Hellingby, and was not permitted to run the great lengths as many do.

In 1862, when an apprentice, his brother lay at the point of death. He wrote me a letter, of which I name a few heads. After referring to his brother, he says, “O my dear mother, if it were so that I should die to-morrow, or sooner, I am certain everlasting misery must be my portion. To my grief I think little of that except when in chapel, and but little there. I sometimes think I will go on better, but when I get away with one and the other, there I am, as bad as ever. I often wish I was different. I am not as though I had been left to myself; but have always had good examples set me; but for all that I am not better than the worst of characters.”

In the autumn of 1862, he left his apprenticeship through ill-health, and remained at home the remaining part of his life. In 1863 his sister died, which account our readers may have noticed in Sept. “Standard,” 1863. He has told me his convictions were deepened from that time. He began to live a very solitary life, and would go into the fields, and under hedges, till late at night, having for his companion the Bible, and hymn-book (Gadsby's Selection). He was seldom heard to say much, except on religious subjects; neither was he much with the rest of the family. I have known him at different times not to go to bed all night. These times have been spent in reading and prayer. We have not a barn, stable, granary, or out-house, but has witnessed the fervour of his prayer. I have known him, when in great distress of mind, to leave the table before he had finished his meal, and go to the granary and pour out his heart to the Lord. He told me at one time the enemy tempted him to put an end to his life; “but,” said he, “what a mercy I was kept! Had I been left to myself, I should have committed the act; I can now see it was wisely ordered. The Lord was stronger than the enemy.” I have known him come from his chamber with his eyes swollen with crying over his lost state as a sinner. If ever I said anything to try and comfort him, his answer would be, “What you say, mother, is very well; but I must know for myself. I do feel and

see God to be such a holy and just God, and myself such an unholy being, and altogether undone, I feel myself the vilest sinner out of hell." At another time he told me he saw where all the ungodly world stood, and he with them, and unless something was done, they would all perish together.

The first time he was raised to a hope was on hearing Mr. Drake preach from these words: "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me." From that time the dread of hell was in a great measure removed, and never returned with such weight as before. He would often say, "It is not so much the dread of hell now, but the evil and wickedness of my heart, that distresses me."

On going to the chapel one Lord's day very much cast down, hymn 1082 was sung, which was much blessed to him, particularly the last verse:

"Love is the golden chain that binds," &c.

He told me he sang with all his heart, for he felt his bosom glow with love. At another time he told a friend while at his work these words were very sweet to him, in hymn 232:

"Tho' painful at present, 'twill cease before long," &c.

One day, as he was riding home from Eastbourne, he saw two men very tipsy, and fighting. He said, "That's *me*, but for sovereign grace; and I felt I could say:

"Why was I made to hear they voice?" &c.

He was led to see the sovereignty of God, and said:

"Why such a wretch as I," &c.

(Hymn 680.)

He one day saw me grieve about a circumstance which had taken place, of an earthly nature. He said, "Ah, mother! If we could be brought to grieve more over the sufferings of Christ, we should be in a better place; but we cannot get there of ourselves. I know it is the Lord alone must bring us there. I do hope I have been brought, in some small measure, to grieve for what he suffered, as I hope I was one that he suffered for; but I know, if I were not chosen before the foundation of the world, I certainly cannot be one. If I were sure I was redeemed from all eternity, then I should know all would be well; but I feel worse than any one else that I talk to; I do seem to be the last and least. I feel to be everything but what is right. I feel so loathsome in the sight of God that I wonder he spares me from day to day." At this time he seldom came to the table for his meals without his Bible, and read while eating. This he did for upwards of three years. He never took any notice of any one. If we had a friend staying with us, that was nothing to him. He was not ashamed of his Bible, nor his religion. Most part of this time he was almost incapable of attending to his daily calling.

At the beginning of 1868, it pleased the Lord to afflict his father with an apoplectic fit. On the following day, when he (his father) was somewhat recovered, Gideon said, "O father, if ever I prayed, I did for you yesterday, to ask the Lord to spare you to us a little longer; and I believe, from the feelings I had, he will do so." He at this time little thought his own days on earth were so nearly run out, as he was in good health, and better in mind. He has told me he was greatly supported in attending to the business while his father was unfit for it. He said, "I do seem so supported by the Lord, I do not want to ask the men's advice about anything, as I am enabled to carry everything to the Lord, and he directs and guides me in all things."

About this time he asked me if the words Lord and God had ever seemed sweet to me. He said, "It does seem so grand and sweet to me as I have never felt it before." He also said he seldom heard the word

preached but he was a little encouraged. On hearing Mr. Taylor, of Manchester, speak from Song ii. 14, he was much blessed, and said, I hope I did feel a little of his countenance, if I am not deceived, and I think I am not. It was rarely that ever he named any such circumstances without saying, "Perhaps I have said too much. Perhaps it was fancy," or "I was deluded." And again he would say, "I wish I had not said anything to any one about religion; I feel myself such a foolish creature." In Sept., 1868, he told me as he was sitting in the chapel he felt cold, and he wondered what it meant; and all of a sudden something seemed to say, "This sickness is unto death;" and from this time he gradually sank. Change of air and all lawful means were tried; but all of no avail. On one occasion, when going to see a physician, he said, "You can take me if you wish. It will be satisfaction to you and the friends. I do not think he will do me any good. Besides, I have asked the Lord to do with me as seemeth him good. It may be it is decreed that I should not live. O! if mine should be a false foundation at last! O! to be spurned from the Lord's presence, when time with me shall be no more."

About this time he took to his bed, which was near the end of November. He was at times in great distress, fearing his religion was not right. He used to say, "If I were sure it was begun right, then I should think it would end right. O that I could pray so as to be heard, and get answered by the Lord! I do not feel as I could wish. I used to think if I were ill, how I would pray and meditate on divine things; but now you see what a poor thing man is left to himself, with neither power nor will even to think a good thought. He is entirely helpless without the Lord working in him both to will and do. I was not brought here when I used to strive to make myself better by doing what I thought would bring pardon to my soul. Surely it must be the Lord that has shown me differently. If he has, what a mercy! All the praise is due to Him." And then he said, "If ever I reach heaven I shall sing the loudest; but I am not quite sure I shall ever reach there."

At another time, when a friend had been to see him, he said, "The Lord inclines many dear people to come and see me, and none of them cut me off, rather the reverse; but I am afraid they think more highly of me than they ought. I am afraid they are deceived in me. I would not be deceived, or deceive any one, for the whole world." One day, as I entered his room, I saw him very much exhausted, and asked him what he had been doing. He said he had been out of bed to try and pray on his knees, but could not find any access. "Now," he said, "I know it is the enemy; for days he has told me the Lord would not hear me, because I did not get out of bed and go on my knees."

One day when his father went into his room, he said, "O father, how I do wish the Lord would make himself more fully known to me. I do feel I should like to sing a little song here before I go, but perhaps I am wishing too great things; but if I should be so much favoured, I feel I should not want even to say, 'Good-bye.' I do feel I can say, 'Goodness and mercy have followed me all my days.'" Turning to me, he said, "Mother and father, you are a highly favoured people; you are favoured beyond many. O, I wish you would kneel down and try and thank the dear Lord for all his mercies to me and you. I might have been at this time dead in sin. O the sovereignty of God, in showing me what a sinner I am!"

On Dec. 26th a friend came to see him. During his stay we sang Hymn 320:

"God moves in a mysterious way,"

in which he joined until quite exhausted. The day following, he requested us to sing hymn 469:

“My soul, this curious house of clay.”

When we had sung it, he said, “Now you may read the 215th:

‘Free grace to every heaven-born soul,’”

On Jan. 9th, 1869, his cough being very distressing, he looked at me, and said, “Ah, mother, it is decreed. I must bear it. Do try and beg of the Lord to give me patience. We cannot tell what I have to suffer before I go. O that I may have patience granted me.”

On the 13th he said to me, “I do feel so unbelieving. The enemy tries to make me believe there is no God and no hereafter. I have hard work to ward him off. He is so powerful, it seems as though he would get the master of me.” He begged of us present to entreat the Lord on his behalf. After prayer had been offered, he said, “I do not feel so distressed as I did. I have had some blessed words brought to my mind. One was: ‘But unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in his wings,’” &c. The next morning, when I entered his room, his sister having gone downstairs, he was quite alone. I asked him if he had not had a good night (meaning free from cough). At first he gave me no answer; when he did, he said, “Do not come here directly, please.” After a short time I went again. He said, “I was meditating; I did not want to be disturbed; you can come now.”

In the evening of the 14th, his distress was very great, fearing he should perish after all. He said, “O my wretched heart! What a wicked man I am! I never thought I was half so bad as I am.” He then said to his aunt, “O aunt, it is my sin that is the cause of all this. If I had more strength I must get out of bed, I think; I cannot stop here. Father, do entreat the dear Lord for me. Ask him to appear for my help, if it please him.” After this he lay more calm. He then beckoned to me with his finger. He whispered, and said, “I have had some sweet words applied to me, such as these: ‘Thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee;’ but I cannot tell you all. Do exalt the Lord if you can.”

On the 15th, on hearing me tell a friend what a comfort to wait on him, as I had never heard one murmur escape his lips, he spoke out, and said, “Bless the Lord for it, then, mother.”

About 2 a.m. on the 16th he was taken with death. I was called up. On seeing me, he said, “What is this? Is this death?” On telling him it was death, he said, “I am afraid I am a lost man,” and his distress was great for a short time. He then lay gasping for breath; and, looking round the room at all present, he said, “Do not cry, any of you.” From this time he lay quite passive till 8 o’clock, when he asked to be moved to another bed, which was done. He then said, “A rough path; through much tribulation;” still labouring very hard for breath. As I stood by him he asked me to sit down and tell him something. On telling him I did not feel able, I said, “Cannot you tell me something?” He said, “Yes, the Lord is very precious to me; and all the praise is due to him:

“‘And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.’”

He then said to his father, “Father, I am resting alone on Christ.” He asked if some one would read. After Ps. xxv. had been read, he said, “That is a nice psalm.” He then said he should like to be turned on his side, and said, “I almost think I can help myself.” He did so; and immediately his spirit took its flight to be for ever with the Lord.

Wilmington, Dec., 1869.

CHARLOTTE GOSDEN.

MARTHA MASON.—At Yoxford, Suffolk, on April 13th, 1869, aged 18, Martha Mason.

After my daughter's death, I found the following, written by her :

I will remember all the way tho Lord hath led me. I was born in 1850, at Harleston, Norfolk, of God-fearing parents. My father was a Baptist minister. When I was about three weeks old my parents came to reside at Yoxford, in Suffolk. I, like all others, went from the womb speaking lies, being of a passionate, wayward temper. At the age of nine I lost my beloved father, who^m for six years preached at Sudbourne, near Orford, Suffolk. He was the instrument in the Lord's hands of raising the cause of truth in that place. Through much persecution it prospered and grew. When it was first formed into a church it consisted of four women; now it numbers 40 members.

When I was ten years of age, whilst staying at Sudbourne, Mr. B., of Tunstill, preached from Matt. ii. 11-13; and the power of God accompanied that sermon to my soul. I felt I had no wedding garment on, and I felt condemned. These convictions never left me, but would return at times with such force that I would promise to be better.

When at the age of 14, I visited Sudbourne again. While they were singing these lines :

“ Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love,” &c.

I was so overcome with a sight of my sins that I buried my face in my hands and wept. But after I got home I again joined my ungodly companions. This was to drown my thoughts, but I could not always do it, though I was kept from running into open sin.

In July, 1866, I was again under deep concern for my soul. About this time one of my young companions died. I thought, as I heard the bell toll, “ How hard it is to die so young! What a cruel God is ours! I do not wonder she did not want to die. I would not have died.” Then immediately a voice like thunder sounded in my ears. Never shall I forget it: “ Who art thou that thou shouldst lift thy puny arms of rebellion against God? Knowest thou not he could crush thee in a moment?” My soul sank within me. The terrors of hell gat hold upon me. O that horrible darkness! I could not pray; I felt I was lost, until one day I cried unto the Lord, “ Help me, O Lord, *me!*” O the agony I endured! Satan told me it was no use for me to pray, for only the elect are saved; and when I tried to pray my mouth was filled with such blasphemous thoughts, oaths, and cursings that I had to put something in my mouth to keep them in; but Satan said, “ You have it inside, and that is as bad as letting it out,”—such language as I never heard uttered. I was greatly tempted to believe there was no God; but I could not, for I felt then in my inmost soul there was a God. Sometimes I wished there was none; for I felt the sword of justice over my guilty head, unsheathed and raised, just ready to cut me down. I kept on crying and sighing more and more earnestly; for I now felt I could do nothing, and if Jesus did not save me I should be lost, for ever lost.

But how true it is, “ Man's extremity is God's opportunity.” At length God heard my cry. He heard and instantly sent salvation. Yes, blessed be his holy name, he sent these words home with life-giving power: “ I am the Lord, I change not; therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed. Fear not, I am thy God. I will help thee.” The weight of sorrow was gone. The Lord turned my mourning into gladness; my sorrow into joy. Now I could sing, “ What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits to me, a guilty, hell-deserving sinner?”

But these joys did not last long. My fears returned. Satan said,

"You will never be saved; you are not one of the elect." What with my own evil heart and that cursed thing unbelief, I felt almost in despair. I envied a cat or a dog. My soul chose strangling, and death rather than life. I went to hear an Independent minister; but, alas! I got no comfort, for I could not do what they told me. I tried all the chapels in the place; but could not find what I wanted. I returned home and asked the Lord to show me; when he again broke the snare. These words came into my mind with power: "Whosoever shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father," &c. (Matt. x. 32, 33.) O! I felt a desire to walk in his most holy ways; and as I was alone with God and my Bible, pleading the blood of Jesus, he spoke to me in a still small voice: "I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee." O, the joy of my heart! I felt Jesus was mine; he died for me.

In March, 1867, the Lord laid his afflicting hand on me and one of my sisters. For three months I was confined to my home; but in June I went to my sister's at Aldborough. Here the Lord interposed on my behalf.

Dear mother, the Sunday morning I received your letter Satan told me I should not be able to tell the church what the Lord had done for my soul; but, blessed be his holy name, he has been better to me than all my doubts and fears. This passage upheld me greatly: "Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, I am thy God."

My child wrote no more.

In justice to her memory, I must say I never found one so zealous for the truth of God from the time she joined the church. For a whole twelvemonth she walked twelve miles once a month to be at the ordinance. I remember one Saturday it was wet, but in the afternoon it was fine. I tried to persuade her not to go, as the roads were bad. She looked at me, and said, "Mother, I *must* go." But when the Lord laid his afflicting hand upon her she was quite resigned. Her peace, she sometimes said, flowed like a river. Satan was permitted to trouble her only once, and that for only a short time. She was confined to her bed for six weeks; and O it was happiness to be with her. I felt it to be a paradise. She said to me, "Mother, are you low in your mind?" "Not very," I replied. She said immediately, "I am full of glory."

On the Sunday before her death, she said to her sister, "I am so happy, so very, very happy." Her sister remarked, "Then you find Christ precious?" "Yes," she said, "very precious."

A few minutes before she died, she seemed pleased her end was so near, and exclaimed, "Mother, my feet are dead." I said, "Is the valley dark, dear?" "No; all light." An aged sister came from Sudbourne in time to see her, one of the females her dear father baptized.

My dear girl chose for her funeral text Ps. lxxiii. 24.

M.

ELIZABETH KNIGHT.—On Jan. 26th, 1870, aged 29, Elizabeth Knight, wife of Benjamin Knight, Waterloo, near Liverpool.

She was born of godly parents, and had been privileged to sit under a gospel ministry all her life. Her father, Mr. Bednal, well known in his day, was for many years a member of Mr. Gadsby's church, Manchester, and superintendent of the Sunday-school. It does not appear that she felt any concern about her eternal state, though she had been afflicted, more or less, for the last two years; nor till the latter part of her sickness, only a few weeks before her death. It then pleased the Lord to lay with great weight upon her mind the awful state she was in as a sinner in the sight of a holy and heart-searching God, and that if she departed this life in her present state, everlasting misery must be her portion.

On Wednesday, Jan. 12th, I went to see her, not knowing she had any concern about her soul. I got to the bedroom door without her observing or hearing me. Her eyes were closed, and she was earnest in prayer, crying aloud, "O Lord, pardon my sins! Have mercy on a wretch like me!" I then entered the room, and felt I must at once pray for her. I knew well, from what I heard, what the desire of her soul was. She appeared at this time too weak and feverish to pay attention to reading; consequently I avoided doing so. This passage, however, came to my mind: "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Also the case of the thief upon the cross; and also: "Many that are first shall be last, and the last first." I was encouraged to plead with the Lord that he would have mercy on her soul; and I believe I was enabled so to do with true heart-felt prayer. I afterwards conversed a little with her about eternal realities. I then took leave of her, thinking I should not see her alive again, hoping, at the same time, the Lord would hear and answer her earnest and fervent cries.

I again visited her the morning following. She had been much worse previous to my arrival, but had then become somewhat better. As soon as she saw me, she said, "The Lord is good; he has pardoned my sins. I thought I was going this morning, and I was willing to die." I then asked her how she felt. Did she wish to get better and live, or would she rather depart and be with Christ, which was far better? She answered, "I am willing to die, if it is the Lord's will to take me; or live, if he should think proper to raise me up. I want you to find and read to me the hymn that commences:

"'We've no abiding city here,'

and then pray with me." I did so. I also read Ps. li.; and she appeared at peace in her mind.

According to promise, I again saw her on the following morning; but O what a change in her mind! The distress and trouble that she was in I think I shall never forget. She exclaimed, "O how dark everything appears! How dark I am! I cannot die in this state! I feel I shall burst!" And in bitter anguish of soul, she again repeated, "I feel as if I shall burst with trouble, if the Lord does not appear for me. O I cannot die in this state!" After pausing a moment, she took the hymn-book up which was lying open upon the bed, appearing like one that had found a great treasure, and said, "I will read a hymn." I said, "I will read it. You are too weak." She said, "No; I will read it." And to my astonishment, with her poor weak tabernacle, she commenced most deliberately, and with such feeling:

"'Regard, great God, my mournful prayer,'" &c.

She read the whole of the hymn (384th); also the first two verses of the following hymn:

"Hear, gracious God, a sinner's cry."

When she put the book out of her hands, she seemed quite exhausted. I then took it up, and said, "The following hymn is a very nice one. Shall I read that for you?" "Yes," was the reply. "I have read it; but read it again." From her manner and expression, these hymns appeared to be the very feelings of her soul. When I was putting the book down, she said, "Turn a leaf down at those hymns, for I have had some little comfort from them." I then read a few portions of the word, and prayed with her; and I would hope, from the feeling and fervency given at the time, it was living prayer. I was then taking, as I thought, my last farewell of her, when she said, so earnestly, "Do you think there will be any hope for me?" I answered in the affirmative, adding, "When the Lord puts an earnest, fervent cry for mercy into

the heart, as he appears to have done for you, he always answers the prayer, and pardons their sins in his own good time."

She continued during the following week about the same, often in great distress of mind; during which time Mr. Freeman and Mr. Spencer visited her, and read and prayed with her, but she still received no real comfort.

On the following Tuesday (25th), I visited her again, and found her still in deep soul-trouble, exclaiming, "I am a lost sinner! I am a lost sinner! What shall I do to be saved?" I again read and prayed with her. The nurse informed me that her distress of mind had been very great during the night, and that she repeatedly exclaimed, "I shall be lost, Lord, if thou dost not speak peace and pardon to my soul."

About seven in the evening she became more calm, and continued so till about three on Wednesday morning; when the agony of her soul became such that the nurse could scarce hold her still in bed, she at the same time crying out, "I shall be lost! I shall be lost! Lord, save me, or I shall perish! What shall I do to be saved?" The nurse at the same time being much broken down in tears to see her distress, tried to comfort her by quoting suitable portions of Scripture; but all in vain. As the morning advanced she became more calm, occasionally calling out for mercy, desiring hymns and different portions of the Scripture to be read; and as the day still advanced it was observant by her manner and countenance that her deep distress and anguish of soul were leaving her. About six in the evening she desired the nurse to raise her up. She then put her two hands together, and said, "Thank God! Now I can read my title clear to mansions in the skies!" and repeated the whole of the hymn 483, commencing:

"Yes, I shall soon be landed."

When she had finished, the nurse asked her if she was happy. "Yes," was the answer; "very happy. God has manifested himself to me as my Saviour." She then lay down and sang the above hymn through with a beautiful clear voice; and the nurse called the rest of the house, hold to witness it. She also sang the following verse:

"But when this lispings, stammering tongue," &c.

And she afterwards said to her brother-in-law, Mr. Wilton (son of Mr. Wilton, of Manchester, Mr. Gadsby's oldest deacon, still living), "I am going home!" And he replied, "Yes, dear, to be with Christ, which is far better." To which she answered, "Yes; I shall soon be landed." This was between eight and nine o'clock, after which she appeared to be in prayer, and having sweet converse with the Lord in a most familiar way and manner, even as one friend would with another, saying, "Precious Jesus, come! Come quickly. Thou wilt not let the enemy take me. Come quickly, and give me a seat on thy throne." And she continued making similar remarks till her ransomed soul took its flight to the realms of eternal bliss, without the least struggle, at a quarter-past ten the same evening. It was, indeed, a most solemn and affecting scene.

"Be silent, all flesh, before the Lord." "Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?"

J. K.

ERRATUM.—In page 15, line 18, 27 years should have been 26 years. Mr. Gadsby died Jan. 27th, 1844.

WHEN a Christian considers the goodness of God's ways, he wonders that the world doth not walk in them. But when he considers the blindness, and depravity, and prejudice of the heart by nature, he wonders that any should.—*Mason*.

APRIL 1, 1870.

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

APRIL, 1870.

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

PRESENTED FAULTLESS.

A SERMON PREACHED ON LORD'S DAY EVENING, MARCH 10TH, 1867,
AT THE PAVILION CHAPEL, BRIGHTON, BY THE LATE MR. WILLIAM
BROWN.

“Now unto him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen.”—JUDE 24, 25.

THIS epistle contains a most awful and solemn description of false professors; which is a proof that even in the first ages of the Christian church there were hypocrites, who crept in and deceived the apostles and disciples. God's people are simple; they are easily deceived. Simon Magus was not discovered by the apostle till after he had been baptized, and circumstances made him manifest as being still in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity. What a convincing proof the account of Simon Magus is that it is water baptism spoken of; for who will dare to say that this deceiver and hypocrite was baptized by the Holy Ghost? It is said, “Simon himself believed also; and when he was baptized, he continued with Philip, and wondered, beholding the miracles and signs which were done. Now, when the apostles which were at Jerusalem heard that Samaria had received the word of God, they sent unto them Peter and John, who, when they were come down, prayed for them, that they might receive the Holy Ghost (for as yet he was fallen upon none of them; only they were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus). Then laid they their hands on them, and they received the Holy Ghost. And when Simon saw that through laying on of the apostles' hands the Holy Ghost was given, he offered them money, saying, Give me also this power, that on whomsoever I lay hands he may receive the Holy Ghost. But Peter said unto him, Thy money perish with thee, because thou hast thought that the gift of God may be purchased with money. Thou hast neither part nor lot in this matter; for thy heart is not right in the sight of God. Repeat, therefore, of this thy wickedness, and pray God if perhaps the thought of thine heart may be forgiven thee. For I

perceive that thou art in the gall of bitterness, and in the bond of iniquity."

How different this is to the people of God. Bad as they feel themselves to be, money is not the great object with them. If earthly possessions come into competition with Christ, they must all go; and they are sure that the gifts of God can never be purchased with filthy lucre. These hypocrites that Jude speaks of put on the sheep's clothing; and God's people, as I said just now, are simple; they suspect themselves sooner than they suspect others. At the last supper, when their dear Lord and Saviour warned them of what was about to take place, and said one of them should betray him, each suspected himself. They did not say, "Lord, is it James? or is it Thomas?" but, "Lord, is it I?" How like the feelings of our own hearts in the present day. Do not we fear ourselves, and are we not ready to cry out, "Lord, is it I?" But Judas also said, "Master, is it I?" You see he could imitate their language, though he knew he was the guilty one; but he said, "Master," not "Lord." He was the bond slave, not the child.

Can we wonder if there are hypocrites and false professors still in the church of God? Those of us who have been some time in the way have seen the awful end of some great professors. We have perhaps heard them preach or pray, and we have trembled and felt our own nothingness when compared with their gifts, and, as we thought, their great grace; but we have seen the leaves fall off, and the tree wither away, and the lamp without the oil put out, according to the word: "The candle of the wicked shall be put out." And how the weak and fearful tremble at these things! And perhaps we hear them say, "I too shall fall. What will become of me? The enemy will be too strong for me; I fear my end will be like theirs." No, poor dear child of God, you will stand. Your religion will outlive every storm. You are like Reuben. It is said, "In the divisions of Reuben there were great searchings of heart." These are the bleatings of the flock. "Woe to them that are at ease in Zion." I would not give much for that religion which is not tossed about: "O thou afflicted, tossed with tempests, and not comforted, behold, I will lay thy stones with fair colours, and thy foundations with sapphires, and all thy children shall be taught of the Lord, and great shall be the peace of thy children."

All God's children are taught their inability to stand alone, though it is true that there is a time when some of them are ready to boast, when they feel strong, and they say, like Peter, "I will lay down my life for thy sake." O! I well remember when I longed for the fires of Smithfield to be rekindled that I might prove my love to my dear Lord. This was Peter in his ignorance; it was Peter before he knew his weakness, before he had learnt that lesson, "Without me ye can do nothing." But the Lord teaches his children what they are, shows them that they cannot stand a moment, and makes them cry out, "Hold

thou me up, and I shall be safe." It is those who are young who boast, like the young soldier who has never been in a battle, and does not know what it is to face the enemy, or to lie all night on the frozen ground, to work half starved in the frozen trenches, or to stand sentinel with the balls whistling around. Paul knew something of these things when he exhorted Timothy to "endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."

Now let us look at this word in our text, "Him that is able to keep you from falling." There is a twofold preservation of the church of God. Every one of that mystical body is preserved before being called, and preserved afterwards. Preserved in the days of unregeneracy, and preserved after the call by grace, even to the blessed moment when each one is presented with exceeding joy. They were given to Christ, and how precious they are to him, even whilst they are wandering from him as far as sheep can run. He looks after his blood-bought bride whilst in the ruins of the fall. Every step is marked, and watched, and followed, till the moment comes when the Spirit of God begins the work of regeneration.

What histories many of God's dear people could tell! How many snatched from the borders of the grave, or kept from some sin which would have embittered the rest of their lives! O! how well do I remember being twice saved when I was, as it were, on the verge of eternity, thinking I should soon be in hell, and that there was no hope for me. But my blessed Saviour was watching over me all the time, and just at the last moment snatched me from a watery grave. And you, my dear friends, I know many of you have had wonderful deliverances; and shall we not praise and bless him throughout eternity?

When God's time comes, all the barriers are broken down, and the soul is made willing to be saved in the day of his power. That passage is brought against this doctrine: "Ye do always resist the Holy Ghost." I grant that we may resist, but not overcome; like a little child that may resist being washed; but its kind and good mother knows it would not do to let it have its own way, and therefore she gently, but firmly, overcomes its little efforts at resistance. So Christ, by his blessed Spirit, bears down all our opposition, and the very will is subdued; as it is said, "My people shall be willing in the day of my power."

And does not Christ watch over his dear people after they are called? O yes! If when they were hating him he yet watched over them, surely after he has put his fear into their hearts he will keep them from all fatal evil; he will preserve them every step they go, and keep them night and day. "Ah!" say some, "it is we that must persevere." It is blasphemous to say so. It is God must persevere with us. He holds his people in his hand; he carries them in his bosom, and none, including devils, shall pluck them thence. It is only he himself that is "able to keep them from falling, and to present them faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy."

And what an unspeakable mercy it is that *he is able*. How unable we are to keep ourselves, or in any way to take care of ourselves. Every figure used in the Bible to set forth the child of God shows helplessness and weakness. A woman, a sheep, a dove, a vine,—all these figures describe the individual feelings of the mystical members of the body of Christ. How God holds them up, and how graciously he says to them, “Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God;” and the more we feel our helplessness, the more do we prize his power and grace. Like the bride coming up out of the wilderness, leaning with all her weight upon her Beloved; like a wife going through a crowd, how she does cling to her husband, and how afraid she is lest they should be separated for an instant. O this clinging and hanging upon Christ our spiritual husband! Is it not a sweet and blessed state?

How much there is in the word *power*. It implies ability. And is he not “able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him?” The poor creature with the leprosy cried out, “Lord, if thou wilt thou canst make me clean.” He caught hold of the power,—he *can*, but *will* he? The Lord honoured this by the gracious answer, “*I will*; be thou clean.” Whatever ground you have to rest upon, plead it with the Lord. Any promise that has ever been sweet to you, tell the Lord, and plead it with him again and again. “Remember the word unto thy servant upon which thou hast caused him to hope.” How different we feel at different times! Sometimes our cry is, “My heart is so hard.” Well! Go with your hard heart to the Lord. He *can* melt it. He says, “Is anything too hard for the Lord?” Sometimes our cry is, “I shall fall.” Well, then, the prayer is ready for you: “Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe.” That prayer was put up hundreds of years ago, and it is just the very one that suits us now. Sometimes our cry is, “Lord, let me not be a stumblingblock to any; I have no power to keep myself, no might, no strength; Lord, do thou keep me.” What is the answer? “Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts;” and “he is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy.” Yes; not only able to keep you from falling, to preserve you in all your wanderings up and down this wilderness, but to present you *faultless*, clothed in his righteousness.

Faultless! Think of it! Dwell upon it! Christ not only your *Surety*, paying all your debts to law and justice, but Christ your *righteousness!* And his very name put upon you: “This is the name whereby *she*” (*she*, the church; *she*, the poor sinner) “shall be called, The Lord our righteousness.” Just like a woman taking the name of her husband; looked upon by God himself as spotless, as Christ is spotless: “Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee.”

Faultless! How unlike what we now are, and what we feel

ourselves to be, our tempers so unlike what we would have them; but all this will be done away when he shall present us before the presence of his glory. Then we shall be like him. No bad tempers then; no pride, no contentions then. No! We shall be *faultless!* Now we groan, "O wretched man that I am! When I would do good, evil is present with me;" "O when will this blessed word be fulfilled: 'We shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is?'" The dear children of God pant for this, and often look with longing eyes to that time when they shall have done with sin.

But *eternity!* That vast, that long eternity! Do they not shrink at the thought? Does it not bring gloom and terror to their minds? Yes, sometimes it does; for they are subject to bondage through the fear of death, and they think of it perhaps as an unseen, unknown world. But here is a word to comfort you, poor dear child of God. He is able not only to present you faultless, but with *exceeding joy.* Think of that! Not only joy, but *exceeding joy.* What language can be stronger—*exceeding joy?* No power of the enemy then, no tormenting devil suffered to come near you then, and no more pain; but joy unspeakable and full of glory. We cannot even imagine the blessedness. It is a faithful God who has promised it, and he will do it, and he shall have all the glory.

How often we think that God's dealings with us are not only dark but trying; but the "all-wise God" knows what is the very best for each of us. Each one has his cross; not all the same, but each has some cross to carry. In our right mind we shall submit, and say with Jude, "To the only wise God be dominion and power." At the last we shall see "he hath done all things well." O that he may rule and reign in our hearts more and more. If he has once taken possession of them, they are his—his for ever. The devil has no claim to us. The devil is not omnipotent. He is only a creature. He dared not enter even into the herd of swine without Christ's permission.

The weakest believer is standing sure in Christ, and shall win the day. He is our dear Lord and master, and his power will hold us up and keep us on. It is his covenant with his people, to keep them even unto the end, to water his vineyard, and to keep it night and day, that no enemy shall destroy it, and at last to present it a glorious church, without spot or wrinkle, at that great and glorious day.

O! Children of God! you are His! How much is contained in those words: "You are his jewels." If you had jewels, would you not take care of them, would you not guard them, and often look at them to see if they were safe? And you are his children. And does not the mother look after her babes; and if there were a fire, would not her first thought be the babe? Would she leave it to be consumed? O no! And would the husband leave his dear wife to perish? If there were danger would he forget her? O no! And you are the Lord's jewels; and he says, "They shall

be mine in that day when I make up my jewels." And you are his children; and he says, "Behold I and the children whom thou hast given me are for signs," &c., and he carries the lambs in his bosom. And this glorious Christ and Husband of the church says to her, "Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee;" and John in vision saw the new Jerusalem coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.

O yes! God looks upon his people as his own dear ones, as his jewels, as his darlings; and he will present them faultless, clothed in his righteousness; not only pardoned, but justified and completely perfect. O wonderful grace and love!

"And now unto him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen."

And may God bless these few words. Amen.

[We understand that when Mr. Brown reached home, and sat by the fire, he was quite overwhelmed with the sweetness of the subject. With tears in his eyes, he exclaimed, "O! It is wonderful! It seems too much to be true! I, who am so full of faults,—to think of being presented *without fault* and with *exceeding joy*,—*faultless* and with EXCEEDING JOY!" It was evident he felt the sweetness, the power, and the glory of the subject in a very remarkable way that night. And if our readers feel what we felt upon reading the sermon, they will not wonder at it.]

RICH, AND INCREASED WITH GOODS.

BY JOHN RUSK.

(Continued from page 96.)

"Because thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked."—REV. III. 17.

Again. He is called a *dwelling-place*: "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations" (Ps. xc. 1.); "a *hiding-place* from the storm;" "a *covert* from the tempest" (Isa. xxxii. 2); "a *tower*:" "The name of the Lord is a strong tower; the righteous runneth into it, and is safe;" "a *stronghold*:" "The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble; and he knoweth them that trust in him." So that to be feelingly safe we must trust in him as God, the House, the Rock, the Habitation, the Dwelling-place, the strong Tower, and the strong Hold. Here we may, as poor and needy sinners, trust our all.

4. A poor and needy person has no food to eat; but Christ Jesus is our *food*. Hence he says, "My flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed;" "He that eateth me, even he shall live by me;" "I am the bread of God that came down from heaven, to give life unto the world;" "I am the bread of life; he that eateth of this bread shall live for ever." There is a mystical feeding. A covetous man feeds upon much gain; a carnal heart that loves pleasure feeds upon it; a lascivious heart upon uncleanness; some feed on error, called the wind;

but a sensible sinner, one truly convinced of sin, can only feed on Christ crucified; and he is fed to the full when he comfortably believes that Jesus Christ magnified the law, and made it honourable *for him*, when he can comfortably believe that he bore his sins in his own body on the tree *for him*, when he comfortably believes that Satan, sin, death, the world, and the old man were all conquered and destroyed *for him* on the cross. This is sweet food indeed for such a soul; and nothing short of these things will fully satisfy him. "Christ our Passover was sacrificed for us," says Paul; "*for us*;" therefore let us keep the feast; and the perishing soul is heartily welcome here: "In this mountain shall the Lord of Hosts make unto all people (Jews and Gentiles) a feast of fat things," (Christ is the fatted calf)—"of fat things, full of marrow, of wines on the lees, well refined." "Thy love is better than wine," says the church to Christ, her Beloved; and it is on the lees,—pure, no adulteration, well refined. It has been tried to the uttermost.

But sometimes people at a feast love strong drink. Well, they shall have this, and strong meat, too, at this feast: "Give strong drink to them that are ready to perish, and strong meat to them of full age." And what is this but God's eternal election and choice of us in Christ Jesus from all eternity? This is a sweet and precious entertainment to the poor and needy soul that has long been in a perishing condition.

Sometimes he finds us himself: "I will find you, O poor of the flock." And sometimes we are fed by the under shepherds. Hence he tells Peter: "Feed my sheep, feed my lambs." This food only belongs to Zion and her poor: "I will abundantly bless her provision, and satisfy her poor with bread." So that we must be kept spiritually poor and needy to keep feeding upon Jesus Christ, and to have an abundance of this provision.

Sometimes this food is called *knowledge* and *understanding*: "I will send pastors after mine own heart, which shall feed you with knowledge and understanding." This *knowledge*, as Huntington has often told us, is *pardon*, *life*, and the *love of God*. 1. *Pardon*: "They shall all know me, from the least of them unto the greatest; for I will forgive their iniquity, and I will remember their sins no more." (Jer. xxxi. 34.) This food is in Christ Jesus; for "the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin." This is feeding us with knowledge. 2. This *knowledge* lies in *life*: "This is life eternal, to know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." Now Christ is our life. He is the resurrection and the life. This life is in the Son, and he that hath the Son hath life; and when faith lays fast hold of him, and the King is held in the galleries, we believe that we have everlasting life. This is sweet food. Thus, knowledge is pardon and life, and feeds our souls. Lastly, it is the *love of God*: "He that loveth is born of God and knows God." This is a real knowledge of God—pardon, life, and love. The objects of this love are, God,—Father, Son, and Spirit,—the scrip-

tures, and the saints; and when this love is in exercise, the soul is sweetly fed; but when it is not enjoyed, nothing else can fully satisfy; but there is an earnest cry at times in the heart for it; as the church in the Song prays: "Draw me; we will run after thee." It is love that enlarges the heart; and therefore David says: "I will run the way of thy commandments when thou shalt enlarge my heart." It is also the Father's love that draws us: "I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee." So that when the church prayed to be drawn, she prayed for this loving-kindness, and we are drawn to Jesus Christ; for he says: "No man can come unto me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him." So that, after all the Arminians have said about coming to Christ, none ever did, nor ever will, nor ever can come but the objects of God's choice, such as are loved with an everlasting love. The church also prays: "Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples; for I am sick of love." She loved the Saviour, but doubted of his love; and this is love-sickness; therefore she wished to have a promise applied to encourage her till he should give her the full enjoyment of his love; and after this he was pleased to grant it; and then she says: "My Beloved is mine, and I am his." (Song ii. 16.) This is the sweetest food, because it dethrones all idols, casts out all slavish fear, even the fear of death. "Love is strong as death. Many waters cannot quench love." But where will you find this love? Why, in Christ Jesus and nowhere else. "I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." (Rom. viii. 38, 39.)

But, again. We are to be fed with *understanding*. There may be a good deal of experience when there is but little understanding. It often staggers us to feel this inward warfare—flesh against Spirit continually; and for want of understanding the church in the Song was for running away and dropping her profession altogether; but they called her back, saying: "Return, return, O Shulamite! Return, return, that we may look upon thee." She answers: "What will ye see in the Shulamite?" (Surely, nothing of God can be in me; for I am a complete mass of corruption and contradiction. O, yes.) There is "a company of two armies," what Paul calls "the flesh lusting against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh;" and these things puzzled her after being in the banqueting house and enjoying her Beloved, to find the scene so changed—enmity, hardness of heart, unbelief, pride, stubbornness, a love to idols, &c. &c. I say till we get understanding respecting these two natures, which we only can by experiencing that corruption cannot destroy grace, I say these things will stagger us much. Understanding that nothing within can possibly destroy grace, this is sweet food.

Again. Another thing that staggers us much is the hatred of

the world. We wish to honour all men and do good to all. This grace for love worketh no ill to a neighbour; yet, do what we will, we find they hate us and cast us out as evil. Well, this puzzles us much; and we also find this hatred from them that profess the same truth. This is more puzzling still; but after all, when we get understanding we find that the world is to hate us; and so Christ says: "Marvel not if the world hate you." And our brethren also in the same profession: "Your brethren also that hated you for my name's sake said, Let God be glorified; but he shall appear to your joy, and they shall be ashamed." (Isa. lvi. 5.)

Now we learn in time that it must be so, and it does not stagger us so much.

Also, the trial of faith appears strange, that Satan should be let loose upon us. Texts of scripture cut into the heart, the law works wrath and bondage in us, God appears angry with us, sin appears to have dominion, and all our friends stand afar off. We cannot make these things out; but so it is, and much more; after being at a point and claiming God as our Father, now concluding it was all presumption, and expecting daily some judgment to overtake us. I say these things are perplexing; but when we get more understanding, we find we are in the footsteps of the flock, and it is sweet food when we are enabled to understand these things. I do not mean head knowledge only, but comparing our experience with God's word, and finding more understanding in divine truth.

Another puzzling thing to some is God's providence, to think he should say: "Take no thought for to-morrow;" "Be careful for nothing;" "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you;" and many more such-like texts. But the more we think we follow his commands, the worse in providence we get. Then we conclude that we are wrong and our faith presumption; for we know God must be true to his promise. But, alas! After all we find we are supplied, and that it is no new path. See Jacob, David, Habakkuk, Paul, and many more; and yet God is true, but not in our way. We need much humbling and to be brought very low. Moses, after much complaining, justifies God, and says: "Where is there a people or nation that hath a God so nigh unto them as the Lord our God is to us in all things that we call upon him for?" and yet at first he told God that he had not delivered his people at all. Jacob also suffered hard bondage for twenty years, and yet on his death-bed said, "The God that has fed me all my life long," &c. As we go on, there is more understanding given us. God gives us a spirit of revelation and understanding in the knowledge of Christ, and we find that he is heir of all things in this world and that which is to come.

Now Jesus Christ is this understanding. Hence he says: "I am wisdom; I am understanding."

But I have dwelt long on this head. Let us go to the fifth thing in spiritual poverty, and that is, Such have *no friends* that can do them any good. When Job, who was one of these poor ones, got in his trouble, he says, "To him that is afflicted, pity should be shown of his friends;" but, alas, they condemned him for a hypocrite. There was little or no pity then. And as to the world, there is no friendship there; for the friendship of the world is enmity with God, and he that is a friend of the world is an enemy to God. (James iv. 4.) Every one shall stand aloof; as the Psalmist says, "Yea, mine own familiar friend, in whom I trusted, which did eat of my bread, hath lifted up his heel against me" (Ps. xli. 9); "Lover and friend hast thou put far from me, and mine acquaintance into darkness." (lxxxviii. 18.) This is the state we are brought into; and for these two reasons: 1, To bring us off from confidence in the flesh ("Trust ye not in a friend," says Micah); and, 2, That we may fully prove that the Lord Jesus Christ is our truly faithful and only Friend, one who was a friend to us, and called us his friends when we were enemies to him: "I lay down my life for my friends." But Paul says, "Whilst we were yet sinners (enemies), Christ died for us." He is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother, though it is exceedingly hard to believe this in fiery trials. There must be a great deal of humbling and bringing down to prove this; and in course of time we find it out, when every other refuge fails, and none care for our souls. After we have been much tempted, felt our hope giving way, our experience appearing all wrong, God's children slighting us, God crossing us in providence, and we despairing of all hope or help from God, both in providence and in grace,—I say, when these things have gone on for a long time, and we are drawing the worst conclusions, then for Jesus to appear and revive the whole work, and bring us back to our former comforts,—O this is real friendship, and we then can say from the heart, "This is my Beloved, and this is my Friend, O ye daughters of Jerusalem." He is a Friend that loveth at all times.

But these in our text *knew not* that they were wretched (in their first-born state), miserable (under every curse of God's law), poor (over head and ears in debt to God, and nothing to pay him with). I say they knew it not; but were so blinded by the devil as to conclude they were rich.

IV. But we proceed to the next particular, which is, *blind*. I do believe that natural blindness, or to be blind literally, is one of the worst afflictions amongst men. O what a trying thing it must be, the loss of one's sight; but this is nothing when compared with spiritual blindness. If you ask where this blindness came from, I answer, from the devil himself. Take it from Paul: "If our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost, in whom the God of this world hath blinded the minds of them that believe not," &c. (2 Cor. iv. 3, 4.) In this state by the fall we all are. We come into the world so, and we grow up in this state.

We see not that we are sinners; we see not the spirituality of God's law; neither see we the need of a Saviour; and though these in our text were high in a profession of religion, yet they never saw those three things; for had that been the case, they had never talked at this rate. "But," say you, "do not many see these things who never felt them? Did not Judas, Saul, Cain, and others see they were sinners?" No. They saw they had *sinned*,—Judas in betraying innocent blood, Cain in killing Abel, and Saul in his cruel usage and hatred of David; but they never saw their own *hearts*,—only a wrong *action* or so in their lives. They were still blind. Neither do such people see the spirituality of God's law, but only view it as reaching to outward actions, as Paul did when he said, "Touching the righteousness of the law (I was) blameless." Hence you read of them that never saw their own hearts. They are a "nation that are pure in their own eyes;" and those that never saw the spirituality of God's law say, "I am holier than thou." "Neither," says the pharisee, "am I like this publican." Nor do such see the need of a Saviour; for "the whole need not a physician, but they that are sick."

Now, before we can see things as they really are, we must be illumined from above; and this true light only comes to God's elect; and it comes in consequence of God's eternal choice of them in Christ Jesus. A man may have much light and knowledge in the Scriptures, and, as Paul says, "understand all mysteries," and yet not have this true light, but be still blind.

But God is pleased to open his people's eyes; "and," say you, "what do they see?" I answer, they see four things that are essential to salvation:

1. They see that from the sole of the foot to the crown of the head they are full of wounds, bruises, and putrefying sores; that they were conceived in sin and shapen in iniquity; that they are without righteousness, except rags ("All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags"); they know that all human righteousness is a bed too short and a covering too narrow; that all their former boasted religion is sin, and the worst of sin; that all their days they have served divers lusts and pleasures, and that if they are not born again they never can enter the kingdom of God, for they know that without holiness no man shall see the Lord; they see the evil workings, evil intents, and abominations of their own hearts, and they know that God knows it too, and it terrifies them, for they expect some judgment continually to come on them for their thoughts; they know that out of their hearts "proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, and blasphemies,"—that these defile them, and that nothing can possibly enter the heavenly Jerusalem that defileth; they know that "the thought of foolishness is sin;" that "every imagination of their hearts is evil, only evil, and that continually;" and the more they read, hear, or converse, the deeper discoveries they get into their fallen state, till their life is

a sore burden to them, and they would be glad if it were possible to be annihilated, or that they were beasts, rather than be accountable to a holy and just God. This has been my experience again and again, and will be of all such, more or less, when the true light shines. Under these discoveries David says, "O that I had wings like a dove! I would hasten my escape from this windy storm and tempest." And Job chose strangling and death rather than life, Isaiah declares he was undone, and all Daniel's comeliness turned into corruption.

2. We see that God's law is spiritual. We know that it commands love to God in the highest heavens, as a just, holy, righteous, and sin-avenging God; and the more we discover this, the more is our carnal mind stirred up, which is enmity against him; nor can we view him in any other way than as a cruel, hard master who wants impossibilities, in that we think we do all we can to please him, and he, according to our views, does all he can to cross us; and the language of our corrupt heart is, "Reaping where thou hast not sowed, and gathering where thou hast not strewed," &c.; and we go on labouring against wind and tide till we are worn out, filled with bondage, terror, slavish fear, hardness of heart, pride, stubbornness, and unbelief; an accusing conscience calling for more work to satisfy it, Satan accusing us for everything we do, the world accusing and condemning, and threatenings from Scripture running through the mind and sinking our hope all the day long. We can feel the sting of death; and though we feel it, still are always slipping into some sin or another, in thought, word, or deed. This opens the wounds more and more, and despair makes great head against us. We feel we are in prison, shut up under the law, and expect to die in the pit. We know if we die in our sins (which we feel we are in), where Christ is we cannot come, for the Scriptures cannot be broken. These things and much more I have felt, and so do all the elect of God; and it is the true light that shows us God's holy law and its unlimited demand. Moreover, this law requires that we love our neighbour as ourselves, and we clearly see that we do not, but still we try in the eyes of men to appear better, by labouring at our dead works in order to quiet conscience. I say we cannot bear to appear before them as we know we really are; and this screws us up into heavy bondage, and the law holds us fast, saying, "Pay me that thou owest." Now we are hateful and hating one another, and all our pretension is only a fair show in the flesh, labouring to please conscience, and to appear better than others. But God's word says, "Woe to them that cover with a covering, but not of my Spirit, that they may add sin to sin." "Their webs shall not become garments unto them, nor shall they cover themselves with their works." Now the true light discovers these things and much more; but those in our text were blind.

3. We discover the true state of the whole world. We can see the sandy foundation of ourselves and all that are out of Christ,

professor or profane. We can see that unless we are purged from all sin in his blood, clothed in his righteousness, and regenerated by his Spirit by a spiritual or second birth, we shall be damned, and so will every soul in the world; and after these things we cry and groan continually, and nothing else will satisfy us. Now and then we get a little hope; but soon sink again, and we go up and down for years; and the more light we get in Scripture the more cutting are our convictions. We are afraid we shall die in the pit (of horror and corruption), and our bread fail. We can see the safety of God's elect, but seldom can believe that ever ye belong to that family. Such are lost in their own eyes.

4. We at length are brought to see Jesus Christ as our all-sufficient Saviour; and this is seeing the King in his beauty; and when this is the case, away go all condemnation, bondage, wrath, terror, slavish fear of death, and dread of damnation; and this is entering in (while under all this exercise), and when the storm is over we may be said to have entered in at the strait gate, and I will tell you how you will know that you have got in: 1, By *faith* you will believe that Christ died for you without a doubt, and feel a witness in your conscience; for he that believes hath the witness in himself. Hence you read of being shut up in unbelief, and of God's opening a door of faith. 2, Another door or gate is *hope*. You read of a door of hope, and we are "saved by hope;" and when this abounds we rejoice in hope of the glory of God. 3, Another gate is called *righteousness*: "Open to me the gates of righteousness; I will go into them." You will feel peace, quietness, assurance, and joy; and this will fill you with gratitude, love, and thankfulness. 4, Another gate is *truth*: "Open the gates, that the righteous nation that keep the truth may enter in;" and this you will know by the liberty of soul you will feel: "You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free; and if the Son make you free, you will be free indeed." Lastly, you read of the *gate praise*: "Thou shalt call thy walls salvation, and thy gates praise." Now, if you and I have ever been thus labouring and toiling to get in at the strait gate, and at a length of time have come to the happy enjoyment of faith, hope, righteousness, truth making us free, a tribute of praise has gone up to God for such unexpected mercies. We have got in at the strait gate, and left the straits behind; and being once in we never can be lost, though we shall have straits and difficulties all our journey there; for "it is through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom." I have entered these gates years ago; and though I have been sorely tried on all hands, yet to this day I find that none of these blessings can be lost, for "the gifts and calling of God are without repentance;" and "having loved his own that were in the world, he loved them to the end." But those in our text were stone blind. They never saw they were sinners, they never saw the spirituality of God's law, they never saw the state of the world as John did

when he said, "The whole world lieth in wickedness;" they never saw Jesus, the gate of life, faith, hope, righteousness, truth, and praise. Thus they were rich, and increased with goods, and knew not that they were wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked.

(To be concluded in our next.)

LINES OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF
GOSPEL MINISTERS.

LORD, thou art gathering shepherds from below,
And flocks are left, in this bleak wilderness.
To thy grand sov'reignty we humbly bow.
O look, dear Lord, and pity our distress.

Lord of the harvest, O send labourers forth,
To gather saints to Zion's precious fold.
Call to the East, the West, the South, the North,
For men thy Holy Spirit shall make bold.

Lord, qualify! for labourers are few;
The flocks begin to wander off the road.
If Israel sin, Lord, let not Judah do,
Nor play the harlot's part against his God.

Send men, O Lord, who will contend the faith,
And meet the enemy on Dagon's ground,—
Men who have enter'd rightly Zion's path,
In faith, in doctrine, and in practice sound.

Men, Lord, who will not bow in Dura's plain,
Nor kiss the calf, nor fear the heated fire;
But face Goliath, or the lion's den.
O kindle in such hearts a pure desire.

May they desire thy honours to restore;
Men who will fight in courses, like the stars;
E'en mighty men of valour, to adore,
And help the Lord, in his all glorious wars. (Judg. v. 23.)

To carry back the ark where once it stood,
Continue fighting, though killed all day long;
Purging old leaven out by doctrines good,
While Dagon falls before the Gospel song.

Fill heavenly-minded men with grace to preach,
To wield the Spirit's sharp two-edged sword.
O give the learned tongue that it may teach.
Lay sinners low, and high exalt the Lord.

Moss Cottage.

A. B. TAYLOR.

DEAD works, or works of death, will abide in the conscience, notwithstanding all talk and notions of mercy, until the conscience be purged with blood applied thereto by the Spirit and faith.—*Bunyan*.

ISA. L. 10, 11.—The whole Scripture doth nothing but separate between light and darkness, between the children of the kingdom and the children of hell; and so must the true handling and application of it sever the precious from the vile. We must manifest it to be the fan in the hand of Christ, severing the chaff from the wheat; and this is as a wise steward, to give every man his portion.—*Dr. Taylor*, 1663.

LETTER BY MR. PHILPOT.

[The following letter is inserted at the request of Mrs. Ishell, the only surviving sister of the late Mr. Philpot, to whom it was written, and who has been on a bed of affliction for many months.]

My dear Fanny,—I am sorry to learn that you are so depressed, both in body and mind; but the two are probably much connected with each other, and, therefore, I trust that as you obtain some relief from your present indisposition, you may find some corresponding change for the better in your mind and spirits.

But you have lived long enough in this vale of tears, and have also learnt in soul-experience that it is through much tribulation we enter the kingdom of God, that trials and troubles do not come upon you without the gracious permission, and are under the wise regulation of the Lord. And it is your mercy that in times past, even if not now, you have found him a very present help in time of trouble, and that he can by his presence and his power support the soul under the heaviest load. Now it is a most blessed truth, whether you can lay hold of it or not so as to feel the comfort of it, that those whom the Lord loveth he loveth unto the end, and that neither life, nor death, nor any other creature, is able to separate that soul from the love of God which is in Jesus Christ our Lord. I hope, therefore, that, amidst all your depression of spirits and darkness of mind, you may be able to hold fast by the faithfulness of God. He has in times past given you many sweet promises, manifestly answered your prayers, been with you in providence, and blessed you in grace. Now, therefore, when you are come to those days of which the wise man says that "the grasshopper is a burden," I hope the Lord may appear for and shine into your soul. It is an infinite and unspeakable mercy that the work of our gracious Lord is a finished work, that he has put away sin by the sacrifice of himself, that our salvation is not a work for us to perform, but that those who are saved are saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation. And you will find that the more you are enabled to believe and realize this, and can look to and hang upon the Lord and the Lord alone for salvation and every other blessing, the more peace of conscience you will feel, be more reconciled to the will of God, and have more submission to all that he may see fit to lay upon you.

Our time in this life cannot now be long; we have outlived the rest of our family; and whichever of us is next taken away the survivor will be the last. As regards this life, there is not much in it to make us desirous to live; and yet there is a natural shrinking from death, and even a fear how it may be with us in that solemn hour. But all we can do is to cast ourselves upon the rich mercy, the free sovereign and super-abounding grace of God, and to look to the Lord to be with us in his blessed presence, that we may fear no evil when called to pass through the dark valley of the shadow of death. * * *

I have no doubt that you will much feel the loss of Captain and Mrs. S.; and much pleased indeed I am with the account that my daughter — gives of Captain S.'s great kindness and attention to you. But it seems as if it were the Lord's will to cut in some way or other every tie which binds you to earth. You have lost your husband, the free use of your bodily faculties, the society of many affectionate friends, the benefit of a gospel ministry, and many privileges once enjoyed; but you have not lost your God. And if all these painful bereavements make you cleave all the more closely to the Lord of life and glory, so as to find all your happiness, rest, peace, strength, help, and hope in him, you will find a blessing couched in all these losses and sufferings.

I do not often write to you, but I do not the less feel and pray for you, desiring of the Lord that he would bless your soul with his presence and promises, and grant you faith and patience even to the end.

We are very glad to have dear — back, and indeed I greatly missed her, not only on account of her usefulness in writing, but her affectionate attentions.

I am, through mercy, pretty well, but keep much to the house, except on the Lord's day, when, if the weather is tolerable, I get to the chapel.

We are all, through mercy, pretty well, and unite in love to yourself and our dear relatives.

Your most affectionate Brother,

J. C. PHILPOT.

6, Sydenham Road, Croydon, Nov. 25, 1869.

LETTER BY MR. TIPTAFT.

Dear Friend,—Your kind letter was duly received, bringing "good tidings." I am glad to receive such blessed testimonies of the Lord's loving-kindness; for it confirms those who have been favoured in a similar manner that the hearts of others are filled with gratitude, when the Lord appears for them, and sets their souls at liberty. You have known adversity before prosperity. "I will rejoice in thy mercy, for thou hast considered my trouble. Thou hast known my soul in adversities; thou hast not shut me up into the hand of the enemy; thou hast set my feet in a large room."

When the Lord delivered my soul, thirteen years ago this month, how precious was Christ to my soul! The promises came with sweetness and power, as if they were all mine, and more than I could receive. They were to me like a full breast to a fasted suckling. Those who long for a deliverance are brought to value such a wonderful mercy and favour above all that the world calls good or great. After I was blest, how I desired that those I knew who were in bondage might have their souls delivered; and I could understand different parts of

Scripture, hymns, and accounts of the enjoyments of those whose experiences had been published, in a way I never could before; and I could tell that others were not in my state who had not known these secrets. I did not want to be robbed; so I did not like to go into a shop to buy a common article. Those in much sorrow of soul, or in much enjoyment of soul, are not much fit for this world; but not many are mourning as sinners, or rejoicing as knowing themselves to be sinners saved by grace.

I have been tried about my blessing at times very much, whether it was real; and oftentimes, as Hart says, it has encouraged me that if it were not a revelation it was a revolution; for it caused a great change in my soul. It was a feast of fat things. My cup ran over, and I shed many tears of joy. I had a new song put into my mouth; so I could bless and praise God. How precious was Ps. cxvi. to me, and many of Hart's hymns, particularly:

"How high a priv'lege 'tis to know," &c.

"That special grant of heaven" I never understood till then.

Your bondage was both long and severe; so you can but rejoice now the jubilee time is come. Some will envy you, and some will be jealous; if others in their bonds are led to pray more earnestly for liberty, they will reap a benefit from your deliverance. You can never prize it too highly, nor can you ever speak too highly of the blessed Deliverer. If you had a thousand crowns, you would put them on his head, and if you had a thousand tongues, you would be glad to sing his praises with every one. It is a comfort for you to have a father to talk over these blessed realities with. His heart will be glad. "This, my son, was dead, and is alive again; was lost, and is found."

I have not been near your place for a long time. The last time I was at Gosport was in the autumn of 1842. I do not know that I shall be your way for the present.

Give my love to your father and any inquiring friends. May the Lord be with you, to bless and keep you, and may you still be favoured with the Lord's presence.

Yours in the Truth,

Abingdon, Jan. 8, 1856.

WM. TIPTAFT.

God doth not willingly afflict any of his children. They always stand in absolute need, at that *very* time, of that very affliction he sends. It could not be laid aside, nor delayed longer, nor altered for another, without hurt to their souls.—*T. Charles.*

LATELY the enemy has been permitted to attack me in every quarter—good name, worldly honour, worldly interest, all at stake. But, blessed be the Lord, I cheerfully and willingly part with them all, and choose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. Welcome reproaches, if my faith be but strong in God's promise, and if the sky be clear to see the promised inheritance. Eternal weight of glory is enough to outweigh all sufferings here below.—*C. Dean.*

FRUITS AND EFFECTS.

Dear Friend,—Grace, mercy, and peace be with you, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

I received your kind epistle, and am glad to find that the Lord has given us one heart and one way, and called us to walk in one path, even that of tribulation; for there is no way that will end in glory but that; and though we are called to fight daily, and to endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ, to pass through the fire and through the water, to have the bread of adversity and the water of affliction, yet, strange to tell, there is no real peace to be found in any other way, as the dear Redeemer says, "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but in me ye shall have peace." And this proves the words of Solomon to be true: "In much wisdom is much grief, and he that increaseth in knowledge increaseth in sorrow," for the excellence of wisdom is that it giveth life to them that have it. And when the Lord is pleased to quicken a poor sinner by his word and Spirit, then he lives, as Christ hath said, "The day is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live." "The letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life." "Blessed are your eyes, for they see, and your ears, for they hear." It is the Lord that giveth the hearing ear and the understanding heart; and when these are given, and the incorruptible seed, the word of life, is received, it will manifest itself by the effects, which are as follow:

1. A deep sight and sense of the filthiness of our nature, as was the case of the woman of Samaria. "Come, see a man," said she, "that told me all things that ever I did. Is not this the Christ?" And with the prophet: "From the sole of the foot even unto the head, there is no soundness, but wounds, bruises, and putrefying sores. The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint." And under a feeling sense of this sickness, the poor sinner mourns. And Christ says, "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

2. Another thing will be the fear of God, which is the beginning of wisdom, and a fountain of life to depart from the snares of death; and when this blessed fountain springs, it causes tenderness of conscience and a trembling at the word of God. And to this man will God look, and with him dwell, that is of a broken and a contrite spirit, and that trembles at his word. This causes him to depart from evil, to forsake the foolish and live, and go in the way of understanding.

3. Another sure mark of life will be a hunger and thirst after spiritual food. When God is pleased to send a famine in the land, nothing will satisfy but the best robe and the fatted calf, though he may for a season join himself to a citizen of this country; I mean one that has got the truth in the head, and is destitute of Christ in the heart; yet such a one will never

be able to deal out bread to the hungry, or satisfy the afflicted soul. When hunger is sorely felt within, we begin to cry out as the prodigal son, "There is bread enough in my father's house, and to spare, and I perish with hunger." And being blessed with divine life, in the soul, this moves him to cry. "Hungry and thirsty, their souls fainted within them. Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he delivered them out of their distresses; and he led them forth by a right way, that they might go to a city of habitation. O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!" "I will arise," said the prodigal, "and go to my Father." But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran and fell on his neck, and kissed him. It is this blessed kiss, my dear friend, or a sense of the Lord's goodness meeting with our vileness, that brings the sinner down at the feet of the Saviour, with self-loathing, and self-abasement; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted. And what shall be done to the man whom the king delighteth to honour? Why, bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; which is the blessed righteousness of Christ; and the effect of this will be peace with God. "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

4. In the next place, kill the fatted calf; or let the poor sinner have a believing view of Christ Jesus, and him crucified; this is blessed food for the hungry soul.

5. In the next place, put a ring on his hand, which is a sense of God's everlasting love, shed abroad in the heart. Then "Eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved." This is sucking at the breast of Zion's consolations, and being delighted with the abundance of his glory. But this is not to last for ever; there must come a weaning-time; as the prophet says, "Whom shall he teach knowledge, and whom shall he make to understand doctrine? Them that are weaned from the milk, and drawn from the breast." And, in getting this knowledge, there will be much sorrow, as the wise man says, "He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow."

But you will be ready to say, "What is this knowledge, and how is it found?" I answer, you have read of Christ Jesus being a Brother born for adversity, and a Friend that loveth at all times; and a true knowledge of him as such will never be known, but as we are brought to experience the day of adversity. It is no hard thing for us to believe that he hath a love to us when we enjoy the light of his countenance, to have communion and fellowship with him, our mind and meditation heavenly, every thought brought into captivity to the obedience of Christ, when our affections are set above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God. Then it is that wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. Then it is that we can run with cheerfulness the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, who is the Author and Finisher of our

faith. But when the Lord hides his face, and trouble comes on, a sense of darkness that may be felt, wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth, and the devil, like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour, cometh in like a flood, with all his vile temptations; when deadness of soul and backwardness to prayer, the providence of God going apparently contrary to his promise, then to believe that his love is the same, that he is a never-changing Friend, a Brother born for adversity, and one that loveth at all times;

“This, this is a faith will conquer death,
And overcome the devil.”

It is here, my dear friend, that we get knowledge by painful experience,—knowledge of ourselves, as the chief of sinners, and knowledge of him, as a covenant God and Father in Christ Jesus; and it is not good for the soul to be without this knowledge.

Much more might be said of this blessed knowledge, but I hope before long, if the Lord will, to see you face to face. I purpose coming to Chichester the latter end of this month, or the beginning of May, if it is convenient to you; if not, I hope you will let me know as soon as you can. I should have written to you before now, but my wife and child have been very ill. Through mercy, they are much better now.

I hope you will tell Mr. G., when you see him, that it is not for the want of affection that I have not answered his letter before now, but from feeling my own inability and natural backwardness to write, and sometimes for the want of time, as I have been constrained to turn nurse of late.

I have one thing to tell you, which I have no doubt you will be glad to hear, that there seemeth to be a sweet union taking place amongst the Brighton friends. I have lately had some sweet conversation with Mrs. —, and I find her a very different woman to what I expected. I believe that the Lord has done great things for her, since the death of Mr. —; he has humbled and brought her to sit at his feet, as poor Mary of old, washing them with her tears, and wiping them with the hair of her head.

Yours in the best of Bonds,

Lewes, April 2, 1813.

J. VINALL.

GOOD IN OUR LATTER END.

My dear Friend and Brother in the Lord,—I received your kind letter, and am sorry to find you are yet a prisoner. But though I say I am sorry, I know the infinitely wise and gracious God, in whose hands you are, cannot err, nor be unkind. He corrects us or chastens us for our profit, that we might be partakers of his holiness. He has the end in view from the beginning, and with consummate wisdom and prudence he steadily pursues it, which is, to do us good in our latter end. He holds us up, and gives us strength as our day, but none to boast of, to

make us vain. He strengthens us with sufficient might, according to his glorious power, unto all long-suffering and patience. Mercy enters and mixes with all our bitters, and makes them palatable; for no state is so bad but faith sees it, and says, "How much worse it might be, and how much more my sins deserve! What a mercy I am not in hopeless despair! And what are my sorrows to those of the 'Man of Sorrows,' and my griefs to the grief of his holy soul, who bore all the griefs of his people, and carried all their sorrows; and through sufferings was made perfect, that he might become the Author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey him." He teaches us obedience in the same way he learned it, by the things which he suffered, and we have fellowship with him therein, in our measure, and are brought by them to remember him, think upon him, feel a union with him, desire to hear of him, speak of him, commune with him, delight in him, and obey him. His yoke sits easy, and his burden is light, when we thus learn of him; and we are strengthened to endure, learn patience in suffering, and rejoice sometimes in tribulation, believing that in faithfulness and love he hath afflicted us, for our profit; and when he hath tried us, we shall come forth as gold. We learn and prove his love to us in the fire, and are surprised to find him with us, when we had feared he had forsaken us, and that we are remembered by him, though we feared he had forgotten us.

"I am with thee, Israel,
Passing through the fire."

"O Israel, thou shalt not be forgotten of me." That God, who limited the duration of Israel's captivity, has limited our sorrows and afflictions, and says, "I know the thoughts that I think towards you, saith the Lord, thoughts of peace, and not of evil, to give you an expected end."

"A time he has set to heal up your woes,
A season most fit his love to disclose;
And till he is ready to show his good will,
Be patient and steady, and wait on him still."

My Christian love to the friends. Grace and peace be with them and you, and the Lord's blessing on your affliction and trial.

Nov. 13, 1869.

C. MOUNTFORT.

LETTERS TO MR. PHILPOT.

My dear Brother in Christ,—After long consideration, I have determined to write to you, although personally unknown to you; and my object is this: In the summer of 1858, in August, I believe, I with four others rode to Abingdon, a distance of 12 miles, to hear you preach. Your text was Jno. xv. 1, 2: "I am the true vine," &c. Now I trust I shall be pardoned if I say that I have never forgotten that sermon, although it is 11 years since,—how you described the vine and the disease it was subject to; the

pruning it required to make it bear fruit; and afterwards how you described the several ways in which the Lord of the vineyard used the pruning-knife with regard to his people, showing that some young and tender plants had to be supported and dealt with carefully, while the older vines had to be stripped of everything that was not in itself fruit-bearing, so that that which did bear fruit should bear it more abundantly.

But I cannot now enter into all the different parts of that sermon; suffice it to say that that sermon was blest to my soul. It was the only one I ever had the opportunity of hearing you preach; and although it is now 11 years since, I fancy I can see and hear you now, and especially since lately I have sent for and received the "Gospel Standard" for this year, which in reading has brought many things to my mind, especially your Address to Spiritual Readers, in the January No., where you describe the dealings of God with his children, in bringing them out of that cold, careless, and indifferent state into which they had been for years gradually drawn. And, my dear brother, I do assure you that the Lord has made me feel the pruning-knife very keenly, by sudden reverses of his providence; for, through depreciation of property and other things unforeseen, I have lost quite £200, which we had saved by industry and economy; and at the time this occurred I can tell you that for months it was a matter of grief and astonishment to me and my dear partner to think the Lord had dealt with us so hard and mysteriously. But the mystery or problem as we term it has lately been dissolved, and we have been enabled to see the cause thereof. First, for the first two years after we had been in this country, we scarcely saw either chapel or church, much less entered one, although we were both members of a Baptist church before we left England in 1859; and the consequence was that we grew careless and indifferent about our souls, and the souls of our children; and I regret to say that we set our minds more on saving and accumulating property than we did upon anything else; and though we joined the Baptist church here since we have been residing in this town, so thoroughly had we imbibed the spirit of the world that it almost seemed impossible to give it up and set our affections on things above. I humbly trust, however, that, by this dispensation of God's providence, we have learned a lesson not soon to be forgotten; and should my life be spared (by the help and grace of God), I hope to devote my poor efforts for the promotion of his honour and glory the remainder of my days; also visiting the sick and ministering to their necessities, both spiritual and temporal, so far as my limited means will allow; and should these means be blessed to one poor but seeking soul, the praise be unto God.

In conclusion, I firmly believe that the Spirit of the blessed God moved me to write to you, as I never could have come to the conclusion I have come to had I not read over and over your Address to Spiritual Readers, as it has been the means in God's

hands of leading me to see my folly in bygone days, which I trust I may never see again. Several times of late I have been prompted to write to you; but Satan has repeatedly told me that I was a hypocrite, and wrote things that I did not experience, and that if I did you would not acknowledge nor receive it from such a creature as I; but my conscience forced me to write, and what I have written I am not ashamed of; and I trust you will receive it in the spirit of the gospel.

With Christian love, I remain, Yours in Christ,
Graham's Town, Cape of Good Hope, Oct. 28, 1869. H. W.

Dearly-beloved Friend,—I have long felt desirous of writing; but almost ever since we met at Gower Street I have been fully occupied, either at home or travelling, and attempting to speak in the Lord's great name.

I was sorry to find you had not been able to fulfil all your engagements, but hope you will long be spared and enabled to use the pen; for truly it has been a great blessing, and the "Standard" has been, during the year that is now fast passing away, from its first piece—I mean the Address—very good indeed; and there have been weighty words, solicitous and unctuous truths, found in its pages; and many, I know, have been blessed.

I was at Bedworth this week, and had a cup of tea with Mrs. C., and we were talking over the "Meditations" in this month's No., and she spake of how they had met her case; and she also told out a little of the past, and went back many years to a remarkable manifestation of the Lord to her soul in a season of deep trial; and she went on to relate that, when Mr. Philpot was at Leicester, she went to hear him, and how he took the same words that had been so blessed to her soul, and blessedly he was led to enter into her path and trace out both her exercises and her deliverance. She said it was such a confirmation to her soul, as it was a subject she had never spoken of to any one; and when you got up and read your text, she said she never could forget her feelings. The text was Rom. viii. 33, &c. She further said she often felt she should like to have told you about it, but she never could; and so I have given you a little of it.

And now, just to come back to the "Standard" again, we shall soon be expecting another New Year's Address. Many will be anxious to see it, and I trust, through the Lord's blessing, it will be one in all points equal to the last,—clear, sound, loving, honest, faithful, affectionate, and also encouraging; for truly the living family of God have much to cast them down. We do not want you to lower the "Standard." No, no. Hoist it; and while, as it is unfurled, we behold everlasting love, redemption through blood, and salvation by free and sovereign grace, let the inscription be plain and legible: "Holiness to the Lord!" For if his people are to be filled, and to drink of the

river of his pleasure, surely the pleasures must be holy, and the effects of that river must be cleansing as well as healing; and spiritually there is no healing without cleansing; and yet in my inmost soul, at times, I never had a deeper discovery of the fearfully awful depth of sin in my fallen nature. I tremble at myself, and am afraid of myself; and had I not that blood to plead, O what, at times, should I do?

Pardon me for running on thus; but really I could not help it. I believe it was love that prompted me.

And now I will try and say a word or two about the Lord's goodness to us as a few poor people. In Oct., 1868, a clergyman's widow came to live at Coventry, and cast in her lot with us. She found us struggling with difficulties, but contending for truth. We had about £160 or £170 to pay of the £300 mortgage on our chapel, and she kindly helped us to more than £100 of this sum. My dear friends, Mrs. P. and Miss M., have also kindly lent us a little aid; and we fully believe that, by the close of the year, our chapel will be free, and that we shall start, if we live to see 1870, quite out of debt. It will be 12 years on Dec. 25th since our dear brother Kershaw first sounded the gospel in the place, and 29 years on that day since I first heard you speak in Leicester that you should earnestly contend for the faith.

Truly I can say with David, "Let the whole earth be filled with his glory."

Coventry, Nov. 26, 1869.

A BRUISED REED.

TERRORS NOT AN EVIDENCE OF LIFE.

I received your affectionate and savoury letter, and was forcibly struck with the last lines. You say it is in contemplation to remove you to Tunbridge Wells for the benefit of the waters. From the information I have had, I thought you were too weak to be moved the distance of a mile; how you can travel nearly 50 miles I cannot understand. Are you recovering your bodily health? for of this I have harboured no thoughts. Nay (admitting it is the case), in some of my thoughts I am at a stand. The good will of the Lord be done.

I am not acquainted with the efficacy of mineral waters (which is the nature of the Wells waters). No doubt it may be had nearer to you. It will surprise me if you take such a journey without injury; still more if you abide there without it. However, if you are so able, I must leave what is to me mysterious, profess myself in the dark, and that my thoughts are crossed. Yet, whether life or death, I know the Lord doth all things well, and believe they will ultimately work well for you. I pray the good Lord to guide in that which shall be most for your soul's prosperity.

It seems, although kept to maintain your confidence in the

Lord, to cleave to and joy in him as your God, yet the enemy is lurking about, watching an opportunity, if possible, to get in his food for unbelief by such suggestions: "You have not passed under the deep terrors of the law; all is not right at the bottom." And some there are, who have been led into these depths, too prone to conclude unfavourably of those who have not. Terrors are not the criterion whereby to find out the child of God. Many have great terror, as Cain, Judas, Saul, and others, who have no life. The wicked in destruction have the terrors of the Lord to purpose; but they are not the children of God. Many, many professors have passed under great terrors, which is all the experience they ever had. "Terrors shall take hold on the wicked, and a tempest shall steal him away." I believe many hypocrites rise up in this way, by passing under terror and soul-distress, which they get rid of in one way or another. In some they wear off, and leave them no more alive to God than they were before. They came, but have produced the fruit of presumption and self-consequence. These ground their profession on their terrors, for they have no evidence of life or real interest and faith in Christ to ground it on. Others pass through great terrors for awhile; then get deliverance by a false hope; which is all the experience they ever attain unto. When they speak of themselves, it is of their terror and their deliverance; and if they live forty years longer, they get nothing else. Self-pity, pride, and worldly-mindedness were predominant through all their terrors; so also self-pity, pride, and worldly-mindedness were predominant through their liberty. Persons and things must bow to encourage them in, and prove what they have experienced to be a work of grace, or they will be rejected by them as legal and presumptuous. They are not open to conviction, willing that their experience should be brought to the test of God's word; but the word and preaching must be brought to the test of their experience; and all that will not feed and indulge that is rejected. Thus the great idol Self is set up and worshipped. But terrors are no proof of being a child of God, though I know many, yea, most have to pass deeply through them; and I am led much in my ministry to encourage souls under them, to treat of their experience under a law-work. Indeed, all the children of God do have a law-work, but not all in the same degree. And I think I have in a former letter sufficiently shown you that you have such a work on your soul; yet would not have you look at that work, whether little or much, for encouragement,—I mean principally to conclude from thence of the goodness of your state, though encouragement may be derived from it: "Remembering my affliction and misery, the wormwood, and the gall. This I call to mind; therefore have I hope." Look more for the life of God, which feeleth the true law-work, whether little or much. It is much sweeter and clearer to be brought to the evidences of faith in Christ than faith in Moses (the law). If you believe in Christ in truth,

you are ordained to life: "For as many as were ordained to eternal life believed." No others can believe: "Ye believe not, because ye are not of my sheep."

Now, faith in Christ is a self-emptying grace, leads to self-denial, tends to self-abasement, brings a deep sense of unworthiness of what we enjoy, and, when let into the presence of Christ, it works by love, by the love of God in Christ to us: "We have believed the love which God hath toward us." This kindles love to God: "We love him because he first loved us." Nor can we love him, if he doth not love us; for he saith, "I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me." Where there is true love, it is a love of desire, which gives the preference to Christ revealed: "Thou art all my desire." And when any of his presence is found, or goodness enjoyed, it is a love of complacency and delight: "Then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord;" "I sat down under his shadow with great delight;" "Love is of God." Therefore they that love are of God: "Whosoever loveth is born of God." You cannot love his image in his people, and not be one of his people: "He that loveth his brother is passed from death unto life." You cannot breathe after spiritual things, unless born of the Spirit: "For they that are after the flesh" (in the flesh, unregenerate) "do mind" (the bent of their mind is after) "the things of the flesh; but they that are after the Spirit" (born of the Spirit, born after the Spirit) "do mind" (choose, desire, crave in the mind) "the things of the Spirit"—the graces of the Spirit, more light, life, love, joy in God. All are with him—faith, hope, meekness, repentance, and all spiritual blessings, as the fruits of redemption; yea, all the things of Christ; for "the Spirit shall not speak of himself." "He shall take of mine, and show it unto you." So that the things of Christ are the things of the Spirit—justifying righteousness, pardon, reconciliation to God, liberty of soul, and all that tendeth thereunto: "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty."

Now, I know, Mary, you have tasted enough, as your letter abundantly proves, to come positively to this conclusion, that you are after the things of the Spirit. Then positively you may say, whether you have felt terrors little or much, you are surely born of the Spirit. You do well to leave all that is behind, and keep looking to that which is before, even to Jesus, who saith, "Look unto me, and be ye saved." Look to Moses, and he will strike you; look to yourself, and you are seeking the living among the dead; for "we have the sentence of death in ourselves that we should not trust in ourselves." But when we are enabled to look to Christ, all is well. So you do quite right in cleaving to Christ in his precious promises.

I am glad to hear your sister is still hungering, and that she now and then gets a morsel. The more she tastes of spiritual things, the more will her appetite be recruited. My preaching might have been but little benefit to her, for I was led in a miser-

able strain while at D., perhaps to meet the case of some miserable ones.

Remember me affectionately to Thomas and Elizabeth. Do nothing in haste touching moving.

May 8 [no year].

Yours affectionately,
D. FENNER.

Obituary.

CHARLOTTE CHURCHER.—On Sept. 30th, 1869, at Bromley, Kent, in her 72nd year, Mrs. Charlotte Churcher.

My late wife was born at Chiddingstone, Kent. As early as the 16th year of her life, she began to feel a consciousness of right and wrong, and possessed a predominant desire to seek after the salvation of her immortal soul; and when an opportunity offered, went to hear a minister in the neighbourhood of Mayfield, by the name of Branscomb. On paying a visit to her mother, who appears to have been one of the dear children of God, she was much blessed under the occasional preaching of that late useful servant of God, W. Huntington. She told her how she appreciated the privilege of hearing the truth. Her mother, as if to try her, said, "I do not suppose you care anything about it;" but her answer so far convinced her to the contrary that she gave her this word of encouragement: "They that seek the Lord will find him." I do not know that she ever saw her mother again after this interview, as her mother soon afterwards changed worlds.

I think it was in the 20th year of her age that she came to reside at Bromley, Kent. She was in service, and felt well satisfied with everything in it except not having the privilege of attending the means of grace, and being compelled to attend the parish church and take what they called the sacrament; and on this account her trouble of soul greatly increased; but when a holiday was occasionally given her, she gladly devoted it to visiting her native place and hearing some servant of the living God who at such times might be preaching in that locality. On one such occasion she went to hear that honest servant of God, Isaac Beeman, at Cranbrook. His text, as noted in her Bible, was Heb. vi. 12; but O the gloom she experienced when she had again to return to her situation, where she expected still a famine of hearing the word. I have lying before me a letter written on Oct. 30th, 1819, to Mr. Wm. Abbott, who at that time preached at Mayfield, and in which she relates much of the very great anxiety of her mind respecting being compelled to take "the sacrament," and hoping the Lord would appear for her.

Her intense desire and prayer for the privilege of hearing the gospel was not shut out of the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth; for, at the close of 1824, she was favoured with facilities, long un-

expected. From 12 to 18 miles did she walk on certain Lord's days to hear Mr. Fenner, late of Hastings, and Mr. Abbott, at Deptford. And being one Sabbath at Edenbridge, hearing her dear old friend, the late G. Payton, she told him of her isolated position, when he told her he occasionally preached at a little meeting at Beckenham, near Bromley. She gladly embraced the opportunity of attending. Mr. Fowler and some other servants of God had also preached there. But at the time of her first attendance, the unworthy writer, for want of better supplies, was urged by the senior friends to give occasionally a word of exhortation, which he endeavoured to do, I humbly hope, not altogether in vain.

About that time she wrote to Mr. Abbott, as follows :

“Dear Sir,—In 1819 you were so kind as to write to me. I said in my answer, ‘I hope to write you a better letter before I die,’ intending, if ever I was brought out, I would fulfil my promise. I now take my pen to do so, as the Lord has been pleased to bring me out so clearly, by manifesting himself to me. After I had written my former letter to you, the desires of my soul to know Jesus for myself increased. The sudden death of my late master had a great effect upon my spirits, and brought me to think how it would be with me, if I was to be taken away as he was. Many nights I was afraid to close my eyes, lest I should awake in hell. Everything of this world became tasteless to me, and the company of worldlings made me still more miserable. The only consolation I could find was in sitting by myself reading my Bible, where I sometimes found a little encouragement, and was given to hope the Lord would appear for me in his own appointed time, though at other times I was in great fear and doubt, and thought my state singular, as I seemed so many years to pray to an unknown God, not receiving any answer to satisfy my longing soul; but I came to this conclusion: ‘If I am lost, it shall be in this way,—praying to and seeking after him whom my soul longeth after, if peradventure I might find him.’ At Christmas last, having the opportunity, I felt resolved to go to hear, as often as possible, when and wherever I could; and so it was when I last heard you at Otford, as I went I earnestly begged of the Lord to bless the word to my soul; and I had my prayer in some measure answered, for I never heard you so well before. You spoke from 2 Cor. xii. 6. You entered much into my feelings, and you did so also in the afternoon; and at Chiddingstone, on the following Monday evening, I felt encouraged. When I came home, I gave myself up to reading; and one Lord's day I walked to Camberwell and heard Mr. Fenner. His text in the morning was Ps. cxv. 13. He spoke in the afternoon from Lam. iii. 44, but I did not get on so well as in the morning. Since then I heard a Mr. Churcher, at Beckenham, from 1 Sam. ii. 9. I felt profited. The ensuing week I spent much time in reading, and on Saturday I thought much upon the

subject of faith, desirous to know what it is; when these words passed several times through my mind: 'Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.' I found it was not in my power to obtain faith, for it is the gift of God. At night I was led to pray for faith; and the next morning, which was Lord's day, Feb. 2nd, 1825, I awoke with these words: 'Jesus, who knew no sin, gave himself for us,' 'to atone for our sins,' 'that we through him might be made rich.' I felt very happy with an assurance that Jesus died for me. As soon as I came downstairs, I took my Bible to see if I could find the words, but could not find words so much like them as I have since in 2 Cor. v. 21, and viii. 9. I read a good deal in the 1st and 2nd Epistles of John, and in the Acts; and where John speaks of little children I felt assured I was one. In the afternoon of the same day I heard Mr. C. again at Beckenham, praying to be confirmed in these important things. He spoke from Acts xiv. 22. My prayer was answered to the joy of my heart, for the discourse confirmed me in all that had passed in my mind before. It appeared all for me. I had then a full persuasion that I had an interest in Jesu's dying love, I was so happy; and when in bed I lay blessing and praising God till after the midnight hour; and during all that week my enjoyments were so great that if I had had much to attend to I could not have attended to it properly. I lived in heaven, I think, as much as it is possible for any one while on earth to do; indeed, I was at times hardly capable of giving an answer. Too happy to sleep, I got but very little rest all that week. My enjoyments have at times decreased; but I am still very happy and comfortable, and can feel my standing in the faith better than I could.

"The next Lord's day I heard Mr. C. again, and on Tuesday last I heard Mr. Fowler at Deptford,* from Isa. xii. 3. It was a sweet discourse to me; I could come up to the height of the joy he described. * * *

"I desire ever to be thankful for his unspeakable mercy and goodness to me, and ever to be kept humble and dependent upon him, looking to him for everything, and studying how to please him, knowing that he will withhold no good thing from them that walk uprightly, but cause all things to work together for good to them that love him. I can truly say, 'Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth I desire besides thee.' 'I sought him whom my soul loveth, and have found him.' 'My Beloved is mine, and I am his.' These are sweet times; there is nothing upon earth to compare to these enjoyments. All the world and all its grandeur is but trivial trash. I am rich enough! I give myself up body, soul, and spirit, into the hands of the Lord, to do with me as

* Notes of the above discourse are inserted in Vol. VI. "Gospel Standard," page 323.

seemeth good in his sight. I envy no one now, but pray for Zion's welfare everywhere.† * * *

“CHARLOTTE RANDALL.”

How long she continued in the above happy frame, I know not; but I know well she continued anxious to embrace every opportunity which presented itself of hearing the truth, although for one evening service it would cause her 12 miles' walking, as, for instance, to hear Mr. Hobbs or Mr. Hardy occasionally, at Deptford. But the time for her emancipation from the yoke of servitude drew nigh. On the 27th of July that same year she left the house in which she had served faithfully for seven years, and her employer, though she detested her religion, sent her forth with princely presents; and that self-same day her hand was joined with the hand that is writing this account; and the day was looked upon as an auspicious one by all the children of God who knew us. But my memory reminds me of a remark made by dear Mr. Fowler, when preaching at Five Ash Down: “If you have for a short time a comfortable frame, look out; for be certain there is a storm at the heels of it.” It is true that in our humble sphere we possessed all that heart could wish, and my wife might with propriety say (including husband and all):

“Thanks to the Lord for meaner things;
But these are not my God!”

I soon became the subject of such distressing despondency as to doubt the reality of every evidence of God's love to me I had ever received, and this exercise has continued in a greater or lesser degree for a longer period than the Israelites were in the wilderness, and I have thought the words of Job most descriptive of my case: “God thrusteth him down, not man.” And my wife soon began to feel the truth of the apostle's words: “Such shall have trouble in the flesh.” She strove to comfort me; but I needed it from another quarter, and we truly mourned apart, as saith Zechariah. I would not anticipate my own autobiography only that her sufferings may be inferred from mine; and in addition to the above, some of our children, of whom we had six, brought troubles upon us both enough to make the ears of those who hear to tingle; and when my dear wife stood in need of a word of encouragement, I was not the man who durst speak it, for fear of doing wrong. It is true we wept together, we prayed together, we heard together, and read together. At length the Lord turned our captivity, stopped our children in their mad career of sin, and filled our hearts with gratitude and praise. She told Christian friends that my reservedness had driven her nearer to the Lord; so it had done her no harm; and but a short time before her death she asked me to account for it that before our marriage I was made so encouraging to her, and that ever since I was so silent. “Is it that you think me a deceived cha-

† Mr. Abbott wrote an answer to the above. It is in Vol. XXII. “Gospel Standard,” page 55.

racter? I must have an answer." I promptly replied, "Had I not considered you to be a child of God, you would never have been my wife." She expressed herself satisfied with my answer, and never mentioned it again.

And now I must again quote an assertion I once heard Mr. Fowler make: "The minister that my soul was delivered under was a dry breast to me ever afterwards." True it is, God will send by whom he will send; and one can only be a blessing to another as God is pleased to make him.

And now that we were spared together for no less a period than 41 years, I can truly say I have had incessant cause to thank the Lord for "the precious loan afforded me so long." (Newton.) Her loss to me, as dear Mr. Philpot observed, is irreparable; yet I would not wish her back to suffer, as she so long did, with a complication of diseases such as asthma and an affection of the heart.

As death approached, she would often speak of it as to her most desirable, although at other times no stranger to painful doubts and fears. I expected her departure, as it were, daily for six years. She was like a person about to take a journey, making every arrangement and giving every direction, even to the circumstances of her funeral. She highly esteemed all the ministers of God she knew, and all in whom she could see the image of Jesus. She was for nothing superficial or theoretical, but truth in its purity was her element; and I believe no one who knew her, or who may read this, will be disposed to contradict the quotation I am about to make in reference to her:

"To human woe she ever lent an ear,
And dropp'd the tear of filial sympathy."

Sept. 27th, 1869, was the last Sabbath of her life on earth, and this, situated as she was at so great a distance from the house of God, she spent at the house of her long and choicest friends in prayer, and in hearing read an account of the last days of Mr. Huntington, as recorded in the "Gleanings of the Vintage," and much enjoyed the opportunity. On the day following, she appeared something better in health, but the next complained of an unusual pain in her chest; to remove which various means were made use of, but without effect. That night she told me her time was come; adding, "You know we must part;" and she expressed her gratitude that she had been privileged to see so recently each of our surviving children; and as she undressed herself for bed, observed, "I shall want none of these things any more." To the female who slept with her that night she gave directions how to proceed after her death. It is true she was spared to see the dawn of the morning of Wednesday, Sept. 30th; and I am thankful to say I was privileged to converse several times with her, for she was sensible to the last moment. I had but just gone from her presence, and was scarcely twelve yards from her, when I heard her articulate briskly, "Father! Father!" I instantly ran towards her, and

saw her fall gently down. Neighbours and a medical attendant were speedily at hand; but she was no more. While she was reclining upon my arm, I could not perceive so much as one gasp, for "the silver cord was loosed." (Ec. xii. 6.)

Bromley, Kent, Nov. 24, 1869.

JAMES CHURCHER.

M. E. MULBY.—On Nov. 3rd, 1869, in the 30th year of her age, Mary Ellen Mulby, of Blackburn.

She was of a quiet turn of mind, and peaceable disposition. For years she was mixed up with the Primitive Methodists, but always felt a want that she could not get satisfied while amongst them; so she went from place to place, until at last she got to our chapel, when she heard Mr. Kershaw, from Acts xxvi. 22, when she felt that what he preached was the very thing that she wanted. It was, however, some years after this before she got fully what she wanted; but in the Lord's own time he sweetly and powerfully applied these words to her mind: "Who delivered us from so great a death, and doth deliver; in whom we trust that he will yet deliver us." But she fell again into a fearful, desponding state, fearing that she would be lost after all. But the Lord delivered her again with the application of these words: "Eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved;" from which she had much comfort, consolation, and joy in the Lord. She often after used to say to her husband and others, "What a mercy to have one's eyes opened, and to be delivered from the awful errors of the day. We have great reason to bless God that ever he led us among the Lord's people, and where his truth is preached. O, what a solemn thing it is to be deceived in soul matters!"

About a month before she died, she was in a very low state of mind and much distressed by the enemy. She sent for me to go and see her, and the Lord the Spirit helped me to set forth the Lord Jesus in such a manner as the glorifier of God and the Saviour of sinners, and so powerfully did the Holy Spirit bless the word, and form the Lord Jesus in her the hope of glory, that this, the fear of death, was completely taken away; so that she lay mostly in a quiet, peaceable, and passive manner in the Lord's hands, often blessing and praising her dear Lord Jesus for what he was as the God-Man, and for what he had done for her. But a little before she died the enemy paid her another visit, and told her she might easily get out of this world if she would only take a string and tie it round her neck; when she said, "O devil! Thou wouldst not have me wait the Lord's time; but with his help I will." As she took nothing but cold water, the enemy again told her that if she would drink a pint of cold water she would die instantly, and it would be an easy way of getting free from her pain and weakness; but again did the Lord the Spirit help her to resist him, and she said, "No, no! I will wait the Lord's time, which is best, for he has been good to me."

A little before she died, she said, "I should like to sing;" when we said, "What would you like to sing?" "My hymn:

"How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord."

The hymn was read to her, when she said, "O, how good!"

Her end was truly an end of joy and peace through the dear Redeemer's blood.

JAMES ARCHER.

MARY BENNETT.—On Jan. 5th, 1870, aged 74, Mary, widow of the late Mr. John Bennett, of Liverpool.

She was brought to the knowledge of the truth in 1825. She went

to Liverpool in 1826, and joined the church in 1829, then under the pastoral care of Mr. Kent, and stood an honourable member for 41 years.

She was generally a very fearing one, being taught her own helplessness and vileness as a sinner in the sight of God, but she was much blessed at times, under the preached word at Shaw Street, &c. One time particularly she was greatly blessed, whilst hearing Mr. M'Kenzie on the sufferings of the Lord Jesus Christ; so much so, that she said she should be glad to walk five miles any night to hear such a sermon again.

She was not one that said much, but there were times that she would speak most freely on the salvation of Christ, which he finished for poor helpless sinners like herself, and also would speak most sweetly of the resurrection of Christ from the dead, and his ascension to the right hand of the Father, ever living to make intercession for poor helpless sinners like herself. She many times found him very precious to her soul, and could say "he was the chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely." I have often heard her say, after having a little of the sweetness of his presence, and he began to withdraw from her:

"More frequent let thy visits be,
Or let them longer last;
I can do nothing without thee,
Make haste, my God, make haste."

Not having been for the last eight or ten years able to attend the house of God, through great affliction of body, she felt the loss of the means of grace, and often sank very low in her mind; but seemed much to enjoy any brother calling to see her, to speak a word of encouragement and read and pray with her. Many times when I have gone to see her, when I have read a portion of the word of God, and gone to prayer with her, her soul seemed to respond so with every sentence that she could not keep it in; and several times, when talking about soul matters, she would say, "All my religion is summed up in these words:

"A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus and my all."

About five months before she died, when Mr. P. called to see her, she was at that time very low in her mind; he read Ps. cxvi., and she commented on every verse most sweetly. It led her back to her commencement in soul matters, that every fear and doubt was removed, and she was enabled to rejoice in the Lord. But her comforts did not last long; she soon sank again.

On one occasion, when a friend spoke to her about the faithfulness of Jesus, she looked at him earnestly, and said,

"Yes, I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given;
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heaven."

But," she added, "my comforts are not lasting; they so soon go. I often fear I shall not hold on." I referred her to the hymn about the righteous holding on his way. "Yes," she said, "I have no doubt of God's people holding on; but am I one? I have so little patience." She could not often get beyond what she often expressed:

"'Tis a point I long to know."

At another time she said to the same friend, "I am still spared. I wonder what it is for. I often wonder how it will be with me when I come to die. O! if the Lord would but give me an assurance that I

am a child of his, and then take me home, what a blessing it would be!" The friend read Ps. xlii. She said, "Yes, my soul is often cast down within me. Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I." I said, "Can you not say as David did, 'Hope thou in God?'" She replied, "Sometimes I can; but I am a poor thing. Still I am not without hope—a *hope* in his mercy."

One day, about six weeks before her death, while one of her daughters was standing by her bedside, and she lay there in very great bodily pain, she burst out with these words, "Bless his precious name! He is a stronghold in the day of trouble."

Between this and her death many friends called to see her; but during the last three or four weeks of her life she was not able to see many; but one friend saw her to nearly her last.

For three or four days before her death she was unconscious, only at intervals, and then she lay quite still, as if she took no notice of anything or any one, unless she was spoken to. About half an hour before she died she opened her eyes, and exclaimed as well as she could, "Higher!"—no doubt referring to the Rock—"higher than I." And she then seemed to pass quietly away into the arms of her dear Saviour.

Bradford.

W. VAUGHAN.

STEPHEN SMITH.—On Jan. 12th, 1870, after a short illness, in the 56th year of his age, Stephen Smith.

He was for many years a humble follower of the Lord, and was often favoured beyond many to enjoy sweet communion with him. I felt it to be a privilege to get into his company and hear him tell of the precious things he had tasted and felt of the word of life. Conversations of a light and worldly kind he avoided. He loved to talk of the Lord's dealings with his people, and of a work of grace in the heart. He would often say, "I like a religion that will do to die by."

He was for several years a member with the Independents; but about ten years ago the Lord was pleased to show him that baptism was an ordinance of the Lord and of divine appointment. He was at that time attending the ministry of Mr. Foreman, by whom he was baptized, and then received into church fellowship.

On the 5th of January he felt too unwell to leave his bed, having been suffering for several days previously with an attack of bronchitis. I called to see him on the Monday prior to his death. He was then sitting up in his bed, his cough and sufferings being such as to prevent his lying down. After inquiring how he felt, and of the state of his mind, he said, "It's all well, bless the Lord! The enemy is not permitted to assail me. I feel that I am on that Rock which can never give way. Lord Jesus, come and take me to thyself." I said, "To those who believe he is precious." "Ah!" he replied, "he is the chief of ten thousand, and the altogether lovely." I quoted a portion of Ps. lxxvi., observing I hoped he was tasting those refreshing streams there spoken of. He said, "I have not only had a sip, but I have had many a hearty draught in days gone by." He then said, "It is now 23 years since the Lord blessed me with a sense of his pardoning love and mercy." I said, "How blessed it is to have nothing to do but to die!" "O!" he replied, "it is all done for me." I remarked how the Lord had of late been taking home one and another to himself. I said, "He has taken away that good and useful man, Mr. Philpot." He immediately replied, "I have had such a sweet dream about that good man. I thought I was taken into a most beautiful large room, where were a great number of people. As soon as I entered, I thought I saw Mr. Philpot, who rose

and came to me, putting out his hand to me, and saying, "How do you do?" I thought I never saw such a sweet and beautiful countenance; it shone and looked so noble; and so meek also."

During this visit, several precious truths dropped from his lips. Next day I again visited him. I found him much weaker. His cough being so distressing, he was able to say but very little. He looked much less cheerful than on the day previous. Inquiring if he knew me, he replied by grasping my hand. He then made a signal to the person in attendance to leave the room. He then said, "I am suffering such a conflict. It began this morning. Do lift up your heart to the Lord; beg of him to appear once more. Nothing short of a divine manifestation of his love will do." I trust the Lord answered my feeble petitions. His medical attendant having requested that no one should remain long with him, I left him. We parted, not to meet again on this side of Jordan's river. His happy soul took its flight about four o'clock the following morning. His last words that could be understood were, "*Precious Jesus!* I am resting on the Rock!"

Jan., 1870.

J. DAVIS.

MARIA CHURCH.—On July 14th, 1869, aged 76, Maria Church, an inmate of the Aged Pilgrims' Asylum, Camberwell, and member for 50 years of Grove Chapel (late Mr. Irons's), Camberwell.

The loss of my dear aunt I feel to be one of the heaviest afflictions I have ever had, as she was to me my only truly sincere praying relative and guide; and I am sincerely thankful to have had the happy privilege of attending to her while she was most softly conducted through the swellings of Jordan. She came on a visit to me for a few days, but it was so ordered that she never returned to the asylum. It was sweet to hear her speak with thankfulness of the Lord's goodness through her lengthened pilgrimage, and very touching to hear her express her deep sorrow for her beloved country, England.

She said to me one night, "Emma, do you know any dear man of God near who would come in for a few minutes?" I sent for one whom I knew she would like; and as he passed out, he said, "Your aunt has comforted me instead of my comforting her. She has the Great High Priest always with her, but I will come again another time."

She alluded to the kind providence of God by which she had been brought to spend her last days on earth with me, instead of being without any relative by her, as would have been the case had she not arranged a temporary visit to me when in health. "*All this has been appointed,*" she said. "Not one

"Single shaft can hit,
Till the God of love sees fit."

"He moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

"Well, dear aunt," I answered, "I am so glad you are here; all is well, is it not?" When she said, "Blessed be the name of the Lord! Blessed, blessed be his holy name! Watch his dealings." I was reading Ps. cxxi.: "My help cometh from the Lord;" when she said, "*All my help! All my help!*"

The last portion of Scripture she told me to read to her was John x. to verse 18. She was often speaking of the good Shepherd and the great Shepherd, as being to her broad rivers; and what an unspeakable mercy that not one of his fold shall ever be lost. It was most refreshing to hear her continually repeating various hymns, mostly in anticipation of and describing heaven.

"Look, my soul, beyond thy cage;"

“ ‘O glorious place;’
 “ ‘I languish and sigh to be there,
 Where Jesus has fix’d his abode;
 O, when shall I meet in the air,
 And fly to the mountain of God?
 How happy the people that dwell
 Secure in that city above;
 No pain the inhabitants feel,
 No sickness nor sorrow shall prove.’ ”

No mention of the dread of death did I hear from her lips. Her one theme was, the everlasting enjoyment of Jesus in glory. She assuredly felt the presence of Jesus, and said the enemy had not been permitted to trouble her. I hope ever to remember the bright glow on her countenance when a dear friend and I sang the hymn:

“ All hail the power of Jesu’s name.”

She joined in, “Crown him! crown him!” most sweetly; and then continued with,

“ ‘How sweet the name of Jesus sounds.’ ”

“ Yes, in a *believer’s* ear,” marking with peculiar emphasis the lines:

“ ‘But when I see him as he is,
 I’ll praise him as I ought.’ ”

But I cannot now; not now.” Thus showing her happy assured anticipation of what she is now realizing. Sweet it was to her to look forward to the hour when she would be able to praise as she ought.

These were almost her last words, spoken on the morning of the day in which she so quietly dropped off into that blessed sleep from which none ever awake to weep.

On the previous evening, as during her short illness, she had often prayed, “Come, precious Jesus! *do* come and take me home! Why are thy chariot wheels so long in coming?” Often did she repeat this. She said to me a few hours before her departure, “Emma, do pray that Jesus will come and take me soon.” Her last words which could be distinguished were,

“ ‘When I see him as he is,
 I’ll praise him as I ought.’ ”

But I cannot now.”

E. B.

SUSANNAH DUMBRELL.—On May 20th, 1869, at Brighton, aged 26, Susannah Dumbrell.

My daughter Susannah lived several years next door to the late Mr. W. Cowper, to whose person and ministry she always manifested a great respect, and appeared always desirous to hear whenever she could get to chapel. She was very reserved, and seldom said much about herself. Some few months before her death, she burst into tears, and said, “O! I am so afraid it is all wrong, and that I shall be lost. I am afraid to say what I do feel. I do try to pray. I am often so cast down, fearing I am not in trouble enough about my soul.” I often found her bathed in tears. I said to her, “What is it, my dear, troubles you so? Is it pain?” She said, “No, I could bear that; but I cannot tell you.” I asked her if I should call Mr. White in to see her. She said, “I should like to see him, but I cannot say anything to him; I am such a poor ignorant creature.” She always manifested a love to the Lord’s people, and said to me, “There is nothing hurts me so much as to hear people speaking against the Lord’s ministers.” She often spoke of dear Mr. Cowper, that she loved him, and liked to hear him. She felt deeply interested in the account of Mr. and Mrs. Wild, as related in the “Gospel Standard.” I was one day reading of some one

who suffered for the truth's sake; she said, "O mother! I do seem to have a little hope that I shall be saved at last." She burst into tears, and continued, "It is from a dream. I do not think much of dreams; but this *has* made an impression on my mind. I thought the days of persecution were come, and my persecutors came to me, and asked me to recant and give up my Bible. I said, 'No; I will not.' They handled me very roughly, took my Bible from me, and burnt it. I said, 'Ah! you may burn that, and torment me; but I will never recant.' They tortured me again. I said, 'You may do what you like to my poor body, but the Lord will take care of me.'" She said she felt calm and so comfortable, and repeated again, "The Lord will take care of me, I cannot recant," and she then awoke. "I do not place confidence in dreams," she said; "but this has raised me to a little hope; but do not tell any one. I have such a fear of saying anything wrong."

On May 14th I left her to get my breakfast, and on my return found her bathed in tears. She said, "I am so ill! Do not leave me; I must have you with me. O my dear mother, what should I do without you? What a comfort you have been to me in this long illness. I do not deserve the mercies I have; I do feel thankful for praying parents. There are many prayers put up on my behalf, but I do not deserve them. My trouble is that I am not more distressed about my state. I have had a little glimmering hope in the Lord's mercy. If I had a good hope I could willingly leave all below, but I am so afraid to say what I do really feel. One thing I can say; I do love the Lord's truth and his people. I love to be in their company. O, how I was beset with Satan one night. I could not get rid of him. I was in a dreadful state of mind. At last he left me; and then I had such a sweet frame of mind. I was awake, and those words rested on my mind sweetly: 'The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want.' But surely this is too much for me. I am so afraid I am not right. O to be deceived. I cannot bear deception. The 739th hymn (Gadsby's) I can adopt as my own:

"'No help in self I find,' &c.

I have tried to make myself good, but I find none but Jesus will do for such a poor guilty sinner as I am. O mother! I have gone on my knees many times with my Bible, and tried to ask the Lord, in my poor way, to teach me; and then something has come and said, 'You are nothing but a hypocrite.' Then I have thought of that sweet hymn:

"'Lord, I cannot let thee go,' &c.

But I am so afraid that mine are not the real Christian's feelings. These words came to me when I was not thinking of them: 'He restoreth my soul. He leadeth me beside the still waters.'

On Sunday, May 16th, she was much weaker, and expressed how helpless she was getting. She said, "I think my time is very short on earth. O the pain!" I said, "I hope you will have patience given you." She replied, "The Lord does give me patience." At another time she said, "O mother! If I was sure of my interest in Christ, I could leave everything." I said, "Then your only desire is to be saved through the precious blood of a dear Redeemer?" She said, "O yes, yes! None but Jesus can do me good. I have often put up the prayer of the publican; but I am so afraid I am not right, and to be deceived would be dreadful. That would add to my misery in that dreadful place." I said, "The Lord will not quench the smoking flax, nor cast those away who have sincerely thought upon his name." She said, "I do hope I have thought upon his name; but then something tells me it is not for such a poor ignorant creature as I am. Then I am afraid it is all wrong. That hymn (741):

“‘I no more at Mary wonder,’
is so often in my mind. Then I am afraid I think too much of hymns. I do not despise the Bible. O no, not so; but the hymns seem to speak my feelings.”

On the 18th she seemed a little better, until about nine o'clock, when she was seized with a struggling for breath, with death pictured in her countenance. She said, “I shall never rally from this; it is death.” And she added, “In my Father’s house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.” And also, “‘This night thou shalt be with me in Paradise;’ and I, and I shall be there.”

Her sufferings were very great. I said to her, “How it grieves me to see you suffer such agony of body.” She replied, “Never mind, it is the Lord; let him do what seemeth him good. It is the rod, and if the Lord did not see that I needed it I should not have it.” She tried to say more, but could not. I asked her if Jesus was precious to her. She pressed my hand, as a token that he was. I said, “He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul!” These words had been precious to her, and I wished to know if they were so now. I continued, “Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me!” She pressed me again. At one time we thought the enemy was distressing her. Her sister wished me to ask her. I did so. She replied, “No,” with great emphasis, five times. My poor heart overflowed with gratitude to God for his great mercy to her in the struggle of death.

A few minutes before departure she clasped her hands together, held them up, and with her eyes fixed upwards, cried out, “O come, come, come quickly! Come!” Her hands dropped, her eyes were still fixed upwards, and she exclaimed, “I’m coming! I’m coming!” and breathed her last.

My heart was ready to burst with a mixture of grief and joy.

MARY DUMBELL.

THOMAS KEMP.—On Jan. 2nd, 1870, aged 82, Thomas Kemp, of Pell Green, Wadhurst, a deacon of the church there for between 40 and 50 years.

He was a carpenter by trade, and built the chapel there for Mr. Crouch. The people met for a time in Mr. Kemp’s house, but the place soon became too small for them. Mr. Kemp said to Mr. Crouch, “When you give me the word, I will build a chapel, and I will never ask you for the money.” After many prayers, and many fears on the part of Mr. Crouch, the word was given, and Mr. K. built the chapel on his own ground, in 1826. [The writer does not say, but we presume the chapel was invested in trustees.] The chapel had soon afterwards to be enlarged.

My departed friend was one who walked in the truth as well as talked of it. I knew him for about 40 years, and never knew him to depart from his principles. His death was not so triumphant outwardly as the deaths of some are; but he lived a life of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, who, he always said, had led, fed, and kept him all his journey through, and he died in peace.

Brenchley.

T. B.

MARY TAYLOR.—On Feb. 24th, 1870, aged 80, Mary Taylor, wife of Mr. Thomas Taylor, minister. She was one of the first members of the church at Cauldwell.

ANSWER TO INQUIRY.

To R. A.—You ask if it is “right and scriptural for men to go about preaching who are not connected with any church.”

As we said in our last, the question is a very important one, requiring prayerful consideration and earnest consultation. These, we hope, it has now received; and the result is our firm conviction that it is *not* right. No man who is not the minister or a member of some church ought to go out as a preacher. And we are further of opinion that no church ought to countenance any such by inviting them to supply. Everything is to be done decently and in order; and for a man to go out as a preacher who is not in a position to unite with a people, *as one of themselves*, in the breaking of bread, after giving them a reason of the hope that is in him; who has no spiritual *home*, not having the privilege of sitting down at the table of the Lord except *on sufferance*, can neither be acting decently nor orderly.

Now let us suppose a man going about preaching who is not connected with any church. He broaches an error, we will suppose, or disgraces himself in some unbecoming way; who is there to call him to account,—to admonish, reprove, or correct him? He might go on in an independent way; but, if he had a tender conscience, and was a member of a church, his brethren’s admonitions might be the means, and often have been the means, under such circumstances, of bringing him to see the error of his way, and to confess his fault to them and to God.

In Acts i. & xv., we find ministers sent out from the churches. (See Acts xi. 22, and other parts of the New Testament.) Everything was done by the church formed of baptized believers. Elders, deacons, &c., were appointed, and all done decently and in order.

It would appear also from Acts xiii. 1, 2, that Paul, after he left Damascus, united himself to the church at Antioch, and by that church, under the immediate command of the Holy Ghost, he was more directly separated with Barnabas for the work of the ministry.

If a preacher be not himself a member of a church, how can he exhort others, in whom is the grace of God, to become members? Or how can he break bread to those who are members? Or how can he feelingly dwell upon such passages as 1 Cor. xii. 27; Rom. xii. 5, &c. &c.? Or how can he advance the various precepts which are specially addressed to the churches? He cannot in any way be an example, as (1 Tim. iv. 12) Paul exhorted Timothy to be.

It would seem, indeed, as if such a person as a bishop, or minister, who was *not* a member of a church, was never thought of by Paul. Hence he says to Timothy, speaking of a man who *desires* the office, that he “must have a good report of them which are *without*;” plainly signifying that he himself must be *within*. (1 Tim. iii. 1, 7.)

There may assuredly be exceptions; there may be no church of truth within reach, or some other just reason for non-membership; but our remarks are made on the presumption that no good reason does exist, the mere whim, or caprice, or private feeling of the preacher being on no account allowable. In reference to all such, if such there be, we should say to the churches what Paul said to the Thessalonians (2 Thess. iii. 3); for they have no warrant in the New Testament to allow them to sit down with them.

As your question did not imply to the contrary, we have taken it for granted that the persons, if any, to whom you refer are acceptable supplies, but not walking according to church order.

ETERNAL MANSIONS.

“In my Father’s house are many mansions.”—JOHN XIV. 2.

ETERNAL mansions are prepared
For all the blood-bought race;
Millions are lost, whilst they are spared.
Salvation’s all of grace.

Eternal mansions, blissful thought,
To cheer the dying saint;
A heavenly home for the Heaven-taught;
The bliss no words can paint.

Eternal mansions lie beyond
The reach of sin and death;
Saints enter their eternal home
When they yield up their breath.

Eternal mansions, golden streets,
Paved with eternal love;
Dear Saviour, come and make us meet
For those bright realms above.

Eternal mansions, sweetest songs
Through heavenly arches ring;
Free grace, whilst ages roll along
Will ransom’d sinners sing.

Eternal mansions will complete
Redemption’s glorious plan;
All crowns be cast at his dear feet
Who died for wretched man.

Eternal mansions will disclose
His love who conquer’d sin.
This prize the worldly-wise will lose,
Wayfaring fools shall win.

Eternal mansions, joyous day,
To drop these loads of sin,
Freed from these cumbrous tents of clay,
Immortal crowns to win.

Eternal mansions, there to view
The Lamb who once was slain;
Sing ceaseless hallelujahs too,
And ever with him reign.

Eternal mansions, no more out
While ages roll their rounds;
All safe when Christ comes with a shout,
And the last trumpet sounds.

Eternal mansions will make clear
The trying paths we’ve trod;
We now see only darkly here
The wondrous ways of God.

Eternal mansions, there will be
Nor curse, nor grief, nor thrall.
Death swallow’d up in victory,
And God be all in all.

MAY 2, 1870.

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

MAY, 1870.

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

A HOLY GOD AND HIS PEOPLE ISRAEL.

A SERMON PREACHED AT THE BAPTIST CHAPEL, FORD STREET,
COVENTRY, BY THE LATE MR. TIPTAFT.

“But thou art holy, O thou that inhabitest the praises of Israel.”—
Ps. XXII. 3.

How many among you present have prayed that God might bless my speaking this evening? The Lord's people are a praying people. Who would like to be cut off by death as a prayerless man or woman? A man that dies prayerless, dies Christless, and if we die out of Christ, we rise to everlasting shame and contempt. Those that die in Christ are happy and blessed. They rise to have pleasures at God's right hand, even pleasures for evermore; so the word tells us. What a mercy to be made fit for that great change, to be made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light, made fit for heaven, to be amongst a prepared people, for whom mansions are prepared, of which our Lord has given us a particular account! Those are highly favoured people whom he hath made so, blessed with godly fear and a good hope through grace, more especially because of our never-dying souls. This is a work of grace.

What a mercy to be able to describe a work of grace, that by the teaching of the Holy Spirit we may be enabled to know whether we are possessors of this,—not destitute of this knowledge! Now the question with me is, As I have to die as well as you, how responsible is my office! What an awful state that minister is in who is destitute of grace, who is ignorant of a work of grace! How can such a one describe what grace is, and its effects upon the soul of a sinner? He who knows nothing of a work of grace upon his own soul cannot describe it. For the grace of God that bringeth salvation teacheth this lesson, that the kingdom of God stands not in word but in power. Paul said, “I would know not the speech of them that are puffed up, but the power.” And wisdom is justified of her children. We, then, who have been led to see the difference between power and mere speech may solemnly put this question; “Who maketh thee to differ?” O! It is all of grace that we are made to differ;

which we may see in these words: "Who gave himself for us." Paul, in writing to Titus, said, "For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world, looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ; who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people zealous of good works." Which people signify elect souls, zealous of good works,—redeemed, the people whom he hath chosen: "According as he hath chosen us in him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before him in love; having predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to himself, according to the good pleasure of his will." "All thy children shall be taught of the Lord;" and if we experience this divine teaching, it is an evidence we are called with a holy calling. Some may say they know nothing about divine calling. But all the children of God, sooner or later, are brought to know this, that the gifts and calling of God are without repentance. And another thing they know by the teaching of his Spirit, that God brings his saints to repentance. He teaches us out of his law. He teaches us what vile wretches we are. He makes us know how we are to be saved, if saved at all. He strips us of all our supposed goodness, everything of our own in which we trust for life and salvation; so that, being brought to a stand, we know not what to do, and are obliged to flee to the Saviour. We are led by his Spirit to see that nothing but his grace will do for us. We are obliged to embrace this Rock for want of a shelter. He takes the poor from the dust, and the beggar from the dunghill, and sets him among the princes of his people. The Lord, by his law, brings them to book, brings them low, makes them feel and see their guilty, lost state, their ruined condition. They are called the true circumcision. They are witnesses for the truth, and always contend for the power of true religion.

There is something in real religion more than notion; and those who are the subjects of it will always contend for a feeling sense of it. I do not know if there are many in this town who know something of a work of grace in the soul. I trust there are a few, scattered about, who know something of that light and life, produced or wrought in the soul by the Holy Spirit. We may go to church or chapel, and yet be ignorant of the gospel, not know what repentance and saving faith are. If taught by the blessed Spirit of God, we shall not be ignorant of this sort of religion,—we shall be able to tell what God has done for us; and to this we must come.

Now let me ask you this question: What has God done for you? I would rather hear, if only for five minutes, what God has done for you, than five hours of your doings for him. It is only as he makes his truth known in our souls that we shall go

right, be brought to a sense of our lost estate, a sense of sin, of our vileness, and utter unworthiness of his goodness and mercy. Though, when brought into this state, we draw this conclusion, that we know nothing, yet this is the way the Lord teaches his people; and none teach like him. He makes them see their ignorance. Sometimes they seem as ignorant and helpless as a child, and being brought to see the dark as well as the light, what their condition is by nature as well as grace. This is through the enlightening of the Spirit. The more the Lord teaches you by his grace, the more you will prize it and declare it.

When the Lord taught me what grace is, what the gospel is, and the true ground of repentance unto life, I then appeared as a witness for God. Bless the Lord, then, for a right experience of the dark parts as well as the light. Bless him that he ever brought us into these places by which we are made to learn something of the anointing of the Spirit, so that we can enter into the dark parts as well as the bright places. Some persons say nothing of the dark parts. They have no desire to hear that. They want a smooth religion, are always on the rejoicing, the triumphing side. From this it is evident they never have had a felt sense of their lost, perishing condition. They know nothing about the path of tribulation,—no cross, all smooth. They have no need of the oil of joy for mourning. They are not in trouble as other men. The Lord has promised “the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.” This has been the solemn experience of the Old Testament saints as well as the New. If we come to read their experience, there is enough to put us to the blush,—how the Lord inhabited their praises: “O thou that inhabitest the praises of Israel.” Isaiah gives us his testimony. He sings: “I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God; for he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness.” Then again in the epistle to the Hebrews we have stronger language, where the saints sealed the precious truth with their blood. They were destitute, afflicted, and tormented; worthies of whom the world was not worthy. What we read about faith and its effects would put us to the blush. So that when things go smooth, faith is strong, but when they seem to go contrary, we act as if there was no God.

O! It is a good thing to have a religion that will do to die by, to have that faith that is of the operation of the Spirit, that faith which is

“ The life of God.
Deep in the heart it lies,
It lives and labours under load,
Though damp’d, it never dies.”

Like the palm-tree, the more weight is laid upon it, the more it grows.

What a mercy to have a religion of the right sort—that which brings us to the desired haven! Remember, this will not prevent you from having trouble, affliction, and bitter distress. Trouble we shall have in various ways; yet, blessed with grace, you shall be favoured with a good hope that it shall be well with you in life, well in death, and well when you stand in the presence of God. The consideration of this ought to be enough to stop our murmuring and complaints. As the Lord Jesus said to his disciples, “Fear not, little flock; it is your Father’s good pleasure to give you the kingdom.” Whatever, then, may be the ground of complaint, to have this hope is worth more than a million worlds, if there were so many.

These are the people who are highly favoured and truly blessed. However tried they may be, the Lord will lead them in that way that they shall say it was a right way, proving that “all things shall work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose.” David said, “Why art thou so far from helping me, and from the words of my roaring? Let not the pit shut her mouth upon me.” This is a low, disconsolate state. It is evident from his language he was in trouble; and this causes his cry to God. Had he never been in trouble, he would not have been led to write this psalm, a psalm which has been so blessed to the church of God. Had he not been in the depths, he never would have been led to write the psalms, which have been such a comfort to the Lord’s tried family. How the Lord listened to his prayers in his distress: “From heaven did the Lord look, to hear the groaning of the prisoner, to loose those that are appointed to death.” Though the Lord seemed to him afar off, when he says, “My God, I cry in the day-time, but thou hearest not, and in the night season, and am not silent; but thou art holy, O thou that inhabitest the praises of Israel. Our fathers trusted in thee, and thou didst deliver them. They cried unto thee, and were delivered. They trusted in thee, and were not confounded.” However dark we may be, we are brought to know the heavens are not pure in his sight, and the Lord will make his people know that he searches the heart and trieth the reins, that he is the rein-trying and heart-searching God; and when he makes a discovery of these things, he makes us know our vileness, our guilt, and pollution, that we are in our own eyes as a beast before him, not worthy of the least of his mercies. We are brought to know and say feelingly with Job, “I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee; therefore I repent in dust and ashes. Yea, with self-abhorrence I repent in dust and ashes.” What a low place he was in; yet he made his prayer to God, and he answered him.

Though the poor soul may be little in his natural capacity, and despised by natural men and professors of religion for his ignorance, the Lord will not despise him, nor leave him in their hand, nor condemn him when he is judged. Whatever there

may be about his religion that men despise, the Lord will answer his prayer. He is one highly favoured, and greatly blessed; because by prayer he brings down the divine blessing. The promise is: "To that man will I look, that is of a humble spirit, a broken and a contrite heart, and that trembleth at my word." The Lord made him to know what was in his heart ere he answered his prayer. Real heartfelt prayer is a great deal better than lip service.

The Lord teaches all his people what vile wretches they are. They are led to exclaim, "Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean?" "But if our heart condemn us, God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things. If our heart condemn us not, then have we confidence towards God." God sees and knows all things, how we stand in his sight. When the Lord shines upon us, we have a deep sense of his kindness and mercy towards us, though vile, guilty, and polluted as we are; yet such is the love of God, he sent his dear Son to die for us, the just for the unjust. All the sins of his people were laid to Christ's account, and he was willing to bear them; therefore, "as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth."

By one man's act, we were all made guilty sinners. God is a holy God; and whosoever is found dying in his sin, that sin will sink that man's soul to hell. Every one is in this awful predicament. "How, then," say some, "are any to be saved?" Only those who are washed in the blood of Christ, and clothed in his righteousness. He therefore died the just for the unjust, that he might present a glorious church, without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing. Yea, Christ says you are comely in his comeliness, holy in his holiness, righteous in his righteousness. "He is made unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption." "But ye are washed, ye are justified, ye are sanctified;" ye are completely accepted. If you did not stand complete, you would sink to rise no more. Therefore it is what Christ is to you. If Christ died for you, he who is the Friend of sinners is your Friend, and my Friend. He is the only way to heaven. He presented the church to himself without spot. In this way, and no other, our sins, which are scarlet, become white as snow, and we experience this comfort, which Christ by the mouth of the prophet declares: "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God; say unto her that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned, that she has received at the Lord's hand double for all her sins." The sins of the church were laid upon Christ: "He hath laid upon him the iniquity of us all." He laid the sins upon the head of the scapegoat, and they were taken away into the land of forgetfulness. God sees all our sins, he knows what we are; but he looks upon our Surety, who is the Lord Jesus, who died the just for the unjust, a sacrifice of a sweet smelling savour.

Those things that typified this were the shadows. When

Christ came, he was the substance. He came to fulfil all that was required of his church. He came to finish the work, to make an end of sin; and with his expiring breath cried out, "It is finished!" Therefore, if he died for you, you will be with him in heaven. Members you are of his mystical body, both Jews and Gentiles, making one body, all to be gathered together in glory.

"But thou art holy, O thou that inhabitest the praises of Israel." As a holy God, a heart-searching God, he knows everything. He brings his people to confess what vile wretches they are. Though he is very merciful, who can stand before a heart-searching God when he comes with, "Adam, where art thou?" Then your sins find you out. The blessed Spirit convinces you of sin. He discovers your state,—that you are in unbelief, that because you believe not on him you shall not have life. That you can bring no acceptable offering only through the Lord Jesus, that it is through him we offer spiritual sacrifices and are made acceptable. Therefore the Lord shall enable a simple worm, like myself, though weak in heart and conscience, a sinner of deep dye, to offer spiritual sacrifices, and stand amazed at his grace, when many who have not committed half the sins are in everlasting torments.

"But thou art holy, O thou that inhabitest the praises of Israel." Do we belong to those who cried, "O God, redeem Israel out of all his troubles," set forth to us by inhabiting the praises of Israel,—those to whom God made a promise first after the fall, that the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head? Also the promise to Jacob, that he would be with him, that he would not leave him till he had done all that he had spoken to him of? What a manifestation he had of the goodness of the Lord,—that revelation that he made to Jacob that his seed should possess the land of Canaan, that he would be with him and the church in the wilderness, that they should be brought safely through the Red Sea, and their enemies all drowned. They sang the song after their deliverance; then they had troubles and afflictions; then again, when delivered, their language is, "O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness and his wonderful works to the children of men." So that when they came to the winding up, we are told, "not one promise had failed." "Our fathers trusted in thee, and were delivered. They cried unto thee; thou didst appear for them; they trusted in thee, and were not confounded." Though they had special miracles wrought in their favour, and saw all his wonderful works, yet what unbelievers, what infidels in heart. Though they were reprov'd and rebuked for their unbelief, again and again, yet we have no stone to throw at them, for we have enough in us. Even Moses was not free; for when the people murmured for flesh, and the Lord promised they should have it for a whole month, Moses replied, "The people among whom I am are six hundred thousand footmen, and thou hast

said, I will give them flesh that they may eat a whole month. Shall the flocks and the herds be slain for them to suffice them?" He could not see how they were to be supplied. The Lord brought them into desperate circumstances, so that they cried out of their necessity and distress. "And the Lord said unto Moses, Is the Lord's hand waxed short? Thou shalt see now whether my word shall come to pass unto thee or not." The Lord appeared for them in their trouble: "O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, to magnify his holy name. Our fathers trusted in thee, and were delivered."

"O thou that inhabitest the praises of Israel." When brought out of Egypt, Israel praised him for the deliverance he wrought. They had been captives to Pharaoh; they had no power to help themselves or obtain deliverance; they were under the oppression of Pharaoh and his taskmasters; therefore the hand of God must be put forth for their deliverance. So it is with his church and people now. When in bondage to the powers of darkness, if ever they are delivered, the Lord must do it, as Paul speaks of the deliverance God had wrought for him. He says, "Who hath delivered us from the powers of darkness, and translated us into the kingdom of his dear Son." How could they be delivered, only by the power of God? They had no power of their own to deliver themselves. Their deliverance was through what the Lord Jesus had done; as the apostle says, "having redemption through his blood," all things are so overruled by the Lord for their good that they shall be brought to this place, to praise him for their affliction,—that in their trouble they called upon him, and he delivered them.

So his people praise and bless his name. We have this set forth in Ps. ciii.: "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." So God inhabiteth the praises of Israel. I have been brought to praise and bless the Lord for all his goodness, when such sorrows and distresses have come upon me that have caused sighs and groans to go out of my heart to him; yet afterwards I have been enabled to bless him that I have been so led, that though these things were painful to flesh and blood, yet they have been of real substantial good.

Have you ever praised him for spiritual mercies as well as temporal,—that he has not cut you off as a cumberer of the ground,—that you have been this night walking about this earth, this 18th of October, 1859, on praying ground? Who can tell what God has in reserve for you? Some may say they have nothing to thank God for. Have you not? Then I tell you this; many that have not committed half the sins you have are cut off, and you are spared. You do not know what the Lord may do for you before you die. Who would have thought Saul was a vessel of mercy, when he was going to Damascus,—a man who was a forerunner and ringleader in persecuting the saints? But the Lord cut him down, brought him in check,

stopped him when in full course, fulfilling the desires of the flesh and of the mind. Like the rest of the world, following the giddy multitude,—the Lord brought him to a sense of his guilt, and then showed him mercy and kindness. He then could bless and praise him that inhabiteth the praises of Israel. So the poor soul who has been delivered from the power of sin and Satan,—that has been brought to see hell was his desert, but instead of this the Lord has appeared for and delivered him,—is made to praise him. A new song is put into his mouth.

It is a great mercy to be a sensible sinner, to have been brought low, to have had the law brought home, to feel trouble and sorrow, to be brought to say, "I found trouble and sorrow; yet called I upon the name of the Lord." "I cried in thy hearing, I beseech thee, O Lord, deliver my soul." How many are there in Coventry that never pray for their soul's deliverance? They go to church and receive the Lord's supper, yet know nothing of the work of the Spirit. They conclude they are all right, yet know nothing of true repentance, of true saving faith, of coming in by the door, or being in the footsteps of the flock. Christ has given us an example of true faith, that it works by love and overcomes the world.

A babe in grace, who has been taught by the Spirit to see what he is by nature,—that his religion will never please God, brought to see and feel his vileness and the mercy of God in his leadings and teachings,—when speaking of these maybe confused; when he tells out what God has done for him, mere professors treat it with contempt, call it fanaticism and enthusiasm. We must be brought to know what Christ has done for us, whether people call us enthusiasts or no.

In Ps. ciii. the Psalmist says, "Who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases." Also in the Song of Solomon: "Set me as a seal upon thine arm." The earnest desire of the soul is to be as a seal upon Christ's arm, whose love is so rich, so precious to him, who delivers from all trouble. If a man would give all the substance of his house for this love, it would utterly be contemned. Nothing can ever dissolve the love of God manifested towards his people. It is stronger than death.

When Christ manifests himself towards us, we enjoy communion with him. We bless and praise his name. We are not ashamed of speaking well of his name, not ashamed of being called Baptists, not ashamed of his people, not ashamed to look our enemies in the face, to bare our breast to the truth. No covering up, no hiding. We have something to say in favour of Christ; therefore he in this way inhabiteth the praises of Israel.

Are you a true Israelite? Then you have something to say in favour of Christ, to his honour, his love, mercy, and truth. He knows who they are that honour him. He says he will

honour them that honour him. We are not ashamed of coming to a chapel like this. We are not ashamed of such men as Huntington, Gadsby, and Warburton. Those who contend for a work of grace and the power of godliness, in opposition to a form, we are not ashamed of such, though we meet with sneers and opposition from the formal professor. For he that is born after the flesh persecutes him that is born after the Spirit.

Thus he inhabiteth the praises of Israel. God dwells in Zion. He calls his people his inheritance: "This is my inheritance; here will I dwell, for I have desired it." We praise him for all he has done for us. He has promised to dwell with the humble and contrite, *dwell* there, *rest* there. Then we rejoice in his testimonies. They are our inheritance. His favour is full of spiritual blessings. We esteem his testimonies more than all riches. Christ appears to us the chief among ten thousand, that we can speak of his love being shed abroad in our hearts. The Lord so favours us with his Spirit that we praise him for all that is past.

The Lord inhabiteth the praises of Israel. We praise, bless, and glorify him for all the troubles and trials he has brought us through; and for the deliverance he has wrought. Here is something causing us to praise. The fatted calf is killed, and the wine on lees is well refined; therefore we can make merry with our friends. This is the tried soul, whom the Lord hath blessed with spiritual enjoyment. Those on the opposite side, who are taken up with the world, prospering in worldly things, have a lean soul; but the language of one whom the Lord has blessed is:

"Let worldly minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me.
Once I admired its trifles too;
But grace has set me free."

The soul has found something better and more congenial; has turned his back upon the world, and his face is towards Zion. He is brought to that state, willing to part with right hands and right eyes for the sake of Jesus.

The apostle prayed that the Romans would present their bodies a living sacrifice before God,—that they could from their hearts praise God for the word of his grace, for the gospel, for repentance unto life, for a spirit of prayer, for a good word, for that blessing he had bestowed in bringing them into that place to see they were nothing, and blessed them with a religion that would do to die by.

Do not you, then, find fault with the way, you that have been brought to feel yourselves destitute of every good, convinced of your lost state. This is worth more than all Coventry, a million times twice told. The sinner who has thus been made poor does not in this race run at an uncertainty. His victory is sure, because he does not go at his own charges. God has devised the covenant of grace, and in that covenant all is secured; that salvation is not only certain, but full and free.

On the contrary side, those who sow to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption, while they that sow to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.

It is a good thing to be jealous over your state, exercised about it, whether your religion is of the right kind; so that you are what you profess to be in the sight of God. The apostle says, Examine yourselves, whether you be in the faith; see that you are right in doctrine, right in experience, and right in practice. A man who has been set right by the Lord did not come there all at once. I bless God for what he has done for me, I glory in his only name, and I so highly prize it that I would not part with it for gold or silver; for I am fully persuaded of this, that when he blesses my soul, all is right. When the promise comes with sweetness, power, and love, then we can offer praise. Though we are called to endure persecution, seeing we are in the footsteps of the flock, we are enabled to make our boast in God. Our language is, "Help me to magnify the Lord, and let us exalt his name together." "Trust in the Lord, all ye people; pour out your heart before him. My soul shall make her boast in the Lord; the humble shall hear thereof and be glad. He hath brought me up out of the horrible pit and miry clay, and has put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God." He has made me to know that he has come into his garden, and eaten his pleasant fruits. Bless and praise his holy name, that I shall be found in Christ without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing.

"O thou that inhabitest the praises of Israel!" Bless God for his goodness, his grace, and his mercy from first to last. Exalt the Saviour, the sin-atonement Lamb. He had on his head many crowns. He shall have *all* the crowns, for he is worthy. All his people will sing his praise. Certain I am of this, that there is no hope for you unless you are washed in Christ's blood. There will be no mercy if you are not pardoned. The fountain is opened for sin and uncleanness. He has promised to pour upon his people a spirit of grace and supplication. He that died for our sins, who has risen for our justification, will surely bring us safe. "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?" He hath given us grace and will give us glory. "All things shall work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose."

Though some may start aside and give way, yet the child of God will acknowledge the way the Lord has led him is a right way, however painful it has been to flesh and blood. The Lord will so teach his people, he will strip them of all their fleshly wisdom, and make them to be willing to be saved in his way; which way excludes all room for boasting. We are brought to see we are so poor, vile, and sinful in his sight that we find there is no other way; therefore we are compelled to accept the way the Lord chooses; all to the praise of the glory of his grace.

Paul said (though some are displeased at this doctrine; and yet he came to a right conclusion when he said), "To him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted to him for righteousness." The reward is of grace, not of debt; so to him that worketh not, is the reward reckoned not of works, but of grace. How many in Coventry are working for life? All those who are perfectly saved are brought to see they have no hope of salvation by the deeds of the law; because, so strict are its demands that, were they able to pay all but one farthing, not being able to pay *that* would send them to hell. "He that offends in one point is guilty of all." Notwithstanding all this, so gracious is the Lord that he brings all his own people safe to glory. Therefore they magnify his name, not only for temporal but spiritual deliverances. "My soul shall magnify the Lord."

We are led by the Holy Spirit to magnify the Lord for his leadings, teachings, and dealings with us, that he has led us in a right path, as in Ps. cvii., where the children of God are compared to mariners. When in their trouble and at their wits' end, the Lord delivers them; so that, out of the gratitude in their hearts, they exclaim, "O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men." Therefore he inhabiteth the praises of Israel. He comes into his garden to eat his pleasant fruits.

It is a good thing to render praise to God for his goodness to us, whether in spirituals or temporals. When we have temporal losses, we feel the worth of them. "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib. My people do not know; Israel doth not consider."

The apostle tells us "to be careful for nothing; but by prayer and supplication to let our requests be made known unto God." How prone we are to forget the mercies of God! When we look at his goodness, we must confess how unthankful we are.

When real prayer, indited by the Spirit, is poured forth, then the Lord inhabiteth the praises of Israel; so that we give him all the glory and honour for his loving-kindness, more than all the free-willers in their lifetime. You may ask how this is. The reason is, because these poor creatures are like the pharisees, dead in trespasses and sins. If Christ inhabiteth the praises of Israel, it is not from pharisees, not from dead professors; but sensible, living souls, sinners who are brought to see how lost and undone they are. When brought to see where the remedy is, that it is in a precious Christ, they have a new song put into their mouths. They praise God for his rich, free, and sovereign grace.

When I first came into Warwickshire, the people never asked me; they had no voice in the matter. I preached at Trinity Church, about the year 1826; and I think I paid another visit at Christmas, 1832. I preached twice and administered the

Lord's supper. I seemed quite destitute of grace. How dark I was! Yet, here I am, standing up in a Baptist chapel, to disavow infant sprinkling. How unlikely it seemed at that time! I little thought such would be the case, that I should raise my voice against infant sprinkling, that it was contrary to the word of God, though agreeing with the prayer-book. I can say in some measure I was like Abraham, when the Lord called him. He went out not knowing whither he went. The Lord brought me out of that, and put a new song into my mouth; so that I could praise him for his great goodness. And you know the word says, "He that offereth praise glorifieth me; and to him will I show the salvation of God." When people have a sweet sense of Christ's love, they have something to pray about, and something to sing about. Then the dear Lord comes into his garden and says, "Here will I dwell, for I have desired it."

Have you ever been favoured with a sealing testimony of the pardon of sin? Have you ever felt this blessing,—called, and sealed? Can you say, "Thou hast made me glad with thy testimonies?" Have you ever been so blessed in your own soul as to have joy and peace in believing? Have you ever been favoured with sweet meditation, upon the Lord's goodness to you? Though you have been in trouble, and had guilt upon your conscience through your sin, yet have been brought through all? That he has brought you to his feet, forgiven your sin, and blessed your soul; so that you could sing of mercy and judgment? This is to be truly blessed.

How awfully destitute must those people be who stand up, time after time, thinking they are going to heaven, when they know nothing of their own vileness, sinfulness, and depravity, or of the pardon of sin! They had better break stones upon the road than stand up on the Lord's day, whole hearted, all right in their own estimation, yet ignorant of the way of peace. They are deceived. Though they think it all right, they know nothing about the two mysteries,—the mystery of iniquity, and the mystery of godliness. The mystery of godliness is, God manifest in the flesh, justified in the spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, and received into glory. What a mercy if we are not so ignorant that we know for ourselves that he died for us. This being the case, we praise him for his goodness that he has manifested himself to your soul. You are his.

"Ah!" say some, "I wish I could say this. I am not so sure that I am right, though I seem to have such trouble on account of this." There is, my friends, something in religion beyond nature. If you are thus exercised, and in deep trouble, and, like the children of Israel, are brought to that spot to sigh and cry, then hear what the Lord says: "Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." Deliverance will come; and when it comes, you will praise and bless

God for the deliverance. So that he inhabiteth the praises of Israel.

Though I am alive and have to die, and know it, I should never have praised the Lord had he not sought my soul, given me true repentance and a right faith, made my heart honest, prepared my heart to seek his face, and led me to see that I am in the footsteps of the flock; that through much tribulation I have been led to watch and to wait upon him, and cry to him for deliverance; and I trust he has heard my prayer. They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in deep waters, see the wonders of the Lord. The Lord brings them up, and then are they glad because he bringeth them to their desired haven.

The Lord will keep the feet of his saints. May he comfort and strengthen your hearts; and remember, though you may have sharp trials,

“Gold in the furnace tried
Ne'er loses ought but dross;
So is the Christian purified,
And better'd by the cross.”

“Not unto us, not unto us, but unto thy name be all the praise.”

RICH, AND INCREASED WITH GOODS.

BY JOHN RUSK.

(Concluded from page 134.)

“Because thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked.”—REV. III. 17.

V. I now come to the last particular, *Naked*. When Adam came out of his Maker's hands, he was perfect and upright, as Solomon tells us, “God made man upright.” He was made in the image of God: “In the image of God created he him,” male and female created he them, and blessed them. Man in his original state was righteous and holy, and stood upon a level with the moral law. He loved God with all his heart, soul, mind, and strength; and this righteousness was his clothing. How long he stood we cannot determine; but it appears to have been but a short time. Now as love was his righteousness, &c., after he fell he lost the image of God, namely, love. Enmity took place, and then he was naked. The Holy Ghost left him, and the devil took possession of him. This I gather from Paul, in Eph. ii. 1-3: “The spirit of the prince of the power of the air that now worketh in the children of disobedience.” Adam disobeyed; and in this state we all come into the world: “By nature children of wrath, even as others.” This is our state. In this was Adam's nakedness; and so it is with every one that is a descendant of him; but as Adam was one of the elect, God made him a promise; as you read: “The seed of the woman shall

bruise the serpent's head," &c. This was a blessed promise to Adam.

So we see the way we become naked. O what an awful change this must have been to Adam; now in robes of guilt and slavish fear. "I heard thy voice in the garden, and was afraid, because I was naked; and I hid myself." That this is the state of us all you may see in Ezek. xvi., Cast out in the open field, which means this world, in our blood. Thus all good left Adam, and all evil took possession of him, and us also, as being in his loins. Therefore you read: "He begat a son in his own likeness;" that is, naked.

Now here we are all on a level by natural generation; but God was pleased to appoint a Second Adam before the first was formed, and gave all his elect family life in him before sin entered into the world and death by sin. Here lies the safety of God's elect: "Preserved in Christ Jesus." But this we know nothing of by nature; for we are in the same state as those in our text, "wretched, miserable, poor, blind, and naked;" but God is pleased, sooner or later, to show us our true state, generally by degrees as he enables us to bear it; and when this is the case, we appear in an awful state, and expect no less than the execution of the sentence. We labour hard to quiet conscience; but we cannot, and we are afraid God is going to destroy us. We feel we are naked and in the image of Old Adam, and we know that God despises that: "As a dream when one awaketh, so, O Lord, when thou awakest, thou shalt despise their image." "Hell" (or the inhabitants there) "is naked before him, and destruction has no covering," and it is needful that we should both feel and see our true state, that we may know the vanity of all human righteousness; and though it is sometimes the case that some get hold of the righteousness of Christ without much of this labour, and conclude that all is well; yet God often throws such back again, and instructs them deeper than ever in this truth; and they will labour and struggle as hard to patch up something of a righteousness as if they never had heard of Christ Jesus.

Head knowledge and heart experience are two different things; and I doubt not but many there are wrapped up in their own righteousness, and who, understanding the doctrine of imputed righteousness, have an assent and consent or a faith in the letter, but at the same time they were never stripped of their own rags. This is an awful deception; and it appears to have been the case with the man who had not on the wedding garment. If he had not talked of the righteousness of Christ they would have found him out; but they do not seem to have suspected him in the least; but when the King came in to see the guests, he saw this man, and he said, "Friend" (for so you appear to be), "how camest thou in hither, not having on a wedding garment? And he was speechless. And he said, Bind him hand and foot, and cast him into outer darkness. There shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth." Reader, beware of

claiming this righteousness before you are stripped of your own. God justifies the ungodly, and he will make us feel ourselves to be so before he justifies us. What signifies the brightest profession if it will not stand the trial? "Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for what a man soweth that shall he also reap;" "The day shall declare every man's work of what sort it is." If left to ourselves, we may deceive ourselves and thousands also; but God we cannot deceive.

Now, seeing we are all naked or destitute of righteousness in God's sight (for he says, "There is none righteous, no not one"), he has been pleased to give us his dearly-beloved Son, who, in the fulness of time, came into this world, and in his life and death wrought out an everlasting righteousness; and the moment we are enabled to believe in him we are justified freely from all things from which we never could have been by the law of Moses. And then away goes our nakedness, and we are clothed. "And I spread my skirt over thee, and covered thy nakedness." (Ezek. xvi. 8.) And Paul says, "By his obedience shall many be made righteous;" for, "being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." This is the only way to enter the kingdom of heaven. Righteousness is a perfect obedience in thought, word, and deed to God's holy and righteous law, which fallen man was far enough from; but the Second Person in the Holy Trinity took our nature into unison with his Divine Person, and in his holy life magnified God's law and made it honourable, and in his death endured the curse of that law which was due to all God's elect; and from his own mouth he tells us that both are finished, both *actively* and *passively*. 1, His *active* obedience: "I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do." (Jno. xvii. 4.) This was at the close of his holy obedient life, before his sufferings on the cross; and then after this on the cross he uttered these words with his dying breath, "It is finished!" and gave up the ghost. (Jno. xix. 30.)

This was his *passive* obedience. "He became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross;" and then was fulfilled Daniel's prophecy concerning him; for he "made an end of sin, made reconciliation for iniquity, and brought in everlasting righteousness." (Dan. ix. 24.) Here mercy and truth met together, righteousness and peace kissed each other. (Ps. lxxxv. 10, 11, 12.) Truth sprang out of the earth when Jesus arose from the dead, and righteousness looked down from heaven; and here was a perfect righteousness, which answered every demand of God's law. "He rose again for our justification." So that, when righteousness looked down for satisfaction, truth gave it, for he is the way, the truth, and the life. Then the Lord gave that which was good, and the land yielded her increase, and has ever since been gathering all God's elect out of the ruins of the fall. "To him shall the gathering of the people be. Righteousness shall go before him, and shall sit in the way of his steps." These steps are actings of faith upon him as the LORD our righteous-

ness; as you read: "The steps of the faith of our father Abraham; for Abraham believed God, and it was counted to him for righteousness." And Paul says, "That the blessing of Abraham might come on the Gentiles through faith." Blessed, therefore, is the man to whom the Lord imputeth righteousness without works; and as many as are of faith are (thus) blessed with faithful Abraham. But both faith which puts this righteousness on and this righteousness that is put on come both to us in consequence of God's eternal election and choice of us in Christ Jesus; so that free will is quite shut out here. Hence you read: "As many as were ordained to eternal life believed." And again, as it respects this righteousness: "Whom he foreknew, them he also did predestinate; whom he did predestinate, them he also called; whom he called, them he also justified; and whom he justified, them he also glorified." This righteousness is a free gift to all the heirs of promise; as you read: "Much more they that receive the abundance of grace and the gift of righteousness shall reign in life by One Jesus Christ."

But there are several marks, evidences, and criterions whereby we are brought to know our personal interest in this righteousness; and, therefore, when God is pleased to give us to know this he will show us what we are in the ruins of the fall, our state of unbelief, condemnation, and wrath, our nakedness, and what we are exposed to. And here I can but remark what sore conflicts of soul I have had and do have to this day under sore temptations, when it is represented to me that after all my writing and talking about this righteousness I am not interested in it, and that though in times past I have rejoiced in it, yet when any fresh-contracted guilt is on the conscience, any besetting sin fallen into, what inroads do these terrors and fears make on me; neither can I, while under them, believe but what they come from God, and my soul sinks for a while almost in despair of all hope and help, and I fear that former experience is only presumption. O reader, beware of sin! It is sin that separates; and this I know by bitter experience. Christ is not the minister of sin; and it is only by virtue of our union with him that we can possibly enjoy the blessed effects of this righteousness; but if conscience is neglected, sin indulged, idols set up, &c., then we shall feel that it is an evil and a bitter thing to sin against God; and although he will never cut us off for good and all, yet we shall feel enough to make us wish that we had never been born. O how has my soul sunk, my hope seemed as if it was almost gone, and despair rolled in; and all this for indulging those things that were displeasing to God. "Thou art a God that forgavest them; but thou takest vengeance of their inventions." It is not such a righteousness that will justify me living in sin. God forbid! But it is only enjoyed in a good conscience. "Holding the mystery of the faith in a pure conscience."

Now, as I said before, there is a preparatory work done in the

soul, in order that we may feel our need of this righteousness; and this you may clearly see in Zech. iii., when Joshua the high priest stands before the Angel of the Lord and Satan at his right hand to resist him. Now Joshua was clothed with filthy garments, and stood before the Angel; and he answered and spake unto them that stood before him, saying, "Take away his filthy garments from him, and unto him he said, Behold, I have caused thine iniquity to pass from thee, and I will clothe thee with change of raiment." To this agrees David in the psalms, when he says he shall stand at the right hand of the poor to save him from them that condemn his soul. You may see it again in the publican, who dared not to lift up his eyes to heaven, but smote on his breast, saying, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" He went down to his house justified. The prodigal also, after being in a far country in a perishing condition, the father orders the best robe to be brought forth and put on him; but this feeling sense of want is the work of God in all these,—Joshua, the high priest, to feel his filthy garments, the publican his guilt, and the prodigal his perishing state.

But now let us attend to some of these marks, or evidences, by which we may know whether we are clothed in this righteousness or not; for this to us is of the greatest importance to know.

1. If this righteousness is upon us we shall *hate and abhor our own*. Hence, Paul counted his but dung and dross, and the church, by the prophet Isaiah, says, "All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags." Now both these were clothed with this righteousness. Paul tells you he was justified by faith, and the church that she was covered with the robe of his righteousness. Self-loathing is sure to follow.

2. Another proof of it is this,—*peace* is sure to follow, whereas before we felt like the troubled sea that cannot rest. Hence Paul says, "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God;" and though we may soon lose the happy enjoyment of this peace, yet every time faith is in excession our peace comes again. Therefore we are told to seek peace and pursue it; for there is joy and peace in believing.

3. Another proof is this,—the *witness of God's Spirit*: "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God." And by faith Abel obtained witness that he was righteous. And though it is true that at times, according to our feelings, we are more like condemned criminals, yet this is when the old man is put on and unbelief is keenly felt; for this witness never attends the old man nor unbelief, but the new man and faith; for he that believes hath the witness in himself.

4. Another proof that we have this righteousness on is *Joy*: "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God; for he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation," &c. But we shall have plenty of afflictions to interrupt these sweet enjoyments, because we carry about us a body of sin

and death as well as all other troubles. Nevertheless, we shall enjoy these things in a greater or less degree.

Lastly. *Gratitude, love, thankfulness, and praise* will be felt, at times, when by faith we enjoy this righteousness. As you read: "This people have I formed for myself; they shall show forth my praise." "And they shall be called trees of righteousness," the planting of God that he may be glorified! And this righteousness is called a "garment of praise for a spirit of heaviness," because such are sure to praise God; and it "becometh well the just to be thankful." But those in our text knew not that they were wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked.

God grant that we may be made sensible in time of our true state, and be brought empty-handed to Jesus Christ for *every needful* supply. Amen and Amen.

A PASTORAL EPISTLE BY MR. PHILPOT,

TO HIS CHURCH AND CONGREGATION.

WRITTEN DURING HIS ILLNESS IN THE SPRING OF 1864.

Dear Friends and Brethren,—As it has pleased the Lord again to lay his afflicting hand upon me, and thus to prevent my coming amongst you in the ministry of the word, I have felt disposed to send you a few lines by letter, to show you that I still bear you in affectionate remembrance.

I need hardly tell you what a great trial it is to me to be thus afflicted, not only on account of the personal suffering of body and mind which illness almost always brings with it, but because it lays me aside from the work of the ministry; for, with all its attendant trials and exercises, and with all my shortcomings and imperfections in it, I have often found it good to be engaged in holding forth the word of life among you, and have been myself fed sometimes with the same precious truths of the everlasting gospel which I have laid before you.

But if it be a trial to me to be thus laid aside, it is no doubt a trial also to those of you who have received at any time any profit from my labours, now to be deprived of them. In this sense, therefore, we may be said to bear one another's burdens; and so far as we do so, in a spirit of sympathy and love, with submission to the will of God, we fulfil the law of Christ. But as nothing can come upon us in providence or in grace but by the Lord's will, and as we are assured that all things work together for good to them that love God and are the called according to his purpose, among whom we have a humble hope that we are, there is doubtless some wise and gracious purpose to be accomplished by this painful dispensation. I have, as you well know, long held and preached that it is through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom of God;

that the Lord has chosen his Zion in the furnace of affliction; that it is the trial of our faith, and therefore not an untried but a tried faith which will be found unto praise, and honour, and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ; and that no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous but grievous, yet that afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby. Now, I have to learn for myself experimentally and feelingly the reality and power of these truths as well as ministerially set them before you. Indeed, those of us who know anything aright are well assured in our own minds that those only can speak experimentally and profitably of affliction, and the fruits and benefits of it, who pass through it and realize them.

But besides you, my immediate hearers, I have a large sphere of readers to whom I minister by my pen. There seems, therefore, a double necessity that I should sometimes, if not often, be put into the furnace, that I may be able to speak a word in season to them that are weary. Marvel not, then, nor be cast down, my dear friends and brethren, that your minister is now in the furnace of affliction, but rather entreat of the Lord that it may be blessed and sanctified to his soul's good, so that, should it please God to bring him out of it, he may come forth as gold. Peter speaks of being in heaviness for a season, if need be, through manifold temptations (1 Pet. i. 6); and James bids us "count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations." (Jas. i. 2.) The words "manifold" and "divers," though differently translated, are the same in the original, and the word "temptations," as I have often explained to you, includes trials as well as temptations in the usual sense of the term. We may expect, therefore, that our trials and temptations should not only widely differ in kind, but be very numerous in quantity. Now as to temptations in the usual sense of the term, I think I have had a good share, for I believe there are few, whether external, internal, or infernal, of which I have not had some taste; but I cannot say the same of trials, for some severe trials have not fallen to my lot. Though I have had losses, and some severe ones, I cannot say I have had experience of severe business trials. Though when I left the Church of England I gave up all my present and future prospects, and sacrificed an independent income, yet, through the kind providence of God, I have been spared the pressure of poverty and straitened circumstances. I have not suffered the loss of wife or children, and have been spared those severe family trials which so deeply wound many of the Lord's dear people. But of one trial, and that no small one, I have had much experience,—a weak and afflicted tabernacle. Though my life has been wonderfully prolonged, yet I have not really known what it is to enjoy sound health for more than 33 years, and for the last 17 have been liable to continual attacks of illness, such as I am now suffering under. Thus I have had much experience of the furnace in one shape, if not in some of those which have fallen

to your lot. But this I can truly say, that almost all I have learnt of true religion and vital godliness has been in the furnace, and that though ill health has been the heaviest natural trial I have ever experienced, yet I trust it has been made a blessing to my soul.

But I will now tell you, my dear friends and brethren, a little of what I have felt under my present affliction; for you will feel desirous to learn whether I have gained any profit by trading. I cannot speak of any special blessing, and yet I trust I have thus far found the affliction profitable.

1. I have been favoured, at times, with much of a spirit of prayer and supplication. This I count no small favour, as it has kept my soul alive and lively, and preserved it from that wretched coldness and barrenness and death into which we so often sink. We must feel the weight and power of eternal realities, and highly prize spiritual blessings, before we can sigh and cry to the Lord to bestow them on us. If I did not covet the Lord's presence and the manifestations of his love and blood, I should not cry to him as I do for the revelation of them to my soul.

2. I have seen and felt the exceeding evil of sin, and of my own sins in particular, and have been much in confession of them, and especially of those sins which have most pressed on my conscience.

3. I have seen and felt much of the blessedness of true humility of mind, of brokenness of heart, and contrition of spirit, and what a choice favour the fear of God is as a fountain of life to depart from the snares of death. You all know how for many years I have stood forth as a preacher and as a writer; yet I feel as helpless and as destitute as the weakest child of grace, and a much greater sinner, as having sinned against more light and knowledge than he.

4. I have felt my heart much drawn to the poor, afflicted children of God, and especially to those who manifest much of the mind and image of Christ. I never, during the whole course of my spiritual life, felt the least union with the vain-confident, doctrinal professors of the day, but have always cleaved in heart and spirit to the living family of God. But I have never felt more drawn than now to those of the people of God who live and walk in the fear of the Lord, who are spiritually-minded, who manifest the teaching of the blessed Spirit, and whose souls are kept alive by his continual operations and influences. I lament to see any who profess to fear the Lord carnal, and worldly, and dead. I do not covet their company, nor envy their state.

5. I have been reading during my illness Mr. Bourne's Letters, Mr. Vinall's Sermons, and Mr. Chamberlain's Letters and Sermons, and am glad to find myself joined wth these men of God in the same mind and in the same judgment. I have found their writings profitable, sometimes to encourage and sometimes

to try my mind; but as in the main I feel a sweet union of spirit with them, I trust it is an evidence I have been and am taught by the same Spirit. One of the most trying circumstances of my illness is that any exertion of the mind increases the complaint and retards the recovery. I need perfect rest of mind, and cessation from all mental labour; and yet I am so circumstanced that with the exception of preaching I am obliged to work almost as hard as if I were in perfect health. I have, however, this consolation, that I am working for the good of others, and that I must work whilst it is day; for soon the night will come when no man can work.

I have spoken thus far and thus freely of my own trials and the effects of them. And now I wish to add a few words upon my present affliction in its peculiar bearing upon yourselves as a church and congregation. Everything connected with vital godliness has to be tried. My ministry among you; the cause of God and truth as ours professes to be; the faith and patience, hope and love, of those who fear God in the church and congregation; the mutual union of minister and people, and of the people with each other; have all to be tried as with fire. And it seems that the Lord is now trying us in all these points. We have lost by death during the past year some of our oldest, most established, and valued members, and by their removal the church has become proportionately weakened. My own ill health for these last few years has left you for weeks sometimes without the preached word; and as we know that a congregation is first brought together and then kept together chiefly by the ministry of the word, this circumstance has a great tendency to thin and weaken our assembly. Many will come to hear preaching who have no real knowledge of, or love for, what the minister preaches. Such hearers, therefore, naturally fly off when there is no minister in the pulpit. But these very things which naturally weaken a people, as a people, and try the strength of a cause, as a cause, try also the reality and vitality of the work of God among them. The ministry of the gospel when owned of God is no doubt a great blessing to a people, and the deprivation of it will be deeply felt by those who derive profit from it; but this very deprivation may have its attendant benefits. You may see more clearly and feel more deeply thereby that you must get your blessings, your encouragements, your tokens for good, your helps by the way, your sips and tastes of the Lord's goodness and mercy, more directly and immediately from Himself. And this will help to put the ministry in its right place, —to be highly prized as an ordinance of God, and yet not to be made almost a substitute for those other means of grace, such as prayer and supplication, reading the word, private meditation, and meeting together among yourselves; all which the Lord can bless, as much as, if not more than the ministry itself. If my ministry has been owned of God to your souls, it will stand. The blessings which you have received under it, whether

many or few, little or much, will abide, and be rather strengthened than diminished by my present suspension from my labours. If all I have preached in your ears for more than 25 years is merely in the letter, and you have never received the least blessing, nor felt the least power from my ministry, all you have heard will fall away from your mind and memory, like last autumn's leaves from the trees. Now, then, is the time to prove, by the effects left on your spirits, whether my word has been to you only in the letter, or has been attended with some power to your souls. Many people's religion goes no deeper and reaches no farther than hearing and approving of what they hear. They may at the time seem interested or instructed, or even moved with what they hear; but nothing is carried home with them to sink deep into their heart, and to work with a divine power in the conscience. These are all well described by the Lord as coming to hear his word as his people came, and sitting before the prophet as his people sit, and hearing his words but not doing them. So to some, if not many of you, I may have been as one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument, and with your mouth you may have shown much love, but your heart has gone after your covetousness. (Ezek. xxxiii. 30-32.) Now, when the voice is silent, and the sound of the instrument not heard, such people's religion seems to die away. The Lord, then, may be purposely trying your religion by suspending the ministry for a time, to show the difference between those who have a living spring in their souls, independent of, and distinct from, the preaching, and those whose religion lies almost wholly in the use of outward means. We often speak of our weakness; it is a part of our creed, and of our experience, that the strength of Christ is made perfect in weakness. But what a very painful and trying lesson this is to learn, whether individually as Christians, or collectively as a Christian church.

Now that is just the very lesson you are learning, and which I believe you will have to learn more and more. It is not often that living churches are what is called flourishing churches,—that is, in the usual acceptation of the word. Large congregations, an abundance of respectable hearers, a continual accession of members to the church, flourishing circumstances, and a great flow of such prosperity as the worldly eye can measure, is not the appointed lot of the true churches of Christ. All this we may seem to see and to believe, but it is only trying circumstances which can really convince us that when we are seemingly strong then we are weak, but that when we are weak then we are strong.

But I will not weary you longer. I shall, therefore, only add that as the Lord, through undeserved mercy, is gradually restoring my health and strength, I trust that, after a little time, I may be given to your prayers.

Meanwhile, I recommend 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 which are sanctified.

Brethren, pray for us.

Your affectionate Friend and Servant in the Lord,
Stamford, April 2, 1864. J. C. PHILPOT.

SOULS FOR OUR HIRE.

Dear Friend,—Ever since I received your letter, I have had a desire to write to you, to inform you with what pleasure and satisfaction I read it. How thankful to God I felt on your account and on my own also, that we should be brought into the unity of the faith, the bonds of love, and be bound up in the bundle of life with Jesus Christ the Lord our God. You have lost your natural sight, which loss you must deeply feel; but a spiritual eye and a hearing ear are granted unto you, and blessed are your eyes, for they see the King in his beauty, and behold the land that is very far off. The Lord Jesus, who was a teacher sent from God, has taught you to know himself, whom to know is eternal life; and hath revealed himself to you in all his fulness, his suitableness, and saving benefits, and he has granted you earnestness and foretastes of the eternal inheritance reserved in heaven for all those whom the Father gave to him, for whom he died, and whom he will bring to glory.

It is a humbling consideration that it should please God to communicate spiritual good to you by me, and your own experience proves that the Lord will work, and not suffer his word to return void, from the many times he has blessed you while waiting upon him at B., and elsewhere. While I read your letter, my heart was filled with joy and praise to God for you; and while going through your epistle, I thought on the words: "They shall not labour in vain, for they are the seed of the blessed of the Lord." It is written: "The sower soweth the word," and I from time to time have sowed according to the ability God hath given; and the time is come that I who have sown, and you who have reaped, should rejoice together. As your letter shows that the reading meeting, as well as the preaching of the word, has many times been blessed to you, I think it must be an encouragement to Mr. P., as well as to myself.

No doubt you find, as you pass on your pilgrimage, many crooked things and many rough places, which are made straight and plain when the presence of the Lord is with you. The way to the kingdom ever has been a going in and out and finding pasture, through darkness and through light, a lifting up and a casting down, tribulation in the world, and peace in Christ. "Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all." I have been in this path for 50 years, and have proved the Lord to be the faithful God, and he will be the same to you. Yours in the best of Bonds,

Leicester, Nov. 21, 1850.

THOMAS CHAMBERLAIN.

Dear Sir,—I hoped to be able to tell you on the last Lord's day, at Langport, a little of the great goodness of the Lord in bringing my poor soul out of prison and the prison-house. I am sure I can never tell the guilt, the bondage, and the dreadful despairing state of my poor soul for above two years, when I verily thought I was given up to a hard and impenitent heart, and was not only destitute of all good but full of all evil; and indeed I may say full of misery and condemnation. I feared I had my portion with that black catalogue in Heb. iii., vi., and x. It was not enough to satisfy my soul to know or to hope that the Lord had blessed me, and appeared in a way of mercy before, although it could not entirely be given up or lost sight of; and sometimes a hope would rise up that he would appear again; and occasionally, especially towards the break of day, these words would give a little hope: "Yet a little while, and he that shall come will come, and will not tarry;" and this: "Thou shalt again go forth in the dances of them that make merry." But this was as it were a little reviving in my bondage; not full deliverance, and the clouds would gather again, and all hope of being saved seemed taken away. No small tempest lay upon me, and it was my sad experience to prove: "When I cry and shout, he shutteth out my prayer;" "O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul!" This was the cry; and sometimes no cry at all, which was worse still; and I have come to this conclusion: "The Lord hath forsaken me, and my God hath forgotten me;" "I shall not see the Lord, even the Lord, in the land of the living." And sometimes it would rise a little higher than this: "Will he be favourable no more?" &c. "Hath he forgotten to be gracious?" &c. "O that I knew where I might find him!" I thought there was not such another living as I was; for all the experience I read never seemed to reach me; my path seemed so dark and unlike the Lord's children.

Many have been the passages of Scripture that have cut me up; and though kept to myself in great measure, it must have been evident to those about me, and especially my friends in the faith, that my Beloved had withdrawn himself, and was gone. You know what this is, having passed through the deep waters of desertion. And the Lord's heavy hand seemed to be especially upon me in taking two of my daughters, four months apart, aged three and four. Both seemed healthy and strong, and were only ill a few days each.

You will say, "Quite enough of the dark and gloomy side;" and I hope I feel it a mercy it is not all dark, for on the 30th of April last, it pleased the Lord to direct your feet to Langport, and you related some of your exercises in the fiery trial you had to pass through, in your prayer (together with the hymn, 984 Gadsby's Selection, which I attempted to give out, but could not), and the sermon. Speaking of "His hands have laid the foundation of the house," &c., was the means of liberating the captive. "The king sent and loosed him, even the ruler of the people,

and let him go free." And as in the year of jubilee the poor bound Israelite went out free, so it was, I trust, with me. It seemed too much and too good to be true, but "like them that dream." How sweet was the word of God, especially the parable of the poor prodigal, who was a great way off when the Father saw him; and the lost sheep that was found and laid upon the shoulders of Everlasting Love. O how sweet was the love of Christ to me, the vilest! It melted my hard and rocky heart, and caused me to come with tears of love and gratitude to his dear feet.

"It rises high, and drowns the hills,
Has neither shore nor bound;
Now, if we search to find our sins,
Our sins can ne'er be found."

And now I could no more help rejoicing than before I could help mourning. "O the height, the depth, the length, and breadth, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge." We only know a little of it. But O to feel a love to him above all other objects, and to say with Simon Peter, "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee." "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name;" for "He hath brought me up out of a horrible pit and the miry clay, and set my feet upon a Rock, and put a new song into my mouth, even praise unto my God."

"Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song."

The Lord is good, and I have blessed and praised him for his mercy, to me, even to me, who had never expected to experience anything but blackness of darkness for ever. And the poor worm now writing desires to thank the dear Lord Jesus that this has not proved a transitory visit, but trust he has felt and experienced the blessed spirit of adoption, whereby he cries, "Abba, Father!" and is enabled to resort unto him; though sometimes he fears the familiarity and freedom at the mercy-seat is too great, and not becoming in such a sinner, and he has to beg pardon for it.

O the blessedness of being brought into the sweet liberty of the children of God! May the Lord be pleased to make and keep our consciences tender in his fear, and may he especially bless your soul for the good he has made you to a poor sinner.

Yours for the Truth's sake,

South Petherton, Jan. 31, 1866.

WILLIAM HARDING.

A GRAIN of grace of God's planting is more worth than millions of gold of man's getting—a more worthy gift than all the gold of Ophir—which God gives to men by their own industry, who shall never see his face; but this is by his Spirit in order to glory. It is a royal gift he reserves in his own hands, to bestow upon those that were his favourites in his eternal purposes. It grows not in every man's ground, neither is it sown in every man's field.—*Charnock*.

THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH.

My dear Friend,—Mrs. Isbell and I deeply sympathize with you in your late bereavement. I can well imagine that much as you feel your and poor Mrs. D.'s loss, you cannot but rejoice in the mercy that has been manifested, and the assurance you possess that when Jesus appears God will bring the departed with him. The separation is but for a little season. It may be shorter than any of us imagine. Indeed, many of God's people begin to feel that "the Lord is at hand," and such a feeling, only more intense and general, I conceive to form an essential element in the circumstances which will arouse the slumbering virgins, and be to them the sure evidence that "the Bridegroom cometh." The midnight cry may not, and, I believe, will not, be a voice of words merely, but something more heart-stirring, causing the wise to throw off at once their former coldness, listlessness, and formality, and to aspire more ardently with confession, prayer, and praise after that blessed hope, and the glorious personal appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ. The foolish virgins, whose lamps are gone out, will be alarmed; and finding no help from the wise, will run hither and thither for comfort and security, where it cannot be found. During which time the Lord will raise the dead in Christ, and change and catch up his living saints, to "meet him in the air." How great will be the terror of the foolish, when they find the wise are taken away; and how vain their cry to be admitted into that presence-chamber where their former companions are being arranged by the Lord into a warrior-army to come down upon the earth with him to the great battle of Almighty God!

May we have the soul's assurance that we are interested in these subjects, and be found as servants who *watch*, not knowing when the master cometh, but ready at any time to *go out* to meet him. The more these truths open to my mind, the more sorry I am that any of God's people should be averse to hear them, or think them unprofitable. They are not "idle tales," nor "cunningly devised fables," but realities, which God has promised to make effectual in the hearts of the elect, whom that day shall not overtake as a thief in the night, for he will prepare them for it. At the same time I believe that many have a zeal for these truths, not according to knowledge, and without having any proof of being interested in them. "Ye *must* be born again" is as true now as it ever was. Without this no one can see or enter into the kingdom of heaven. None will be with Christ when his feet stand on the Mount of Olives unless he have previously been found in their hearts, "the Hope of glory."

With our united kind regards to Mrs. D., and to all friends,

I am,

Affectionately yours, in Christian Bonds,

Leicester, Jan. 6, 1853.

G. S. B. ISBELL.

LOVE AND MERCY.

Dear Friend,—I have this morning been reading Matt. xxvi., xxvii., and xxviii. And O what a scene of matchless love is in those chapters set forth! I hope you will have time to read them yourself on Sabbath day; and may the Lord the Spirit bless the reading of them to your poor soul.

I cannot tell you what I felt while reading the account of poor Mary, that great sinner, so great a sinner that the good folks thought it a disgrace to be seen in her company. O! How must her heart have melted when she heard the Lord whom she loved not only approve of what she had done, but honour her before them all, saying, "Wheresoever this gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also this that this woman hath done be told for a memorial of her." But how soon the scene was changed! What must have been the feelings of her poor heart when that dear object of her soul was taken, and so cruelly put to death! It makes me think of those lines I so often repeat:

"I no more at Mary wonder,
Dropping tears upon the grave;
Earnest asking all around her,
'Where is he that died to save?'
Dying love her heart attracted;
Soon she felt its rising power;
He who Mary thus affected
Bids his mourners weep no more."

Well, my friend, here in solitude and silence I can ponder over my past life; and O what deficiency do I see in all my conduct. Were it not that God is a God of mercy, I must have been cut off and sent to hell. O! How many times have I come from the Lord's supper, which he instituted on that night when it was said that they sang a hymn and went out; how many times have I come, and thought but little or nothing of what our dear Lord went out to meet! But what love and pity he showed to his poor weak disciples. He would not distress them with a sight of his agony; but leaves them at a little distance, and merely tells them to watch. Even this they could not do, but fell asleep. But O, the kindness of the dear Lord! When he found them asleep he does not abuse them for their cruelty in going to sleep at such a time, but gently chides poor Peter, who had so lately boasted of his great love; and he then directly makes an excuse for them, kindly saying, "The spirit truly is willing, but the flesh is weak." Ah! Weak indeed! I have proved and still prove this, and the poor disciples proved it, when they all forsook him and fled; and how many times have I done this; but not like them. They did it for fear of their lives; I have done it for foolishness and vanity. But O what matchless love our blessed Lord shows to his own dear children. It does seem as though he gave his angels charge over them; for when the angel that rolled away the stone from

the door of the sepulchre, before whom the keepers could not stand, but became as dead men,—when he saw the women, he said unto them, “Fear not; for I know that you seek Jesus, which was crucified. He is not here; he is risen.” Were I able to write, I could dwell on this subject many days.

I hope you will all be joyful together on Sabbath day. I hope you will all feel a little of that glowing love in your poor hearts that those highly favoured women felt when their dear Lord and master met them, and said, “All hail!” And they held him by the feet and worshipped him.

But I must now conclude my scribble; I hope you will make it out. That the Lord may keep you from running away from him, is the prayer of

Your old Friend,

May 2nd.

MARY RILEY.

LOVE IS OF GOD.

“And we have known and believed the love that God hath to us. God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him.”—1 Jno. iv. 16.

O love of God! Come dwell in me;
Enlarge my heart, and set it free;
'Tis love that makes believers shine.
Lord, fill my soul with love divine.

'Tis love that casts out fear and strife,
And tells we're pass'd from death to life;
Love is the new-born, heaven-born sign.
Lord, fill my soul with love divine.

'Tis love makes pure devotion rise;
How sweet through love the sacrifice;
Refreshing, yea, far more than wine.
Lord, fill my soul with love divine.

'Tis love reveals the dwelling-place
Where God abides in covenant grace;
'Tis love declares that Christ is mine.
Lord fill my soul with love divine.

He dwells in God and God in him
Who dwells in love, this gift supreme.
Here zeal and knowledge richly join.
Lord, fill my soul with love divine.

Love fills that glorious world above;
The feast, the song, the air is love;
For this celestial gift I pine.
Lord, fill my soul with love divine.

Camberwell.

J. J.

Christ's satisfaction, worn by faith, is the sign that distinguisheth God's friends from his enemies. The scarlet thread on Rahab's window kept the destroying sword out of her house; and the blood of Christ, pleaded by faith, will keep the soul from receiving any hurt at the hands of divine justice.—*Gurnall*.

Obituary.

MARY ANN HATCH.—On June 15, 1869, at Chapel Allerton, near Axbridge, Somerset, aged 51, Mrs. Mary Ann Hatch.

My dear wife was born March 20th, 1818, in the city of Bristol. When she was about eight years of age, her parents removed to Street, and her father became minister of the Baptist church in that place. Having gracious parents, she was mercifully preserved from the sin and follies of many young persons, besides having the truths of the gospel often set before her. Her mother, who was a gracious woman, was very anxious about the salvation of her children, and the Lord very mercifully answered her prayers.

My wife, when very young, had many thoughts about her soul. She felt she was a sinner, and that there must be a divine change in her heart; that she must be born again, or she could not see the kingdom of God. She more and more felt the weight of divine things. Her cry often was that the Lord would manifest his salvation, and give her to feel that she was one of his people. When about 16 or 17 years of age, the Lord brought her under a law-work, and made her feel something of the length and breadth of the law's demands, though she often said it was not in so powerful a way as some of the Lord's children have to experience; yet she felt herself to be a poor lost and ruined creature, that without Christ's salvation she must for ever perish in her sins, and that he would be just if he sent her to hell. But the Lord in his own time gave her to hope in his mercy, and to look to him for life and salvation, by the application of that blessed Scripture: "I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee." And also Isa. xliii. 1. This brought a blessed deliverance, and she was enabled to hope in his mercy and to rejoice in his salvation, to say with the psalmist, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name."

After some time she and her sister (of whom some little account appeared on the wrapper of the "Gospel Standard" for April, 1857) were baptized by her father, Mr. John Little, on August 28th, 1836, and joined the church. She very much felt the solemnity of the step she had taken in making a public profession of religion, for fear she should bring a reproach on the cause of God, her feelings on this subject being very tender that the truth of God should not be injured. However, the Lord kept her in an honourable profession of his truth, his name, and his cause. She was often exercised as to the reality of the work of grace in her soul, and was led more and more to feel that she was a poor helpless sinner, that she could do nothing of herself, and that the Lord must work in her both to will and do of his good pleasure. The earnest cry of her soul was, that the Lord would lead her in a right way, that she might not be deceived, that he would

manifest himself to her more fully as *her* God, *her* Saviour, that she might say, in sweet assurance with the apostle, "Who loved me and gave himself for me." "O!" she would say, "If after all I should become a castaway!" But, blessed be his dear name, he never did cast away his people whom he foreknew. He never leaves the work of his hands. His gifts and calling are without repentance; therefore, in his own time he makes it manifest, though we poor short-sighted creatures do not always understand the Lord's dealings with us, often writing bitter things against ourselves; as was the case with my very dear wife, though amidst all the Lord carried on his work, and led her sweetly and more fully into the truths of the gospel of his rich grace. Nor was she ashamed of the glorious doctrines of the gospel,—eternal predestination to life, of God having a people whom he had chosen from everlasting, to show forth his praise. She saw there was *no* salvation, but as her name was written in the Lamb's book of life. These things she contended for earnestly as the faith once delivered to the saints.

In 1843 I became intimately acquainted with her, and having at that time to pass through much the same experience in divine things, I felt a union of soul with her.

About this time the "Gospel Standard" fell into our hands. It was often the means of much encouragement and enjoyment to my dear wife. She was then able to speak very sweetly of the Lord's dealings with her. In a letter to me, dated July 27th, 1845, she writes, "I have enjoyed so much to-day that I cannot help sitting down to write and tell you of some of the Lord's goodness towards unworthy me. I heard Mr. B. this evening. I believe the Lord was with him, and I am sure the Spirit sealed the truth home upon my soul. His text was Acts xiii. 38, 39. O how I felt humbled while hearing the sermon. It is solemn work! It is not a mere assent and consent to the truths of Christianity that will satisfy the soul. I think sometimes I do know something of it, and I am confident that nothing satisfies till Christ is revealed in the conscience as the end of the law for righteousness, and the sinner is justified by his (Christ's) obedience to the law, rendering satisfaction to divine justice. It is not enough to know this as a doctrine, unless it is brought home to the conscience by the Holy Ghost. My soul is lost in contemplating this grace bestowed on such a vile, rebellious sinner as I am. I can only say, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul.' What wondrous grace that God the Father should choose us in the person of his dear Son, that God the Son should endure the curse due to our sins, and that God the Holy Ghost should quicken and bring into spiritual life such rebels as you and I. It surpasses my thoughts and feelings. My poor finite mind cannot comprehend it. I want a seraph's tongue to speak of its glory. Methinks when I get above I shall be able to sing without any impediment, and ascribe it all to free and sovereign grace, and to him that hath loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood."

In 1847 she changed her position in life, and came to Allerton, where the preaching was not at all satisfying, it being a Yea and Nay Gospel, or no Gospel at all, though the people were Baptists. We were very much exercised about it. Still the Lord did not leave us. A way was soon opened for the reading of his truth. We read Mr. Philpot's and other good men's sermons, as they appeared in the "Zoar and Penny Pulpit;" also the "Gospel Pulpit" from the commencement; and we were much encouraged in this step from a piece in the "Gospel Standard," and from this passage, "Come out from among them and be ye separate, and touch not the unclean thing, and I will receive you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." This in a great measure settled the matter, and we, with a few gracious persons, met in a room at Wedmore, three miles distant, to worship God and to hear his truth in its doctrinal and experimental purity. This we continued to do for 10 or 12 years; and we could often say it was good for us to be there. I shall never forget how my dear wife enjoyed those early sermons of Mr. Philpot's: "The Valley of Baca;" "Rising of the Day-Star;" "The Houseless Wanderer;" the "Reproach Answered;" and very many more. That text was very blessed: "And he led them forth by a right way to a city of habitation." Also Isa. xliii. 1, 2. That word, "*Thou art mine*," was very sweet and precious to her soul, and she often spoke of it to me as a word from the Lord on which she could rest her hope. Sermon 110 was also very precious to her. She would often remark, "All we want is to be able to say, *for me*." Sometimes she would say, "Have I an interest in this salvation? Do I know anything of it in my own soul? We want to *feel* assured that we are interested therein. We cannot be satisfied without it."

She often enjoyed Dr. Goodwin on the Ephesians, and would speak of the riches of God's mercy and grace as displayed in his kindness toward us poor sinners, and would frequently quote Eph. ii. 4-7. And as Mr. Philpot's Meditations on the Ephesians appeared in the "Gospel Standard," her soul was often very much blessed in reading them, and very many times did she speak to me of it.

But now I will say a little about her illness and death.

In May, 1868, she was taken ill, but partially recovered till the fall of the year, when she became much worse, so that we quite despaired of her life, though the Lord mercifully raised her up again for a little time. During this illness, the Lord appeared in a very blessed manner to her. She was able to rejoice in his salvation. She said her jubilee was come; she had been waiting for it for a long time, but it was now come. Her soul seemed to be set at full liberty, and she could bless and praise the Lord for the sweet manifestations of his grace to her.

In December she was very ill, and kept her bed. On the 8th, she said:

“ Sweet to look back and see my name
 In life's fair book set down;
 Sweet to look forward and behold
 Eternal joys my own.’

Many times have I had little sweet manifestations of the Lord's mercy to me: ‘I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for my own sake, and will not remember thy sins.’” At another time she said:

“ ‘Tis that bless'd hope that never dies;
 Beyond the reach of hell it lies;
 'Twill flourish and immortal be
 When death is lost in victory.’

And I have that hope. I believe he *did* shed his blood *for me.*” At another time she said, “ ‘Tis all of grace! After 30 years' experience, I have no power now until he speaks to me. If this is death, 'tis more like going home.” At times her soul seemed full of joy. She said, “Peace I leave with you; and he has left it.” She then quoted 1 Jno. iii. 1, 2, and said, “Poor guilty sinners, and yet to be like Christ! Then shall I be satisfied, when I awake, with his likeness.” At another time she said:

“ ‘Yes, I to the end shall endure,
 As sure as the earnest is given.’”

I said, “You have experienced that earnest, my dear.” “Yes,” she replied:

“ ‘More happy, but not more secure,
 The glorified spirits in heaven.’

What a thought, that Jesus should shed great drops of blood, falling down to the ground, for poor sinners!” “Yes,” I said, “and when we can say *for me.*” “Yes,” she answered, “he hath made with me an everlasting covenant. Not that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life,—life, life!” At another time she said, “Precious hope! precious hope!

“ ‘Salvation! 'Tis mine,
 And glory, dear Jesus, eternally thine.’”

At another time she said, “ ‘Sin shall not have dominion over you.’ God is faithful to his promise. He will not lay upon us more than we can bear. ‘Worthy is the lamb that was slain,’ &c. I shall be with him. * * * ‘Tis that oil, that drop of oil. Precious, precious!” (Reference was here made to Mr. Philpot's sermon on the “Anointing.”)

On Dec. 16th she said to me, “Haven't you been writing something? Do not make much of *me.* I'm nothing but a poor sinner, saved by free and sovereign grace. O free grace, free grace! When my heart and my flesh fail, the Lord is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.”

Soon after this she began to recover, and we thought she would be quite restored; and for some weeks she felt the sweetness of the Lord's manifested mercy, and was able to rejoice in his salvation. We could indeed bless the Lord for his kindness in raising her up in a great measure to health again, and I

really hoped it would be permanent; but the Lord's thoughts are not our thoughts. She soon began to get worse. Her poor heart began to beat again, and she got much weaker, till the beginning of June, when she took to her bed and did not get up afterwards. She was so very weak she could not talk much, and wished to be kept quiet; and we thought it would be for the best. To a friend who came to see her about a week previous to her death, she said, in answer to some remark, "I hope I have known something of these things for many years in my own soul. I do not expect to be saved but by grace. There is *no* other way. It will not do for us to depend on our works." She said she did not know what the Lord was about to do with her; she felt she was in his hands, and hoped the Lord would give her patience in her affliction, though she never did complain, and was very submissive to his blessed will. To her sister-in-law she said, "What a blessed thing, when we come to such a spot as this, to have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." I was with her a great deal, leaving her only at short intervals.

On the Sunday before she died, I read that beautiful hymn of Toplady's, which was one of her favourites:

"When languor and disease invade."

That verse was very precious to her:

"If such the sweetness of the streams," &c.

Also one of Herbert's:

"How bless'd are they, for ever bless'd,
For whom the Saviour died;
God views them all complete in Christ,
Completely justified."

This was very suitable to her state of mind, though she did not appear particularly happy, but calm and composed.

On the Monday she seemed weaker and much worse. Still we entertained hope. Little did we think her end was so near. She was perfectly sensible to the last. The night she died, she said, "The Lord has given '*commandment to save me.*'" (Ps. lxxi. 3.) "And he will save you, my dear," I said. A little after this, she said, "'I have made an everlasting covenant with thee, ordered in all things and sure.'" "I know in whom I have believed." "Lord, receive me to thyself. Take me to thy eternal rest." "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." Her breathing being bad, she spoke with difficulty. Again she said, "Justified by grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus. *I know it, I feel it.*" This she spoke with an emphasis. "*Precious Jesus! Lord, take me.*"

"'Tis my happiness to know
All I desired or wish'd below.'"

It was blessed indeed to see how the Lord supported her when so near her end. Those glorious truths and doctrines which she believed in life, were her support and comfort in death. She now felt their divine and eternal reality.

It was now quite evident she would not be here long. She

appeared to be sinking fast. She said, "O death, where is thy sting? Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

A little before she died, she said, "I shall soon be in glory. What a mercy!" These were almost her last words. She tried to speak once or twice more, but we could not understand. She lay quite still, except moving one hand a very little, and quietly fell asleep in Jesus, without a sigh or the least movement.

J. HATCH.

GEORGE MANTELL.—At Gosport, on Nov. 5th, 1869, aged 85, George Mantell.

My valuable and sincere-praying friend was formerly chief boatman in the Revenue Service. He was well known and much esteemed by Mr. Vinall and many others. He was one of 17 who first formed the church at Providence Chapel, Chichester, under Mr. Vinall.

The kind providence of God towards him when a boy was wonderful, and his escapes from death, had he kept an account of them, would have been worthy of being recorded.

He was formerly an Arminian; but was led to hear Mr. Brook, at Chichester, from 1 Pet. iv. 18. This sermon he said took away all his Arminian religion, and made him miserable. He hated Mr. Brook, but could not leave his ministry. He seemed to point at him with his finger. He constantly attended at Providence Chapel, and though it stripped him bare, he was kept to the truth.

After a while he was raised to a comfortable hope, while Mr. Brook was preaching from Jer. xxxi. 28. And now he felt he loved Mr. B., and ever afterwards spoke of him in the strongest terms of affection. He used to walk from Selsea to Chichester, about 20 miles there and back, of a week evening, and sometimes did not get home till midnight. He was present at the opening of Providence Chapel, on Sept. 6th, 1809, when "the coal-heaver" (William Huntington), of blessed memory, preached morning and evening from 1 Cor. iii. 10-13.

He does not appear to have had that special deliverance with which some of the Lord's people are favoured, but was blessed with a good hope through grace, proving the Scripture to be true: "The righteous shall hold on his way, and he that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger." He was often much favoured, but seldom on the mount.

In March, 1858, he had a kind of fainting fit, while in Ebenezer Chapel, Gosport. In February, 1864, he had a bad cold; but seemed cheerful. He went to bed early, after taking something warm for his cold, and got up as usual in the morning, but soon afterwards fell down in his bedroom. He was insensible, and the people of the house put him to bed. I went to see him, and found him on the sofa. His mind was heavenly, and many passages came to his remembrance, on which he meditated. I asked him the state of his mind. He replied, "Comfortable," and he believed it would be all right. He was then perfectly sensible, and thought it likely he might be taken off in a fit of the same kind. He did not appear to be at all terrified, but spoke of it being a solemn thing to be drawing near to an eternal world. There was no other refuge but the dear Lord, he said, and he wanted no other.

My father called to see him on the 11th. His mind was supported, and he appeared to have a deep sense of the goodness and mercy of God, and of his own utter unworthiness. He said, "My heart is fixed, is fixed." On the following Sabbath he said persons saw only the outside; but when he looked back 40, 50, or 60 years, and thought what a

hell-deserving, God-dishonouring wretch he had been through unbelief, how indebted he was to the Lord's goodness and mercy. It was the goodness of God which led him to repentance. In the afternoon he said, "I am on the Rock of Eternal Ages." He felt confused in the night, but had sweet meditation on this passage: "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ," &c., and "O the depths of the wisdom," &c. He had no desire to live one minute, if it was the Lord's will to take him.

On the 15th he said he was only waiting for the summons, "Come up higher," "Once on the Rock, there for ever." He told my niece that the truths he heard at the chapel would do to live and die by. To friend Coffee he said, "The truths that I have been following for 60 years are a firm foundation. If it were the Lord's will, I should like to go now."

On the 19th we had him removed to a room under the chapel (the chapel is up stairs). He said, "I am up and down, like a poor hell-deserving sinner, under the special care of a loving Redeemer. I cannot feel any desire to be raised up again." A friend said, "You find the Lord your strength?" He replied, "Yes; bless his precious name." He felt thankful that he was perfectly sensible, and hoped the Lord would put it into my heart to pray for him to be taken away. He said, "The Lord is a Rock; his work is perfect. I have not one good deed; they were all swept away long ago." He desired his kind love to Mr. G. Harding. He had felt a union to him, and hoped the Lord would bless his labours. He said, "Sinners are fixed upon one object; the Lord fixes them: "Here they fix and comfort take,—
Jesus died for sinners' sake."

My father said, "You feel the Lord still precious?" He answered, "He is my strength; the everlasting arms are underneath, whether we feel them, or see them, or not." He expressed his thankfulness for the continuance of his reasoning faculties. He said, "The love of Christ is everything. Without this, religion is not worth a rush. The gospel we have heard the Lord will bless. I will tell you what I have been thinking of: 'Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart.' This is not reaping time; it is only sowing. Reaping time will come bye and bye." I said, "You have had the doctor to see you." He replied, "I want the good Physician to say, 'Come up higher.'" In the evening he said, "I am fixed upon the Rock. I do not want to think of anything but Jesus Christ and him crucified. Precious Jesus! He is my light and my life."

On the 23rd he said, "Blessed be God, I feel my heart is fixed upon the Rock of Ages." A friend said, "You are on a good foundation." He said, "O yes. If the foundation be removed, what could the righteous do? But it never has been, it never can, nor ever will be." His heart seemed to overflow with gratitude at the kindness of friends manifested towards him, and he prayed the Lord to bless them.

On the 26th he said, "No one can turn his own captivity. Blessed be the Lord for his kindness to me hitherto." After this he spoke of being tried, and of darkness that might be felt. He said it was an unspeakable favour to have those who feared God to wait on him. He said sometimes after a refreshing sleep, when he awoke, the Lord seemed clean gone; he could not even feel a little gratitude.

On March 6th he was very low in body and mind. My father asked him how he was. He answered, "I can hardly tell; it is all confusion." "You are not in despair?" "No," he said, "I have nothing to depend upon but the full and finished work of the Lord Jesus."

On the 13th he said, "Christ is the centre of all good. Out of him there is nothing worth having. Take Christ away, there is no refuge."

After this, contrary to expectation, he got better, and was able to get about again. After a sermon from: "The Lord hath been mindful of us; he will bless us;" he said, "I can set to my seal that the Lord has been mindful of me from my youth, and I believe he will be unto the end." The following lines he wrote on Jan. 29th, 1867, and put into Dr. Owen's work on the Glory of Christ:

"This book I've often read, and found it sweet;
 May Robert do the same and have a treat.
 May the good Lord our hearts to him praise,
 And he and he alone shall have the praise."

It was a frequent expression of his in prayer, "Give us to feel more the worth and value of a dear Redeemer."

About a year after this, I said, "The Lord has kept you ever since he called you under Mr. Brook." He answered, "Yes; and I believe he has never left me for a moment; but I have often left him." He said, subsequently, he never loved father nor mother, wife nor child, as he loved Mr. Brook after he heard him preach to his soul's comfort from Jer. xxxi. 28. "If ever there *was* a mercy, *this* is a mercy," he said, "to be taken out of a sin-disordered world, and freed from a body of sin."

At the beginning of last year, I asked him if he would like to go back again to begin life. He quickly answered, "No, not for all Gosport." As the summer came on, he took but little nourishment. His chief desire was to depart and to be with Christ. His breath was short, but his heart was fixed, trusting in the Lord.

One day he said, "I do not know where I am; but it cannot be long. But this I do know: 'Say ye to the righteous, it shall be well with him.' * * * How glad I should be to go home. * * * What a wonder of wonders for such a poor illiterate guilty sinner to get to heaven!" * * * I said, "I have been reading your favourite book, Dr. Owen on the Glory of Christ." He replied, "There is no glory out of him. O that I had wings like a dove!"

On Aug. 27th he said, "No one has more reason to bless the Lord than I have; none could be more unworthy." And a week afterwards he said, "It is not enough to know there is a good covenant God; we must *feel* it."

On Oct. 29th his mind was rather roving; but he desired to depart, and wished the Lord would touch his flinty heart and cause it to stand, towards the better land (quoting from Mr. Flavel).

On Nov. 5th, while I was by his bedside, my beloved friend departed this life without a struggle. He was a member of Ebenezer, Gosport.

Gosport, Feb. 4, 1870.

ALFRED HAMMOND.

SARAH CHAPMAN.—On Jan. 5th, 1870, aged 32, Sarah Chapman, of New Pellon, near Halifax, a member of the church at Siddal Hall, Halifax.

She was bodily a very poor, weak, helpless creature; so much so that she was confined to her bed for many years. She was the subject of fits, at times of a very distressing character, more or less from her youth; but the effect of them was more distressing as she advanced in life.

There is a Sabbath school at or near New Pellon, belonging to the Association Baptists. About 30 years ago, Mr. Kershaw began to preach in this neighbourhood, and about that time he was duly appointed, at a meeting of the teachers of that school, to preach their anniversary sermons. Among these teachers there were a few who loved the doctrines that Mr. Kershaw preached. However, when the church heard of Mr. Kershaw being chosen to preach the anniversary sermons, one of the members, a leading man among them, declared that Mr. Kershaw should not be allowed to preach in that place. This resulted

in a Sabbath school being opened near to the house where Sarah Chapman was born, and at which place Mr. Kershaw used to preach occasionally, as well as other men of God who visited the neighbourhood. To that school Sarah Chapman began to go when she was but a child; and it was there she learned to read, and it was there, too, that she was brought to know that she was a needy sinner, and where she first began to cry, "Lord, help me!" She was evidently brought into a state of real soul bondage at that place, and was kept in it, too, for several years, longing for a deliverance, which deliverance she obtained in a most remarkable way and manner. After the chapel was built at Siddal Hall, she used to come there as often as her health and strength would permit. One night, in 1860, Mr. Kershaw was preaching at Siddal Hall, and Sarah was brought in a cab to hear him, a distance of about three miles. She was not in a fit state of health to be out, but, like the thirsty hart panting after the water-brooks, so Sarah's soul was panting for God, yea, even for the living God. When she attempted to go up into the chapel, she fainted through weakness of body, and was carried to bed in a room near the chapel, in connexion with the vestry of the chapel. In this room lived an uncle of Sarah's, and he and his wife looked well to their niece. The uncle was a godly man, well taught of the Lord. He well knew the state of poor Sarah's soul, and always tried also to relieve her bodily complaints to the best of his ability. Sarah had to remain under her uncle's roof for some days before she could be removed; and, although she was deprived of the privilege of hearing Mr. Kershaw's voice that night, yet she was blessed in hearing the voice of her Beloved, saying, "Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away." (Song ii. 10.) On that memorable night the Lord brought this poor dear soul "into his banqueting-house, and his banner over her was love."

This was about two o'clock in the morning. She asked her uncle to fetch me at the time, that I might witness the scene; and indeed she wanted not only me to witness it, but also,

"To tell to all the world around,
What a dear Saviour she had found," &c.

The lawful captive was that night delivered from the prey, the prisoner was loosed, sorrow was turned into joy, sadness into praise, and darkness into light. I never, in all my life, witnessed such a joyful scene. She did truly drink out of the wells of salvation the full draughts of bliss.

This joy and peace lasted for some hours. She said, as I entered the room, "David, the Lord Jesus Christ has appeared, and told me that he is mine and I am his." Such was the state of ecstasy she was in, that I never witnessed the like either before or since; and I must say I never read of many such cases. It was, in fact, an extraordinary deliverance, attended with "a joy unspeakable and full of glory," the reality of which I have never questioned myself from that day to this, though Sarah did hundreds of times afterwards. She thought on this occasion, and so did many of her friends, that she was about to die soon, and go to a world of such joy and peace, "where tears are wiped from off all faces;" but I said both to her and to her friends, "If this is real, she is not going to die just yet." I said, "Such grace must be tried," and indeed it *was* tried, "in a furnace of sore affliction." I am a witness that it was tried by God himself, and by the devil too; yes, and by a felt-wicked heart. But, bless the Lord, it stood every trial. At the bottom of all, there was a cleaving to the God of all grace, with a "Lord, help me!" for this was her prayer in thousands of instances, when she could not say another word if heaven had depended upon it.

I went to preach at her mother's, with whom she lived, as long as she could bear to sit up to hear, or even to lie to hear, without fits. The last time I preached there I had to stop before I had got half through the sermon, as she was seized with a violent fit, and required immediate attention.

I once went to see her a short time after she had that deliverance, and she was then as full of fears as she had been a short time before of faith. I asked her how she could doubt after such a clear manifestation. She said, "For this reason only, that I cannot help it." I said to her, "How true the words of Christ are, 'Without me ye can do nothing.'"

To say much more of what I know of her would occupy too much space; therefore I must close by saying, she died with these words on her faltering tongue: "Come, come, come, Lord Jesus! Come quickly!"

DAVID SMITH.

WILLIAM BURGESS.—On Jan. 29th, 1870, at Littlebury, Essex, aged 94, William Burgess.

For over 50 years he was a member of the Saffron Walden Strict Baptist Church, only surviving his beloved partner eight months. She was a member with him the same number of years.

My dear father was called by grace about the year 1808. At the commencement of his illness, the adversary was permitted to harass and worry him in a most distressing manner. For many days it was most painful to see him, with the nature of the complaint and the enemy saying, "Where now is thy God?" For four days it continued most distressing; but God, who is not slack concerning his promises, came in his own time and delivered the captive from the paw of the lion, on Sunday morning, Aug. 22nd, and the enemy was not permitted to assail him again. He lay quite composed for a short time, and in an instant he cried out, "It is Satan! Will the Lord banish me from his presence? Will he let me sink? It is Satan! It is he! I know him! It is the devil! I know him! It is he!" And after a pause of some minutes he broke out with such rapture, "Crown him, crown him, Lord of all!" It was quite overpowering to behold him. With joy and ecstasy he told me it was the foretaste of bliss. Then he again exclaimed, "Praise him, praise him, Lord of all!" Then he sang the same, though in all the power imaginable, "How I long for that glorious day! Praise him! Crown him, crown him, Lord of all! A foretaste of bliss! I shall never forget this day! O glorious day! I never thought the dear Lord would have let me see his dear face and the bliss he has prepared for me. Crown him, crown him, Lord of all! I hail the day to see my heavenly home." The happiness that shone on his face was most wonderful. Addressing me, who stood by his bedside, he said, "Will you sing and praise him Lord of all? Praise him, praise him, praise him, Lord of all! Praise him! Who would have thought it that he would have shown me his dear face, and manifested himself to my poor soul? Praise him, praise him for evermore."

After this time he lay for five months, but the enemy was not allowed to harass him. The Lord was so kind, too, in giving him patience through all his afflictions, and a constant longing to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord. His end was peace. He gently fell asleep in Jesus, without a sigh.

Chelmsford.

L. R.

On May 24th, after about a fortnight's illness, Mr. Wigmore, Minister of the Gospel, Riding House Lane, Regent Street, London. Aged 63. Particulars have not reached us.

THE CROSS-HANDED BLESSING.

WHEN good old Jacob blest the seed
 From Joseph's loins who came,
 He cross'd his wither'd hands, we read,
 And God has done the same.

Thou God of Israel's chosen race,
 Whose sins deserve thy frown,
 Oft thou hast sent thy richest grace
 In cross-hand blessings down.

Crosses each day, with trials hot,
 The Christian's path has been,
 And who has found a happy lot,
 Without a cross therein?

In Job's afflictions who can doubt,
 Though neither small nor few,
 That God there dealt a blessing out,
 And that cross-handed too.

Cross-handed came the blessing down
 On Israel's hoary head,
 When Joseph's bloody coat was shown,
 As number'd with the dead.

"Not so," my father, oft we say;
 "This pain, this grief remove;"
 Too blind to fathom wisdom's way,
 Or think 'tis sent in love.

The cov'nant has a smarting rod,
 To make our souship clear;
 And though 'tis seal'd by oath and blood,
 The cross-hand blessing's there.

O God, we fall before thy feet,
 Adore thy wondrous ways,
 Who makes our bitter portions sweet,
 And turns our groans to praise.

KENT.

AND *thou*, my soul, hast *thou* not found
 Some cross-hand blessings too?
 Yes; nature smarts beneath the wound
 Before the end I view.

A tender Father sends the cross,
 Yet from its weight I shrink;
 My Saviour holds the bitter cup,
 Yet I refuse to drink.

But he whose hand in love hath form'd
 That very cross for me,
 Will surely make me feel its weight,
 That I his grace may see.

"What! Must I then indeed sustain
 This heavy, grievous load?
 Sure I shall sink beneath the pain,
 Where is thy love, O God?"

“What bow of light can e'er illumine
So dark a cloud as mine?”
Patience, poor restless soul, and thou
Shalt see his glory shine.

Time has roll'd on, and I can say,
How gracious is the Lord,
Who to my heart, in trouble's day,
Whisper'd a cheering word.

And well and surely has my God
His promises fulfill'd;
Sprinkled with sin-atoning blood,
And by the Spirit seal'd.

Yes; I can bless the hand that mix'd
That bitter cup for me,
Whose patient love o'ercame my will,
Which struggled to be free
From that rough, salutary cross,
Himself had made for me.

A LITTLE ONE.

NO REST HERE.

“This is not your rest, because it is polluted.”—MICAH ii. 10.

THERE is no solid rest below,
This earth is a polluted place;
Sorrow and pain, and sin and woe,
Its pleasures and its joys deface.

How different now the scene to when
In all its beauty first it stood.
Seen by its great Creator then,
His word pronounced it “Very good.”

Thou hideous monster Sin, to thee
This alter'd state of things we trace,
And all the depths of misery
Which make this earth no resting-place.

Nor does thy spoiling work here cease.
No; solemn truth! O sad to tell!
There is on earth no resting-place,
And there shall be no rest in hell. (Rev. xiv. 11.)

Blessed for ever be that grace
Which did in mercy great provide
For weary souls a resting-place,—
Rest in Christ Jesus crucified.

By faith, O may we enter in
That blessed Rest while yet below,
And when released from earth and sin
Its perfect bliss more fully know.

March 4, 1870.

M. B.

There is as much difficulty in waiting for the accomplishment of the promise as in believing it; neither of which can we do till we become dead to ourselves, and give up all to God.—*T. Charles.*

JUNE 1, 1870.

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

JUNE, 1870.

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

THE GOLD OF SHEBA.

A SERMON BY THE LATE MR. ISBELL, PREACHED AT COVENTRY,
DEC. 3RD, 1850, IN THE BRITISH SCHOOL-ROOM.

[There was no chapel of truth at Coventry at that time, and the good folks would not lend a chapel; so a gentleman connected with the British School let the friends have the use of it. It is a good-sized school-room, and it was well filled. The people heard well. The first hymn given out was 456, Gadsby's Selection.]

"And he shall live, and to him shall be given of the gold of Sheba. Prayer also shall be made for him continually, and daily shall he be praised."
—Ps. LXXII. 15.

I HAVE often been struck, in reading this verse, with the beautiful truth it contains, which is so much obscured by our English translation. I have felt the sweetness when I have considered it in the sense which I believe the Holy Ghost designed it to be, and as it is in the old (Tindal's) translation: "He shall live, and unto him shall be given of the gold of Arabia. Prayer shall be made ever unto him, and daily shall he be praised." Thus rendered, the sense of the text is made clear. We see that blessed Person who is spoken of in the text is the Lord Jesus Christ, whose person, whose glory, whose work, and goings forth are so strikingly set forth in the context. We behold him, as it is said, most blessed for ever. Having died for his people, he has risen again for their justification. He has entered into heaven, there to be and plead their cause. You see the apostle Paul's words in the Hebrews are, if I may so speak, derived from this text, designed to embody the truths which the text contains: "Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them."

It will be my object this evening to notice a few of those things spoken of in this Psalm, concerning this glorious and adorable Immanuel, the Friend of sinners, the Fountain of every blessing, the Giver of every mercy, who, having loved his own that were in the world, loved them to the end; who is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever; not for one single moment intermitting his care over and attachment to them, while he upholds all things

by the word of his power, watching with an eye ever present on each one of his children, with a heart glowing with the purest affection for their best interests. He has determined not one of them shall perish.

I. *All that the Father gave him shall inherit that eternal life*, which he received for them, as their Head and Representative, before the world was.

II. I shall point out, as the Lord shall help me, who are the *characters* in whom this glorious Immanuel takes so deep an interest.

III. The manner in which he declares the interest he takes in them, or the way in which in heaven he is ever exhibiting it.

I. He shall live, and they shall give to him the gold of Sheba, prayer shall be made unto him continually; all their days they shall bless him. There cannot be the slightest doubt that this Psalm refers pre-eminently to Jesus. The language is too great to be applied to an earthly sovereign, who notwithstanding was undoubtedly a type or shadow of Jesus; but this language exactly corresponds with everything spoken of the Lord Jesus Christ. It most beautifully sets him forth as the sinner's All in All, in whom he stands complete, in whom he has all things and abounds.

In the commencement of the Psalm he is spoken of as a King, God's King, to whom he gives his judgments, his righteousness; one who is said to judge his people with righteousness, and his poor with judgment. As King, the blessed Jesus is made known to all his beloved children; they are all his true subjects, and they follow him in the regeneration, through good report and evil report. They are ruled by him; they know they are safe. They are brought to bow beneath the sceptre of his grace, enjoying that peace the world knows not of, that peace the world cannot give. There is nothing they need but God has freely given it to them in him. They feel that however many their wants, they all meet in him; however trying and pressing their course, the means of relief are in him; and he is as willing to relieve as he is able. He owns their heart, and they delight to glorify his name. Men may ridicule their strong affection for him, call them fanatics, asperse, slander, and sneer at them; but that wondrous intercourse that is carried on between him and them raises them above these things. They feel no wrath or bitterness on account of these thorns, or whatever contumely may be cast upon them. They can bless God that though he has hidden these things from the wise and prudent, yet he has revealed them unto babes. The language of these wise and great men is this, though not in word yet in effect: "We will not have this man to reign over us." But those who are taught by the Spirit say, "He is our King, whom we desire ever to reign over us, and in us; to guide all our affairs, constantly to be present with us, to make us profit by all his teaching, to render unto him that tribute of praise we feel we never can bring unless he by his Spirit work in us to will and do of his good pleasure."

The blessed Jesus is called King of saints; not but that he reigns over the whole universe; he reigns over his people his saints in a special, a peculiar manner, in a way that he does not over others. He reigns over them in bestowing upon them all the fruits of his undertaking, of his finished work. He reigns over them in order that they shall live and reign with him for ever, inheriting that glory in reserve for them, of which he spoke in his last prayer upon earth, ere he offered himself a sacrifice to God, a sweet-smelling savour. "The glory that thou gavest me, I have given them, that we may be one;" "I in them and thou in me, that we all may be made perfect in one, that the world may know that thou hast sent me, and hast loved them as thou hast loved me."

If our souls were in the hands of any other than the Lord Jesus Christ, it would be utterly impossible for us ever to attain that everlasting glory and happiness, for we are base sinners, helpless sinners; by nature full of enmity to God and godliness; incapable of being lifted out of this state by any person, incapable of being brought to see the least beauty in Jesus, to desire him, or so much as to have the least desire to honour him. But he knows how to break the stoutest heart, to bend the most stubborn will, and bring those nigh who are afar off. It has been the case that those very individuals who, in the days of their unregeneracy and ignorance, cried out, "Depart from us; we desire not the knowledge of thy ways," have fled to him for refuge, desirous to be everlastingly saved by him. Not only to be everlastingly saved, but to be indulged with the enjoyment of that love upon which their heart is set. Without this they will not feel a full satisfaction. These great things this glorious King effects in the souls of his saints. He holds the judgments of God in his hand, consequently they cannot fall on his people. Not one drop of burning wrath, or anything wherein is the curse, can light on any of them, for Jesus has borne their sins and carried their sorrows. All the wrath of God due to their sins was expended on him. He bore their sins and carried their sorrows. He was willing to die for them. His love had no commencement and has no end. His love shone forth in such a manner that all the redeemed and all the holy angels throughout eternity should wonder, admire, and bless the Lord for his unchangeable love. He is over all, God blessed for evermore. He cannot change. He is the unchangeable Jehovah. Can love inflict a wrathful blow? Can love behave unkind? Will it suffer harm to befall the objects of it? Assuredly not. How continuously has it been seen of men who love an object, that they will make any sacrifice, no labour considered too arduous, no gift too great; that, could it be so, they would endure sufferings rather than the object of their affections should have one moment's uneasiness. But what is all human love compared with that of Jesus? His love in the length, depth, breadth, and height is past finding out. He will never permit anything of wrath to light on the objects of his love.

Therefore, while he lives no foe shall injure his people, seeing that almighty power is joined with this eternal, everlasting, unchangeable, inconceivable love. Our Jesus cannot err; he will not deceive or raise any false expectations in his people.

He is to be depended upon in whatever he declares. Blessed is that man who, feeling himself deserving all the wrath of God, has been made to hear the words of this blessed King of saints: "Fury is not in me;" and, by the testimony of the blessed Spirit, God will never cast his people away from his presence, never thrust them into outer darkness. Notwithstanding from what they find and feel within they condemn themselves over and over again, yet they shall be saved with an everlasting salvation, and saved in a way in which justice shall be satisfied.

In Zechariah he is represented not only as a King upon his throne, but as a Priest in his church. Thus as a King he grants forgiveness, and exempts his people from any kind of punishment; because as a Priest he has made an atonement, an offering to God, a full and all-sufficient offering, in which God is well pleased. As by this one offering he has for ever perfected those who are sanctified, who were separated in the purpose of God, heirs of endless glory, heirs of God, joint heirs with Jesus Christ.

When the soul is convinced of sin, he comes to this King as the Assyrian monarch with a halter about his neck, accepting the punishment of his iniquities, crying out from the depths of his distress. The blessed Jesus looks down upon him in love, regarding him as one of those for whom he died, one of the objects of his choice, one of those he means to bless, one of those upon whom he is about to pour down his blessing, that he is one for whom his precious blood is pleading on the mercy seat. He can look upon that sinner and say to him, while law and justice are well pleased, "Son, thy sins are all forgiven thee;" "Mercy and truth are met together, righteousness and peace have kissed each other." In him all the righteous demands of the law were met, all fully settled. He is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth.

This blessed King is able to subdue every foe,—unbelief, infidelity, Satan, our lusts, our passions, our evil desires,—whatever is God-dishonouring and destructive to the soul. This glorious King has power to subdue every foe. By his Spirit's working in the hearts of his people, he brings all under subjection, and hurls the mighty from their seats.

Those who are sighing and crying, that are bowed down greatly in their feelings, have every encouragement to come to him, crying with Peter, "Lord, save, or I perish." It is the blessed Spirit that so works in their hearts, leading them to see that Jesus is mighty to save,—mighty to save from all their enemies, however strong, however subtle. Never did any poor sensible sinner go to the Lord Jesus, with "Lord, save, or I perish!" never did any poor wretch, tormented in his mind by sin, thrust

hard at by Satan, appeal to this glorious King for help, but he always obtained it; never did one fall at his feet for help, cry to, and trust in him, that was ever left to fall a prey to death, or to be trampled on by Satan; not one ever fled to Jesus for refuge that he refused to save.

This blessed King has power over every affection of the soul. We have no power over our souls. How frequently, when we would manifest the greatest love to him, would have our hearts glow with love, how cold we feel. If at any time there is a little going forth, how soon is the scene changed. We feel within like frozen ice, pent up like the winter snow. The waters are held fast; no flowing. In the summer this is not so, through the warmth of the sun the ice is melted and the waters flow, running to that mighty sea whence it came. So it is with our souls spiritually. We have no power whatever to loose our affections, raise them above the evils felt within, the cares of the world and trials of life; but when the Lord looks down upon us, shines in our hearts, drops a word of mercy, brings us into sweet fellowship with him, how the scene is changed! In a moment our heart sends forth living water; it flows forth to him that loved us, and gave himself for us, in blessings, glory, praise, and honour. This is a proof that Jesus has heard our cry, answered our prayer, and liberated our affections.

He is God over all, blessed for evermore. The God that answers prayer is the God of Israel. The God that answers by fire is the God of all who shall inherit eternal glory.

This blessed King has power, not only over his foes, but over the foes of our hearts, power over the services of all our enemies. When the poor child of God finds his enemies lively and strong against him, his friends appearing to be lukewarm, those to whom he looks for help regarding him with indifference; when he cannot see how he is to be delivered from his distress, he knows not which way to turn, he fears, trembles, and falls down, how little does he think the government is on the shoulders of Jesus. If he thinks of it, through the depth of his trouble how little is he able to enter into it, and acts as if all the management of his affairs was committed to him, when his wisdom is swallowed up, and his strength all gone. How common to sink in his feelings and cry, "All these things are against me." Though this is his language, how often are they all working for him, all working for his good.

The Lord Jesus knows how to manage the affairs of his church and people. When to them it seems they shall make shipwreck of faith, he is guiding them in safety to the haven where they would be. Have you not many times been supported and delivered from trouble? Have you not many times seen the hand of God after having been sorely exercised, when unbelief has been working with you like it was with Israel of old in the wilderness, doing those things daily that merited nothing but God's heavy judgments? It is well when we can leave all our affairs with

Jesus. He is the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace. I believe not a hair of your head can fall to the ground without his permission. I feel satisfied, whatever comes upon me, how painful soever to the flesh and trying to the mind, I shall stand before the glorious throne with a palm branch, a crown of eternal life to encircle my brow, a spotless robe on, see him as he is, and say he has done all things well, that not one good thing has failed me of all the Lord has promised.

I intimated that this blessed King is at the same time a Priest. It is in this character he is presented in my text; but remember, not after the order of Aaron. He is a king and a priest at the same time; he sits upon his throne, and reigns in such a manner that all glory shall redound to him, while all the benefit is his people's.

I shall just touch on those verses in immediate connexion with my text. There are many things spoken of this blessed Jesus, this glorious King, this Priest, which are full of blessings to those that know his name, and bow to his authority. We will consider, 1, The love of Jesus for his people. It was from everlasting he loved them. He came into the world to live for them; he came into the world to die for them the accursed death, because from everlasting he loved them; he came to die for them, rise again for their justification, and enter into heaven, there to appear in the presence of God for them. He paid down the price demanded for them, and took possession of all that blessedness which they never would have obtained, if he had not removed every obstruction by the shedding of his blood. John, when in the isle called Patmos, had a revelation of this great High Priest, and King. When he saw him, he was faint, and fell at his feet as dead. He was overwhelmed with distressing fears when he had a plain intimation of his divine power and majesty. Jesus appeared to him in his priestly robes. He knew him to be the same Jesus upon whose bosom he had leaned; yet he was so overwhelmed at the glory bursting forth that it caused him to fall at his feet as dead. But the dear Redeemer made John know that he was touched with a feeling of his infirmity. Notwithstanding all his power and his glory, he retained the same human heart and affections of which he had had such convincing proofs, saying to him, "Fear not; I am the first and the last; I am he that liveth and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore. Amen." He well knew John wanted a revelation of his human nature as well as his divine power, to soothe that heavy weight that pressed upon him, to quell those fears; that nothing would allay them but a word from him attended with divine power. The word that proceeded out of the lips of Jesus entered into the depth of the soul of John, and delivered him from all his fears. Jesus lived and was alive for evermore, in all his divine majesty. He lived in all the truths of his name.

Observe, the blessed Jesus, while he searches the heart and tries the reins, meets exactly the case of John. Jesus appeared to him not in wrath, but in love to his own soul, and also in love to the souls of his fellow-saints. Jesus tells him that he is not only alive, but he lives for evermore, and has the keys of death and the grave. Therefore death and the grave are not open to the saints without his permission. Hell will not receive any of his, because he will never suffer any of his people to perish. Hell shall not triumph over them, because over them the second death hath no power. They can meet death with confidence. He shall be divested of all his terrors. To them it is no longer death, but a sleep. Our God, our Saviour, who is King of kings, a Priest, in heaven he ever lives to make intercession. He exhibits to his Father his wounded hands and bleeding side. He comforted John with these words. Laying his right hand upon him, he said, "Fear not, I have the keys of hell and death." Death is no longer any terror, but a welcome messenger. How many of the children of God, when the summons thus reached them, have been comfortable by the absence of all fear in death. There has not only been the absence of all fear, but an earnest longing for this change, desirous of fleeing away from this world and all it contains, to bid adieu, to leave it, and return no more; leave it to be for ever with Jesus. Those who through fear of death have been all their lifetime subject to bondage, when the summons came, have manifested the fullest strength in the moment of death. Their tears have been for ever wiped away; they have gone home singing praises to God, shouting, "Victory!" All this proceeds from this revelation to us as our Priest. This parts the clouds of fear. When he reveals himself, coming according to his promise, taking down our earthly tabernacle, we rejoice in the prospect of the bliss and glory that awaits us.

"He shall live." Who can tell how many saints long before his incarnation were supported by this truth? They looked forward to his coming in our nature, to die for them, to rise again for them, to carry that nature into heaven, that nature sanctified by being taken into union with his divine nature. Who can tell how many, like old Jacob, have gathered up their feet into the bed, and exclaimed, "I have waited for thy salvation, O Lord," committed their souls to him, believing they shall never be separated from him.

"He shall live." Who can say how many souls since his incarnation have been blessed from these precious words? Who can tell, even at this moment, how many are rejoicing that Jesus lives, and that he lives for them, that the Lord has risen, and lives on their behalf, that all the functions of his office are discharged in their behalf? Who can tell how many have been lifted up, from the very borders of the pit, as it regards their feelings, to the heights of joy? Who can tell how many have been cast down before they realized this truth, that Jesus,

as a Priest, ever lives to intercede for all that come unto God by him? They know their trouble would cease were they assured that God would undertake for them; therefore out of a troubled heart, they cry, "O Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me." "I am so troubled I cannot speak." "Lord, have mercy upon me."

II. But who are the *characters* for whom the blessed Jesus thus lives? We have already stated, he is a king and they are his people, his subjects. We will now come more particularly to show who they are. They are characterized in the psalms as poor and needy; he is said to deliver the needy when he crieth, the poor also, and him that hath no helper. He shall spare the poor and needy, and save the souls of the needy. He shall redeem their souls from deceit and violence, and precious shall their blood be in his sight. Observe, to these poor and needy Jesus manifests his love. Although there are seasons when we cannot rejoice and triumph as we desire, though his sons, and sometimes dark, wretched, and gloomy; yet it is all right, because it is the will of God that his people should never have in themselves a supply—that is to say, they shall never be independent; it is his will that, from the commencement of his work in their soul. He reveals to them their poverty and need of him, that all through their journey they shall be made to know and learn how poor they are, and what they really need. It is painful indeed to be thus plagued, so continually taught this lesson. Emptied time after time, stripped of every fancied goodness, to feel themselves dependent on the Lord for every good thought, every right desire. If we were not thus exercised, how should we know that Jesus is our All in All? We are taught by the Spirit that all our springs are in him. When the Lord first delivers our souls we have hope of getting better, obtaining more strength, that we shall be master over this wretched helplessness, that eventually the time will come when we shall be better able to praise the Lord our Redeemer, that the living water will spring up and flow forth more powerfully, so that we shall get the mastery over our corruptions, reign more as a king over every foe; but to our surprise, as we proceed, we find ourselves as helpless as ever. We know our helplessness more truly than we did before. So the children of God grow up in the Lord Jesus Christ, yet constantly find they are brought into such straits that all their wisdom is swallowed up. Even in temporal troubles they have no wisdom to direct, no power of their own to support them; they think themselves at times more brutish than they were before. Whilst others seem to be able to direct all things right, they are so confused, they know not what course to take. In looking around, all appears to be against them; the trouble they feel brings them to conclude that all things are working against them, when, at the same time, they are working in their favour. The Lord is working for them, leading them

into the mysteries of the kingdom. The Lord says to all his people, "My son, give me thine heart." Give it to me, just as it is, poor, weak, blotted, and marred.

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

Tell me all your complaints; roll your heavy burden on me.

Thus the Lord delights to see his people come to him for spiritual and temporal supplies for everything they need, as your children come to you. How artlessly your children come with confidence and tell you their wants. In what a simple way they manifest their knowledge of your kindness, and your willingness to help them. They wait upon you without fear. It is just so with the children of God when led by the Spirit; there is that feeling wrought in the soul that they are conscious they are coming to the Lord, who will hear and help them, that he is ever near, that nothing is too hard for the Lord. The soul that seeks his face, immediately he goes into his closet, he shuts the door, bows himself before him, unbosoms himself, tells every trial, marks out all the particular trials as far as he is acquainted with them, pleads with more earnestness and freedom than ever he pleaded with an earthly parent, or indeed the most beloved friend. While he is thus pleading, a heavenly feeling springs up, that he feels the Lord is listening, not listening as one with an unfeeling heart; not listening as one unwilling to extend deliverance; but listening with a heart glowing with affection—listening as one whose almighty hand is stretched out to satisfy his needy child. When this is the case, how the soul appears to be kept, the mind stayed upon God. Though the answer may not have come at that time, yet there is that assurance that the Lord will do the thing he requires, that he will give him what he needs, that he will grant his request. What rest, what peace, what calmness! "When he gives quietness, who then can create trouble?"

But, sometimes, after all this, when a cloud comes over the mind, the soul is led to call all this in question. Satan suggests that this was all a delusion. His hopes seem to be blighted, and his expectations disappointed. The enemy says, "What is your religion? What fruit do you show? Is not your heart full of sin and rottenness? Your blossoms are all gone to dust. Be not too confident, think not to have your prayers answered; you cannot decide." Thus he breathes his fearful suspicions into the soul. He does all he can to weaken that faith the blessed Jesus bestows on the soul, that faith which is more precious than the gold that perisheth, more precious than the gold of Sheba, which, in the text, is but a faint image. Therefore it is said, "To him shall be given of the gold of Sheba."

This gold was highly prized in Solomon's time, as most valuable. Thus it fitly represents all those blessed gifts the

dear Redeemer bestows upon his saints. "He has ascended on high, led captivity captive, received gifts for men, even for the rebellious also, that the Lord God might dwell amongst them." What gift is there you need that he cannot bestow? What grace is there that is treasured up in him you cannot have? It pleased the Father that in him all fulness should dwell. How is it we fail to realize this? Because of the weakness of our faith and the prevalence of unbelief. We therefore cry with the apostles, "Lord, increase our faith." Jesus is the Author and Finisher of faith; therefore this petition, "Increase our faith," is more precious than gold. Do we feel weak and tired because we have not strong faith? Let us go to the Lord, fall down before him, knowing that he does live. Let me look upward to him who it is said will hear the poor and needy, the poor and him that hath no helper. He can command light to spring up in my heart, and love to go forth. Then, when the sun shines, these beasts get them to their dens. But, then, when I feel the blessings of this love bestowed on me, and I realize the fountain whence these streams flow, I do not desire to depend upon this; but my desires are to show forth that love. We feel our hearts glad and lightsome. We say, "What shall we render to the Lord for all his goodness?" We would have our hearts as Aaron's rod that budded and blossomed,—that rod that was laid in the ark; all the others remained dry. Thus your soul longs to show forth his praise. Though you may, at times, in your feelings appear as dry as the other rods, yet, by his almighty power and love, you shall again bud and blossom and bear fruit.

Are you tried and exercised because your heart is not so full of that godly fear as it was at one time? Are you thinking you have no interest in Jesus because of this, that your trouble is so great, you appear to have no faith in him? Go to him for all you want, for every supply, for faith, hope, love, and every grace. Cry, "Lord, make me to possess thy fear; make my conscience tender; let my soul be possessed more of thy fear, to tremble at thy word. In all I do or say, let a reverential godly fear possess my heart. Be thou to me a fountain of life to depart from the snares of death." Let this be the language of my soul: "Thou God seest me."

Do you wish for a moment to be amongst those that perish for ever, or do you desire to be the possessor of godly fear? If you are taught by the Spirit, you will see that in Jesus all blessings abound, that to those who are led earnestly to pray that they may have this, God the Eternal Spirit will guide them, that they may be more under his teaching, acknowledge the Lord in all their ways, to leave everything that is hateful to him, to be willing to be anything or nothing, to place the crown upon his head. It is impossible that such things as these can be found in the wicked. It is impossible for such feelings to be found in any but only those for whom Christ died. These are

they that are the characters that are more precious than the gold of Sheba. These are the characters to whom he has given faith in his power to save. These are those in whose hearts is his fear, who desire to walk in his ways. But why does the Lord give these things? Are there not other great blessings connected with these? There are other links greater than these. These are the *effects*. There is the *life of God* in the soul, the faith of God's elect, the love of God in the heart. The heart is the tabernacle or temple of the Holy Ghost. These people, then, who are in this state are the redeemed, the purchase of Christ's blood, justified in his righteousness, members of his mystical body, united to him in an indissoluble bond, loved by God the Father and God the Holy Ghost, just as truly as they are loved by God the Son, making this plain, that they have in their souls some good thing towards the Lord God of Israel,—that good thing that is connected with eternal life. It is, therefore, said God bestowed upon his people all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. Has he, then, bestowed upon you spiritual blessings? Jesus has spiritual blessings for every living soul. God gave them to Christ for his people; for "every good gift, and every perfect gift, cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom there is no variable-ness nor shadow of a turn."

You say, "Sir, I should like to know the marks of grace,—a proof that I am a living soul, that I belong to God." Remember this, God is of one mind, and none can change him. Do you feel something working in your soul that you cannot explain or understand? Do you groan under the burden of sin, longing to feel deliverance, crying to God to manifest himself? The very feelings of your soul being the inability and impotency of obtaining this by any power you have of your own, your cry is for the Lord to touch your heart, make it plain that you are his. You want the true mark of a child. If I have any before me who are in this state, I can only say one mark is, "We know that we have passed from death to life, because we love the brethren."

"Prayer also shall be made for him." As a Priest on high he shields us from God's avenging justice. He interposes between this and the soul. There is no wrath shall ever light on his children; for all his dealings are in love and mercy. The same lips that spoke so effectually to John in the isle of Patmos, saying, "Fear not," say to thee, "Fear not, for there is some good thing in thee towards the Lord God of Israel." This would never have been there, had not God from everlasting bound thee up in the bundle of life.

"Prayer shall be made for him continually, and daily shall he be praised." As I have spoken so long, I shall leave the subject, remarking that it has been sweet to my soul to know that Jesus is interceding continually.

Now, could this for one moment be interrupted, what would

become of us? Not for one moment is there any interruption. He intercedes continually, when you sleep, or wake, when your thoughts are fixed upon him, and when they are not.

He intercedes when the soul condemns himself, when we are ready to exclaim, "I shall one day perish by the hand of this Saul." When we feel our prayers are defiled, thank God, he has not left us to our own evil hearts; we have one who intercedes for us, who hears the sighs that escape from our lips, the groans that proceed from the heart:

"The upward glancing of an eye,
The falling of a tear."

The very longings of the soul. "He regards the prayer of the destitute," the very prayers the blessed Spirit breathed into your soul. Though you see so much to cast you down, so much defilement within, yet remember your great High Priest stands at the golden altar, takes all your prayers, sighs, cries, and groans, and puts them into his golden censer, with the much incense of his merits and perfumes.

The weakest prayer ascends to God, because prayer in my soul is the echo of the will of God. The Holy Spirit makes intercession according to the will of God with groanings that cannot be uttered. Jesus intercedes for those whom the blessed Spirit helps. Every prayer that goes from the heart for any blessing—the Lord Jesus will answer in his own time. Though he may seem to keep us waiting long, trust in him; he will not deceive you; he will never leave you, never forsake you, nor will he let you leave him. He loves to bless. He giveth liberally, and upbraideth not.

The high priest under the law, when he entered the holy of holies with incense on the great day of atonement, not only incense but with blood, was a type of Christ. This incense was taken from the fire burning on the altar, so that he offered to God not only for himself, but for the whole Israel of God. Here our Lord Jesus was greater than Aaron. He had no need to make an atonement for himself, as the high priest did. The Lord Jesus was the spotless, pure, and holy One. "He hath by one offering for ever perfected them who are sanctified." He opened a new and living way by which they draw nigh to God. He said himself, "All that the Father giveth me shall come to me, and he that cometh I will in no wise cast out."

III. How various are his dealings with his people. Some have heavier trials than others; dark days, long nights, with scarce a twinkling ray; yet still all is in love. All the names of the twelve tribes of the children were on the breastplate of the high priest, when he went into the holy of holies; so all the names of the dear children of God are upon his heart; those who are weak, feeble, cast down, and ready to perish, as well as those who are strong. Whatever may be their case, circumstances, or fiery trials, he knows all. He sends into families weighty, heavy trials, causing heartfelt sorrow, taking away our

nearest and dearest friends, the desire of our eyes, some whom we fondly hoped we never should lose. Some have an afflicted body, a painful disease, hemmed in, shut up, and none to open. It is hard to conclude this is in love, that you are one of the beloved, when he permits your foes to rise up, and cast out your name as evil. The conclusion you draw is, that were you one he loved, he has power enough to prevent all this if he pleased. Can you think he is blessing you when all this comes upon you? Yet all is right. All the day long he is blessing you. You can say this, "Lord, I am poor; Lord, thou knowest that I do really and truly feel that without thee I can do nothing." Can you go a step farther, and say, "Lord, thou hast given me grace to know that it is all of thy mercy thou hast led me to see my state?" Can you go a step farther, and say, "Lord, do with me what seemeth good in thy sight, that though I am surrounded with difficulties and distress, darkness and anxiety, all shall turn out for good?" Though you may be unable to see this in the midst of trouble; though in darkness that may be felt; yet remember, whatever your fears, his love is still the same, and that this is more precious than the gold of Sheba. Natural men know nothing of this love. "If a man would give all the substance of his house for this, it would be utterly condemned." This, then, is thy comfort. He will bear thee up above every trouble, and in his good time appear for thy help.

The expression implied in the words of my text is of the wonderful love of Jesus. He is set forth in this psalm as having received gifts for men, and the great things he has done for his people. He ever intercedes for them; he is continually blessing them, and there shall be a rejoicing time, the fulness of the blessings throughout eternity. Many sharp trials you may have; yet remember, they are blessings in disguise. Had you been without them, you would never have known the worth of Jesus; you would never have been made to long for that rest that remaineth for the people of God, to get to that haven of eternal rest, evermore to see Jesus, to love him, to be free from all complaints of your load of guilt. There you shall be so blessed with an open vision that you shall say, "He is the chief among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely."

Do we profess to love Jesus? Is the language of our souls, "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee?" Then can we be indifferent to those things that are derogative to his honour, indifferent to those things that are going on in this land that affect the honour of the blessed Jesus? How many centuries has he been dishonoured by the beast, the Church of Rome? Is not the Lord Jesus King in Zion? Has not the Church of Rome sought to deprive him of this honour? While pretending to honour him, do they not undertake to do his work? Does she not place her priests in the office of Christ by the confessional,—that, instead of directing the poor sinner to look to Jesus, he is taught to go to the priest? They look upon the

priest and confessional in the place of God,—that what the priest says is not from him, but from God. What a formidable weapon is this! in their hands to deceive the unwary. How blind they are! They shut up the word of God from the people. They are blind leaders of the blind; so they both fall into the ditch.

May the Lord stir up his people to ever contend for the faith once delivered to the saints, to ever oppose error in whatever form, either in the Pope, the priests, the confessional, or professing Christians.

May the Lord bless what has been spoken agreeably to his will, and his name shall have the praise.

GRACE TRIUMPHANT, IN THE LORD'S SOVEREIGN DEALINGS WITH A RESTORED SINNER.

[The following is the article referred to in Mr. Philpot's letter to J. Gadsby, Dec. 8, 1869. See "G. S.," Jan., 1870.]

"Which were born not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God."

"And the Lord turned and looked upon Peter. And Peter remembered the word of the Lord, how he had said unto him, Before the cock crow thou shalt deny me thrice. And Peter went out and wept bitterly."

"By the grace of God I am what I am."

THAT saved sinner the beloved apostle John, under the immediate inspiration of the Holy Spirit, and I believe also under a manifest revelation of the Father's love in his dear Son, amongst other glorious visions describes the great Redeemer as having on his head many crowns; and sure I am that every saved sinner, when favoured by the Lord the Spirit with a remembering view of the place where he was, and where, through the amazing grace of a Triune Jehovah, he now is; when he sees again, in the light of the Spirit, the many steep precipices he has been near, when one step more would have sunk him into the pit of endless woe; when he sees and feels the secret hand that held him fast in these mysterious deaths; O what union and communion with the beloved apostle and all his companions in tribulation he feels! And sure I am, that, among those countless crowns, every saved sinner can look back to those never-to-be-forgotten moments when the Lord Jesus came again and again and snatched him from the mouth of the destroyer. Ah! Then it was the coronation day of the dear Redeemer, and he reigned supreme in the midst of all his enemies, crowned by that grateful sinner in heart, lip, and life; but even among those glorious crowns there is one that, in the heart affections of the author of these lines, towers above them all in transcendent glory and pre-eminent beauty, bearing on its front, in letters of redeeming blood, "Grace beyond all grace," with Peter, and all the restored Israel of God, not with self-consecration, but with God's own consecration. Drawn with the cords of a man and the bands of love, he desires to place all that he is and all that he has at the nail-torn feet of Jesus, there, with mingled feelings of love and grief, to cast this feeble

account of his wondrous doings, and be ever drawing new motives to obedience by new manifestations of his love. And the heart's desire and prayer of the author is that, when some poor fallen ones are reading this account, the Lord Jesus may come down, stepping between them and the lion of hell, disappoint Satan, and sweetly confirm the trembling faith of all his mourning real living children, and send from the Spirit's quiver a powerful arrow into the conscience of some clear-headed Calvinist, and bring him down with heart weeping to take the lowest room till he hears from the Friend of Sinners, "Go up higher." And O that when we come to our last hour we may lose sight of the face of death by the Holy Spirit's raising our dying eyes to gaze on the face of him as death's Conqueror for us. Then sure I am we shall at last know the full meaning of that wondrous word Salvation. Dear readers, will you not unite with me in crying through time and eternity, "Let Jesus wear the crown!"

I shall not dwell on my early youth, as I cannot say, like many, that I had convictions of a spiritual nature. I had at various times a persuasion that there was a day of judgment, and I remember twice I had a terrible dream. In one of them I appeared to be sinking in tremendous flames; when all at once a glorious person, most beautiful, caught me as I was sinking, and I found myself standing on a hill overlooking a most lovely landscape. And O! How true since have I seen that scripture fulfilled in my early days, "Preserved in Christ Jesus."

When a child, I was seized, as my mother thought, with a fatal illness, and in a short time, as they believed, it ended in death. The doctor thought so too, but, after being laid out in the usual form after death, and left on the bed for some hours, a sister of my mother's thought she perceived a movement, and, calling my mother, they placed a looking-glass over my mouth; when, finding some slight breathing, the doctor was sent for, and, after various remedies, I was restored to my weeping parents.

Three times have I been run over; once the wheel of a cart rolled on my back and left the mark. The doctor said had it gone two inches farther I could never have stood upright again. A remarkable circumstance was connected with this providence. My beloved wife, who was afterwards to shine as a wondrous trophy of grace, seeing me fainting away, to all appearance dead, it caused brain fever, and she lay nine weeks not expected to recover. O! How little we realize what a watchful Eye is ever over his chosen, quickened, redeemed, and sanctified people.

In the town where I was born, any one who differed in the slightest from the old moral but thoroughly worldly church was called a Methodist; and in many petty vexatious ways was much persecuted. That natural hatred against the doctrines of grace so rampant in every unrenewed heart burnt in mine with a most desperate enmity. Mr. Shorter, who in after years I dearly loved in the spirit, against him I specially directed my ungodly enmity.

He preached in that town and neighbourhood, and with other ungodly youths I hooted and annoyed, and often took stones to throw at him when he was preaching; and I did so with as fiery a zeal as ever Paul persecuted the early Christians with. I believe sincere obediences, both in a legal and natural gospel form, have landed their thousands in the bottomless pit, and even under the name of free grace the bondwoman has her children; for all who are not born again of the Spirit, and who have not been manifestly divorced from the law, betrothed and manifestly united to the dear Redeemer, being unchanged in heart, as children of the flesh they must hate and persecute all that are born after the Spirit.

As I now consider that I never really began to live till I began to die, as so powerfully expressed by the apostle ("You hath he quickened"), from the moment of my natural birth till I came to that wonder of grace my spiritual birth, I have often thought, since the Lord opened my eyes, that no poor afflicted creature in our lunatic asylums was ever half so mad as I during my youthful years, from one week's end to the other, and the Lord's days, to my shame and sorrow, were spent in the drudgery of the devil, and often at the peril of my natural life. But I was preserved in Christ Jesus, when my feet made haste towards hell. His secret hand, unknown to me, kept me from eternal death.

But why linger on this living tomb? Onward, yes, onward to that never-to-be-forgotten hour when Jesus, the resurrection and the life, passed by and said, "Live!" O that the Lord the Spirit may anoint my soul again with his life-giving power, that a new spring of love and gratitude may leaven every line that I write, while I rejoice with trembling awe and adoring reverence, as he takes me back, with his remembering power, to his own wondrous work on that tremendous day.

One special part of what is wrongly called pleasure, to which I was as much wedded as the drunkard is to his cups, was that gate of hell called a theatre. It was a burning passion with me, and all the money I could muster was spent on this intellectual drunkenness; for I was so besotted that, combined with its attendant profligacy, night after night, it injured my health and unfitted me for my common duties.

One Lord's day in 1827 I had been with a companion profaning in various ways, and closing the day, most awful to relate, in the most desperate profligacy during the night. Hide thy head, O thou liar Free-will, while I tell thee this companion was not to all appearance half so hardened as myself, and yet he is still in the world; so true is that scripture: "One shall be taken and the other left." Now comes that memorable day. I had arranged with this companion to go to the theatre on the Monday evening, and on the morning of that day, when I was standing musing over the great pleasure which I should have with him in the evening, suddenly, in a moment, a peculiar feeling of solemnity fell upon my spirit, and these words rushed into my conscience

with crushing power: "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God." O awful moment! What mortal tongue can ever fully describe it? The first feeling after this sudden grasp of justice, though this was then unknown to me, the first feeling was that from my moment of birth I had forgotten God in every thought, word, and deed of my life; and, strange to say, all the formal church-going seemed to be the blackest sin of all; and mingled with this feeling, was the full persuasion that not only was I for ever condemned, but I was also fully persuaded that all around me were in the same condemnation. I have a distinct remembrance that my very body sank under the terrible agony of my conscience. A person who was near me, thinking I was seized with sudden illness, asked if he should go for a doctor. I could make no reply, but rushed up stairs to my room, and, casting my eye in the glass, my features evidenced what a fearful struggle was passing in my bosom. Well might Bunyan represent his pilgrim as clothed in filthy rags, and with a tremendous burden of guilt; for here was I, only a few minutes before, as gay and merry as the most careless sinner, and now, in my own feelings, the most miserable wretch, and weighed down with such an intolerable load that I could not speak, but kept moaning in my spirit, "O that I had never been born!" I remember a peculiar feeling came, but no words to call upon God to save me; but in a moment all the formal prayers that I had ever uttered appeared to me as one huge sin; and there was one which had often flowed with unmeaning ignorance from my sinful tongue, and that was, "Our Father, which art in heaven." Now, I can most solemnly declare that this precious word of adoption appeared to me to frown like a flaming fire; and from that moment, till the Lord Jesus became my manifest Shield and Hiding-place, I could never utter it with the sweet and holy liberty of a loving child. As I lay in my room (for I had thrown myself on the ground, crushed in soul and body, expecting every moment that God would not allow me to live, but, by some terrible act of vengeance, hurl me to that place I felt already begun), hours passed away, but I could not, or would not, open the door, though the Master repeatedly kept knocking. At last the young man came who was to go with me to the theatre, trying in every way, by soft words first, and then with rough ones, to make me go with him to the same scene of wretched profligacy; but I could as soon have created a world as gone, according to my feelings; for there was one eye seemed to me ever to rest upon me with burning anger, and that was the eye of God in his offended justice; and though I had often read of Jesus Christ, and often heard him preached, read, and spoken of as a Saviour, he appeared to me to be as completely shut out from my thoughts and feelings as if there had never been a Saviour.

Once or twice, when I had gone to a secret place to bemoan my hard lot, feeling there was not such another case in the

whole world, a sudden thought arose: "Cannot Jesus Christ save you?" But it was only momentary; for Satan set in directly with my unbelief, and represented him, although willing, not able to help me, as my case was different and beyond all others. How I got through those first nine weeks, till I had some little mercy manifested, has often been viewed by me as a miracle of grace; for the agony of my spirit had caused me so to neglect my body that I was nearly starved; and through my so constantly getting away into secret places, the people around me sent to my friend to know if it would not be better for me to be put under restraint. Seeing me such a pitiable object, they asked me two or three times if I was not labouring under something dreadful. They often whispered together, wondering what I had done. "Alas, poor things!" I have often thought, since the richest mercy that God could have given them would have been to have brought them in some measure into the same solemn spot.

Now every formal prayer was gone, and I knew a little of what one of old said, "Broken in judgment." I had up to the very moment that the Lord so suddenly arrested me, whenever I heard my brother-in-law, who is very dear to me, who was a godly man, and who had been a constant hearer of Mr. Chamberlain's, Mr. Beeman's, and other good men, whenever as I have sometimes heard him speak of election, I have gone out of the room I have shed the most bitter tears; and although I loved him so much, did my proud ignorance so hate this precious truth that I felt I could have destroyed him. But O how different now! Instead of ignorantly feeling that I could at any time repent and be saved, the one strong feeling which was above all others was that I had indeed power to destroy myself; but as to any feeling of coming to God when I pleased, I could as soon have created a world. O what an eternal difference between the hand of justice laying hold of a sinner, and that proud ignorant presumption which, whether openly shown in the unregenerate profane, or secretly nursed in the brightest Calvinistic professor who snatches at the children's bread! The greatest mercy would be for the hand of justice to arrest them as it did me; and sure I am that many a brazen face would gather blackness, and many an unhallowed tongue which now pours forth sweet hymns of assurance would sensibly die under the withering curse of God's holy law, and those pretty prayers, in which often there are so many lies, would die too; for well I know, short as the publican's prayer was in the temple in this terrible place, it was with me much shorter. Agonized groans indeed there were, but rarely a word except in the deepest condemnation, and justifying God if he had sent me to the lowest pit; and when nature was exhausted, and I fell sometimes into a restless slumber, the greatest wonder to me often was that I was not in the pit.

It was a dark and gloomy day, suiting well with the darkness that surrounded my soul. I took a silent farewell, as I rushed

from the house. Rapidly passing down Dean Street, a professor, who had often spoken to me on religion without receiving any reply more than a "Yes" or "No," placed his hand on my shoulder, and said, "Why, how dreadful you look!" I gave no answer, but again passed on. The door of my sister's house stood open, and with desperate steps I passed to a bedroom I had often been in, and there, as I have often felt since, Satan had prepared everything to accomplish his dire temptation; but he who hurled him from his throne of glory to his deserved place in hell, had also prepared everything to disappoint the tempter to rescue the travail of his own soul, and get to himself everlasting praise. There, on the looking-glass, lay an open razor. I turned the key as I thought; but it was not so; and this, trifling thing as it may appear, I now firmly believe was fixed in the everlasting covenant of a Triune Jehovah. I took one look in the glass, and snatched the razor in fearful haste. I felt an unseen hand, and these words repeatedly sounded: "Do it! Do it!" O! Awful moment! Well might the apostle say, "If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly appear?" In another moment all would have been over; but as I raised my hand to effect the fatal object, a light, to my then feelings brighter than a thousand suns, surrounded these words as they flowed into my bleeding conscience: "While we were yet sinners, Christ died." Behind me the door stood open, the weapon dropped, the prince of darkness had fled, and an indescribable softening feeling filled my own soul, where not five minutes before reigned the most gloomy forebodings; and for the first time in my life I knew something of the sacred meaning of the words "A Saviour." In my soul's feelings I sensibly beheld him as the manifest Author of this wondrous change. O all ye sensible sinners, who have beheld something of his glory, will you not join me in singing his praises in heart, lip, and life, so that other sin-bitten sinners may be led through such wondrous grace to look and live? Never did the garden of Eden appear half so beautiful to our first parents as that memorable room then appeared to me; for, although it was not till twenty-nine years after that, that, by the power of the Holy Spirit, I was brought by the Great Redeemer into the presence of his Father and my Father, and heard with salvation-power those wondrous words: "When I see the blood!" yet here was a glorious hope raised up which had to pass during these twenty-nine years through many a storm, and if it had not been held in the wounded hand of him who had raised it up by stepping in between me and the prince of hell, it would have long since gone out in utter despair; for the following pages will show that this glorious hope has been tried to the uttermost by the world, the flesh, and the devil; and though, to my feelings, it has sometimes been entirely lost, these bitter enemies have all been overruled to fasten the anchor more deeply in love and blood. Yes, for the first time in my life, as I have said, I knew something of the hidden sacred

meaning of the word "Saviour." And as the instrument dropped from my hand, there seemed to rush forth a stream of prayer and praise as if from a long pent-up place, mingled with repeated cries, "Can it be, Lord? Can it be, Lord? Is it true? Is it true?" And then came the words again, "Even while we were yet sinners, Christ died." Here was a mighty change indeed! I have often felt that never did a poor wretch, who is just standing ready to die on the scaffold, and the Queen's pardon is put into his hand, never did he feel such a change when the prey was thus suddenly taken from the very mouth of the devouring lion. Only he or she who has in some measure stood in such a place can at all conceive the feelings between those when I entered this room and the feelings of wonder and gratitude which filled my whole soul as I passed from it. The very houses and everything around me seemed illumed with a peculiar beauty; and O how clearly perceptible! Yet if any one had asked me about the "Five points of Calvinism," as they are sometimes called, I knew nothing about them. I have no doubt whatever that many a clear head, but unchanged heart, would at once have cut me off. In the overflowings of my grateful feelings, I could have answered, with childish ignorance, but secret love, "Saved! I know I am saved. Yes, yes, now I know there is a Saviour!" Ah! Little then did I count the cost of what it was to follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth. The Lord, in his infinite wisdom, burnt into my soul such a deep impression of his manifest love, and raised up such a solid hope in me, that, as I believe, it should not be entirely lost, but prove to be his own work in the tremendous battles which he then wisely hid from me, real battles against the world, the flesh, and the devil.

(To be continued.)

A TOKEN FOR GOOD.

To my dear Pastor and his Wife. My very dear Friends,—As you are about to leave home for some time, and life is so uncertain with us all, I feel I must try, with the help of God, to put on paper, as I lie on my bed, a few of the Lord's dealings with me, feeling, in my present weak state, unable to converse much upon the subject, being quite exhausted with telling dear Mrs. G.

I need not tell you, my beloved friends, the longing desires of my heart during the past eight years, for it has not been kept from you, as dear Mrs. G. has always been the recipient of my doubts and fears, as well as when the Lord has shed a hope and been apparently about to bless me. But O the favoured time was not then come for me to dare to say, "Jesus is mine, and I am his." For full seventeen long years has my heart panted for the vision to be clearly opened up, and many times have I been tempted to resign all hope; but that dear hymn of Newton's, which has been so precious to me at times:

"I asked the Lord that I might grow," &c.,

would not have been fully realized if that had been the case. I can see it all now. I was looking for something good in my flesh, and not alone to Jesus.

But now, as the Lord helps me, I will try and tell you of the last conflict. On Thursday night I was most wretched, being so weak both in body and mind from my long illness, my hope seemed clean gone. I felt my life was a burden, and that I could not be a child of God or I should never be such a wretch; for read I could not, and prayer I felt was a mockery, for I did not seem any nearer my desired haven. O how my poor heart began to rebel. I wanted the Lord to take me out of my misery in some way or other. Indeed, I almost cursed the day I was born; for I felt my poor husband could get no rest at night, and having me to wait upon in the day he would be worn out and quite tired of my long affliction. I got out of bed in an agony, not knowing scarcely what I did. My husband awoke and asked me what was the matter, and begged me to get into bed again, fearing I should get my death with cold. I replied, "I cannot help it." Live any longer in such a cold, hard, wretched state I could not. Wringing my hands, and wishing I had never been born, for two or three hours I was in such a state of rebellion that I shall never forget. Then in the morning came a breaking of heart on account of my sin, when I could recount the Lord's former mercies to me. But O there was no approaching my God. The heavens were indeed as brass; I dared not even try to look up to him. I tried to read, but there was no sweetness. I read the little memorial of Anne Elling, but I only felt envy that I could not realize what she had realized. On Lord's day I took up an old "Standard," and began to read the experience of J. C. I got on with the first part, until his deliverance came. Then I felt I could not be the Lord's, or I should have had my desire granted long ere this. Then I got my Bible, and opened on 2 Chron. xx. When I got to the verse: "The battle is not yours, but the Lord's. You need not fight. To-morrow he will deliver the enemies into your hand; only stand ye still, and see the salvation of the Lord," then I began to ask the Lord to make that portion clear in my case, and help me to do so. I felt somewhat hanging on the promise.

In the morning I again had the words, and all through the day I kept looking for it to be fulfilled; but when, on the Tuesday, I found it was not fulfilled, I began to despair, not thinking that a thousand years with the Lord are as one day. I was very poorly all day, but my mind was calm. I had some sweet words applied, such as: "The vision is for an appointed time." Also: "To-day is salvation come to thine house," &c. But in the evening part, when I felt worse, I began to sink, fearing I should not get through my trouble. When I sent for my dear friend, I thought, "Should I die, it would be nice to have a Christian friend to speak to;" but when she was unable to come, those words were applied with power:

“An earthly brother drops his hold;
Is sometimes hot and sometimes cold;
But Jesus is the same.”

O! It was so sweet, and the words of my text then came, with, “Mighty to save,” until my whole soul was up to Jesus, and I was made both ready and willing, but begging for patience. I had sweet portions of scripture to help me through; and when the Lord gave me deliverance, my only cry was, “Bless the Lord, O my soul.” I felt in his hands, willing to die or live.

I had a sweet and blessed time all night. Then in the morning, about ten o'clock, I was so ill I thought I must be dying. Something seemed to whisper, “Tell me, tell me, can this be death?” Then came the words:

“Jesus can make a dying bed
As soft as downy pillows are;”

and I felt perfectly calm, blessing and praising him. All the rest of the day my mind and heart were taken up with some sweet word or other applied.

In the evening, as I told dear Mrs. G., my window looking towards the east and they drew up the blind, and I could see one star very brilliant, the thought came of the wise men seeing and being guided by that to the blessed Saviour. Something seemed to say, “You should look as straight to Jesus as you do to that star.” I shut my eyes, begging of the Lord to help me to do so; and never, never, my dear friends, shall I forget the faith's view I had of Jesus on the cross, shedding his blood, and for me, *for me*. I could now say, “My Lord and my God!” O! Blessed, ravishing sight! Never shall I forget the sweet time. For about an hour my whole soul was taken up with such sweet tokens of his love I kept saying, “Jesus is mine, and I am his.” I thought, like the Queen of Sheba, not one-half had been told me of his beauty.

All night I was kept in the same sweet frame of mind. The enemy was not permitted to thrust only one dart. The next morning he said, “Perhaps you are deceived after all;” upon which I begged my Jesus, if I was not asking too much, to give me another manifestation, which he did, by permitting me to view him at the right hand of God, making intercession, and *for me*. In my weak state it was almost more than I could bear.

Again and again all through the week I have had such blessed views as I think would fill a volume. I can now say, “Old things have passed away; behold, all have become new. Jesus is mine, and I am his.” What can I want beside? All is peace. Not a wave of trouble has at present been allowed to cross my peaceful breast. I feel I can leave all things in his hand. My greatest desire is, should I be preserved, to live to his honour and his glory; for his own arm hath gotten him the victory.

How I should love to be with you at the Lord's table tomorrow, as it will be eight years the first Lord's day in April since I first joined the church.

How expressive is Hart's hymn:

“How high a privilege 'tis to know
Our sins are all forgiven,” &c.

Now may the God of all grace be with you, and bless you both. This is the prayer of

Yours affectionately,

March 24, 1870.

A SINNER SAVED BY GRACE.

AN ONWARD PATH.

ABOUT the year 1832, I was apparently imperceptibly convinced that I was a sinner, yet without any great feeling sense of it. Still I could not do what I would or go where I would. I made many resolutions that I would mend my life; but these being made in my own strength, they came to nothing. I tried to keep the law; but I found an unholy sinner could not keep a holy law; and whatever branch of the law I tried to keep, it proved the ministration of death and condemnation to me; and I found that by the deeds of the law no flesh shall be justified in the sight of God, for by the law is the knowledge of sin; and I also found that the law was given that the offence might abound, that every mouth might be stopped, and all the world be found guilty before God; and I was brought eventually to know what Paul meant when he said, “I through the law am dead to the law, that I might live unto God.”

While these things were going on in my soul, I ran to the Church of England, to the Wesleyans, and to the Independents; but they were physicians of no value. They only increased my burden, which was no light one for guilt and condemnation, and the wrath of God began sensibly to abide upon me, and often made me wish I had never been born. O how I envied sometimes the birds of the air, which seemed so happy while I was so miserable. After this the fear of death was so terrible to me that I wished I had been a stone, that I could not die.

About this time there came into our neighbourhood a Baptist minister of the name of Gadsby, and I went to hear him. He was a man much spoken against in those days by them that did not know him, and as much esteemed by them that did, being a real minister of the gospel of the grace of God; for such I found him to be. His discourse seemed all for me. O what an opening up of my path! If he had known everything that had passed through my mind he could not have been more pointed; and when he had told all my heart, he said, “If there be a soul in this place in such a state, I would say, if the vision tarry, wait for it; it will come.” And from that time I felt a hope spring up in my breast that it would be as he had said, and my language from that time ever afterwards was, “Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.”

Now this was one reason among second causes why I became a Baptist; but the first cause I believe was grace in Christ before the world began.

But to return. I had to wait a long time before the vision came; but it did come, and at a time when it was absolutely needed; for darkness covered my path, and black despair seemed to have seized upon me; but in an unexpected moment light appeared and darkness fled away, accompanied with these words: "Even he shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord." And such was the transition from sorrow to joy that I burst into a holy and triumphant laugh. Now I thought my troubles were over, for I went singing for several days without interruption. But the enemy soon appeared, and set upon me about laughing, and tried to persuade me it was all a delusion, or else I should not have laughed. "And besides," said he, "the words that were applied to you have only respect to temporal things, and it is of no use thinking any more about it;" and I thought it must be so. But neither the devil nor my carnal heart could keep me from thinking about it; for I found something within me like a well of water springing up into everlasting life; which gave me a hungering after righteousness, and a thirsting after God and the things of God. O what a thirst I had for reading the word and other books which fell into my hands!

About this time the doctrine of election was sweetly opened to my view; and O what a glorious doctrine it appeared. Never shall I forget it, nor the place where I stood; and the word in those days was often so sweetly opened when I have been at my work that sometimes I used to think how I could but preach if I had somebody there to preach to. But since then I have often had reason to say, "O that it was with me as in days that are past, when the candle of the Lord shone upon me, and when by his light I walked through darkness." But for me to speak or write of a thousandth part of the sorrows and joys, seasons of darkness and seasons of light, times of believing and times of doubting and fearing, temptations to sin and deliverances out of temptation, is impossible. Not that I ever feared or doubted the safety of God's elect; but whether I was one or not, arising, I believe, from a feeling sense of indwelling sin. Hence the poet says:

"He knows our sins perplex and tease,
And cause our doubts and fears."

And for a number of years I had a feeling that I should one day fall away and disgrace myself and the gospel. But amidst all these things I was led to believe and to prize the following doctrines: The sovereignty of Jehovah, eternal election, particular redemption of all the elect, effectual calling, and final perseverance of the saints to glory; and when the prospectus preceding the publication of the "Gospel Standard" came out, I thought "that work will contain all I could desire;" and so I found it whenever the Spirit was pleased to bless it to my soul.

My lot was now cast amongst a party that were seceders from the Church of England, and who, for the most part, invited Baptist ministers to preach for them; but I have my fears that

it was carried on from a party spirit; and a party spirit will do a great deal sometimes; but I believe God will neither own nor bless what arises from it. I heard often arguments both for and against the ordinance of baptism; but every argument against it confirmed me in it; and soon after this, circumstances occurred which brought me to attend to, or, in other words, to walk in that ordinance. I went and offered myself to Mr. Gadsby as a candidate for baptism. I was received by the church, and baptized by Mr. G., and O what a blessing was it to my soul! I proved that portion to be true: "In keeping of thy commandments is great reward," a reward not only of God's approbation, but the answer of a good conscience. Thus I joined a people with whom I was of one heart and one mind in the things of God, a people that knew something of the plague of their own hearts, and read their Bibles; that knew something experimentally of a poor sinner and a rich Christ, an empty sinner and a full Christ; that knew their own righteousnesses were filthy rags, and that Christ is become the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth; a people that wanted a "Thus saith the Lord" for what they did and what they said; a people that knew something of a law-work in their consciences, and whom the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus had made free from the law of sin and death; a people that contended for the faith once delivered to the saints; a people that could say, "The grace of God hath appeared unto all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present evil world."

But we do not find these sort of Baptists in every Baptist chapel, for there are many Baptists in England who are so by profession, and not by possession. With these I have no union.

Having thus given the reasons why I am a Baptist, in so doing I have given a reason of the hope that it is in me.

Dunham.

G. M.

TO AN AGED PILGRIM.

My dear Brother,—The last day of another year has at last reached us. We have had a succession of demonstrations given us of the unerring faithfulness of God to his word, throughout it, had we but eyes to see, and ears to hear his voice speaking to us, in the way he does make known himself. What a continuation of the ordinances referred to in Jer. xxxi. 35, 36; which is but a continuation of his covenant word. Alas! How blind are we! How cold in our praise in acknowledging Him who says, "The Lord of hosts is his name!" His firm, unchangeable, abiding word of promise to Jesus is our souls' refuge. It abideth without any swerving. He is our covenant-keeping God in him. "He that scattered Israel will gather him, and keep him, as a shepherd doth his flock; for the Lord hath redeemed Jacob, and

ransomed him from the hand of him that was stronger than he." It is by virtue of his own covenant word, faithfulness, and engagement that "sin shall not have dominion over us." This was stronger once than we are; but in the hand of him in whose we are, his dominion of grace is stronger, and we, through his keeping, "abide in him." "I, the Lord, do keep it; I will water it every moment. Lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day."

What gracious proofs do you aged pilgrims give of his covenant care, divine preservation in his ways, and his word toward you. Perhaps you may not hear that word speaking in loud accents to you any more than we hear the word of creation; but faith's ear is the listener. "There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard." Continuation in the ways of the Lord, an unceasing attachment to the Lord Jesus, a love to his name, his word, his institutions, and his people; a hatred of sin, a love to holiness; a desire for his rule, authority, and government, is a language that forcibly speaks the Lord's mind to us in the absence of other speech. And who has kept us in love with himself during the past year? And to whom must we look for grace to keep us in years to come? The hand that has supplied must still supply. May we, therefore, be enabled to take courage, and "go forward." "Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward." Puseyites go backward to the "fathers." Abraham was a sojourner; he found no city to dwell in; therefore he was a wanderer, and "looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." And "they that say such things declare plainly that they seek a country."

Give my love to the aged pilgrims, and tell Mrs. A. that, if spared, I hope to be in London about the 12th or 13th of next month, and I hope she is better. My love also to Mrs. S., and, as I promised I would meet you at her abode, when I next came to town, to tea, I will endeavour to do so. My love also to brother K. I trust his strength is recovering, and the rays of the Sun of Righteousness shining within, chasing away the gloom of night. "Many are the afflictions of the righteous; but the Lord delivereth him out of them all," is my portion for *him*. The Lord bless you all with his own grace, preserve us in his fear, and grant us more of his Spirit.

Brighton, Dec. 31, 1852.

HENRY WATMUFF.

[The above letter was addressed to Mr. Edward Sly, who was admitted into the Aged Pilgrims' Asylum in 1852. He died in 1862, or 1863, aged nearly 80. Mr. Watmuff's obituary appeared in the "G. S." in Feb., 1865.]

It is a diminution of Christ's dignity, sufficiency, and glory, in the business of your salvation, to join anything with the Lord Jesus; and it is the greatest disparagement in the world to your own judgments, knowledge, prudence, and wisdom, to yoke anything with Christ in the work of redemption, in the business of salvation.—*Brooks*.

LETTER FROM MR. PHILPOT TO DR. DOUDNEY.

[In our No. for last Oct. will be found a letter from Dr. Doudney to Mr. Philpot, with a foot-note by Mr. P. In our Nov. No. was another letter by Dr. D., purporting to be an "explanation," called for by Mr. P.'s foot-note. As soon as this appeared, *i.e.*, very early in Nov., Dr. D. again wrote to Mr. P., wishing that letter, together with an account of a lady, which he forwarded at the same time, also to be inserted in the "G. S.;" but to this Mr. P. declined to accede, and gave his reasons for so doing in the following letter which he wrote to Dr. D. We insert it at the request of several friends.]

"My dear Sir and Brother in one Common Hope,—I feel sorry to be obliged to return the MS. which you have kindly sent me for insertion in the 'Gospel Standard.' I do so reluctantly; but there are various reasons which have induced me to come to this conclusion, and I trust that I shall not, in briefly naming them, say anything which may wound your mind or hurt your feelings.

"1. And first let me drop a few remarks upon the communication itself. I cannot at all understand, or at least see with you, in the first case which you have brought forward as a victory over death. The lady whom you name as so smiling before the king of terrors was evidently not doing so under the smiles of the Lord, as her experience, if it be worth the name, was but at least a faint hope in God's mercy; and I can hardly understand how she could say, 'I am very low spirited,' and acknowledge her want of more faith, and yet smile, and almost laugh, at death. At any rate, I feel that I could not bring it before my readers as a proof of triumph in death, whatever secret encouragement it may have administered from other causes to your own soul.

"2. But apart from my objection to the insertion of this particular article, I have other reasons which I trust will not pain your mind when I say they have induced me to decline its insertion.

"I have hitherto for many years maintained a separate position from all other religious periodicals, and chiefly for this reason, that I have felt to obtain thereby greater liberty in thought, word, and action. I inserted your last communication as a matter of simple equity and justice; but if I were to go on inserting your communications, however excellent they might be, it would appear to many like a coalescing with you; and to do so would seem to involve on my part a sinking of many wide differences which still exist between us, and would so far almost nullify, and as if stultify, not only those differences, but much of what I have publicly said and written connected with my secession from the Establishment.

"3. I have, therefore, to consider also my numerous readers, and that large body of churches of truth, including both ministers and members, of which the 'Gospel Standard' is the usually recognised representative and organ, many of whom might thereby be much led to feel that I was departing from that peculiar and separate position which I have so long occupied, if

I kept inserting pieces by editors of other magazines, and especially of any connected with the Establishment.

“At present, we have each our own peculiar work to do, each our own circle of readers, each our circle of friends and adherents; and in that circle we can move with more freedom than if we went out of it to unite with any other under the idea of Christian union, which often involves, if not a compromise of principle, yet a sacrifice of freedom of action. I feel, therefore, that I must not do anything which would at all imply that I am abandoning my present ground to occupy one different from that on which I have so long stood.

“I greatly fear that I shall not succeed in conveying to your mind my exact feelings upon this point, and that what I have written may seem to you to spring from an unchristian narrowness of spirit, or even an exclusive, ‘Stand-by-thyself’ feeling, which is very foreign to my inmost mind. Thus I may wish a man well in the name of the Lord, and desire that the blessing of God may rest upon him and his ministrations, with whom on other grounds I could not unite. Take for instance the late Mr. Pym, or the late Mr. Parks. There are very few men with whom I have felt more union of soul and spirit than with the former, some of whose letters I consider to embody in the sweetest experimental way the precious truths of the gospel. On such a man I could wish with all my heart that the blessing of God might rest, both in his own soul and in his pulpit ministrations; but I could not unite with him as a minister in the Establishment without falsifying all my own experience when I was in it, and by which I was brought out of it. They, like you, had their special work to do, and God owned and blessed them in it. Nor would I, if I could have done so, have brought them out of the sphere of their labours by a move of the hand, though I could not myself have done what they did, as you must do by continuing a minister in it. In their own sphere of labour they were most useful, and met with the usual reproach of faithful labourers. As such, I honoured and esteemed them, though I could not unite with them; and in a similar way I desire that the blessing of God may rest upon you and your ministry, both by tongue and pen, though I could not unite with you in either.

“After this, which I fear may be to you a somewhat painful explanation, allow me to add that I am very glad to recognise in this month’s ‘Gospel Magazine’ various indications which to my mind prove that you have received much benefit from your late painful and trying experience. I was especially glad to read what you say on page 563 upon the Lord’s servants being called to encounter dark and dismal depths, in order that a clearer, closer, deeper, more spiritual line of teaching and personal experience should be the more earnestly and perseveringly insisted upon. It is from want of this searching ministry that there has been so much dead and dry doctrinal preaching in

men professing truth, without that 'deep heart-felt experimental testing and trying, probing and proving' ministry of which you have so well spoken. It is surprising what a deal of dross hidden from ourselves is purged away in the furnace of temptation; and I can well sympathize with what you say at the top of page 563, where you speak of a temptation of which I have known, and even now know so much, but by passing through which many years ago I was first taught the difference between that faith which is natural and notional and that faith which is the express gift and work of God.

"Wishing you, my dear Sir, every blessing of the New and everlasting Covenant, ordered in all things and sure, and thanking you for your kind sympathy with me, and desires for me,

"I am, Yours very affectionately in our gracious Lord,

"6, Sydenham Road, Croydon, Nov. 5, 1869." "J. C. PHILPOT."

REJECTED OF MEN.

WHY is it thou art so despised,
My dear redeeming Lord?

Why is it thou art nothing prized,
Thou true Eternal Word?

Why is it men do thee reject,
And treat thee with disdain?

Why hate the Father's own Elect,
The Lamb for sinners slain?

Why is he still of no esteem,
Whose worth no tongue can tell?

Why do such thousands pass by him
And choose the road to hell?

Their eyes are closed; they cannot see
His form or comeliness;

His glorious beauties hidden be,
His blood and righteousness.

This priceless pearl deep hidden lies
From all the sons of earth,
The worldly prudent and the wise,
And those of noble birth.

Till born again, poor sinners spurn
The precious Son of God;
They from eternal mercies turn,
And tread on Jesus' blood.

But when the light commanded is
Into their hearts to shine,
Their eyes enlighten'd see the bliss
And worth of joys divine.

March 13, 1870.

A. H.

THE impossibility of coming to Christ, without the teachings of the Father, will appear from the power of sin, which hath so strong a holdfast upon the hearts and affections of all unregenerate men that no human arguments or persuasions whatsoever can divorce or separate them.—*Flavel.*

Obituary.

ANN DAVIS.—On Aug. 6th, 1868, aged 59, Ann Davis, of Easterton, near Market Lavington, Wilts.

She was the eldest daughter of the late Elizabeth Topp, an account of whose experience and death appeared in the "Gospel Standard" in 1854. She was a woman of good experience, and for many years a consistent member of the Baptist church of Lavington.

The Lord appears to have begun his good work upon her soul on July, 17th, 1832. Being in the evening of that day in company with a young man, who afterwards became her husband, and seeing her younger sister pass by, going to the chapel to tell what the Lord had done for her soul, previously to coming forward with her mother to be baptized and join the church, her mind became very solemn; and it was so pressed upon her mind that her sister and mother were on the right side for eternity, and that she was on the wrong one, that a solemn change took place in her soul, and the weight and power of eternal things were from this time much laid upon her mind, seeing clearly that if she died in the state that she was in, an everlasting separation would take place between them.

Soon after this, she heard a funeral sermon at the Independent chapel of this place, the text being: "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." This text and sermon lay with great weight upon her mind. She saw that there was a strait line drawn in the scriptures between the righteous and the wicked, and that her portion was with the wicked. The blessed Spirit opened up more powerfully her last estate, by applying the law to her conscience with its condemning power; so that her sins from childhood came up before the eye of her mind with piercing grief and sorrow; and in her feelings despaired of ever being saved, daily fearing that she was too great a sinner ever to be saved, and that she was left with all the wicked of the earth to be a castaway. Her sins and guilt pursued her, go where she would; so that her blooming countenance and youthful beauty and comeliness were turned into corruption. Rottenness entered into her bones, and she cried, "Woe is me; for I am undone."

Being at this time married, and living on a lonely hill farm, she felt cut off from all her earthly friends, having no one to speak to of the state of her soul. At times she envied the sheep in the fields, a horse in the roads, and the birds in the air, crying out, "You have no soul to be lost for ever; there is no judgment to come for you; but I have a soul that must be for ever under the just wrath of God, where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched."

She was now constrained to leave and come out from a Yea and Nay gospel, works and grace, which she had frequently attended, and she called to leave it for ever. As she could find no one to go into her path, and trace out her experience amongst them, she felt constrained to go and hear that dear despised servant of the Lord, the late Mr. Dark, though she felt unworthy to come to the chapel where her dear sister and mother attended; yet she felt many cries, groans, and wrestlings to go up out of her soul that she might find the crumb under the gospel table; for necessity pressed her often on the Lord's day to leave her lonely home, and to go in search of the bread and water of life, though, like Esther of old, she seemed to go with her life in her hand, with a "Who can tell but the sceptre of mercy may be held out to such a worm as I, that I may find favour before the King of kings?" and, like the woman in the gospel, if but a dog might find a crumb in the house of

prayer. And often did the Lord lead his servant into her path, and find her out, and speak precious encouraging words unto her precious soul; so that many times she returned to her home with some precious hope that the day of salvation would come; and though she had not told any soul upon earth of the state of her mind, yet the ministry of Mr. D. seemed to tell her the spot that she was travelling in and describe her path, that she could say with Ruth, "Where thou goest, I will go; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." These precious words would follow her: "The vision is for an appointed time; but at the end it shall speak and not lie. Though it tarry, wait for it," &c.

About this time she dreamt that she saw the Saviour coming in the clouds of heaven, together with his elect, the elect saying, "Blessed is he that seeth the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven;" and as this dream lay with weight upon her mind, her conviction and soul-travail become more deep and powerful, and pressed out more earnest desires and groans and tears after that precious Saviour to be revealed to her as her Saviour. As she daily felt more and more of her ruined state, the more did the Lord open up to her the infinite beauty of Christ, in all his suitability to save unto the very uttermost all that came unto God by him; but O she wanted to lay hold of him by precious faith, and to find him as the scapegoat bearing her sins away into the land of forgetfulness. And after wading through two years of travail, grief, and sorrow, the Lord remembered his handmaiden, and delivered her precious soul from the curse of the law, from the guilt and sting of death, and wrought precious faith in her soul; and that faith laid hold of a crucified Saviour, and that brought pardon and peace which filled her with transports of joy; so that she felt that all her sins and iniquities were for ever put away, never to be remembered any more. She saw Jesus the Eternal Son of the Father suffering under the law that she had broken in every jot and tittle, and taking away the handwriting that had condemned her, and nailed it to his cross. Like Moses, she felt she was put in the cleft of the Rock; her soul was so full, and swallowed up in the glory of God, that she seemed lifted up above all the people in the chapel where she was delivered, which was under a sermon by Mr. Dark. For a time she could not tell whether in the body or out of the body; for the glory of the Lord so shined into her soul, and filled her with joy unspeakable; and she felt that had she a thousand crowns she could put them all on the head of Christ. On leaving the chapel, the road and hills all looked different; for old things had passed away, and all things had become new. The glory of God seemed to fill the heavens above, and the earth to be full of his praise. The long wearisome hill she travelled with ease and pleasure; for, feeling that she had Christ set up in her soul, the hope of eternal glory, she had everything to fill her with happiness in time and through eternity. Her partner in life observing a wonderful change in her on the road, began to speak, thinking that she was altered in her feelings towards him; to which she answered, "No, Thomas, I feel the same towards you as my husband; but my soul has been so blest, and is so full of praise and thanksgiving, and so lifted up above everything in this world, that I do not want to converse about anything here below."

My dear sister, having passed through this divine change, now felt it hard to keep those precious things concealed from day to day; so, after a time, she felt a desire to come forward and follow that precious Christ through the watery grave. Seeing that the great Head of the church had trod the pathway, and that she must tread in his blessed steps, she was made willing to take up her cross and go without the camp, bearing reproach for his name and sake. So, in August, 1834, she was

baptized, with four others, by Mr. Dark; and it was a great day to her precious soul. For days after the Lord shined much upon her path.

But the time was with her, as with most of the dear followers of Jesus, she must eat the Paschal lamb with many bitter herbs. She must also be weaned from the milk, and learn doctrine, led about in a waste howling wilderness, and instructed in fiery trials, temptations, and troubles; her pathway strewn with thorns, and a dark cloud over all her past experience. Now her waymarks and evidences seemed lost in her feelings, and for nearly two years she travelled much by night; and in those nights of darkness the howling beasts of prey often came around her helpless soul with their fiery darts and temptations, trying to undermine the foundation of her hope; until at last, feeling her soul sinking lower and lower, she felt that she could not stay at her home any longer. She took up her infant child, wandered from home, went into the churchyard, and began to envy the dead that lay there, crying out with Job, "O that thou wouldst hide me in the grave until thy wrath is past, that thou wouldst appoint a set time, and remember me. O that I had never been born. I am deserted of God and his dear children. I have lost my Saviour, and my interest in that precious Jesus. My way seems hid, and my judgment passed over from my God. Also when I cry and shout he shutteth out my prayer." But, bless the name of the Lord, though he thus purifies his people, brings them through fire and water, and tries every grace of his Spirit, it is in the end to bring forth glory unto his dear name. At every step that my dear sister took, it seemed to her as if the earth would open and swallow her up. But the Lord appeared most sweetly in the verse of the hymn:

"Saints, at your heavenly Father's word,
Give up your comforts to the Lord;
He will restore what you resign,
And grant you blessings more divine."

So did the Lord fulfil this in shining into her precious soul, making darkness light before her, and bringing her again into the liberty of the gospel. She could now see her signs and read her interest clear. She could see eye to eye with David in sinking in the horrible pit and miry clay, and in being brought forth again with a new song in her mouth, even praise to her God. "This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and delivered him out of all his distresses." She could also say with Jeremiah, that, though her hope seemed perished from the Lord, yet she could add, "Though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion according to the multitude of his mercies; for he doth not afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men." Thus she was led to see that the pathway to heaven ever had been a tribulation path, contradictory to human reason.

She had often to drink deeply of the suffering cup of her dear Lord, and in her measure be baptized with the baptism that he was baptized with; and being blest with much of his humble, meek, and patient spirit, she felt willing to suffer with and for his sake, and take up her cross and follow him through evil and good report, and she was at times enabled to look beyond her suffering path to the things that are not seen. Her soul was often fed under the ministry of the late Mr. Warburton and Mr. Philpot, when they have come to speak on week evenings in this place, and also at the Calne anniversary and at Allington. Also Mr. Dark and Mr. Godwin. The "Gospel Standard" also was much blessed to her.

The Lord gave my sister thirteen children, nine of whom he suffered the hand of death to take away.

But to come to her last days on earth. During the summer of 1868,

the afflicting hand of God began to be laid upon her mortal body, gradually breaking up her constitution; and on July 21st, it being exceedingly hot, she having exposed herself too much for air, had afterwards taken a violent chill in her chest, &c., from which she never recovered. For nearly a fortnight her sufferings were painful to witness; and the Lord began to withdraw his supporting manifested presence, and suffered a dark cloud to cover all her past experience, so that every past evidence seemed lost in her feelings, and she cried out with Asaph, "Will the Lord cast off for ever? Will he be favourable no more? Is his mercy changed for ever? Doth his promise fail for evermore? Hath God forgotten to be gracious? Hath he in anger shut up his tender mercies?" But the Lord seemed to cover himself with a cloud that her prayer should not pass through.

On July 26th she said, "O! Where is my brother? O! Where is he? Can he lift up his soul unto the Lord in prayer for his poor suffering sister in body and mind, if so be that the Lord may think upon such a worm as I that I perish not?" But though she felt cast out of his sight, she could not but look again and again towards his holy temple with earnest sighs, groans, and tears for the Lord's divine appearing and blessing. And, crown his name for ever! Her cries and pantings came up before the throne of the Majesty on high with acceptance perfumed through the precious blood of Christ; and though the sufferings of her body were great until the last three days of her mortal life, the blessed Lord delivered her from the fear of death, and from all the powers of darkness. So wonderful and marvellous was her deliverance that many with myself will never forget this side Jordan her blessed deathbed.

During her lifetime she was always manifested as a patient, humble, consistent follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, seeking after the power of real vital, saving religion, often returning from the house of prayer mourning over her leanness and barrenness, and at other times, when the Lord had favoured her with a feeding under the word, how she would go to her home, enjoy her morsel alone, seldom speaking of it to any one; but now the time arrived when she could no longer hold her peace. When I entered her room on Aug. 1st, she held out her arms to embrace me, and having kissed me repeatedly, she said, "O my dear brother, how many times have I envied you at the chapel, when you have been speaking such blessed things in the name of the Lord, and I have been in such a dark, dead, lifeless state, feeling unworthy of speaking to you or any of the Lord's dear children; but now I can come in with the blessed truths that you have spoken. Yes, I can now speak of the goodness of the Lord to me so unworthy; for he is come, he is come, and removed all my darkness, doubts, fears, and temptations, and has delivered my soul from the fear of death. 'This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and delivered him out of all his distresses.' 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me; who forgiveth all thy iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases, who redeemeth thy life from destruction, who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies.' Precious Christ! Precious Saviour! He suffered under the law that I had broken, both in the garden, at the judgment hall, and upon the cross for my sins. He hath finished the work the Father gave him to do; and all that have heard and learnt of his Father's chastening hand come unto him, and him that cometh he will in no wise cast out; no, not the vilest of the vile. O! Bless him! Praise him! for his mercy endureth for ever. Crown him, crown him, Lord of all!" Feeling my soul broken down at hearing these precious things, I said, "O Ann, you are a favoured soul." She replied, "Yes, my brother, we shall sit down in the kingdom of heaven together. O! What will it be, what can it be, when we

get home and see him as he is, and behold his glory, the glory of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth?

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

Being a little overcome with her sufferings, after a little time she recovered, and said, “‘I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God, whom I shall see for myself and mine eyes shall behold, and not another, though my reins be consumed within me.’ Yes, see him for myself; see those dear hands and feet that were nailed to the cross.”

“And one shall say, ‘What are those wounds in thine hands? and he shall answer, Those with which I was wounded in the house of my friends.’” She then said, “‘Blessed are the eyes that see the things that ye see, and hear the things that ye hear; for I say unto you that many prophets and righteous men have desired to see the things that ye see, and to hear the things that ye hear, and have not seen them.’”

Time would fail me to tell all the precious things that flowed forth so sweetly from her lips. Being about to leave her, I said, “I must leave you, my dear sister, as I have a journey to go in the morning,” it being then the middle of the Saturday night. She answered, “Yes, my dear brother, you want rest; but the dear Lord is all-sufficient. May his presence go with you and bless you. If we do not meet again here below, we hope to meet around our blessed Lord in his kingdom and glory above.”

On Aug. 2nd, in the evening, I saw her again, and found her much in the same state of suffering. As I entered her room, she said, “My dear brother, you are come again to see a poor suffering sister racked with pains; but my mind is sweetly fixed, with not a doubt of my eternal interest in a precious Christ. I feel resigned to his righteous will, and can leave my husband and children, and all below, to dwell with Christ, which is far better. There was a needs be for this painful affliction, as the Lord had a special blessing in reserve for me, and I was to drink of this bitter cup of suffering before this sweet manifestation was to be revealed to my soul. O! I pity princes and kings upon their thrones, and would not change states with them under all my sufferings. But I cannot tell you, the pain of my body is so great. Pray for the Lord to release me out of this suffering body.”

The next day I saw her again. Her pains were not so violent. She said, “O my dear brother, the blessed things the Lord hath revealed to my soul. Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive what God hath laid up for them that love him. But he revealeth it to us by his Spirit, even the deep things of God. O! What can it be when my soul gets home, to drink immortal draughts of that boundless river of life without bottom, brim, or shore, for ever to behold my Saviour’s face, free from this poor corruptible body, and clothed in the garments of salvation? She then said, “‘And I heard a voice from heaven, saying, Write, Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.’ John saw a multitude that no man could number, out of all nations, stand before the throne and before the Lamb, ‘clothed in white robes and palms in their hands; and they cried out with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb. These are they that came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb,’ &c. No more dark clouds to fall upon the weary traveller’s path, no more fiery darts from

the enemy, no more family trials, troubles, and vexations; all left behind and for ever shut out, and

“‘Not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.’”

I answered, “No, my dear sister, your precious soul will go forth free of all that life of labour, toil, and suffering that you for so many years have passed through.” She replied, “Yes; no one knows what I have passed through. I have kept it to myself. My pathway has been indeed a rough and thorny path; but what is it all compared to the glory that is to be revealed? Our Lord and Master had to drink of a suffering cup, and wear the crown of thorns before the crown of glory, and was made perfect through sufferings. Bless his dear name, he patiently endured all his heavenly Father’s will, and hid not his face from shame and spitting. Death is swallowed up in victory. The sting is taken away through his suffering and death; and dying saints can sing,

“‘Tis well with them while life endures,
And well when call’d to die.’”

O the glory of his redeeming love!

“‘He saw me ruin’d in the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all.’”

He saw me in my sins and blood, and when he passed by he looked upon me, and the time was a time of love. He hath brought forth my soul, and set me in a large room. I will bless the Lord at all times; his praise shall be continually in my mouth; for he crowneth me with loving-kindness and tender mercies. I said, ‘I shall not see the Lord in the land of the living;’ yet hath he delivered me from the pit of corruption. He has cast all my sins behind his back, never more to be remembered.”

One of her children came into the room, and, standing weeping, she said, “Weep not for me, but weep for yourself. You will have to stand before the judgment-seat of Christ.” To another she said, “I must leave you all in the dear Lord’s hands.” He doeth as he pleaseth in the armies of heaven and amongst the inhabitants of the earth.

On Aug. 4th I saw her in the afternoon. When I went to her bed, she was still blessing and admiring the riches and glories of a future state. Though perfectly sensible, as she had been through her illness, she took but little notice of any around her. The infinite glories of Christ and an immortal state seemed to take her attention from all below. After listening some little time, one of my sisters said to her, “Here is Joseph, that you wanted to see once more.” She raised her eyes and arms and kissed me again repeatedly, and said, “O my brother, my dear brother! O the glories, the glories! Crown him! Crown him, Lord of all for ever, for ever! What will it be, O what will it be? An eternity of praise!”

She now, through weakness, could not be heard plainly; but the most that we could understand was almost continually repeating, “What will it be? What can it be? The glory that shall be revealed! O praise him! O praise him! Crown him! Crown him for ever, yes, for ever!”

On Aug. 5th, the day before her death, her talking began to cease; but was still so full of glory, though so weak in body. To the astonishment of all around she began to sing, in such a sweet solemn way, several precious lines of hymns, and continued nearly all the following night, only at times stopping to regain her strength, not taking any notice of any around her. And in the morning, Aug. 6th, her happy soul departed, and entered into the presence and glory of her precious Lord and Saviour, to sing for ever, in a far nobler and sweeter voice, his power to save.

Market Lavington, Wilts, Jan. 28, 1870.

JOSEPH TOPP.

ANN BAKER.—On Feb. 1st, 1870, in the 61st year of her age, Ann Baker, of Slaughtam, Sussex.

The subject of this brief notice had not the privilege of God-fearing parents, and she grew up quite ignorant of everything of a spiritual nature. The precise time when and the manner in which the Lord was pleased to communicate divine life to her soul is not known, but it was between 30 and 40 years ago. Soon afterwards she united with the Particular Baptist church meeting at Zoar Chapel, Handcross, of which she continued a consistent member till her death; and those who knew her can testify that her seat on the Sabbath was seldom or never vacant when it was possible for her to be there, though living at some little distance from the chapel, and having a very weak and afflicted tabernacle. She would often express fears that she should drop on the way thither. From this cause she was frequently deprived of the privilege of attending public worship for months together, and during the last 18 months of her life was quite confined to her home. Her path was one of deep tribulation, of body and mind, in family and circumstances, so that she has been heard to say, "O! I hope I shall never go out of my mind!" In the space of five years, prior to her own decease, eight relatives were removed by death.

Like Hannah, she was a woman of a sorrowful spirit. During her whole life, after being convinced of her state as a sinner by nature and practice, those words which are descriptive of God's elect were more or less applicable to her state of mind—viz., crying day and night unto him; for though it is believed favoured with many helps by the way, yet, not being able to attain to a satisfactory degree of assurance as to her own interest in the finished work of the dear Redeemer, her life, according to her own feelings, hung in doubt.

Her last illness, which was consumption, commenced at the close of the summer of 1868, and her anxiety to have a clear testimony of the Lord's favour to her soul evidently greatly increased. Often was she observed, when alone, with her hands clasped, apparently engaged in earnest mental supplication. On one occasion, when sitting by the fire-side, a policeman passed by the window. The dear sufferer remarked, "If I had committed some crime against the law of the land, how I should tremble at the sight of that policeman; but knowing my innocence, I was not afraid of him; but now death appears in view, I tremble at the sight, conscious that I have transgressed against the laws of a holy God, and not being able to realize that my transgressions are forgiven." That was all she desired, to see the salvation of God, and then to depart in peace. She felt it was just such a salvation as was suited to her case, but was often fearing that she should come short of it, that she did not possess the faith of God's elect, and was not rightly exercised. On one occasion, when sitting alone, a few weeks before her death, love to God flowed into her soul in so powerful a manner that while it lasted it was almost too much for the frail body to support.

On Jan. 11th, 1870, she took to her bed, still day and night crying for a special manifestation of mercy to her soul. With clasped hands, and the tears running down her face, she exclaimed, "O! I wish he would come and bless me!" and then earnestly entreated him to do so, with such cries as, "Do come, Lord; do come!" There was a manifest laying hold on the hope set before poor sensibly-perishing sinners, and a venturing *wholly* on him; but she so ardently desired full assurance.

A friend visited her. On entering her chamber, hearing her pleading with the Lord, the friend said, "Ah, Mrs. B.! Your cry for mercy did not begin on a deathbed, nor in this affliction." She replied, "No, it did not. For years I have begged the Lord to send pardon home to my

soul." On two occasions, during her confinement to her bed, she requested the following hymn, which evidently afforded her much encouragement, to be read to her:

- " And does thy labouring bosom heave,
Thy heart for Jesus sigh?
Though guilt and doubtings make thee grieve,
Still for his mercy cry.
- " If there's a space within thy breast
That none but Christ can fill,
He died, and therefore *can* give rest;
He's true, and therefore *will*.
- " Did ever sinner sink to woe
Thirsting for pardoning grace?
Ten thousand voices answer, 'No;
None die that seek his face.'
- " Go then, poor leper, cast thy soul
Down at his nail-pierced feet.
He'll raise thee up, he'll make thee whole,
And all thy foes defeat.
- " His word, his cross, his blood, his pain,
His rising from the grave,
Ring through the earth again, again:
'He's willing now to save.'

About a fortnight before her death these words: "He delighteth in mercy," were applied with sweetness and power to her soul, that she could not refrain from shouting aloud, "He delighteth in mercy; he waits to be gracious;" and though the power and sweetness abated, yet it left a savour on her spirit which abode with her to the end.

She deeply felt the danger of deception in the all-important matter of the salvation of the soul; and feeling this in her own case made her equally close with others. One of the deacons having visited her on taking his leave, inquired if she had any message to the church. Her reply was, "Tell them to beware of a profession without possession."

Very early on the morning of Feb. 1st, a change took place, denoting the near approach of the last enemy, of which she was quite aware, calling on the Lord Jesus to receive her spirit. In the course of the morning a relative inquired the state of her mind. She replied to the effect that she had not received that special manifestation from the Lord which she desired; but he had given her a token of love some time previously, alluding to the application of the above-named passage. From a remark which afterwards fell from her lips, she was evidently desirous to depart. In the afternoon she said, "I am dying." Being again interrogated relative to her state of mind, she replied, "Resting on Jesus;" and directly afterwards exclaimed, "He delighteth in mercy. He waits to be gracious;" at the same time saying how sweetly that portion had been applied to her soul. Shortly after this, she requested to be turned over, which was done; when a further change was immediately visible; and although evidently quite sensible, she spoke no more.

Of her it might be truly said, she came out of great tribulation, and is now, we trust, numbered with the countless host of redeemed glorified spirits whose robes are made white in the blood of the Lamb, ascribing the whole glory of her salvation to him who sits upon the throne, in his blessed presence, fully realizing that

"The joy prepared for suffering saints
Does make amends for all."

March 26, 1870.

M. B.

SILAS HICKMOTT.—At Tenterden, Kent, on Feb. 13th, 1870, aged 63, Silas Hickmott, deacon of the Baptist church formed by and many years under the pastoral care of the late Mr. Burch, Staplehurst.

His illness was inflammation of the lungs, of only five days' duration. "They that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution" was truly fulfilled in him. He possessed that religion which testified he had been with Jesus. His heart was made upright in the things of God, and added learning to his lips. He neither courted the smiles nor feared the frowns of mortals, as many can testify who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. Of all Christians I ever met with, he seemed to evince a spirit that he was not of this world, either in its spirit or practice. He desired a better country, that is, a heavenly, waiting for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God. He was open, free, and honest; the law of truth and kindness dwelt on his lips. He had a clear view of spiritual things, very searching for realities amongst professing Christians.

He had not that rancorous and sensorious spirit which is manifested by many professing godliness, but was a man of peace; yet free to speak his mind. If the word of God was ever so clearly set forth, but was not enjoyed by him in its unctuous power, he would speak out his mind; but when it met his case, and its blessed power was felt in his soul, his heart seemed set on fire. A friend speaking of him under this sweet and blessed feeling remarked, "Mr. H. was like a man running down hill, but could not stop himself." His house was always open to the poor saints; his heart, purse, and hand also to assist the cause of truth. He was truly a man of prayer, and diligent in the means of grace; and, being greatly tried at times, found help and strength from the Lord. He knew well the plague of his own heart, and often mourned and groaned by reason of sin, Satan, flesh, and the world, yet grace was given him in such a blessed measure, enabling him to walk worthy of the vocation wherewith he was called. He was truly a companion of all them that fear God.

A friend from London, along with Mr. Burch, the minister, called upon him some years ago, and found him greatly cast down under a peculiar trial of persecution. He exclaimed, on seeing them, "I am pleased to see you. I have had a week of great distress." The friend and Mr. B. went into the house, and Mr. H. was enabled to tell out how, when, and where the Lord began a good work in his soul, calling him by his grace, and leading him on up to that time; and the Lord so blessedly shone upon him and helped him to remember the way he had been brought in the wilderness that it was a time of refreshing to their souls. The Lord was present of a truth, and the sweet union and blessed anointing which was felt, abideth and has been experienced at times by the friend ever since. When first seen, he was weeping for sorrow, but, after speaking for about two hours, he was left weeping for joy at the goodness and mercy of the Lord. His countenance shone blessedly. This friend exclaimed, "What a sermon we have had." Mr. B. replied, "What a blessed testimony he has given of a work of grace in his soul." This friend adds, "This dear man of God got into my heart; I enjoyed a savour not to be easily forgotten. There was such life and power in what he declared of the almighty power of God in bringing him out of a low place into that height of enjoyment he then felt; so that we left him blessing and praising God."

His brother deacon called upon him about a fortnight before he was taken ill, and found him in his barn. When in conversation together, he said, "I shall soon be in heaven; I have felt a little of it in my soul this day."

On Feb. 8th he felt very ill, and kept in-doors; but in the evening went to chapel in the village and heard Mr. Pert preach, the text being: "The righteous also shall hold on his way, and he that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger." A friend remarked to him, "You are too ill to be here to-night." "Yes," he replied; "but my mind is here, and I want to follow on as long as I can." The two following days he grew worse; his breathing became very difficult, and the doctor told him he must not talk. Still he was not confined to bed. He enjoyed a solid peace, and expressed his thankfulness for the many mercies he was favoured with. He remarked, "Everything looks dark around; the world is closing in; but what a mercy is peace of soul."

On coming down stairs early on the morning of the 11th, he said to his daughter, "I have had a wonderful vision this night. Some people may call it enthusiasm, but it is not so. I saw (by faith) Christ, the Son of God, with all his people around him. I saw also the everlasting security of the children of God,—how safe! How secure! O! What a blessing to be assured of eternal safety! I have that assurance."

A friend calling to see him commenced talking about the vision he had during the night. His daughter reminded him of what the doctor had said,—he was not to talk. He replied, "I must talk now." He requested her to read the first two chapters to the Hebrews. He exclaimed, "What wonderful words! How good! How great!"

He passed a painful night, and the following morning, though very weak, said he felt better. In the afternoon he talked very cheerfully, and said, "I have no pain now. What a blessing! What a mercy!" Not a thought or care about any worldly matter troubled him.

On Lord's day morning, the 13th, he could not lie in bed, his difficulty of breathing being much worse; but after taking a little refreshment, he dressed and went down stairs. There was a great change in his appearance. He said, "I thought once in the night I should not be here now; I am very ill." He asked, "Can you tell me of whom it is said, 'Now love tides on him roll?'"

"Thee to praise and thee to know
Constitute our bliss below;
Thee to see and thee to love
Constitute our bliss above."

A short time afterwards he said, "It is grievous, but glorious. I will go to bed," and he arose to do so. He thought he could walk, his daughter assisting him across the room. When they reached the passage, he leaned so heavily upon his daughter that she called her sister. Leaning on both, he walked to the stairs, and began to ascend; but his strength failed. He fell into their arms, and his happy spirit took its flight.

JOHN FORSTER.

Hastings, March 28, 1870.

JAMES ENTWISTLE.—On Feb. 3rd, 1870, aged 67, James Entwistle, of Islington, Blackburn. He died in the Blackburn Workhouse, in which he had been placed in consequence of mental derangement.

His mother died during his infancy, and he was brought up with his grandfather, who attended Islington Chapel, and used to take him with him. This was the first means of his attending Islington Chapel.

He was like the majority of people, delighting in Sunday pleasure and the ways of sin, until one Sunday, when he had a new suit of clothes on. It was customary, at that time, for a person who had a new suit to pay something towards a party. This custom was followed by James on the Sunday afternoon following; and at night, while walking in the country, he slipped up to the chin into a bog-hole, and spoiled

all his clothes. This caused him to think, "Had he sunk over head and died in that state, what would have been the consequence?" This was the means of stopping him in his wild career; and ever after that he attended the chapel, and was very much troubled in his mind about soul matters. He was in bondage for some time betwixt hope and despair; until one day, when very much troubled, these words came with much sweetness to his mind:

"Come hither, soul, I am the way;"

and that was the means of setting his soul at liberty. He was baptized in Feb., 1825; in Feb., 1836, he was appointed deacon, and in April, 1837, he was made chapel-keeper; and he remained deacon and chapel-keeper until Sept., 1869, when he had to be removed to the workhouse.

He was a man of very close mind, and could not say much to any one; but when asked to give out a hymn at the prayer meetings he very often gave out the 144th; and when he got to the 3rd verse he sometimes remarked that the last four verses were very applicable to him:

"This is the way I long have sought," &c.

He enjoyed very good health until Jan., 1868, when he was taken very ill. But he recovered again for a little while. A relapse set in some time afterwards, under which he became incapacitated to take care of himself, and we were compelled by medical advice to remove him to the workhouse. The cause of this were some proceedings which had taken place in the church, which he considered were exceedingly unscriptural; and this continually preyed upon his mind. I went into the chapel one Sunday morning, between six and seven o'clock, and found him there crying. I said to him, "What is to do, father?" He said, "I never thought, twenty years since, we should get into such a trouble as this, for I am sure — is wrong. I can freely say:

"'Weary of earth, myself, and sin,'" &c. (386).

And a few Sundays afterwards I went into the chapel to kindle the fires for him, when he came to me, and said, "I wish the Lord would take me home;" and I said, "What for?" He said, "I have no pleasure here. I do hope the Lord will take me away, and before long too."

The last church meeting that he attended was in Aug., 1869. When he came home, he seemed very much troubled, and ever after that he was scarcely ever for a day his own person. On Aug. 28th we lost him, and did not find him until the afternoon of the 29th, when he was nearly dead, and covered with mire; but when we got him home and gave him something warm, he recovered a little, until about midnight, when he began to be very rough, so that we were obliged to fetch a doctor to him; and he, as soon as he saw him, told us to get him to the workhouse as early as possible, as he would either kill himself or some of us.

In November he began to know us, when we went to see him, and in the middle of December I was with him about two hours. He then talked very sensibly, and wished to come home. I asked him if any of the chapel people had been to see him, and he gave me the names of several, which was a proof to me that he was sensible, and had been for some time. I asked him if his favourite hymns felt as sweet to him as ever they did; and he said, "Yes, and I long for the 386th hymn to be fulfilled" (Weary of earth, &c.).

We proposed bringing him home on Feb. 5th; but on the 3rd my eldest brother received a letter from the master of the workhouse, stating that if we wished to see him alive we must go right away. He and my sister went first, and just got in time to see him breathe his last. He departed very calmly.

Blackburn, March, 1870.

EBENEZER ENTWISTLE.

RHODA BROWN.—On May 20th, 1870, aged 25, Rhoda Brown, a member of the church at Zoar, London, and daughter of Mr. George Brown, solicitor.

JAMES CROYSDALE.—On Dec. 20th, 1868, aged 49, James Croysdale, of Blackburn.

Our dear brother, in the days of his unregeneracy, was a player in a band of music; but after the Lord quickened him, and brought him to a knowledge of his sinnership, he was obliged to give that up. Some time after this, his old companions came to engage him at six shillings per day, for playing. He told them he could not go with them whatever they might give him; he felt he could not go for the world.

During this time many were the soul-sinkings that came on him from the sight of God in the holiness of his law and himself as a transgressor of the same. Often did he weep and mourn over his lost state. Sometimes he got a little encouragement in hearing his feelings described, and the fulness of the savour set forth in hearing the word preached. On one occasion I gave out that sweet hymn composed by Mr. Gadsby (581st); and at the third verse the Lord broke into his soul:

“He saw me distress’d, and he said,
‘Fear not, I procured thy discharge;
I am Jesus, who lives, and was dead,
And now will I set thee at large,’” &c.

Pardon, peace, reconciliation, and joy unspeakable filled his soul, while he sat down and wept for joy like a little child.

He walked in the liberty of the gospel for some time; but after awhile that fearful disease consumption set in in his body, and temptations and darkness in his soul, that he often feared he was deceived. In this state I found him one day; when he said, “I want the Lord Jesus to come again, and give me another visit.” I said to him, “Have you forgotten that sweet hymn that was made such a blessing to you? You are forgetting the Lord’s mercies. Do you not know that he is ‘Jesus, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever?’ And ‘If Jesus once upon you shone, then he is for ever yours.’” At this he brightened up, and said, “I believe that Jesus will put forth his hand, and save a poor sinner like me.” He repeated the hymn (581st) so often that his wife got it off by heart from hearing him.

A little while before his death, he said, “I have no fear of death. The Lord Jesus will save me;” and just before he died, he rose up and stretched out his arms as though he would take hold of something, and said, “O! He is come!” and lay down and breathed his last.

J. ARCHER.

My dear Mr. Gadsby,—I was glad to see such a beautiful sermon of our dear departed Mr. Brown, in this month’s “Standard.” I have read it over three or four times. It is meat and drink to the living soul; and, while you continue to publish such short weighty gospel matter, the glorious “Standard” will, by God’s help, prosper. It is equal to the one I wrote you about a short time since, which the good man preached at Stamford in 1859: “The good that I would I do not,” &c. &c. Although it is published in sermons at 1d. each, yet if it was published in the “Standard,” many thousands of God’s people would be instructed.

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I will just say that, about 25 years ago, being among the *working* people, I was set to work distributing tracts. Calling at a little cottage to offer my tracts, I saw an aged man who had the Bible and Gadsby's hymn book within arm's length. He asked me if I would read one of his tracts, offering me the "Gospel Standard." I took it, and before I had read much of it I came to a sentence which spoke of the non-*elect*, which I could not believe nor receive as a doctrine. Not long after this, I went to hear a man who preached the discriminating truth. He traced out the work of grace in the heart, beginning where God begins, and traced my experience out, step by step, from the beginning; that I was at once constrained to come out and be separate from the Yea and Nay preaching. Thus I became a byword and a dangerous character among my former friends.

I have been a reader of the "Gospel Standard" since that time, and have had many helps through its medium; but can never remember realizing before such sweetness and savour as I have in reading the triumphant deaths of the honoured servants of the Lord, Mr. Philpot, Mr. Kershaw, and several others noticed in this month's No.

Wantage, Feb. 20, 1870.

T. H.

The Two Christian Faiths of the World.—London: Macintosh.

WE would not quarrel with any man for a word, when we believe his meaning is right; otherwise we should quarrel with the author of this work for speaking of two *Christian* faiths. There can only be *one* Christian faith, that faith which is worked in the heart by the blessed Spirit. All other faiths are anything but Christian. But let us see how our author defines the two faiths: "1, That which believes everlasting salvation to have been provided for every individual of the human race, to be accepted or rejected at the will of the creature; and 2, That which believes everlasting salvation to have been provided for some, and ONLY some, upon whom it is bestowed according to the everlasting will and purpose of God, by reason of 'the immutability of his council,' and 'in remembrance of his Holy Covenant.'" His own view of the matter is given in the following paragraph; and we only add that it coincides with our own: "Now it will be readily perceived that these two creeds are antagonistic; for the one asserts 'the gospel of the grace of God' to be that 'God has done everything on his part that is requisite for salvation, and, having done so much, leaves it optional to every individual to accept, embrace, choose, close in with, or reject the salvation so provided,' either by believing or disbelieving something, or by doing or not doing this, that, or the other, which is tantamount to saying that the sufferings and death of Jesus, 'who for the joy set before him endured the cross' (Heb. xii. 2), might have been entirely in vain, and the purposes of Jehovah in sending him into the world thwarted and frustrated, but for what is termed the 'free will' of man, that is, 'the will of the flesh' (John i. 13); upon which hypothesis it inevitably follows that salvation is uncertain to all, and certain to none, and is not 'of the Lord' (Jonah ii. 9), nor 'by grace' (Eph. ii. 5; Rom. iv. 16), but 'of the Lord' and the will of the flesh, and 'by grace' and merit; whereas the other asserts that God has not only 'done all on his part,' but on theirs also, to secure everlasting salvation to some, all of whom he will in his own time make willing to accept it, and that salvation is certain to those for whom it is so provided."

The Regular Baptist Magazine, Designed for the Defence of the Truth of God, and the Comfort of his People.—Columbia, Missouri: Anderson.

THIS No. (Feb. 1870) is the first we have seen of this periodical; and it really did us good to look over its pages. So far as we have seen, it is sound in the truth, which cannot be said of many publications issued on the other side of the Atlantic. The No. contains an account of Mr. Philpot's death, copied from the "Gospel Standard." "It was with mingled feelings of sadness and chastened hope," says the editor, "that these tidings fell upon our ears. . . . It is a solemn thought that God is taking his faithful ones to their blissful reward; but who that loves the Lord should not rejoice, when, in their dying agonies, the healing Spirit incites them to exclaim, 'Beautiful!' 'Praise the Lord, O my soul!'"

JULY 1, 1870.

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

JULY, 1870.

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

The Late Mr. Kershaw.

A SERMON PREACHED AT ROCHDALE ROAD CHAPEL, MANCHESTER,
BY MR. A. B. TAYLOR.

My dear Friends,—I stand here to fulfil a promise made to our departed brother, John Kershaw. At his request, I promised that if I outlived him, I would preach a funeral sermon to his memory. This request was first made on or about the 30th of Jan., 1866, and renewed the last time we met before his last affliction. To fulfil a promise made to one already in glory has in it the appearance of carrying out part of a “will,” and shows something of that confiding friendship the battering and blasting storms of time cannot wither or decay. This friendship is found in all its freshness and beauty only amongst those who are united to Christ the living Vine. Brethren, may your hearts be refreshed by Him who is the sinner's Friend, and who rests in his love.

That portion of God's word I shall read as a text, you will find in the 11th chapter of the Gospel by John, 23rd verse: “Thy brother shall rise again.”

These are the words of the Redeemer, spoken to a woman, broken in spirit, in consequence of the death of her brother, whose name was Lazarus. Martha, the sister of Lazarus, had said to Jesus, “Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died.” Thus she displayed sweet confidence in the affection and power of the Lord Jesus. The Redeemer said, “Thy brother shall rise again.” Martha replied, “I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day. Jesus said, I am the Resurrection and the Life.” Lazarus had another sister called Mary, who also comes upon the stage in this wonderful scene; and it appears that the Redeemer asked for an interview with her; and she came, falling down at the Redeemer's feet, using the same words her sister had used before. When Jesus saw her sorrow, he was troubled, and groaned in himself. “Surely he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows.” The despising Jews saw Jesus weep, and could but admire him, saying, “Behold, how he loved him.”

But I must not dwell upon this part of the scene, only to show how the Redeemer at the grave of Lazarus showed his power over the grave and over death. The grave was a cave, and a stone lay upon it. Coming to it, he ordered the stone to be removed; and then, as if willing that the Jews present might again hear that he was indeed the Messiah, lifted up his eyes to heaven, and said, "Father, I thank thee that thou hast heard me." O the Son of the Father in love and truth! Jesus cried with a loud voice: "Lazarus, come forth. And he that was dead came forth, bound hand and foot with grave clothes. And Jesus said, Loose him, and let him go;" proving to Martha, Mary, and observing Jews that he was the Christ.

The doctrine of the Resurrection is the grand key-stone doctrine, the centre doctrine of the word of God. Remove it, and the whole fabric falls to the ground, and all proves delusion. "But now is Christ risen from the dead," even he who had power to raise the dead before he spoiled death; nor is the Christian staggered at this, since the Son of God always had the keys of death and of hell.

Now to our text: "Thy brother shall rise again."

In addressing you from these words, I would notice,

I. The *relationship*: "Thy brother."

II. The *resurrection of the saints*.

And as we go on make remarks respecting our departed brother.

I. The *relationship*: "Thy brother." It is a kindred term, requiring but little explanation, as all are acquainted with the common brotherhood of mankind; and though there are very many relationships, yet, on the face of the whole earth, we are all brethren; for God hath made of one blood all nations of men that dwell on the face of the whole earth," as saith Paul in Acts xvii. 26. And though we distinguish among men as "blood royal," "noble blood," "Jewish blood," and "Gentile blood," yet, in the sight of God, the blood that flows through the veins of the beggar is as good as the blood flowing through the veins of a crowned monarch. Earthly crowns, titles, and honours are fading things. In some parts of the world men are black, and in others copper colour; but, as our national poet says:

"Fleecy locks and black complexion

Cannot forfeit nature's claim.

Skins may differ; but affection

Dwells in white and black the same."

Yes, brethren, there is but one family, one kindred, one blood, and all are sunk in one awful fall; for "all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." And there is also one God, who is the Father of all, "to whom every knee shall bow."

It is painful to know that the white man's lash has, in years that are past, lacerated the back of his black brother till the white bone has been laid bare, and death has ensued. Never

was the blow struck by Cain more cruel than has been the lash of the European on the back of his Ethiopian brother.

There is also a brotherhood acknowledged amongst our mercantile men in Manchester, where they fraternize and admit a relationship, have sympathies distinct from other interests, working into one another's hands, showing a brotherhood in their own line of things. Trades unions form a brotherhood, and stick close and fast to maintain their points. Freemasons have a brotherhood, of which many are very proud. The old family of Abraham and Sarah still maintain a brotherhood, as distinct as it was when the sons of Jacob made a breach into it by the sale of Joseph, whom the Ishmaelites carried down to Egypt. The Jewish brotherhood is a wonderful thing, and a standing mark of God's great goodness past to that people, and, though scattered and dishonoured, still the mark of God is upon them in every country where they are found; and to this day they each claim the tribe and family. Thus our Lord was of the tribe of Judah and the house of David.

The ties of earthly relationship, or family bonds, are very strong, and whatever faults may turn up, errors or mistakes be made, the links of nature still form the chain; nor can it be broken only by death; and even then, the dead relative is remembered either with pain or pleasure. There are sad and solemn testimonies of our fallen state in past family quarrels. Cain slew Abel, Joseph was sold by his brethren, Esau's wrath was kindled against Jacob, so that Rebekah, his mother, dare not venture an interview between the two brothers. These cases, with many others that might be stated, show that something is wrong in the state of that nature that was bestowed in uprightness by God, who pronounced all his works very good. That the whole human family are fallen none will deny, save the most ignorant, or the wilfully perverse, while the greater portion of the human family, barbarous, civilized, or Christian, feel the force of that Bible truth: "How good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

But there is another brotherhood of a much higher order, to which I must now call your attention; and though Lazarus was the brother of Martha and Mary in the common relationship, yet we presume they were also in that higher order of relationship where there is neither male nor female, as considered in Christ, the Elder Brother and Glorious Head, the Captain of our salvation, who leads the living "new creature;" for if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature. (2 Cor. v. 17.) O the condescension of God the Son, that he humbled himself to become our Elder Brother, made of a woman, made under the law, that he might redeem them that were under the law, that we, the younger brethren, might receive the adoption of sons, be brought into the family, and learn that we have a brother born for adversity, upon whom we may lean, and into whose bosom we may pour all our complaints,

O the condescension of Almighty God, that he should be thus made of a woman, made under the law, that he might redeem them that are under the law, that we, the younger brethren, might receive the adoption of sons. It is good for destitute children to have an elder brother in a family, unto whom you can look with confidence, one who is faithful and kind to you, in whose bosom you can deposit your wants and necessities, whose heart is a repository for all your complaints and sorrows, unto whom you can look for succour in trial and trouble,—an elder brother that will take up your cause, stand by you and defend you. Such an elder brother have we in our Lord Jesus Christ. It was our Elder Brother who, in covenant engagement, undertook the cause of his people. It was our Elder Brother that revealed the mind of God to his holy nation, it was our Elder Brother that opened up the secrets of his heavenly Father unto us, it is through our Elder Brother that every divine blessing is communicated from the Father unto the whole dear family. It is our Elder Brother that dwelt in the bosom of the Father, that hath declared the goodness and mercy of God unto us; and by the operation of the Holy Spirit we hold sweet communion with him. All we, the brethren, are brought to praise free and sovereign grace. While we are toiling in a world of cares, and struggling with trouble all through life, we are made willing to seek the aid of our Elder Brother, who has an anxious regard for his younger brethren; for he has left on record some precious promises for them, and they are heirs to all that the Father gave unto him: "Out of his fulness have all we received, and grace for grace."

There is one observation we would make before we proceed. One after another, we are passing off the stage of time. One of our brethren has just dropped off the stage, and we have carried his remains to the tomb. The flesh must sink to its mother earth, and the spirit return to God who gave it; and there the flesh will remain until that day when the trumpet shall sound and the dead shall be raised.

Now I may say of our brother Kershaw that we all had a deep and affectionate regard for him. He was our brother in the eminent relationship in which he stood in the church of God. He was a kind, affectionate, and sympathetic brother, even to a fault. You knew well the affability of his mind, you knew well the tenderness of his heart, you knew well the readiness of his hand, and you do and will lament his loss deeply. You will not soon forget the relationship in which he stood to you.

But let us notice that he was your brother in the exercise of *regeneration*. I will not speak of the ministry just now. In his young days he was called by the grace of God. He was very young, quite a youth; yet he was your brother in the path of regeneration, by the work of the Spirit on his soul. He was our brother in all those cares and trials which attend the Christian through life. If there are those before me wondering about the path of regeneration, remember the brother we are speaking of

has gone through the same track, walked in the same path. If you are struggling, remember he did not struggle in vain; and blessed be God, you shall not struggle in vain. The blessed Spirit who has begun the good work will carry it on, as sure as he has begun it, until the day of Christ; for a bruised reed he will not break, a smoking flax he will not quench. He shall bring forth judgment and truth unto victory. He shall not fail nor be discouraged till he hath set judgment in the earth; and the isles shall wait for his law.

He was not only your brother in the exercise of regeneration, but also he was your brother in the faith of *adoption*. Perhaps the doctrine of adoption is not much understood by some who are present. It may seem strange, but I will tell you what it means. If there be persons who have no child, and they obtain one from another person, and give unto it all rights and privileges of a naturally-born offspring, the right to eat at the same table, attend to its wants and necessities, and give to it the right of inheritance, that is what is called adoption. Now when the Lord regenerates a sinner it is the effect of everlasting electing love, and when he speaks in love to the soul, burdened with sin and guilt, he pours the spirit of adoption into the heart, when, by the grace of God, they are delivered from under the curse of the holy and righteous law of God, where they had been imprisoned, and brought into the glorious liberty of the gospel, to enjoy the blessed fulness of the mercy of God in Jesus Christ.

Do you know anything of the spirit of adoption? "For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear, but ye have received the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father!" Our departed brother experienced this blessed doctrine very sweetly by the Spirit's teaching in his soul.

He was our brother also in the path of *tribulation and sorrow*. He had his trials in the world,—trials in his family, and church trials and cares; but, in the midst of all, he always laboured to feed the church of God, and honour his divine Master.

But there is another branch that I must speak to you upon. He was your brother in God's *electing love*. I know what the world will say about me and this blessed truth, God's election; but I do not mind the world. "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me; and I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish. My Father which gave them me is greater than all, and none can pluck them out of my Father's hands. I and my Father are one." Our dear brother loved to preach this blessed doctrine. It was the foundation of his hope of eternal life.

Our dear brother was not only our brother in the exercise of regeneration, in the faith of adoption, in the path of tribulation and sorrow, and in the blessed doctrine of God's everlasting electing love, but he was also our brother in the *ministry*. It is in this relationship that I must speak of him for a moment. Our dear brother, when he began to preach, as I have before told you,

was very young,—quite a youth. Slaithwaite, in Yorkshire, was the first place to which he was sent to preach. He was so youthful, and so unparsonic, that when he went into the house at which he was to stay, the good lady having no idea whatever who he was, not a thought crossed her mind that it was he who was to appear in their pulpit on the morrow. Her master being in business, and not being at home, she thought the youth wanted something with him. She handed him a chair, and asked him to sit down and wait till his return. Blessed be our God, he does not despise the youth of his children. The baby being uneasy, she gave our brother the string to rock the cradle, which he did for about two hours. So bashful and unpretending was he that he did not venture to make himself known or to declare his business unto the good woman. In the morning he was in the pulpit attending to the business of his divine Master, preaching the gospel to poor lost sinners. He was not only a believer in the gospel of Jesus Christ, but also in his ordinances, and was baptized in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. This was our departed brother, who lived to love to declare the mysteries of the cross of Christ with the ability which our God gave him. He loved to preach the Saviour of sinners, made known to the conscience by the operation of the Holy Spirit, being justified by faith in Christ Jesus. He experienced the Spirit's work in his own soul, and was delighted to discover it in others, as many can bear witness, and return thanks to God for sending you such a brother. You have lost a brother under whose ministry you have been enabled to sing to the praise and glory, not of yourselves, but of a free grace salvation.

Subsequently, our brother became minister of the church of Christ at Rochdale; and after that he went on for nearly 53 years declaring the mysteries of the cross. He preached in many cities, towns, villages, and hamlets in the kingdom. Our brother opened his mouth wide, and cried aloud that salvation was wholly by the Lord Jesus Christ. He gloried to lay the sinner in the dust, and exalt the Lamb of God.

When wading deep in gospel tides,
His hands he'd prop against his sides;
And when his faith reach'd o'er the ford,
How dust would fly from Bible board.
Elated saint! The truth he spread
Both far and near; but now he's dead.

In his method of preaching he was somewhat peculiar; but when the God of salvation shone upon his heart, it was grand to hear him preach the glorious gospel of Christ in its fulness, and in its adaptation to meet the state and condition of lost ruined sinners, whatever distress and trouble they might fall into in their wilderness journey.

Christian, this thy brother has finished his labours in the militant church, and is gone to the church of the first-born in heaven. He has received his crown, and he is now at the right hand of

God in glory. He is crowned with the crown the Lord had reserved in heaven for him, and for all those that love and fear his holy name. Dear saint of God, he was thy brother in sin and guilt; he was thy brother in the Spirit's work on the souls of his dear people; he was thy brother in the everlasting electing love of God, in the stipulations of eternity; he was thy brother in humility, in affliction, and in sorrow. When in health, he was very attentive to the afflicted. He visited the sick often. If God blessed the word spoken to the comfort and consolation of their souls, or if he was enabled to impart temporal mercies to the poor, to alleviate their sufferings on the bed of languishing and sickness, it did his soul good.

Brethren, many of God's dear saints have been made happy by the blessing of God which attended his ministerial labours. Our departed brother and fellow-labourer, John Kershaw, was the father of children. Many souls were brought to a knowledge of the truth under his ministry, both at Rochdale and abroad over the country, and own him as their spiritual father. He had many seals to his ministry, and many souls for his hire. It was his meat and his drink to serve the church of the Most High God. May the Lord send his people a man like-minded, whose glory it shall be to preach the truth as it is in Christ Jesus; and may the blessing of God attend him.

It is 26 years, I believe, this month, since Mr. Gadsby's funeral sermon was preached in this place. He died in January, 1844, and was buried in February, and his funeral sermon was preached on the second Lord's day in February by our departed brother, John Kershaw, to a very large congregation. You know, at least the few of you who survive do, how kind brother Kershaw was to you on that occasion. He was willing to do anything for you, or to serve you in any way that he possibly could. You never had nor will you ever have a kinder brother. It was he who spoke at the grave side when Mr. Gadsby was laid in the tomb; and now he is gone and laid in the tomb. I spoke at the side of the cold and silent grave, over his mortal remains. It brought solemn reflection to my mind: "Perhaps I may be the next on the list of ministers upon whom Death may be commissioned to lay his cold hand; perhaps I am the oldest minister in Lancashire and Yorkshire; perhaps in all the denomination I do not know one older than myself. I feel that I stand in the front rank. But O what a mercy it is to know that our Elder Brother has gone before us, conquered death, opened heaven, and prepared a place for us before the throne of God, where he sits awaiting the arrival of all his saints in glory."

II. *The resurrection.* We would notice that, according to the promise of the Lord Jesus Christ, the dead shall rise again. Yes, they brother, John Kershaw, of Rochdale, shall rise again with the same body; yes, the same John Kershaw. As sure as your Elder Brother is now in glory, so surely shall all the blood-bought church of God rise again to a happy immortality. This

corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on happy immortality. It is sown in corruption; it shall be raised in incorruption. It is sown a natural body; it shall be raised a spiritual body. It is sown in weakness; it shall be raised in power. It is sown in dishonour; it shall be raised in glory. For the spirit of him that raised up the body of our Lord Jesus Christ shall also quicken the mortal bodies of his saints.

There are many glorious truths connected with the resurrection of the bodies of the saints. The resurrection is the doctrine of the prophets and apostles, and supported by the Redeemer himself in a clear statement, settling for ever and at once the doctrine of the immortality of the soul. A resurrection there will be. Then Christ and his church will for ever be united. Holy angels will descend from heaven to escort the saints to eternal bliss, where they will take possession of that rest which remaineth for the people of God. Brethren, it is by faith we can realize these blessed truths, by that faith which is of the operation of the Spirit of God; and there will be a response in every quickened soul to this declaration that the dead shall rise again.

Now, I am not going to prove that there will be a resurrection of the body. There is an inseparable and an eternal union between our Elder Brother and the church of God. He is said to be the Head of his body the church, and they are said to be his members. He is represented as the Husband, the church as the wife. There is something grand and glorious in this blessed mystery. As Christ, our Elder Brother, the Head of the church, is risen, so all the younger brethren that are in Christ shall rise likewise. As Christ has risen in triumph over death and the grave, so surely shall all his people rise in triumph over both, by virtue of the eternal union that subsists between the eternal Son of God and themselves. At the resurrection this corruptible body shall put on incorruption, this mortal body shall put on immortality. We shall all be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, and rise to meet our Lord in the clouds. Holy angels will **escort** us through the air. There is a beautiful passage in the Revelation: "And I saw the souls of them that were beheaded for the witness of Jesus and for the word of God, and which had not worshipped the beast, neither his image, neither received his mark upon their foreheads, or in their hands; and they lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years. But the rest of the dead lived not until the thousand years were finished. This is the first resurrection." The wicked will not be first, but the righteous, in the resurrection. If you are the saints of God, you need not fear death; you are secure in the person of Him who died for you and is risen again for you, who now sits at the right hand of God to maintain your right to follow Him through the efficacy of redeeming blood.

The dead in Christ shall rise again. O yes! O yes! Daniel

declared there would be a resurrection unto eternal life: "And many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some unto everlasting life, and some to everlasting contempt." Daniel prophesied that the righteous should come forth at the resurrection to a place of blessedness for ever. Hosea declares there will be a resurrection: "I will ransom them from the grave; I will redeem them from death. O death, I will be thy plagues; O grave, I will be thy destruction. Repentance shall be hid from my eyes." Hoping, struggling child of God, amidst trials and troubles, who knows not what thy end will be, look unto Him who has gone through death, who could not be holden of death. He was harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners, who magnified the law and made it honourable, who has finished transgression and made an end of sin, and brought in an everlasting righteousness. He has passed through death, and, poor sinners, so shall you; for the Breaker has gone before you and spoiled death and him that had the power of it. Many thousands, many millions, have since gone through death and will be saved by the will of God, and will rise again to enjoy a state of happiness and everlasting bliss in heaven, and be with their Lord and Saviour where he now is.

"Thy brother shall rise again." Perhaps there may be some here who have lost a brother or sister in the Lord, who, like our departed brother, whose memory we are commemorating, has given clear testimony of his or her interest in a complete free grace salvation. It is pleasant to hear them exalt the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world.

Brethren, if you are Christian man or woman, you will be repenting every day. Our departed brother, John Kershaw, was a repenting man to the last moment. If you are a real Christian, you will repent every day; you will sigh and mourn because of your sins and iniquities. What mistakes are made about the doctrine of repentance. It is spoken of as if it was something that man had the power to exercise at his will. Repentance is the gift of God, and must come from God. If your sins are pardoned, it is the Lord alone who pardons them. If you are really and truly a repenting soul before God, you will lie passive in his hands. If real repentance is in your hearts, it is the Lord who has put it there; for the Lord is exalted to "give repentance and the remission of sins." Salvation is all of free and sovereign grace; it is all of covenant arrangement. O what a covenant working God is the Lord. It is the Lord who must work in you to will and to do of his good pleasure. We begin repenting by going to the Lord and acknowledging our sins before him, and we then beg for mercy and pardon.

This brotherhood runs through all the family of God, and it can never be broken; nor is it in the power of any being to break it. If you have an interest in the Redeemer's love and blood, you know what it is to desire the mercy of God to be manifested in your souls, and you seek to compare your experience with that

of God's saints, to assure yourselves that you belong to the brotherhood. This is a glorious brotherhood; this is a glorious relationship. Nothing can dissever it; nothing can finally dishonour it; nothing can undo it. It is the faith of divine operation that produces that fruit in the soul, that humble obedience and trust in God which constitute the family likeness.

This glorious relationship must continue through all time; but it will not close with human life, it will last when time shall be no more.

"Thy dead men shall live." O yes. The dead will rise by the omnipotent power of God. Tremble not, poor sinner, over the tomb. It is but a shadow. Death has lost its sting. Weep not over the dissolution of the body. Thy mortal body shall rise again, and put on immortality. It will come forth at the resurrection of the just unto eternal life. This is the glory and grand end of salvation, to live to enjoy the mysteries of eternal love for ever. The Redeemer has conquered death, and all that are his shall conquer also.

I have some of the flock of our departed brother before me. I would speak a few words to them. Brethren, stand fast in gospel order. I exhort you, as a dying man, stand fast in gospel order. Let no outside authority interfere with church order and government. May the dear Redeemer guide you and give you light and understanding. In all your church transactions let there be no improper meddling. May God send you a man after his own heart, unto whom you can listen as you listened unto your late pastor,—one who is able to teach you in divine things, and with whom you can take sweet counsel, one who shall be taught by the Holy Ghost to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints, and whose labours God will honour. Brethren, pray for such a pastor. You know how your late pastor struggled for the truth, how he laboured to profit the church of God, not fearing what man could do unto him. He is now gone. His body is laid in the cold grave. Mr. Gadsby's, Mr. Warburton's, Mr. M'Kenzie's, Mr. Philpot's, and Mr. Kershaw's bodies all rest in the tomb. They are all gone. My dear friends, we are all following in our turns. Dear John Kershaw's

Dead! Yes, but still he lives to God,
 Bought with atoning, precious blood,
 And, mingling with the ransom'd choir,
 Each vying note still rising higher.
 That state eternal pleasure gives,
 There our late friend, JOHN KERSHAW, lives.

While with us a minister, he was strong in the faith, strong in the mysteries of the gospel, strong in experience. He no longer mingles his sorrows with the militant church below, is no longer sighing and groaning, burdened with life's cares and pierced with church troubles. His ministerial labours were very acceptable both in London and throughout the country. He had many seals to his ministry, and many souls for his hire.

Many drooping souls have taken encouragement from his preaching; and as sure as the Lord Jesus has gone through death to eternal glory, so surely shall every poor lost sinner, who is enabled by faith to put his trust in him, also rise to eternal happiness. The Lord blessed his labours to many people, especially to some of you. Although brother Kershaw is now dead, yet he lives in your affections, and will while time lasts with you. Our brother is now with the spirits of just men made perfect, with that innumerable company who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. He had joined the celestial choir in the everlasting anthem, and is seated at the right hand with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, to enjoy for ever unsullied felicity.

GRACE TRIUMPHANT, IN THE LORD'S SOVEREIGN DEALINGS WITH A RESTORED SINNER.

(Continued from page 216.)

“Which were born not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God.”

“And the Lord turned and looked upon Peter. And Peter remembered the word of the Lord, how he had said unto him, Before the cock crow thou shalt deny me thrice. And Peter went out and wept bitterly.”

“By the grace of God I am what I am.”

BUT I must proceed. O! How precious were God's people, his ways, and word to me in those days. O! How many groans have gone up from me in the fiery day of trial at the remembrance of those days! I carried God's word in my pocket, and gladly made time to read against the greatest difficulties. “Eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly,” was indeed then sweetly fulfilled. And O how I longed for the hour of worship, and how powerfully too was seen in those days the fulfilment of that scripture: “The grace of God which bringeth salvation teacheth us to deny ungodliness;” for now indeed old things had passed away,—companions, ways, words, books, and the whole current of life totally changed; and the change was seen in this manner of life; for I never opened my mouth to any child of God to tell them of my terrible temptation or the sweet deliverance from it; and though a deep hatred, from the very moment when those solemn words of judgment laid hold of me, sprang up in my heart against all those delusive ways I once delighted in, yet now it was openly manifest. I can truly say the very sight of those wretched books and places I once so wickedly loved, in those precious days I fled from them as I would flee from a serpent. And, glory be to the Lord, although I have had powerful temptations to take up such books and such ways, they have in a great degree been as abidingly hateful as ever. Over and over again, many times over, can it be, can it be, is it possible, that one just hanging over the pit of hell can have escaped? The precious sweetness contained in that scripture abode with me, I can truly say, night and day: “His name is as ointment poured forth.” O!

How early did I rise then, and praise bubbled forth from my soul like streams from a fountain; and when I read God's word and came to the name of Jesus, it was so glorious to me that language seemed to fail me to find adoring words to set forth the praise that flamed within me. O the liberating power of the Lord the Spirit; yet, mingled with these praises, there was a loving reverence, solemnly sweet, if I may so express it. Ah! Little did I then foresee what was in God's wisdom, concealed in the mine of my fallen nature. There was indeed a little glimmering of this unfathomable deep; but from the day that the Lord so suddenly placed me at his judgment bar I have often thought it was like the bloodhound tracking my steps of secret and open sins from childhood till that moment, and never losing his grasp till that never-to-be-forgotten time when the Lord Jesus, for the first time, unveiled a little of his unspeakable beauty.

The natural gospel men and the free-will Calvinists of the day have completely ignored the power of the prince of darkness. They have such creature holiness and strength that they can come to Jesus, as they call it, when they will; but let the Holy Spirit just uncover some of those secret mines, and they will find such a corrupt vapour as will quickly stifle all natural faith, hope, and love; and instead of Satan remaining quiet, they will find him like a hungry rampant lion, watching for his prey, ever ready to work upon our wretched soil, and ever ready to present to us that which is most agreeable to our carnal mind. One of the most prominent fruits of death in my wretched nature had been a strong desire to have a large and flourishing business; but the glory of that blessed revelation shut it completely out for a time. But ah! Those little foxes which, by little and little, eat the vines! Three enterprising business men, as they are called, got around me, and, through their flattering speeches, I, like poor "Christian," soon found myself in "By-path Meadow," and in the grounds of "Giant Despair;" for I may say, almost insensibly, the damp clouds of despondency gathered in my soul. I ran to the word of God, hoping I should find the same blessedness as I had found before. I hurried at first to Mr. Cole's chapel; but everything seemed covered with a pall; and now, instead of that calm, heavenly peace which more or less for nearly nine months sweetly filled my bosom, new strange hideous feelings took their place. If I attempted to read God's word, a power seemed to pull me back; and as for prayer, it seemed blasphemous to attempt it. O! Those were groaning days indeed! I well remember these words bursting forth from my agonized spirit: "Lord, what can it mean?" Over and over again would I look at those words which had once been so precious ("while we were yet sinners Christ died"); and how amazed I was! Though I looked at them, as it seemed to me, as if my eternal life hung on them, they appeared covered with the same dark cloud that covered my soul. Here was a change indeed! It seemed to me that I was in a

worse place than before those precious words dropped into my soul. How true are Mr. Hart's words:

"It is decreed that most shall walk
The darkest paths alone."

For up to this moment I had never named the terrible feelings that the curse of the law applied in my conscience had produced, nor even the blessed change that the Lord the Spirit had so suddenly wrought by unveiling something of the glorious beauty of Jesus, though it was clearly perceived by friends and foes. My very countenance spoke powerfully of both these great changes; for who could walk in death and not show it? And who could be raised a little by the resurrection-glory of Jesus, and the savour of their having been with Jesus, and not be observed by God's people? One thing used to astonish me, but it does not do so now. It is this,—to see people running about with ruddy cheeks, and in too many cases unbroken hearts, but clear heads, talking about their souls being in trouble, and being as quickly delivered. But real soul-trouble flows deeply and silently; and the river of God that flows through the dear Redeemer into the quickened soul never quite runs dry, while the mere bubbling brook is soon dried up, through the burning sun of temptation. But the great Master makes all his people to take the lowest room, by making them well know their place as sinners, lost to the very core. Revealed judgment and mercy in the conscience of a sinner by God the Spirit will make him learn his lesson well.

But to return. How often have I looked back to those days with loving reverence and trembling joy to view how powerfully that promise is secretly fulfilled: "As thy day thy strength shall be." None but he who is called Wonderful could ever have kept my soul alive amid such deaths. Well might the apostle say, "As dying, and, behold, we live." The substance of what I was then passing through is contained in these words: "Sin revived, and I died."

Mr. Cole's ministry was truly a ministry of the Spirit. The Lord had opened to him some of his great secrets, and had brought him as pure gold through many a fire by the great secrets revealed in his own soul. The Holy Ghost had given him the key to unlock the treasures of darkness and light contained in God's word. Mr. Cole and one other Spirit-taught minister, now living, whose praise is in all the churches; that is, as Mr. C. used to say, "in all the churches within the church,"—these two blessed men always appeared to me to have a double portion of the Spirit, in tracing out in the very heart of the tried, tempted, yet saved children of God. Having known for themselves the pulling-down work, and sweetly experiencing that flesh and blood had not revealed what they knew for themselves of a glorious Christ, their discerning spiritual hand was made most valuable to the children of God, who were walking in such mysterious paths. To me they were indeed made "interpreters, one of a thousand." I used, in those days, to find out the most secret

places in which to groan out my feelings; for as for words, my case was far deeper than that. And O how astonished I have been when, in some of those secret places, where the most blessed childlike communion with the dear Lord had often been enjoyed; here, in those very places, the most terrible feelings would shoot through my heart; not so much lustful feelings, but infidel and blasphemous ones. And O how terrible against God and his dear Son were these feelings one day, weighing me down beyond what, as it appeared to me, I could really live under! For that morning not only infidel and blasphemous thoughts, but there burst forth such a torrent of base things that never could be named to mortal ear. Now indeed I felt all was over. And I well remember, as I roamed about in my distress, I felt what an awful thing it was to have ever been born, and thought the brute creation far happier than myself. As I passed Tottenham Court Road, under these dreadful feelings, the case of Korah stood powerfully before me; and, however strange it may appear to some, at that moment I felt it quite possible the earth could open and swallow me up. I stood still, and in a moment these words sounded as in a solemn voice: "Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean?" And there flowed into my heart most powerfully this feeling, that if the glory of heaven depended on one sigh I had not that sigh to give. This was indeed just like a man who for some time had the sentence of death passed, and now received the order for his execution. Well may Satan be called the prince of darkness; for the hellish vapours mingling with my fallen nature, completely shut out that precious word: "While we were yet sinners, Christ died."

How little do we realize the unspeakable value, and, in the hand of the Spirit, the saving efficacy of that precious promise: "As thy day thy strength shall be," which is being secretly or openly fulfilled through all the Christian's spiritual life. So I found it; for, returning home, like a doomed man, I was walking up and down the room when on the table I saw the "Pilgrim's Progress." My hand involuntarily took it up, and I opened it where Christian meets with the fiends. I was powerfully arrested to read it; and when I came to the part where the fiend pours into Christian's ear dreadful blasphemies, and makes Christian believe they were all his own, O what a sacred light was let into my heart! It was not comfort; nothing of the kind; but the first feeling I distinctly remember was this: "Then I am not alone, for another has gone before me who felt these dreadful things." And another feeling mingled with it that Satan was the chief author of it. Up to this moment I had been feeling it as all my own, and as if no other person had ever felt it. I dropped the book, and my pent-up feelings were vented out like this: "Lord, crush him in my soul. Lord Jesus, thou art stronger than Satan;" and other cries; and while so crying this word came softly in: "Yet there is room." Now this was a precious help. May the Lord enable all his children not to think

lightly of these helps. This was a good day to me; for prayer, which had seemed quite stopped, broke forth in short sentences, but with unspeakable pantings for the Lord to fight for me.

After this precious help, I had a most sensible feeling of my nothingness, and a little faith seemed to cling with a death-like grasp to the Lord as the only one who could deliver me. And now it was that Satan seemed to change his plan; not so much infidel and blasphemous thoughts after this, but constantly with me, day and night, yes, even the very bread I ate, and the water I drank, everything, I feelingly felt that whatever I thought, said, or did was covered with the unfathomable corruption of my nature. Many times have I left my meals, and at one time thought I must give up eating and drinking altogether. Yet, amidst it all, ever since that help from Bunyan, under all this dreadful depravity, there was a solemn persuasion that Jesus would deliver me again, and that none but he could do it. It was under this blessed persuasion that I first went to hear Mr. Philpot, at Zoar Chapel. It was just at the time when he first came there; and it has, since my dear wife's death, appeared to me very marvellous that those very dark mysterious paths and powerful temptations which at that time Mr. P. preached out of his own heart's experience, and which were by the Holy Spirit made so helpful to me, were in his printed sermons, more than twenty-seven years afterwards, made so blessedly helpful to her. And sure I am that where the minister only preaches what the Lord gives, though some of our fast runners may to itching ears far outstrip them, even here, in this life, the Lord will honour that ministry that watches his hand, and, in waiting faith, listens till their Lord says, "Friend, go up higher." And how clearly has that been proved and seen and felt by thousands of God's living family in the ministry of some of God's true servants now living. O what an outcry, I well remember, was made by these fast-running clear-headed ministers, persecuting them in deeds as well as by words, crying out, "Bondage, corruption," and often wounding these true men of God in their tenderest affections, which even the men of the world would be ashamed to do. But I am a living witness that light-headed unbroken-hearted professors are far more bitter against the real children of God than the profane. Yet how God has honoured his own sent servants, by bringing them, in his own time, into the holy childlike liberty of the sons of God, while the fast runners have either been withered like grass or gone into deadly error.

A short time after Mr. P. first preached at Zoar Chapel, Mr. Cole heard him, and as he came out he said to me, "This will do." I have since seen far more than I did at the time how invaluable such a searching ministry was to me in those days in this one all-important particular. The Lord gave these two ministers such a discerning spirit between the arrogant fleshly assurance raised up by the devil, and the true childlike holy confidence raised up in a broken heart by the Spirit

revealing touches of a Saviour's love, the Spirit's two-edged sword was wielded by these good men to slaughter all creature holiness on the one hand, and all Antinomian devilism on the other. Glory be to God, though I have gone away, according to my feelings, as if they had singled me out, and often cut me up as having no part in the matter, yet I clave to their searching hand with intense love; and, although quite unknown to me then, the Lord has made me see very clearly since that he gave me strong faith in this matter; for the overflowings of ungodliness in my wretched nature raised up a host of fears as to my personal interest; but I firmly believed these two men were specially God's mouth, and I can truly say before the Lord that this love which he gave me has stood the storm of all infirmities, wretched backslidings in myself, the persecution of false professors, and the numerous changes of real possessors. This is God's truth, and not man's flattery; for it was burnt into me by the Lord the Spirit in many a hard battle; for, being then very ignorant, and almost constantly feeling something of that solemn truth: "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked," when I heard, as I often did, at the door of Zoar Chapel, the most bitter speeches, and flaming professors casting it all aside, it was a great mystery to my childish ignorance. There was I groaning and sighing against myself, while these giant professors were riding roughshod over God's dear minister, and hating what he said; and Satan would often raise up even envious feelings at their dead assurance; but it was only for a few moments; and then I turned with double love to those dear men of God. And O how many a flaming light have I seen fall into deadly error or apostasy.

Two sermons which Mr. P. preached, the Lord fastened as a nail in a sure place. One was about the low tree; in which sermon the Lord the Spirit made him so minutely trace out the life of God in the soul that I well remember I said inwardly, "This is the very path I am in." The other text was: "I have stuck unto thy testimonies, O put me not to shame." And I remember he said, "It is better to have a real farthing than a counterfeit sovereign;" and he said, "You often turn your experience round and round, sighing and groaning over it, thinking how little it is, especially when you look at tall professors." And he further said, "Whatever the Lord gives you, cleave to it against all opposition; but take nothing for granted." This was a very confirming sermon to me; for the Lord had kept me very jealous over everything that did not come from himself with power, and over everything which did not produce some blessed effects; and up to this moment he has in my own soul's experience both in judgment, rich mercy, and loving chastisement, most blessedly confirmed the words of his dear servant in that sermon.

Now I must hasten to show how the Lord proved these words: "No man can keep alive his own soul;" and how he

proved that lie called Free-will to be a lie indeed, except a free will to destroy ourselves. And sure I am that proud free-will Calvinism is more delusive than all. I have always considered the precious hope which he gave me, when he snatched me from the lion's mouth, to be the breaking in of eternal day; and now I come to what has always seemed to me the heavenly Day-star, bringing in precious love-tokens, producing sweet willingness to the Lord's ways, his word, his true ministers, and true people. I have often looked back, too, in days of darkness, fierce temptation, and wretched backsliding, with many a heart-groan. And now I come to a dark and stormy night indeed. The only remembrance of the sermon I now refer to is the text: "I will search Jerusalem with candles." I well remember I stood at the door; and, however presumptuous professors may laugh, it was then a reality with me. The fearful overflowings of my evil nature made me feel that I should contaminate the dear people of God. Strange to say, he put his hand, as my dear wife used to express it, into my heart, and I could go step by step in many of the paths he described; yet when it closed, Satan and wretched unbelief made me conclude that it cut me off with gloomy forebodings. I turned from the chapel, and that word suddenly arrested me: "Discerning of spirits;" and this was like striking the dying dead; for I felt that the Lord had given Mr. P. discernment to cut me off with deep groanings. I got as far as Cornhill, and it seemed to me I could get no farther. My inward agony was so intense, I groaned out these words: "Doubly damned;" when in a moment these precious words fell with such blessed power into my heart: "When Christ who is our life shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory;" and with them flowed into my soul a most blessed persuasion that I should not die before I had seen the Lord's Christ. O wondrous change! Yet though it was so glorious, at this moment, while I write, I see the most perfect love and wisdom that my greatest deliverance of all the Lord reserved for more than twenty years after this. Why was this? Ah! There's the great secret hid from the keen-eyed vultures, but revealed to the meek-eyed doves in their day of trouble. The Lord knew the fierce battles, the dark temptations, and that long night of backsliding in which my case appeared beyond even the grace of a long-suffering Jesus. And O how many times have I crowned him that he kept the richest blessing, like the best wine, to the last; for such a desperate case required a full and perfect remedy. And this will ever be seen most clearly by the tried and tempted children of God. O ye fast runners, remember, "better is the end of a thing than the beginning thereof." I reached that spot a lost wretch, as I felt; I left it with faith, hope, and love; was raised up in a precious Jesus, being fully persuaded that what God had promised he would most surely perform. This was indeed the Day-star, for it shone with unclouded glory.

O what an eternal difference between the revelation of mercy

by the persuading power of the Spirit and the notional faith, hope, and love of unhallowed professors. If the Lord has burnt anything into my soul, it has been this, that not one atom of love and mercy was ever granted to a feeling sinner but what produced, when under its power, sweet liberating, sanctifying effects, more or less, according to the power of the manifestation, in the heart, lip, and life; and I can solemnly declare that, although I have been such a backslider, have been in such deaths that I really felt I was beyond all grace, yet if any one had come to me in my most dreadful moments I should have answered firm as a rock that Christ's free love manifested in the hour of temptation and trial was the only motive power to true childlike acceptable obedience through Jesus; and there have been times when this persuasion has been made most profitable for me, for the very pains that the Lord took to chastise me have been the only evidence, at times, that I could grasp. We often say, "This is the Lord's day;" but at that moment I entered a little into its sacred meaning; for it was his own day, and, as such, one of those days that are written in the soul by the Eternal Spirit, which neither Satan, the world, nor the flesh can ever entirely efface.

In the life and light of those never-to-be-forgotten words I walked for some time, in the sweetest peace. No lingering steps then, but intense longings for the hours of worship to arrive, the word of God in *real* truth being dearer to me than thousands of gold and silver, the company of God's saints being eagerly sought for, the world and all its allurements being fled from with loving haste, and in all the lawful business of life a dryness and a burden, panting to be free. Ah! These are golden days; and though the evils of nature still continued, yet, in these sweet days of precious love, in a great degree its power was subdued; for the Lord so poured in his glorious promises that the future battles were lovingly and wisely hidden; and never do I remember a more tender and careful walk than under this blessed influence.

(To be continued.)

A LETTER BY JOHN BERRIDGE.

Dear Sir,—I received your kind letter along with your present. I thank you for the present, as being a token of your respect, and attended, I find, with your daily prayers for me, which I value more than human presents. The Lord bless you, and lift up the light of his countenance upon you, and give you a sweet enjoyment of his peace.

I have hitherto found that Christian people who live in the dark, fearing and doubting, yet waiting on God, have usually a very happy death. They are kept humble, hungering, and praying, and the Lord clears up their evidences at length in a last sickness, if not before; and they go off with "Hallelujahs!"

From what I know of you, and from the account you give of

yourself, I have no doubt of the safety of your state; yet rest not here, but seek further. Two things should be carefully attended to by all upright people; one is the evidence of the word; the other is the evidence or witness of the Spirit. The word says, "All that believe are justified from all things." (Acts xiii. 39.) I ask, then, Do you not place your whole dependence on Jesus Christ for salvation? Do you not heartily accept of Jesus Christ in all his offices? And are you not daily seeking to him to teach you and rule you, as well as to pardon you? Then you are certainly a believer, and as such are justified in God's sight from all your sins, according to the declaration of God's word. Let this encourage you to seek with confidence for the evidence of the Spirit, to proclaim that justification to your heart. The evidence of the word is given to hold up the heart in a season of doubts and fears, and the evidence of the Spirit comes to scatter those fears. Remember also that salvation does not depend on the *strength* of faith, but the *reality* of it. In the Gospels, Jesus often rebukes weak faith, but never rejects it. Weak faith brings but little comfort, yet is as much entitled to salvation as strong.

I have had much of my nervous fever this summer; never once stirred out of my parish, and never further in it than to my church. Through mercy I am somewhat better; and when alone, with a Bible before me, am composed and comfortable, yet scarce able to bear visits, so weak are my spirits.

Give my love to Mr. G., and tell him from first to last he has been the friend of my heart. I send my kind respects to your partner. Grace and peace be with you both, and with

Your affectionate Servant,

Everton, Nov. 7, 1786.

JOHN BERRIDGE.

THE CONSOLATION OF ISRAEL.

LINES SUGGESTED BY A SERMON PREACHED BY MR. KERSHAW, AT OAKHAM, FROM LUKE II. PART OF 25.

No solace can the Christian find
 In honours, wealth, or mirth;
 Such empty trifles fail to charm
 A soul of heavenly birth.

If friendship with the world he seek,
 It only proves a rod
 To wean his wandering heart from all
 At enmity with God.

Then shall he look into himself?
 From thence his comfort draw?
 Or strive to build bright hopes upon
 Mount Sinai's fiery law?

From self with grief and shame he turns,
 For sin's in every breath;
 And Sinai thunders loudly forth:
 "Th' wages of sin is death."

Where, then, shall craving mortals turn,
And satisfaction find,
If these convey no lasting peace
To the immortal mind?

One source of comfort yet remains;
One Friend for ever lives;
Such boundless bliss in Christ we find
As nature never gives.

There's consolation in his name—
Jesus from sin can save;
In Person, work, and righteousness,
In garden, cross, and grave.

As Bondsman, he for bankrupt souls
Had every debt to pay;
"Mighty to save," he once for all
Put legal claims away.

Immanuel! Our Kinsman near,
The spotless "Lamb of God,"
The Father's first and Well-beloved,
Has brought us nigh with blood.

In him the church her Husband views;
And well it may be said,
She died, was buried, rose again,
By union with her Head.

And now, by faith, we pierce the skies,
See our Forerunner there;
Our Priest and Intercessor pleads
That we his glory share.

He lives! and we shall live through him,
And also reign, ere long;
Meanwhile the hope to us affords
A consolation strong.

And this is what we ask of God
As consolations flow,—
Still more the love of Christ to feel,
Still more of Christ to know.

Oakham.

H. W.

LAST DAYS OF JAMES HERVEY.

AUTHOR OF "THERON AND ASPASIA."

"To his doctor he wrote, at an early period of his last illness: 'I now spend almost all my whole time in reading and praying over the whole Bible. Indeed, you cannot conceive how the springs of life in me are relaxed and relaxing. 'What thou doest, do quickly,' is a proper admonition for me as I approach dissolution. My dear friend, attend to the one thing needful. I have no heart to take any medicine; all but Christ is to me unprofitable. Blessed be God for pardon and salvation through his blood. Let me prescribe this for my dear friend. My cough is very troublesome; I can get little rest; but my never-failing remedy is the love of Christ.'"

On the 15th of December, the month that he died, he spoke

very strongly to his curate, Mr. Maddock, about the assurance of faith, and the great love of God in Christ. "Oh!" said he, "how much has Christ done for me, and how little have I done for so loving a Saviour! If I preached even once a week, it was but a burden to me. I have not visited the people of my parish as I ought to have done,* and thus preached from house to house. I have not taken every opportunity of speaking for Christ. Do not think I am afraid to die. I assure you I am not. I know what my Saviour has done for me. I want to be gone. But I wonder and lament to think of the love of Christ in doing so much for me, and how little I have done for him."

On the 25th of December, the day that he died, his loving friend and physician, Dr. Stonehouse, came to see him three hours before he expired. Hervey seized the opportunity, spoke strongly and affectionately to him about his soul's concerns, and entreated him not to be overcharged with the cares of this life. Seeing his great weakness and prostration, the doctor begged him to spare himself. "No, doctor," replied the dying man with ardour. "No! You tell me I have but a few minutes to live; let me spend them in adoring our great Redeemer." He then repeated the words: "Though my heart and my flesh fail, God is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever;" and also dwelt, in a delightful manner, on Paul's words: "All things are yours; whether life, or death, or things present, or things to come." "Here," he exclaimed, "here is the treasury of a Christian! Death is reckoned among this inventory; and a noble treasure it is. How thankful I am for death, as it is the passage through which I go to the Lord and Giver of eternal life, and as it frees me from all the misery which you now see me endure, and which I am willing to endure as long as God thinks fit! I know that he will by-and-by, in his own good time, dismiss me from the body. These light afflictions are but for a moment, and then comes an eternal weight of glory. O! Welcome, welcome death! Thou mayst well be reckoned among the treasures of the Christian! To live is Christ, and to die is gain!"

After this he lay for a considerable time without seeming to breathe, and his friend thought he was gone; but he revived a little; and, being raised in his chair, said, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy most holy and comfortable words; for mine eyes have seen thy most holy and comfortable salvation! Here, doctor, is my cordial. What are all the cordials given to support the dying, in comparison of that which arises from the promises of salvation by Christ? This, this supports me!"

He said little after this, and was rapidly drawing near his

* Hervey had a very weak and tender constitution; so that the greater part of his life was one continual struggle with disease; and he was thus much confined to the house, and prevented preaching and visiting his people as he would otherwise have done.

end. About three o'clock in the afternoon, he said: "The conflict is over, now all is done." After that time he scarcely spoke anything intelligible, except the words, "Precious salvation!" At last, about four o'clock, without a sigh or a groan, he shut his eyes and departed, on Christmas-day, 1758, in the 45th year of his age.

[What a beautiful death-bed, and what a testimony to the blessed doctrine of the righteousness of Christ being imparted to us for justification, and of which Hervey was so firm a believer, and so zealous and powerful a champion.—J. C. P.]

I WILL SEE YOU AGAIN.

My dear Friend,—I take the liberty of writing to inform you how the dear Lord has been pleased to visit my poor soul again with his former loving-kindness and tender mercies. I wish I could only tell you what I felt while you were speaking last night. My poor soul was feeding on the love of God. I felt his precious love come into my soul. I felt that I was one of the children, bought with a price, redeemed with blood. My dear friends, rejoice with me. It seems too much while I am writing for the Lord to visit one so vile, so unworthy of his notice; but it is "not unto us, but unto thy name be all the praise."

"He hears our praises and complaints,
And while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice."

The last few days I have been thinking how my soul was at one time living, as it were, upon the love of God. I could not bear my husband to speak of temporal things. I seemed to be raised above the world. I truly felt his banner over me to be love, and I have been longing for another manifestation of his love; but how I have had to cry, "Is his mercy clean gone for ever? and will he be favourable no more?" I little thought when that portion was given to me: "Sin shall not have dominion; but grace shall reign," that darkness, unbelief, and the evils of my sinful heart would boil up as they have since done. How sin has tried for the mastery! How I have cried to the Lord to keep me, and not to leave nor forsake me! When I have had a little help in the means of his grace, how soon it has gone again; but what a mercy that when our comforts are all gone, as it were, the Lord liveth; and we sometimes feel that he reigneth, God over all, blessed for evermore. Grace shall reign.

My earnest prayer is that while you are watering the souls of others, your own soul may be watered also.

Birmingham, Jan. 24, 1870.

A. M.

THE world cannot exalt a proud man so high but God will bring him low; neither can the world so debase a humble man but God will exalt him.—*Venning*.

FROM A FAR COUNTRY.

Dear Brother in the Lord,—The January No. of the "Gospel Standard," bringing the sad intelligence of the death of Mr. Philpot, caused us to feel deeply afflicted. He had become greatly endeared to us by his very instructive and comforting writings upon spiritual subjects. During the past year we have enjoyed the reading of the "Standard" greatly, and have received much spiritual profit from it, through the application, by the Holy Spirit, of the truths it has contained. It was very interesting and comforting to our aged father, who had been a member of the church of Christ for about 50 years. Mr. Philpot, as a writer, had come to have a peculiar charm for him, he was so searching, so clear and discriminating in his opening of the scriptures, and so deeply experimental. When the unexpected news of his death reached us, our dear father lay upon his death-bed, and we could not tell him of the departure of that dear friend and brother in Christ, whom he loved so well, though he had never seen him in the flesh. Expressing an abiding confidence in the Saviour, who was his only hope of salvation, and who had sustained him through all his great trials and afflictions, he soon afterwards passed away from these earthly scenes.

I should like to tell you much of what I have experienced of assurance and comfort, and of the sweetness of a Saviour's love, while reading some of the wonderful sermons and "Meditations" of Mr. Philpot; but will not occupy your time now. He has touched experiences of inward trials and temptations which I had never heard another express, but which have, at times, greatly afflicted my soul, almost to despair. And his touch seemed to be accompanied with soothing and healing power, as he showed, by an application and opening of the blessed word, that these are trials peculiar to the Lord's people. He was very plain and firm in applying the word in reproofs, rebukes, and exhortations, and yet manifested great tenderness in dealing with the afflicted people of God. Such sermons as those entitled "The Fiery Trial," "The Wandering Sheep, and the Sin-Bearing Shepherd," "The Triumphs of Mercy," and many others, have become precious to me. With what sweetness and power they present Christ, the blessed Saviour, upholding the weak and faint among his people, comforting the afflicted and tempest-tossed, and searching out his wandering sheep upon all the mountains whither they have been scattered in the cloudy and dark day. How favoured those were who had the privilege of listening to his proclamations of the unsearchable riches of Christ; and how great you must feel your loss to be. But we who have never seen him are mourners with you. Though widely separated in the flesh, we have enjoyed that sweet fellowship of the spirit with him which "is with the Father, and with his son Jesus Christ," and which cannot be hindered or interrupted by distance or national distinction. We know that the work which God, in infinite wisdom, appointed for him to do was all fulfilled, and that he is now delivered from all his many afflictions, and taken to the enjoyment of everlasting rest and glory; and we can in spirit rejoice in this thought; yet our poor hearts are filled with sorrow when the dear servant of God, who so sweetly ministered to our spiritual needs, is taken hence to be with us here no more.

We sympathize deeply with you in this afflicting dispensation, and in all the heavy trials to which you have alluded in the notice of the death of your dear friend and chief editor. May the Lord comfort you and your suffering companion, and sustain you by his grace.

I hope you will be enabled to continue the publication of the "Gospel

Standard," sending it forth, as heretofore, filled with soul-cheering truths, to find out and give consolation to spiritual readers. There are but very few periodicals in which the truth is clearly and faithfully presented, unmixed with error. And those who have learned, and daily learn, through a painful experience of their sinful and depraved state by nature, that there is no help in themselves, and who have been made to rejoice in Christ by a revelation of the infinite fulness and greatness of his salvation, and an application of precious blood to the cleansing of sin, cannot receive the least mixture of worldly doctrine as food, but must have "the sincere milk of the word."

Through the abounding mercy of God to the chief of sinners, I humbly trust it is my privilege to be able to subscribe myself,

Your Sympathizing Brother and Companion in the
Hope and Tribulations of the Gospel,
SILAS H. DURAND.

Herrick, Bradford Co., Pennsylvania, March 16, 1870.

REVIEW.

The Life, Diary, and Letters of the late Joseph Tanner.—Oxford: Pembrey, Clifton Villas.

THE Lord having been graciously pleased to make this work a blessing to our own soul, we would not make our felt inability to do it justice a positive ground of unwillingness to give it our most cordial recommendation; and if our friends will kindly receive our remarks more as a recommendation than a review, we shall be thankful. The spiritual profit of God's living family and a desire to bring the work under the notice of a larger number of godly persons than might otherwise know of it but for this medium of communication is, we trust, the one motive that prompts us to this service.

The volume divides itself into Mr. Tanner's "Life," "Letters," and "Diary," as stated on the title-page; including an "Obituary," written by the late Mrs. Tanner. The obituary appeared in the "Gospel Standard" for July, 1867. These, as stated in the Preface to the book, were collected and put together at the expressed wish of many friends. We do not at all wonder that those who knew, loved, and valued Mr. Tanner in the Lord, and were competent to discern how deeply and blessedly he was taught of God, should have been anxious, after his decease, to ascertain what in writing he might have left behind, which, in a collected form, might prove, with the blessing of God, a means of comfort and encouragement to the Lord's tried and exercised people, and at the same time be a lasting monument of Christian esteem to the memory of one so much beloved for his work's sake.

We shall be obliged, in consequence of the limits afforded to our recommendation, to pass over, with few remarks, the first part of his "Life," though several of its incidents are fraught with much interest, particularly on account of their after results, and as tending, in a remarkable way, to portray in Mr. Tanner's youth that stern firmness of mind which characterized him in the after years of his life. We shall pass on to the time when he

received a severe fracture of the ankle, he being then about 16 years of age, by the broad wheel of a waggon gathering him under it, and crushing his foot. This circumstance he regards as an event in the Lord's sovereignty, that changed his after life altogether. It seems to have had something to do with impressing his mind with a determination to leave his home. He accordingly, very shortly after this, obtained a situation as an apprentice to a watchmaker. Having been brought up by his parents to attend the Established Church, he manifested a proud contempt for all kinds of Dissenters, and especially felt in his mind a bitter enmity to the solemn truth of election, which he had been told some of the Dissenters held. He says:

"I felt this doctrine to be the most awful and frightful thing I had ever heard, as it appeared to me to make God a tyrant in not giving to every one a chance; and such unutterable hatred did I conceive to the monsters (as I considered) in human shape, that I wished the earth was rid of them."

When Tanner first heard of the situation he afterwards filled, and was informed the proprietor of the business was "one of the elect people, and, what was still worse, a preacher," he said, "No, I'll not go near him." But how solemnly true it is that it is not in man that walketh to direct his own steps. This was the place that the Lord, according to his infinite wisdom, had designed for him. And here no doubt it was that the blessed Spirit began that almighty work of saving grace in Tanner's heart which afterwards made him so truly godly a man in life and walk,—an ornament to his profession, and a sweet experimental preacher of the gospel of Christ. So bitter was his hatred to the sovereign distinguishing truth of election when he entered his master's service that he used to say, "I wish there was a law for all the elect to be burnt; I would burn them till they turned from their religion, or I would burn them to ashes." He had not, as he states, "the least thought or perception but that human free-will and power was that in which all religion stood," and he "scorned conversion by divine power as the wildest fanaticism."

O how implacable is the hatred of the natural unrenewed heart of man to the solemn separating truth of God! How the enmity of the carnal mind boils and rages against it! And what but the matchless, omnipotent power of sovereign grace can conquer such enmity, and lay the proud, stubborn sinner low in the dust? But what a mercy for Tanner that the Lord should have directed his steps where he had, by both master and mistress, a godly example set continually before him; that much as he hated his master's religion and the doctrines he held, and much as he watched for dishonesty in his dealings and untruthfulness in his words, that he might have somewhat whereof to accuse him, yet he was obliged to confess, of both master and mistress, that he

"Could in nowise weigh
And measure with them."

We could say to many who, as professors, make a clamorous noise about their wonderful dreams, revelations, and manifestations (none of which we would slight if they came from God), let us first see your consistency in life and walk. See that your profession and practice agree, before you ask us to believe your visions.

We should be sorry to cut people off for every slip and slide, for every defect in walk or wrong in practice. Alas! Where would the best of us be, were a God of infinite holiness to mark the wrongs of any single hour? "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves." But when carelessness of walk, levity of spirit, conformity to the world, dishonesty in dealing, and wilful prevarication in word, is the very habit of people's life, it is not we but the solemn word of the living God that decides against them. O that our walk and our actions before men may, by God's grace, be such that those who hate us for the truth we profess, may not be able to *weigh and measure with us*.

As it respects the time when, or the circumstances under which, the Lord began his work in Tanner's heart, it may rather be an encouragement to some who, in this particular, are like Tanner himself, to know that he was not able to state either the exact time or the circumstances; and yet as we know he ran, by grace, a godly course and made a blessed end; so we may be equally sure his religion must have had a good beginning, though less clear to himself. He says:

"I had now got to be about 20 years of age, and increasing in wickedness, when, ever adored be that grace of God which I had so hated and despised, the Lord in his mercy stopped me, and thus frustrated my purposes of sin to come.

"I do not recollect, neither could I state the time when, nor the circumstances under which, my mind was in any measure impressed with the things of God, the concerns of my soul, and a coming eternity. It was not in hearing God's truth preached, for I had not gone since the first Lord's day when I resolved to go no more. It was not in reading the word of God, for this I never did. It was not in listening to the conversation of the Lord's people, for this I hated and avoided. I cannot tell how it was, but trouble crept into my mind, and led me to think upon God, upon myself, upon eternity, and how it would be with me then. A persuasion in my own mind told me there was a secret in real religion I was destitute of, and that I was also ignorant what that could be. These feelings produced trouble, and to avoid this I ran the faster to sin, though somewhat checked in my mad hatred to the elect people, as we called them."

The Lord deals with his people in so sovereign a way that his dealings with one can never be made a criterion for all. We believe most assuredly that all his "children shall be taught of the Lord." All shall be taught their own utter lost, wretched, and helpless condition, and that grace alone can save them; but all are not taught in precisely the same way, or brought into the same depths. Some learn by divine teaching the solemn, separating truth of election soon after they are called by grace; others are kept for years in much darkness about it. With Tanner

it seems to have been the very warp and weft of all his early exercises. His natural enmity was stirred up more against this blessed doctrine than against any other truth of God; and yet this very doctrine was, according to God's way of teaching his servant, to be one of the first he should be brought to believe and embrace, but only by terrible things in righteousness, as our next extract will show:

“What would become of me or what to do I could not tell. God's election was the only certain thing I could see, and if not included, my damnation was everlastingly sealed. Here I learned God's sovereignty, trembling at his word. I feared to live, I feared to die. I was a living, walking terror at times to myself. The arrows of the Almighty were within me, and I found sin to be bitter indeed. I gave up my seat in church, and now was alone. My companion daily assailed me, but O what keen distress did I now feel on the very account of my own bitter enmity and persecutions of those I could now see were God's people! his *own* people, his *very* own, by this very grace of election which had so caused my enmity to boil over. I was in very deed ashamed to speak to them, ashamed of what I had *felt* towards them, *done* towards them, *said* to them and of them. I could now say, ‘O blessed people, God's own elect, you will be happy for ever when my poor soul shall everlastingly be undone and miserable! that coming, never-ending eternity will be your eternal blessedness and my everlasting destruction!’”

It was about this time that the Lord was graciously pleased, for the first time, to speak a soft word in Tanner's heart. As he could neither reason himself into a belief of election, nor reason himself out of it, when once convinced of its solemn truth by divine power, so neither could he, in his deep distress, press a drop of comfort into his soul by human effort; but had to wait the Lord's own time, when a little heavenly joy, like the dew of the morning, distilled itself into his troubled spirit, and raised up a hope that the Lord had a purpose of grace and mercy towards him. He says:

“I remember about this time, after I had gone to bed mourning over my sad state, that I suddenly felt my soul wrapped in such a sweet and blessed hope that the Lord had a purpose of grace and mercy towards me, though how it would be known I could not tell. I knew nothing of the person or work of the dear Lord Jesus even in the letter; nothing at all, any more than as though he had never lived, bled, or died. I was alone, my fellow-apprentice not having yet come to bed. I called to the other young man, who had gone to his own room, and said I had good news to tell him, when he was by my bedside in a minute. I told him I had a feeling hope in my soul that the Lord had a purpose of mercy towards me; but his brother, the apprentice, then coming up stairs we could say no more. So he said we would get up early in the morning, have a walk together, and then I could tell him all about it, and to this I agreed.”

“To this,” says he, “I agreed;” but in this how ignorant he was, at that period, that a gracious look, a smile, or a visit from the Lord, requires a measure of the same sweet power to relate it as that which made the visit such a blessing to the soul when it took place. And besides this, how utterly impossible it is to speak with assurance of any manifestation of God's mercy, if at

the time we attempt to do so our confidence is shaken in its reality, and we are filled with fear that it was nothing but natural emotion or a mere delusion of our own brain.

Long before the morning light, when Tanner had *agreed* to describe his comfort, his comfort had left him, and with it the hope that had sprung up in his mind:

“But now new fears came upon me. Hitherto I had been a black sinner in my black colours, but now had acted the hypocrite. I had made one of the Lord’s people hope or believe I was one of his people when I had no authority for it. And here was opened up to my mind the truly awful state of those who made a profession of religion destitute of the possession. O how I would have called back the few words I had said! I thought I would sooner have lived and died and gone to hell in the state I was in than live and die a hypocrite and go to hell. I now tried to devise some way to get out of meeting him in the morning. But what could I do? I had promised, and go I must; but I felt like a thief. In the morning he awoke early and called me. I got up and felt all hope was gone. I *must* tell the truth, that I had been deceived and deceived him. This I did, and to the many questions he asked me I said but little. I begged him not to think anything more of it, and not to speak to me any more about it.”

The dark cloud of to-day, having cast its shadow over the prospect of yesterday, it only tended to deepen his distress, and intensify his trouble the more; and open up to his mind, with still more awful reality, the character of that law which, as a sinner, he had violated, and which breathes its withering curses against all who come short of its standard, and continue not in all things written therein to do them. The Spirit was now ploughing deep, turning up the barren, hard, and stubborn earth, as preparative to the casting in of such precious seed as should bring forth in Tanner’s after life, both in private and public, much glory to God. It was now that he began regularly to attend the preaching of the word, and his mind became more enlightened in the doctrines of grace. But even here, for a time, he made too much haste to believe; his head outran his heart. In after years, in looking back to this period, he says: “I see that at this time I was more led into doctrinal than experimental or practical religion.” And again, a page or two on:

“But sure I am of this, by my own experience, that the devil cares less about the head being well furnished with doctrines than he does about the crying prayer of a poor needy sinner, however confused, weak, or full of fears he may be.”

Again:

“A solemn persuasion rested in my soul that all other religion would leave those who had it in death, and that however they may deceive themselves or others, however clear in the truth of God in their judgment, however consistent their walk and conversation in the world as professors, however much experience they may have of trouble or joy, however they may talk of the Lord Jesus and of their love to him, however much or however great may be their profession, and however long it may be held, even till past man’s knowing it,—yet without God’s *own* work in the soul, a *living* religion, they must be lost at last.”

Now, it was in this particular that Tanner, in our judgment,

excelled many. He so closely discriminated between a living and a dead faith, between the form of godliness and the power, and between having a clear head-knowledge of truth in doctrine, and the same being received into the heart with the power of the Spirit of God. We have been struck with the resemblance which many of his searching statements bear to the weighty and powerful letters of the late James Bourne. They were both skilful anatomists of the human heart; they did not simply touch a wound, but probed it; the lance in their hand cut deep. It was not just *healing* with them, but *sound* healing, that they desired; and as they both knew there could be no sound healing without a previous purging of the wound, they took care to do the work of purging before they began to heal.

We believe this is how it always should be, and were there more of this faithful dealing than we fear there is, it would, with God's blessing, open the eyes of many to the defectiveness of that preaching which tends to settle people down in a peace and confidence of being right, simply because they hold fast truth in the letter; though they are strangers to the voice of peace, as spoken with power to their own hearts by the Holy Ghost.

It is very easy to find fault with a book like Tanner's, in which much of this inward work is contended for. It cuts too much at the root of that religion in which such a work is wanting. But those who have been well probed, and searched by God, and know the blessing which follows upon such discipline, will value such a book above gold and silver.

Our next extract will tend to show into what depths of soul-distress Tanner sank, and the extract after this, which will be the last we can give, will show, with equal clearness, how blessedly he was delivered, and brought into the glorious liberty of the children of God.

“To such a degree of trouble did I sink, with such distress and anxiety, that one night in my room alone I felt I must pray to God. I put my hands on the side of the bed to bow my knees, when the old words, ‘The prayers of the wicked are an abomination to the Lord’ met me with such force and terror that I thought the devil was close behind me, and was let loose upon me; so that if I attempted to call upon God he would tear me in pieces, and hurry me, body and soul, into hell. This came with such power, and he appeared so manifestly present, that I jumped into bed and lay down, fearing to desire mercy. I now looked back at my past, and then at my present state, and here I was, a lost sinner. God's holy law had long since condemned me, and I had felt and confessed to him that it was according to truth and justice; but I said, ‘From whence did these troubles come? Whose work was it to convince me of my lost state? Who opened my eyes to see what once was hidden from me? and who brought me into trouble about my soul and salvation? Who made known to me the way of salvation by grace, in and through the Lord Jesus Christ, in whom I could perceive all the covenant grace and blessings of God's salvation; grace to save to the very uttermost all that come unto God by him, who had said he would cast out none that came to him; no sin against himself being too great to be pardoned.’ And here I believe

the devil had questions and answers as verily as though audible voices had been used. He told me all the people of the Lord were blest with that unutterable mercy and salvation which I could see in the Lord; but *I* was not one of God's elect; *I* was not at all interested in it; and all the tears I could shed and the sorrows I could feel never would nor could alter the decrees of God. Jacob, God loved; Esau, he hated; and his love to Jacob provided him a place for repentance, but Esau found none, though he sought it carefully with tears; nor will you. 'O!' I exclaimed, 'why am I permitted to see and feel all this?' 'It is to increase and aggravate your misery and your damnation? You see the blessedness of God's elect. This blessedness, together with election itself, you despised, as Esau his birthright. Cain had more trouble and misery than you ever had, and yet was lost. Judas, too, filled up the measure of his iniquity, and went to his own place. All but God's elect are in my hands and in my power, and you are. I wrought all your convictions and troubles. I have you altogether as mine, body, soul, and spirit; and when I please I have power to hurry you to destruction.' And methought I was in his power, as a poor mouse with which the cat played, sometimes to appearance very lovingly, but to devour it at her pleasure. So sunk was I as never before, and I felt to be fast sinking into everlasting woe. 'Ah,' said the enemy, 'you know these troubles are not brought on you by yourself; you would gladly flee from them;' and this I knew to be true. O the bewildered state I now was in! He laid such fierce siege to my poor judgment that I was at my wits' end. My hope had perished, being cut off and removed like a tree; and now I said, 'What can I do? Where can I go? God fills heaven and earth; where can I hide from him, or from his just judgment and the wrath to come? O wretched, undone sinner, what will you do? Pray to God you dare not; this is the seal of your reprobation. Flee from him you cannot; sink under his wrath for ever you must and will. There is no way of escape for you; there is only one Refuge, and in him you have no part nor lot. Election, which you despised, and for which you will receive a deeper damnation, gives title to salvation's blessings; and this belongs only to God's people, of whom you are not one. Your name is not in the Book of Life, and all whose names were not found there were cast into the lake of fire that burneth for ever.' Again my soul groaned, 'What can I do?' when it was as though the devil said, 'The only thing left you, in any way to better your awful condition, is, to pray to me, and I will show you some mercy in hell, in the exercise of my torments over the damned. Own the work on your mind to be my work, for so it is, and pray to me.'

"In confusion and desperation of soul I got out of bed to pray to the devil; but as I was about to kneel down to do it, I had such a sight and view of the glorious and fearful Majesty of Heaven and Earth, that I stood in solemn awe of him, in comparison of whom the greatness of the devil and his power seemed but as a speck; and although I could see nothing in all this to lead me to hope for myself, yet the solemn awe I stood in of God took away my purpose of praying to the devil, or broke the snare, and I got into bed and lay wondering at all that was come to pass, and how and where it would end. What did it all mean? and from whence and by what power were my mind and soul brought into such confusion and trouble, and tossed like the ship of the disciples in the storm?"

The following extract, which describes his deliverance, is from his "Diary:"

"I awoke a little after four o'clock in a very sweet feeling of spirit, and my soul went up after the Lord in prayer and longings for sweet

and blessed communion; also in thanksgiving, praise, and gratitude for his keeping and preserving mercies; and also for the peaceful, refreshing sleep for my body and mind; when, in a sudden, most solemn, blessed, and wonderful manner and degree, I was filled with the goodness of the Lord; by which my poor soul was so enriched with the blessing of the Lord and of his everlasting gospel that I felt the sweet truth of his own word: 'The blessing of the Lord maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow therewith,' and with the sweet fruits and graces of the Spirit. I sensibly felt the sacred Three-One God bowed the heavens and came down; and O how my poor soul was favoured and blest! What deep solemnity I felt! What reverential awe! What sacred fear of the Majesty of Heaven and Earth! How clearly and distinctly did I behold the three glorious Persons in the eternal Godhead—*eternal* Father, the *eternal* Son, and the *eternal* Spirit! These words came powerfully to my mind, 'Drop down, ye heavens, from above, and let the skies pour down righteousness; let the earth open, and let them bring forth salvation, and let righteousness spring up together; I the Lord have created it.' (Isaiah xlv. 8.)

"Sweetly and wonderfully did I feel swallowed up in the favour, power, and blessedness of God. I never had so distinct, so blessed, so full and certain a manifestation and understanding of the Three-One God. I felt their presence as fully distinct in their sacred Persons as ever I did anything of the God of salvation; and yet their unity in one glorious Essence or Godhead was as clearly felt, and as blessedly and sacredly understood; not in a cold, argumentative, or reasoning manner, but in the sweet, soul-humbling, and refreshing revelation of them in and unto my poor soul.

" 'Drop down, ye heavens,' &c., again and again would sound in all the chambers or powers of my soul, with such sweetness, power, and blessedness I never could set forth. I could not remember ever having read the words, nor did I know what part of God's word they were in; but I felt assured they were spoken into my soul by God, as his truth, by the power attending them; for no words but the words of the King are with such power as I felt in these, to me, blessed and precious words. I knew the heavens *had* 'dropped' or come down to me, unworthy me,—even heaven's great Creator, the living Three-One God,—the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

"I know not how to attempt to describe or set forth even a little of what my soul both saw and felt of the glory, the majesty, the power, the goodness, and wonders of our God, in all the rich, sovereign, unutterable blessings of the everlasting gospel; the whole of the blessings of the covenant of grace, made between these Three sacred Persons for the church of the first-born, whose names are written in heaven. All which blessings, with their persons too, are in the Lord Jesus Christ, their living and everlasting Head; from whom flows their life, by virtue of union, eternal union with him, as his mystical body, 'the fulness of him that filleth all in all;' the living Fountain from whence all the springs of grace and mercy rise and flow; and in whom, from whom, and with whom shall be their eternal glory-state. I felt the door of hope and the gate of life set wide open before me, and I blessedly entered into a faith's possession or realization of eternal life in Jesus. I praised, blessed, and adored the Incarnate Mystery, our Immanuel, and danced before the ark of God with all the might and powers of my soul; and I wept and praised aloud, so that I afterwards feared I had disturbed the inmates of the house. The blessed word of God flowed into my soul with such preciousness, such suitability, such light, life, and power I am not able to tell; while, like good old Simeon, I did

indeed clasp the lord Jesus in the arms of my faith, as God's salvation; in which salvation I rejoiced aloud."

We regret being prevented, for want of space, giving more extracts: We can only say of the whole volume, we like it exceedingly, and seldom meet with a book that is attended with more savour and power than the reading of this has been to us. It was not our privilege to know Mr. Tanner personally; neither did we ever hear his voice. Had it been our happiness to know him, we have no doubt we should have felt much love and union to him in the Lord. His trials and afflictions, conflicts and exercises in the ministry; his almost despairing at times of being able to hold on much longer in the work; his temptations to give it up; and yet the many ways in which the Lord encouraged him, giving him singular proofs of being in his right place, and thereby comforting his feeble mind, have proved, in the reading of the same, so refreshing to our own soul that we can with a good conscience wish every poor tried and tempted child of God to possess the volume for himself.

The "Note" at the end of the "Obituary" was written by the late esteemed and now much-lamented J. C. Philpot. It is like all his delineations of character and faithful reviews of the works of such men as he was inclined to notice. His remarks in the note referred to do far more justice to Tanner's volume, as well as to his memory, than such poor feeble statements as ours can possibly do; and we feel that we cannot close this imperfect reference to the "Remains" of a gracious servant of God in a better way than with a few sentences from the said "Note:"

"But what particularly distinguished him, both as a Christian man and as a minister, was the uprightness, integrity, consistency, and godliness of his walk before the church and before the world. He was, I should say, naturally a man of somewhat stern disposition and unbending firmness of mind; though, to see him in his family, nothing could exceed his tenderness and affection, or as a tradesman, carrying on a large business—that of watchmaker, silversmith, and jeweller, which brought him much into contact with the gentry and clergy of the town and neighbourhood—his obliging civility. But with this sternness (the very stuff out of which martyrs are made) there was combined a remarkable, and, to my mind, sometimes almost painful degree of humility, so that I have said to him, 'Most men are too proud, but you are too humble;' for his was not a mock humility, the worst cloak of pride, but a real sense of what he was or felt he was before God and man, which put him below his right place both as a Christian and as a minister. I have seen, therefore, a wisdom and a mercy in his being endued with that very sternness of mind and sometimes of manner, and with that firmness of which I have spoken, for it instrumentally preserved him from being trampled upon by those who would gladly have availed themselves of his very humility to exalt themselves by putting him lower than he put himself. A Christian man, and especially a Christian minister, should know his place and keep it too, and not allow the humility of mind which he feels before God to sink him below the real position which the Lord has given him in the church by his word, by his grace, and by the esteem and affection of his people. This was the reason why I used to tell him he was too humble; for both as a man well taught in

his own soul, well instructed in the word, possessed of good natural abilities, and a very acceptable gift for the ministry, he would almost put himself below men who, with all their pretensions, had not half his grace, experience, knowledge, or gifts. He had, too, a good knowledge of the word, with a thoughtful and original insight into many deep and difficult passages, without any wild, novel, or visionary views, being of a singularly sober mind, sound in the faith, and well and experimentally led into those grand points of vital doctrine, such as the Trinity, the Sonship of Christ, the Personality and work of the Holy Ghost, &c., which are so dear to those who believe and love the truth. And as he was vitally and spiritually acquainted with the truth, so was he most firm in preaching and maintaining it. His dying words to his dear wife, the true and affectionate partner of all his sorrows and joys in nature and grace, thoroughly express his character. 'No compromise in the truth,' might be fitly written on his tombstone. He had bought it too dearly, and valued it too highly, to sell it at any price, or part with even the smallest portion of it,—still less admit in its room any base substitute."

Obituary.

MR. GREENHAM.—On Feb. 25th, 1870, in the 70th year of his age, Mr. Greenham, minister of the gospel.

The Lord sent him out to preach Christ crucified, in March, 1855, having this scripture deeply impressed on his mind: "Now, therefore, go, and I will be with thy mouth, and teach thee what thou shalt say." He was kept honest in the truth, was a solemn preacher, and many souls were comforted under his ministry. He loved the communion of saints, was a man of prayer and a man of peace, most spiritually minded,—was delivered in many temptations, and preserved and blessed with a tender conscience.

My dear husband was wholly laid aside from the work of the ministry in June last, and it was appointed by Him in whose hand is the soul of every living thing that he should be delivered out of all his afflictions. In secret communion with his God his soul was poured out within him, lifted up, desiring the first ripe fruit.

Although during his prostration he was subject to severe conflict, darkness, and bitterness of soul, yet he was so highly favoured in the midst of the furnace that his mouth was filled with praise, and he seemed to be beyond the reach of all earthly things. In so marvellous a way did the Lord at times reveal his glory and his arm to him that he would speak aloud the desires of his soul with such holy fervour, joy, and triumph that I have thought he was assuredly entering into everlasting rest. His times of darkness and mourning were many; but his times of rejoicing more abundant, giving utterance to that hidden in his heart by the Holy Spirit; so that he appeared wholly weaned from things of time and sense, and from his earthly home; made meet to be a partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light. Day and night he would plead the promises in earnest prayer and supplication, rejoicing in the Lord and his unchangeable love.

He was indeed so greatly blessed in the midst of the furnace that he praised and magnified the Lord his covenant God; and said, "The Lord is my light and my salvation."

On the morning of Feb. 25th he said, "To be clothed with the robe of righteousness, how solemn! To be clothed with the righteousness of Christ, how glorious!" Then again he said, "The valley of the shadow

of death, how solemn; how far to the end! The valley of the shadow of death, how long it is; how far to the end!"

On the Lord's day morning preceding his death, he was filled with such holy fervour that he seemed to be about to enter his eternal rest, and exclaimed, "All is well!"

Thus heaven-born and heaven-bound, he, with countless myriads saved by blood, now through faith and patience inherits the promises, clothed with the garments of salvation, and covered with the robe of righteousness.

And now, by the death of my dear husband, I am deprived of my counsellor, my companion in trial and tribulation, so that I feel it to be truly a considering time with me.

M. GREENHAM.

June 3, 1870.

GEORGE MILLS.—On March 20th, 1870, aged 61, George Mills, a member of the church meeting for worship at 75, Castle Street, Bristol.

He considered he was the subject of a law-work from a state of youth, as one shut up unto the faith that was to be revealed in him, though many years afterwards. And in this state he remained, his eyesight being but dim, and having his grave-clothes about him, till about two years ago, when, as he was engaged in his work with his shovel in his hand, a communication of power was wafted into his soul, like a flash of light, and the following words came sweetly and blessedly to his mind:

"'Twas Jesus, my Friend, when he hung on the tree,
That open'd the channel of mercy for me."

He told us, when he gave in his experience before the church, that he was lost in wonder and amazement, and stood motionless in the yard, hardly knowing what he was about or where he was. He said the Lord's mercy to him was like the Bristol Channel, not like the river close by. There was an abundance of room, an abundance of water for the ships to sail in. He said again and again the words would come sweetly into his mind: "'Twas Jesus, my Friend," &c. Now trials came and increased upon him. He was a mark for the devil, who very soon beclouded his poor mind. He often groaned heavily from the burden of his temptations; but the Lord has often, sooner or later, delivered him out of them.

This Gospel deliverance divorced and cut him off from all the legal profession of the day; and this entailed upon him much affliction. But in the face of much trial and persecution, and in one respect from a most trying quarter, he came forward and gave in his experience before the church, and cast in his lot with us. Together with another brother, still in the church, he was baptized by Mr. Kevill, of Chippenham.

He was greatly tried in his circumstances, being often, as he himself would say, up to his neck in trouble, even to his very chin. Things outwardly did seem to tell against him from the very time that the Lord so blessedly broke the yoke from off his neck; and this kept him very low at the feet of the Lord in seeking his interposition, support, and preservation. He was greatly tried in his circumstances down to the day of his death. He was tried in his soul by the powers of darkness and inward corruptions. He was also tried with a trial from another quarter, which was very keen and painful to him; but the Lord so shone upon him at times in turning his night into day and taking off his sackcloth and girding him with gladness that he would often say he could bless the Lord for it all. On one occasion, when there was a meeting of the Congregational Union held in Bristol, it lay in his way to see numbers of those men-made ministers day after day; and one day he said he was greatly tried in this way: "How is it that there are so very

few of real ministers of truth amongst us, while there are such droves of them?" And he said that instantly upon it the following passage was brought to his mind: "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely;" and told him that was their message, and that having grace on their lips they must be ministers of truth. He said he was greatly tried here in this way for a time; but presently light broke into his soul, and he saw as clearly as the day that it was the devil who had been preaching to him, which he thought was the blessed Spirit, and that these ministers were Satan's, transformed into ministers of light. And he said the words came to his mind: "If it were possible, they would deceive the very elect;" but it was not possible for them to deceive these.

About three months before he died, he had a sharp attack of illness. In that affliction he said he passed through the shadow of death, that his soul had been solemnly exercised with it, and that he had been delivered from all power and fear of death. He also spoke of the Lord blessedly revealing to him that his soul was washed in the blood, and clothed in the righteousness of the Son of God; and the words came sweetly and blessedly to his mind:

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

He said he had been solemnly tried and blessedly delivered.

He continued with us after this another three months, a help and an ornament to the cause in Castle Street.

On Lord's day, March 13th, in prayer at the room, he spoke of being the subject of much darkness and bondage, and said his darkness was such as could be felt. I did not see him again till the following Lord's day morning, when, as he entered the room, I asked him how it was with him that morning. He replied, "Better than it was last Sunday. I have had a lift during the week." Time being up for prayer-meeting before preaching, this closed all further conversation. He was the last that engaged in prayer before the preaching commenced; and in his prayer he spoke of the solemn depths of soul-trial he had passed through, and again how solemnly and blessedly he had had revealed to him the eternal Son of God as being the eternal Son of the Father from all eternity, and he also spoke of all the Lord's people being chosen in him. As soon as he had ended his prayer, the singing commenced; when something strange was observed to be creeping over his countenance. It increased, and he became very ill. He was removed to the vestry, and, still getting worse, we had him removed home. The power of speech was soon taken from him, and by four o'clock in the afternoon of the same day he had ceased his mortal existence, commencing the service in the morning of the day in the earthly courts, and ere the day ended continuing it without any intermission in higher and nobler strains in the heavenly ones.

CLEMENT WILLIAMS.

RICHARD AUST.—On Jan. 30th, 1870, at Colerne, aged 64, Richard Aust, a member of the church.

It is more than 25 years since he was most powerfully wrought upon by the Spirit. He had been some time before among the Independents. His conversion, his great distress of soul, the length of time he lay under the terrors of the law of God, and the affliction of his body, together made an impression throughout the neighbourhood in which he lived. In speaking of his distress, he used to say that for nine months he had not so much as one hour's refreshing sleep. He would at times doze, and was then troubled with terrifying dreams. Some in the village made

sport of him and his trouble, and his expressions became a proverb and a by-word. When some of them were in any great difficulty in work, they used to say, "I am lost, like Richard Aust." His mind and body were in that state that he did no work the whole time. He used to wonder what influenced persons still to labour on day after day. The vanity of all things apart from Christ was opened up to him, and in Christ he felt to have no interest. At one time those words exercised him: "It is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth." "I want to be saved! I want to go to heaven! but," said he, "it is not of him that wills." After a time, these words came with power: "If you got to heaven by your own will or power, whom would you praise when you were there?" One day he got Mr. Berridge's "Christian World Unmasked." He had been wanting to see it for some time; but the reading of a portion of it so cast him down that he went to his brother with it in greater trouble than ever. His brother said to him, "Richard, John Berridge is your friend; and if he has knocked you down now he will pick you up. Mark what I say." This came to pass; for where Berridge speaks of learning the doctrine of election in the furnace of affliction was the means of giving relief for a time.

He was a very tall stout man; but his large powerful frame, through being so long bound in affliction and iron, was fast breaking to pieces. He was in a measure like David, a wonder to many.

Before he was taken ill, two passages of scripture were given to him with power: "The Lord whom ye seek shall suddenly come to his temple;" and "Exceeding sorrowful, even unto death." These in a great measure prepared him for the affliction coming on, and for death. He had not many days to wait and to watch. He was taken ill, and laid by; and after he had been confined to his bed about a fortnight I went to see him. He was then in a dying state. I said, "He is the Rock, is he not?" He said, "If he is not, I know there is no other." I said, "How kind of the Lord to give you those words, and by it give you an intimation of his will to bring you here." I then mentioned the first passage; but his heart was so full and his body so prostrate that I could only catch a word; but I found he was still confident they came from the Lord as a token of his departure, and he felt it gracious of his God thus to speak to his servant. He was willing to leave all below. He said during the time I was with him that to be justified and to stand complete in Christ was worth ten thousand worlds. At one time he said to his wife, "I shall be dead and buried within a fortnight." This was true; and then he added, "All the village will wonder at it." He indeed drew near to the grave, and his spirit sank within him. He was in the deep; he fell down and found none to help. He was looking forward for the word of him who he felt was an angry Judge to be executed upon him. He was taken to Bath; but the doctors confessed they could not understand his case. They could neither give health, nor strength, nor freshness to his poor body. No. But when about to give all up and die, the Lord himself, who is mighty to save, spoke these words, which liberated his soul: "If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith, Give me to drink, thou wouldst have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water." Thus deliverance was wrought for the Lord's prisoner.

He had not those bright visions at the last which some have. At least he did not speak of them, but he was helped to rest on the Lord, and kept looking forward with strong desire to his entering into glory. He knew what toil, and labour, and sorrow, and temptation, and distress of soul are; and now as the hireling waiteth for the shadow, so did he wait and long to enter into the joy of his Lord.

His last words were, "Come, Lord Jesus; come quickly; come quickly."

The church and the small village of Colerne have suffered a loss by his death; for he was a bold, honest, sober, and faithful man of God. He had a place here in the bosom of many friends, and is now resting in the bosom of the Father of all his mercies. He had his enemies as well as his friends; and those who were nearest to him, and to whom he ought to have been held as dearest, were his greatest persecutors. It is hard indeed to bear when those near to you declare if there was a bit of flesh in their body which did not hate you they would cut it out.

JOHN LITTLETON.

DANIEL HELLIER.—On March 6th, 1870, at Colerne, aged 71, Daniel Hellier, a member of the church at Colerne.

For many years he was connected with the mere professors of the day, but it pleased the Lord to open his eyes, and to bring him out into the truth. There are some still living who were separated with him by the power of God from resting in the emptiness of a fleshly religion. Not being able to read, the work of the Spirit was very conspicuous in his case, in portions of scripture being laid on his mind and brought home to his heart, apart from any instrumentality whatever. "Seek first the kingdom of God" was one portion made use of. But his path was much smoother than that of many. He never went into the depths that some have gone into, nor like them had he such clear manifestations or great liftings up; yet he was kept thirsting after God, spiritual prosperity, and greater faith. He often spoke to me of his hope being feeble and his faith weak. Though small was his hope, yet to him it was precious.

He was kept very humble and lowly, and particularly thankful for what he had received so graciously of the Lord. He expressed a desire to me often when I met him that he might be enabled to hope on, and not give up.

The dear Lord helped him to hang upon him during his last illness. A great measure of patience was given to him; his will seemed lost in the will of God. This verse was much blessed to him:

"Though seed lie buried long in dust,
It shan't deceive thy hope;
The precious grain shall ne'er be lost,
For grace ensures the crop."

After an attack of coughing, in which he was much prostrated, he said:

"I feel this mud-wall cottage shake,
And long to see it fall,
That I my willing flight may take
To Him who is my all."

After this, he said: "This corruption shall put on incorruption;" and shortly afterwards he quietly fell asleep, his spirit taking its flight to Him he had just expressed as his all. He was a humble follower of him for many years.

JOHN LITTLETON.

ANN HUGHES.—On Feb. 2nd, 1870, aged 75, Ann Hughes, of Church Handborough, near Eynsham, Oxon.

For many years she was a purchaser and reader of the "Gospel Standard."

She was deeply afflicted with rheumatism, which had tied and twisted her hands and feet, and knotted in helplessness her limbs, so that she could not move of herself; yet she had a chair made to bring her down to Eynsham, a distance of three miles. She had to be lifted in and out

by two or three persons, and the front of a pew was made to fold back, to facilitate this, and satisfy her love to the word of God, by placing her under its blessed sound.

Through fear of death, she was all her lifetime subject to bondage; and through doubts about her personal interest in Christ's work and love, she almost continually walked in darkness and had no light. It was, therefore, with keen interest that her friends watched for her closing scene, as they had often assured her that in due time Jesus would appear and work deliverance for her soul. Often when I have visited her, and while in the act of bending down the knee, previous to prayer, her weeping and cry to the Lord were, "Dear Lord!" in a kind of pre-prayer that he would hear and help, and were piteous. It was observed to her, "You will soon be going to the friends with whom you once were associated in communion while on earth." Her answer was, "Yes!" She was asked about her hope; and her answer was, "Not so bright as I could wish, but it is all right!" A bold and unusual word for her. It was suggested, "It is hard work!" when, with a pleasant sharpness and half triumph, she exclaimed, "No; not half hard!" She was deeply anxious to be prayed for by those who had inhaled from the Spirit of God the breath of prayer. Often has she begged me to remember her when near the King; and I have assured her that her case was laid duly and daily before Jesus; for which she seemed most thankful.

When I saw her last she was fast sinking; and, living three miles away, I expected day by day each message from the medical attendant would tell of her departure. But, from time to time, I went and begged for help for her from the divine and almighty hand, which is so able to help in the swellings of Jordan; and on asking that her feet might stand firm, and feel a standing on Christ the living Rock, I always was instantly pervaded by a sweet sense of calm, which seemed, as it proved to be, both a pledge and a token that God's gentleness was making her great in conquest in her dying hours. After years of dread and weeping, she exclaimed, as heart and flesh still failed, "How good the Lord is to take down this poor frail tabernacle so gently!" A more correct description of her death could not possibly be given. Cord after cord was loosened; pin after pin imperceptibly removed; pillar after pillar of bodily strength, and connecting bars of uniting sensation, were noiselessly taken away; while covering curtains of overhanging and over-spreading life were let down in so quiet and gentle a manner that the last breath seemed to be unmarked by pain, and undisturbed by struggle. She left a legacy of £10 to the Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society, which, as her executor, in due time I shall be happy to pay.

H. MATHEW.

ELIZABETH HOLLOWAY.—On Feb. 26th, 1870, aged 62, Elizabeth Holloway, the account of whose experience appeared in the "Gospel Standard" for 1858. It was a matter of great thankfulness to her friends that, though distressed much by constant restlessness, arising from the nature of her illness, and which prevented her for many days and nights from continuing in one position for more than two or three minutes at a time, she was blessed with much patience and spiritual quietness; and though sometimes grieving much over spiritual darkness, and thirsting after more of God's presence manifested to her soul, the enemy was not much permitted to tempt her to cast away her confidence in the Lord's mercy.

A few days before her death the words: "Who is able to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy," were very sweetly applied to her soul, and she was enabled to say,

“ ‘ For lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around.’ ”

The day before her death she said to her sister, “ Beautiful in the righteousness of Jesus; ” and to me she repeated the lines :

“ ‘ If I am found in Jesus’ hands,
My soul can ne’er be lost.’ ”

All the day and night of her death she was crying much after God, saying, “ My Lord Jesus, my dear Lord Jesus, come to me and give me dismissal to thyself.”

It was not easy for some time before her death to hold any lengthened conversation with her, as, though rarely actually delirious, there was a good deal of wandering and confusion of mind.

From midnight of the 25th until the time of her death at 6 a.m. on the 26th, her breathing was very hard and difficult, and suddenly ceased; when her soul passed away into everlasting rest and peace.

Portions of her diary, continuing her experience from the close of the account previously published, may, if permitted, appear in the “ Gospel Standard.”

C. H. M.

March 22, 1870.

JANE CLAYDON.—On Feb. 16th, 1870, aged 72, Jane Claydon, of King’s Lynn.

She had for many years been a great sufferer from rheumatism, not having left her room for ten years; but it was borne, through grace given, not only with patience, but cheerfulness.

She was attacked with bronchitis on Friday, Feb. 11th. During the five days and nights she lingered here she suffered greatly from difficulty of breathing, and could converse very little. She seemed persuaded from the first that it was her last illness, and anticipated her departure with great joy. The few sentences we could hear from time to time were, “ I wish for no refuge but Christ. He is my all; ” “ Other refuge have I none; ” “ O dear Lord, give me strength and patience to bear my affliction, and to say from my heart, ‘ Not my time, but thine.’ ” On hearing one of Toplady’s hymns, beginning “ Deathless principle,” she expressed much satisfaction at the lines :

“ Not one object of his care
Ever suffer’d shipwreck there.”

At one time she said, “ Death has lost its sting,” and frequently, “ Come, Lord Jesus.” She would continually, as breath allowed her, repeat some sweet little portion to those around her.

On hearing Ps. cxxi. read, she said, “ What a cluster of precious promises there ! ” Her last distinct words were, “ Come, Lord Jesus, come *quickly*.” Soon afterwards she gently breathed her last, God graciously releasing her without even a sigh. The late dear Mr. Philpot’s sermons were greatly blessed to her. She has often said, after the reading of them, “ I feel *no* lack of the ministry, with these blessed sermons read amongst us. They are food and strength to the soul.”

Her first exercises of soul were amongst the Arminians, but in mercy she was brought out and stood separate with a few others from all general Yea and Nay freewill profession for nearly forty years of her life, during which time she was a staunch and warm lover of free and sovereign grace, and by grace well knew the plague of her heart and God’s remedy for sin—“ redemption through Christ’s blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace,” and was called to live

a God-glorifying life of suffering and trial the last 25 or 26 years of her life. But, blessed be God, who is faithful, and gives glory where he gives grace, she now in glory realizes to the full a verse of dear Hart's, which was a favourite one with her:

"I'll bear the unequal strife,
And wage the war within,
Since death, that puts an end to life,
Shall put an *end to sin*."

She was one of the pensioners on the Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society.
R. C.

JOHN BATT.—On Jan. 31st, 1870, aged 59, John Batt, of Epsom. He was a member of Mr. Wigmore's church, London, and an itinerant preacher. He was generally well received, and in several instances his ministry was made a special blessing to some of the Lord's people.

He was called by grace in early life, and afterwards fell into a sad backsliding state, in which he continued many years, and passed through some severe trials, both of mind and circumstances; but the dear Lord mercifully restored him, and granted him repentance and a blessed realization of the pardon of his sins and his acceptance in the Beloved.

He met with an "accident" on Jan. 21st, and hurt his thumb. Lockjaw ensued, and he died ten days afterwards. His daughter thus writes respecting his last moments: "My dear father was unable to say much before he died; but upon my asking him how his mind was, knowing that he had lately been passing through some very dark clouds, he quickly told me that 'all was right;' that his mind was perfectly calm, that every doubt and fear was removed, and that if it was the dear Lord's will to take him, he felt quite ready, having had a blessed manifestation of the Lord's goodness to him the day before."

On Saturday he wished me to read some sermons to him that had been much blessed to him, and also the hymn commencing:

"Jesus, thy blood and righteousness,"

which he said was very sweet to him; also "Rock of Ages," "There is a fountain," &c. When I had read them, he spoke a few words to us all upon that blood which cleanseth from all sin, and then asked the Lord's blessing upon all his children. He at times spoke to my dear mother, but through her deafness she was unable to understand him; but this we know, it was testifying to the Lord's goodness.

He fell asleep in Jesus in my arms, leaving my dear mother and four of us to mourn his loss, which is his eternal gain.

At his funeral, hymn 469, Gadsby's Selection, was sung.

Mayfair, Feb. 21, 1870.

ROBERT FERRIS.

ELLEN HAMMOND.—At Gosport, Hants, on Friday, March 4th, 1870, aged 24, Ellen, the eldest orphan daughter of the late Mr. George Stewart Hammond, whose obituary appeared in the "Gospel Standard" in March, 1860.

She was a member of the church at Gosport.

A. H.

MR. D. SMITH.—On June 5th, aged 58, Mr. D. Smith, minister of the gospel. He was preaching for Mr. Godwin at Godmanchester in the morning, when he was taken with a fit in the pulpit. He was removed to Mr. Godwin's house, and died at four o'clock in the afternoon. He was buried at Godmanchester. Particulars next month.

THOMAS BROOKES.—On April 9th, 1870, aged 81, Thomas Brookes, of Old Sodbury, for many years a member of the church meeting at the Particular Baptist chapel, Hawkesbury Upton.

From what I have heard him say, and also from his surviving friends, when the Lord first called him, he was, like many of his dear people, bent upon working for salvation, which he did to his utmost; but the dear Lord soon stripped him of all this, and in his providence led him to Hawkesbury Upton, under the ministry of Mr. Stinchcomb; to whom he soon became attached, and ultimately joined the church in that place, where he continued a regular attendant and member until a few years ago; when, after Mr. Stinchcomb's death, a disturbance taking place, a separation was caused; and since that time, in God's providence, there has been a little cause of truth at Old Sodbury, which he attended.

He was a man of very clear discernment, could in an instant detect error, and would hear nothing, if he knew it, but God's experimental and pure truth. He travelled miles to hear those dear men of God, Gadsby, Warburton, Philpot, Mortimer, and others. He was in some things rather peculiar, but we believe one of God's peculiar ones, and one that lived above many in the gospel he professed. He was naturally a reserved person, except when enjoying the smiles of his dear Lord; then he would talk as freely as any one. He was one that enjoyed much of the Lord's presence, and knew much, very much, of the workings of Satan and the corruptions of his own depraved heart.

He followed his employment until Christmas last, when the Lord began gently to pull down his poor tabernacle. Nature seemed to be quite worn out, and he was afflicted with paralysis, which took away the use of his right side, and rendered him almost speechless, not being able to say anything, except "Yes" and "No," that his friends could understand; and he was quite disabled from writing his thoughts and feelings, which was a great trial both to himself and them. But one of his sons, a gracious man and member of our little church, would often read to him and talk to him of better things, and the tears would often roll down his poor cheeks with a sweet expression of feeling.

He gradually sank, the poor body getting weaker and weaker, until the morning of April 9th, when he gently and sweetly fell asleep in his precious Jesus. Just before he breathed his last, according to the desire of his son that he should raise his arm as a token of Christ being precious to his soul, in the hour and article of death, he held it up and waved it, sweetly smiling upon those around him, and made his last effort to talk, but was not able to say anything that could be understood. He then dropped into the arms of death without a struggle.

THOS. ISAAC.

WILLIAM EWENS.—On Nov. 25th, 1869, aged 58, William Ewens, deacon of the church at Chippenham.

He was brought to a knowledge of his sinnership under the ministry of the Independents, and through the death of his brother the work in his heart was greatly deepened. He went on for a long time in bondage, oftentimes creeping into secret places, begging for mercy.

After a time, he was led by the Lord in his providence to go to Allington, to hear the late Mr. Philpot; and he was the means, in the Lord's hands, of breaking his bonds and setting his soul at sweet liberty. He could say, "How beautiful are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings!"

After this he became dissatisfied with the Independent ministry, and his mind was deeply exercised for years about believers' baptism. He went at times to hear the late Mr. Mortimer; and through his ministry

he felt such a union to him and the people that he left the Independents, and was baptized by Mr. Mortimer, and joined the church in October, 1862, and continued an honourable and consistent member to his death. He was one that studied the welfare and peace of the church, and was always found in his place when health permitted.

We have lost in him a kind and sympathizing brother. Through the nature of his affliction, which was but short, being only ten days, we could not converse with him much; but his end was peace.

Chippenham, May 18, 1870.

EDWARD MORRIS.

MRS. COVELL.—On June 18th, 1870, Mrs. Covell, wife of Mr. Covell, Minister of the Gospel, Croydon. She was seized on the 16th, and never spoke afterwards.

ELIZABETH WALKER.—On May 31st, aged 73, Elizabeth Walker, a member of Mr. Cowley's church, Islington, London. She was baptized by Mr. Shorter.—S. W.

ANSWER TO INQUIRY.

A correspondent asks for our views upon Matt. xi. 12: "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." First, *doctrinally*. By "the kingdom of heaven" is meant the gospel dispensation, which began, as it were, to dawn upon the world like a rising sun, with John's ministry. He came to bear witness of the Light; but said he was not that Light. He preached the baptism of repentance, saying, "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." His ministry consisted chiefly in denouncing the old rites of Judaism; and in preparing the way of the Lord. (Jno. iii. 3.) Christ being come, as the Lamb of God, the shadow was to give place to the substance, as no blood of bulls and goats could take away sin; but as Christ's blood could, John's work was to point the people to Him, saying, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world;" and in this way he preached "the kingdom of God" in opposition to the Levitical law.

Now this was a marvellous change of *dispensation*, and stirred up an immense deal of violent opposition. Both Jew and Gentile opposed its introduction. Rulers, scribes, pharisees, people, all strove to their utmost to put it down; but in spite of all opposition the kingdom broke in by force; by *violence*. It thrust itself upon the nations of the earth. It came with invincible force upon the hearts of thousands of rebellious men. It slayed Jewish prejudices, heathen idolatry, and superstition, and, "from the days of John the Baptist until now," it has been violently pulling down the strongholds of Satan, and maintaining its ground in the face of all its enemies.

Again. A cloudy dispensation was passing away, and light and glory coming in by Jesus Christ. John, the forerunner of Christ, is called the greatest prophet. Why? Because he proclaimed the bringing in of this light and glory, saying, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand," and the honour was conferred upon him of baptizing the God of the kingdom,—*"Inmanuel, God with us."* In this kingdom, Christ humbled himself to be the least; yet he was, in reality, greater than John, as John himself acknowledged. (Matt. v. 11-14.)

We might speak of the violence this kingdom and its ministry have suffered from Antichrist and the Satanic influence of the powers of darkness. Its ministers do indeed know what it is to meet with great force and opposition, if they proclaim the kingdom in all its bearings; as

John, their brother and companion in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, was exiled to the isle of Patmos for preaching that kingdom. But there is a greater power to support them; and they shall all come off more than conquerors through him that hath loved them.

Secondly, *experimentally*; for doctrine and experience must go together. By "the kingdom of heaven" we believe is intended the inheritance of the saints, both in its militant state in their hearts and in glory triumphant. The "kingdom of God" is within them. (Luke xvii. 21. See also Rom. xiv. 17; 1 Cor. iv. 20.) And this kingdom, in glory triumphant, is prepared for them. (Matt. xxv. 34; Jno. xvii. 24; &c.) This kingdom of God is eternal life in the soul, and is, in the first place, the sovereign gift and grant of God (Jno. x. 28); and, in the second place, it is by virtue of union and jointure with Christ. (Rom. viii. 17.) By regeneration, they are made partakers of the Spirit of Christ (1 Jno. iv. 13); and without this none can enter savingly into the grace of the kingdom. (Jno. iii. 3.) This is a spiritual land, flowing with milk and honey. It abounds with heavenly blessings. (Eph. i. 3.) Its King is the great Hero of salvation, whom God has set upon his holy hill of Zion,—the affections of his people. There he reigns in faithfulness, according to his law of loving-kindness. (Isa. xi. 3.) Now this enters the heart by power (1 Thess. i. 5), even the power of God. (1 Cor. i. 18; Matt. xii. 29.) And nothing short of this could force its way into the heart of sinners. Human nature, the carnal mind, oppose it with all their might; but the Holy Ghost puts forth his power, and the hardest heart must yield. As the late Mr. Gadsby would sometimes say, "People tell us that the Holy Ghost stands knocking at the door of a sinner's heart, beseeching the sinner to open, and let him in; but that is not the Spirit's way; for when he comes with invincible power, he knocks the door off its hinges. And who can withstand that?" He subdues the enmity of the heart, dethrones Satan, pulling down his strongholds, and sets up the blessed kingdom of grace. Then commences the warfare between sin and grace, flesh and spirit (Gal. v. 17); for sin, Satan, and the world,—the three grand enemies to the life of God in the soul, will, both by force and subtlety, attack that kingdom, set up bulwarks against it, looking out for its weak places (1 Pet. v. 8, 9), and shooting, not only arrows but shot and shell into it, the shells often bursting, and causing sad destruction and desolation. This is one branch of the violence which the kingdom of heaven in the heart suffereth. But, as the kingdom was set up in power, so it maintains its standing in the heart by power also. "Grace shall reign, through righteousness, unto eternal life."

Again. This holy principle is as violent, to use the expression, as its enemies; and it violently opposes Antichrist. (1 Jno. iv. 1-3.) It resists every false doctrine. (Jude 3.) But it is itself again resisted. False doctrines are suggested to the mind, until the soul feels sometimes that it is little better than an infidel. "Is there *indeed* a God?" says the soul. And O how violently it suffers under this awful temptation! None can fully tell it, but many fully feel it. This is the kingdom of heaven in the heart suffering violence.

The Greek verb is in our version rendered *passive*; but it is nearly always in other places rendered *active*. It is so in Luke xvi. 16. It is *always* active in the Septuagint. This being allowed, its meaning would be, "*The kingdom of heaven breaks in by force*;" violently forces itself—*i.e.*, without any assistance from man.

We might also refer to Rom. vii. 19-21, and similar portions of the word of God, for other branches of this suffering of violence; but our limits restrain us.

“And the violent take it by force;” *i.e.*, those who are conquered, overcome, by the invincible power of the kingdom, are mightily wrought upon, and stirred up to press into the kingdom. It was so with the apostles themselves. Once, as in the case of Saul of Tarsus, they violently opposed the kingdom; but afterwards, being subdued by its power, they were as violent in their struggle to obtain what they before opposed, and as ardent in their warmth to defend it in opposition to idolatry, priestcraft, and every degrading error of their time.

This holy violence not only subdues all enemies (Lu. x. 19), but overcomes Him who is himself unconquered. The kingdom of grace in the soul gives God himself no rest until Jerusalem (peace) is established in the heart. (Isa. lxii. 7.) The soul not only struggles, but struggles violently with God. The very power which the Spirit has imparted to the soul by setting up his kingdom in the heart is used most vehemently, “violently,” in “overcoming” God (Song vi. 5), in “forcing” a sweet communion with him. (See Gen. xxxii. 24-28; Hos. xii. 4.) This was what caused the apostle to style believers “more than conquerors through Him that loved them,”—through the kingdom of grace in their souls. These are “the violent” who thus “take the kingdom of heaven by force.” And they have their “reward.” (Luke xii. 32; Gen. xv. 1; Heb. xi. 26.) The kingdom is for the poor in spirit (Matt. v. 3); yet they are mighty, through God, to the pulling down of strongholds. (2 Cor. x. 4.) And all is of grace. (Rom. iv. 4.)

Again. A kingdom has *dignity* attached to it. So these violent take the kingdom of heaven in its dignity; for they are made kings and priests unto God. (Rev. i. 6; 1 Pet. ii. 5, 9.) A kingdom implies *safety*; so this kingdom is taken in its safety, despite every opposing foe. (Ps. ii. 2-4; xxxiv. 7; 2 Ki. vi. 17.) The rulers of a kingdom often, especially in a time of war, have to keep their own counsel that the enemy may not know their plans; and here, as we have already shown, is a continual warfare kept up; but the violent take the kingdom with its precious *mysteries*; that is, its *secrets*. (Song ii. 14; Ps. xxv. 14; Matt. xi. 25.) A kingdom must have a *constitution*, and *laws* for the direction and control of its subjects; so here the kingdom is taken with its constitution, or doctrines, and its laws. Those who take it approve of its constitution; the doctrines of the kingdom of heaven become the joy and rejoicing of their souls, and it is their delight to obey its laws. But, lastly, and in a word, the kingdom is taken with all its treasures,—treasures of life, of light, liberty, righteousness, peace, grace, and mercy. (Rom. xiv. 17.) It cannot be taken by mere formal prayer, only by violence,—by the effectual fervent prayer of the heart, through the operations of the Holy Spirit. And these cannot fail. They take heaven, as it were, by storm. Thus, while the sinner cannot effectually resist the setting up of the kingdom of God in his heart,—we speak it with reverence,—God cannot resist the prayers and supplications, the violent strugglings of the soul in which that kingdom is set up. “The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force.”

After the above was written, we referred to Dr. Gill, and find his views somewhat similar to our own: “From the time that he (John the Baptist) began to preach, to the then present time, the kingdom of heaven, the gospel, and the ministry of it, first by John and then by Christ and his apostles, suffereth violence, or comes with force and power upon the souls of men,” &c. . . . “And the violent take it by force; meaning either publicans and harlots, or Gentile sinners, who might be thought to be a sort of intruders; who were under violent apprehensions of wrath and vengeance,—violently in love with Christ, and eagerly desirous of salvation,” &c.

AUGUST 1, 1870.

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

AUGUST, 1870.

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

THE OPPRESSED AND HIS PRAYER.

SUBSTANCE OF A SERMON PREACHED AT GOWER STREET, LORD'S DAY MORNING, FEB. 20TH, 1870, BY MR. FARVIS, OF TETEBURY.

"O Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me."—ISA. xxxviii. 14.

OF the Lord Jesus Christ it was said, "He was oppressed," and also that "he went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed of the devil." (Acts x. 38.) Here was the oppressed Saviour healing a Satan-oppressed people. An oppressed preacher will do to preach to an oppressed people; a sighing preacher to a sighing people; a soaring preacher to a soaring people; a heavy-hearted preacher to a heavy-hearted people; a merry-hearted preacher to a merry-hearted people; and a staggering preacher to a staggering people.

How many of the Lord's dear servants, who are now in heaven, had the staggers while standing in this pulpit! Was not this the case too with many of their hearers who are now eternally free? Yes; they are where the words, "I am oppressed" are not used. During this time-state alone such words are used by the child of God.

The person, King Hezekiah, who used this complaint and prayer, was blessed by the heavenly King and oppressed by an earthly king. Persons blessed by God are often oppressed by men. It was so with Israel in Egypt; and yet what wonderful things the Lord did for them!

Undoubtedly there are many at my right, my left, before me, and behind me who can, each one, adopt this language: "I am oppressed." Very many people of the world can use the *complaint*: "I am oppressed," who were never taught by the Holy Spirit to cry, "Undertake for me."

Now let us come to a few particular cases which lead the Lord's people to feel oppressed. Here is one who this morning, it may be, while reading the word of God, felt oppressed by the thought that, while a daily reader of the newspaper, he was only a weekly reader of the Bible,—a plan which he feels to be wrong, and would be better reversed. The Bible says, "Search the scriptures." How many search the newspapers, and slight

“the scriptures!” It is better to be one of the few who “search the scriptures” than to be one of the many who slight them.

Another, it may be, feels oppressed by being at this season of the year out of employment, and thereby unable to get what is needful for the body. You perhaps sent your dear wife to obtain a few necessaries last night on credit, and she failed in doing so. Some may have advised you to go to the relieving officer; but this step you do not well like to take. My poor Christian brother, I will tell you of a relieving officer who has a large parish, in which London is included; even the Lord Jesus Christ. It now comes into my mind to say, “The Lord will provide.” Commit your way unto him. Hear his word: “Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.”

I knew the case of a poor child of God who when destitute of food would pray the Lord to take his appetite away, and yet continue to him his strength. The Lord did so. During such a time he was favoured with much communion with the Lord, his soul being richly supplied with the bread that never perishes.

Let us take another case. A Christian servant is about to leave her situation without any prospect of going to another. Her parents are dead; and her brothers and sisters, not liking her religion, will not open their door to give her a temporary home. This leads her to say, “I am oppressed.” Dear Christian friend, remember the word which says, “In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths.”

Others who are well off in the world, having servants to wait upon them, and who ride in carriages, are, perhaps, oppressed on account of never attending the prayer-meeting. Prayer-meetings are not very popular with some professing people. How is this? Is it because such meetings are too spiritual for them? How much the Lord has owned them by graciously manifesting himself to the twos and threes gathered together to call on his name. Often have I, when at such meetings, had my soul blessed in hearing a brother engaged in making some supplication or some confession, or rendering some thanksgiving, expressive of the very feelings of my soul, to which I could add a hearty “Amen.” Is not the unity of the Spirit most blessedly realized at such meetings, when those present who take no active part feel internally they can most heartily join in what is expressed by those who do? Many lovers of prayer-meetings have been encouraged by the precious words of the Lord Jesus: “For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.”

Another is oppressed because for a long time he has had no sensible answer to his prayers. He feels like the prophet who said, “He shutteth out my prayer.” O! How this casts down the mind of one who looks for answers to his prayers! If an individual who had regularly been corresponding with a friend were not to hear from him in the usual way, and after writing to know the cause of his friend not sending, he yet should not

hear, how this would lead him to suspect that something was the matter, and how uneasy he would be until he had heard from his friend. O to be able to pray and not to faint!

In the margin it reads: "Ease me;" "I am oppressed. Ease me!" And O! What ease it gives to the soul to have a felt answer to prayer! How it humbles the soul to see that the great God of heaven and earth takes notice of the cry of a poor worm. Oppression does not disqualify for prayer when sanctified. No amount from any or every quarter,—“the world, the flesh, or the devil,” can do the quickened soul any harm, while the Holy Spirit moves him to cry under the load, “Undertake for me.” What a word was that which Jesus spoke to his disciples: “Nothing shall by any means hurt you.” What we fear may be for our hurt may turn out to be for our good.

Another brother is oppressed because of the tone of his temper, which has led him to judge others too severely, and himself too charitably. He has been in the habit of looking at the failings of others with a large, and, as he thinks, a clear eye, and at his own in just the opposite way. It is to be feared that such a case of a soul-ensnaring evil is common. May the good Lord keep us out of this snare. The eye is the worst place for a beam to be in. It is better to have ten beams in the house than one in the eye. It is easier for a man to take a dozen beams out of his house than to pull one out of his eye. Eye beams are injurious, house beams are useful.

Perhaps there are parents here who are oppressed owing to the misconduct of their children, who stay out late at night, read pernicious books, and refuse to listen to their parents' counsel. My dear brethren, how much you have to weigh you down in your families. The Lord be your helper. He is a present help in trouble, aye, in family trouble. Perhaps you have a dear child ill who is not likely to recover. He is not born again. Knowing, as you do, in some measure, the preciousness of the soul's salvation, and viewing the awfulness of your offspring dying without an interest in it, causes your paternal heart to be oppressed, and presses out of you Hezekiah's cry: “I am oppressed; undertake for me.” True religion does not blunt a parent's feelings towards his children. No; but leads him to feel a deep concern for their welfare. Some parents, who profess to love free-grace truth, and who regularly sit under the teaching and preaching of it, allow their children to go where they are taught free-will error. Is this right? Is it consistent with their profession? The word says, “Bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.”

Here is one oppressed about joining the church. Some one has spoken to you about becoming a member of the church, and desired you to come forward. You feel your heart is with the people, only you fear your experience is so much below the standard of other Christian people, and that if you came before the church your mouth would be stopped, or you would not

be able to say that which would be accepted. A friend of mine in Wiltshire told me of one he knew, a God-fearing man, who attended at the place of which my friend was a member. He was full of the fear I have mentioned. He was not forward to speak of his experience. My friend would sometimes get into conversation with him about the things of God; and at such seasons he would open his mind a little, and tell out what the Lord had done for his soul. He was requested to come before the church, and consented to do so; but when the time came for him to give in his experience, he could hardly say a word. My friend being present at the time, in order to draw him out, asked him if he could not remember relating to him at different times what the Lord had done for his soul, naming many particulars. To this he said, "Yes." And in this way the poor fearing oppressed man related a most blessed experience to the church, which was well received, and he became a member. How well it is when members of churches notice those who regularly attend the ministry of the word, by asking them what leads them to come, and if they receive any good by coming, and thus try and find out if the Lord is graciously dealing with their souls; and, if so, ask them their mind respecting their becoming members of the church. Would not this plan, if adopted, encourage, by God's blessing, many a seeking soul?

Another thing which oppresses a child of God is the absence of felt and sweet communion with God. O! What inward pinings in the living soul after fellowship with God! Nothing can put an end to such inward pinings, or satisfy them, but the Holy Spirit's comforting in-shinings in the soul.

Some present may be oppressed at the thought of the improper manner in which they spent money in their youthful days, and feel if they now had what they then squandered away it would be useful to them in supplying their needs, or those of others. How much wisdom is required to make a proper use of money!

Here is another oppressed with the fear of death. Says the soul, "O! What will become of me in a dying hour! Will my religion stand the test of that solemn time?" What questions such fearing ones ask themselves. They carry about with them, as it were, a catechism; and their poor souls are often making use of it in catechizing themselves; and it takes them a long time in learning to answer all the questions in it. What a tenderness of conscience in these characters! What sincerity! What a dread of coming to wrong conclusions about themselves! What an anxiety to have an inward testimony from the Lord that "all is well!" My poor fearing friend, Jesus is death's conqueror. He is not frowning while you are fearing, but smiling upon you, and eventually you will be enabled to say, "Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through Jesus Christ our Lord."

In some part of the chapel there may be a poor sinner oppressed with the burden of sin. You never felt such a burden before. Past sins look you in the face, and have taken hold

upon you so that you know not what to do. Bill after bill and charge upon charge are brought into your conscience against you, and you feel you have nothing to pay them with. You are like a man who has one account after another sent to him by his creditors, and has no means of settling with them. Will not this cause the sigh to come up from the depths of the soul: "O Lord, I am oppressed?" God's religion does not begin with psalm-singing, but soul-sighing; not with sweet consolation, but bitter lamentation and inward oppression. How long some quickened souls go on in this state, weighed down with internal weights, which make them bend and stoop within, producing such a burden as causes them well nigh to despair of relief. Now, if there is such a character here, you are the man for Jesus Christ. Hear his blessed word: "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." And again: "For the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy, now will I arise, saith the Lord; I will set him in safety from him that puffeth at him." (Ps. xii. 5.) By virtue of your having those spiritual convictions of your state as a guilty sinner before God, you are enabled in some measure to come to a right conclusion about yourself. Spiritual convictions harmonize with scriptural conclusions. "The scripture hath concluded all under sin." Now, before the Holy Spirit wrought the present convictions in your soul, you did not conclude you "were dead in trespasses and sins," under the power and in the pollution of sin. But now you are convinced that what the scripture hath concluded about the awful state of man by nature, about his evil heart, his stubborn will, his helplessness, guiltiness, and depravity, is true. What a mercy it is to have wrought in the soul by the Holy Spirit of grace those convictions which are in unison with Bible conclusions. How this shows that the work of the Spirit in the heart is in strict accord with the Spirit's word in the Bible. None love the word of the Spirit like those who have the work of the Spirit in their souls. His word is not against the work, nor the work against the word of the Spirit.

Another thing which oppresses the converted believer is, the body of sin and death which he carries about with him, and is his daily companion, causing him often to groan out, "O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" O! How many distressing, oppressing, teasing, distracting, and worrying things the Lord's people have to pass through and contend with! Well, he knows all, has appointed all, and will overrule all for his glory and their good. (Rom. viii. 28.) When these trials work rightly, the soul going through them will often cry, "Undertake for me."

Notice the prayer: "*Undertake for me.*" The soul is mostly in a bowed-down state when this petition is used. The Holy Spirit is pleased to show his covenant people what the Lord Jesus Christ undertook to do for them before time, what he did for

them in time, and what he will do with them when time shall be no more, in leading them "unto living fountains of waters." The Lord Jesus undertook to do many things for his people without being asked by them to do so. Look at his covenant engagements before time. He undertook to be their Saviour before they were lost, to be their Light before they were in darkness, to be their Healer before they were sick, to be their Righteousness before they were unrighteous, to be their Wisdom before they were foolish, to be their Shepherd before they went astray, to be their Life before they were "dead in trespasses and sins," to be their Redeemer before they had sinned, to be their Ransom before they got into prison, to be their Surety before they contracted any debts, to cleanse them before they were defiled, to clothe them before they were naked, to teach them before they were ignorant, to raise them before they had fallen, to bless them before they were under the curse, and to be their Deliverer before they were under the power of sin and Satan. Adored be his ever dear and precious name for his covenant engagements! None ever have the everlasting covenant shown to them but those interested in it; none ever want to see it till a new covenant blessing be put into their hearts by the Holy Spirit, namely, the fear of the Lord. "I will," saith the Lord of his covenant people, "put my fear in their hearts." (Jer. xxxii. 40.) To such he shows his covenant; for "the secret of the Lord is with them that fear him, and he will show them his covenant." (Ps. xxv. 14.) In how many places is this covenant truth unpopular! It is only popular with and amongst God's covenant and unpopular people.

The Lord Jesus Christ "in the days of his flesh" was carrying out what he undertook to do for his oppressed people before the world began. Hear what he said to his parents: "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" (Luke ii. 49.) O what an important business it was!—such a business that none but the eternal Son of God was capable of transacting. Did he fail in performing it? O no! Of him it was said, "He shall not fail." If he had failed, sin, Satan, death, and hell would have triumphed. Bless his dear name, he did not fail. The words he uttered on the cross, when he said, "It is finished!" prove it. So did his resurrection from the dead, his ascension, his triumphant entrance into heaven, and also his prevalent intercession at the right hand of God; all prove him to be sin's, Satan's, and death's Conqueror. In the words he spoke, the life he lived, in the temptations with which he was assailed, in the miracles he wrought, in the obedience he rendered to the law, in the deep sufferings he underwent, in the heavy cross he endured, in the battles he fought, and in the glorious victories he won, he was carrying out and performing what he had undertaken for poor sinners before the foundation of the world.

O for a divine faith to survey the divine doings of "the Holy

One of God!" Faith sometimes looks back at Christ's doings before time, at his doings in time, and at what he is now doing in heaven. How fast faith will fly when it has wings! How far it will go! How deep it will sink! How high it will rise! A land surveyor, who is employed in surveying the property of another, has no personal interest in the property he surveys, but makes a charge for his trouble and is paid for it; but a divine, a spiritual, a living, inwrought faith in the soul, when it fastens, leech-like, on the precious blood of the Lamb, says, "This is mine;" when on the justifying righteousness of Christ it says, "This is mine;" when on the Person of Christ it says, "This is my Beloved;" "He is mine, and I am his." So that the one who possesses this faith is one of the poorest and one of the richest, "having nothing, and yet possessing all things." (2 Cor. vi. 10.)

Their Beloved has undertaken to be with his oppressed people in their journey through this life: "I am with you alway;" "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." Also to be their "hiding-place," and "a refuge from the storm," to "feed them," to "carry the lambs in his bosom," to protect them, to succour them when tempted, to strengthen them when weak, to defend them when in danger, to heal all their diseases, to warm their cold hearts, subdue their stiff necks, to instruct them, to guide them with his eye, to wash them in his blood, clothe them in his righteousness, and to save them with an everlasting salvation.

Now just a remark or two about the word "*me*:" "Undertake for *me*." Here is one striking his hand upon his own breast, not upon another's. Well, what is the matter? O! There is disquietude within, a storm raging inside, a burden felt there; so much so that he cannot look up. What is this person inwardly saying? "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" If such a one is here this morning, you feel these words suit you: "Undertake for *me*;" "Pardon mine iniquity, for it is great;" "O take this guilt away, this sting away, this burden away." Such a character as this does not travel to the east, west, north, and south, in his prayers. He feels there is something amiss nearer home, within his own breast, and he knows that none but the almighty Saviour can remove his uneasiness and give him rest, remove his bondage and give him liberty, remove his guilt and give him pardon, remove his misery and give him peace, remove his feeling of danger and give him to feel he has been received by the Lord "safe and sound."

Yonder is another almost out of sight; he has sunk so low into the deep waters of affliction about his precious soul's salvation. At this moment his cry is, "Lord, save *me*;" "Undertake for *me*." Friends, when Peter was sinking in the water, he cried, "Lord, save *me*;" not "Lord, save *us*" merely, but "*me*." Now, hear what the Lord Jesus did for sinking Peter: "And immediately Jesus stretched forth his hand, and caught him,

and said unto him, O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" (Matt. xiv. 31.) Sinking one, Jesus is near you. He has a wonderfully strong arm, and it will be put forth, not in destroying you, but in saving you. When this is the case you will understand the experience of the psalmist as given in Ps. xl. 1-3.

No doubt some poor soul here is sorely tempted, and is crying out, "Undertake for *me*." My tempted brother, you feel, it may be, if the temptation continues much longer that you will most surely yield to it, and thereby sin against God, wound your own conscience, and bring a reproach on the cause of Christ. The Lord is able to succour you in your temptation, to make a way for your escape, that you may be able to bear it: "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation; for when he is tried he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love him" (Jas. i. 12); "The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptation." (2 Pet. ii. 9.) Cry on, help is coming.

There is a poor creature brought very low, low in circumstances, low in spirits, on account of having a bad partner, bad children, a bad situation, bad health, a bad head, a bad heart, a bad memory; so with you it seems bad altogether. But you are particularly cast down because you have no true token in your soul from the Lord that you are a "vessel of mercy." Now, amidst all this felt gloom, these heaps upon heaps of bad things; bad in your esteem, is there not some secret moan within, some inward wish, some longings in your soul, which you feel can be put into the words, "Undertake for *me*." My dear friend, you will not always feel as you do now. Hear the word of the Lord: "They shall revive as the corn." (Hos. xiv. 7.) He lifts the poor out of the dust. Says one of God's children, "I was brought low, and he helped me." (Ps. cxvi. 6.) Knock on at mercy's door. Jesus has said, "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you." (Matt. vii. 7.)

Probably there is a poor mother here who feels lashed within at her behaviour towards her children. She feels that in correcting her children there has been a want of a right spirit, too much sinful anger, too little spiritual wisdom and patience; so that her cry is, "Undertake for *me*;" "Help me in future, when correcting my children, to do it in a right spirit, and to bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." You need a great supply from the Lord. "My grace is sufficient for thee." (2 Cor. xii. 9.)

"But," says another, "I have so many fears within and fightings without." Then you have proof of the truth of the words: "Fears shall be in the way." Yes, and you cannot move them out of the way. When you pray, there they are; when you read, there they are; when you go to hear the word preached, there they are; when you go to bed at night, there they are; when you get up in the morning, there they

are; so that they follow you all the day long. I am sure the prayer, "Undertake for me," suits you, a poor, fearing, and oppressed soul. My friend, in one moment "the God of all grace" can quell your fears, by applying to your soul one of his blessed "Fear nots" with power. You are afraid you are not right, that you are not born again, that you did not come in at the right door, that your religion is only on the surface, not rooted in your heart, that you are not a child of God, that you are not redeemed by the precious blood of Christ, and that you were never sealed by the Holy Spirit. Many of the Lord's children have had these fears before you. Says the psalmist, "I sought the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears." (Ps. xxxiv. 4.) For some time past I have been acquainted with such fears, have cried to the Lord for deliverance from them, and have found that the Lord can deliver the soul from them, by applying his word with power, and shining into the soul with a sweet sense of his favour. At such times my fears have seemed to be dead and buried, and laid in a deep grave, and for a short time I have gone on comfortably without them. But after a while I have found they have, as it were, risen up out of the grave again, come back to their old quarters without being sent for or wanted, and offered their services again, after being free from them a little. Some years ago when in trouble the Lord assured my soul that he would be better to me than all my fears. Hitherto I have found him faithful to his word. O! to have a word from the Lord himself! What a prop it is for the soul to stay on! Such a one as unbelief and the devil cannot bend nor break.

We must pause. Men often undertake what they cannot perform; their failure in not accomplishing what they undertook, entailing, it may be, ruin on themselves and misery on others. The Lord Jesus Christ, dear brethren, your Friend, Elder Brother, and Saviour, never undertook anything but what he intended to do, and which he is well able to perform. "He is faithful who hath promised, who also will do it." "The same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

The Lord grant his rich blessing on his word for the Mediator's sake. Amen.

GREATNESS and preciousness do not often meet together; and many things are great, but then they are not precious, and many things are precious, but then they are not great; but in the promises of God to his church and people greatness and preciousness do meet.—*Pearse*.

THE truths of the gospel are of a nourishing nature; they are the wholesome and salutary words of Christ, and are milk for babes, and meat for strong men, by which they grow and thrive; for though all nourishment comes from Christ, the head, yet it is ministered by joints and bands to the members, and is conveyed by means of the word and ordinances, and is ministered by preachers of the word, who feed the church with knowledge and understanding; and none but those who are nourished themselves are fit to be nourishers of others.—*Allen*.

YE HAVE DONE IT UNTO ME.

“Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.”—*MATT. XXV. 40.*

YE debtors unto Jesu's love,
Do ye desire that love to prove
Which quickening grace has caused to spring
Forth in your hearts to Christ your King?

Then come awhile to Bethany,
And Jesu at the supper see;
Mary has learn'd of Christ to love,
And how that hidden love to prove.

Upon the head of Christ the Lord
The precious ointment she has pour'd;
And not alone upon his head
Has she the sweet anointing shed,
But o'er his body and his feet
As 'mid his friends he sits at meat.

Now learn a lesson, God to you
Has given power the same to do.
An alabaster box is given,
In means to help, to you, from heaven.

See Jesu's feet in weariness,
Now toiling through this wilderness;
Go, and thy box of ointment take;
Anoint those feet for Jesu's sake.

And when thine eyes the King shall see,
He'll sweetly call to memory
Each little act which holy love
Perform'd its blissful zeal to prove.
“O come, ye blessed,” he will say;
“When weary with the toilsome way,
How oft thine hands have freely pour'd
Sweet ointment on thy King and Lord.”

Then thou wilt perhaps reply again,
“When, Lord, did I anoint thee? When?
I would have done so by thy grace,
But when saw I, dear Lord, thy face?”

Then shall the gentle Prince reply,
Filling your heart with ecstasy,
“When to this little one of mine
You pour'd forth help through grace divine,
Cheering with love his weary soul,
Making his fainting spirit whole,
Then on the feet of Christ, your Lord,
Was precious ointment, bless'd one, pour'd.”

MINIMUS.

PLUTARCH, in the life of Phocion, tells us of a certain gentle-woman of Ionia who showed the wife of Phocion all the rich jewels and precious stones she had. She answered her again, “All my riches and jewels are my husband Phocion.” So may a saint say of his blessed Saviour, Christ is all my jewels, my riches, my treasure, my pleasures, &c.; his sufficiency is all these, and more than these, to me.—*Brooks.*

GRACE TRIUMPHANT, IN THE LORD'S SOVEREIGN DEALINGS WITH A RESTORED SINNER.

(Continued from page 254.)

DIRECTLY after that sweet visit on Cornhill, O how I pondered every step and movement in business life! At that particular time I had great providential trials and great business temptations; and they presented themselves in so many forms that I was compelled to cry to the Lord most mightily to keep me from falling. Early one morning, in my bed-room, they pressed on me with peculiar power. I walked up and down for some time in a wrestling agony, and something of the psalmist's experience was realized by me: "I shall one day fall by the hand of this Saul" and the insurrection of evil doers. It seemed as if that day I really must be overthrown; yet such a godly fear seemed to rise up that my very soul went up to the Lord to hold me fast; when this word fell with peculiar power, so much so that I involuntarily turned my head, for it appeared just like a voice speaking: "Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." And truly I felt sensibly to lean upon the strong arm of Jesus. Only about three months ago, as one of Mr. Huntington's books was being read to me, we came to his remark on these very words. Mr. H. says, "Why should I be of good cheer if I am not a partaker of his victory?" O what a sweet union I felt to that Spirit-taught man; and I hope, ere this feeble testimony is finished, that my own experience, and the experience born again of the Spirit, will bear witness that that for which he was so persecuted by the motley crowd of outside professors, namely, that the application of God's holy law, when applied by the Spirit, seals the subject of it feelingly a condemned man, and that there he must lie, ready for execution, till the revelation of a dear Redeemer by the power of the same Spirit; will bear witness, I say, that not Sinai's iron rule, but the precious sceptre of Jesus is the one grand motive power to all true obedience. Well might Cowper say that "God moves in a mysterious way;" for now it was almost a continual feast in my soul. Destruction came into my circumstances, and that pleasant picture which, in early days, my carnal mind had painted, and which had been so great an idol, the loving hand of God ground to dust; but this could not be done without a sore conflict. One day this wretched nature seemed to bear all before it; and the circumstances being completely altered, those who were a short time previously far below me being now placed over my head, it raised up a fearful storm of rebellion. Self-pity took fast hold of me. But as I leaned my head on my hand, a softening, peaceful feeling flowed into my mind, and with it this wondrous scripture: "He took upon him the form of a servant." O what amazing grace, wonder, love, and grief took possession of my whole soul; wonder, that instead of being hurled into the lowest pit of hell, and still greater, that Christ should come into the very place where I then was, that of a servant; and love and

grief, over such a lowly Jesus; and unutterable hatred of self. Well I remember there was no place I could find low enough to debase myself for my wretched pride. Had I been asked at that moment, I could readily have scrubbed the floor. O what an eternal difference between the voluntary humility of this professing day and that raised up by the felt sympathy and communion of a suffering Jesus! There is more submission wrought by such a blessed interview in one moment than by all the legal sermons ever preached. Mr. Cole came the same evening; and, under the sweet power of this marvellous humiliation, my heart was freely opened to tell him of the Lord's gracious visit; and never shall I forget the glory which appeared when he said to me, "Ah! That's a great word indeed; that came from heaven!" And I believe that, both in his soul and mine that evening, the Holy Ghost shed abroad the name of the Lord Jesus as precious ointment. From that evening we were one in the Lord; and many sweet hours have I spent with him in godly fellowship in Jesus. The Lord the Spirit had, from his own soul's tried and tempted experience, given him special grace and power in speaking to such who were passing through these mysterious paths. I have heard him say many times, "Christ on the cross will avail you nothing, unless the Lord the Spirit, by applying his holy law, gives you a real case; and then you will want a mighty Saviour." Like Mr. Huntington, he had but few true spiritual friends; and to these his heart and tongue went together.

One sermon of Mr. Smart's, about this time, preached from these words: "He came where he was," was made a rich blessing to me in two ways. In this sermon Mr. Smart powerfully traced out the sad case of a backslider. He said he had been in Jerusalem, and being the Lord's child he would bring him back with broken bones and godly sorrow; but he clearly proved that when the thieves had done their worst he could not take God at his word, but must receive his fatherly chastisement, have to pass through what he would feel to be destruction, and when he was half dead he would know the hidden meaning of the words: "He came where he was." This sermon was made specially useful in two great spiritual battles. It has also been made the means of keeping me from taking anything that did not bear the stamp of God's persuading power. This was indeed for a long season a spring time in my soul. Praise was now uppermost; for the Lord poured in so many sweet words, the sanctifying effects of which so leavened my soul that I could truly say, "Thy precepts I love." Yes, let but the soul have only a moment's interview by the Spirit's power, the alabaster box opened by the dear Redeemer will diffuse a sacred liberating power in the heart, lip, and life; so that saints shall understand they have been with Jesus, and sinners shall wonder and say, "What new thing is this?" Mr. Cole said to a friend of mine, "Destruction came into my house, and salvation into my soul;" and in a less measure it was so with me; but to show what God can do, I

used to stand amazed at hearing real godly people complain of trouble, for my soul was then so blessed with so many sweet promises, and his love and peace so filled my heart, that I have often thought in many dark days since I knew a little of the martyr's spirit. And sorrowful as it is for me to say so, I must honestly confess there have been dark days since then, when it was just the contrary. Well might the dear Redeemer say he had meat to eat that we know not of; and also, "Man shall not live by bread only, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God shall man live."

It is a most blessed reality, what one said of old: "Thy word was found, and I did eat it;" for in the public streets I had the following with sweet power in those days: "I will have mercy and not sacrifice;" "The law made nothing perfect; but the bringing in of a better hope did."

One Lord's day, when hearing Mr. Cole, and after a special spirit of prayer had been pouring forth from my heart for the Lord Jesus again to appear, these words, which I had never read in the Bible that I know of, came with such sweet anointing power that faith beheld the Redeemer's glory something like what Peter saw. The blessed words were these: "Behold me! Behold me!" In the life, spirit, power, and sacred effects of these precious promises I walked in the midst of trouble, providence appearing to run counter to every one of them; and yet so powerful was the dear Redeemer in his love to me that I well remember I came into the apostle's experience: "These light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." One day, to my great astonishment, a dark cloud gathered over all that I thought, said, or did. I ran to prayer, hoping to have the same sweet access. Instead of which, my very groans seemed choked. O! What a change was here! I ran here and there as if I had lost my all. I think about four or five days I well knew the force of David's words: "I am shut up, and cannot come forth."

One day, returning home from Mr. Cole's in a very mournful state, I was just opening my door; and as I was bemoaning my barrenness, these words dropped with sweet power: "He ever liveth to make intercession for us;" and this instruction flowed into my soul: "You have been looking at your prayers, which would for ever destroy you, were it not for the intercession of the Lord Jesus."

Just at this time Mr. Cole preached a sermon from this text: "Friend, go up higher." In this sermon, he showed that if the child of God ever took a step without the persuading power of the Holy Ghost, he would be sure to have to come back with a cloud between him and his dear Lord; and when he saw presumptuous professors rushing on without being bidden, it was often a great temptation to him; but when the Lord said, "Friend, go up higher," it would be found at last that the trembling believer would sit down at the marriage supper of the Lamb,

while the fast runners would be shut out. I may say that the Lord made this sermon and the one from Mr. Philpot: "I have stuck unto thy testimonies," as a godly barrier in my soul against taking anything for granted but what came in demonstration of the Spirit, and to watch if it produced, as all the Lord's work does produce, its sanctifying effects; and at this moment I look back with adoring gratitude to my loving Lord, who, knowing what fearful temptations assail me, and what a wretched backsliding state I should get into, in his marvellous wisdom prepared me by burning with great power the substance of these two sermons in my soul; for my soul was deeply leavened from these two sermons with this feeling: "If it is God's work, he will most surely put it into the fire;" and it had this effect when the hand of God chastised my soul by withdrawing his lovely presence, and allowed the powers of darkness for a long season to molest me; when he chastised my body with disease and my earthly prospects with destruction. I felt as certain as that I was a living man that all the taking for granted faith in the world would only increase my misery; but if the Lord had really begun the work, he would in his own time bring me forth as gold; and this made me, though it brought no comfort, feel something like Job: "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him."

I shall now describe another great change indeed, which will show the desperate nature of what man is, and that the Lord will never alter his eternal purpose to please presumptuous hypocrites, but ever has had and ever will have a loving rod for his blacksliding children. One day, passing down Dean Street, a peculiar feeling all at once arrested me, as if some great evil was about to follow; and these words suddenly called to me, and the instruction conveyed with them was that I was to consider. The words were these: "The Philistines are upon thee, Samson." Five or six times did these words come, and with much power. Well might the dear Redeemer say, "Take heed, watch and pray." O! What a loving Jesus he is to lay down such safeguards of grace. Happy they who hear the Spirit's still small voice; but, alas! alas! As one godly minister has said, "We can destroy ourselves with a vengeance, but we cannot put one hair's breadth to further our salvation." Already Delilah had been secretly at work to lull my soul to sleep; and silently, love, little by little, those precious locks disappeared. Faith, hope, and godly fear withdrew with their sensible sanctifying power.

And here I must mention a circumstance which tended greatly to lay waste my soul; and may the Lord the Spirit make it a two-edged sword as a solemn warning to the Balaam professors, and excite to lively exercise the fear of God in each living soul who reads this, so that a special holy caution and a tender conscience be preserved whenever they come into the company of these clouds without water. I had sometimes met at the house of a godly brother-in-law a person who had often heard Mr. Cole, but generally went to Providence Chapel to hear

Mr. Locke or Mr. Beeman. From the moment the Lord arrested me in the solemn manner before named, and feeling as I did then most powerfully a condemned sinner, whenever I heard this person the strongest dislike rose up in my heart. I was then like the psalmist; I was dumb, and opened not my mouth, for the terrors of the Lord drunk up my spirits. He took the highest ground of assurance; and as I was very ignorant, and as he was received as a great light, I felt I was only adding to my sin to doubt such a wonderful character; but still the most rooted dislike existed in my soul. He rode completely rough shod over all the trying experiences of God's children, casting it all aside as legal bondage; but the Lord has given me to see clearly since that he had no more the spirit of the meek and lowly Jesus than Satan himself; but that his whole conduct breathed far more the spirit of the prince of hell; and his subsequent end will prove how true this was.

But to proceed. After the Lord had in some measure granted me a little of his rich mercy, circumstances threw me offener into this man's company. He was naturally a gifted man, and I have since felt that scripture was well verified in him: "Transformed into an angel of light." He would spiritualize the most plain scripture; but the checks from God's holy fear, tender walking in heart, lip, and life, fears of being wrong and desires to be right, following hard after God with all the sanctifying effects, he would call all baby work; but as he took such bold ground, and was in the company of those whom I felt sure were God's people, although I felt a secret disunion to him, which abode with me, yet his cutting down God's holy fear and putting aside all those mysterious changes so marked in the child of God; and although I remained perfectly dumb, I soon found his hardened presumption infuse itself by degrees into my spirit, and a careless indifference stole into my heart; and now the sweet spirit of praise and prayer, which ever since mercy had touched my soul bubbled up continually, yes, night and day, sometimes in broken groans and sighs, sometimes in unspeakable pantings after another love visit, and sometimes in the sweetest praise, by degrees I found it nearly closed. Some godly man has said nothing closes the mouth of prayer like fresh-contracted guilt; and sure I am that it is an everlasting truth, nor can all the free-will Calvinists or Antinomian liars prove it untrue. Delilah was now indeed drawing away all my spiritual strength; yet repeatedly would the Lord sound with a solemn warning those words: "The Philistines are upon thee, Samson." Happy for all God's children when they are enabled to follow out the Saviour's words: "Take heed." Happy had it been for me; but I was to have another proof that we are not partly fallen, as some unregenerate men suppose, but fallen to the very core. Little did I believe that I should in after years clearly see that the dark mysterious path and the terrible things in righteousness which the Lord was about to reveal, little did I then believe that it was

the surest proof of his love. And O that the Lord the Spirit may burn into the souls of his dear children these two eternal truths, that he has his rod of love for the chastisement of all his children folded up in his purposes of election as much as the salvation of their souls, and that every atom of mercy through his dear Son revealed in their souls by the power of the Holy Ghost will ever produce, when under its influence, its sanctifying effects in heart, lip, and life; and I am a living witness that all the lying wonders, such as no chastisement for sin, with all the free-will Babel of the natural gospel of this day, must, if grace prevent not, be swept into that bottomless pit from whence these lying wonders came. The dear children of God may be tempted by one or all of these Satanic delusions; but as Father, Son, and Spirit, one glorious Jehovah, has covenanted to carry them, in spite of the world, the flesh, and the devil, to everlasting glory. The weakest lamb in all his fold, born again of the Spirit, and who can only see death in itself but Christ in other saints, that tender lamb shall, through the unction of the Holy One, abide in the truth, while natural professors, though shining in stolen experiences, and gazed upon by thousands as great lights, are exposed to the little children of God by running into soul-destroying error. Happy they who, by the Spirit's check of godly fear, fly from evil and error as from the face of a serpent, and from listening to these clear-headed but whole-hearted professors. But O! What an everlasting mercy that the Lord, sooner or later, causes a separation, not only in spirit but in outward communion, chastising his sons and daughters, but letting the servants alone; and no greater judgment can come upon any man or woman than for the Lord to say, "Let him alone."

O the backwardness that I found now to the Lord's ways, his word, and his people! Sometimes the Lord brought this word, and it seemed to arrest me: "Consider." Then for a little a moaning agony would possess my soul. There would come before me, among many others, an old saint, an intimate friend of Mr. Huntington's. When walking about, a condemned man, how many times, with groaning in my spirit, did I look at that jewel of Christ. In appearance he was poor and mean, but O what resplendent beauty and majesty did I see in that poor man, and with a love so intense that although for a very long time I never opened my mouth to him, I used to put aside everything I could to be in his company; and many a time have I said to myself, "Ah! He is sure to be in heaven; but where shall I be?" Then, as if it struck the dying dead, a powerful voice inwardly said, "You will be in hell." Little did I believe then, though the Lord has blessedly cleared it up since, that this intense love to this poor man was that my soul, unknown to myself, beheld the image of Jesus shining brightly in him; but now, though loving him as deeply as ever, and hating the other's ways, yet the temptation, like a spark falling in a mine, began to make me see less of the evil of sin, and to feel less

of the lovely sanctifying presence of the dear Redeemer. O! How many of God's people have found these two dreadful evils meet in their own soul; and until the spirit of judgment and of burning comes from the Lord, there is very little difference for a time between this real child of God and a bastard; but the Lord will soon make a difference by raising up enemies within and without; and, like a besotted fool, having left Jerusalem, he will soon find that the world, the flesh, and the devil, false professors and open foes, and that most desperate of all thieves, himself, will soon strip and leave him half dead; and like poor Job, he will find that they are permitted to take everything except his eternal life. And now it was that that precious text: "He came where he was," and that precious sermon, too, which I had heard from Mr. Smart, many years before, shone brightly into my soul; for Mr. Smart powerfully opened up that the people of God were elected not only to be saved, but to be conformed to the image of their Lord; not elected to a legal slavish obedience, nor to a loose licentious life; but so sure as they went wrong, so sure would he, as a wise and loving father, come where they were, and bring them back with broken heart and broken bones. And however false professors may pretend to spiritual life in exercise while they are in this backsliding state, I know from painful and bitter experience that it is a Satanic delusion; and so does every living child of God know the same. Is there not a frown on that face once so loving? Is there any access in prayer? Is there any unction, savour, life, and power from God's holy word? Is there no bar, no death in the worship that was once so precious? Would not the backslider run a hundred miles rather than meet a humble, lively, godly Christian? Little and by little did these wretched things prevail, and continually no other word than this could I get: "The Philistines are upon thee, Samson." Not a single promise came in those days; but great self-pity, hard thoughts of the Lord, and a whole host of infidel thoughts, such as: "Might not the Bible after all be false? Might I not give it all up as such, and enjoy what I could of this world?" One day these thoughts seemed overpowering; when all on a sudden it was injected into my soul, "You have sold your Saviour." And in a moment there came this most terrible feeling, that I was exactly like Francis Spira. If I lived a thousand years, never could I forget how these words which somewhere years before I had read: "Heaven twice lost," came into my mind. Whenever I attempted to pray, it seemed as if a thunderbolt drove me back. Night and day stood that fearful character Spira, and sounding in my heart and ears these fearful words: "Lost! Lost! Beyond all grace!" Sometimes I would search the Bible as if my eternal life depended on the result. I would compare, turning it round every way, the character of Spira, to see if my dreadful fall differed in any way from his; for I clung to this faint hope that if there was but the slightest difference, then I might have some

little ground to believe that I was not in hopeless despair; and I was certain that if there was no difference I must sink for ever as he did. O! How many times did I try to find some little loophole to rest my tempted soul on; but Satan was permitted to hide everything from me that tended in the slightest degree to give me the least hope; and I was filled, both night and day, with those infidel thoughts about the Bible not being true working upon this wretched unbelief.

After more than five weeks as near black despair as it seemed to me any man could be, after many times examining my case with Spira's, one day Satan brought me to this conclusion, that I was really in despair, and that I should save some of Spira's last agonies if I at once put an end to my mortal life. I had been asked, that day being the Lord's day, to go with a friend to hear Mr. Cole. In order to put him off his guard, I promised to meet him, though secretly deciding as I went to throw myself over Blackfriars Bridge. I have often felt since that the powers of darkness are permitted at certain times in the child of God's life to unite, as it were, all their forces with his unbelieving heart, so as not to give him a moment's time, but to hurl him in desperate haste into his own deserved ruin. And such it was in my case; for instead of walking I rushed on with these fearful words incessantly ringing in my heart and ears: "Lost! Lost! Beyond all grace!" and mingled with it this feeling: "The sooner you end it, the sooner will you escape Spira's agonies." As I came to the corner of Bridge Street, in a still more powerful manner Satan hurled me on, and as I turned towards the bridge, a solemn stillness undefinable, except to those who have been in it, but I believe it was the work of the Holy Ghost preparing to lift up the standard of the Great Immanuel against Satan and all his host in the power of it, I stood still; when those glorious words, as it appeared to me from the very Person of the dear Redeemer, flowed like a river of life into my tempest-tossed soul: "Flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven." Not to the mortal eye, but to the eye of faith anointed by the Holy Ghost. The mist from hell was all cleared away, and before me appeared the glorious form of Jesus, turning me away from deserved destruction to undeserved salvation. Well might the psalmist say, "While I have my breath I will praise the Lord." Yes, as I went with joyful steps to Mr. Cole's, thanksgivings flowed out of my soul, free as the water from the fountain; for hell was defeated, Satan disappointed, my soul delivered, and another crown placed on the glorious head of a Triune Jehovah.

(To be concluded in our next.)

If any man sin more freely because of forgiveness of sins, that man may suspect his forgiveness, for in all scriptures and scripture examples the more forgiveness the more holiness. Mary loved much because much was forgiven her.—*Saltmarsh.*

THE ENTRANCE OF SIN.

THE holiness of God is not blemished by his secret will to suffer sin to enter into the world. God never willed sin by his preceptive will. It was never founded upon or produced by any word of his, as the creation was. He never said, "Let there be sin under the heaven," as he said, "Let there be water under the heaven." Nor doth he will it by infusing any habit of it, or stirring up inclinations to it. No, "God tempts no man." (Jas. i. 13.) Nor doth he will it by his approving will. It is detestable to him, nor ever can be otherwise. He cannot approve it either before commission or after.

1. The will of God is in some sort concurrent with sin. He doth not properly will it, but he wills not to hinder it, to which, by his omnipotence, he could put a bar. If he did positively will it, it might be wrought by himself, and so could not be evil. If he did in no sort will it, it would not be committed by his creature. Sin entered into the world, either God willing the permission of it, or not willing the permission of it. The latter cannot be said; for then the creature is more powerful than God, and can do that which God will not permit. God can, if he be pleased, banish all sin in a moment out of the world, and he could have prevented the revolt of angels and the fall of man. They did not sin whether he would or not. He might by his grace have stepped in the first moment, and made a special impression upon them of the happiness they already possessed and the misery they would incur by any wicked attempt. He could as well have prevented the sin of the fallen angels, and confirmed them in grace, as of those that continued in their happy state; he might have appeared to man, informed him of the issue of his design, and made secret impressions upon his heart, since he was acquainted with every avenue to his will. God could have kept all sin out of the world, as well as all creatures from breathing in it; he was as well able to bar sin for ever out of the world as to let creatures lie in the womb of nothing, wherein they were first wrapped. To say God doth will sin as he doth other things, is to deny his holiness; to say it entered without anything of his will, is to deny his omnipotence. If he did necessitate Adam to fall, what shall we think of his purity? If Adam did fall without any concern of God's will in it, what shall we say of his sovereignty? The one taints his holiness, and the other clips his power. If it came without anything of his will in it, and he did not foresee it, where is his omniscience? If it entered whether he would or no, where is his omnipotence? Rom. ix. 19: "Who hath resisted his will?" There cannot be a lustful act in Abimelech if God will withhold his power (Gen. xx. 6): "I withheld thee;" nor a cursing word in Balaam's mouth unless God give power to speak it. Num. xxii. 38: "Have I now any power at all to say anything? The word that God puts in my mouth, that shall I speak." As no

action could be sinful if God had not forbidden it, so no sin could be committed if God did not will to give way to it.

2. God doth not will sin directly, and by an efficacious will. He doth not directly will it, because he hath prohibited it by his law, which is a discovery of his will. So that if he should directly will sin, and directly prohibit it, he would will good and evil in the same manner, and there would be contradictions in God's will. To will sin absolutely is to work it. "God hath done whatsoever he pleased." (Ps. cxv. 3.) God cannot absolutely will it, because he cannot work it. God wills good by a positive decree because he hath decreed to effect it. He wills evil by a privative decree because he hath decreed not to give that grace which would certainly prevent it. God doth not will sin simply, for that were to approve it, but he wills it in order to that good his wisdom will bring forth from it. He wills not sin for itself, but for the event. To will sin as sin, or as purely evil, is not in the capacity of a creature, neither of man, nor devil. The will of a rational creature cannot will anything but under the appearance of good, of some good in the sin itself, or some good in the issue of it. Much more is this from God, who, being infinitely good, cannot will evil as evil, and being infinitely knowing, cannot will that for good which is evil. Infinite wisdom can be under no error or mistake. To will sin as sin would be an unanswerable blemish on God, but to will to suffer it in order to good is the glory of his wisdom. It could never have peeped up its head unless there had been some decree of God concerning it. And there had been no decree of God concerning it, had he not intended to bring good and glory out of it. If God did directly will the discovery of his grace and mercy to the world, he did in some sort will sin, as that without which there could not have been any appearance of mercy in the world; for an innocent creature is not the object of mercy, but a miserable creature, and no rational creature but must be sinful before it be miserable.

3. God wills the permission of sin. He doth not positively will sin, but he positively wills to permit it. And though he doth not approve of sin, yet he approves of that act of his will whereby he permits it. For since that sin could not enter into the world without some concern of God's will about it, that act of his will that gave way to it could not be displeasing to him. God could never be displeased with his own act: "He is not a man that he should repent." (1 Sam. xv. 29.) What God cannot repent of, he cannot but approve of; it is contrary to the blessedness of God to disapprove of, and be displeased with, any act of his own will.

4. This act of permission is not a mere and naked permission, but such a one as is attended with a certainty of the event. The decrees of God to make use of the sin of man for the glory of his grace, in the mission and passion of his Son, hung upon this entrance of sin; would it consist with the wisdom of God to

decree such great and stupendous things, the event whereof should depend upon an uncertain foundation, which he might be mistaken in? God would have sat in council from eternity to no purpose if he had only permitted those things to be done without any knowledge of the event of this permission; God would not have made such provision for redemption to no purpose, or an uncertain purpose, which would have been if man had not fallen, or if it had been an uncertainty with God whether he would fall or no. Though the will of God about sin was permissive, yet the will of God about that glory he would promote by the defect of the creature was positive, and therefore he would not suffer so many positive acts of his will to hang upon an uncertain event, and therefore he did wisely and righteously order all things to the accomplishment of his great and gracious purposes.

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Now this permission is not the cause of sin, nor doth blemish the holiness of God. It doth not intrench upon the freedom of men, but supporteth it, establisheth it, and leaves man to it. God acted nothing, but only ceased to act, and therefore could not be the efficient cause of man's sin. As God is not the author of good but by willing and effecting it, so he is not the author of evil but by willing and effecting it. But he doth not positively will evil, nor effect it by any efficacy of his own. Permission is no action, nor the cause of that action which is permitted, but the will of that person who is permitted to do such an action is the cause. God can no more be said to be the cause of sin, by suffering a creature to act as it will, than he can be said to be the cause of the not being of any creature by denying it being, and letting it remain nothing; it is not from God that it is nothing, it is nothing in itself. Though God be said to be the cause of creation, yet he is never by any said to be the cause of that nothing which was before creation. This permission of God is not the cause of sin, but the cause of not hindering sin. Man and angels had a physical power of sinning from God, as they were created with free will and supported in their natural strength, but the moral power to sin was not from God; he counselled them not to it, laid no obligation upon them to use their natural power for such an end; he only left them to their freedom, and not hindered them in their acting what he was resolved to permit.—*Charnock*.

Thus is a man made righteous, even of God by Christ, or through his righteousness. Now, if a man is thus made righteous, then in this sense he is good before God, before he has done any thing of that which the law calls good before men; for God maketh not men righteous with this righteousness, because they have been or have done good, but before they are capable of doing good at all. Hence we are said to be justified while ungodly, even as an infant is clothed with the skirt of another, while naked, as touching itself.—*Bunyan*.

A WORD OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

My dear Friend,—You have of late been much on my mind. I have at a throne of grace had you in remembrance before God, that the Lord of his great mercy would bestow upon you all needful supplies of grace, wisdom, and consolation. Your magazine, of long standing, has, from its commencement to the present moment, been to a large extent honoured of God, both to the quickening of sinners dead in sin, the raising up in comfort and hope the poor cast-down soul, the liberating of those that were shut up in unbelief, and the bringing into liberty those that were bound. It has to thousands proclaimed the acceptable year of the Lord. It has been a vehicle in which the King of grace has condescended to ride and manifest himself to thousands. (Ps. xlv. 4; Song iii. 9, 10.) A large company of happy souls, now in glory, when they tabernacled here, and as strangers and pilgrims trod the path of tribulation, had their spirits often refreshed through its pages; and thousands now who groan in the earthly house of this tabernacle have, from time to time, read with soul-profit and delight the sweet, rich, and blessed truths it has contained. Long may it live, and still continue to bring, month after month, the olive leaf of peace to poor tempest-tossed souls. If, in the hands of the Divine Spirit, it is still made savory to living souls, they will all supplicate the throne of grace on behalf of those who may conduct it; and we know that “the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.” While the one are labouring to compile some savoury meat, the other will be labouring for them in prayer. The former may sow in tears, but they will reap in joy; and in the end both they that sow and they that reap will rejoice together.

Paul told the church at Ephesus that he coveted no man’s silver, or gold, or apparel (Acts xx. 33); but he earnestly coveted their prayers. (Eph. vi. 19.) He knew the value of them. The church and the Redeemer are so sweetly united together that what is done to the one is done to the other. (Matt. xxv. 34-40; Acts ix. 4.) What an honour if we should in any way instrumentally administer the water of life and the bread of life to the thirsty and to the hungry soul. This the Saviour looks upon as done to himself.

Many of those who formerly contributed to and enriched your valuable periodical by their experimental pieces have entered into their rest, and their works do follow them; and last of all, but far from the least, the God-honoured, the saint-beloved, and invaluable editor. Some of the Lord’s eminent servants have been by death removed of late; and were we to stop, these things with regard to the church would look gloomy indeed. But we go forward; and as we travel on in this dreary desert we exclaim, “And He shall live.” This is the fountain to which we are to look. The government shall be upon his shoulders. His

work must and shall go forward. If the Lord take Elijah up to heaven, Elisha is anointed to be prophet in his stead. Whatever good has been done unto the souls of men, in any age of the church, God himself has done it. Men are but his instruments. "Who, then, is Paul, and who is Apollos, but ministers by whom ye believed, even as the Lord gave to every man? I have planted, Apollos watered; but God gave the increase." (1 Cor. iii. 5, 6.) We have ground for encouragement. My soul is never more at rest and in peace than when looking up unto him. I know that in my flesh dwelleth no good thing. In myself I feel nothing but sin; and that is death, guilt, ignorance, fear, shame, confusion, far off from God. I have many times in this state gone into the pulpit, trusting alone in the power, faithfulness, and sufficiency of Jesus Christ. If in the Lamb of God all fullness of grace is treasured up, then the poorer, weaker, more destitute and wretched we feel ourselves, the more fit for the Saviour. It has long been the conviction of my mind that thousands are too good for Christ, but few are bad enough for him. Simon the Pharisee wondered in himself that Jesus allowed such a woman "as a sinner," such a notorious character, to come near him. (Luke vii. 39, 50.) Blessed be God, sovereign grace had touched her heart. Sin was embittered to her. She hated her former ways and forsook them, seeking mercy with all her heart, and she obtained that she sought after; for Jesus said unto her, "Thy sins are forgiven." Our flesh dislikes poverty of spirit; but Jesus has blessed such.

The Lord guide you and go before you, be everything to you. In every difficulty look to him. In all your ways acknowledge him.

Yours sincerely,

Southill, Beds.

J. WARBURTON.

DEBTORS TO MERCY.

My dear Friend,—Through mercy we are brought to the beginning of another year. How many have fallen by the scythe of death last year, and who can tell who may fall this? If prepared for the great change, how highly favoured and greatly blessed they are! What debtors they are to grace! How few, alas! have any earnest desires to be made fit for the great change! What a mercy if we can say we have a well-grounded hope in God's mercy, and do trust it will be well with us when death comes! Under sweet enjoyments of the Lord's presence, when I felt the sting of death removed, how I could join with the apostle in saying, "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." We wish to love Christ and speak well of his name. May grace have all the praise. My soul shall make her boast in the Lord; the humble shall hear thereof and be glad.

The time is drawing nigh for my coming to the "Dicker." May the Lord come with me and bless his word, unworthy and

vile as I am. I intend to come by Woking and Guildford, and am willing to speak at Uckfield, as you name, on Friday evening, the 11th; at your place on the evening of the 13th, and at Eastbourne the following Lord's day evening, and four evenings in the week after the 13th. With respect to Heathfield Chapel, I will leave with you and the friends. I have no wish to go, if the presence of the Lord go not with me. May the Lord's will be done. The old saying is, "It is better to wear out than rust out." There are many chapels in Sussex open for truth. May the Lord bless his people! May the Lord's people pray that a blessing may attend the word, if I am spared to come amongst you!

Give my love to your pastor and his wife. I hope that he is better in health. May his last days be his best. Give my love to the deacons, your wife, and any inquiring friends.

Yours in the truth,

Abingdon, Jan. 14, 1859.

WILLIAM TIPTAFT.

A PARENT'S SOLICITUDE.

My dear Thomas,—We received your welcome letter, and felt deeply interested to hear of the exercises of your mind. May the Lord incline your heart to seek him, through all the opposition, both within and without, which you will have to feel till life's journey is ended. My dear boy, you lie near my heart, and my cry goes up to God on your behalf, that he may be your Teacher and Guide; for it is only those who endure to the end that shall be saved. I would try and encourage you in following on to know the Lord; but think it not strange if it is through much trial.

I felt my heart overwhelmed in reading your letters, so much mercy seemed mixed in our trials; for it was such an inexpressible comfort to hope you were led to seek the narrow way, which few find. This was more to me than all earthly riches. Depend upon his word, that none ever sincerely sought the Lord in vain; but be very watchful not to neglect prayer, reading the word, and attending the means of grace.

I am sometimes led to contemplate the value of the soul, while every other object seems lost sight of. The hymns you refer to are very appropriate, and the chapter in reference to "the dying thief" is very sweet and overcoming. Jesu's love, mercy, and power melt hearts of stone; and may you never weary in seeking rest in him. I can speak well of his name. Those words were once most precious to me: "This is the rest wherewith he causeth the weary to rest, and this is the refreshing," my soul being filled with the love of God.

Be not satisfied without clear manifestations to your own soul. There is a fulness in Jesus you can never exhaust; but the more you are enabled to drink, the greater the death on everything below. May your conscience be kept very tender, and the

fear of God deepened in your heart. We must ever be learners in the school of Christ, and the safest plan is to feel that "without him we can do nothing," and be like little children, sitting at the feet of Jesus.

How wonderful is the power of God to make a sinner willing to be saved in his own way; and that is by constantly bringing down, and for him to lift us up and set out affections on things above. Now, everything that we are seeking after besides him, there is death written upon it; but all the time we are feelingly "rich towards God" is life and peace. The word says, "He that believeth shall not make haste." May you be kept in every step listening to what God the Lord may speak unto you.

Time quickly flies away. May we often meet at a throne of grace, and there make known our requests.

Your affectionate Mother,

Red Hill, Aug. 18, 1863.

EMMA HOOPER.

REVIEW.

Sermons and Letters by the late G. D. Doudney, of Charles Chapel, Plymouth. 2 vols.—London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.

THE author of the above volumes was a minister in the Church of England. Doctrinally he was a Toplady; experimentally a Berridge. We do not mean to say that he had fully the gifts of the former or the experience of the latter; but he had a great measure of both; and, through the grace of God in him, his light was set in a candlestick, and not put under a bushel. He preached, as fearlessly as Toplady himself, the fundamental doctrines of the Gospel as set forth in the Articles of the Establishment; such as:

"X. Of Free-Will.

"The condition of man after the fall of Adam is such that he cannot turn and prepare himself, by his own natural strength and good works, to faith, and calling upon God; wherefore we have no power to do good works pleasant and acceptable to God, without the grace of God by Christ preventing us, that we may have a good will, and working with us, when we have that good will."

"XI. Of the Justification of Man.

"We are accounted righteous before God, only for the merit of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ by faith, and not for our own works or deservings; wherefore, that we are justified by faith only is a most wholesome doctrine, and very full of comfort, as more largely is expressed in the Homily of Justification."

"XVII. Of Predestination and Election.

"Predestination to life is the everlasting purpose of God, whereby (before the foundations of the world were laid) he hath constantly decreed by his counsel secret to us, to deliver from curse and damnation those whom he hath chosen in Christ out of mankind, and to bring them by Christ to everlasting salvation, as vessels made to honour. Wherefore, they which be endued with so excellent a benefit of God be called according to God's purpose by his Spirit working in due season; they through grace obey the calling; they be justified freely; they be made

sons of God by adoption; they be made like the image of his only-begotten Son Jesus Christ; they walk religiously in good works, and at length, by God's mercy, they attain to everlasting felicity.

“As the godly consideration of predestination, and our election in Christ, is full of sweet, pleasant, and unspeakable comfort to godly persons, and such as feel in themselves the working of the Spirit of Christ, mortifying the works of the flesh, and their earthly members, and drawing up their mind to high and heavenly things, as well because it doth greatly establish and confirm their faith of eternal salvation to be enjoyed through Christ, as because it doth fervently kindle their love towards God; so, for curious and carnal persons, lacking the Spirit of Christ, to have continually before their eyes the sentence of God's predestination, is a most dangerous downfall, whereby the devil doth thrust them either into desperation, or into wretchedness of most unclean living, no less perilous than desperation.

“Furthermore, we must receive God's promises in such wise, as they be generally set forth to us in holy scripture; and, in our doings, that will of God is to be followed, which we have expressly declared unto us in the word of God.”

Now, it is easy enough to preach these doctrines as a school-boy says his lessons; but such was not the case with Mr. D. He was perfectly clear in them; and, having felt the power of them in his own soul, his preaching was *with* power. He was especially gifted in tracing out the experience of weak believers; and to them his ministry was most encouraging. He often mentioned from the pulpit the names of Huntington, Gadsby, and Warburton, as the men he most esteemed, and whose works he most loved.

Nor did he do this in a mere systematic way, as is the case with some; but there was a savour attending his ministry, which was sure to reach the hearts of the Lord's people. He cared for neither bishop nor people, but preached honestly the preaching which God bade him.

The sermons before us were all taken down in shorthand; but only two of them were revised by the speaker. This will account for some sentences we have noticed which we are quite sure were never uttered by Mr. Doudney; not that such sentences are actually erroneous, but rather ambiguous.

We had not to ransack the whole books to look for an extract, for the very first sermon supplied us. It is on Prov. xiii. 12: “Hope deferred maketh the heart sick; but when the desire cometh, it is a tree of life.” We would have given the sermon in full had our space permitted, and had we been sure the publishers would not have objected; otherwise it would have been piracy:

“We are not to read the Proverbs of Solomon as though they referred to merely moral things; for I believe that, like so many jewels strung together, they refer also to things spiritual,—to Christ as the Head of his body, and all the blessings which flow to us from union to him. I therefore take our text this morning, as having a blessed spiritual sense with reference to the children of God and their daily experience.

“It may have a primary reference to the coming of Christ in the flesh; but we shall not consider our text with regard to Christ's first or second

coming, but with reference to *all* the comings of Christ *in manifestation to his church*.

"We shall more especially consider our subject with reference to the coming of Christ in *felt communion* with his people; especially his first coming by the blessed power and ministry of the Spirit of God, to heal the sick heart of the poor doubting, fearing Little-Faith in God's family, and to enable him, like doubting, fearing Thomas, to look at '*his hands and his feet*,' and to say, '*MY LORD AND MY GOD*.'

"As soon as the Lord the Spirit creates a child of God anew in Christ Jesus, all the various graces of the Spirit are instantly present in that child of God. As soon as the light of life shines in his heart, then doubt, fear, exercise, and trembling enter his soul. He begins to fear that God is about to condemn him altogether, according to the testimony God has given us in his word: 'When he [the Spirit of truth] is come, he will convince [margin] the world of sin.' (Jno. xvi. 8.)

"The light of life, which shines in the heart of a child of God when he is made a new creature in Christ Jesus by the power of the Holy Ghost, —for we are the workmanship of the Holy Ghost, 'created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which he hath afore prepared that we should walk in them' (Eph. ii. 10),—I say, the light of life which shines in the heart of a child of God is so holy that it discovers to him what a vile sinner he is in himself. Then he feels he wants a refuge; but he can find none. He takes refuge in his own good works; he attempts to work out for himself a righteousness in which to stand before God; he endeavours to overcome all the evil dispositions of his flesh; but in all these things he finds he is stumbling day by day, and getting deeper into misery. As the light 'shines brighter and brighter unto the perfect day,' so the child of God will find that the discoveries which are made to him of what he is in himself grow deeper and deeper, until 'judgment is laid to the line, and righteousness to the plummet; and the hail sweeps away the refuge of lies, and the waters overflow the hiding-place' (Isa. xxviii. 17), and the sinner finds himself, like Joshua the high priest, standing before God, expecting condemnation; when, perhaps, the Lord the Spirit draws near, and whispers a precious word into his heart concerning the *mercy, pardon, and love* which are to be found in Christ. Then the poor sinner begins to discover that he is not to look for that in himself which can make him acceptable in God's sight, but that he can find it alone in Christ. Now *hope* springs up, and it is this '*hope deferred that maketh the heart sick*.'

"I shall endeavour to consider this morning,

"I. *The heart sick;*

"II. *The desire coming; and,*

"III. *That to those to whom it comes it is a tree of life.*

"When a sinner is brought to feel that there is no hope in himself, then it is that another object is presented to him. 'He shall convince the world of sin.' The sinner is brought in guilty before God; he stands forth judged and condemned. But he shall not only convince of sin, but he shall convince 'of righteousness.' By the shining of the light of life in the soul, the sinner sees that he has no righteousness of his own; but as soon as the Lord the Spirit points the soul to that one glorious object,—*Christ and his precious righteousness*, from that moment the hope of the sinner is fixed upon that one object that is set before him; then '*hope deferred maketh the heart sick*,' waiting for the coming of Christ. But then hope is there, and hope cannot be in existence in any man's heart until he is born again from above. There must be first the new birth, the entrance of life, and that life *eternal* life,—that life containing in it the *light* of life.

“As I have already shown you, HOPE is there because the *Spirit* is there, taking of the things of Christ and revealing them unto faith. FAITH must be there, or there could be no HOPE; and these things could not exist in any heart where there is not LIFE. . . . And if HOPE be there, LOVE is there; and if love is there, CHRIST himself is there. The apostle says, ‘I am crucified with Christ;’ I that was dead in sin ‘am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me.’ (Gal. ii. 20.)

“This is the life of faith, and Christ is our ‘*Tree of life*.’ This is to have ‘Christ formed in the heart the hope of glory;’ and if we have Christ formed in our hearts, it is our privilege to know that every blessed promise in the word of God belongs to us; and ‘all the promises of God in him are Yea, and in him Amen, to the glory of God by us.’ (2 Cor. i. 20.)

“The promise is given when *life* is given; but *hope* is deferred. We see this carried out very beautifully in the case of Abraham. The promise was given long before it was fulfilled (Gen. xvii. 4-8), and ‘hope deferred’ made poor Abraham’s heart sick. We see it in the case of the disciples travelling to Emmaus: ‘We trusted,’ said they, ‘that it had been he that should have redeemed Israel.’ (Luke xxiv. 21.) But how soon did their heart-sickness give way when Jesus drew near and talked with them, and opened the scriptures to their renewed minds! Then hope sprang up. It is this hope that ‘lifts up the hands that hang down, and confirms the feeble knees.’ It says to the fearful, hasty heart, ‘BE STRONG! FEAR NOT!’

“How many of us know what it is thus to go on from day to day? For it is a continuous thing, we find throughout the whole of our journey,—not only at the beginning, but throughout the whole of it,—that ‘hope deferred maketh the heart sick.’ The word *sick* here signifies to be worn out with a felt sense of total weakness. It is the same word which is given us in Isa. liii. 10: ‘It pleased the Lord to bruise him; he hath *worn him out with grief*.’ Again we have it blessedly set forth in the closing up of Isa. xl.: ‘He giveth power to the faint;’ but they must be brought to this point,—they must know what heart-sickness is. When a person faints, he has no strength whatever; all is prostrate. There is no condition so weak and helpless as a fainting condition; yet ‘he giveth power to the faint, and to them that have *no might*,’ who are worn out entirely in waiting and watching for the coming of the Lord, whether it be when he first speaks pardon and peace to the soul, or whether it be in after manifestation to ‘bring our souls out of prison, that we may praise his name.’ ‘He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might he increaseth strength. Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall;’ then we need not wonder that the *new-born babe* should faint and be weary, if the young men shall *utterly fall*. Yes, dear Little-Faith, you must know what heart-sickness is; you must know what it is to faint. ‘But they that wait upon the Lord shall *change* [margin] strength.’ The Lord will take their weakness, and give them his strength; but they must come to the fainting-point; they shall faint and fail that they may arise and prevail. But it is always in the Lord’s strength, not in their own. ‘The Lord help you to realize with me the blessedness of coming thus, helpless in self, feeling sick at heart, putting our mouths in the dust, if so be there may be hope.’”

Obituary.

DAVID SMITH.—On June 5th, at Godmanchester, aged 58, Mr. D. Smith, minister of the gospel.

The deceased was born at Ossett, near Wakefield, Yorkshire. He was a cloth-weaver, a steady, working, moral man, and was not allowed to run to such lengths of sin and wickedness as many do. He was a teacher in the Sabbath school among the Independents; but after a time he heard a powerful voice in his conscience, and he felt himself to be a vile guilty sinner; and as his state was not entered into or traced out by the minister he sat under, he became very dissatisfied, and left the place, wandering here and there after the bread of eternal life. Sometimes he was raised to hope, and helped with a little help under the means; but his soul was brought into happy liberty when wandering in deep soul-trouble in the fields.

Soon after this he was led to see the ordinance of believers' baptism, and was joined to the church at Thornhill Edge, where he was much favoured in his soul under the several supplies they had for some time.

After this his mind became deeply exercised about the ministry; and the friends wished him to speak amongst them as one of their supplies. Doors were soon opened for him, and the Lord blessed him in the work; but he often went to the pulpit bowed down and greatly exercised and tried. He often said it was a very solemn work for him to stand between the living and the dead.

After he had been preaching a few years, he received a call to settle over a few people in Leicestershire, which call he accepted. He was also an acceptable supply to many churches round, where his labours were owned and blessed of God, as many can testify. It was his desire and aim to exalt a precious Christ, and lay the sinner low in the dust of self-abasement. He went into Leicestershire in 1864.

In August last, when he had left home for Oxford, at Rugby Station he was seized with a slight stroke, which prevented him from preaching at Oxford; but he so far recovered as to go on to Reading, where he stood engaged for two Lord's days, which he fulfilled in much trembling and weakness. He was afterwards laid aside for nine Sabbaths, and was then enabled to speak once on a Lord's day for a time; but his health was never established again. He felt anxious to fulfil the engagements made before that time, but feared to make fresh engagements. He was much exercised when leaving home for Hastings; but the Lord graciously spoke these words, which comforted him: "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest." This was sweetly fulfilled; for he returned home better in body and mind.

He left home for Leicester, where he spoke at Alfred Street chapel two Lord's days, and on the 3rd of June, inst., came to Godmanchester to fulfil his last engagement. He appeared very

weak and feeble in body; but on the Saturday said he felt better; and on the Lord's day morning walked quietly to the chapel. He read Ps. xc. in a very solemn and expressive manner, and his prayer was very weighty. He gave out his text: Hos. ii. 14.

The following was written by one of the congregation: The prayer was indeed weighty, he made such solemn confessions to God about his own condition as a guilty sinner. He said, as in the sight of God, "Although thou hast kept me from outward evils, so that my fellow-creature can discern nothing; yet I feel the loathsome plague within, which tries me much, and makes me feel the need of being washed in the blood of the Redeemer, and clothed in his righteousness." And he added that a holy God could not look upon him in any other way. He said he would not be deceived. He did not want to be a mere outer-court worshipper; but he wanted to be found among the true worshippers, who worship God in the Spirit. He prayed very earnestly for those who were in any trouble, and for Mr. Godwin, that his message might be blessed to the people where he was gone to supply. It was very solemn indeed. I hope God may fulfil his petitions. I enjoyed dear Mr. Smith's preaching very much while he was speaking, and I believe also that many others felt it to be a solemn time, as it was quite evident from the weeping which I saw about the chapel with some of the friends; but much has escaped my mind since I heard him preach, as I had no thought whatever of writing. He read his text: "Therefore, behold, I will allure her;" and he commenced, as far as I remember, to speak of the blessedness of the Bible, of what solemn truths it contained, and what a help and comfort they have been to the children of God in their troubles, and how God prepared his people's hearts to receive his word. It was by the various troubles they passed through to weaken their strength that they might say with the apostle Paul, "When I am weak, then am I strong," and "I can do all things through Christ that strengthens me." He said, "This is God's way of working, though painful to flesh and blood." Also, "There is some talk of revising the Bible and bringing out a new one; but for my part I do not want a better book, as it cannot be improved." He seemed much blessed and happy while speaking, and said, "I have just found a key to my text; I am glad of it. It has just come in time; and it is this: 'I will abundantly bless her provision, and fill her poor with bread.'" He spoke very blessedly of the provision God had made in Christ for their security and salvation before time began, and added, "I know that God's sovereignty is thought a hard doctrine by some people, and my carnal nature does not like it, and never did; but such blessed truths are the only foundation of my hope of heaven now." He also said that the doctrines of grace could only be known aright as taught by the Spirit of God, and contended that they did not lead to sin but to holiness of life in conduct and conversation. He knew some professors had a Balaam's

head and heart; but the children of God desired to walk in his fear all their days, and walk humbly with God. He spoke very sweetly as to the way the woman in his text was set forth by God causing a deep sleep to fall upon Adam. He took one of his ribs, of it to make a woman, and brought her unto Adam. He showed how the church was given to Christ, and he accepted of her with all the consequences.

He kept on speaking until about a quarter to twelve o'clock; when his voice began to falter a little; and he said, "Friends, I must close my discourse. May the Lord bless it to your souls. I feel sick." He sat down, and a friend went with water; but it was seen that he was in a fit. He never spoke again. He was taken to Mr. Godwin's house; but the doctor gave no hope of his recovery. He breathed his last about four o'clock. His sorrowing wife, who was with him, said, "O! If you could but speak to me!" He raised both his arms, showing he was conscious, but unable to speak; and he gently breathed his last. He did indeed die in harness, as he had often expressed a wish to do.

He was buried on the 8th by Mr. Godwin, in the chapel-yard at Godmanchester, the friends at Godmanchester defraying all expenses. There was a large number of persons present; and it was a solemn time indeed, seeing how the Lord is calling home his servants. May he raise up more faithful labourers, who will give a certain sound and lead and feed the church of God; and he shall have the praise.

Mourn, Zion, mourn. Yes, let affection's tear
 Flow unrestrain'd upon the loved one's bier.
 The Lord is calling fast his servants home;
 One we much loved now lies in yonder tomb,
 There to remain till that great solemn day
 When he shall stand in heavenly array;
 No trace of sin, no aching heart, no pain!
 O! Surely then *our* loss must be *his* gain.
 No heart disease shall mar his sacred song,
 But with the ransom'd in that happy throng,
 With palm in hand, in heavenly attire,
 His soul will join with that angelic choir
 To sing of Him who loved him, for him died.
 Christ is the church's Head, the church his bride.
 On this sweet theme his soul would often dwell,
 His words were few, but weighty oft they fell
 With dew and savour on the downcast saints,
 To cheer their spirits, banish their complaints.
 His heart's desire the Lord in mercy gave,
 And took him from the pulpit to the grave.
 While telling "*God would feed his poor with bread,*"
 He went to banquet at the fountain-head.
 But, solemn thought! His voice no more we hear!
 Yet murmur not; be rather of good cheer;
 His God has call'd him from impending ill;
 'Tis ours to kiss the rod, repine not, but be still.

Poor Zion yet must wage the war with hell.
 'Twill soon be over; how soon none can tell.
 May we, like him, when comes the midnight cry,
 Be ready. Yea, for this we oftentimes sigh,—
 That death may land us on that peaceful shore
 Where sins, temptations, shall distress no more!
 For his bereaved we lift our hearts in prayer;
 Dear Lord, protect her, and be still her care;
 Be thou her God to succour, help, and bless
 Her onward journey through this wilderness.
 Then call her home, where tears are wiped away;
 No night, no darkness there; 'tis always day.
 And for thy church and people, Lord, appear,
 And raise up others who thy name shall bear,
 To feed thy flock thy churches here below,
 And cause their hearts with love and praise to flow.
 To see thy power in calling sinners yet
 Till all shall come to their Redeemer's feet.
 One song shall then their ransom'd souls employ,
 One God, Redeemer, Saviour, be their joy.

Leicester, June 14, 1870.

DIXON BURN.—On Oct. 17th, 1869, aged 84, Dixon Burn, tailor and draper, formerly of East Rainton.

When my father and mother, though both of them were very young, were engaged to be married, they agreed together, as they said, to give themselves to the Lord and to serve him. This resolution, come to in much ignorance, was carried out according to their limited understanding of God's ways. Hence my father was early associated with the Wesleyans; but he did not long enjoy rest among them; for the Lord in due time made him honest and sensible of his depravity, and when others rejoiced that they were advancing in holiness, he could only answer that he felt himself a guilty sinner. Instead of being content, like many of them, to remain in ignorance of the will of God, he searched the scriptures, and found them at variance with Wesleyan teaching. Hence, without any intention of being troublesome, as he himself was disquieted in his spirit, he sought information of his leaders, and asked questions till he troubled them. They could not answer his questions, nor give him the information he required; so, finding no rest among them, he sought it elsewhere. This was a sore trial to him, and my poor dear mother was so grieved that she flung the book at him, and told him he was going to ruin both himself and her. It was such a trial to him as few can comprehend, he being in business in a country district where all the best people were Wesleyans.

By the good providence of God, who orders all our steps, my dear father was led to hear the late Samuel Turner, of Sunderland, and from him heard the first sermon which clearly showed him the nature of the gospel as adapted to the wants of guilty, weak, and miserable sinners. All the days of his life he spoke of this sermon and the power that attended it. The reading of the scriptures afterwards led my father to be baptized; and this was the only reason why he did not join the church (Mr. Turner's) at Corn Market Chapel, Sunderland. He was baptized by Mr. Watts, of Sunderland, when, as near as I can tell, he would be about 25 years old. He was the means of bringing Mr. Watts out to Houghton-le-Spring, and was the first fruits of that church, where we now worship. I can bear witness, having been with him in many of his temptations, how the Lord led him about in the wilderness for 40 years

to instruct him, how the Lord humbled him and caused him to hunger, that he might learn that great lesson that man doth not live by bread alone, but by every word of God.

He was confined to his bed about four months before he died; and, having been with him often in that time, I am able to say that his conversation was very spiritual, and a great blessing to hear it. Having settled his affairs, he said, "I am now done with the world;" and from that time worldly things never occupied his attention. He was so borne up above the world and every fear that we did in a manner behold him ascending to his Father, blessing us, and speaking to us of the things of the kingdom, till we saw him no more. He exhorted all his friends to read God's word, speaking after this manner: "There are many good men, many that I know who are very zealous for religion; but they are ignorant of God's word; and they are ignorant because they read it not. But if we neglect God's word we neglect God and our own mercies. There is no other God but the God revealed in his word; and if we love his word we love God."

Amongst the many sweet things that he said, the following are recorded: "Not one good thing that God has promised has failed me. Goodness and mercy have followed me all my days, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever. What a great truth that is. God will deal with me as a righteous man, not because I am righteous in myself, but because he has made me righteous in his Son. All things are mine because Christ is mine. I am in him and he is in me. And I know that I am in him because he is in me, and he is in me the hope of glory. By the blood of Jesus, by it only, we have entrance into the holiest of all. By his blood we are without fault before the throne. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost. We never should have known the Lord unless he had first known us.

"Grace all the work shall crown
Through time and endless days;
It lies in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise."

God will give grace and glory, and no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly. But there is no upright walking but in the Lord."

Being raised out of bed and helped to his chair, he said, "I am going." He breathed, and his spirit departed, we believe, to be for ever with the Lord.

DIXON BURN.

Houghton-le-Spring, Durham, May 15, 1870.

THOMAS MEAD.—On March 1st, 1870, at Enford, Wilts, aged 69, Thomas Mead.

As stated by himself, he was under serious conviction when but a lad, which was a means of preserving him from sin; and when about 17 years of age the Lord was pleased to reveal unto him his undone state as a sinner. This led him to the house of God, and to his word.

After a time he was received into the church by baptism, at Shriveton, Wilts; while there, he soon began to speak to his companions and others in the name of the Lord; but the Lord in his providence removed him to Alington, near Salisbury. There he opened his own house, starting a Sabbath school, and preached there the word of life, and there it was I for the first time became acquainted with him, now about 27 years ago. Souls were then brought to the Lord through his labours. Some of them are gone home, and some there are yet alive, with whom I am personally acquainted. The cottage not being large enough, they met at the house where lived both husband and wife who had been brought

to know the Lord through hearing Mr. Mead, their room being much larger. There was good attendance, and God owned the labours of his dear servant. But this cottage belonged to a person who was a defender of free-will doctrines, a Primitive Methodist, and poor Mead was soon prevented preaching there any more.

About this time he removed to the next village, Boscombe, where he carried on his carpentering trade, and there, in his own hired house, he preached the things concerning the Lord Jesus, and on Sabbath afternoons would go and preach to the navvies on the railway leading from Salisbury to Andover, and in the evening again at his own dwelling.

Not long after, he removed to Ludgershall, where he preached more constantly, having been one of their supplies before; but his stay there was not long, and his health was giving way apace. It was even painful to hear him; but his heart and soul were in the work. Nothing in this world was so dear to him as the glory of God. The truth was his delight, and solemnity seemed stamped on his daily conduct, but especially his preaching. It was through him as a means that our little chapel was ever built at Shipton.

His last removal before death was to Longstreet, in the parish of Enford. Being now near Netheravon, he spoke there when his health and opportunity permitted, as also at Enford and Upavon; but his poor weak frame and his wasting lungs made it really distressing every time that he preached; towards the last it made him distressingly ill. I have heard some of our friends say they have enjoyed the word much when he was able to speak. His theme was grace, free grace. He was an avowed enemy to Antinomianism. The last discourse he ever delivered was at the burial of my dear wife, at Netheravon.

A few years ago he told me he had had such a delightful view of Rom. viii., especially of verses 28-30, that he had never had before.

He was sorely tempted by the devil; but he would say, "He cannot move me; he cannot get me off the Rock." One of his sayings was, "He cannot get through the blood." He was often exclaiming, "What a poor vile sinner I am!" The blood of the everlasting covenant was all his delightful hope. Of all the preachers I ever met, I never met one that said so little of himself.

As he drew near his end, he said to his nurse and housekeeper, "I long to go. It is better to die than to live." His housekeeper, who is a gracious woman, told me that not a murmur did she hear from his lips. The solemn moment had arrived; he raised his hand in token of victory, and said, "Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ;" and then, without the least struggle, fell asleep.

R. MOWER.

JOHN MAIL.—On April 10th, 1870, John Mail, aged 77, for many years a member of the little cause, Ebenezer, Melksham, Wilts.

He was one who knew what tribulation meant, and was made to feel his state as a poor helpless sinner before God, as well as to rejoice at times in the covenant well ordered and sure, and was greatly favoured towards his end with a simple child-like confidence that all would be well at last. He was laid by for about three months with an increasing asthma. His breath being so short, he was compelled to sit up in a chair, both night and day, until a short time before his death.

One Lord's day he was taken a great deal worse about five o'clock in the morning, and called to the person with whom he was lodging to get him some tea. It was evident his end was near. I saw him about ten o'clock. He appeared to be in a sweet frame, as he kept trying to sing, and between these attempts calling on his dear Jesus to come and take him home. He continued in this frame, as far as I could ascer-

tain, until about half-past one the same day, and breathed his last without a struggle.

ELIZA SAYER.—On May 5th, 1870, aged 62, Eliza Sayer, a member of the Baptist church at Witham.

She was one of the first fruits of the ministry here of our late esteemed pastor, Mr. Forster. She entered the chapel dead in sin, and the Lord sent his word into her heart. The ministry of Mr. Forster was afterwards greatly blessed to her, and she was ultimately baptized by him, and continued an honourable member and much loved by the church until her death.

Although a very healthy woman, she was carried away in five days by an inflammation in her throat, which passed into the body. I visited her when dying, and found her confident and calm, without a doubt of her eternal safety in the Lord. Seeing her husband weeping, she said, "Do not cry for me; as all is well;" and she said to me, "Give my love to my brothers and sisters in the Lord, and tell them I *shall* meet them in heaven." This she repeated twice, and then said, "I want to praise him for what he has done for my soul." Thus she passed away to that rest that remaineth for the people of God.

Much more she said; but I know your valuable work requires brevity. Witham, May 17, 1870.

A. SAYER, Deacon.

ANN ALICE ROBINSON.—On March 21st, 1870, aged 37, Ann Alice wife of Mr. R. M. Robinson, Stamford.

Her illness, disease of the lungs, made rapid progress; medical assistance proved of no avail to stay the effect of that fatal complaint. She gradually declined, and took to her bed on March 1st. She seemed, at first, to rally a little, and we thought she would recover. Her little family was much on her mind.

On Tuesday, the 8th, she was worse, evidently getting weaker. Her great prostration of body kept her from speaking much. When asked the state of her mind, she said, "No joy; but the enemy is not permitted to harass me. I feel a calm resting upon the Lord." I asked her if she felt afraid of death. She said, "Rather." But, blessed be the name of the Lord, he graciously appeared to her a few hours before she departed, and enabled her to testify of the goodness of the Lord unto her soul.

About eleven o'clock on the Sunday evening I was not by her side. She said with much earnestness, "Call him; call him!" In a few minutes I was there. There was a death struggle. When enabled to speak, she said, I thought I was going without being able to speak to you. She hoped the Lord would support me under the trial, and said, "Jesus is precious. I feel firm on the Rock. Christ is mine and I am his. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters." She said, "Read John xiv. Jesus is precious, *very* precious." A few verses were read; it was a favourite chapter with her. She was asked if she felt the power and sweetness of it. She said, "Yes." But, another struggle coming on, she was unable to give particulars. After this she gradually sank and expired. She did not mention the children again. She had committed them to the Lord, and they seemed quite taken off her mind at the last.

It is a heavy trial, but I feel supported under it by the faithfulness of the Lord unto her in not leaving her in the hour and article of death, but giving her a sweet and gentle dismissal from this body of sin and death, to be for ever with the Lord.

She was a member of the church at Stamford.

R. M. R.

JAMES LACEY.—On May 6th, 1870, aged 58, at Brompton, James Lacey, late of Sandown, Isle of Wight, and formerly of Wolverhampton, Staffordshire.

He was an earnest, firm, and consistent believer in the faith of which the "Gospel Standard" (to which he had subscribed, as a purchaser, from the publication of its first number to that of the one for the current month) is the organ and exponent.

During the last week or two he appeared to have had a vague consciousness of his approaching departure, and felt more keenly than ordinarily the priceless value of God's goodness and mercy; so that his latest hours were spent in communion with God and prayer for the welfare and salvation of his family, whom he felt he was shortly, though not so soon, to leave behind.

On Wednesday night, his wife, at his request, read to him several of the psalms (which he had himself previously selected and marked) and the late Mr. Philpot's last sermon; from all of which he derived the greatest pleasure and consolation. Owing to a sudden rupture of a blood-vessel, caused by coughing, and the consequent hemorrhage, he was unable to speak; but we who mourn his loss indulge the hope that in his last look, so earnestly fixed on heaven and Him who reigns there, was expressed and concentrated *all* that, could he have spoken, he would wish to have said in his last moments; and our chief consolation in our bereavement is that though he has left us, he has gone from a world which was fraught for him with more than ordinary care and trouble and suffering, to that peaceful shore to which he had throughout his whole life so hopefully and confidently looked, and "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

The last offices were performed by Mr. Brandon, of Brompton; and for which, as also for his words of comfort and consolation, we desire now to express our warmest thanks.

JOHN T. LACEY.

10, Southborough Road, South Hackney, May, 1870.

JOHN WICKS.—On Jan. 20th, 1870, aged 77, John Wicks, for many years a consistent member of the Baptist church, Chelmsford.

Whatever seat was empty at the chapel, John's was always filled, nothing but illness keeping him at home. He loved to hear his dear Lord exalted and the sinner laid low. Though he could not read a letter in the Bible, the Lord had well read it into him, and it was a pleasure to sit and listen to his conversation. Many times has the writer been cheered on the way in listening to this dear old saint of God exalting the dear Lord and laying the sinner low, the vilest. He was blessed with a sweet assurance of his interest in Christ, and he sweetly glided out of time into the arms of his dear Lord, in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection.

Methinks I see him now at rest,
In the bright mansion love ordain'd;
His head reclines on Jesu's breast,
No more by sin or sorrow pain'd.

Fearless he enter'd Jordan's flood;
At peace with heav'n he closed his eyes;
His only trust was Jesu's blood,
In sure and certain hope to rise.

L. C.

ALICE THOMPSON.—On March 4th, 1870, in her 67th year, Alice Thompson, member of the church at Zoar Chapel, Preston.

She was baptized by Mr. M'Kenzie, in the river Ribbie, along with twelve others, in the year 1837. She was laid up by sickness for the last two years. Hymn 173 was greatly blessed to her soul: "Jesus, before thy face I fall," &c. But towards the last Satan was permitted to tempt her as to the reality of her religion, and a cloud obscured her hopes. As her end drew nigh, she seemed to pray earnestly. God appeared and blessed her soul about half an hour before she died, when she lifted up both her arms and waved them, with a smile on her face. Her sister said, "Has Jesus come?" She said, "Yes, yes;" and then fell asleep in Jesus.

T. W. K.

LUCY DOE.—On May 31st, aged 63, Lucy Doc, wife of Mr. Doc, minister of the gospel. Particulars in our next (D.V.)

MR. MARKS.—On July 6th, aged , Mr. Marks, late of Cambridge, minister of the gospel. He had recently given up preaching, and gone to reside at Hastings, for the benefit of his health. He went to the Tabernacle in the evening of the above day, to hear Mr. Forster. Mr. F. had just taken his text, when Mr. M.'s head fell. He was instantly attended to; but his spirit had departed.

LINES TO MR. GODWIN,

ON HIS SIXTY-SEVENTH BIRTHDAY, FEBRUARY, 1870.

BELOVED friend, so swift the time runs on,
We scarce can think another year is gone;
But so it is, that seven and threescore years
Now tell thy travels in this vale of tears.

Thy age thus lengthen'd out to sixty-seven,
Thy prospects bright, well anchor'd fast in heaven,
So near thy crown, so near thy glorious rest;
Beloved of thy God, thou'rt greatly blest.

Then shall a puny worm who grows so weak
Again attempt in feeble verse to speak,
Again presume to pen a simple lay,
Again with pleasure hail thy natal day.

Though poor the offering, yet affection true
Still prompts the mind this subject to pursue;
Affection to thy glorious Master's name,
And to thyself, for truths thou dost proclaim.

Fain would I raise a monument of praise,
That here the Lord has cast thy latter days.
And many a heart responds this fervent prayer:
A little longer, Lord, thy servant spare.

We see thy cheek grow pale, thy strength decline,
And anxious think how short may be thy time.
For Zion's watchmen fast are gather'd home,
And here and there a witness stands alone.

And oft we tremble lest the God of grace
Remove the candlestick from out its place.
While hosts of guides, "Lo here!" "Lo there!" abound,
And priests and Papists lurk on all sides round.

Some strive with darkness to mix heavenly light,
Belial with Christ-Jehovah God of might;

Baubles and toys invent to please the mind,
 And suit the tastes of those who're more refined;
 While bold blasphemers madly truth deride,
 And children's children take the scorner's side.

But can such husks a hungry spirit feed,
 Or bring the soul before its God to plead?
 Will it avail in death to give relief,
 Or soothe the awaken'd soul's remorse and grief?
 Ah! That great day will speedily decide;
 Sinner and saint eternally divide;

No mixing then, no jestings will be heard,
 But all intent must hear the solemn word:
 "Depart, ye cursed, to your final home;"
 Or, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, come."

Then, man of God, while health and strength are given,
 Still freely point the only way to heaven.
 Cry out aloud, nor sleepy Zion spare;
 Arouse the slumberer from the treacherous snare.

Pour Gilead's balm in deeply-wounded hearts,
 And comfort those oppress'd with fiery darts;
 To saint and sinner thus a portion give,
 That those ordain'd to life may rise and live.

And though at times thy tender spirit grieves,
 And asks the Lord who this report believes,
 Jehovah's word can never void return;
 His sovereign righteous will it must perform,—
 Must be a savour to eternal life,
 Or death to death, in enmity and strife.

And sure 'twill well repay thy heart's desire,
 When souls and seals are granted thee for hire.
 And ah! Blest thought! What precious gems there'll be,
 To deck thy crown throughout eternity.

Thus far, dear friend, my thoughts have sped their way,
 Nor stopp'd to dwell on this thy natal day.
 What shall we wish thee now thou'rt sixty-seven?
 Earnest of joy, and rich foretastes of heaven,

May that sweet, peaceful, holy, mighty Dove,
 Brood o'er thy soul, with choicest flames of love,
 Take of thy great Redeemer's sweetest rays,
 And thus equip thee for thy future days.

And may the earthly partner of thy cares
 Share in thy joys, and mingle in thy prayers,
 That yet for days to come she still may be
 A loving wife, and tender nurse to thee.

[The above unfinished lines were found in Mrs. Baker's pocket. She departed this life, after a short illness, on Feb. 13th, 1870. Her last words were, "Bless the Lord!" three times over; and "Praise the Lord!" three times. Her age was 58.]

If thou risest from a low estate to a great one, it is but like stepping from a boat or barge into a ship; thy dangers continue, for thou art still upon the sea.—*Calamy*.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1870.

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

SEPTEMBER, 1870.

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

WISDOM.—HER HOUSE, PILLARS, AND
PROVISION.

A SERMON BY THE LATE MR. D. SMITH. PREACHED AT BEDWORTH,
FEBRUARY 17TH, 1856.

“Wisdom hath builded her house, she hath hewn out her seven pillars; she hath killed her beasts; she hath mingled her wine; she hath also furnished her table.”—PROV. IX. 1, 2.

We made a few remarks this morning upon *Wisdom*, as being the Lord Jesus Christ. We endeavoured to prove, by a few texts from the scriptures, this glorious truth. We then spoke of wisdom's *house*, and the *foundation* of the house, which is Jesus Christ our Lord; that this foundation was laid in the wisdom of God, and that Jesus Christ in the gospel is called the manifold wisdom of God. We tried to prove that the *stones* that constitute this house are living stones, dug out of the quarry of nature, polished after the similitude of a palace. We also endeavoured to show that the Holy Ghost prepared *poor sinners* for himself, that when they were well stripped they then were brought to rest their hope on the Lord Jesus as their foundation. We endeavoured to prove the *union* amongst the stones of the house, how all the stones were cemented together with love and blood. That they were united in one Spirit, even the Spirit of the Lord Jesus.

We shall now go on to show the *finishing* of the house, that when the whole election of grace are brought safe to glory, it will be ascribed to the sovereign grace of God. We shall then know that what the prophet has declared is a glorious truth: “And he shall bring forth the head-stone thereof with shoutings, crying, Grace, grace unto it.” Grace laid the foundation; grace dug the materials out of the quarry of nature, and polished them before they were used in the building; grace laid them on to the foundation; and when the building is complete it will be with shoutings, “Grace, grace unto it.” It is Jesus Christ who is the Head, the Foundation, and the Corner-stone. He shall bear all the glory of his Father's house. Glory is due unto him. Bless his precious name, we must give all praise to him. When we feel stripped of everything in ourselves, and led by his blessed

Spirit to see all our treasure is in him, we then shall give him all the glory, put the crown on his head, and crown him Lord of all. The work is in his own hands, and he shall have all the glory. "For he was counted worthy of more glory than Moses, inasmuch as he who hath builded the house hath more honour than the house." Thus Jesus Christ is glorified in the salvation of all his dear family.

We shall now proceed to notice the *seven pillars* of Wisdom's house. Pillars are in the scripture spoken of as monuments raised up; as when Jacob raised the stones for a pillar, and anointed them, when God paid him a special visit.

The church of God is also compared to a pillar, or a monument, as we read in Paul's epistle to Timothy. It is there said, "The pillar and ground of the truth." So the church is here raised up to the glory of Jesus Christ, as a monument of his mercy and grace. Thus we say, a pillar. Sometimes in the scriptures, ministers are meant; gospel ministers are compared to pillars. In Gal. ii. 9 we read, "And when James, Cephas, and John," who seemed to be pillars, "perceived the grace that was given unto me, they gave to me and Barnabas the right hand of fellowship, that we should go unto the heathen, and they unto the circumcision." So here the ministers are called pillars. By their being pillars, I do not understand that they should bear up the house of God; they are made rulers in the ways of the house itself, the glory that is put on them, for the good of the church.

We notice, it is said, *seven pillars*. This I understand to be illustrative of men qualified by the Holy Ghost for the work of the ministry; a definite number put for an indefinite; so that where God has designed men for the work of the ministry, he will fit and prepare them for the work they have to do. Hence Paul, in writing to the churches in his various epistles, says, "Paul, an apostle of Jesus Christ, by the will of God." You see it is the will of God that Paul should be a minister to the church of the living God. Sure I am that God who calls a man, qualifies him for the work of the ministry, also sends him forth; so that, in some measure, he is enabled to give an account how the Lord raised him up and sent him forth, to be useful to his church and people, while they are on earth. He never sent a man but he gave him a message to deliver to the people. The people who sit under him have some testimony in their soul's experience that he is sent of the Lord. I do not know a greater evidence than when the word is attended with divine power, when it comes home to the conscience by the power of the Holy Ghost. And thus Paul himself speaks of the affair. He says, "And my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit, and of power; that your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God." So that there will be a similarity between the minister of the gospel and what he has tasted, and handled, and felt of

God's good word of eternal life and the people. In this state they meet together. Their hearts are knit, while the man traces out the footsteps of the flock, describing what they are passing through, and making known their state and the circumstances in which they are placed; so that he is made a blessing to them.

I will, then, in enlarging a little on the words of the text, endeavour to glance at a few things through which I have passed, what I experienced in my own soul when I began to speak a little in the name of the Lord.

The first sermon I delivered here, some of you will remember, was in declaring what the Lord had done for my soul, how the Lord brought me out of nature's darkness into the marvellous light of the glorious gospel of the grace of God,—a few of the exercises of my mind; therefore I will begin with stating what God has done for my soul as to the ministry.

First, I was amongst the Independents. After I left them, I joined the Baptists, as baptism had been laid on my mind from this text: "For even hereunto were ye called, because Christ also suffered, leaving us an example that we should follow his steps." That we *should*. He not only left us an example, but gave us a commandment. Now the words of the Saviour, "Suffer it to be so now, for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness," rested on my mind. I could not rest until I had attended to this ordinance. I was proposed as a member to the church, was received, and went through the ordinance; and a time of rejoicing it was to my soul; I shall not forget it, and, my friends, let me tell you just to come to the word of God, to try and see whether these things are so or not. I recommend this to those who believe in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. After I had been some little time with the people, they would have me stand up and speak to them, when they were without a minister. They pressed me a long time before I would consent; yet when I denied them, I generally went home with a conscience burdened and oppressed. They were so pressing that at last I consented. I read a chapter, and stood up with great trembling. When I read the chapter, the few remarks I understood were made a blessing unto them, so that they requested me to speak again; and at last they got me to yield. I stood up in the pulpit, and took a text. The first text I spoke from I was under a cloud, shut up. I was greatly exercised, I was in darkness, a darkness that could be felt. I had so much darkness and coldness in my feelings that I thought I should not be able to speak another time, I thought I never could stand up before the people again. Sometimes I was ready to make a resolution that I would not. I was determined not to stand up any more before them. They still pressed me. Once I remember, on the road to the chapel, I stood till the tears rolled from my eyes. I wished I had been about anything else rather than having to stand up in the name of the Lord. Generally, when I went in dark seasons, I found most liberty. Therefore I was encouraged to keep on. This I experienced as

I went on,—I began to feel more liberty in speaking from the word of the Lord, I began to have enlarged views of the scriptures. Texts were opened up, and I felt liberty in speaking from them; until at last I began to find pride working within me. I will be honest, and speak out, as far as I can. At last I began to think I was some great man or other. I felt lifted up so much as to my being at liberty in speaking, when endeavouring to open up a text. Thus was I lifted up with pride. Ah, my friends! I cannot tell you to what extent a man may go, when left to himself. I was expecting to become some great creature; but I had some painful work, deep exercises to go through.

I had been removed, in the providence of God, a little distance from my dwelling, where I spoke to the people in the name of the Lord. When I got there, I enjoyed much liberty for a time; the people seemed to receive me in heart and affection. After I had been three or four times, there was a change in my feelings, such as I shall never forget as long as I live. All was darkness, deadness, and barrenness in the pulpit. I seldom had a text. One time, being in a very rebellious state of mind, I could not find a text. I went to the chapel; still no text, and I had to stand up, not knowing how it would turn out with me. All was dark until the second time of singing. I opened the Bible, and my eyes rested upon these words: "Wilt thou not revive us again, that thy people may rejoice in thee?" I was obliged to seize it, though, when I read it, I knew no more how to commence speaking upon it than if I had never seen it before. I had no light; therefore I began to speak to tell out a little the state of my mind, the darkness through which I was passing, the bondage I felt, and my fretfulness against the Lord. Such was the state of my mind, I could not fully describe the whole of it. There sat a poor woman in the place, who had been in a similar state. When I described the feelings of my mind, and began to see a little into my text, the subject opened up as I spoke; so that I had a sweet time in my soul. I was led feelingly and forcibly to describe where the poor sinner was, and how the Lord revived him. The poor woman said she got liberty from that sermon, liberty in her soul's experience, while I was speaking. If I felt liberty, when I had done, the same darkness would come over my feelings before I had gone down the pulpit stairs. Then the devil would set on me, and tempt me in various ways. I cannot tell the temptations through which I passed. How I was tempted to turn aside, and leave the people. Still the Lord, in his providence, held me fast,—did not leave me. Ah, friends! I cannot describe the deadness I passed through. Sometimes I would rise from my bed, upon a Sunday morning, fall upon my knees, tears rolling from my eyes, because I had no feeling sense of the mercy of God. The time and depth of trouble my soul passed through I think was worse than when under the convincing power of God the eternal Spirit, such darkness of mind, which often made me think of the words of

the prophet, when he said, "He hath brought me into darkness, and not into light."

I remained for some time in this deplorable state of mind. I could not find any access; the people did not understand it. They seemed to profit more by my state of mind than they did under the word preached. Here I was, till I made up my mind that preach I would not. While coming to this conclusion, I began to feel more access to a throne of grace. I told the Lord the state I was in, and I began to complain to him, saying, "Lord, I cannot preach. O do send by whom thou wilt send; send any one but me." I then complained to the Lord that I was unable to preach. Then a text would come to my mind: "We are not sufficient of ourselves to think anything as of ourselves. Our sufficiency is of God." "Well, Lord," I said, "I cannot preach. I find and feel so much of my own insufficiency, send any one but me. Lord, do not suffer me to go, when I see and feel so much of my own foolishness." These words then came with power: "I have chosen the foolish things of this world to confound the wise, and the base things of the world to confound the mighty, and things that are not hath God chosen, to bring to nought things that are, that no flesh should glory in his presence." "Lord, I cannot preach; I cannot trace out the footsteps of the flock. I see so much foolishness when I attempt to preach a sermon, so many things left out that ought to be brought in, really, putting the whole together, it seems foolishness." The words came again: "It pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe." I said, "Lord, I cannot preach. In what I say I see so much foolishness that I cannot preach." The distress of my mind was so great that really sometimes I would stand out of doors till I thought I should catch cold, be sick, take to my bed, and so escape preaching on the Lord's day. These things passed through my mind. I kept making objections, until these words came with some power to my soul: "Get thee down, and preach the preaching that I shall bid thee." This humbled me, and laid me low, and I looked up and said, "Lord, if thou hast designed me for the work, and I must go and speak to the people, do give me a text; give me a message to deliver to them." My friends, the Lord granted my desire, gave me a text. I stood up before the people and enjoyed great liberty. The dew rested on my soul, and I was enabled, through the blessed Spirit's teaching, experimentally to enter into my text, with not only comfort to my own soul, but to the edification of the people.

These are not the whole of the troubles I have passed through. I have only just glanced at them, in order to show the trouble I was in, and the deliverance wrought for me by the ever-blessed God. I have since passed through many trials, often been without a text when I have stood up before the people, not knowing what subject I should speak from. Sometimes I have laboured to find a text; then I have got a few texts to bring

before the people; but as soon as I stood up, all was confusion. I have lost the whole of what I had made up, and the Lord has led me quite another way; so that I have seen it is the wisdom of God, and that only, that will qualify a man for the ministry. None know the distress that many pass through who have to stand up before the people.

Sometimes I have been led into the pulpit without a text or sermon, and just in time a text has come, and I have enjoyed some degree of liberty in speaking. Thus the Lord has led me on. I have at times gone into the pulpit sighing, groaning, beseeching, and praying for a text, and I have generally found liberty and freedom. The lower I have sunk in my feelings, as soon as I have begun to speak, the more my soul has been indulged with liberty.

Thus we see the hewing out of her seven pillars in the text: "Wisdom hath hewn out her seven pillars."

I understand by the word seven, it means a perfect number. As there are seven mentioned in my text, I understand none but those who are sent of God, only those whom he has taught, are qualified, and sent forth to preach the gospel of the grace of God. These are the only ones who are qualified and sent forth. These are taught experimentally by him,—the whole of them; not one runs this way in his own strength or wisdom. Human learning can do nothing in the pulpit. Paul himself, though he sat at the feet of Gamaliel, what he learnt there he unlearnt in the school of Christ. Therefore, when he went forth, it was in the name of the Lord God Almighty, speaking those things the Lord had made known to him.

"She hath killed her beasts." As this is in the plural number, there is a reference to the beasts slain under the law. They all set forth the Lord Jesus. If we turn our attention to the first sacrifice ever offered, it was offered in faith. "By faith Abel offered to God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain." His faith was fixed upon the righteousness of the Lord Jesus; his faith looked forward to the time when our Lord should die on the cross at Calvary.

We just trace out these things also in the ceremonial law; such as the offering up of the lamb, the morning and evening sacrifice, which set forth the Lord Jesus Christ, as the Lamb slain from before the foundation of the world. John had a sweet view of him when he came, and he refers no doubt to the morning and evening sacrifice, when he said, "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world."

"She hath killed her beasts." We will just glance at the scape-goat, a beautiful representation of the Lord Jesus Christ. As one could not represent Christ, two were chosen, one for the Lord, the other for the people. As they were chosen one for the Lord, which was to be slain, the other to bear the sins of the people into the land of forgetfulness, so there is set forth Christ's death on the cross at Calvary.

The comparison may be drawn between Aaron the priest and sensible sinners. They are kings and priests to our God, and as he stands confessing the sins of the children of Israel over the head of the scape-goat, so a sensible sinner by faith lays his hand on the head of the Lord Jesus, and confesses his sins. Dr. Watts, in his hymn, sets it forth very plainly, and my soul has felt some sweetness from it:

“ My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine;
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

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

So the beasts under the law represented Christ. One was slain, the other was let go, which bore the sins of the people into the land of forgetfulness.

I understand it was the scape-goat that was taken by the hand of a fit man, who tied a scarlet thread about his throat, and led him on till it became white.* He was then let go. This brings a text to my mind: “Come now, let us reason together; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.”

The Lord’s people feel they are such sinners in the sight of God that they conclude they are too vile to be forgiven. They have sinned against light and conscience. How, then, can they expect to be forgiven? Yet remember, poor sinner, the blood of Christ cleanses from all sin.

“She hath mingled her wine.” This wine I understand to represent the love of God. In this scripture wisdom is said to mingle her wine. I understand it is mingling blood and love. Here we have the dying love of our Lord Jesus Christ set forth. This subject, my friends, will never become old to me. Let me dwell upon it. Sabbath after Sabbath, it is still fresh to my soul. What should we do without blood and love? We should be lost for ever. If it was not for this mingling in our text the blood and love of our Lord Jesus Christ, there would be no salvation for my poor soul.

My friends, this shall be our song here, while we remain in Meshech, and we shall sing of it before the throne of God: “Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, to Him be glory for ever and ever.”

“She hath furnished her table.” Now furnishing the table is setting forth the precious things of the Lord’s house to the people. We refer to the prodigal. It sets forth the entertainment for the coming sinner. When he is brought, he has given to him the wedding garment, the best robe. The father said to the servants, “Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him.” This is to make

* This certainly was not the case.

him fit to sit down at the table. Those only have a right to the wedding supper who have on the wedding garment, the righteousness of the Lord Jesus. That is a solemn truth that I read in the chapter at the commencement. There was one who had not on the wedding garment. The king said, "Friend, how camest thou in hither, not having on the wedding garment?" See the distinguishing grace of God in saving any. When sitting down to the table furnished by the ministry of the gospel, if a voice were to come to us, "Friend, how camest thou in hither, not having on the wedding garment?" how many of us could answer to the character of those who had on the wedding garment?

The father said to the servants, "Bring forth the fatted calf." There is Wisdom furnishing the table for returning prodigals. That is a sweet text: "I will abundantly bless her provision, and satisfy her poor with bread; I will also clothe her priests with salvation, and her saints shall shout aloud for joy." Remember, the returning prodigal wanted the bread of everlasting life. Can a man furnish the table without speaking of Christ crucified? Can a man furnish the table without speaking of the Bread of everlasting life? No. The sinner, the hungry soul, says, "I want nothing but Jesus Christ and him crucified preached to me as the bread of life sent down from heaven." These are the things that are made precious to him. Thus, for instance, the prodigal must hunger for the bread of life before it is given to him. The Holy Ghost creates an appetite in the poor sinner; he creates a thirst in him for the water of life; and when he is favoured with an appetite, then the father orders his servants to bring them forth; and at the command of the father they are brought, as they are set forth in the gospel of the grace of God. This is what I understand by furnishing the table, the spreading of all the bounties of God's mercy, as treasured up in the Lord Jesus Christ, setting him forth in his various offices, and names, and characters in which he stands to his church and people. This, then, is furnishing the table.

Has the Lord blessed you with an appetite for the bread of everlasting life? The soul that is made to feel his poverty will prize the bread. A natural man must be brought down very poor before he feeds on bread entirely. He will want something with it, some luxuries. Take a man very hungry, and give him bread, it will be sweet to him; while another who has no appetite might loathe it. So it is in spiritual things. We must feel our poverty, know our hungering and thirsting after the bread of everlasting life. We know the Lord will not disappoint that poor soul to whom himself hath given the appetite. As sure as he hath given the appetite, he will favour that soul with feeding. The longing, hungering, thirsting soul shall know more about the bread of everlasting life that came down from heaven than any mere formalist or doctrinal professor.

Poor soul, who art tried and hast had many fainting fits, fearing that the work in thee is not of the Lord, he will appear for

thee to the joy and rejoicing of thy soul, and the confusion of all thy enemies. He is faithful to his own word; he will furnish the table, some day, some morning, when the sorrowful soul shall delight itself in fatness. Yes, said the church of old, "Eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved."

What a feeding it is, when we are favoured with some sweet manifestations of God to our own souls, to know what it is to have them brought home with divine power.

Thus I have endeavoured to set forth the words of my text for your consideration and comfort. I shall ask you a question, and then close. It is the full soul that loathes the honeycomb. Do you belong to such? But to the hungry soul every bitter thing is sweet. Do you belong to such? You know it is said, "He fills the hungry with good things, while the rich he sends empty away." If you are one of these rich ones, having a sufficiency in yourself, no wonder you shall be sent empty away, sent away without a blessing. But if emptied, if brought to feel your need, you are blessed. He will fill thee with good things. He has promised it in his own word, and his word cannot fail.

May the Lord grant his blessing, for his name's sake. Amen.

GRACE TRIUMPHANT, IN THE LORD'S SOVEREIGN DEALINGS WITH A RESTORED SINNER.

(Concluded from page 298.)

WITH the amazing stoop of the great Redeemer in a case so desperate as mine I concluded the first part of the Lord's dealings with me; and at the special request of that dear servant of Christ, Mr. Philpot, forwarded it to him, though it was only a few days before his death.

And now, for the encouragement of all who are born again of the Spirit, who are often tempted by Satan and their wretched unbelieving hearts to give all up, I here give from many others two most precious instances of the Lord's answers to persevering prayer indited by the Spirit, and also of his rich fulfilment of his own promises when, to all human appearance, they were dead and buried; but Jesus, the resurrection and the life, fulfilled his promise in his own time, just at the very moment when Satan thought he had got it all his own way. Then it is that the great Redeemer restores the joys of his own salvation in the poor bereaved soul, and thus secures all the glory, while the grateful sinner places another crown on his precious head. The two following are the special answers alluded to. I had heard Mr. Philpot at Zoar Chapel, Eden Street, and Gower Street, when the Lord first arrested me. I was, as the psalmist says, dumb as regards man, going times without number, only speaking to the Lord by inward sighs and groans, till the Lord let in a few drops of mercy; and then it was but the lisping of a babe; but, as will be seen from the former part of this paper, it was chiefly with the Spirit's power searching my heart like Jerusalem of old

with candles. O the times that he has sent me home from Zoar Chapel feeling thus: How is it he knows what a desperate sinner I am, sometimes being powerfully tempted to go right into the world again, and now and then experiencing a little mercy, the Lord just keeping my head above water.

The greatest blessing I ever had under Mr. Philpot was from Ps. xx. 2. If ever a soul slept in the chamber of peace so blessedly described by Bunyan, my soul did on that Lord's day morning; but, as in the case of my beloved wife, so with me; the Lord intended that I should see greater things than this. But now to show the Lord's answer to nearly thirty years of waiting prayer. I condemn no Christian for opening his heart to the minister through whom the Lord speaks to his soul; but, during the whole time of my bondage, though I can honestly say that hundreds of cries, sighs, and groans went up to the Lord for Mr. Philpot to speak to me, for I felt continual promptings to move his heart to do so, I felt I never could speak to him first; and I now see, though the Lord may delay, he will never deny to answer the Spirit's breathings. The very last time Mr. Philpot preached at Gower Street, he came straight up to me, shook me heartily by the hand, and spoke some loving words to me; and though my tears do not often come, after he left me they flowed plentifully at the Lord's amazing grace in moving the heart of his honoured servant.

The other marked answer to prayer was in the case of my beloved wife. Very many years ago, Mr. Philpot said, "The Lord does not say *how*, nor does he say *when*, but he does say, 'I will deliver thee;' therefore cry on." This was fastened by the Holy Spirit on my soul; and for more than twenty years, through powerful temptations, fearful backslidings, loving correction, and superabounding grace, the Lord the Spirit secretly prompted me to cry with unspeakable desires that my beloved one might be born again of the Spirit, and truly delivered by the manifestation of the glorious Son of God, by the revealing power of the Holy Spirit. And now, all ye fearing ones, little-faiths, much-afraids, and ready-to-halts, look into the September No. of the "Gospel Standard" for 1869, and there you will see, in the case of Elizabeth Williams, how the Lord most gloriously saved her from a more refined wickedness, answering to the full my twenty years' secret cries and travail of soul for her.

But as the present editors desire to have articles as much condensed as possible, I must come to the crowning act of grace in my soul, for which I feel at this moment that if it were possible to blend all the crowns of the ransomed into one, it would but feebly express the eternal debt of gratitude I must ever owe for delivering me from the horrible pit and double death due to such a wretched backslider. Listen, O ye mock gospelists; listen, O ye real Antinomians, who with a brazen brow spout out your own shame by declaring there is no chastisement. Twelve years of loving correction in my own case, and delive-

rance when the Lord's rod had fulfilled his covenant purpose, prove that living and dying in such a delusion, you will never see the face of him who came to deliver his people from their sins. O how apt we are to overlook the secret strength and the little helps by which the Lord keeps alive his own people from falling by their own hand into black despair! Yes, yes, I am a living witness in the time of famine they shall have enough; and if thou hast ever wandered as I did for many years, fully believing that it was God's avenging sword and not chastisement, thou wilt know little of the real meaning of an old writer who, when in a backsliding state, describes it as "heaven twice lost." Such was the unutterable anguish and feeling when walking this earth, feeling I was marked for vengeance. During these dreadful years it was, as regards my feelings, destruction to soul, body, and circumstance. It was most mysterious to me, during this period, that though I would rather have run miles to avoid a child of God, yet, whenever I was even in my deepest misery, I secretly felt the most intense love to those in whom Christ shone the brightest; and yet the sight of one would be like salt to my wounded spirit. Nor was I kept very long together from creeping in to hear the word of life, though it seemed to me to be only striking the dying dead. But, everlasting glory to the Triune Jehovah, those sweet promises, one of which more than twenty years before had raised up a good hope, but which, according to my feelings, had been dead and buried, were now to be richly fulfilled through the resurrection power of the great Redeemer. And O that every poor despairing law-wrecked, backsliding, double-dyed sinner against love and blood, O that every poor Peter could, by the power of the Holy Ghost, believe that he who stoops so low as to reach my out-of-the-way desperate case, still lives to stoop down to theirs also.

It was on a Tuesday evening, the last time but one that the late Mr. Martin, of Stevenage, preached at Gower Street, a perfect stranger to me, never having heard him but once before, and after a day of powerful temptation, and according to my feelings of even double darkness, I had decided to go no more. A little before the hour of worship at Gower Street, a sudden feeling sprang up: "I know I shall get nothing but condemnation; but I will go for the last time;" but my unbelieving "shall" was to perish, and God's "shall" to be fulfilled and stand for ever. In this state I passed up Gower Street. When just by the hospital, Satan made a most desperate onset with my unbelieving heart to drive me back, powerfully injecting: "You are only going to hear your condemnation." He prevailed so far as to make me turn round to go back; but the Lord the Spirit insensibly, but persuasively, turned me round again. Ah! What a moment was that! He dropped into my soul this precious word: "Set his face as a flint;" and in the power of his own word he truly carried me against the power of the enemy and my own feelings into the chapel; and truly I might say I waited to hear my condem-

nation confirmed. O wondrous moment! Mr. Martin gave out the words, Amos v. 6-9; but I was as a deaf man that heard not till he came to these words: "Ye who turn judgment to wormwood." Here he spoke most powerfully of the double-dyed baseness and black ingratitude which had turned both law, judgments, and gospel mercies into wormwood; and he spoke of the hottest place in hell being too good for such. Every word seemed to fasten my condemnation. All at once he broke out into a description of some of God's living people who had been here, but who, through matchless grace, after they had endured a Father's loving rod, had repentance granted them unto life; and after such amazing love were often the strongest pillars in the church of Christ, though they never could forgive themselves. As he spoke of the godly sorrow, the deep hatred, self-loathing, and holy indignation against themselves and their sins, which the Lord never granted to any but his living children, my intense darkness, hardness of heart, and fearful condemnation gave way a little, and a soft bemoaning spirit of contrition took possession of my soul; and when he came to the words: "Turn the shadow of death into the morning," he spoke in such a glorious manner of the free, full, and eternal pardon which the Lord sometimes granted to the greatest backslider under heaven, through the Person and work of the great Immanuel, and the manifestation of it by the power of the Spirit, such as the Lord suddenly coming to his temple, O! Never-to-be-forgotten moment! I who only a few minutes before felt that the frown of God my judge crushed me to the lowest hell, felt in a moment that terrible frown changed to a Father's loving smile, gazing on his glorious Son standing between me and him, in garments dyed with his own blood, while the Holy Ghost witnessed with a persuading power that can never be described by mortal tongue that I was complete in Jesus; and never did music from angel's tongue sound so sweetly as the words from the great Redeemer: "I will stain all my raiment;" while with that ineffable love from my Father's smile there came these wondrous words: "When I see the blood, I will pass over you." With peace in my conscience, love in my heart, and the terrible burden of guilt all gone, there mingled the deepest contrition; and as I stood covered with my Saviour's righteousness and sheltered beneath his blood, these words powerfully sounded: "A man shall be as a hiding-place from the storm."

I left that chapel a weeping pardoned rebel, and could sing in my soul with the redeemed in the Revelation: "Now is come salvation;" and as a Saviour's love in manifested pardon took Magdalene's feet so early to the sepulchre, Peter through all his fiery trials, and made the noble army of martyrs embrace the burning pile, so I am a living witness that that which the law could not do, the love of God shed abroad in the heart by the almighty power of the Holy Ghost, revealing a crucified Christ, could effect in one moment. Listen, O ye legal workers and ye Antinomians; if the Son make us free, then are we free indeed;

free, while under the blessed influence of pardoning love, to suffer with a suffering Jesus and with all his suffering members; free to esteem the reproach of Christ the greatest honour beneath the sun; free to go anywhere and endure anything to glorify the Triune Jehovah; free to deny righteous and sinful self; free to take up a Saviour's loving cross; free to contend for a manifested feeling religion; free in holy filial fear to speak and live the truth in love; free to cut down with the broad sword of the Spirit all fleshly assurance; and free tenderly to nurse the faintest spark of life in every child born again of the Spirit. Such is the motive power of love; and against all living pardoned children, under this blessed influence, the powers of darkness will ever make their most desperate onset; but the children of the flesh they will leave alone.

Since that glorious moment in Gower Street, how many times, in severe trials and dark temptations, has Satan joined with my unbelieving heart to cloud over that wondrous time; but the great Redeemer holds fast the purchase of his blood; and I find to this very hour that Satan, the world, and the flesh laugh at all deliverers except a manifested Jesus. Bastards rest in robbery by taking the doctrines without a revealed Christ; but the real children will not accept deliverance except from his glorious hand. Saul's glittering armour will not fit a tried and tempted child of God. He must have God's own armour, and as at first so at last, he finds Christ and Christ alone to be the only shield from the guilt, the power, the love, and the practice of sin; and sure I am that every soul that has once beheld his glorious face will mourn like the dove to have daily, hourly, and momentary communion with him. Alas, alas! This can never be while in this body of sin and death. But lift up thy head, mourning, tempted child of God.

Those Egyptians which so plague thee now shall be lost for ever in the dark river of death, whilst thou, on the other side, with the countless host of the Redeemed, shalt be ever bending the lowest knee, singing the sweetest song, and placing the brightest crown on the glorious head of Him who saved my soul from a double hell.

Short visits here; but the day is coming,
 My coronation day,
 When I through an endless eternity
 With Christ shall ever stay.

For ever seeing new beauties,
 As I gaze upon his face;
 For ever the greatest debtor,
 To free and sovereign grace.

It was my desire to give the Lord's mysterious dealings with my soul since that never-to-be-forgotten moment in Gower Street; but the space allotted will not permit. I can, however, put my seal to the words of Hart, when he says,

"When his pardon is seal'd, and his peace is procured,
From that moment the conflict begins."

And these battles give death to all that fleshly assurance which the child of God dreads above everything; for he knows well it is as barren of the Spirit's fruit as the mountains of Gilboa.

To show in what a different manner the Lord has exercised my soul since that memorable moment under Mr. Martin, and not having room to give it here, how the Lord has in loving wisdom mortified the flesh, disappointed Satan, benefited my soul, and got all the glory to himself, I must refer the reader to the "Gospel Standard" for July, 1869, "He was known of them in Breaking of Bread;" to October, 1868, "How shall I put thee among the Children?" to June, 1866, "All your Need out of his Riches of Glory by Christ Jesus;" to December, 1866, "Then will I visit their Transgressions with a Rod;" to February, 1866, "The Lamb without a Spot;" and also to a prose piece, headed, "God moves in a mysterious Way." These point out the rough but right way in providence by which the Lord led me for nearly forty years.

Believers' baptism never for one moment weighed in my conscience till after the Lord's unlooked-for mercy; but the very day after that, the Lord made it a matter of vital importance as an act of constraining love; and when I for a time drew back, he followed me with those sweet words over and over again: "Will ye also go away?" And when crying to him to decide for me, he dropped these words with power: "Go thou forth by the footsteps of the flock." But it was a never-to-be-forgotten look which drew me to follow him. Yes, just such a look as he gave when he turned and looked on Peter. It broke me down in the deepest godly sorrow that I should for one moment delay. In the power of that look I went to the ordinance; and on the very edge of the pool Satan came to drive me back, as will be seen in the piece called, "How shall I put thee among the Children?" But the Lord defeated him; and I have never to this moment regretted it; nor do I believe I ever shall. But in love let me drop one word of caution. All who have not been previously baptized by the Holy Ghost and with fire, all man-made Baptists may indeed deeply regret it; but the true children of God never will.

I shall now close this feeble testimony by remarking that when Mr. Philpot preached from these words: "We have not followed cunningly devised fables," the Lord sweetly confirmed the words in my soul. That night there seemed to be a special outpouring of the Spirit. A young friend of mine got a rich blessing, and others were refreshed. It has for many years appeared to me that the Lord poured into the heart of this immortal champion of free grace a double portion of the Spirit. May his last words ever ring in the souls of all true believers. One single word in his dying moments reveals the great secret of all who are born again of the Spirit: "I die in the faith of the truths I have

preached and *felt*." Ah! Here's the great secret in this single word *felt*; felt in demonstration of the Spirit and of power. As I went to his funeral, these words repeatedly and powerfully followed me: "Whose faith follow."

O that the Lord may pour out into the souls of all true believers such continual wrestlings that he will raise up other godly champions for a vital, living, and lively exercised religion.

Only a short time since, Satan set in with my unbelieving heart three separate times, over and over again telling me that because I could not forgive myself I had never been forgiven. O the thick darkness that clouded my soul! And yet I could no more, amidst all this temptation, get back the terrible burden of guilt I had before that precious sermon of Mr. Martin's than I could create a world; but it drove me to utter these words in the agony of my soul: "Lord, has it all come to this?" and if ever I pleaded the promises he had given me, I did that night; but it grew worse and worse; and about two o'clock in the morning it really seemed as if I must give it all up; but this cry kept going up, and I believe it was the Spirit's cry, "Lord, make it plain, make it plain, if I am thy child;" and in a moment this precious line of Hart's dropped into my soul with great power:

"Title good, seal'd with blood."

O what a change! Faith beheld the great Redeemer fighting my battle and Satan flying from the field, while I was as passive as a child on its mother's breast, adoring and placing another crown on his glorious head.

May the Lord put a mantle of love into the hearts of his living people to throw over this poor account of his dealings with me, and a powerful cry of the Holy Spirit that an arrow may be sent from his unerring hand into the heart or hearts of some dead sinner or dead professor; and may he of his wondrous mercy wash these poor breathings in that all-cleansing blood which the author humbly trusts through superabounding grace to praise throughout an endless eternity with the countless host of the Redeemer.

W.

A POETICAL LETTER.

WRITTEN BY MR. JOHN RYLAND, SEN., BAPTIST MINISTER OF NORTH-AMPTON, TO MR. CHRISTIAN, OF SHEEPSHEAD, LEICESTERSHIRE, A FEW DAYS AFTER THE RETURN OF THE FORMER FROM THE ASSOCIATION OF MINISTERS AND CHURCHES, IN 1764.

MY dear brother Christian, whom much I esteem,
 As one whom the Lord by his blood did redeem;
 As you when we parted desired that I
 Would write very soon, so now I comply.
 And for once I have taken a fancy to send
 A few rambling lines to you, my dear friend.
 If my verse be but awkward, my friendship is true,
 Nor need I make any excuses to you.

To my friend Mr. Guy I have briefly sent word,
 That I got safely home, through the care of the Lord.

To his name be all honour, and glory, and praise,
 Whose providence graciously prospers our ways.
 My friends at Northampton in health I all found,
 With manifold blessings encompass'd around.
 I was glad of a pleasant church meeting to hear,
 Although I regretted that I was not there.
 By the pow'r of God's Spirit, five persons reveal'd,
 And told how he wounded, and then how he heal'd.
 One woman especially, friend Chorus's sister,
 Spoke choicely indeed, for the Lord did assist her.
 But poor Thomas Tilley could hardly go on,
 Satan told him he'd die as soon as he'd done.
 He trembled and quaked every word that he said,
 And in earnest expected to tumble down dead.
 Charles Tilworth, poor lad, though proposed, was not there;
 I hear he was kidnapp'd by giant Despair;
 But we hope that his heart will be better in tune,
 To speak, with five more, the beginning of June.
 May their tongues be untied, that they boldly may tell
 How the arms of Jehovah redeem'd them from hell!
 How he *sought* them, and *found* them, far going astray,
 And *taught* them to travel in Zion's right way.

O what a bless'd day is approaching, dear brother,
 When I trust we in glory shall meet one another;
 What singing, what shouting, what heavenly greeting,
 Will be at that general, triumphant church meeting!
 Where *all* the Lord's *chosen* together shall join
 To tell of the wonders of mercy divine.
 Not idleness, business, or length of the way,
 Shall keep from *that* meeting *one* member away.
 Temptations and trials no more shall be known,
 Nor Satan or sin shall then make us groan.
 Doubts, fears, nor distress shall our souls then invade,
 Nor scoffs of the world longer make us afraid.
 No *parties*, no *quarrels* the saints then divide,
 They'll be free from all *shyness*, and free from all *pride*.
 Well met shall be all, both the great and the small;
 Poor *I* may shake hands with dear Peter and Paul.
 Each strange dispensation now well understood,
 We then shall see clearly all work'd for our good.
 What merciful dealings we then shall be told,
 What wisdom, what goodness we then shall behold!
 When each tale is ended, how will they all sing.
 The loud-sounding chorus will make heaven ring.
 But O! It seems long to that blessed day,
 And I'm often discouraged because of the way.
 We must travel, you know, as we go to Mount Zion,
 O'er mountains of leopards, by the den of the lion;
 And though they're all chain'd, and Christ over them rules,
 Yet their terrible roaring frights *children* and *fools*.
 Such short-sighted creatures as *you* and *I* be
 Can often the *lions* but not the *chain* see;
 And to see but their *shadow*, if Christ be not there,
 Is enough to make any one tremble for fear;
 However, our Saviour has broken their head,
 And promised that *I* on the dragon should tread.

O that he would give me more courage and faith
 'To believe and rely on whatever he saith,
 In his strength to resist all the armies of hell,
 With the sword of the Spirit their might to repel;
 Like the brave sons of God, at my Saviour's command
 To fight till my sword shall cleave fast to my hand.
 But the worst of all is, that, from want of faith, I
 Am apt to take fright, like a coward, and fly;
 And none but my Captain, with shame I may say,
 But would long since have hang'd me, or turn'd me away;
 But his patience is boundless, and boundless his grace,
 And still doth he bear with a rebel so base!
 God grant that his goodness my soul may excite,
 With firmness and courage in order to fight;
 May the foresight of glory constrain you and me
 To consider what persons we now ought to be.
 Sons of God! Heirs of heaven! The purchase of blood!
 Forbid it, dear Lord, we should wallow in mud.
 Leave the earth to the moles; we are bound to the skies;
 There's nothing deserves our affection besides.

Still to pray hard for me, my dear brother, cease not.
 Alas! You can't think what a heart I have got;
 So stubborn, so stupid, so carnal, so cold,
 The half of its wickedness cannot be told!
 Above all things deceitful, and desperately bad!
 Good Lord! 'Tis enough to make John Ryland mad!
 Thou only canst know it, thou only canst mend it!*
 O search it, and wash it, and break it, and cleanse it!
 But I shall rhyme on, till you'll surely be tired;
 My paper is fill'd, and my time is expired.

May God bless you all, and may you increase
 In love and in holiness, knowledge and peace!
 To your aunt, Mrs. Barnes, Mrs. Miles, Mrs. Pratt,
 The lady whose house we all breakfasted at;
 The good man whose namesake, without food or lights,
 In the sea monster's belly lived three days and three nights.
 To every one else to Christ Jesus a friend,
 My Christian respects I most cordially send.
 And pray God to prosper his gospel, and bring
 All his people to own the Lord Jesus as King!

Farewell! And believe me there's none in this island,
 That wishes you better than I do,

Northampton, May 7, 1764.

JOHN RYLAND.

* The *old* heart never *can* be mended, therefore the Lord gives his people a *new* one. (Ezek. xxxvi. 26.)

How can a man bless God for that which he is uncertain whether he have received it from him or not? I know some men run on in a road in this matter. They will bless God, in a formal way, for their regeneration, sanctification, justification, and the like; but if you ask them whether themselves are regenerate or not, they will be ready to scoff at it; or, at least, to profess that they know no such thing. What is this but to mock God, and in a presumptuous manner to take his name in vain?—*Owen*.

A FEW THOUGHTS ON WORSHIP.

“God is a Spirit; and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.”—Jno. iv. 24.

THE above is a most solemn scripture, and shows us that no worship is acceptable to God but that which is sincere, spiritual, and from the heart.

Is not this much lost sight of in the public assemblies even of the Lord's people? It is the living people of God who are commanded to assemble together for the worship of God. (Heb. x. 25.) They only can worship God aright. Those of the congregation who are not regenerated persons are but spectators, merely lookers on. They may, indeed, with their bodies join in the service, but cannot with their hearts. They neither love, feel, understand, nor enter into what is going on, neither is it possible for them to do so; consequently their part in the service is but a mechanical performance, merely bodily exercise,—worship in form and appearance only, not in reality. The heart is not engaged. That without which all else is unacceptable to God is left out. (1 Sam. xvi. 7.)

Various things bring people to the house of prayer, as custom, the idea of doing something acceptable to God, parental training, injunctions and restraint, and associating with friends; but whatever motives may induce persons to attend the house of prayer, and though they may be most diligent in their attendance, yet, if not born of God, they are still in nature's darkness. I have thought that the people of God sometimes judge of their children, relatives, and friends by a standard different from that by which they judge others; and because those relatives and friends are moral in their conduct, and diligent in their attendance at the house of God (which in many cases they have been trained from childhood to be), they are unwilling to believe that they are in the state in which all by nature are, though they manifest not one decided spiritual feature. This mode of judging is delusive and injurious. Some of the nearest and dearest members of my family have been trained to attend public worship with God's people from their infancy. They still sit under some of the most eminent of God's ministers, and are steady and moral in their lives, yet (solemn thought!) if not interested in Christ they come under the denomination of “the wicked.”

Many scriptures teach us that no worship but that which is spiritual is acceptable to God. Should it not then be the aim of all who know and fear God to love the solemnities of Zion conducted by spiritual persons? Is it justifiable for such knowingly to admit a carnal man into the pulpit? Is it lawful for such knowingly to allow an unregenerate man to read the hymns in the public worship of God? Is it warrantable for such knowingly to allow an ungodly man to conduct that solemn and sacred part of worship, the singing? Yea, further; does not God's word teach us that the offerings of such are positively displeasing to

him. (See Ps. l. 16-22; Prov. xv. 8.) And if we invite a carnal man to conduct the singing in the worship of God, do we not in so doing request him to give utterance to falsehoods, and ask him to say that which he cannot speak truly? My soul has many times trembled to hear the most ungodly characters loudly singing:

“’Tis a point I long to know;
Oft it causes anxious thought.”

And again:

“My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights.”

Whereas, it never yet caused them an anxious thought to know whether they love Jesus or not, neither is God the spring of their joys; but their delight is in sin and vanity. And are these things trifles? Are they not solemn matters? If carnal persons utter these things of their own accord, we are not responsible for their doing so; but if we invite them to speak what they do not feel, are not we verily guilty?

There are certain solemn realities which God has burnt in my soul, so that no human power can eradicate them, and amongst them is this truth, that God requires spiritual worship. When God first took me in hand, he did not play with me, neither does he play with me now; and I cannot play with religion or with the worship of God. On the contrary, I feel everything connected with it to be a very solemn matter.

It may be said that, according to what is here contended for, even the scriptures may not be read, if the reader cannot appropriate the language of the writer when it refers to experimental matters. But surely there is a wide difference between the things referred to and merely reading the scriptures. If I hear a man preach, am I not to believe that he means what he says to be taken as the expression of his own views and feelings? If I hear a good man read in the house of God a hymn containing such lines as

“Dear refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies;”

or,

“When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather’d thick and thunder’d loud,
He near my soul has always stood;
His loving-kindness, O how good;”

have I not reason to conclude that he is expressing the feelings of his own soul, and not merely reading the experience of others into which he himself does not enter? And if these solemn and experimental realities are sung by those who have never felt them, how does their worship differ from the mere rote of the parrot?

The true cause of some of the evils here referred to is one of the greatest scourges with which the church of God is at the pre-

sent time afflicted,—conformity to the world. Many of the Lord's people are in a very carnal, lifeless state; and while it is the purpose of God that his people should be peculiar, singular, and different from other people, these are labouring to be as little so as possible, desiring, like Israel of old, to be like the rest of the nations, instead of aiming to be different from them. Thus they learn the ways of the world, and get a snare to their souls.

I would not say a word against men acknowledging the true God, nor against children and families being caused by God's people to attend with them where God is worshipped and his truth is preached.* These things are right; but, like many other right things, they need to be kept in their right places; and surely we who feel that God requires to be worshipped spiritually should be careful to do nothing that is calculated to lead men to think themselves to be something, and to have some religion, when they are nothing spiritually.

What a solemn scripture is Isa. i. 10-15. How plainly it proves that the form of worship may be attended to most strictly and precisely according to the scriptures, that God's ordinances and appointments may be observed, and yet, on account of the state and character of those engaged in that worship, that worship itself may be iniquity and an abomination unto God. Let us remember that when we meet together in the house of God, it is not to listen to a rehearsal of music, nor to attend to nothing more than we attend to when a piece is sung or played on the piano or some other instrument; but that we meet to worship God.

Surely there is also something faulty in the practices of some godly people who encourage and teach children to sing the most solemn expressions of those who fear God, and never point out to them what a solemn thing it is to say what they do not feel.

May the dear Lord cause all his people to feel more deeply the importance and solemnity of professing to worship God, and the fact that no worship is pleasing to God but that which comes from the heart.

S. S.

* It is the solemn duty of parents and guardians to insist upon their children attending with them at a place of worship. The condemnation in Isa. i. 10-15 and xxix. 13, 14 does not refer to such, nor to those who attend a place of worship in a general way, but to hypocrites in Zion,—to those who profess to be followers of the Lord, yet whose profession is merely a cloak for their sins.—Ed.

So long as men are strangers to the spiritual nature of God's law, and to the woful depravity of the human heart, they entertain a meagre notion of religion, and a lofty thought of their own ability. If Christian faith be nothing but a mere assent to the gospel history, every man may make himself a true believer when he pleases. And if Christian duty only consist in Sunday service, with a pittance of sobriety, and honesty, and charity, we might expect that men would vaunt of will and power to make themselves religious.—*Berridge*.

HEART TO HEART.

I RECEIVED the truly affectionate, sweet, and savoury epistle of my dear friend. I am heartily glad, and earnestly long for gratitude to our best Beloved for his infinite and astonishing condescension and favour in comforting your heart by my last. Blessed be his precious name. I find I as really travail in birth for you as I do for my own soul, and for my ministry. The fruit produced in the comfort, edification, and refreshment of your soul is to me double refreshment. I am refreshed in your behalf, and in my own; I may add, I trust also, in the behalf of Christ, that he reapeth a tribute of praise to the declarative glory of his name. But it seems, not only are you in my heart as belonging to the Lord, but that I am often informed by an inward Teacher of your soul-exercise, so as to be led in my poor scribble to meet your case, and for your comfort; having often found by your answers that my inward conclusions were correct. Some have expressed wonder that I am so confident and can write so freely, seeing I have never been personally acquainted with you; but there is an anointing that "teacheth the truth, and is no lie." Some write to me as if wishing to get into my heart; but, however I may wish it, there is no opening. Either the set time is not come for the union to cement, or there is nothing that will cement; but when I read your letters, I trust I feel a godly reality in union; no bars, no questionings. I really seem to feel you united to the Lord, cleaving to him, and a "confidence you will be non-otherwise minded;" that "he which hath begun a good work in you will perfect it unto the day of Jesus Christ."

I bless his precious name for giving you sweet submission to his will, and the patience of hope under trials. This alone is to me sufficient proof all is well, and shall be well. Whatsoever cometh in a way of opposition cometh for the trial of your faith, and proves to be that "trial which is precious; for it is to the praise and glory of God." It is not that which in the trial quits its object for Satan's baits,—ease, worldly concerns, self-consequence, peace, and quietness, at the expense of the absence of peace with God. No; it is that which liveth in oppression. "The more they were oppressed, the more they grew." God makes your affliction an eye-salve, which opens the eyes of your understanding, and you see vanity clearer and clearer on all that the world can present, and Christ more and more desirable. The waves of this troublesome world, instead of making you turn out to sea (the world), set you like the mariner rowing harder to the shore. Jesus is the desired haven; here you find gladness and quietude. "Then are they glad, because they be quiet; so he bringeth them to their desired haven." Although the flesh hath desires which would accord with the desires of the oppressor, supernatural desires cannot be extinguished. It is true love giving the preference to Christ; even that love that "many waters cannot quench." Whatever the wisdom of the Lord may

see fit to exercise you with, or permit to exercise you, he will cause it to work for your good. "A man's ways are ordered of the Lord;" for "he is the God in whose hand our breath is, and whose are all our ways." Especially, "the steps of a good man are ordered of the Lord," and he "shall direct his way." Therefore, in all the leadings of his providence he hath promised to point out to you the steps to be taken. "He shall direct thy steps." And you have this promise as a sure safeguard: "I will never leave thee." The design to direct your thoughts from spiritual things I trust will have its accomplishment among "the all things" which work for your good, bringing you closer to Christ and his will, stamping vanity on all creature comfort.

Touching the particular event of your removal I am in the dark; but "what I know not now, I shall know hereafter." I can leave it with the Lord. Blessed be his precious name, we are not beating the air when we lie passive in his hands; nor have we just cause for agitation or fear of shipwreck when we give up all to our infinitely wise, good, and loving Pilot Jesus. The sea (world) and all that is therein are at his control. We may say with David, "Therefore I will not fear, though the billows thereof roar." Not one wave will beat but it shall be profitable to us in the end, and we shall see it so. All that is not for our real good and to his praise he will withhold. "Surely the wrath of man shall praise him, and the remainder of wrath shalt thou restrain." Therefore we are safe, we are safe, and in the midst of storms shall "fear no evil;" but "trust in the Lord, and quietly wait for the salvation of our God." We ought to banish future and anxious care. "Be careful for nothing; but in everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let our requests be known to God." "Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you." He careth for you; will receive and manage all your cares. To-morrow's burdens we should not take upon ourselves to-day, not even a distressing thought. "Let to-morrow take thought for itself;" for "thou knowest not what the day will bring forth;" therefore, if troubled about to-morrow, we are troubled with a nonentity; we know not what shall be on the morrow. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil (afflictions, troubles, burdens) thereof." Leave all thy burdens of to-morrow with the Lord, and under his direction; bear them not until to-morrow comes. "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee."

I am truly glad you are so sweetly led in this way, and long that you may abound still more in the grace of the patience of hope, firm unto the end; that you may not be soon shaken in mind by passing events. It is clear the Lord is on your side; nothing can hurt you. O! Cleave, cleave to him! Trust him with your all; commit all to him; leave it all with him; pray to him for direction in it all. Watch his hand, and the leadings of his providence; he will make known his wisdom and loving-kindness. As Jacob did, hold him fast, and say, "Send me not

away unless thy presence go with me." Stick to this, and the opposition shall effect nothing, but as guided by him in his providence for your best welfare. They may intend evil, but God will turn it for good. So I write, so you shall find it.

Yours very affectionately,

Hastings, May 16, 1822.

D. FENNER.

MR. HUNTINGTON.

Sir,—On glancing at a recently-published book, I felt grieved at seeing that man of God, the late Wm. Huntington, not only represented as an eccentric, but as an impostor and fanatic. The author says, "It suited the purpose of Huntington to represent himself as living *under* the special favour of providence, because he intended to live by it; that is, upon the credulity of those whom he could persuade to believe him; and the history of his success, which he published under the title of 'God, the Guardian of the Poor, and the Bank of Faith; or, a Display of the Providences of God which have at Sundry Times attended the Author,' is a production equally singular and curious." The author quotes the following from a newspaper published just after Mr. Huntington's death: "At the sale of the effects of the Rev. Mr. Huntington, at Pentonville, an old arm-chair, intrinsically worth fifty shillings, actually sold for sixty guineas; and many other articles fetched equally high prices, so anxious were his besotted admirers to obtain some precious memorial of that artful fanatic."

Mr. Huntington's works were the means, in the hands of God, of giving peace to the troubled conscience of my late father and grandfather.

As to my father, at the same moment that my sister was drawing her last breath, he was on his knees in another room crying for mercy, his strong and muscular frame shaking like an aspen-leaf. He said he was struck down as suddenly as a shot bird, with the sins of his whole life in full view. He remained under deep convictions and distress of soul for eighteen months. The Lord in his providence also frowned upon him. Being almost half his time out of employ, my mother often thought he would destroy himself. While in this distressed condition he became acquainted with the only groom in the village, a member of Mr. Pert's, and a hearer of the late Mr. Parsons, of Chichester, who used to walk many miles to hear those good men preach the gospel. This young man lent my father Mr. Huntington's works, which so completely suited his distressed condition that on the first evening, while reading the "Kingdom of Heaven Taken by Prayer," he was so overwhelmed with the love of God that he wept aloud for joy, and continued in a happy frame of mind for many weeks. I have heard him, when knee-deep in water, cleaning out a ditch, and often while digging a well, singing praises to God for his great deliverance.

My grandfather also, who had been many years in bondage and distress of soul, and used to sit for hours with his face buried in his hands, sighing and groaning, was so overpowered on hearing my father read that man of God's works that he almost literally leaped for joy. I have often heard my father say he had found more experimental divinity in a page of Huntington's works or one of Hart's hymns than in whole volumes of some learned divine's writings.

10, Green Street, Grosvenor Square.

P. P.

[It never surprises us to hear men call Mr. Huntington and others such as he fanatics. On the contrary, we should be surprised if such were not the case, there would then be no truth in the Bible, which declares such men should exist.]

THOU KNOWEST NOT NOW.

"What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter."—
JOHN XIII. 7.

I KNOW not what shall befall me;
 God hangs a mist o'er my eyes;
 In each step in my path onward
 He makes new scenes to arise;
 And every joy that he sends me
 Is a strange and sweet surprise.
 I see not a step before me,
 As I tread on another year;
 But the past is still in God's keeping,
 The future his mercy shall clear;
 And what looks dark in the distance,
 May brighten as I draw near.
 For perhaps the dreaded future
 Has less bitter than I think;
 The Lord may sweeten the waters
 Before I stoop to drink;
 Or, if still they must be Marah,
 He may stand beside the brink.
 It may be he is keeping,
 For the coming of my feet,
 Some gift of such rare blessedness,
 Some joy so strangely sweet,
 That my lips shall only tremble
 With the thanks they cannot speak.
 So I go on, not knowing,—
 I would not if I might,—
 I would rather walk in darkness
 Than go *alone* in the light;
 I would rather walk with God by faith
 Than walk alone by sight.
 My heart shrinks back from trials,
 Which the future may disclose;
 Yet I never had a sorrow
 But what the dear Lord chose;
 So I check the tear that's coming,
 With the whisper'd word, "*He knows.*"

STILL SUPPORTED.

My dear Friends,—I was very pleased to hear of you, and to receive your kind letter; for which I sincerely thank you. I desire also to feel grateful to the Father of all mercies, and God of all grace, for his great goodness to me, a poor worthless worm; for truly can I say that “goodness and mercy have followed me all my days,” now for more than threescore years and ten.

You have been misinformed respecting my health of body; for I have been gradually recovering, ever since I left Abingdon, although oftentimes very poorly, and under medical treatment until lately. The dear Lord has wonderfully blessed the means, and I am now following out my engagements in his cause, whom I do desire to love and serve for his body's sake, which is the church, even the church of the living God; but I feel myself as a poor reed, shaken with the wind, often much tried with my insufficiency for so solemn and awful a work; and I have many fears lest my discourses should witness more of my weakness than the Lord's power. I seem to myself more like a trunk-maker than *the* tent-maker; for what with a weak mind, a frail memory, and a sin-darkened understanding, the burden of a body of sin and death, and what increases the weight, those terrible struggles for liberty, pantings for carnal ease, and false peace, I still remain a subject of the same conflict you saw in me, and now hear to be in me. But I should be a God-dishonouring, ungrateful monster, if I did not acknowledge that, in the midst of all these fears, the good and gracious Lord sends me testimonies that he still condescends to speak by me, and sometimes speaks to me, and gives me a sweet hope that when I leave this frail body, my spirit will dwell for ever with him.

I have not been able to bring out the little book you refer to. Directly it is printed I will inform you.

My wife joins me in kind regards to Mrs. Crake, Mr. and Mrs. Paxman, Mrs. Day, and all the friends; and, though last not least, your much-esteemed minister Mr. Tiptaft, and sincerely desiring for all whatever may be for your real good.

The Dicker, Nov. 20, 1856.

W. COWPER.

A TRUE DISCIPLE.

Dear Friends,—Many times have I been writing to you in my own mind, although my letter has never arrived. I know you will like to hear from me, and it will give me pleasure to hear of you both, and of your children's welfare; and if you come to London, I hope you will come and see me.

I can with blessed delight remember what I enjoyed when at Lewes, hearing Mr. Vinall. He was indeed God's mouth. The blessed Spirit bears witness to it *sweetly to me*. This very day I felt a little of it, when repeating the text which I heard Mr. Vinall preach from; viz., “The Lord has done great things for us, whereof we are glad.” I was telling Mr. Warburton of it,

but I believe I know all the texts and the heads of the discourses he preached the time I was with you. One was, "Being made meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light." I can to my imagination see him in the pulpit now delivering the discourse and me feeding on it; but I was then in the banqueting house, and God's banner of love richly covered me all over. I could indeed from feeling, from a religion given from God, say, "I am black, but comely, through the comeliness God hath put upon me." I cannot, though the devil would, if he could, persuade me out of it all. But that month I had at Lewes certainly was a sweet celebration; it was a heavenly wedding, a feast with God. The blessed Three-in-One can witness what I now say; my Jubilee was at Lewes, although I had previously been brought into the liberty of the gospel. All that the Lord could demand was satisfied; justice and truth had met together, righteousness and peace had kissed each other. God had made me glad to be loved in his way, not by any terms that I could devise. Blessed be his name, he had stripped me and then clothed me; he wounded me, and poured oil and joy into my bones, and I leaped for joy.

But, my friends, my days of darkness came upon me very soon after; and at times so powerfully and heavily upon me that I have said, "If the Bible is true, if there is a hell, if there is a heaven;"—and so I went on that I was so bewildered I could not see where I was, or understand if I had ever known what it was to say, "Whereas I was once blind, but now I see." I am a great backslider in heart, and should be in practice; but, bless and praise the Lord, he in great mercy holds me up, in spite of all my contrary thoughts towards him. Were the Lord Almighty to deal with me according to my deserts and my unbelieving hard heart, where must I be? Surely he would have cast me off before this; but in mercy he still bears with me, though because of my sins he sometimes stands at a distance. Last night, when Mr. Warburton was preaching, I did get a little outgoing after the Lord; so that I could, with a little feeling and earnest desire, cry unto him, "If I have been deceived and have never been brought to feel my sins forgiven, Lord, do appear for me;" and I did think the dear Saviour had suffered for my sins, past, present, and to come; but to think that I am so vile as to grieve that blessed Jesus, who bled and died, and that Holy Spirit who comforts. But the hardness of my heart seems at times as though I did resist the Spirit instead of saying, "Come in, thou blessed Spirit." This world to me at the same time seems to be altogether vanity; so that I do pant to see more clearly my interest in a better.

I have thus in great haste given a little account of myself. I hope you will be able to make it out. I did not know of writing till to-day, and have had hindrances many times since I began; yet I desire to send to you to-morrow by Mr. Warburton. You know I am married, and have one little boy; I pray God he may

not be an idol. I have an affectionate husband. I have food and raiment convenient; but I want a more thankful heart for God's kind preservation, who has fed me, and kept me these many years in the wilderness. I am often murmuring and repining at God's dispensations in providence, yet am as sure as I now exist the ways of God are all right towards me; and if I were left to manage my affairs in this temporal world, I could not manage them as my kind Lord doth for me; and yet I often fret and grumble like an ungrateful creature as I am. I would not alter one thing if I could, and the thoughts of being left to myself would make me frightened at myself, so bad I see myself. I am full of pride and extravagance. I want a guide and instructor till I am safe landed out of danger, where I shall have no foe to meet from devil, world, or my poor fallen nature.

Were I not writing to them treading in the same path so as to understand Canaan's language, they would say, "What a fool this woman is! She doth nothing but write contradictions." But we do know that we are a lump of contradiction, so understand each other.

I hope my friends will send me a few lines back by Mr. Warburton, and let me hear how you are, and if you are still tossed about, and not yet at a point in your own judgment as to your soul's salvation. When I left you, you were both longing to know and see yourselves in a safe place; but that, I am persuaded, will not satisfy. You want to embrace the Lord Christ. Perhaps I may hear you have been indulged, and now, like me, have lost the sweet sense of it.

Please to give my Christian remembrance to Mr. Vinall, and may the Lord give him sweet encouragement in his labours. I desire to love the servants of Christ, and I know I have prayed for Mr. Vinall that he might be the mouth that Christ would speak through to me, and I have proved him to be.

Drury Lane, Oct. 17 (year not given).

ANN APPLETON.

[The husband of the writer of the above letter was one of the original trustees of Gower Street chapel.]

COME IN.

Beloved,—I cannot write you anything but love, because I feel nothing else toward you. The objection you name appears to me entirely without foundation. You ask whether it is *prudent* for a person under great difficulties to join himself to a church. You know it is always prudent to obey the Lord rather than any one else. You say, "I am in great difficulties. Lord, what shall I do?" But the Lord never calls back his word, but goes on to say to you, "Do this in remembrance of me." I believe the Lord has received you. How can it be prudent for me to reject you? Is honest poverty any real disgrace? Does not he who makes man rich also make him poor? Are outward poverty and distress any bar to secret communion? Then why should it be

so to public communion? Moreover, you are not yet down, nor are you *sure* you ever shall be; but you are sure the Lord hath helped you, and quite certain his arm is not shortened, and he has never told you he will utterly leave you and forsake you. Also he bids you to trust in him for ever, and this you cannot avoid, for everything else declares to you, "There is no help in me." It is evident there was much necessity in the primitive church; or what could be the meaning of so much distribution of alms?

If it be not prudent for a man in difficulties to join a church of Christ, it cannot be right for him to continue in the church in great difficulties; and if it be not right to be a member of a church in the midst of great outward difficulties, then it cannot be right to be a preacher to the church in great difficulties; but so have I been, ever since I have been a minister. No, my dear Sir, there is no bar; the course is clear; and you are welcome to come in, and be one with us, and share with us in our inheritance. If you are deeply indebted, so are we; if you are discontented, so are we; if you are distressed, so are we; if you are the chief of sinners, so are we. Come in, then, thou blessed of the Lord. Wherefore standest thou without?

Were you unknown, I could not so speak; but I know you, and love you dearly, for the Lord's sake.

London.

J. SHORTER.

ALL FOR GOOD.

My dear Friend,—Yours I received, and am sorry that you are prevented from coming to Trowbridge. We were quite delighted when we received your letter that if it was the Lord's will you would preach for us next Tuesday evening; but it appears that it is not the will of infinite Wisdom, that cannot err. May the dear Lord bless us with submission to his blessed will, to feel and say from our very souls, "Not my will, but thine be done." O what a blessing it is to fall into his hands, and have no will but his! Blessed be his dear name, he now and then favours poor worthless me with this blessing, that maketh rich and addeth no sorrow with it. My soul in these moments can bless him, thank and praise him, and crown him Lord of all, not one thing out of its proper place.

What a precious blessing to see and feel all things working together for our good. My soul is sometimes humbled within me to see and feel the tender mercy of a covenant God and Father who has stood by me so many years, and has supplied me with so many mercies, and delivered me out of so many troubles, storms, and distresses, all come at the right time, all in the right way, and all answered the right end. When my soul is favoured with those visits, my many infirmities of body are all right and in the right place. There is only one thing that grieves me, and that is, that I have brought forth so little fruit to the honour and

glory of God, who has been so good to me, such a worthless, hell-deserving wretch, that I do indeed abhor myself in dust and ashes, and wonder and adore the sovereign mercy of a covenant God to such a wretch. Truly I believe I am a living witness that he will have mercy on whom he will have mercy, he will have compassion on whom he will have compassion; that it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy.

May the dear Lord favour you with many visits of his dear presence and love, and raise you up to health and strength, not only for the sake of your family, but for the sake of the church at large.

My kind love to Mrs. P., Mr. and Mrs. Perry, and all friends.
Yours in real Love and Union of Soul,
Trowbridge, June 6, 1866. J. WARBURTON.

REVIEW.

The Hospital. A Poem. By Benjamin Moore.—London: Gadsby, Bouverie Street. Price One Penny.

THERE is no country in the world which, for its size, contains so many benevolent institutions, sometimes called "charities," as Great Britain, though America, in this respect, is by no means far behind us. Upon these, however, it is not our place to dwell.

Passing by Blind Schools, Orphanages, Cripples' Homes, Refuges for Decayed Tradesmen, Governesses, &c., we may ask, What would London be without its Hospitals? From 200 to 300 persons knocked down by vehicles and killed in the streets every year, besides the hundreds who are *only* in like manner knocked down injured, with broken limbs, &c., and the hundreds more who are killed and injured through other causes. In the London Hospital, Whitechapel Road, alone, in 1869, no less than 12,737 "accidents," as they are called, were attended to; and even this large number was far below that of 1868, owing to the depression of trade and consequent falling off of traffic, &c., in the east of the town. And moreover, all this in addition to 54,374 patients at that one hospital for ailments of various other kinds. And as there are a dozen or more other hospitals in the metropolis, what must the sum total of sufferers be who avail themselves of those institutions? We therefore again ask, What would London be without its hospitals?

The writer of the poem at the head hereof was admitted an in-door patient of Charing Cross Hospital. It was not on account of an external injury, but for a most painful internal ailment; and he tells us, in a really good poetical way, what his experiences in the hospital were, and what he therein saw and heard. Every page of the little work breathes a spirit of true Christian humility and godly fear; and it is this which gives it its intrinsic value. The poem thus opens:

“What people of the lands could ever tell
Of God’s delivering hand like Israel?
What though the nations round his gifts received,
The Heathen neither knew him, nor believed.
His own inheritance alone could raise,
Acceptable to him, their song of praise.”

In the room in which he “helpless lay,” were a number of other beds, “arranged in mathematic row.” From *that* bed are the groans of one with a broken bone; from *that* proceed the sighs of another suffering from internal agony; and from *that* the wailings of a hapless child whose head had been well-nigh crushed.

“Every noise that on the stillness breaks,
Some varied form of misery bespeaks.”

But O! Around yonder bed the fatal screen is drawn. Death is fast approaching! The occupier of the bed had been full of pranks, “careless, vain, and light.” But now “those jokes are quenched in sighs.” Yet to the last, as an unbeliever, he treated with disdain all mention of a Saviour.

“Nor would he tolerate beside his bed
The man who there the scriptures would have read.
Though Death’s grim visage peer’d upon him there,
Yet even then, alas! I heard him swear.”

How that oath must have thrilled through the heart of our author! And how humbly and gratefully he must have felt the force of that scripture: “Who maketh thee to differ from another?”

To the mind of many, the word “Hospital” would be most appalling. Not so with us. Were it ever so that by God’s will we should have a broken bone or other serious injury, we should beg to be taken to one of those places open for all. There every kindness is shown, and every appliance for affording relief at hand, which a man cannot have in his own house. Our author bears testimony to this fact:

“The splendid building, in the busy street,
May passing notice and approval meet;
And satisfaction may be felt that there
Afflicted poverty meets kindly care;
And ’tis (though our omissions be a crowd)
A point of which a Briton may be proud,
That all the skill that can by wealth be bought
Is to the poor administer’d for nought;
And notwithstanding all that may be said,
The poor man here meets sympathy and aid.”

And he adds:

“I was well treated, watch’d with every care;
And, therefore, I this testimony bear.”

Earlier on he gives us a little of his experience under his sufferings:

“Six years ago this day my God decreed
That I beneath his chastening rod should bleed;
Brought by the skilful surgeon’s venturous knife
To the extremest verge of mortal life.
But though thus chasten’d, in that trying day,
His solemn word was made to be my stay;

He gave me faith (though trembling at the sight)
 To see with awe that what he did was right.
 His faithful promise bade me to expect
 His rod and staff, to comfort and direct
 And cheer me, as I pass'd with falt'ring breath
 The valley of the shadow of that death.
 So sweetly did he make his face to shine,
 That I could neither murmur nor repine.
 And shall I now distrust what cheer'd me then,
 And through his mercy raised me up again?
 Give heed again to Satan's proven lie,—
 The faith that then supported me deny?
 With unexpected health and strength restored,
 Basely reflect dishonour on my Lord?
 No! Rather may it have the opposite effect,
 To cheer and gladden, by the retrospect."

And he concludes thus:

"And blessings in the highest to my Lord,
 Who, ever faithful to his solemn word,
 While thus enduring his paternal rod,
 Bade me be still, and know that he is God."

To young and old alike we recommend this poem.

Obituary.

LUCY DOE.—On May 31st, 1870, aged 68, Lucy Doe, the beloved wife of Mr. Doe, Baptist minister, South Moreton, Berks.

For the first twenty-two or three years of her life, she lived according to the course of this world, fulfilling the desires of the flesh and of the mind, and was by nature subject to wrath even as others. But God, who is rich in mercy, for the great love wherewith he loved her, called her from a life in sin to a life in righteousness. At or about the age of 23, the Lord began to convince her that she was a transgressor of his righteous law, and that the wages of sin is death; and so powerfully and deeply was this felt that at times she feared to go to sleep at night, lest she should sink into hell. In this state she laboured for peace and pardon, trying all means and spending all she had to grow better, but she rather grew worse; when the great Physician drew near to her self-despairing soul with these words: "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." The effect and savour of these words proved they came from above, from the Father of lights, raising up her afflicted soul to see that God could be just and yet justify the ungodly, and a gracious hope at the same time to feed upon the words and draw comfort from them. Thus, after about nine months' deep distress and hard bondage, the Lord Jesus revealed himself to her as "the way, the truth, and the life," without the teaching of man; for at this time she was not favoured to attend where the gospel in its fulness and freeness was proclaimed; nor for many years afterwards was she so placed in providence as to sit

under it in its purity; yet the Lord carried on the work he had begun in her soul, and deepened it by further discoveries of sin and sweet intimations of mercy until about nineteen years ago, when he brought her to be acquainted with, and, according to his divine pleasure, subsequently to be joined in matrimony to her now bereaved husband, from which time she sat under his ministry, which was blessed to the strengthening and confirming of her soul in the truths she had already received.

She was baptized and joined the church at Stadhampton the following year, and from that time to her death she was an ornament to her profession, being blest with "a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price; and although favoured, for the most part, during these eighteen years, to enjoy sweet communion with the Lord and his dear people, she was sometimes cast down with fears on account of fresh-contracted guilt. I have heard her feelingly say in the poet's language:

"When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
To take thy ransom'd people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?"

showing the exercise of her mind and the desire she had to be right in the sight of the Lord, and ready when her time came.

She was not favoured with a strong and healthy body, often suffering severe pains in the head, which, as a means, being sanctified, caused her to consider her latter end, and brought her to sympathize much with the afflicted, and to help the needy in their distress; and she proved experimentally that "it is better to give than to receive." She may be said to have been a lover indeed of the Lord, his truth, his people, and his ways; and she often felt at the house of God like the disciples of old: "It is good for us to be here."

Although, through weakness of body, she was sometimes unable to attend at her own place, yet her heart and affections were there, and she was brought on through trials, afflictions, and fears, and proved the Lord to be an all-sufficient Friend and a very present help. The anchorage of her hope was the Lord's faithful word and gracious help in time of need. So she lived, and so she died.

In her last affliction the Lord was very merciful. Though the sickness was grievous and painful, confining her to the house and mostly to her bed for five or six months, she was very passive, as was frequently remarked by the kind relative who so tenderly nursed her, and experienced the preciousness of these words: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee." The two lines of hymn 413, Gadsby's Selection:

"The golden letters still appear,—
He hates to put away,"

were very sweet to her. Our hope was that the Lord would spare her a little longer for her aged husband's sake; but he had or-

dained otherwise; for, after partially recovering, she was suddenly taken worse on May 30th, and expired the following day.

Previous to her last illness, it was evident to those about her she was ripening for eternal glory. Her heart and conversation seemed to be in heaven, and earthly things, and especially earthly conversations, were a burden to her.

"O to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrain'd to be,"

was her language; and grace was very manifest and triumphant in her last hours, particularly in her last moments.

To a friend who called on her a short time before her death, she said, "I'm a little better to-day, and feel more like getting on than I have during my illness; but I do earnestly pray I may not come out of this affliction without a blessing." She seemed already in heaven before her spirit left the body.

JAMES TUTT.

JANE GRIMSHAW.—On June 3rd, 1870, aged 47, Jane Grimshaw, a member of the church at Manchester.

She was born at a place called Barker Nook, a secluded spot in Oswaldtwistle. Her parents were poor but striving people. Her mother died when she was very young, leaving the father to struggle with nine children, Jane being the youngest but one. How often have I heard her adore that God who has promised to be a Father to the fatherless, or as we may render it motherless children, for keeping her during the slippery paths of youth, and blessing her with a desire to meet with the Lord's people.

From a child she was brought up at a General Baptist school, situated at New Lane, Little Moor End. Her father, being a hand-loom weaver, and having so many children to clothe, could not send them out in silks and satins. The wonder is how he could clothe them at all. I have heard Jane say she felt as if there were none so fine in the school as she when her father bought her a new pair of (wooden) clogs and a check pinafore. How very different things are now; and yet we hear people constantly saying how much better our forefathers fared than we!

At the Sunday school Jane was very regular and attentive; so much so that she gained the affection of her teacher, and was often told to ask any question she felt an interest in. Little by little her mind became settled in the doctrines of the Bible; and if a strange teacher came into the class and advanced anything contrary to what she had been taught, her eyes were fixed upon the person, and her tongue was very soon afterwards set going, defending the truth as it is in Jesus. At the age of 15, she was so zealous in her Master's work that, after working twelve and a half hours a day in the factory, and helping to do the house-work afterwards, she was up on the Sunday morning and off to a prayer-meeting held at seven o'clock, a mile and a half away from the house; then at school at nine, chapel at half-past ten, school again at one, chapel at half-past two, prayer-meeting

again at half-past six. And thus were spent the early days of Jane Westell.

Being so attentive to the means, she was invited again and again to be baptized and join the people in church fellowship; but she felt the solemn importance of being baptized, and was afraid of submitting to it unworthily.

It was her meat and drink, and she often made great sacrifices to hear that man of God, Wm. Gadsby. He never went into that neighbourhood, Sunday or week day, but Jane was to be seen drinking in the sincere milk of the word.

In 1845 it pleased the Lord, in his providence, to remove her to Manchester; and it was here she was married to the writer of this. Mr. Gadsby was not then living; but she felt a clinging to the place, and prevailed upon me to go with her to the chapel, when that man of God Charles Lodge* was supplying. She felt encouraged, but could not get that full assurance she so much desired.

In about three months after our marriage we removed to Blackley, where the Lord led her about and instructed her. But now she had a weight to carry that before she was a stranger to. She had a husband who feared not God nor regarded man, and who gave her much trouble by leaving her at nights and going after gay company. Being of a lively disposition and fond of songs and recitations, he was much thought of by the company, who encouraged him in the way he was pursuing, to the grief of his dear wife. But all earthly things must have an end. So in this case. After many prayers and many tears from his dear wife, the Lord made these sweet songs bitter to my soul. Many times did I try to sing when I thought I must have choked, so determined was I to shake these feelings off. But the Lord brought me on my knees to cry, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" I know in some instances there is a shyness betwixt husband and wife in better things; and so it was in our case. I had been to hear Mr. Taylor at Manchester one Sunday night. He had been speaking out of Revelation: "And the books were opened; and another book, which is the Book of Life." I felt much under this sermon, and went home praying that my name might be found in the Book of Life, but determined that my wife should not know anything about it, nor about me being religious. On the Monday morning I got up with something of the same feelings respecting this Book of Life, and went down stairs as soon as I could to have a word of prayer before my wife got up; when I was so drawn out in pleading with the Lord that I did not hear my wife come; and when she saw me on my knees she thought I was in a fit, never thinking that the many prayers she had offered up on my behalf were answered. Husbands, do not be afraid to speak to your wives about these good

* For some account of this dear man, see "Gospel Standard" for 1852, and also the "Memoir of Mr. Kershaw," p. 139.

things, for you deprive yourselves of much sweet intercourse and communion one with another.

Things went on with my wife as they do with most of God's people, sometimes feeling encouraged, at other times cast down and fearing that she should never realize what she so much longed for, namely, a satisfactory evidence that she was really a child of God. She felt there must be something wrong; for she had read that it was through much tribulation the Lord's people must enter the kingdom, and she felt at this time that she had no trouble. She had a comfortable home and all she desired, as far as this world was concerned; but she soon found that the day of adversity is set over against the day of prosperity.

In April, 1851, the Lord was pleased to afflict her, commencing with an inflammation in the abdomen. She suffered much with pain for about a week, and very much she pleaded with the Lord that he would manifest himself as her Saviour. About two o'clock in the morning, she was in great agony of body and mind. I had raised her up on the bed, when she leaned her head on my shoulder, and said,

“His way was much rougher and harder than mine;
Did Christ, my Lord, suffer, and shall I repine?”

No, never,” she said. “What a thing it is that Christ should reveal himself as my suffering Redeemer. Help me to sing his praises. She sang; and having a sweet voice, the friends that were attending on her said they never heard such singing before. One old man who was in the room, who was a professional in singing, said her voice was like the nightingale's, warbling at the top of her voice, singing praises to that God who had done so much for her.

In this state she continued for about four days and nights, and would scarcely be persuaded to stop until she took a little refreshment.

On the Sunday morning a member of the church called and engaged in prayer. He had not got far in his prayer when she stopped him. She said she had got all she wanted; she did not want him to pray for anything, but to help her to praise.

Our minister, Mr. Taylor, came to see her. She told him that she could then preach better than he.

Her body became so reduced with singing and talking of the goodness of the Lord, and she became so excited, that the doctors consulted, and advised me to get her away from home, as she would never get better if I did not. We took her to the Cheadle asylum; and the Lord was with her there, manifestly to those who attended upon her. I went to see her in about a month after she left home, and asked the doctor if he thought she would get better. “Yes,” he said, “I have no doubt about it. What she wants is a little rest and quietness, and something to nourish her weak body. Mr. Grimshaw,” he continued, “the Lord has done more for your wife than he has done for thou-

sands." O how pleasing this was to me, that even the doctor could see the Lord's work upon her.

She had many wonderful revelations to her while in the asylum; but I will only mention one, viz., that she saw the ordinance of believers' baptism attended to in our chapel, and that she and her husband were baptized together.

After being from home about five months, I fetched her back. I must pass over the joys and sorrows we had together in talking over things of the past. She began to feel the importance of attending to the ordinance of believers' baptism, and mentioned it to me; but I did not feel at that time I could attend to it, though I much desired the privilege. I wanted the Lord to lead me into it experimentally. My wife feeling confident that we should be baptized together, made things rather awkward; for when she desired it I was not ready, and when I desired it she was not ready; so for a time we were a hindrance to each other. One day, while I was at work, I began to think about the trouble my dear wife had with some hens I had bought. I had made a comfortable place for them, and had made an opening through the wall for them to go in and out; but instead of doing this, some of them would fly up into the trees, to the great annoyance of my wife. She said some of them went in at the opening right enough, but the others went into the trees, and gave her great trouble in getting them down. This began to open up to me in this way, that the Lord had made a way into his church, but, instead of me and my wife going in at the door, we flew up into the gallery, as the unruly hens flew into the trees. I saw at once that we were doing wrong. I left the machine I was working and went under the stairs, and there prayed to the Lord that if that was to show me the way into his church he would make an opening. And so he did. My wife and I were proposed together, and gave in our experience. The friends were pleased to accept us, and we were baptized together on the first Lord's day in February, 1855. Thus was fulfilled what my wife had revealed to her in the asylum.

I must now come to her last days; and I must say if ever a poor sinner felt the force of that scripture that Christ came to deliver those who "through fear of death are all their lifetime subject to bondage," she did. She had a great dread of death and the grave. I often heard her say, when people had been talking about nice burying-places, that she had not seen a nice one yet. The Lord made short work with her at last. Though she had been sinking for some time, she was able to go about the house and do her work within ten days of her death. Her sickness was nervous debility. I had the best advice for her I could procure, yet she sank; and for eight days laboured also under great darkness of mind. Again and again I wanted to turn down the gas in the room, thinking she might get to sleep better; but she said, "O father, don't! It is dismal darkness without and darkness within."

On Sunday, May 29th, she was evidently sinking, and I left her for a short time to go to Manchester for the doctor. A friend was in the room. She said, "Come, George, cannot you preach for us this morning?" He said, "There is a passage come to my mind this morning; but I cannot tell where to find it. The words are these: 'Who in the days of his flesh, when he offered up prayers and supplication with strong crying and tears unto Him that was able to save him from death, and was heard in that he feared.'" "Yes," she said, "I have experienced that this morning." She said again, "He was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin. How hard it is to be tempted! What must I do?" The friend said, "Have a little more patience." She said, "If you have any to spare, you can give me some." After this, Satan was permitted to harass her very much. Still she kept crying for the Lord to appear, and her cry was answered in a most blessed way.

On Tuesday morning, about one o'clock, she awoke out of a slumber, and said, "O! What a vision I have had! I have been favoured with a sight of heaven." She said how hard she had pressed to get there; but when she did get there what glories did she behold! What she saw she could never describe. The great attraction was Christ, and she said she saw the place he had prepared for her. She said, "Go and call some of the chapel people. I must tell them some of the things I have seen." About four o'clock I went to call up an old Christian woman, I believe the oldest member at Rochdale Road chapel. Our daughter asked my wife to try and get a little sleep, and then she would feel stronger. She said she would, for it would take her all day to tell it. She went to sleep, and when she awoke she saw the old Christian, and said to her, "It is all gone. How silly I was for falling asleep, and thus losing the sweetness of what I have felt! O that I had not fallen asleep! I could have told you something; but now, I don't know how it is, I cannot tell you. I felt as if I was on a bed of roses, the perfume of which went into heaven."

On Tuesday afternoon she was got up, and sat in a chair opposite the window. She called her children and her husband into the room to sing. She said, "Let us sing,

"When I can read my title clear,
To mansions in the skies!"

She said, "Father, why don't you sing?" I said, "I have been singing; but you make such a noise that you drown my voice." She said, "Do I?" After being got to bed she felt quite exhausted, and apparently sank rapidly. She then began to arrange about her funeral, telling her daughter where she would find the things necessary to lay her out in as calmly as if she was only going to sleep for the night. Truly the Lord had taken away the fear of death she had so much dreaded all her lifetime.

On the Thursday night, about half-past seven, I was standing by the bedside, when she looked up at me with great earnestness, and said, "O father, can't you help me?" I said I wished

I could, but there was no helping one another to die. We must all die for ourselves. She then turned herself on her back, began to breathe very heavily, taking no notice of anything, and ceased to breathe, without a struggle or a move of the body.

Blackley, near Manchester.

HENRY GRIMSHAW.

WILLIAM GARLICK.—On July 14th, 1870, aged 61, William Garlick, a member of the church at Vauxhall Road, Preston. He was baptized by Mr. Haworth in March, 1860.

In early life he had deep thoughts of sin, but was in the dark as to the way of life. He attended the Church of England at Sutton Courtney, at the time Mr. Tiptaft was there. Mr. Tiptaft married him. He could not read. Our minister has heard him say that he attended church till he actually could not even understand anything of the form; it became complete confusion to him, except the reading of the scriptures. The particular scripture that was the cause of his deliverance cannot be given; but it appears Mr. Tiptaft's altered preaching and the conversations of such good men as Mr. Randle were the means of giving him both comfort and understanding.

In 1854 he came to Preston, and was a regular attender at Vauxhall Road chapel up to the time he was taken ill.

He was a man of clear discernment, but made no noise, being truly one of the quiet in the land.

He appeared to be going for several months before his death, and towards the last suffered much from cancer in the stomach. Our minister saw him the day before he died, and asked him if he was afraid to die. He said, "No. The other night I was rather low and dark, and these words came as if they crept over my head and spoke loud: 'Fear not; I have redeemed thee.' I said, 'Yes, Lord, thou hast redeemed Jacob;' but it came louder than ever, 'I have redeemed thee;' and I have not feared death since."

W. Y.

Preston.

MRS. ISBELL.—On Aug. 11th, aged 73, Mrs. Isbell, widow of the late Mr. Isbell, minister of the gospel, and sister to the late Mr. Philpot.

For a long time previous to her death she was afflicted with paralysis, which, towards the close of her life, rendered her as helpless as a child. Her end had been looked for, by her most intimate friends, a considerable time before that of her beloved brother, and it has been surprising to all who knew her that she should have lingered so long.

She appeared perfectly conscious up to the last moment, and said to her friend Miss L., "*I am dying!*" Miss L. replied, "You are falling asleep." She said, "Yes; I am going to heaven."

Her remains were conveyed to the Plymouth Cemetery on Tuesday, the 16th, and, by Mr. Hemington, placed in the grave of her beloved husband.

For letters of Mrs. Isbell's, see "Gospel Standard" for 1839, and for some account of her husband, see the "G. S." for April, 1860. Also the "G. S." for last April, for a letter from Mr. Philpot to Mrs. Isbell.

RACHEL WARBURTON.—On Aug. 19th, aged 64, Rachel Warburton, daughter of the late Mr. Warburton, of Trowbridge. Particulars in our next.

JOHN HALKIE.—On July 30th, aged 72, John Halkie, deacon of the church at Zoar, Canterbury.

ANSWER TO INQUIRY.

S. M. wishes us to give our opinion of "the order which should be observed upon receiving persons into church fellowship;" and he relates various things which have come under his own observation.

We are of opinion that candidates for church fellowship should, in the first instance, be visited by the minister and one or more of the deacons, or by two or more of the deacons if there be no stated minister; and that these should not only receive from the candidates an account of the Lord's dealings with their souls, but also, as referred to by S. M., inquire as to their "moral character." We know that some, though not any immediately connected with us that we are aware of, do not think inquiries as to moral character necessary, alleging, which is true enough, that where grace reigns in the heart, rectitude will reign also; but as grace may be and too often is imitated, as a tree is known by its fruits, and as our enemies say our doctrines lead to licentiousness, we are bound, doubly bound, not only to look at spiritual but at moral fruits, especially as it is easy enough to pick up an experience, and as some have crept into churches who never could have done so had their moral character been known.

If the inquiries as to moral character, after full investigation, are not satisfactory, there must be an end of the whole matter. But presuming that all is right in that respect, still there may be a difference of opinion between or amongst the visitors as to the evidences of spiritual life. In that case, it would be better that the candidates should be requested, in a kind and loving way, to wait a little, than that they should be brought forward to doubtful disputations. (Rom. xiv. 1.) At the same time, if true faith be manifest, though that faith be weak, they should be encouraged to join the church.

The next step will be that the candidates, if so far approved, will attend before the church, again relate something of what the Lord has done for them, and answer any questions which may be put to them. They will then retire, and their case will be considered by the members present. The minister and deacons may then state what were their own impressions when they visited the candidates, and what were the results of their inquiries as to moral character, &c. If amongst the members present there be a difference of opinion, we do not think that any candidate ought to be admitted on having a mere narrow majority. We think that in the admission of a member into the church, in the election of a deacon, or the choice of a minister, there ought to be at least two-thirds of the members in favour. We do not say this dogmatically, or authoritatively, but merely give it as our opinion, without aiming to bind others.

We will now suppose that the candidates have been received. Baptism (we speak necessarily of Baptist churches) will follow. Then, as also in churches which are not Baptist, comes the Lord's Supper. The members being assembled, the minister (stated or officiating) addresses a few affectionate words to each candidate, and then, in the name of the church and in the name of the Lord Jesus, gives them the right hand of fellowship.

Where there are rules for the guidance of the church, as we think there ought to be in every church, that all things may be done decently and in order,—and what even domestic establishment can be orderly without fixed rules?—those rules ought to be signed by every one when he or she joins the church, to avoid future misunderstandings as to Articles of Faith, Church Government, &c.

Thus much for S. M.'s inquiry. But while writing our reply, our mind has been involuntarily led to another subject, or part of the same

subject,—the order of administering the Lord's Supper. This is, we think, of no less importance than the subject we have just been dwelling upon; for, instead of being a solemn ordinance, it is too often made a dry and discursive one.

The order should be this. We do not here say we *think*, but are *sure*. Turn to 1 Cor. xi. 23-26. We there have full instructions. First of all, verses 23, 24 should be quoted by the minister: "The Lord Jesus, the same night in which he was betrayed, took bread; and when he had given thanks, he brake it, and said, Take, eat; this is my body, which is broken for you; this do in remembrance of me." The minister should then add, "Let us give thanks;" or "Let us call upon the Lord;" or use words of a like import. Having engaged in prayer and giving of thanks, he should then, and not till then, begin to break the bread; and while he is breaking it, he should address the church present, as his mind may be led, adhering in his remarks as much as possible to the subject before them. He should then hand the plates to the deacons, and the deacons carry round the bread to the members.

This being completed, the minister should quote verses 25, 26: "After the same manner also he took the cup, when he had supped, saying, This cup is the new testament in my blood; this do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me. For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till he come."

Again he should offer up a few words in prayer and thanksgiving; and then, and not till then, pour out the wine, and make any other remarks he may feel impressed on his mind. The wine should then be handed round as in the case of the bread.

Now we do maintain, and this is what we principally wish to dwell upon, that *not a word ought to be spoken by the minister while the members are eating the bread or drinking the wine*. If their minds are rightly exercised, they will, with broken and contrite hearts, be sending up praises and thanksgivings to a Triune God for their salvation, or offering up petitions for another sweet evidence that Christ's body was broken and his blood shed for them. But how can they do this if any one be speaking in their hearing, and distracting their thoughts? O! How often have we heard the children of God complain that they have left the ordinance as dry as a chip, their meditations having been disturbed by the minister speaking, when his remarks had no more reference to the subject of the Lord's Supper than if he had been preaching without a text at all. But whether the remarks be appropriate or not, we repeat that not a word ought to be spoken while the members are partaking of the symbols. The minister has ample time to say all he need to say before he sends round the bread, and again before he sends round the wine.

Some ministers read a psalm or a few verses of some other part of God's word, and then sing a hymn, at the commencement of the service; and we entirely approve of this; but, after that, the order should be strictly as already set forth. There can be no doubt, from the above passages, that such was the practice of the primitive churches.

There should also be a few words to spectators, and a hymn and the benediction at the close; and then the collection for the poor.

These remarks are offered in love; may they be received in a like spirit; but, whether or not, we have unburdened our mind. We unqualifiedly declare that we have had no individual in view in writing. On the contrary, our remarks will apply to many, both Baptists and others; for, so far as we have observed or been able to ascertain, many ministers do address the friends while they are partaking of the elements; but we think they are wrong.

OCTOBER 1, 1870.

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

OCTOBER, 1870.

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

THE WORKS OF GOD.

NOTES OF A SERMON PREACHED BY MR. KNILL, AT HASTINGS,
JULY 8TH, 1869.

“For thou, Lord, hast made me glad through thy work. I will triumph in the works of thy hands.”—Ps. xcii. 4.

THE children of God are very glad to find their features traced out in the scriptures of truth, as we frequently observe them in the book of psalms; and I think the longer a child of God travels in the divine life, he will be more and more conversant with this precious book of psalms, for he will find the breathings of his soul similar to those of the psalmist.

What cause the church has to bless God for the account of the experience of the saints recorded in the word. It is not intended we should build upon them. We are not to build upon another man's foundation, the scripture says; but “whatsoever was written aforetime was written for our learning (whether it be doctrine, instruction, exhortation, or admonition), that we through patience and comfort of the scriptures might have hope.” Therefore the troubled, exercised, tempted soul is very glad to see in the word of God words which are akin to his feelings. Now in the book of psalms the divine life, from its commencement, is set forth; for we gather there the lowest evidence, as we cannot come lower than a desire; and how many a child of God has been glad to hear that “he will fulfil the desire of them that fear him.” And then again the highest assurance: “The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?” We gather, then, in the book of psalms, the lowest evidence up to the highest assurance. The Lord's people do not grow six feet in a few hours; they go step by step up Jacob's ladder before they can say the Lord is their God. Nevertheless, their safety is as great in their doubts and fears as when they are blessed with the full assurance of faith.

Now when the psalmist penned this psalm, he was under the anointings of the Holy Ghost. Some may say, “Was not the psalmist always under the operations of the Holy Ghost?” Why,

my friends, the Holy Ghost operates as he will. David had to say, "I go mourning all the day; so that sometimes the children of God are in a mourning state, down in the deep, while at other times hope springs up in the love of God. "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? And why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God." Again, he comes into a state of felt poverty and wretchedness that he cannot tell what to do with himself. He says, "My heart is sore pained within me, and the terrors of death are fallen upon me. Fearfulness and trembling are come upon me, and horror hath overwhelmed me." So that the psalmist was not always under the sweet anointings of the Holy Spirit. No. But the Lord is pleased to make his people's face to shine at times. When the love of God is shed abroad in their hearts, then they feel this blessed anointing, enlightening their eyes. The heart, which before was contracted, is opened and expanded, and there comes forth the new man of grace. They that know what these sweet influences of the Holy Ghost are know they are of various operations.

The psalmist begins the psalm thus: "It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High." O friends, one of the most delightful exercises of a child of God on earth is that of rendering praise, of giving God thanks. Some may say, "Cannot they always give God thanks?" Poor dear souls! Glad would they be if they could; but they feel that they have no more power to create a thankful heart than they have to create a world. One of the most painful parts of their experience is to see how the Lord opens his hand from day to day, and deals out his bountiful mercy in temporal things, as well as in the gift of life, which he puts into their souls, and yet to feel how little true gratitude they have; for if he puts not the grace of gratitude into exercise, they have it not. Though the Lord is pleased to put every grace of his Spirit into the soul at regeneration, yet the child of God has no power to bring those graces into operation. No, no.

The psalmist says, "My soul cleaveth unto the dust." And what is this dust? Why, worldly things, carnal things, sensual things; and the poor soul cannot get away from them; he cannot lift up himself. And you will find Hannah saying the same things: "He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth up the beggar from the dunghill, to set them among princes, and to make them inherit the throne of glory."

Now I believe I am speaking to-night to some such poor needy souls, who not only talk about these things, but really feel them to be painful things. God's people love to feel God at work in their hearts. They cannot fold their arms and be content without this. They cannot do this. No, no.

"It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High; to show forth thy loving-kindness in the morning, and thy faithfulness every night."

When the Lord is pleased to give us a sweet view of his tender mercies, how good it is to speak of them, and to show forth that we are debtors to his grace and mercy. If the church of God were more favoured with the sweet tokens of the love of God, we should find their spirits more like Christ's; we should find their lives more separated from the world and worldly professors; for there is nothing that so separates a child of God from sin and sinners as a sweet experience of God's love.

The psalmist goes on to say, "Upon an instrument of ten strings." Now, I have thought this instrument of ten strings is the ten graces of God the Holy Ghost. And when the Holy Spirit is pleased to breathe on, and put this instrument in tune, then the soul can say, as Watts says,

"O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound."

The Lord's people know when their hearts are tuned with God's praises that it is from himself; for "the preparations of the heart of man, and the answer of the tongue is of the Lord."

David further says, "I will sing a new song unto thee, O God; upon a psaltery and an instrument of ten strings will I sing praises unto thee." These musical instruments that were used in the temple service were symbolical of the melody the Holy Ghost makes in a sinner's soul, when he is pleased to shed abroad his love there. The apostle says, "Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit, speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your hearts unto the Lord." O friends, there are such seasons, though I believe that after the sweet day of espousals is passed they are but rare; yet the Lord is pleased from time to time to give songs in the night, in the dwellings of Jacob.

But to come to my text: "For thou, Lord, hast made me glad through thy work. I will triumph in the works of thy hands." Here you see there is no free-will; all is ascribed to the power of God, to the grace of God. "I will triumph in the works of thy hands,"—works in the plural. And there are two works of which I shall endeavour to speak. Not that I mean to imply that there are only two operations of God the Holy Ghost, but there are two especial ones that concern the church of God. I know that the works of God are manifold, and they are great. God's works as a God of creation, O how great they are, and how they bespeak his infinite wisdom, power, majesty, and goodness! Why, the earth is filled with his goodness, and all his works praise him; yes, and the saints shall bless him.

The two works which I intend speaking upon, by the help of God, to-night, are,

I. The work which *the Lord Jesus Christ has done* for his church and people; and

II. The work which *the Holy Ghost is doing* in the hearts of his people. And, my dear friends, if we are saved, if we get to

heaven, we must be brought to be acquainted with both these works. There must not only be the work done *for* us, but there must be the work done *in* us. Now I know that a young Christian, generally speaking, is looking more for the work done *in* him than for the work done *for* him. His mind is not much occupied with the doctrinal part of the word; but he is very much occupied with his heart, whether he is under the teachings of God the Holy Ghost.

I. I must first speak a little of the work done *for* us. Now what is this work which the Lord Jesus Christ has really done? Mind, it is not *to be* done; this work *is* done. And in Rev. xxi. the Lord said unto John, "It is done. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end." And when our blessed Lord expired upon the cross, what did he say? "It is finished!" And he speaks also of this work, in the Gospel by John, as a finished work: "I have glorified thee on the earth. I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do." And this work was the redemption of his church, to bring back God's banished ones, "to make reconciliation for iniquity, and to bring in everlasting righteousness. In 2 Cor. v. 19-21, we read, "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them, and hath committed unto us the word of reconciliation. Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us; we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God. For he hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." Now this work of redemption far exceeds all God's other works. The glorious Worker here made the heavens and the earth, the sea, and all things which are therein. "All things were made by him, and without him was not anything made that was made." "By him were all things created that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers. All things were created by him and for him; and he is before all things, and by him all things consist." And he is spoken of as "upholding all things by the word of his power. And yet this work of redemption infinitely exceeds every other work of his hands. I admire Dr. Watts's words:

"God in the person of his Son
Has all his mightiest works outdone."

I know that men may be much taken up with the works of creation, and yet their hearts never rise to the glorious Maker of it all. We often read in the present day that Nature has done this or that, as though Nature could act apart from the God of nature. There is a God of nature and there is a God of salvation.

Well, what is the work done? And what was it that was necessary to be done, to do that work? It was a work which must be done by Jehovah Jesus, and that not abstractedly in his deity, but in taking into union with his divine Person the nature

of man. Now, here is a work. And what for? John says, "For this purpose the Son of God was manifested" (was brought forth), "that he might destroy the works of the devil. What was the work of the devil? Why, he destroyed God's image in man, and put his own devilish likeness in him. It is said, "God created man in his own image;" but this image was lost by the all. And then it is said Adam begat a son in his own likeness, after his image. Satan overcame our first parents in the garden of Eden, and so destroyed God's image in them that there was nothing good left. God's image was life. "In him was life," John says, "and the life was the light of men." But after the fall, instead of life in their nature, their nature became death. "In the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." The church of God, though chosen in Christ, blessed in Christ before the foundation of the world was laid, yet they were in Adam when he fell. Therefore the apostle says, "And were by nature the children of wrath, even as others." The church fell in Adam, who forfeited divine life. But in infinite mercy the Son of God came into the world to stand in the law room, place, and stead of his people, who must otherwise have sunk down into everlasting woe. I say, friends, what a work this is. Hart speaks very blessedly upon this subject :

"The Lord of life experienced death.

How it was done we can't discuss;

But this we know, 'twas done for us."

The Lord Jesus Christ took up a life, to be able to die. The scripture says, "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 had the power of death, that is the devil." What a work this is. And it goes on to say, "And deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage." And then look, friends. "He took not on him the nature of angels, but he took on him the seed of Abraham. Wherefore in all things it behoved him to be made like unto his brethren, that he might be a merciful high priest in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of his people." Look at it, friends: "To make reconciliation for the sins of his people. For in that he had suffered, being tempted, he is able to succour them that are tempted. For both he that sanctifieth and they who are sanctified are all of one; for which cause he is not ashamed to call them brethren." And it is further said, "He gave his life a ransom for many." Again, "The Son of man came to seek and to save that which was lost." And he says, "All that the Father giveth to me shall come to me, and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

My text says, "I will triumph in the works of thy hands." Well, what was this work? Why, it was to satisfy law and justice in behalf of his church. The church had broken God's law, and entailed upon itself the curse of that law. And, my friends,

divine Justice will exact all that the law demands, at the hands of the sinner or his Surety. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." And, "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them." Here the church was exposed to the curse and wrath of God. But the Lord Jesus Christ is pleased to come into this world to stand in the place of his church. And what does the apostle say? "God sent forth his Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law, that they might receive the adoption of sons." Christ was circumcised, and thus became debtor to do the whole law. For the apostle says, "If ye be circumcised, Christ shall profit you nothing. For I testify to every man that is circumcised, that he is a debtor to do the whole law. Christ has become of no effect unto you, whosoever of you are justified by the law; ye are fallen from grace." "The Lord Jesus Christ was made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law." And he says, "I will ransom them from the power of the grave, I will redeem them from death. O death, I will be thy plagues; O grave, I will be thy destruction. Repentance shall be hid from mine eyes." So you see, the Lord Jesus Christ engaged with his Father to be the redemption of his church and people. And the word says, "The redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with singing, and everlasting joy shall be upon their heads. They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." For "their Redeemer is strong; the Lord of Hosts is his name." He shall thoroughly plead their cause. "And in that day it shall be said to Jerusalem, Fear thou not; and to Zion, Let not thine hands be slack. The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty; he will save thee; he will rejoice over thee with joy; he will rest in his love; he will joy over thee with singing." There was an everlasting union between Christ and his church. The church was the gift of the Father to his dear Son from everlasting. "Thine they were, and thou gavest them me." And he was set up from everlasting to be the glorious Head of his church; for she is his bride, "the Lamb's wife." "Thy Maker is thy Husband; the Lord of Hosts is his name." So that there was a marriage union between Christ and his church from everlasting. The church did not fall out of his love when she fell, nor was that eternal bond of love ever broken. And it was in this glorious relationship that he became responsible for her. Here we see his love:

"This was compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew."

He knew from everlasting the dreadful ruin into which his bride would go.

"He saw her ruin'd in the fall,
But loved her notwithstanding all."

O friends, look at this love, this self-moving love, this self-originating love. And because he loved her he gave himself for her.

In the epistle to the Ephesians it is said, "Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it, that he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word, that he might present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish." O friends, I like to look at God's eternal purposes of grace in the Lord Jesus Christ, towards his church and people, in the eternal counsel of peace; and I have often looked at the wonderful mercy and goodness of God, in thus making provision before man fell, not after his fall; for redemption and salvation in the purpose of God were done before man's fall.

Well; this was the work of the Son of God, to bruise the serpent's head. Look at the first promise given. The Lord said to the serpent, "I will put enmity between thee and the woman, between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel." O, bless his holy name, the Lord Jesus Christ bruised the serpent's head, by suffering, bleeding, and dying. He took away the curse, and removed death and destruction out of the power of the devil. But how did he do this? By enduring all the wrath of God due to sinners: "He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with his stripes we are healed." His sufferings were so great that he sweat great drops of blood, falling down to the ground. Of his sufferings Hart says:

"Much we talk of Jesus' blood;
But how little's understood;
Of his sufferings so intense,
Angels have no perfect sense.
Who can rightly comprehend
Their beginning or their end?
'Tis to God, and God alone,
That their weight is fully known."

This is the work. O what a work to bring his church, to purchase his forfeited church; for the Lord Jesus Christ bought his church. And what was the price? His blood. Look at the value paid for the church,—the blood of the dear Son of God. Yes; he paid down the utmost price; and to prove that the debt was completely paid, he could not see corruption, but must rise from the dead, as a testimony that the debt was paid; that the church was redeemed. Look, friends, at what Paul says in Rom. viii.: "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God; who also maketh intercession for us. What shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress,

or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors, through him that loved us. For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." Only look at this work, for God's work is perfect. All his ways are judgments: "A God of truth and without iniquity, just and right is he." The whole of the church is redeemed, not a hoof left behind. There is no peradventure here; there is no possibility of their sinking to hell. They will every one get to heaven. And the prophet Isaiah speaks of it as it will be at the last: "Behold I and the children which God has given me."

Well; this is one of the works. "I will triumph in the works of thy hands," says the psalmist.

Now I must observe, there are very many who can understand this work of Christ's which I have just attempted to set forth, and can set it forth much more clearly than I have done; yet if you come to ask them what they know of this work in themselves, they would be at a loss to tell you.

II. Then, for the sake of poor tried souls, I will endeavour to speak a little of the second work, the work *the Holy Ghost is doing*. Friends, the work which I am about to speak of has a beginning; for it is a work wrought in the heart, and it cannot be fully wrought there, and the sinner be ignorant of it. He will be able to tell to other poor sinners what God has done *for* his soul, and what he has done *in* his soul. You that have this witness in your spirits do know that the work has a beginning. Now the apostle says, "Being confident of this very thing, that he which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ." Then again, "We are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them."

How is this work begun? It is called a new birth, plainly implying it had not an existence before. You know we do not make ourselves as creatures; and this second birth, where does it come from? The Lord tells Nicodemus, "Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again. The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit." All who are the subjects of this blessed birth, this regeneration, the Holy Ghost comes and shows that they are ruined, lost, and undone, that they are blind, helpless, and naked. He shows them their need of Christ, and brings them to seek and beg for Christ. You may say, "If the church is everlastingly saved in Christ, where is the necessity of their being shown their guilt and iniquity?" I reply, they must be made

meet for heaven. Heaven would be a hell to the unregenerate soul. He does not love holiness, purity, and righteousness. But this new birth is a holy nature communicated, a holy spirit infused into the sinner's soul. It is life imparted from the Spirit of life. And what does the word say? "When he, the Spirit of truth, is come" (when he comes to the conscience), "he shall convince the world of sin." That is, the elect world, the world for whom Christ died,—a world within the world. "He shall convince the world of sin." And so they know that they are sinners. But did they not know they were sinners before this? They have just as much knowledge of this as is given them by a natural conscience. But when the spirituality of God's law is seen in the heart, in the desire, in the affections, when the iniquity of them all is brought to light, this is the teaching of God the Holy Ghost, as Hart says:

"Lord, when thy Spirit descends to show
The badness of our hearts,
Astonish'd at the amazing view,
The soul with horror starts."

You may say, "Does the Holy Ghost teach that?" Yes; for "whatsoever makes manifest is light." "When he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he shall convince the world of sin, of righteousness," &c.; of their need of righteousness; because all taught by God the Holy Ghost will feel they are not only sinners, but that they must have a perfect righteousness, that the law of God requires such a righteousness, and that they cannot stand before God without it. Then where is that righteousness to be got? The poor sinner sets to work. He vows, he resolves to do this and to leave undone the other, in order to make a righteousness; but, like Samson's withs, they all give way, and the Lord's right hand tears them to pieces from time to time. Yet the poor soul returns to it again and again, until at last he is brought to see there is no righteousness but that which the Lord Jesus Christ has wrought out that will do to stand in before God. O friends, how long it was before I was stripped before God, and brought to stand in Christ's righteousness.

Well; the Holy Ghost convinces the sinner that he needs that righteousness. It is the bride's wedding garment, and she cannot stand before the King without it. The psalmist says, "The king's daughter is all glorious within; her clothing is of wrought gold. She shall be brought unto the King in raiment of needlework." Now, that needlework was the righteousness of Christ, every stitch of it. And, poor child of God, if thou art able to believe it, and to live upon it, thou wilt have peace.

Now, where do you get the victory over sin? Do you know what it is to feel that sin presses you down? And how are you to get deliverance from it, but by faith in the doing and dying of Christ? O! How I have tried to curb sin; how I have tried to run away from it! I have tried to mortify myself; but sin was stronger than all. And I could never get the victory over it

until I got it from Calvary's cross, and Christ will give you not only the power to trample it down, but to get the victory over it. But you may say, "I cannot get the victory." Can you say you are engaged in the battle? If so, Christ will work for thee, and in thee, and he will help thee to trust in him; for "the battle is the Lord's." He will help thee to the precious promises there are in the word for those who are toiling to get the victory over sin and the world.

"I will triumph in the works of thy hand." This is the triumph of faith. But faith has many operations. There is little faith, weak faith, and strong faith. I used to think that I could not have faith if I had not joy; but I have learnt that faith has to fight; faith has to resist, faith has to oppose, and faith has to stand. Paul bids us "fight the good fight of faith," and to "resist the devil," and he will flee from us; and we are exhorted to stand still and see the salvation of the Lord." The enemies faith has are sin, the world, the flesh, and the devil; and those who are enabled to stand against these enemies are acquainted with God the Father in Christ. Look at what John says: "Truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ." Again: "If we say we have fellowship with him, and walk in darkness, we lie, and do not the truth. But if we walk in the light as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin." And the apostle, speaking to the church of Corinth, says, "God is faithful, by whom ye were called into the fellowship of his Son Jesus Christ." So those for whom Christ died will be brought to know Christ, to love Christ, to trust in him, rest upon him, and live a life of faith and dependence upon him, both within and without, in temporals and spirituals. This is the new life. It is God working in you, "Christ the hope of glory."

I was, my friends, for many years looking for some particular work in me, and when I could see that I had a little faith, a little hope, and a little love, then I thought I was in a good state, and perhaps I should get to heaven; but when I could not feel any faith, hope, or love, I thought I was wrong; so that I was placing my faith and hope in myself, without looking to the finished work of Christ. Now, I believe there are multitudes of living souls that are looking to their frames and feelings; and if they do not come up to what they think they ought to be, they fear they are wrong. You may say, "Are you going to do away with frames and feelings?" Yes, I am, as the ground of acceptance before God. "Then what are we to rest upon?" Why, upon the finished work of Christ. The work is done, and done for ever. And I can tell you from personal experience that you will find no resting-place until you get here. I was tossed up and down without any certainty about my state for years, until the Lord was pleased to show me that Christ's righteousness alone justified me, that his blood alone cleansed me, and that

God the Father accepted me in the Beloved, and that all my hope must be in Christ, all my joy must come from Christ, that I must look where God the Father looks, and trust where God the Father trusts. You sing Hart's hymns, and I admire them very much; but I did not understand the meaning of one part some years ago. He says,

“Righteousness within thee rooted,
 May appear to take thy part;
 But let righteousness *imputed*
 Be the breastplate of thine heart.”

Now, friends, I found when I was brought into a fiery trial that I had not this breastplate. Why? Because I had never been led into the knowledge of Christ's righteousness; therefore, when Satan came in the night, I had no breastplate; but when the Lord was pleased to deliver me, he led me into that blessed doctrine of the imputation of Christ's righteousness; and then I saw that when I was down in the deeps in my feelings, or when I apprehended death and destruction, my state was as secure as when I was upon the mount of holy communion.

Now this is a fundamental article of faith and doctrine of grace; and I believe it was one of the doctrines your dear minister (Mr. Fenner) experienced and preached; but it is only to be realized by the teaching of the blessed Spirit.

“I will triumph in the works of thy hands.” Now, though these two works are perfectly distinct, yet they are beautifully blended together. There are multitudes clear in the doctrine, but where is their experience? “O,” say some, “if I really believed that Christ would save me, then I might live in licentiousness.” O friends, this is a most dreadful slur upon this most blessed doctrine. Why, if a child of God could live and be as he would, he would be holy as God is holy, and live more and more to Christ's honour and glory. This doctrine is a most blessed doctrine. Christ has justified thee, his blood has cleansed thee, and his Spirit sanctifies thee. O! I love to know the Father in his love and grace; I love to know the Lord Jesus Christ in his glorious work of redemption; and I love to know the blessed witness of God the Holy Ghost. The Holy Ghost's office is to bring the church to the knowledge of their sonship and heirship. Here is the Trinity in unity,—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, in behalf of the church. O how blessed!

But your time is gone. May the Lord be pleased to grant his blessing, for Christ's sake. Amen.

GRACE is the blossom-bud of glory; and a work of grace upon the heart is a needful preparation for glory. By grace men are brought into the school of Christ, and bound apprentices for heaven. In this school they learn to walk with God, to love him, and to serve him—to be strangers upon earth, and to seek a better country; looking for the coming of the Son of God. These are some scripture marks of the heirs of glory. Do you find them in your breast?—*Berridge.*

CHANGES.

Much-esteemed Friend,—You will excuse my brevity, as my time has been much taken up with one thing and another. I shall only say I expect to see you shortly, God willing.

As for my path in which I travel, it is dark, gloomy, and very mysterious. I blunder on at some rate, and often gape like a man that has lost his breath. Upright I cannot go; but, like a tired fox, I lie from side to side, expecting at times and wishing for better things, but often fearing I shall fall and rise no more. Thus I go on, something like a paper kite, lifted up and down this way and that, according as the wind takes it and drives it. Sometimes my head appears larger than my body; this over-balances me, and thus doth my wisdom deceive me, when the Lord turns it into foolishness, and defaces my face with my own ignorance. I am something like a caterpillar, that makes a great humming with his wings, and yet after all appears to be nothing but the effects of a blight. Sometimes the devil dresses me up like a peacock, and then I strut about in my fancied plumes, and wonder how it is that I am not more admired; and sometimes I am so foul and filthy that I wonder more how any one can approach or come near where I am.

Thus am I a riddle of riddles to myself, buried and unknown to almost all as well as to myself. If you have a word or two left for such a weathercock, I should take it as a great favour if you would be so kind as to send it.

Give my love to your wife and all friends.

JAMES REED.

 THE BIBLE.

[The following lines by the late W. Huntington were sent by him in a Bible to a friend (Susan Baker).]

THIS book is a treasure divine,
Exceeding all portions on earth;
It informs and ennobles the mind;
No mortal can judge of its worth.

It points out the mystical road
Which leads to communion with God;
And shows an eternal abode
For those that confide in his blood.

I charge you to read it with care,
As sent by a father in faith,
To a daughter I greatly revere,
A handmaid that treads in my path.

Its wonders no mortal can trace,
As the Author is mighty to save;
And may Susan be thriving in grace,
When William is laid in his grave.

W. H., S. S.

THE longer I live, the more am I convinced that, if ever you are saved, grace must save you; and if ever I am saved, grace must save me. It is not of works, lest any man should boast.—*Tiptaft*.

A RECORD OF GOD'S MERCY AND LOVING-KINDNESS TO WILLIAM ANGEL.

My dear and venerated father was born at South Walsom, in Norfolk, Nov. 5th, 1777, and died in London, Jan. 29th, 1869, aged 91.

The Lord began the mighty work of grace in his heart when in his 19th year. Convictions of sin, fear of death, and legal strivings to commend himself to the favour of God characterized the commencement of his Christian course; and in due time the Lord, in a gradual way and manner, caused the light of the glorious gospel to dawn upon his soul.

But as it will be best to describe this in his own words, I will extract from a manuscript he left behind him, which he wrote in his early days:

"My parents were poor and very illiterate; neither of them could read; yet, though poor, they were very sober, honest, and industrious. They made no profession of religion, and therefore never educated me or any of the family in religion.

"At 14 years of age I went into the service of a farmer, who was a most abandoned character; and being introduced into the company of a set of men and boys who were all of them profane characters, I soon learned their ways, and made a rapid progress in all manner of wickedness, especially in the sin of profane cursing and swearing. At the end of two years, during which I advanced farther and farther in wickedness, I returned home to my father's house, and shortly afterwards the 'Whole Duty of Man' fell into my hands; the reading of which, although I was a very indifferent reader, had such an effect upon me as to produce a thorough reformation in my outward conduct; so that I was noticed by many in the village, and highly commended, which mightily pleased my pride. I abstained from all that I conceived to be sin, reprov'd it in others, was constant at church and frequent in prayers. My father happening to see me one day on my knees, sharply reprov'd me, and told me I should soon be like the Wheatlys (by which I believe he meant the Whitefieldites), praying to wooden gods.

"In this religious fit I continued as long as I stayed in my father's house, when I went again to service for six months; during which I cast off all my religion and got as wicked as ever, though not without some keen lashes of conscience at times."

He then relates a wonderful deliverance from a violent death while in the farmer's service, and continues: "About a month after this I was sent for to come to London, which I had long wished for, and which during my religious fit I had prayed for, as I thought I should then be able to keep holy the Sabbath day, which I thought I could not do in a farmer's service, as I was obliged to work on that day."

He arrived in London on Oct. 4th, 1794. He usually attended St. Giles's church, Holborn, but, says he, "I cannot say for

what, except it was for fashion's sake; for I do not recollect that I paid much attention to what the minister said, although I hope he was a good man. Notwithstanding I was not without serious convictions and impressions at times."

Thus he continued till the beginning of Feb., 1796, when he was seized with severe illness, and a fever which, says he, "raged to that degree that my life was despaired of by the doctor, my friends, and myself. In this state I continued for some weeks, during which I had some fearful apprehensions of death and what would become of my soul; but all were soon hushed up by a vain visionary imagination that passed through my mind; whereupon I concluded all would be well if I died. However, I firmly resolved, if the Lord spared me, to live a better life. I was honest and sincere in my way; but when I recovered, my resolutions died away. I found myself void of either will or power to perform what I had promised. About this time I was conversing with a young man who, when I complained to him of finding myself unable to do as I purposed when I was ill, said, 'It was generally observed that when afflictions did not soften, they hardened.' I verily thought the latter was my case, which thought made me uneasy. Such alarms and convictions as these induced me to resume going to church. When there my heart would be going after some worldly amusement. Nevertheless I could not help thinking that there was something more in religion than mere outward form; but what that something was I could not tell.

"In this state I continued some time, but being on a Sabbath day at church as usual, the minister said something which arrested my attention and affections, and I felt such a balmy sweetness in all the discourse afterwards that I could not account for it. However, the reverential sweetness that I felt led me to observe to the young man above mentioned, who was with me, that I had never heard such a sermon before. I was surprised that he did not seem to find that interest in it that I had found. From that time my love to the word gradually increased; I heard it with increasing pleasure, read it with avidity and delight, and most dearly loved the minister that preached; so that I could scarcely refrain from embracing him when he came down from the pulpit. I also felt much love to them whom I thought were God's people, and loved to converse with them whenever I could meet with any that would either hear or converse about the things of God. As these things increased, my love to all vain amusements decreased and died away; so that I and the young man I have mentioned, who was my bosom companion, soon grew shy one of the other, and at length quite parted.

"After a while I was providentially led to Gate Street chapel, where I heard a Mr. Glover preach from these words: 'He that endureth to the end, the same shall be saved.' He observed that in order to endure to the end there must be a good beginning, and pointed out several marks by which a true beginning might be known; and finding some of those marks in myself, what

he said was very sweet to me, because I was led to hope I was one of them. With this hope I came away from the chapel very happy, and the enmity I had felt against Dissenters vanished away.

“ Soon after this, about June, 1796, having an increasing love to the Bible, I caught hold of every opportunity I could to read it, and worked hard to get my work done, that I might have this sweet enjoyment; and not being able to do it in peace and quietness at home, I went one evening to a friend's house, who, though he knew nothing savingly about religion, yet would hear and converse about it. Here, after a little conversation, I read some portions of the word of God, and, though a very indifferent reader at that time, what I read produced such a holy, sweet, reverential awe and love in my soul that I went home and retired to my bed-room and kneeled down to prayer; when the Lord poured into my soul such an overwhelming sense of his love as no words can express, much less the poor words that I am able to use. It at once convinced me that the whole world lieth in wickedness, and that without such a supernatural work as I then felt, no flesh could be saved. I was filled with holy astonishment when I thought about the Lord's passing by many others whom I had considered good sort of people, and manifesting such distinguishing love and mercy towards me, who felt myself the most insignificant and vile of all his creatures. I thought, and told the Lord that I was one of a family of ten children, that I was neither the first nor the last nor the best, but the worst, and yet I was the only one he had thus highly favoured. This thought broke my heart, and melted me in the dust and ashes before him. Him in whom not long before I could see neither form, beauty, nor comeliness, I now found and saw the ‘ Chief amongst ten thousand, and altogether lovely.’ His precious name was an ointment poured forth, and therefore my soul did most ardently love him. I was so completely enwrapped in a flame of divine love that whether in the body or out of the body I could not tell. Indeed, I could not give it a thought; for every power of my soul, yea, I may say, of my body too, was fully engaged in adoring and admiring his glorious Person. And even after this divine ecstasy had somewhat abated, there remained such a sweet, unctuous, balmy sweetness upon my soul as I know not how to describe. Everything seemed to wear a different aspect to what I had ever before seen. I observed, adored, and admired God in all his works of grace, creation, and providence. My will was completely absorbed in the will of God. Everything appeared as it should be. I felt and knew I was completely absolved from all the sins I had ever committed, and I longed to die that I might be with the most desired and beloved Object of my affections. I thought I never would or could sin any more against him; for that holy unction with which the Lord had anointed me, and that blessed hope which he had given me, made me long and desire to be holy, even as he is holy. Yea, I

was made to see such excellence, glory, and divine beauty in the Lord Jesus that made me long to be with him. And I hoped and expected that this blessed frame would continue with me always as long as I lived in the world.

“But this happy state did not last long. I was caught one day, as I sat at my work, with a sudden temptation, the nature of which I do not remember, by which I contracted fresh guilt, and my soul was overwhelmed with trouble. I now thought the Lord would be favourable to me no more.

“In this state I continued two or three days, until, as I was seeking the Lord by confession and prayer, reading and meditating on his word, I was by his mercy led to take particular notice of Ps. xxx., and my meditations on it were attended with such light, life, and power, especially on the words: ‘Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning,’ that all my bands were broken asunder, confusion and darkness fled, and sweet comfort and peace flowed into my heart.”

He then made fresh resolutions against temptations, to which his natural cheerfulness of disposition exposed him; but was again and again overtaken with trouble, out of which he obtained happy deliverances. After describing the happy feelings of his heart, he says, “I could look at death and judgment with peculiar delight. I longed to depart to be with Christ, and I envied the aged who I believed were in the way of righteousness, because they were nearer their journey’s end.

“One day, as I was passing by St. Giles’s church, happening to cast my eyes on the representation of the resurrection over the churchyard gate, my heart leaped within me for joy, because I knew I could adopt this language:

“‘Bold shall I stand in that great day;
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved through thee I am
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.’

“With such a blessed hope of immortal glory in my soul, I could look with holy contempt upon all the greatness and grandeur of this world, and praise the Lord with heartfelt satisfaction and gratitude for his goodness to me. Although in his providence he had placed me in a comparatively mean and contemptible situation, I could bless him with all my soul for giving me food to eat, raiment to put on, and a bed to lie on, though of a coarse nature. I was altogether heartily content with such things as I had. I had never seen Hart’s hymns at that time, nor ever heard of his words; yet what he says in one of his hymns truly expresses what I then felt in my soul:

“‘His mercy’s sweet, salvation great,
And all God’s judgments right.’

For I had the sweet enjoyment of those blessed fruits of the Spirit, such as ‘love, joy, peace,’ &c., and I knew there was no law against them; although with respect to theory and judgment I knew but little of either law or gospel.

“Thus I went on happily for about six months, without being greatly moved, and without any particular acquaintance with any professors.”

He then gives an account of some professors with whom he met, who regularly attended preaching, prayer-meetings, &c., yet were light and frivolous, and persuaded him that there was no harm in it. Carnal security and worldliness gradually crept over him, rendering him wretched and distressed, and he again fled to legal strivings, vowings, and resolvings, but all was ineffectual; and not knowing any other way, he even prayed God to afflict him with the pains of the damned in hell rather than let him go on so wickedly.

Thus he continued for more than a year, until the beginning of March, 1799, when he was 22, and had been married about six months, when on a Sabbath morning, as he was reading to his wife in one of the Gospels, a light shone into his soul which discovered to him the amazing condescension of Christ, and his love to poor perishing sinners, in such a manner as filled him with unspeakable regret and compunction. “When I thought,” says he, “of my abominable and devilish ingratitude to so kind a Saviour, I was obliged to plead guilty with my whole heart and soul before God. In this humbled and low condition I went to Tottenham Court chapel, truly sensible of what a wretch I was and had been. I continued mourning all the time the prayers were being read until the minister gave out his text ‘According to this time it shall be said of Jacob and of Israel, What hath God wrought!’ These words were attended with such a power upon my soul as no words can ever describe, and which I shall never forget. It was as much to me as if the Lord Jesus said to my soul with that almighty voice by which he will raise the dead, ‘Notwithstanding all thy sins and rebellion against me, I will do such great and glorious things for thee that it shall be said of thee with holy wonder and admiration, What has God wrought!’ This unexpected, undeserved, and incomparable mercy and love broke my heart, melted my soul, and dissolved me into tears. I wept and rejoiced, mourned and sang, making sweet melody in my heart. I was made truly to look at Him whom I had pierced and mourn; and a blessed mourning I found it to be; for while tears of compunction and gratitude were gushing from my eyes in great profusion (having hid my face in my hat as well as I could from observation), I was led,—I say *led*, because I believe it was all supernatural,—to ask myself this question, ‘What do I weep for? Is it because I am afraid of hell and destruction?’ The answer entered with sweet incontestable evidence, ‘No! I know I am delivered from hell and destruction; but it is because I have so grievously sinned against that dear Lord and Saviour who tells me that notwithstanding all my sins and rebellion against him, he has, does now, and will for ever love me, and do such great and marvellous things for me as shall be matter of astonishment, admiration, and wonder.’

“In this heavenly frame I continued until towards the close of the sermon, to which I do not recollect that I paid any great attention, for my whole soul was absorbed in the sweet meditation the text had produced. However, after the sermon was over, I went to the minister to tell him of the goodness of the Lord towards me; but he received me in such an abrupt manner that I could not speak a word to him. I, however, fell on his neck, and wept; and then he told me perhaps he might see me again. But I never went to him any more.

“After my return home, as I was reading Rom. xii., I was led to see such beauty and glory in that heavenly carriage and disposition to which the apostle exhorts the saints that I longed and strove hard to attain to it; but I could not, because I sought it not by faith, but by the works of the law,—that is, by my own strength. I knew not the way to look to Christ, that he might work all these works in me, according to his word. And after having striven here for some time without success, I got cold, careless, carnal, light, vain, and worldly; and so went on until conscience set me to work again. Thus I went on alternately for the space of about four years, gadding about to change my way; seeking peace and finding none; sometimes striving with all my might against sin, which would, in spite of all my strivings, secret resolutions, vows, and written rules to walk by, still domineer over me; at other times despairing of success.

“During this time the Lord exercised me sharply in my outward circumstances, so that I wanted the common necessaries of life; and conscience would tell me roundly that I had procured all these things to myself, which made my life very often miserable. . . . I was left to go on in my fruitless striving until I became so confused and bewildered in my mind that I was incapable of forming a judgment of anything. In this miserable situation I continued a long time, though not altogether without some secret displays of light, love, and mercy to my soul at times, but which were very transient, sometimes thinking one thing was right, then presently the contrary; and sometimes doubting the authenticity of the scriptures themselves, and concluding that all men who testified to the truth of them were liars. This confusion that I felt in my soul was, I believe, much increased by the ministry that I sat under at the time; for though the ministers preached the word generally sound in the letter, they were, I believe, ignorant of a work of grace upon the soul, and knew nothing about those sort of conflicts I continually felt.

“In the midst of all my confusion I was settled in my opinion concerning Mr. Huntington; I never could be persuaded to think well of him; and although a friend persuaded me to read some of his works and to hear him preach, which I did sometimes, I did it with the profoundest prejudice; and whether I heard or read, it was with a view to find out something whereby I might accuse him. Yet I could give no reason for all this hatred but

what was founded either in ignorance or on vague and lying reports. But at last, hearing that Mr. Brooks was going to preach at Providence Chapel (Mr. Huntington's), and that he had been a member of the Church of England, curiosity prompted me to go and hear him; and I have reason to bless God for it; for while out of the abundance of his heart he was describing the nature and properties of a spirit of bondage, and the helps the Lord's people get from such a state by the secret and mighty displays of mercy and love from the fulness of the Lord Jesus, he so exactly entered into the secrets of my soul, and there appeared so much simplicity and godly sincerity in him, that I was greatly refreshed and enlightened, and was constrained to acknowledge that God was in him of a truth. My prejudice against him and Mr. Huntington received a deadly wound, and I felt my soul cleave to Mr. B. in affection and love; and having understood that he was a fruit of Mr. H.'s ministry, I was determined to give Mr. H. an impartial hearing; for I thought it could not be a bad ministry that instrumentally produced such blessed effects. I therefore from this time went to hear Mr. H., though it was a long time before I could fully receive him into my heart."

After this, he still had to endure much conflict and distress of soul, and severe trials in outward circumstances. "These things, at times," he continues, "have made me so completely miserable that I have secretly wished myself dead that I might get rid of my burden. At other times I have thought I could willingly lie down to be trodden under foot, if so be the Lord would show me favour. At other times, in the bitterness of my soul, I have cursed myself for my folly, which had procured all this misery. My burdened soul and body too often fainted in this day of adversity, and I should have sunk into black despair, had not my ever-to-be-adored God and Father sent to my relief by his Spirit the gospel of his Son. This he did, not all at once, but gradually, by degrees, at the beginning of March, 1806. Having one Sabbath morning lain in bed late, and neglected family and secret prayer, as I was going to hear Mr. H. I began to reflect on this my base conduct, and concluded I had no reason to expect any blessing now. This gave strength to my unbelief, encouraged despondency, and raised enmity. In this condition I entered the chapel, destitute of a good desire. Having leaned my head against the table pew, I attempted to pray, and could not. Suddenly these words darted in on my mind: 'Fear not,' &c. This raised my hope, slew my enmity, enkindled love, produced compunction, meekness, and contrition, and I heard Mr. H. much more comfortably than when I have gone, as I supposed, better prepared."

He then proceeds to relate how the law of God was opened up to him in its spirituality; how the natural enmity and depravity of his corrupt nature were exposed by it; and how the legal pride of his heart set him to labour after holiness of heart; then, how he was further enlightened to see his complete inability to

do anything good; yet not being able at this time to view God except as an inexorable judge, this filled him with enmity, rebellion, and bitterness against him. "I felt," he says, "I could no more love God than the devil himself. At last, while in this distress, I fell down, and there was none to help. (I may observe here that I have frequently heard my father say that he not only fell down in soul-feeling, but literally and bodily on to the floor of his shop.) And there I must have perished for ever, had not God sent his word and healed me, delivered me out of my distresses, and caused me to sing with David, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name.' The Holy Ghost wrought faith in my faithless heart, and enabled me to believe that there is mercy with God that he may be feared. This encouraged me to hope and to call upon God. He then showed me how God could be just and yet the justifier of me, an ungodly sinner, by faith in Christ Jesus. He applied the atoning blood of Christ to my guilty conscience, and gave me pardon for guilt, peace for confusion, light for darkness, love for enmity, joy for sorrow, and the 'garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.' And thus the blessed Jesus fulfilled his commission in my happy experience. How was my mind hushed into a sweet calm! God appeared to me in the face of his dear Son, and enabled me to adopt the language of the church: 'Though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortest me.' Now was I made most heartily willing to renounce all other ways of salvation. The Lord Jesus says his grace is sufficient for me, his strength shall be made perfect in my weakness. I was heartily willing to be anything or nothing that Christ Jesus might be all and everything. Now did the love of Christ sweetly constrain me and crucify my affections to the world and sin, which the law, with all its terrors, could not do. . . . As it pleased the Father, so it pleased me, that in Christ should all fulness dwell. Those scriptures that most exalted the Saviour and de-based the sinner were sweet to my soul."

In this happy state, with some interruptions, he continued for about a fortnight. He then proceeds: "The enemy constantly strove to make me proud and vain, insinuating that I had attained to a wonderful pitch of experience, understanding, knowledge, &c. . . . The Lord withdrew the sensible enjoyment of his presence and the influences of his blessed Spirit from me, and left me in the hands of my enemies, that I might see what I should get by hearkening to them. I then saw what that text meant: 'God resisteth the proud.'"

After this he had to endure some severe temporal troubles; but God delivered him. The Lord also remembered his covenant, and blessed him with the sure mercies of David. "My soul," he says, "was filled with holy admiration, while with inexpressible gratitude I praised and adored him for the unspeakable goodness and long-suffering he had shown towards me, not only now while I enjoyed the sweet sense of his smiling countenance,

but also when he pursued me with his rod to beat me out of all my refuges of lies, and to prevent me, contrary to my natural corrupt will, from destroying myself. Tears of joy and gratitude flowed from my eyes, while with heartfelt satisfaction I could sing with hearty application to myself these words:

“ Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes o’erflow;
'Twas grace that kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.’

I had now such a view of the almighty sufficiency, fulness, freeness, and suitability of Christ in the promises, as suited to every case, of the immutability of God’s mercy and love to my soul, and such a light upon my past experience as I never had before. This was in the beginning of March, 1807. Until this time I did not clearly understand what the Lord had done for my soul a twelvemonth before; for, although I experienced all the things I have described, I did not understand what they were, whence and how they came, nor what they meant, as I now do.”

The last pages which immediately succeed the above are much worn and effaced; but I gather this much from them, that what he has related he had not learnt from any man, but from God’s own word, and mostly when by himself; though he was many times sweetly confirmed in what he had experienced by the ministry of Mr. Huntington.

Thus concludes his manuscript, written towards the close of 1807.

But he had yet to pass through a wilderness of temptation and sorrow,—“ cast down, but not destroyed; distressed, but not in despair.”

(*To be continued.*)

SUCH is the light of the glory of Christ, which we have in this world by faith. It is dark; it is but in part; it is but weak, transient, imperfect, partial. It is but little that we can at any time discover of it; it is but a little while that we can abide in the contemplation of what we do discover. It comes but seldom, nor tarries long. Sometimes it is to us as the sun under a cloud; we cannot perceive it. “ When he hideth his face, who can behold him?” As Job speaks, so may we: “ Behold, I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him; on the left hand where he doth work, but I cannot behold him. He hideth himself on the right hand, that I cannot see him.” Which way soever we turn ourselves, and what duties soever we apply ourselves to, we can obtain no distinct view of his glory. Yet, on the other hand, it is sometimes as the sun when it shines in its brightness, and we cannot bear the rays of it. In infinite condescension he says to his church, “ Turn away thine eyes from me, for they have overcome me.” (Cant. vi. 5.) As if he could not bear that overcoming affectionate love which looks through the eyes of the church, in its asking of faith in him. Ah! How much more do we find our souls overcome with his love, when at any time he is pleased to make any clear discoveries of his glory to us.—*Dr. Owen.*

A LETTER FROM THE LATE MR. CROUCH TO MR. COVELL.

Dear and kind Friend in the ever-blessed Lord Jesus, God's Fountain of all Favour and Channel of all Mercy, and Gift of Eternal Life to all that know their Death by the condemning Law,—Love, joy, peace, and freedom be multiplied unto you, from the Three-One Jehovah, both now and evermore. So desireth the most worthless of all beings upon the face of the whole earth.

No doubt you wonder at my long silence; and well you may; and I am ashamed, as I ought to be. Sometimes I am forgetful before the Lord, and his friends and my friends; sometimes I am negligent and often very slothful; sometimes I have no heart to attempt the writing of a letter, and feel as if I had nothing to say. Believe me, it is not because I do not think of you, or talk of you, or love you, or pray for you, or desire your temporal, spiritual, and eternal welfare; but because I so often feel such wretchedness, arising from my base and filthy heart. To feel as I do this morning is not only enough to make me sigh and groan, and mourn and grieve, but to blush and be ashamed, and to put on sackcloth and sit in ashes. If I only felt barrenness it would be a sort of ease and comfort to me; but it is worse than barrenness; it is worse than nothing. If prosperity shines and smiles for a little space, then I swell with accursed pride; if adversity succeeds (although I know I deserve it), then my wretched heart throws up such discontent, murmuring, and rebellion that I wonder the almighty does not cut me off.

Formerly, the devil used to try to ensnare me with his common devices; but finding he could not succeed, he tried another game, for some years, with my kindling lust; but failing in his attempt, he blew up my pride with little difficulty. To be called a great preacher, and growing still greater, to be numerously attended, to have a horse to ride, to be looking very respectable, and the people bowing when you meet them, are putting things for Satan's match upon the tinder of the heart. And respectable I thought I ought to be, for the sake of the cause; therefore, when elevated to this pinnacle, I prayed earnestly that the good Lord would be pleased to maintain me in a respectable way. So, to come down from a great preacher to a little one, from numerous assemblies to very thin ones, from a horse to padding it again, from a respectable to a mean appearance, has been attended with not a little kicking, contriving, and planning by your respectable friend. And I dare say, upon the bad qualities of my nature, that I shall never give up, only as the humble Lord leads me in open vision to Gethsemane and Golgotha, to review the scene of his unparalleled sufferings in each dear place. What little I have known thereof has had the tendency to humble my proud and haughty and rebellious heart. Now Satan is trying me with discontent, fretfulness, murmuring, rebellion, covetousness, mistrust, and despair. And it is not a little success that

attends his infernal suggestions; neither is it a little misery that my heart is the subject of. From delays and frowns in providence, I get so impatient and fretful that to lessen my expenses I contrive by hours; and then they seem to increase like a flood. To save a little money I feel as niggardly as any old covetous miser in the world; then with highway-tax, poor-tax, king's-tax, and increasing expenses in my family, it is pulled out of my purse again; then with the general calamity of the times I mistrust in such a way as you would hardly think that there is a grain of faith within me.

The sins of our ignorance are as the Egyptians to the children of Israel, when at the Red Sea; but the Lord destroyed them with a mighty and sore destruction, as when he sank them as lead in the mighty waters. So, when the good Lord seals pardon through the blood of Christ as an act of his free mercy, then he shows us that he has subdued our iniquity, that he has cast all our sins into the depths of the sea.

Now, although it is said, "He maketh darkness and it is night, wherein all the beasts of the forest creep forth," yet when the sun in the firmament shines, there are many things that creep out and lay basking themselves in its rays. So in temporal and spiritual prosperity of gifts; pride and high-mindedness will frequently show themselves. Now, as the cold winter will drive them into their holes, or the sharp frost will destroy many of them, so will sharp adversity drive away some of the many-headed monsters of pride. As the inhabitants of Canaan who were not destroyed were to the children of Israel, so is the sin of our nature, after pardon, to the children of God. And as all the deliverances of the Israelites were to come by fighting,—not they alone, but the Lord fighting in them, and through them, and for them,—this is to show us that there is not only a faith given (and it acts through the mighty power of God required), but also that the same subject, viz., the subject of faith, must be also strong in the power of God, and valiant in the cause of truth, fighting the good "fight of faith" against enemies without and worse within. As the children of Israel could not but with very great difficulty destroy the inhabitants of the valley because they rode and fought in chariots of iron, so the rebellion, blasphemy, covetousness, mistrust, and despair of our nature will not yield but with prayer and mortification through the Spirit; and then not entirely and effectually until death comes and has done his office upon and within our mortal frame.

When Leah's maid bare Gad, she said, "A troop cometh;" and in his benediction it was predicted and asserted, "Gad a troop shall overcome him; but he shall overcome at last." Strange and mysterious as it may seem; but so it is, that the Lord God permitted man to fall by the devil's temptations and his sin, and yet God was not accessory unto it; for the devil tempts according unto his own nature, and man sinned in a voluntary act; therefore, although God (considered in his power) could have

held the tempter back, and prevented man from yielding thereunto, he was not obliged or bound so to do; yet shall he be for ever righteous in not doing this, and so in punishing man for what he has voluntarily done in plunging himself into sin. But then God will magnify his justice in the death of Christ, and his mercy through him, in forgiving the elect all their transgressions and his grace in subduing and reigning over all their sins and evil nature; and proving the faith of the operation of God to be the victorious grace in the atonement of the Lord Jesus. When light shines upon my understanding, I can perceive that he overrules all the adversity of this life for the good of his chosen, and all their slips and falls, their sins of lip, and life, and heart; the sins congenial to flesh and blood, and the sins of blasphemy that the outward man trembles at; for the magnifying of his mercy and the exceeding riches of his grace in his kindness towards us through Christ Jesus.

But although I am such a sinful, guilty, worthless being; although the temptations of the devil and the sins of my nature are like the Canaanites in their chariots of iron; although God permits the reprobate to sin to magnify his righteous judgment, and the elect to sin to magnify his rich and free mercy; yet I never hated sin more than I do at this time, and I was never more afraid of sinning against the Lord, or the brethren of the Lord, than now. I never saw and felt myself altogether as I do at this time. Some things are right, some are wrong. I should feel that I am sinful, guilty, vile, base, unworthy, unprofitable before the Lord my master, and incapacitated before his people. I should be humble as a little child. It is wrong for me to give way to such sloth and negligence in prayer, praising, reading, preaching, and writing. But I take all the blame and shame unto myself.

I am sorry I have so long neglected your kind request, to write soon and to write a long letter, and not to stop for the penny postage; but I hope you will forgive me, and pity me, and pray for me more than I fear I have prayed for you; for without doubt you are a better man (I do not mean in your own sinful nature), a better master, a better husband, a better father, a better neighbour than I am or ever shall be.

I do not know that the writing is plain enough for you to read it, or the subject plain enough for you to understand it; not that I mean that you are deficient in understanding, but that I have darkened the subject by my incapacitated state. But do pity me; for pity should be showed from such a one as thou art to such a one as I am. If you will read Ps. lxxxviii. and lxxvii. and the first part of lv. you will find something of my state of darkness and trouble, and of thoughts and contrivances to get away from them. But here I am, in Sussex, Wadhurst, Pell Green, my little cottage, my mortal sinful body, yoked, tied, bound, and close allied to that that is earthly, sensual, devilish, carnal, envious, jealous, selfish, sour, morose, crooked, crabbed, and Nabal-

like; but when my spirit is safely housed in the kingdom of God, or is but just passed over the threshold thereof, O how will I make the heavenly arches ring with praising and extolling the Triune God for his eternal love, mercy, grace, pardon, righteousness, sanctification, and eternal glory. The seal of pardon will be our certificate; righteousness will be our title to the heavenly inheritance; and sanctification will be our meetness for and everlasting enjoyment of the same.

The Lord bless you and keep you, and cause his face to shine upon you. Amen.

Jan. 30, 1840.

W. CROUCH.

MIGHTY TO SAVE.

“And I saw heaven opened, and, behold, a white horse; and he that sat upon him was called Faithful and True, and in righteousness he doth judge and make war. . . . On his head were many crowns. . . . And he was clothed with a vesture dipped in blood. . . . And the armies which were in heaven followed him upon white horses. . . . And he hath on his vesture and on his thigh a name written, KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS.”—REV. XIX. 11-16.

WONDERFUL Warrior! Matchless in might!
 Leader of heaven's own armies of light!
 Centre and joy of yon grand array!
 Crown'd in the pomp of eternal day.

Well dost thou bear on thy kingly thigh
 Titles of honour supreme and high.
 Well are those named the Faithful and True;
 Glorious in judgment and mercy too.

Why, as those crowns encircle thy head,
 Why is thy vesture with blood-drops red?
 How didst thou gather that sanguine stain?
 Was it from foes in the conflict slain?

No! 'Twas thine own! From thy wounded side
 Flow'd, in rich mercy, the crimson tide.

Listen, poor sinner, Saved from the lost,—
 That was the price which thy pardon cost.

Look on the face which for thee was marr'd;
 Look on the nail-prints thy sins have scarr'd;
 Gaze till the tears of repentance flow;
 Mourn that *thy* hand should have pierced him so.

O! 'Tis a sight which my sad heart cheers,
 Stilling the storm of foreboding fears!

O! Was there ever, Saviour divine!
 Sorrow and love so wondrous as thine?

Scarborough, Feb. 11, 1870.

W. S. ROBINSON.

THESE things, Sin and Justice, are too great to be played with by him that shall see them in the light of the law, and shall feel them in their terrors upon a trembling conscience. But when the soul shall see that a propitiation is made to justice by blood, then, and not till then, it sees sin taken away; then it can be bold to hope in the mercy of God; yea, and it will be found as hard work to wring off him that is settled here from this belief to another as it would be to persuade him that stands upon solid ground to venture his life upon a bottomless quag.—*Bunyan.*

SUDDEN DEATH, INSTANT GLORY.

My dear Friend,—Grace, mercy, and peace be with your soul, to comfort, guide, lead, uphold, teach, and instruct your heart in the way everlasting.

Yours came to hand this morning; but I heard on Monday morning of the solemn death of Mr. Dangerfield. What an unspeakable mercy to be delivered out of a body of sin and death and out of the reach of the devil in such a sweet way and manner and taken home to glory without the pains of death! O how true it is that the Lord Jesus hath destroyed death and put down all the reigning power of sin, death, and hell, and opened the gates of righteousness for the poor and needy, who often seek after water and find none, until their tongue faileth for thirst. Then, says the Lord, "I will hear them; I the God of Israel will not forsake them." And he hath also said, "For the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy, now will I arise, saith the Lord. I will set him in safety from him that puffeth at him." So that the dear Lord hath taken the dear man of God from the evil to come.

I was preaching in the same pulpit that day fortnight and last evening fortnight. O my friend, how death is hidden from the living family of God! And, as you have often heard me say, afflictions and death are two things; and when death is sent the man and woman must die. I have for many years been looking for sudden death, because those who are taken away suddenly give their friends no trouble under a long and painful affliction; and how sweet for the saints of God to witness such a sweet and solemn change! Well might John exclaim, "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God. Therefore the world knoweth us not, because it knew him not. 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 O what a sight that must be to the poor sin-oppressed and devil-tempted and tormented soul. "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 had the power of death, that is the devil, and delivered them who, through fear of death, were all their lifetime subject to bondage. For verily he took not on him the nature of angels, but he took on him the seed of Abraham. Wherefore in all things it behoved him to be made like unto his brethren, that he might be a merciful and faithful High Priest in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people." And the Holy Ghost made the man Jesus of a woman, made under the weight and curse of the law: "He was made a curse for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." Therefore he hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, and destroyed the enmity of the law. "Having

abolished in his flesh the enmity, even the law of commandments contained in ordinances, for to make in himself of twain one new man, so making peace, blotting out the handwriting of ordinances that was against us, which was contrary to us, and took it out of the way, nailing it to his cross." And to witness the law of the Spirit of life in one's own heart; as Paul tells us: "For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death." Then the believer has only to die; and "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

Our united love to you and yours.

Yours in the Lord,

Godmanchester, Sept. 7, 1870.

T. GODWIN.

REVIEW.

The Blind Girl; being the True History of Eliza Grove. A Poem.

To which are added, The Bride of the Lamb, and the Prisoner in the Dungeon. By Caroline Spire.—London: Gadsby, Bouverie St. 3d.

In the "Gospel Standard" for Nov., 1859, page 345, is an account of the happy death of Ruth Davis, of Fifield, near Milton, Oxon, aged 14. The account was written by Mr. Gorton, and will bear a re-perusal. Then, in the "G. S." for May, 1861, page 164, will be found some verses, entitled, "Lines Written on the Death of Ruth Davis." We cannot refrain from inserting here the second and last verses:

"How sweet to be call'd in life's early morning,
To know thy dear Saviour, and taste his free love!
Then, just as the Daystar upon thee was dawning,
To cease from the conflict, to triumph above.

O who could deplore thee,
Or ever weep o'er thee,
Dear child, early call'd from this wilderness drear!
While thousands who languish
In life's bitter anguish
Oft sigh to be with thee in blessedness there.

"Thy sorrow for sin is now turn'd into praises;
The pangs of the new birth, how soon they are o'er!
How sweet is the anthem thy free spirit raises!
How precious the Saviour thou liv'st to adore!

To praise him for ever,
To separate never,
But still to behold the bright beams of his face!
O glorious transition,
From pain to fruition!

O precious ripe fruits from the buddings of grace."*

The verses were altogether so good that the editor of the magazine (Mr. Philpot) appended to them the following note:

"[We insert the above beautiful lines as original, though they are almost too good to come from an ordinary pen.—ED.]"

* "He will give grace (the bud) and glory (the fruit)." (Ps. lxxxiv. 11.)

The signature was "C. M." (Caroline M.), being that of the same lady who subsequently signed "C. S.," or Caroline Spire, having become the wife of Mr. Spire, of Laverton, whose name frequently appears in our list of supplies. The editor's remark was highly complimentary to the authoress, as the verses certainly *were* original; but as it appeared to be suspecting her of piracy, it was at the same time calculated to hurt her mind. And indeed it had this effect; so much so that she declined sending any more pieces. But the publisher of the "G. S." wrote to her, and assured her that nothing could be farther from Mr. Philpot's intention; and with this assurance she was satisfied. Thus it is that a single sentence may often wound the mind of a friend, when the very opposite was intended.

Now, when we state that this same "C. M.," who was the authoress of the verses referred to, is also the authoress of the poems at the head of this article, we need say no more by way of recommendation, especially if we further direct our readers to the various other pieces which have appeared in the "Gospel Standard" from the same pen.

Still, let us look at the poem of the Blind Girl.

In a village near the river Avon lived a girl, Eliza Grove, with her parents. When about the age of 14, the Lord laid her upon a bed of affliction, which resulted in the loss of her sight. This, however, appears to have caused rebellion rather than resignation:

"But as yet her proud heart did the gospel disdain.
She said to herself, 'If I have lost my sight,
Yet the world affords pleasures in which I delight.
I'll not be a Methodist, though I am blind,
But when I get better some pleasure will find.
I am still very young, and am not going to die;
If they want to convert me, 'tis useless to try.'"

But the Holy Spirit had taken possession of her heart; and let Free-willers say what they please, the sinner may rebel and resist as much as he may, he must fall down at last; for that blessed Spirit never begins a work which he does not perfect,—never leaves a sinner he has once taken in hand until he has made him willing in the day of his power, willing to give up all his pleasures, willing to be saved, yes, and willing to be saved in God's own way too, as a poor, helpless, guilty, worthless creature. So with this dear and now blind girl:

"One night as she lay on her bed in the dark,
The Sovereign Jehovah enkindled a spark
Of life in her soul, which caused her to cry
In terror; for death and destruction seem'd nigh.
Her friends were aroused, but no help could they give;
The moment was come for the dead child to live.
The Spirit of God now convinced her of sin,
And show'd her the dangerous state she was in.
Though she was but a child, convictions were great,
And she mourn'd for a season her lost ruin'd state;

But He who had wounded was able to heal;
 And this in due time she did blessedly feel.
 For the God of all grace reveal'd Christ to her heart,
 And faith to believe in his name did impart.
 Her soul now renew'd by a heavenly birth,
 She turn'd from the sin-gilded pleasures of earth,
 And loved to be found at her dear Saviour's feet,
 For her spirit now fed on his promises sweet."

Now the Wesleyans got hold of her, and led her to class-meetings, &c., until the great Teacher began to make known to her the doctrines of grace.

"Then with the Arminians not long did she stay,
 For her Saviour reveal'd a more excellent way."

She was sent to the School for the Blind (an invaluable institution), in London; and there, to her inexpressible joy, she found companions, partakers of the same faith, "trophies of grace:"

"Dear girls! Though the eyes of their bodies were dim,
 By the eye of their faith they could gaze upon Him
 The Chief of ten thousand, their boast and their joy,
 Whose marvellous goodness their praises employ."

Here Eliza "grew in knowledge, in grace, and in humility," and became a teacher to her dear blind companions:

"Some girls in the school rejoiced in the light,
 And the writings of Hawker afforded delight;
 Hart, Irons, and Gadsby were highly esteem'd
 By those whom the Lord by his blood had redeem'd.
 But their sweetest enjoyment was when they could meet
 To pour out their hearts at their dear Saviour's feet.
 Sometimes their sweet meetings were held in a shed;
 In cold weather a blanket enveloped each head;
 For as they enjoy'd not the blessings of sight,
 To them any place was sufficiently light.
 And on one occasion, I oft heard her say,
 They crept in a three-corner'd cupboard to pray.
 Crouching under the shelves in each nook they could find,
 Each repeated God's word as it came to her mind,
 Or sang a sweet hymn and united in prayer,
 And felt in their hearts that their Jesus was there."

The holiday-time came, and Eliza returned to her parents. But, alas! Their hearts were estranged from her. They were professors, but not partakers of that grace which had taken possession of their daughter's heart; and she soon perceived that they would part with her. She returned to the School for the Blind, and there spent a few happy years. But she was seized with epileptic fits; and, being pronounced by the doctors incurable, was compelled to leave.

"But O the poor girls, on that sorrowing day,
 How they hung on her neck! She could scarce get away.
 Like the Christians of old, when dear Paul took his leave,
 And they fell on his neck overwhelmed with grief;
 'Twas hard for dear friends thus united in heart
 And cemented in love from each other to part.
 But God for his loved ones will surely provide,
 Though the grace he has given them must sharply be tried."

Eliza had again to go to what ought to have been her home. But her parents treated her most harshly, and she was compelled at last, in conjunction with a sister, whose heart the Lord had also touched, to pay rent for a room in their father's own cottage.

“Some work from the school to Eliza was sent,
And she platted her baskets and smiled with content,
Her countenance glowing with faith, joy, and love,
As she spoke of her infinite treasure above.”

But God, who has said, “He that toucheth one of these my little ones toucheth the apple of mine eye,” visited her parents with his displeasure. Their crops and all their usual resources failed, and they became poorer and poorer.

Our authoress then gives us some account of the many “sweet hours” she spent in that “Bethel,” in that room, as she witnessed what wonders God can do “in the depths of affliction and poverty.” Our authoress read, and Eliza expounded the word, while her face, notwithstanding her blind eyes, was radiant with joy.

Some kind friends in London, who loved Eliza well, sent for her to spend the winters with them; and during one of these visits the Lord took her home. The tempter more than once assailed her; but she departed most triumphantly. “Victory! Victory! To God and the Lamb!” “O what a mercy! Christ in me the hope of glory!” “His arms are underneath me! I do not feel the bed. Can this be dying?” “O! It is worth a thousand years of fits and blindness to see the glorious things I now view!” “I see unutterable things!” “O! Tell it for his glory!” “Victory! I am going home!” “O! Victory! Victory!”

“O glorious hour, O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God.”

“O! Hallelujah! I shall be in endless glory!”

But we cannot go on extracting. We have not told the half.

If any of our spiritual readers can read this poem without their eyes flowing with tears, the water is farther from their eyes than with us.

The other poems are of sterling worth; but we must pass over them, merely urging our friends to purchase the little work, and read for themselves.

HE will do it, because he will. It is most blessed for us that he looks for no reason in our nature and conduct, why he should bless us more than others or others rather than us. Neither worthiness nor unworthiness is at all considered by him, when he will bless sinners. The riches of his own grace, and the counsel of his own will, must have all the praise of such favour as this. But O! To feel as I do, from day to day, the restless, raging devilism of one's own nature, always lusting or warring against the inner man, how these feelings war against faith; how hard and unreasonable a matter does believing appear to be, under these trials. Ofttimes I feel nothing within but what bids me to doubt and utterly to despair.—*T. Hardy.*

Obituary.

MR. DANGERFIELD.—My dear Friend,—You have no doubt heard of the solemn and sudden death of Mr. Dangerfield. As I was present at the time, I feel desirous of sending you a few particulars from my own personal knowledge of the sad event.

Mr. and Mrs. Dangerfield came to Hastings on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Moore, Pelham Arcade, as soon as Mr. D.'s engagement at Gower Street, in August, had ended. It was his intention not to preach in Hastings, but to rest; but I particularly wished him to take one part of the following Sabbath, as I was engaged to supply the pulpit on that day; and, with the consent of the deacons, it was arranged for Mr. D. to take one of the services, and he chose the morning one.

We met on the Thursday previous, and took tea at my lodgings, 5, Castle Street (Mrs. Davies's), and spent a profitable time. The following day we spent at Mr. Moore's private residence. The conversation was almost exclusively confined to various passages of scripture bearing on the non-backsliding doctrine, the eternal Sonship of Christ, and our own experience in certain particulars. Mr. D. was very cheerful, and his mind particularly alive in the subjects brought forward, and especially on the vast importance of eternity and the being and existence of God, and what it must be to be brought into his immediate presence. It was a day I hope not to forget; but how little did we think he was so soon to realize the fulness of all those sacred subjects!

I did not see him on the Saturday nor on the Lord's day until he entered the chapel. I am told that he appeared to be as well as he had usually been since February last.

The service commenced as usual by singing a hymn. Mr. D. then read Gal. vi., and then spoke in prayer for a considerable time. He appeared to be favoured in his feelings, and sweetness and solemnity were conveyed to my soul by the spirit in which he prayed. At the same time, there was no trace of the least idea in his own mind to be gathered from his expressions that his soul stood so close upon the borders of time and eternity. When he stood up to preach, he gave out the following text: "Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should preach among the gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ." (Eph. iii. 8.)

The following was taken down in shorthand; therefore it is word for word as it fell from his lips: "These words dropped upon my mind, in answer, I trust, to many secret cries and groans to the Lord for a word to speak from this morning; for I wanted a word that might be profitable to you and to me, and I asked the Lord for a word; and as these words fell upon my spirit I have ventured to read them. It is evident, from the opening of the chapter, that Paul was at this time a prisoner, not for a bad deed, but for his love to the Lord Jesus Christ and

his faithful declaration of the truth. He says, 'For this cause I, Paul, the prisoner of Jesus Christ for you gentiles.' So that Paul was not only a prisoner *for* Christ but *of* Christ. Nobody could have put Paul in prison contrary to the word of the Lord. Nevertheless, the sin of putting Paul in prison remained with those who put him there, not with the Lord. The Lord in his purpose wisely and truly appointed this trial for Paul. The word saith, 'The Lord trieth the righteous.' It does not matter in what shape or form the trial comes, it comes from the eternal purpose and foreknowledge of God. Not that the Lord takes pleasure in afflicting his people. No. He takes pleasure in the prosperity of his servants; he takes pleasure in their comfort; he takes pleasure in their consolation; so much so that he has appointed a heaven, a heaven of rest; and after they have finished their day's work here, they shall assuredly enter into that rest which he hath promised in his word. 'There remaineth, therefore, a rest to the people of God.' O friends, how many times my heart has been revived from this divine consideration, that after all we have borne here, after all we have enjoyed here, there yet remaineth a rest"——

At this spot, and with the words on his tongue, his head dropped a little forward, and he sank down in the pulpit in an instant. Not a moan or a sigh was distinguished by any one. Two deacons went first to the pulpit, which opens into a vestry level with the floor of the pulpit. He was removed and laid on the floor of the vestry, his head supported by cushions; but it was evident from the first that all consciousness had fled, and in a few minutes all pulsation ceased. His immortal soul was caught away to enter into that rest for ever and ever.

It was my painful lot to enter the pulpit and tell the congregation that all symptoms of life had departed, and that his happy spirit was now no doubt entered into his eternal rest. There was a flow of tears from many eyes; but no wild shrieking or hysterical crying. A deep feeling of solemnity and sorrow filled every bosom.

In the evening I spoke from the following text: "Watch, therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour when the Son of Man cometh."

It was stated at the inquest that one of the chambers of the heart gave way, and that death was instantaneous. His remains were taken to his home and his flock at Devizes for interment.

Thus it was the Lord saw good to suddenly call to his rest another true labourer in his vineyard. His labours will be much missed by the Lord's family in Wiltshire and other places.

This occurred on Lord's day, September 4th, 1870, in Ebenezer Chapel, Hastings, the late Mr. Fenner's.

Mr. D.'s age was 61.

Yours sincerely,

WILLIAM FREEMAN.

*LINES COMPOSED ON THE SUDDEN DEATH OF
MR. DANGERFIELD.*

WHAT solemn thoughts pervade my mind;
Words suitable I scarce can find
To paint the very solemn scene
Of which I have a witness been.

Dear Dangerfield was call'd away
To realms where there is no decay,
While preaching of that glorious way
Which leads to everlasting day.

O! Could we follow him above,
Where all is happiness and love,
And with the whole angelic race,
Proclaim aloud eternal grace!

No mortal tongue can ever tell
What joys there are in heaven above,
Amongst those sinners saved from hell,
The objects of Immanuel's love.

O! Could we in those joys now share,
And, with the whole angelic throng,
Immanuel's covenant love declare,
While endless ages roll along!

Sometimes I have a hope, I trust,
That when my race below is run,
And I am laid beneath the dust,—
I then shall see the glorious Sun,—
That precious Sun of Righteousness,
Whose love's immortal and divine;
And then throughout eternity,
Shall in his glorious image shine.

Hastings, Sept. 7, 1870.

STEPHEN FUNNELL.

RACHEL WARBURTON.—My dear Friend,—This morning I was informed from Trowbridge of the death of my sister Rachel. She died yesterday morning.

Some time since she was staying with her sister Ruth (Mrs. Gudgin), in hope that the change would be beneficial to her health, which was then giving way. Her appearance, and what she told me of the symptoms that she felt, led me to think she would never recover. My conviction never left me. Fully believing there was no hope that her health would ever be restored, I was anxious about her soul, and watched to see if any token could be seen of life eternal. Many things that I observed in her, such as paying uncommon attention when under the word, as if her soul's all was bound up in it, together with brokenness of spirit, led me to hope the word was not received in word only, but in power. In company she would at times appear quite absorbed in thought, as if she was lost to the present moment and to the things around her. The tear might be observed to gush from her eye, and then she would leave the room, as if seeking retirement, in solitude to vent the feelings of her soul. These

things, together with the powerful impression of my mind, fully satisfied me that the work of grace was going forward in her; and this has from time to time been confirmed by letters from Trowbridge, which stated how she was longing after the Lord Jesus. And twice, while staying with Ruth, she heard the word at Southill with solemn sweetness and in much power. I felt no liberty with the Lord respecting her recovery, but much nearness when pleading for her soul.

For some time before her death she had earnest longings after Christ, and often said she only wanted the Lord to assure her of her interest in him, and she was quite ready to depart; and on Thursday she lifted up both hands and exclaimed, "Happy! Happy!" Many other things she said, which those present could not understand. The last thing she said plainly was, "All well!" And thus she quietly fell asleep.

Her godly father poured forth many cries unto the Lord on her behalf. Bless the Lord, O my soul, for all the benefits of his loving-kindness. They are more in number than the hairs of our heads. Look before time, in time, through time, beyond time, what in our right mind can be seen but mercy? If we look into our hearts and at everything that ever we did, can we lay our finger upon one thought, upon one word, upon one act of our lives, and say, "This deserved the Lord's favourable notice?" No. Abhorred for ever be the thought! Rich, yes, rich sovereign grace, from first to last, marks every step. O to grace how great a debtor is my poor soul!

"The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance." They have precious seed, not only in their hearts, in the incorruptible word of life which God has planted there, but in that blessed fruit it bears, of which prayer is one. The seed may lie long under the clods of obscurity, and no prospect may appear for some time of any springing up; but God designs that not one grace merely, but that every grace shall be brought into use. The husbandman first, after he prepares his land, sows his seed, then with patience waits for it to spring up; so saints pour out their souls in fervent prayers for themselves, their children, and the church of God, and in many other things do they make known their request unto God, and then have to watch in faith and patience, until both faith and patience are well tried, and sometimes are ready to give up the point in despair before the answer springs forth. It has been the case that the sower has died in faith that God would appear in answer to his prayers, and his precious soul is with God in glory before the answer came. Thus my father sowed and died. My sister reaped the blessing when his soul was bathing in immortal bliss.

The Lord ever go before you in providence and grace, and bring you to that kingdom of rest and peace your dear father and mine have long since entered into. This is the prayer of

Your unworthy Friend,

Southill, near Biggleswade, Aug. 20, 1870.

J. WARBURTON.

THE LATE MR. MORTIMER.—Many of our friends expressed their regret that we published so poor an account of Mr. Mortimer as appeared in our No. for June, 1869. But we published all we received, and could not do more. Last month, a friend at Chippenham sent us a copy of the "Wiltshire Independent" of April 8th, 1869, containing a few further particulars, with a request that we would insert them. While expressing our surprise that these particulars have been so long delayed, we feel it right to give them a place, believing they will be acceptable to Mr. Mortimer's more immediate friends.

"The deceased gentleman had been for the last seventeen years pastor of the old Baptist chapel in Chippenham; but his labours were not confined to that town, his plain and faithful preaching being highly esteemed and valued by many congregations in different parts of Wilts, Berks, Hants, Somerset, Oxfordshire, and Cambridgeshire. It was also his custom to supply at Gower Street chapel, London, for one month in the year (April), and it was often his practice, after officiating at three services on the Sabbath, to preach in different chapels in or near London every evening in the week except Saturday. Having an engagement to preach at Basingstoke on Sunday, the 14th ult., he left his home on the Friday morning previous for Reading, and stayed to preach there the same evening. He took for his text Acts xliii. 10. After speaking about an hour, he remarked that he must come to an abrupt conclusion, as he felt a strange sensation; and he sank down upon his seat, when he was found to be suffering from a stroke of paralysis, which had affected the left side of his body. He was removed to the house of a friend as quickly as possible, and Dr. Moore, of Reading, was in attendance. Dr. Marston, of Devizes, was also sent for, and visited him repeatedly, but it soon became evident that medical skill was of no avail. He was during some intervals able to recognize and converse with the friends who visited him from Chippenham and other places; at other times he seemed unconscious to all around him; and while so he resumed and concluded the discourse he had commenced in the place of worship.

"He died on Tuesday, the 23rd ult., at about 12 o'clock p.m. His remains were conveyed the next day to Chippenham, and interred in the Wood Lane cemetery on Monday last, in the presence of a great number of spectators, many of whom had taken a journey of many miles to pay a last tribute of respect to one whom they esteemed highly in love for his work's sake. Service was held in the chapel at 3 p.m.; when, after singing hymn 466, Gadsby's Selection, Mr. Doe, of Stadhampton, who, by particular request of the deceased minister, officiated on the occasion. read 1 Cor. xv., and delivered a short but feeling and appropriate address. The corpse was then borne to the place of interment, followed by the relatives of deceased, accompanied by the deacons and members of the church and congregation, and several ministers and friends, including Messrs. Randell (Devizes), Porter (Abingdon), Ferris (Hilperton), Peppler (Swindon), Denman (Bath), Rev. J. M. Bergin (New Baptist), and Rev. W. E. Darby (Independent), Mr. T. Mills, &c. On arriving at the grave, hymn 463 was sung, and, after an address and prayer by Mr. Doe, the body was deposited in its last resting-place. Divine service was held in the chapel in the evening, when, after reading of scripture and prayer, by Mr. Randell, Mr. Doe preached a funeral sermon from Heb. iv. 9.

"Of Mr. Mortimer it may be truly said that he, 'being dead, yet speaketh.' His sincere profession and integrity of conduct gained him the respect and esteem of those who differed from him in religious opinions, many of whom speak of him as a man whose life and practice corresponded with his profession, and his memory will long survive in the

hearts of those who knew him best, and who feel that they have lost not only a faithful patron, but a kind and loving friend."

BENJAMIN SYKES.—On March 22nd, 1870, aged 72, Benjamin Sykes, a member of the church at Siddal Hall, Halifax. He was baptized and added to this church in the 65th year of his age.

His bodily strength had been declining for some years; but his mind, soul, and spirit were stayed upon the Lord Jesus Christ, as his only refuge and eternal rest. He had his fears and doubts, like all the children of God; but is now freed from them. He was kept calm and steady in his affliction, not suffered to sink very low, nor yet favoured to rise to such heights as some of God's people are. He lived and died in the belief of a once-crucified but now risen and exalted Saviour, as the only hope of a poor sinner, such as he felt himself to be. He said, when he came before our church, "The first time I went to hear the gospel preached, it was with scorn and derision. The preacher had for his text: 'Broken cisterns that can hold no water;' and under that sermon I was led to feel that I was one of those broken cisterns. Afterwards I was brought to feel I was a guilty sinner, and I thought God could never have mercy upon such a one as I felt myself to be. I was so harassed under the law that I could not eat or drink, being almost in despair. These words were brought to my mind: 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved;' but I thought he could never save such a sinner as I was, so base and so vile in my own eyes. After a while I felt my burden removed, and I was happy and comfortable in my soul for a time; but again fell into a state of darkness and fear. At this time I think I felt worse than before. I was then among the 'Do and live people,' who told me to do many things that I would most surely have done if I could; but I found it to be as Christ says, 'Without me ye can do nothing;' and without him I felt I must perish. It is a mercy I ever came to Siddal Hall chapel; for it was here that I first heard the truth experimentally set forth. I believe God directed me here, and I thank him for it; for it was here where that truth was blessed to my soul's profit, and where my help was found alone in Jesus Christ, the eternal Son of God, as a hiding-place from sin, Satan, and the terrors of the law, which had almost brought me to despair of hope. My mind is made up to be one among you, if you think I am worthy a name and a place among you. I believe the articles of your faith as a church, having read them for myself; and I can truly say that the substance of them was in my heart before I read them in print, put there by God the Holy Ghost. But no thanks to me for that, as I once hated such doctrines. God made me love those things I once hated, and I can say, 'Whereas I was once blind, now I see.' And I am one in heart and soul with you as a church at this place."

When he gave in this experience, it was with tears running down his cheeks. His hair was as white as driven snow, and wet with perspiration arising from the warmth of his heart and soul, in the thought of being united to those he esteemed for the truth's sake, and in hope of following the Lord Jesus Christ in the despised ordinances of his house. He has now joined the church triumphant.

DAVID SMITH.

ANN NEWTON.—On March 20th, 1870, aged 56, Ann Newton, a member of the church meeting for worship in Mr. Higgons's room, Oxford.

Some years before she joined the church she had been led to feel her need of the Saviour's precious blood, and the Lord was pleased from time to time to apply portions of his word as well as portions of hymns to the

comfort of her soul. Although her judgment was somewhat confused with regard to the plan of salvation, she knew the Lord's voice in a moment, and this invariably produced humility of soul and thanksgiving to his name.

She was emphatically "a keeper at home," the only society she cared for being that of her husband and children and the Lord's servants and people, whom she was pleased to see so long as her strength would permit.

Her health began to decline about Christmas; and soon after that time the words: "I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice," were much upon her mind. Also these words of a hymn:

"Upon him call in humble prayer;
Thou still art his peculiar care."

She said to her husband, "Perhaps this is for my end;" but he put it off, as he could not bear the thought of a separation, but clung to the hope of her recovery up to within about four days of her death, from which time she sank very fast, her poor nerves being constantly strained by painful sensations and almost constant delirium; so that at last it was a relief to her husband to see her sink into unconsciousness.

Oxford, Aug. 12, 1870.

T. N.

WILLIAM OFFORD.—On May 11th, 1870, at Yarmouth, aged 62, after several weeks of severe bodily affliction, William Offord.

He was for many years a faithful deacon at Salem Baptist Chapel, Yarmouth, and was a lover of sound experimental doctrine. It pleased the Lord to lay his afflicting hand upon him; but he said his sufferings were not half what he deserved. I visited him several times during his affliction, and found that each time he grew weaker in the body; but his conversation would testify that he still loved those precious truths that he had lived and believed in, and he did not apparently wish to talk of things of a worldly nature. He told me that he prayed that the Lord would cut short his sufferings, and also that he would give him patience to bear with them; and he would say the Lord was very good to him.

On the Sunday previous to his death, the pastor of the above place called to see him, and was glad to find him in a comfortable state of mind. He told him, amongst other things, that he did not fear hell; yet he did not feel so much of the presence of the Lord as he desired, though, at times, his soul was caught up in sweet communion with his God.

On the Monday following, he, being much worse, was unable to rise from his bed, and could talk very little, and even that with difficulty. It was evident his end was near, and that his prayers were being answered. In the evening of that day a friend called to see him, and prayed with him; and he was asked how his mind was. He replied, "Firm on the Rock." One of the family asked him if he would like to take anything. He answered, "I want my Lord."

On the Tuesday forenoon his daughter read a psalm to him; when he remarked how precious Christ was, and told her death had lost its sting. His sufferings were so great at times as not to admit of his being read to; and his daughter would say, "Father, you are suffering very much, are you not?" and he would reply, "Bless the Lord, he has suffered more for me." I called that evening, thinking to have a little talk with him, but found that he was too far gone either to talk or to be talked to, and I saw that he was fast approaching his eternal and glorious rest, which he had lived to prove was not here below. I felt it to be a very solemn sight to see him passing out of time into eternity. He continued gasping

hard for breath up to his death, which was about eight o'clock the next morning, when his happy spirit took its flight to dwell with his God.

There were several around his bedside, who seemed impressed with the solemnity that pervaded the dying man's chamber.

"What solemn tidings reach our ears!

How awful and how grand!

A brother lauded safe from fears,

On Canaan's happy land."—*Gadsby*.

JACOB TARN.

JOHN HALKE.—On July 30th, 1870, aged 72, John Halke, deacon of the church at Zoar Chapel, Burgate Lane, Canterbury. He was taken ill on the afternoon of the 28th of July, and died of apoplexy.

Soon after he was taken ill, he became unconscious of everything, and spoke no more. But, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." Our dear brother had been in the Lord for many years; and is now blessed in being with him in glory, and seeing him face to face.

Now he is safely "seated

With Jesus on his throne;

His foes are all defeated,

And sacred peace made known."

Previous to his joining the Strict Baptists, he was among the Independents, and a teacher in their Sunday school. But, under the teaching of the Holy Ghost, was revealed to him more and more his state and condition as a poor, helpless, lost, ruined sinner before a holy and just God. Being thus wounded, and finding no oil poured in to heal his wounds; being in want of heavenly joy, and not finding the "wine that maketh glad the heart of man;" thirsting for living water, and finding no living stream whereof his soul could drink to make glad his heart,—no power in the ministry to reach his case,—he was constrained to come out from among them, and be separate.

The Lord in due time gave him to see the ordinance of believers' baptism, and he was baptized at St. John's chapel, in Dec., 1839, which chapel has now been in the hands of the enemies of God's truth and free distinguishing grace for about 28 years, though built for a Strict Baptist cause.

He was appointed deacon of the church at Zoar in 1845.

Our dear departed brother was not one who had the doctrines of grace in his head and no grace in his soul; for he had the law written by God in his heart, and the truth of God put by power divine in his inmost part.

And hence, led by the Spirit, his feet walked in the narrow ways in the King's highway. Amidst all the storms which came upon the little Zoar, he stood connected there for 30 years.

He was one who was much favoured by his God, in spiritual things. Since I have known him, which is for about nine years, I often heard him speak of the blessings he had received under various ministers of the Lord; but I cannot call to mind the particulars now.

Some time before his death, when we were conversing on soul matters, he told me that some years ago he was in great distress and agony of soul, walking in great darkness, and full of doubts and fears about his soul's safety in Christ. Walking in his garden in this state, with his soul bowed down within him, yet looking again, and crying unto the Lord that he would appear for him and bring him out, the Lord heard his cry, and sent deliverance by a precious vision of Christ revealed in his soul, of his completeness in him, and eternal salvation by him and with him, that he said he never should forget.

Often, when giving out the hymns in the chapel, some verse was applied to his soul with savour and power; so that he could scarcely proceed in the giving out of the hymn.

In the winter it pleased the Lord to lay him by for a while. This affliction he by grace was enabled to bear with sweet submission to his heavenly Father's will; and he told me he had many portions of God's word blessed to his soul. It was thought by some he would not recover from this sickness. He said to me whilst under this affliction, "I am in the hands of my heavenly Father. Let him do as seemeth him good. I want my will to be swallowed up in his will." But the Lord raised him up again; and on the first Lord's day he appeared among us in the chapel, his soul was full of gratitude and thanks to the Lord for his mercy and goodness to him in his past affliction, and bringing him out again among his brethren.

He loved to walk by faith in the Lord, and live upon him daily; to have fellowship with the saints on earth, and with the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost in heaven. He felt and knew well the plague of his own heart, and that in his flesh dwelt no good thing. He knew what it was to be black, yet comely; to be free from sin, yet a great sinner; to have nothing, yet possessing all things; to be dead, yet alive; to be able to do nothing, yet to do all things; to groan and sigh, yet to rejoice and be glad in the Lord.

He loved the gates of Zion, and seldom would you find him absent from her assemblies. He was present at the chapel his last Lord's day on earth, and in the evening his soul was much refreshed and comforted. I saw him on the Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, and on the morning of Thursday (the day he was taken ill), and on all these times he appeared happy and cheerful. His dear wife had been brought very low on a bed of affliction, but in mercy she was raised again. Being extremely weak, she went to the sea-side, and while there recovered strength to meet the stroke which was to come upon her. She was away when our brother was taken ill, but, being telegraphed for, reached home about eleven o'clock at night of the day on which he was taken ill.

He has gone home, having left a beloved wife behind him, with whom he had lived very happily. She is in the Lord, a branch of his own planting; therefore they will meet again to cast their crowns at Jesus's feet, where

"No cloud obscures the summer sky,
No tear-drop glistens in the eye;
They drink the living streams of grace,
And gaze upon their Saviour's face,
While glory fills the holy place."

As our dear brother left nothing in writing behind him as regards himself, I have but little to write concerning him; but the little I have sent I can say is true of him. JOHN ROWDEN.

36, Havelock Street, Canterbury, Sept. 14, 1870.

ELIZABETH SCRINE.—On July 21st, 1870, aged 51, Elizabeth Scrine, of Haggerstone, London, a member of Mr. Cowley's church, Gee Street, Goswell Road.

She was convinced of sin in early life, but often was afraid the work of grace was not real, because she was not led so deep as some in soul-trouble. About eighteen months ago she had a severe attack of bronchitis, from which we thought she would not recover, and she expressed herself as being ready to die.

Through the summer of last year she got better, though not well. Early this year she had another attack of bronchitis, which brought

her so low that dropsy followed, from which she never recovered. As she was confined to the house, I stayed at home with her every other Sabbath evening for the last three or four months, to read and pray with her, which I hope was some help to her. The last Sabbath evening of her life she said, "O father, I can say with Mr. Philpot, 'It is better to die than to live.'" Two days before her death a friend came in to read and pray with her, and she said, as though to herself, "How sweet this visit."

Her sufferings were great at times; but not one murmur ever escaped her lips. Her last words were, about three minutes before her death, "All is right."

JOHN SCRINE.

JAMES ABRAHAM.—On June 21st, 1870, aged 81, James Abraham, Westerham Hill, Kent, and formerly of Devizes. He was one of the oldest members of the old Baptist chapel in that town. Isa. liv. 9, 10, and Ps. ciii. 11, 12, had been noted down in his pocket-book, a few days before he was taken with his last illness, as being made very sweet and blessed to him. They were places where his poor tempest-tossed soul had been enabled to anchor many a time. He referred also to part of hymn 372 (Gadsby's Selection), the last he quoted, as being very sweet and supporting to his mind, namely:

"On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?"

W. L.

MARY RACHEL HUZZEY.—On June 27th, 1870, at Wantage, aged 49, M. R. Huzzey, wife of Moses Huzzey, for many years a consistent, member of the Particular Baptist church at Grove.

After many years of affliction, borne with much Christian patience, she fell asleep in Jesus. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

DR. MARSTON.—On Lord's day, Sept. 18th, at Reading, after a severe illness, Dr. Marston, minister of the gospel, Devizes. Particulars hereafter.

WHEN the Lord blesses your soul, and sheds abroad his love in your heart, you will take no credit to yourself. No. You will feel that if you had a thousand crowns you would put them all upon the head of Christ, and if you had a thousand tongues they should all sing his praise.—*Tiptaft*.

"AND let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity." (2 Tim. ii. 19.) But this is a day that was never read of, a day wherein conversion is frequent without repentance; such a conversion as it is; and therefore doth the church of God now swarm with them that religiously name the name of Christ and yet depart not from iniquity. Alas! All houses, all tables, all shops have hanging up in them the sign of the want of repentance. (Ecc. vii. 27, 28.) To say nothing of the talk, of the beds and the backs of most that profess; by which of these is it that one of a thousand for men, and for women one of ten thousand, do show that they have repentance? No marvel, then, that the name of Christ is so frequently mentioned there, where iniquity dwells; yea, reigns, and that with the consent of the mind. I would not be austere, but were wearing of gold, putting on of apparel, dressing up houses, decking of children, learning of compliments, boldness in women, worse in men, wanton behaviour, lascivious words, and tempting carriages, signs of repentance, then I must say the fruits of repentance swarm in our land; but if these be none of the fruits of repentance, then, O the multitude of professors that religiously name the name of Christ and do not depart from iniquity!—*Bunyan*.

NOVEMBER 1, 1870.

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

NOVEMBER, 1870.

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

THE RAIN AND THE DEW.

NOTES OF A SERMON BY THE LATE MR. MARTIN, AT BRAUGHING.

"My doctrine shall drop as the rain, my speech shall distil as the dew, as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass."
—DEUT. xxxii. 2.

I HAVE often remarked, in reading the word of God, that the Lord has many simple figures to convey his eternal mind to our simple faculties. Hence I have often thought of that simple figure that the Lord has here brought forth. When speaking of the kingdom of heaven, in Matt. xiii. 33, he says, "The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven, which a woman took, and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened." Now what a simple figure that is. We all know what that is. You know that when you make the bread you must put the leaven into the meal until it leavens the whole. If there is any life in it, it will not lie dormant long. It will be moving until it runs through all the lump. Hence the apostle says, 1 Cor. v. 6: "Know ye not that a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump?" But when the apostle is speaking of the leaven there, he means another leaven. He says, "Purge out, therefore, the old leaven, that ye may be a new lump, as ye are unleavened. For even Christ our passover is sacrificed for us. Therefore let us keep the feast, not with old leaven, neither with the leaven of malice and wickedness; but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth." But here the grace of God is called leaven. It runs throughout the whole man into his very heart. The man may have been in the habit of going to the public-house or the ball-room; but there is this difference now. It takes him to hear the word of God preached. The eyes that were blind, that were blinded by everything fleshly, now begin to see out of obscurity. Now the man says, "Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity." The leaven runs into the heart and diffuses itself over the whole man. The mouth that was filled with filth is now filled with prayer. The eyes that gloated over abominations now run over with tears. The heart that was far from God now heaves in groans, in hungerings, and pantings after godliness and everything that the poor sinner needs. The tongue that used to sing songs is now

taught to sing a new song of praise unto God. Hence it is said, "They shall speak with new tongues." This old tongue, that used to be employed about other things, is now employed in speaking of eternal things.

That man-religion which knows nothing of these things is all nothing,—merely the religion of a natural man.

There is another sweet figure here, and that is the *rain*. Every one here knows from whence this rain comes and what are its uses. "My doctrine shall drop as the rain, my speech shall distil as the dew." Not only the doctrines of grace. A man may know the doctrines of grace in his judgment and in his mind; but, knowing them so only, there are no blessed effects. But when his doctrine drops into the soul as the dew of heaven, then there are the effects. Here it is called doctrine; but I conceive it signifies the doctrine of the Gospel of Christ.

In speaking of these figures,—the rains and dews,—I shall speak of them *temporally* and *spiritually*; as it is temporally; so it is spiritually in the soul. The rain descends *sovereignly*. If you watch the thing in nature, there is something to be learnt in this; for every one here that has a comprehensive mind there is plenty to preach to him. It comes down upon one man's field and not upon another's; and the Lord says I will take two of a city and one of a family and will bring them to Zion. Dr. Watts says:

"Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room,
While others make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"

"'Twas the same love that spread the feast
That sweetly forced us in,
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perish'd in our sin."

"Sweetly forced us in." It is done sweetly. The Lord's people are made willing in the day of his power. Sometimes he takes the wife and leaves the husband, and sometimes the husband and leaves the wife. Now here is God's sovereignty, but it is what man naturally hates. But "shall not the Lord of all the earth do right?" "He doeth his will in the armies of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth; and who shall stay his hand or say unto him, What doest thou?" We cannot keep it away. It comes *sovereignly*. Every mercy, every blessing that we receive from the hand of God comes in a *sovereign* way. Whatever God, in his *sovereign* love, has purposed in eternity, he makes known the blessings of in time. Only for a moment look at Manasseh, that a man such as he was should ever be one of the objects of God's *sovereign* love! Who would have thought that God's *sovereign* love and mercy were fixed on such an object as that? Just for a moment again look at Saul of Tarsus. He was a persecutor to prison and to death. And so it will be to the end of time. I have seen these things my-

self. I am happy to say it was the case with one that is near and dear to me. Now I can say, "Behold, she prayeth," being chosen in Christ, as the apostle says, from before the foundation of the world, and in time translated into the kingdom of his dear Son.

It comes down *undeservingly*. Does the rain come deservedly? No. We do not deserve a drop. Now, what do you see and hear with your eyes and ears among the labourers? Now we find them blaspheming God because they cannot have their own way. What rebellion rises up in our hearts because we cannot have things as we like. What should we do without the rain? We should be starved to death; but God is pleased to send it down, notwithstanding all our murmurings. Where is there one worthy of the least crumb, of the least sip of mercy? If thou hast eternal life in thy soul, there is not a day passes but thou canst tell the Lord that thou art an unworthy sinner. Thou art not worthy of the least; yet the Lord is pleased to grant thee a little crumb, a little reviving in thy bondage; a little crumb of mercy, just to keep up thy head from time to time.

The rain comes sometimes *unexpectedly*. Just so it is spiritually. When we are not looking for it, nor expecting it, the Lord the Spirit opens the word of God upon the sinner's eyes, a light shines upon the book, and a majesty and glory shine upon it. It comes unexpectedly in this way, quite unlooked for. Sometimes when we go to prayer, and think it is of no use to go, unexpectedly God in his mercy is pleased to disperse the dark clouds from our souls, and brings us out of the horrible pit and out of the miry clay, and puts a new song into our mouths, even praise unto our God. Just as it comes temporally, so it comes spiritually.

What are the *effects* when it comes? When the rain comes in this way, what effect has it upon the ground? Just as it was this summer. The herbage seemed dried up, everything seemed fading and dying; but now, after the rain, see how fresh and flourishing everything is. Is it not so spiritually? When we come under the word time after time, and read the Bible time after time, and yet there is nothing, no rain upon our souls, all darkness, all barrenness, it seems as if there was no verdure; and we say, "I am afraid after all that my religion is nothing. I am afraid it is nothing but the motions of the flesh. I would to God that I had never said anything to any one. All seems gone, dead, dried up, and barren, and I seem to be just ready to give up the ghost." Just as it is in natural creation, just so is the work of God the Spirit in the soul of the poor sinner. Then it is that the tender grass puts forth its tender blade. Everything seems to smile, everything is changed into glory, which before seemed ready to die. Now our faith is strengthened; the fear of God is in lively act and exercise. Now we cannot wilfully do anything to bring guilt upon our conscience. Now we are afraid to commit the least sin. This is the fruit of it.

Sometimes it comes down in *large drops*, sometimes in *very few drops*, just enough to let us see there is rain. Well, here hope is produced in the soul. Now there is a little reviving in our bondage. It is the same that I have felt. It makes sin hateful, and makes the Lord Jesus Christ precious. It makes the heart go forth into act and exercise in the love of God. You will find, poor soul, if there is but a drop of it, it will make you long for more. When the earth has been parched up, how it opens her mouth. So the poor soul, having a drop, how it makes him open his mouth for more. If thou hast only a drop in thy soul, it secures the whole. If thy poor soul gets a drop of it here, thou shalt drink it at the fountain hereafter. "There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God." However full of trouble thy poor heart may have been, when a drop of this river comes it makes thy heart glad.

In a dry time, how hard the clods get! Only let a shower come, how it dissolves them. So, though thy heart is like a pebble, how it bedews it! What blessed effects it has in thy poor soul! The poor soul says, "How ever canst thou set thy love on such a wretch as I!" Hart says:

"Nothing but thy blood, O Jesus,
Can relieve us from our smart;
Nothing else from guilt release us,
Nothing else can melt the heart."

How blessed when the Spirit causes the dew to drop into thy poor soul! How it leads thee back into eternity, and thou art led to see how the Blessed Trinity in Unity sweetly unite together. When this love and mercy are let down into his soul by the Blessed Spirit, the man cannot help saying, "Lord, why me?" the arms of his faith sweetly and blessedly embracing the Lord Jesus Christ as "the Chiefest among ten thousand and altogether lovely." "This is my Beloved, and this is my Friend, O ye daughters of Jerusalem." These are the effects, and that man that has never felt them knows nothing of the rain.

"Dry doctrine cannot save us,
Blind zeal or false devotion;
The feeblest prayer,
If faith be there,
Exceeds all empty notion."

It is not only compared to rain, but he says, "My speech shall distil as the dew." When God speaks in his word, how does he speak? He speaks in his providence, in his dispensations, and in afflictions. When the poor child of God is on a bed of affliction, the Lord's speech distils as the dew. He speaks with a sweet still voice in that affliction. David says, "Before I was afflicted I went astray; but now I have kept thy word."

Now the dew distils so sweetly, so silently, there is nothing heard of it at all. Just so it is in the manifestation of God's grace in the poor sinner's soul. It is so still; one may sit by the side of another; one may feel it and not the other. It silently

distils, and without noise. God commands, and it drops into the soul.

When there is no rain, the farmers are glad of a little dew. It puts new life on the face of nature. Just so it is with the soul of a poor sinner. When my poor soul has been dried up like a heath or an oven, as if all was gone, the God of Elijah has passed by, and "a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind. And after the wind an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake. And after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire. And after the fire a *still small voice*." It is also a *powerful* voice; he speaks, and the poor sinner hears it, it speaks with such solemnity in the poor sinner's soul. This voice is also the voice of *peace*, the voice of *pardon*. It speaketh better things than the blood of Abel. The blood of Abel cries for vengeance, the blood of Jesus speaks peace. It speaks with such power that although the devil has got hold of the poor sinner, as if he would drag him into the bottomless pit, yet the voice sets him free. Therefore the apostle says, "Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand." (Eph. vi. 13.) Now he can fight with the devil, with self, and with all his inbred corruptions; and Christ reigns without a rival at these times.

"As the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass." These are all sweet figures, in which the Lord speaks. Hence he says, "He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass, as showers that water the earth."

Let me ask you a few solemn questions: What dost thou know about these things? Has God in a saving manner sought thee out? Has he called thee from thy sinful companions? Has he sought thee out, and canst thou say with the poet:

"Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God,
And to save my soul from danger
Interposed his precious blood?"

He seeks out his sheep in the cloudy and dark day. Has he sought thee out? He has sought some out from the demure and the pious. There are some that are, they say, decidedly pious. They are convinced that they are right. They have always paid their way, have never been immoral. They think if they are not right, nobody is right. There were some in the days of Christ's flesh of whom he said, "Publicans and harlots shall go into the kingdom of heaven before you." He says, "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, and touch not the unclean thing, and I will receive you, and be a father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord God Almighty." And he says further, by the apostle, "Having renounced the hidden things of dishonesty." Renounce thy righteousness as well as thy great sins; renounce thy goodness just the same as

thy badness. Has the Lord in a saving manner picked thee up? Has he granted thee to see and feel thyself a poor hell-deserving sinner? I must be faithful with thee. If thou hast never been brought to feel the malady, thou wilt never be brought to feel the remedy. Canst thou say with the poet:

“My life a burden long has been
Because I could not cease from sin?”

As my soul lives, if thy sin never pierces thee here, it will pierce thee through to all eternity. Some people think lightly of sin. But God does not trifle with sin. God did not trifle with sin in Gethsemane's garden. It was such a thing that made the dear Lamb of God cry out, “Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me. Nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt.” And as the psalmist, describing the Saviour's sufferings, says, “Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterspouts. All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me. The pains of hell got hold upon me.” Which made him cry, “My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?”

Now then, poor soul, if it has been the case with thee, the Lord has done it. If thou art under darkness at this moment of time, if he has ever spoken a word of peace to thy soul, 15 or 20 years ago, if ever his voice has ever spoken peace to thy poor disconsolate heart, though thou mightest have been in absolute despair at times, walking in darkness, and having no light, the Lord will lighten thy darkness again. The Saviour was as much loved by his Father when he was in darkness without a smile, as when he was in the light. He is the same Lord in the darkness as he is in the light. Though thou mayest be shut up with the bolts of unbelief, that voice will break every bar asunder. David says, “Bring my soul out of prison that I may praise thy name.” You may have had it yesterday, but you will want it again to-morrow. You will always want it whilst you are travelling through this waste howling wilderness. If he has granted you a sip of the river of his good pleasure, it is an earnest, and thou shalt drink it at the fountain above. He never will disappoint thee of thy hope. “He that hath begun a good work in you will perform it to the day of Jesus Christ.” If you have never felt this, he will say, “Depart from me; I never knew you.”

O that the Lord, in his mercy, may raise a cry in your soul after it. Then you will want more communion with him, and not to walk at such a distance from him. It is to be with the whole heart. If thou couldst seek the Lord with thy whole heart, then thy heart would be comforted, and thy treasure will be in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal. (Matt. vi. 20.) If Christ is thy treasure, thy heart will be more or less in heaven. When this refreshing rain has refreshed our souls, that is the time when you and I are in our right minds, to be forgetting the things that are behind, reaching forward to the things that are

before, and pressing towards the mark for the prize of our high calling of God in Christ Jesus.

May the Lord enable thee, poor sinner, to “seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you;” for Christ says, “Many shall seek to enter in and shall not be able.” This is not only praying, but watching unto prayer. Many pray, but do not watch unto prayer; and that is wrong. We are to pray and yet to watch unto prayer. When he is brought to feel that he will be lost without it, nothing can stop the poor sinner praying from his heart that the Lord may have mercy upon his guilty soul. And “the desire of the righteous shall be granted.”

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

[The above sermon may appear to some to be somewhat unconnected; but there is in it a rich vein of true Christian experience, the effect of the rain and the dew upon the soul. It is evidently a faithful though abridged report.]

A RECORD OF GOD'S MERCY AND LOVING-KINDNESS TO WILLIAM ANGEL.

(Continued from page 377.)

IN Nov., 1809, he commenced a new business, in partnership with another, a man of the world. A few weeks before he died, referring to this circumstance with sorrow and self-debasement, he told me he entered into this connexion without the sensible approbation of God in his conscience. For a time his outward circumstances were more prosperous, but the peace of his soul was injured, and eventually the business was broken up, through bad debts to a large amount. Business engagements, and having to travel a good deal in the country as travelling partner, brought him much into the society of the world; and being a man well informed on general subjects, being also of a cheerful, communicative, and social disposition, his company was courted, and he was beguiled and overtaken with a worldly spirit. But the Lord kept his conscience awake, and he was unhappy in the midst of it all. In a memorandum of 1809, I find these words: “My soul is not lively in the ways of God. Nevertheless I believe I am written amongst the living in Jerusalem; that my name is written in the Lamb's Book of Life; that I shall never perish, neither shall any pluck me out of his hand. And although I am a poor, ungrateful sinner and an unprofitable servant, yet the Lord has not forsaken me. I am frequently brought into trouble, under which the Holy Ghost helps me to cry and groan and pray; and God, who has promised if I call upon him to deliver me, will yet deliver me.”

Some months afterwards he notes: “The world, sin, and the devil, those robbers of my soul, have spoiled me of that life and power, faith and hope and affection, that heavenly-mindedness and holy fervency, that humility and self-abasement, that peace and tranquillity, that boldness, confidence, and access to God in

prayer, that hatred of sin and contempt of the world and vanity, that love to the ordinances of God, and that diligence in seeking him as the portion of my soul, my Refuge, my Friend, and my All, that I have heretofore experienced."

My father and mother (the latter of whom died in sweet peace, July 24th, 1854, aged 77) attended Mr. Huntington's ministry till he (Mr. H.) died, in 1813. They were present when he preached his last discourse.

About three years after Mr. H.'s death, they united themselves to the church under the pastorate of the late Mr. Burrell, Mr. H.'s son-in-law. Prior to this, my father had commenced business on his own account, in a more limited way than when in partnership. The nature of his business obliged him to traverse London a good deal, and mix with worldly persons, and I must say that though he was not what is commonly called a "drunkard," yet it was evident to others that at times he indulged in drink more than was needful. And I may here observe that, from what I have heard my father say from time to time, one, if not the chief cause of the commencement of his declension, was a secret fleshly reposing upon his past experience, and a subtle self-complacency on account of the sound and conspicuous soul deliverances he had been favoured with. As Ezekiel says: "Thou didst trust in thine own beauty," instead of living a "life of faith on the Son of God." This, together with worldly connexions, brought him into Bunyan's "Bye-Path Meadow," and in a measure into the hand of "Satan, for the destruction of the flesh, that the spirit may be saved."

In 1826, when in my thirteenth year, the Lord began to draw my heart to himself, and I became a close observer of my poor father's troubles. His distress and moanings were manifest to all about him. Once, after praying for him, these words were fixed in my heart and often revived since: "I will restore comfort unto him and to his mourners."

At length the Lord delivered him; but for years he scarcely, if at all, knew what it was to "rejoice in the Lord." "Hangs my helpless soul on thee," with a regretful remembrance of former blessedness, and encouraging hopes of a brighter future, were the utmost he could attain to. But if he was not a man of praise and joy, truly he was a man of prayer and confession. He could not restrain fervent ejaculations of prayer and sorrow even in the presence of others. As age and affliction increased (for he was often afflicted in body), so did his earnestness in the things of God; but it was the earnestness of sighs and self-abasement. The language of his case to me was often: "Be not high-minded, but fear." In his low estate he never could give up what God had done for his soul; but he shrank from that light and frothy way of talking which would make it appear as if he were in the present enjoyment of the things of God. Being under the rebuke and chastening of the Lord, he did not comport himself as if he was still enjoying the freedom, access, and privileges of the

family; he did not present a brow of brass, but the visage of grief and dejection. He was an honest man. Being in captivity, he could not sing the Lord's song of freedom in a strange land.

In 1856, in his 79th year, he went to reside with my brother in the Isle of Guernsey. Owing to a contraction of the fingers of his right hand, through rheumatic gout, it was difficult and painful to him to write, and then only with a lead pencil; consequently his letters to us were few. I will make a few extracts from his letters, which will show the general state of his mind in spiritual matters:

Sept. 1856.—“I was glad to find you had not forgotten me, and I hope you never will, especially in your prayers to God for me, that he may stir up my soul within me to wrestle and pray to him to be delivered from this captivity and bondage my wretched sin has brought me into, by giving me a deeper sense of the evil of my sin and of his great mercy in Christ Jesus, which will work that godly repentance which need not be repented of, and which I hope I have known something of in times past. ‘But sin has laid my vineyard waste;’ so that I cannot sing in the high note you have pitched in your letter. But I trust the Lord has indeed, by what you have said, recalled to my recollection times when I could, especially by your quoting that precious hymn:

“Grace taught my soul to pray,” &c.

I well remember the time, when I was surrounded with difficulties, that the Lord visited my soul with such a sense of his mercy and love that it brought that sweet verse to mind, and I was able to adopt it with tears of gratitude, praise, and love.”

July, 1857.—“I am as well in bodily health as I can expect to be at my time of life,—in my 80th year. I wish I could say I was well in my spiritual health. Instead of which I am often fainting at the horrible opposition I meet with for want of that faith that made those valiant in fight in old time. Satan and my own unbelieving heart often tell me that it is useless to call upon God, and though I would believe otherwise, I cannot get the better of these unbelieving thoughts, which often make prayer irksome and a labour which ought to be my great delight.”

Again, in allusion to a quotation he makes from Dr. Owen: “O that the Lord would enable me to believe these gracious declarations, so as to obtain by faith a true sense of his pardoning love. This would enable me to run in the way of God's commandments with delight, and not leave me to drag along as I do. Still pray for me, my dear daughter, that the Lord may show me mercy,—a base backslider.”

Jan., 1858.—“. . . I cannot describe the state I have been in so well and in so few words as Mr. Hart has in one of his hymns:

“‘Needy and naked and unclean,
Empty of good and full of ill;
A lifeless lump of loathsome sin,
Without the power to act or will.’

. . . Four or five days ago, while brooding over my miserable condition, feeling no love to God or his people, but finding even prayer a task, it was suggested to me: 'Look unto Jesus and to his all-prevailing intercession, and not to your good-for-nothing prayers.' And I was enabled so to do in a small measure, and thereby to get *such a gleam of hope!* And though but a gleam, yet it was such as made prayer sweet and pleasant, which before was a burden. And though I cannot keep that mark in view as I then felt it, I have felt more liberty from that sore bondage that I have been in."

" . . . Although I cannot doubt that I then (alluding to his early days) experienced all those things and many more such, yet I have doubted and feared a thousand times whether this work was of God, when I consider how basely I have sinned and departed from him. . . . Some have been at a loss to know whether I am a believer or an unbeliever. I believe I am both; for I am fully persuaded that Christ lived and died for his sheep, and that not one of them shall perish, but that every one of them shall have eternal life. And I not only believe this, but that there is not a word that God has spoken that shall not be fulfilled. Thus I am a believer. But my doubts and fears are about whether I am one of his sheep; and this very often makes me 'in heaviness through manifold temptations,' like them whom Peter calls the 'elect,' who had obtained like precious faith with him and his fellow-apostles, and who had, by believing, rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory, yet notwithstanding were in heaviness. How was that? I do not make God a liar; God forbid it. But I do distrust and fear my deceitful heart, which I look upon to be a different thing from doubting the truth of God and making him a liar."

Nov. 5, 1861.—"The Lord has, in great mercy and much long suffering, preserved and kept me alive to this day, it being my 88th birthday. More than 60 years ago the Lord sent his word into my heart, by which he then assured me he would do great things for me. And surely he has been faithful to his word; for though for my great and manifold sins he has brought upon me great and sore troubles, yet they have been very very far less than my sins deserved; and his mercies have been infinitely greater than all my greatest troubles; for he delivered me out of them all. And since I have been disabled from helping myself, which is now about 17 years, he has, in great mercy, through the instrumentality of my dear children and others, provided for me, so that I have not wanted anything really needful. And though I yet have many troubles without and within, I humbly hope and trust that He who has delivered will yet deliver me more graciously and gloriously still." "The Lord is a faithful promise-keeping God, and will be sure to perform his word. He has said he will withhold no good thing from them that walk uprightly; but he has also said, if his children forsake his law and walk not in his statutes, but go astray after vain

things, as I have done, he will visit their transgressions with the rod and their iniquities with stripes."

In Oct., 1865, my dear father broke his thigh-bone, from which, after much suffering, he recovered, and was able to walk out with the aid of a crutch. The Lord made it a time of refreshing to his soul: He wrote the following with his own hand before he could leave his bed (Nov. 5th, 1865):

"My very dear children, who of God's abundant mercy have obtained like precious faith with God's elect, through the righteousness of God and our most blessed Saviour Jesus Christ, grace and peace be multiplied unto you, and may my other children and grandchildren, who have not yet obtained this blessing, may they of the Lord's abundant mercy and free grace, be made to feel their need thereof, that they may thus by the Holy Ghost be moved and led to seek it, for assuredly they that thus seek shall without any doubt find it. O Lord, thou knowest what distress and anguish the thought of any one of my family perishing for ever in everlasting burnings gives me. Therefore I beseech thee, if it be thy most gracious will, to grant me my humble and earnest request, that they all may be saved. My dear children, the Lord has brought me to see what very many times I have thought I should never live to see, *my 89th birthday*. And not only so, but, previous to that, he has put his gracious hand to his own work of grace again in my poor barren soul, or, as the spouse says, he put his hand in by the hole of the door, and my bowels moved with brokenness of heart and contrition of spirit, to tears of gratitude, love, and praise to his dear, precious, beloved name. And this he did more than once, and he thereby strengthened and confirmed my hope in him that because he lives I shall live also; for he is the Alpha and Omega of all my salvation. And although I am left this day without those sweet visitations, yet my salvation depends upon him whose love is everlasting. I am now sitting, or lying, on a mattress, on which I was fixed about five weeks ago, from which position I have never been moved; which you know must be very painful even to any one whose limbs are whole and not broken as my poor thigh-bone is. But though the pain has been sometimes most excruciating, and seemed unbearable, yet the dear Lord has given me strength to bear it hitherto; and not only so, but what seems strange even to the doctor, my health is so good that instead of its being made worse it has been made to improve. Therefore, my dear children, by your prayers and praises, help me to bless and praise the dear Lord for his goodness in remembering me with so much mercy in my afflictions, who am altogether undeserving of any mercy at all. Now, my dear children, who have obtained that precious faith I have mentioned at the beginning of this, may the Lord grant you an abundant increase thereof; and of his abundant mercy, if it be his most gracious will, may he grant the like blessing to all the rest of my dear family. This is the prayer of your very affectionate and loving father."

Nov. 19.—“I am still lying in the same identical place, on the mattress on which I was placed the 4th of October last, and often find it painfully wearisome to be unable to shift myself or fit to be shifted by others; but hitherto the Lord has most graciously supported me, and has not left me comfortless, but still supports and comforts me, although he has not again been pleased to renew those blessed visitations I mentioned in the letter I sent; yet, in reading his holy word and meditating thereon day and night, he is sometimes pleased so to open my eyes that I see and behold wondrous things therein which were very dimly if at all seen before.

April 30, 1866.—“ . . . Two days before I began to write this, I was so far recovered as to be able for the first time, with some little difficulty, without help, to dress myself and get out of bed, and with crutches to walk about the room; for which mercy, and for innumerable other mercies, I ought to feel and find a warm, humble, and a lively, loving gratitude to the God and Father of them all. Instead of which, I have reason to complain of a poor unfeeling, unthankful heart. Nevertheless, my hope is fixed on Jesus, whom God made sin for me to atone for my sin and guilt; and righteousness and sanctification, the one to give me a title to the other to make me meet for the inheritance of the saints in light. May the Lord give me a clear sight and sense of this blessed inheritance, that I may rejoice therein, and find the joy of the Lord to be my strength.”

This is the last of his letters I can find in which anything special is recorded of his spiritual exercises.

I may here observe that my father, with my brother, left Guernsey in March, 1865, to reside in Jersey, a neighbouring island. It was in the following October that he broke his thigh. In the summer of 1866 he was so far restored in health as to be able, in company with my sister, who had been on a visit to him, to return to England, and spend the remainder of his days in the midst of his numerous family. He seemed in comparatively good health, excepting feebleness, and was cheerful in mind, pleasant in disposition, and gratefully appreciated the labours of love of those who ministered to his necessities. He would often refer to the gracious refreshings of soul he experienced when laid by with his broken thigh.

(To be concluded in our next.)

“WHY should Christ love you or me in particular?” What answer can I give hereto, when I know he does not love all the world? I can give but this answer to it: Even because he would. I know nothing in me or in one of you that can deserve his love. Was there ever such a thing heard of that Christ should have a particular love for such as we are? Would ever any person go and fix his love on a creature who was all over leprous? Is this the manner of man? Truly Christ would never have fixed his love upon any of our poor defiled souls, but upon this one consideration: “I know I can cleanse them, and I will.” He loved us.—*Dr. Owen.*

SUFFERING AND REJOICING.

My dear Brother,—It is with some diffidence I claim the relationship; yet since my heart is with the governors of Israel and my sympathies are with those that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, who has so far revealed himself to me by his Spirit as to become my chief desire, aim, and end, I venture to encourage myself in his blessed word by his servant: "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren," for his sake whose image they bear. I desire to bless his sacred name in causing a brother or a sister to realize a little measure of refreshing communion from my poor feeble efforts, who truly feel that

"Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought."

Yet I long to know him more intimately and to serve him more heartily, to own him more decidedly and follow him more closely.

In deference to your peremptory command to write to you, I make an attempt, looking up to the Holy Spirit to help my infirmities. May his divine presence and holy anointing be with you, that your message may commend itself to the consciences of his people. I desire to bless the Lord for the reply you have given to my queries. "Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." "He is faithful that has promised" to give "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." What a mercy, after such a solemn campaign, to realize blessed fruits. "Afterwards it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness to those that are exercised thereby." This is the way to learn to rejoice with trembling. How especially do some of the Lord's people prove those words: "To you it is given, on the behalf of Christ, not only to believe on him, but also to *suffer for his sake.*" Have your prayers never previously to this been couched in the language of the apostle, "That I may know him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his suffering, and to be made conformable to his death?" One sings:

"The strength of Christ is own'd by all;
But who his weakness knows?"

O, how true are the Lord's words: "Ye know not what ye ask." In this late dispensation that prayer has been answered. You know him now, as you did not before, as the "man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," by the fulfilment of that solemn word: "Ye shall indeed drink of my cup;" but while I almost tremble at this, I could almost envy you (not from you) the sweet experience of the power of his resurrection. O! What a blissful change, to rise by virtue of a union with him above the sorrows of death which compassed you about, when the weeds were wrapped about your head. You have now fellowship with his suffering in a way and to an extent you never had before; and,

says the apostle, "If we be afflicted or if we be comforted, it is for your consolation and salvation, that we may be able to comfort others by the comfort wherewith we ourselves have been comforted of God." Soldiers are not drilled by recruits, but by such as have been called to endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ. Such are not ignorant of Satan's devices, having suffered by their subtlety.

"The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptation." What a mercy! It plainly implies that they themselves do not. The Lord has fulfilled his word toward you in bringing you through fire and through water into a wealthy place, and you can now sing his praise who led you through the great and terrible wilderness wherein were fiery serpents, and scorpions, and drought, where there was no water, who brought you forth water out of the rock of flint, who fed you in the wilderness with manna (so your mouth was not shut), that he might humble you, and prove you, and do you good at your latter end; and now the cross of Christ is your glory and boast.

"Could we see how all is right,
Where were room for credence?"

But better is the end of a thing than the beginning. Already is your sorrow turned into joy, because the end of the Lord is manifest, in measure; and I dare say at times you feel you would not alter his ways, which are past finding out, but as he is pleased to reveal them. Jonah went a terrible journey to prove that salvation is of the Lord.

"Great is your reward in heaven." O! Sweet assurance, sweet incentive to press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus! How should this sweet hope humble our hearts, and fill them with gratitude for that distinguishing mercy which has made us to differ from the thousands who are fast hastening to the pit of destruction. I trust that he that created the smith that bloweth the coals in the fire to bring forth an instrument for his work may be about to use you more largely for his glory. The apostle had a secret persuasion that to abide was more needful for the church. The labourers are few still. O that the Lord would raise up more!

I do not wonder that you should fret at the scarce fruits of your labours. Many have done so before you. Witness Noah, Jeremiah, Habakkuk, and others. Isaiah was sweetly comforted under the same trial, and says, "Though Israel be not gathered, yet shall I be glorious in the eyes of the Lord." The servant of God is only responsible to preach the gospel; the Holy Spirit will do the rest, and surely he will not forget to

"Quicken souls whom Christ has bought,
Nor let them lifeless lie."

The Lord will shift you when your work is done in that part; but how glad I should be if such a voice entered your ears: "I have much people in this place."

I attended a church meeting at Regent Street on Monday even-

ing for the first time in my life. There is no desire to adopt the system of supplies, but to use all lawful means to obtain a settled pastor. Humanly speaking, there appears a greater difficulty in our case than if it were a Baptist church; but all things are possible with Him to whom I trust we are found looking, both publicly and privately; and the Lord has said, "They shall not be ashamed that wait for me."

Trusting that you may realize much of the Lord's presence with you, and much liberty and boldness in the proclamation of his name and fame,

I remain, Yours affectionately,

Oct. 21, 1868.

J. C. PORTER.

[Since the above was written, Mr. Vinall has been settled at Regent Street, late Mr. Abrahams's.]

THE FIRST RESURRECTION.

"Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection."

ON resurrection's morning,
 God's risen saints will sing,
 'Midst highest glories dawning,
 The praises of their King.

No more the Man of Sorrows
 Will Christ from heaven appear;
 Freed from the king of terrors,
 They'll meet him in the air.

The noble host of martyrs
 Will follow in their train,
 Who pass'd through deepest waters,
 And for the truth were slain.

Crown'd with palms victorious,
 Through Christ's atoning blood,
 In robes divinely glorious
 Before the throne of God.

Raised high above the bauble
 Of such a world as this,
 With golden harps to warble,
 And swim in seas of bliss.

Thus will the church in glory
 Sing one eternal song:
 "Grace, grace!" the crowning story,
 While ages roll along.

From every tribe and nation,
 They'll join with sweet accord,
 And, free from tribulation,
 Be ever with the Lord.

C. S.

Puckeridge, Ware, July 5, 1870.

ALL light that is not spiritual, because it wanteth the strength of sanctifying grace, yieldeth to every little temptation, especially when it is fitted and suited to personal inclinations. This is the reason why Christians who have light, little for quantity, but yet heavenly for quality, hold out, when men of high attainments sink.—*Sibbes*.

THE BODY BOUND, BUT THE SOUL FREE.

Dear Friends,—As my complaint prevents my speaking much, I would ask you to allow me to state my experience in writing.

In November, 1858, I was taken very ill, and though I was quite insensible to all outward things, I date my first spiritual impressions to that time. They were as follows: I thought I was in a ship on a dark night and was going out to sea, and suddenly there arose a great storm, with thunder and lightning, and the wind blew and sank the ship. Then I thought I was in a large dark room, with snakes, serpents, and other unclean things, and the Lord came to me full of majesty as my judge, with the book of the law; then he began with a loud voice, and said, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength; and thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." When I heard these words, I was filled with such enmity and rebellion against God, his people, and his ways, that, instead of love, I found that I hated them with a perfect hatred. Now all this time the thunder and lightning increased, and I could hear the sound of a great horn, or trumpet, which sounded louder and louder, till I was almost stunned with the noise. Then I heard a voice saying, "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them; and he that offendeth in one point is guilty of all." This made me fear and tremble much, for I knew that the law was "holy, just, and good," and that "the soul that sinneth, it shall die;" I knew that I was a sinner, and had broken the law, and was justly condemned by it, and I was almost in despair. Thus I was like a condemned criminal in prison, waiting for his execution; I knew that God would be just in sending me to hell, where I was expecting every moment to be sent, for I could see no way of escape.

I do not know how long I remained in this state; but presently there shined about me a great light, and I could see that I was in bed. Then I thought Jesus Christ came into the room, with his disciples, and he had a white robe, and a bowl filled with water and blood, which came from his own pierced side. Then he washed me with it (for I was very dirty), and put the robe upon me, saying, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter;" and then he went away.

While I was wondering what these things could mean, the Lord (who before had appeared as a judge) came to me as a smiling father, full of love and mercy, and said, in a most kind and affectionate manner, "My son, thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee," and I had faith to believe it, and that it was because I had been washed and had the robe on; or, in other words, because I was "accepted in the Beloved," through his blood and righteousness. I could then claim God as my Father, and I cried out with great joy to those who were in the room, and said, "Father said, 'My son;' Father said, 'My son.'" I cannot

describe to you the love, gratitude, peace, and joy I then felt. I could believe that my sins were all washed away in the Saviour's blood, and that I was freely justified through his righteousness. All slavish fears were gone, and I could praise him as my great salvation.

Now I thought that I was freed from all sin and sorrow, and that I should be always happy, having the same feelings, and be for ever praising the Lord for his great mercy to me. But, as I got better in health, these feelings gradually wore off, and I soon found that I was as sinful as ever, and that I had the same wicked heart as before; then doubts and fears came on, and I thought all my feelings were nothing but fancy, and I was ready to give it all up.

I cannot tell you the many doubts and fears I have had since that time, sometimes thinking that I have been deceived, and that I had no part nor lot in the matter; and sometimes I can believe that I am in the right way, and that nothing shall ever be able to separate me from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus. I have had many encouragements to go on, sometimes in reading the Bible, or a hymn, or other good books; sometimes at a throne of grace in secret prayer before the Lord, and in other ways; but it is mostly while under the ministry of the gospel.

I remember being at Swindon chapel, a few years ago, when I was so blessed in hearing the preached word that I found it was impossible to doubt, and I thought I could never doubt again; but before the day was gone I was ready to question it all. At another time, being Good Friday, I had been to Swindon, where I had heard two sermons which were much blessed to me, and as I was coming home, the Lord was pleased to shine upon me, melting my heart with his love, and applying these words with power: "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth I desire beside thee." He was indeed the only object of my desire in heaven or in earth at that time. He was to me "the chiefest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely," and my soul was lifted above all earthly things to enjoy sweet communion with him. This was a time long to be remembered by me.

A little while after this, I was going round Marston with the letters, desiring to be found in him, not having on my own righteousness, &c., when these words came to my mind: "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." Doubts and fears again fled away, and I knew that this was the righteousness I wanted. My desires were turned into praises, and I could plead with the Lord for his mercy's sake.

I could name many other precious visits which I have experienced in hearing the word preached. Once in particular, while hearing Mr. Knill, I was so favoured that I could hardly tell for a minute or two whether I was in the body or out of the body.

Sometimes, when I think of these things, it seems nothing but fancy, and that I should be only deceiving myself to think anything about it.

In November last I was again taken ill, and in the beginning of this illness I had this promise: "This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God;" and I could believe it for a while; but as I got worse, slavish fears came upon me, and my sins appeared before me. I thought I never had any real religion, and I could not hope in the mercy of God. Then I thought that Jesus came again and showed me that I was freely justified for his own sake; then I could rejoice again, but not for long; for I thought the devil came to me and said I was a hypocrite and had been deceiving myself; that it was impossible to alter the will of God, and therefore it would be of no use for me to hope any more. This sank me down lower than before, and I thought I must give it all up. I wanted to speak to somebody about it, and after a while Mr. L. came and gave me much encouragement.

I can no longer trust in anything short of Christ for salvation. I know that I am a great sinner, and have a heart that is "deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked," prone to every evil thing. I feel very unworthy in coming before you at this time; but I would not come in my own name. I remember once being much cast down because of my sins and unworthiness, feeling unworthy of the smallest mercy, and wondering how the Lord could look upon such a sinner, when these words came into my mind: "Not for your sakes do I this, saith the Lord; be it known unto you. Be ashamed and confounded for your own ways, O house of Israel." This put all to rights, and I could see that it was all done for Christ's sake, in whose name I would wish to come.

Hoping you will forgive all that is wrong,

I remain, your sincere but unworthy Friend,

GEORGE FISHER.

[The writer of the preceding was paralyzed for some years. His speech was much affected, and he could not use his right hand. Consequently he wrote with his left; but his writing was most beautiful, almost like copper-plate, and he could draw figures of animals, &c., almost equal to lithography. It was a wonderful gift. His experience, as above, was given in by him to the church at Blunsdon Hill, on April 26th, 1863, when he was admitted a member. He used to deliver letters for his father, who is postmaster at Swindon. He died in 1867. See "Gospel Standard," July 1867, Supplement.]

CAN you find a pleasant heart to "love your enemies, and pray for them, and do them good?" Perhaps you may compel yourself to show them kindness; and this is sooner said than done. Yet *showing* kindness to an enemy is one thing, and *feeling* kindness for him is another; and both are equally required by the divine law. Pray make a trial here of your boasted will and power; and see if they do not prove of brittle metal, and snap between your fingers.—*Berridge.*

THE LATE MRS. ISBELL.

[In Sept. No. was a brief notice of the death of Mrs. Isbell, and reference was made to certain letters written by her and inserted in the G. S. for 1839. As so few of our present subscribers have that volume in their possession, we have been requested to reinsert them, together with Mr. Philpot's introduction.]

Dear Messrs. Editors,—Those of your readers who are experimentally convinced that signs and wonders are not ceased in Israel from the Lord of hosts which dwelleth in Mount Zion, will, I think, be pleased with the following extracts from two letters I lately received from a sister of mine in the flesh, who has for some years, I believe, been seeking the Lord, if haply she might feel after him and find him, but who, until now, had no personal knowledge of him as her Redeemer. I honestly confess that had she written in Greek or Hebrew, I could not have been more astonished; and as her simple statement did my soul good, and the savour of it abode with me several days, I trust a blessing may rest upon it, and that it may prove an encouragement to every travelling soul that has come to the birth, and has not strength to bring forth.

Stamford, Nov. 7, 1839.

J. C. P.

“For the last two days it has been in my mind to write to you. I then thought I would not, but I have got up this morning with a strong desire to do so.

“I have always felt unwilling to make any profession of religion, or to confess the desire I had for eternal life; but as it has pleased Jesus in his great mercy to reveal himself to my soul in a singular, but in his own way, I cannot help testifying that I have escaped from the bondage of Egypt, and have been sweetly brought into the land of promise. Men may sneer, and devils rage, but this I know from his own clear manifestation, that I am his, and he is mine. Even you may doubt; but the way has been so truly his own that I must relate it. For some years I have been at times anxious about the state of my soul. Sometimes I fancied I was a child of God, and at times circumstances occurred to incline me to believe it. Then months passed in a lifeless, dead manner, even without the form of prayer, for I felt I mocked God, and that it was only lip-service. Our dear sister's dangerous illness, in the summer of last year, brought me in humbleness of spirit to the foot of the cross; and my nights of watching by her were spent in tears and prayers for her recovery. I laid before the Lord his mercy to Hezekiah, and to the Shunamite. The dry bones in Ezekiel also rested on my mind. Her surprising recovery gave me a little assurance that my prayer, and turning my face to the wall like Hezekiah, had been answered. Since then my mind has gone through various changes; sometimes hoping, and at other times thinking I was too corrupt to be saved. If I went to church, the singing and chanting, and the mockery of the responses, smote me, and my

conscience whispered, Ought you to be here? I gained no spiritual benefit from any of the doctrinal ministers in or out of the Establishment that I heard,—nothing that stayed by me. I heard Mr. I.* once, but had been prejudiced against him by a misrepresentation of his doctrines, and returned equally prejudiced. I still shrank from dissent; my long illness made no impression, and when I got pretty well I went (still ashamed) to Mr. I.'s chapel, because D—— was too far for me in my weak state to reach. Circumstances occurred about this time which led me much to prayer and searching the scriptures; and my conscience becoming more tender, I was obliged to make a stand upon a point which was most painful to the flesh, and on which, though Satan much harassed me, I was enabled to maintain my ground. On Monday morning I *did pray*, and I did petition the Lord that he would in mercy give me an answer to what I desired; that he would show me I was in the way to heaven, and would give me some proof that I was a child of his. It was what I had often asked for, but had never been plainly answered. I begged that he would show me that he had thoughts of good towards me during that evening service. To chapel I went. The hymns, the prayer, the portion of scripture read, gave me no promise that my prayer had reached the throne of grace. The sermon was nearly ended when suddenly Mr. I. changed the subject, and read Isa. lix. My soul caught hold of the 10th verse; the veil dropped from my eyes. I saw Jesus ready to receive me, and all my sins were washed away in his blood. I had found and entered the gate after long groping for the wall. The concluding prayer satisfied my soul that my prayer was answered, and I rejoiced exceedingly in heart. I came home, went to my room, and on my knees could say, '*My Saviour, and my Lord,*' without a fear or a doubt. All this time my heart is filled with Jesus's love, and rejoicing in the Spirit. Every part of scripture that I open, and every hymn that I turn to, suits my mind. I am so certain that I have been removed from darkness into light, that no human power can take it from me. O pray for me, that the Lord may shine more brightly and gloriously into my soul, that I may stand steadfast in his faith through his upholding me, and that he will keep me from the temptation of an evil world, and my own inward corruption. I know that I cannot long continue in these joyful feelings. I never was so happy, nor so satisfied that Jesus alone could have drawn the cords of love so sweetly and so closely around me. I know shortly I must expect coldness, the wiles of Satan, and my own corrupt heart to go hand in hand against me, but the manifestation has been drunk in so fully that I can never forget that, once chosen, always a child. And if the apostle's warfare was so great, what must not I expect? But with the Lord's help I will wrestle and

* G. J. of the "Gospel Standard," Jan. 1839, p. 10; G. I. of April No., p. 78; and June No., p. 126.

wrestle, and will not let him go. I can say no more now, my heart is too full. Pray to the throne of grace that this sudden and joyful change may not be too much for my mind. I feel as if some wonderful thing had taken place, which almost incapacitates me from thinking at all. Let the issue be what it may, I know that I am safe. I can only weep and rejoice. I am too happy to talk much, and my body has suffered under it.

“P.S.—Mr. I. has since told me that for several days previous he had been much drawn out on my behalf, pleading and praying that the Lord would bless the word to my soul. The issue has proved that it was true prayer.

“Stoke, Oct. 10, 1839.”

“F. M. PHILPOT.

Extract from a second Letter.

“For ten days after the Lord revealed himself in my soul, I was ill with a violent cold in my chest, and all that time my dear Saviour did not take his presence from me. How anxious was I to go to him, hoping that, as I had felt I had seen his face, I should not live, though such a blessing was almost too much to expect, much less ask. Blessed days and hours I spent, without any other prayer than that he would not take his presence from me. I wished for nothing but to be gone to him. I had no fear of death, the sting was gone; my sins were pardoned, and I a child of God and a sister of Jesus for ever. I had bitter feelings coming down stairs again, but I know all is right, and I sincerely trust he will now never forsake me for whom he has done so much. Of course, much of that sweet communion with him has fled, still, I can call upon him comfortably, and feel a sweet desire to go to prayer to him. His word is very precious, and the simple truths are no longer as a sealed book. I can take his promises, particularly in Isaiah, to *myself*, and can still rejoice and sing his praises. I feel acutely that sin, inbred sin, must be, and is hateful to God. I dare not sin in thought or act wilfully, and sincerely do I pray that I may have grace to resist all inward and outward temptation.

“I have since had a text powerfully applied to my soul: ‘Prepare thou the way of the Lord,’ and I have a sweet assurance that it is a harbinger of blessings for those so naturally dear to us. How humble should I feel that I have in mercy received the greatest of all blessings, which no outward nor inward circumstances can deprive me of. Blessed be the Lord for all his mercies.

“God bless you, my dear brother, ah! in the strongest of all ties.

“Your affectionate Sister,

“Oct. 25, 1839.”

“F. M. P.

THE presence of God's glory is in heaven, the presence of his power on earth, the presence of his justice in hell, and the presence of his grace with his people. If he deny us his powerful presence we fall into nothing; if he deny us his gracious presence we fall into sin; if he deny us his merciful presence we fall into hell.—*Mason*.

LETTER FROM MR. GADSBY TO MR. TIPTAFT.

My dear Brother in the Lord,—Yours came to hand last evening, with the kind present from your friend. Give thanks to him, both for myself and the poor. I do assure him it will be a timely help for the poor. We had just been giving a little flannel and a few blankets to some of our poor, and though we have given to 50, there are others that still stand in great need. I think there are about 90 upon our regular poor-list; so you will see we cannot do a great deal for each; and I was just contriving how I could give them a little beef at Christmas; for there are many of them that cannot get a morsel for months together. I had spoken to a butcher as to what price he would let me have some at; and I shall dispose of a part of the money our friend has kindly sent for that purpose, and the rest in the best way I am able.

I have just been reading in the paper this morning that more than forty thousand persons have been relieved this year by a public subscription that has been made, and that more than twenty thousand were taken into the night asylums in last year,—persons who had no homes nor any means to get a night's lodging with, and who must otherwise have been in the street all night; and this year I believe there will be a great many more in number than in the last. This seems an awful state of things. What the end will be I cannot tell. They do hope trade will mend after Christmas. I wish it may; for real distress for want of trade is very great in these parts. We have a great many poor in the church and congregation; and some of our friends who in good times were able to help cannot do so now.

I hope I feel a measure of thankfulness to the Lord for putting it into the heart of Mr. — to send that kind present, and I once more thank him also as the Lord's instrument.

And now, my dear brother, let me say that I am glad the Lord has in any measure raised you up; and if it is his good pleasure I hope you will be able to spread the word of life with power under the sweet unction of God the Holy Ghost; for I find it dreadfully dry work to preach when there is neither rain nor dew; and more so when, in addition to the want of dew, the horrible filth of old nature boils up enough to suffocate, or at least make us sick and faint, and wish we had never been born. And O! How solemnly sweet it is when, after such a dreadful season, the Lord is graciously pleased to shine into the soul, give a glimpse of his glory, and say, "Fear not; I am with thee." Through the riches of God's grace, I have at times experienced this; but very often I have to work in the dark, and in deep waters and hot fires. Were it not for some sweet helps by the way, I must sink, and sink to rise no more; but my dear Lord has made me feel that his mercy is for ever sure. Bless his precious name, he is all and in all.

Through mercy, I am able to attend to my ministry as it re-

spects bodily health, and now and then have a sweet view and feeling of the Lord's presence.

I have just received a letter from London, wishing to know, God willing, what month I can go there next year. And now, my dear brother, can you, and will you, God willing, supply at our chapel the last four Lord's days in May next, and on the Tuesday evenings? Our friends will be glad to see and have you, if you can come. Your reply soon, to say that if you are able, God willing, you will come, will greatly oblige

Yours in the Lord,

With love to friend Stevens, and all friends,
Manchester, Dec. 14, 1840.

W. GADSBY.

LETTER FROM CALVIN TO MADAME DE CANY.

Madame,—Although the news which I communicate are sad, and must also sadden the person to whom I beg you to impart them, nevertheless I hope that my letter will not be unwelcome to you.

It has pleased my God to withdraw from this world the wife of my kind brother, M. de Normandie. Our consolation is, that he has gathered her unto himself; for he has guided her even to the last sigh, as if visibly he had held out the hand to her. Now, forasmuch as her father must needs be informed, we have thought there was no way more suitable than to request that you would please take the trouble to request him to call on you, that the painful intelligence may be broken to him by your communication of it. What the gentleman has written to us who lately presented our letter to you has emboldened us to take this step, viz., that you had introduced the good man in question to the right way of salvation, and that you had given him understanding of the pure and sound doctrine which we must maintain. We do not doubt, therefore, that you are willing to continue your good offices, and that even in this present need; for we cannot employ ourselves better than in carrying this message in the name of God, to comfort him to whom you have already done so much good, that he may not be beyond measure disconsolate. Therefore, Madame, I leave you to set before him the arguments and reasons which you know to be suitable for exhorting to submission. Only I shall shortly relate to you the history, which will furnish you with ample matter for showing him that he has reason to be thankful. And, according to the grace and wisdom that God has given you, you will draw thence for his comfort as opportunity shall require.

Having heard of the illness of the good woman, we were amazed how she could have been able to bear so well the fatigue of the journey, for she arrived quite fresh, and without showing any sign of weariness. Indeed she acknowledged that God had singularly supported her during that time. Weak as she was, she kept well enough until a little before Christmas. The eager

desire she had to hear the word of God upheld her until the month of January. She then began to take to bed, not because the complaint was as yet thought to be mortal, but to prevent the danger which might arise. Although expecting a favourable termination, and hoping to recover her health, she was nevertheless prepared for death, saying often that if this was not the finishing blow, it could not be long delayed. As for remedies, all was done that could be; and if her bodily comfort was provided for, that which she prized most highly was nowise wanting; to wit, gracious admonitions to confirm her in the fear of God, in the faith of Jesus Christ, in patience, in the hope of salvation. On her part she always gave clear evidence that the labour was not in vain; for in her discourse you could see that she had the whole deeply imprinted upon her heart. In short, throughout the course of her sickness, she proved herself to be a true sheep of our Lord Jesus, letting herself be quietly led by the Great Shepherd.

Two or three days before her death, as her heart was more raised to God, she also spoke with more earnest affection than ever. Even the day before, while she was exhorting her people, she said to her attendant that he must take good heed never to return thither where he had polluted himself by idolatry; and that since God had led him to a Christian church, he should be careful to live therein a holy life. The night following she was oppressed with great and continual pain; yet never did one hear any other cry from her than the prayer to God that he would have pity upon her, and that he would deliver her out of the world, vouchsafing grace to persevere always in the faith which he had bestowed.

Toward five o'clock in the morning I went to her. After she had listened very patiently to the doctrine which I set before her, such as the occasion called for, she said, "The hour draws near; I must needs depart from the world. This flesh asks only to go away into corruption; but I feel certain that my God is withdrawing my soul into his kingdom. I know what a poor sinful woman I am; but my confidence is in his goodness, and in the death and passion of his Son. Therefore I do not doubt of my salvation, since he has assured me of it. I go to him as to a father." While she was thus discoursing, a considerable number of persons came in. I threw in from time to time some words, such as seemed suitable; and we also made supplication to God as the exigency of her need required.

After once more declaring the sense she had of her sins, to ask the pardon of them from God, and the certainty which she entertained of her salvation, putting her sole confidence in Jesus, and having her whole trust in him, without being invited by any one to do so, she began to pronounce the *Miserere*, as we sing it in church, and continued with a loud and strong voice, not without great difficulty; but she entreated that we would allow her to continue. Whereupon, I made her a short recapitulation of the

whole argument of the psalm, seeing the pleasure she took in it. Afterwards, taking me by the hand, she said to me, "How happy I am, and how am I beholden to God, for having brought me here to die. Had I been in that wretched prison, I could not have ventured to open my mouth to make confession of my Christianity. Here I have not only liberty to glorify God, but I have so many sound arguments to confirm me in my salvation." Sometimes, indeed, she said, "I am not able for more." When I answered her, "God is able to help you. He has, indeed, shown you how he is a present aid to his own." She said immediately, "I do believe so, and he makes me feel his help." Her husband was there, striving to keep up in such sort that we were all sorry for him, while he made us wonder in amazement at his fortitude; for while possessed of such grief as I know it to have been, and weighed down by extremity of sorrow, he had so far gained the mastery over self as to exhort his better part as freely as if they were going to make a most joyful journey together.

The conversation I have related took place in the midst of the great torment she endured from pains in her stomach. Towards nine or ten o'clock they abated. Availing herself of this relaxation, she never ceased to glorify God, humbly seeking her salvation and all her well-being in Jesus Christ. When speech failed her, her countenance told how intently she was interested as well in the prayers as in the exhortations which were made; otherwise she was so motionless that sight alone gave indication of life.

Toward the end, considering that she was gone, I said, "Now let us pray God that he would give us grace to follow her." As I rose, she turned her eyes upon us as if charging us to persevere in prayer and consolation. After that, we perceived no motion, and she passed away so peacefully that it was as if she had fallen asleep.

I pray you, Madame, to excuse me if I have been too tedious; but I thought the father would be pleased to be fully informed of the whole, as if he himself had been upon the spot; and I hope in so good a work you will find nothing troublesome. Paul, in treating of charity, does not forget that we ought to weep with those that weep; that is to say, if we are Christians, we ought to have such compassion and sorrow for our neighbours that we should willingly take part in their tears, and thus comfort them. It cannot otherwise be but the good man must, at the first, be wrung with grief. Howbeit he must already have been long prepared to receive the news, considering that his daughter's sickness had increased so much that her recovery was despaired of. But the great consolation is, the example which she has afforded to him and to all of us, of bowing to the will of God. And thus seeing that she was presented so peaceably to death, let us herein follow her willingly, complying with the disposal of God; and if her father loved her, let him show his love in conforming himself to the desire which she exhibited of submitting herself to God. And

seeing that her dismissal has been so happy, let him rejoice in the grace of God vouchsafed to her, which far surpassed all the comforts we can possess in this world.

In conclusion, Madame, having humbly commended me to your kind favour, I beseech our good Lord to be always your protector, to increase you with all spiritual blessings, and to cause you to glorify his name even to the end.

Your humble Servitor and Brother,
This 29th of April, 1549. JOHN CALVIN.

THE WHEAT AND THE CHAFF.

“Whose fan is in his hand, and he will thoroughly purge his floor, and will gather the wheat into his garner; but the chaff he will burn with fire unquenchable.”—LUKE III. 17.

WITH fan in hand, the Master see.
Now near he stands, just at the door;
His fan will make the chaff to flee;
For he will thoroughly purge his floor.

Nothing but wheat will stand the wind;
The chaff before the fan will fly;
And all not born again will find
That they among the chaff must lie.

Christ will for ever separate
The refuse from his saints at last;
As chaff is sever'd from the wheat,
And far away from it is cast.

With wheat the garner must be fill'd;
No chaff will there permitted be;
The heavenly Husbandman is skill'd,
His floor from all that's light to free.

The chaff, the unconverted host,
Will suffer God's avenging ire;
Will for their sins be ever lost,
And burn in wrath's unquenched fire.

I must be wheat or chaff, 'tis plain;
I must in heaven be or hell;
Except a man be born again,
He never can in heaven dwell.

A. H.

July 24, 1870.

WE had (writes Paul) the sentence of death in ourselves, that we might not trust in ourselves, but in God who raiseth the dead; and if we are taught by him who instructed the apostle and taught him to profit, we too must know something of what he experienced when under divine tuition. Death and disappointment, felt guilt and weakness, ignorance and misery, are needful lessons, and we must learn them deeply to fit us for the reception of spiritual blessings, to teach us that salvation is in every respect wholly of grace, to make us prize an all-sufficient Saviour, and value that unction from the Holy One whereby all things necessary for our good and Jehovah's glory are made known.—*Isbell.*

FIRMLY SETTLED.

Dear Friend in the Lord Jesus our Hope,—I have been very poorly in my bodily health of late,—cold feet on my working days, which almost paralyze me, and then sleepless nights, at least for many hours; so that I fear sometimes I shall be a perfect cripple, and I sometimes think it would be right and wise in me to ask some one how I should treat myself, as sometimes judgment is given to another, and more wisdom than myself.

You I consider as a truly faithful friend, none more so; you are so steady in your friendship. I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord, for all the kindnesses which he has shown to me by friends, remembering that if any show kindness it is because the Lord shows kindness, agreeably to his word (Jer. xlii. 12): “And I will show mercies unto you, that he may have mercy upon you.” I dare not attribute any one’s kindness to any other source. The word for “mercies” is “bowels of compassion,” “tender love” (see Dan. i. 9), favour and tender love; literally, “mercy and tender pity and compassion.” David uses the word in Ps. xviii.: “I will love thee;” properly, *dearly*, with the most intimate endearing love,—a sweet word. David was a man (1 Sam. xiii. 14) after God’s own heart.

I wrote the above in the morning, and walking out at three o’clock, I came home heavy.

You ask me about my spiritual health. I can say with truth, Never better. The Ancient of Days is with me. The unclean shall not pass over it, and he is for them walking in the way, and fools shall not err. How can they with such a Guide, such a Captain, as never was such a one besides? for if his soldiers beat a retreat and give way like cowards, he tells them they ought to be ashamed of themselves; and when they fall he then lifts them up, and the blood of the Lamb secures the victory. I wish him never to be out of my thoughts; and indeed he is not near so much at a distance as he used to be. He is instead of all friends, all helpers. He is father, mother, sister, brother; for a seed shall serve him, which is counted to him for a generation. He is called the everlasting Father. He is a mother: “As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you.” He is a sister: “Say unto wisdom, Thou art my sister.” (Prov. vii. 4.) He is a brother; for he is not ashamed to call the children who are partakers of flesh and blood brethren, and because he that sanctifieth and they who are sanctified are all of one. “Whoso shall do the will of God” (that is, believe on the Son), “the same is my brother, and sister, and mother.” (Mark iii. 35.) Fruit cannot be expected except there is a union with the living Vine. He is the root of the righteous which yieldeth fruit.

Why is there so little fruit found in most of us? Because there is so little heartfelt union and cleaving to the Lord Jesus. “From me is thy fruit found.” (Hos. xiv. 8.) He has let me into

a great secret, that is, not to make my poverty deter me, but to drive me to him. It is sinful to expect anything from ourselves. No fruit ever came from man, but only from the Man Christ Jesus; and from him does Satan strive with all his power to keep us; but he cannot prevail with the elect of God. My motto is, "The Son hath made me free." I am bid to stand fast in this liberty. I am told that I am called unto liberty, and I read that "the earnest expectation of the creature" (that is, the new creature) "waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God;" hoping that the creature itself shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption; that is, the body of this death, into the liberty of the glory of the children of God. Mind, the liberty which consists in glory. The vessels of mercy whom he hath afore prepared or predestinated to glory, heirs of the riches of glory, which is not the lot of all. O, happy they who are heirs according to the promise. The words "earnest expectation," which are one word in the original, signify the stretching out of the neck, or longing for the coming of a person, as Sisera's mother looked out of a window.

I often say, "Are these things so?" Yes, indeed, they are; not cunningly-devised fables, but blessed realities, made known to the soul by the heavenly Dove, who comes on swiftest wing, to make known to the heirs of promise the things which God hath prepared for them.

I have had an advance or two; one in 1853, the next in 1854, about October and November, and I have not been suffered to retrograde, or go back. A good degree, or stop, as Paul calls it, has been granted me. (1 Tim. iii. 13.) I can truly say the following words of W. H., S. S., in "Posthumous Letters," Vol. II., 177, are mine also: "I feel my mind firm, in solid peace and perfect calm; no bondage, no doubts or fears; no dejection or dismay; and though I feel neither love, comfort, nor joy; yet am I truly satisfied with what the Lord has done for me, and have not the least desire to abide in this world." This I have said is my portion, and I can say with W. H., S. S., "that I am quite at home when these blessed visitors return." Who they are, see Vol. I., 231.

Tuesday.—This morning, to my great grief, and which has caused some staggering in my soul, I find that although I am so crippled that I can hardly stoop to put my stockings on, yet my old man is no cripple. O to what lengths should we run, into what wild extravagances, if not upheld by him who upholds all things. I have not been at the Dane House at all regularly in the week, and this room is too close for us to assemble in. Sometimes I have been absolutely ill and unfit for work, so that when I sat down to study I had no power to proceed; and the cold has at other times prevented me by the intenseness of it; yet I am not at home except in my work, and when I am employed in things in which is no profit; I speak it to my shame. I feel a great desire to speak to the little ones (Zech. xiii. 7);

being myself so little. I must not deny what the Lord has done for me; nor will he deny the work of his own hands. I shall send Mary a card, which shall be my motto this ensuing year, if I live to see it. The meaning is, "God that cannot lie;" or, literally, "The unlying God."

I thank you for the extract; it is very good. Mother is very infirm, but better off in her soul.

Yours for His sake who bled,

Cranbrook, Dec. 17, 1855.

H. BIRCH.

REVIEW.

Memorials of the Mercies of a Covenant God while Travelling through the Wilderness; being the Autobiography of John Kershaw, of Rochdale.—London: Gadsby, Bouverie Street.

BIOGRAPHIES of persons but little known often require a good introduction to bring them under the notice of the public. And even the works of some good and gracious men of God have not unfrequently contained so little of an interesting nature, at least beyond the narrow circle of friends with whom the authors have stood more intimately connected, that these have needed a strong recommendation from such friends to stimulate their sale.

But in reading the "Autobiography of the late John Kershaw," we felt that its own intrinsic value precluded the necessity of any recommendation whatever. We have no remembrance of ever having read a book of a similar kind with such unabated interest. So blessedly, and with such power and unction, has the dear man spoken out of a full heart of the wonderful, the truly wonderful, dealings of God with his own soul, and with such thrilling interest has he narrated his most eventful pilgrimage through the wilderness, that we must confess his book both melted us into tears and constrained us to bless the Lord for having inclined his dear servant to leave so invaluable a legacy for the comfort and encouragement of his poor tried and afflicted people.

Being aware how well and largely known Mr. Kershaw was in his life, how much he was beloved for his work's sake, and how numerous are the friends who will rejoice, now that he is no more, to have an opportunity of possessing his Autobiography, it is exclusively from a desire to pay, in our poor feeble way, a tribute of affectionate esteem to his memory that we attempt a review of his work.

An unaffected godly humility, an uncompromising attachment to the sovereign distinguishing truths of grace, an unflinching faithfulness and zeal in proclaiming those truths, and a marked simplicity of manner, ever characterized his ministerial labours; and these features so prominently pervade the Autobiography that every section of the book bears unmistakably the author's own peculiar *imprimatur*. What has been written of John Bunyan's "Grace Abounding," Huntington's "Bank of Faith,"

Warburton's "Mercies," and other such productions, may with equal propriety be said of John Kershaw's "Memorials,"—that the book deserves to be written in letters of gold.

As a preacher of the everlasting Gospel, Mr. Kershaw was not only sound and clear in all its great and glorious doctrines, and as blessedly taught of God, in experience and practice, but he was, in our opinion, one of the freest, happiest, and most encouraging ministers it has ever been our privilege to hear. Indeed, we have heard but few in whose preaching there was such an absence of that precise formality and studied mannerism, which so chills the preaching to warm-hearted hearers, as in the ministry of our departed friend. When his soul was free and at liberty in his work, and he himself felt the blessed power of the truths he uttered, such a sweet and placid smile would play upon his face, and so unmistakably would his features indicate that he was preaching only what he *felt* and believed to be the real solemn truth of God, that his very looks would often seem to say as much as his words. We shall never forget hearing him some years ago, at a small country town in one of the midland counties. It was an anniversary at which our beloved friend preached in the Baptist chapel in the morning and at the Town Hall in the evening, the chapel being too small to receive the numbers that had flocked together to hear the word. We happened at that time to be painfully low in our own experience. Deep indeed was the distress of mind, and keen and cutting the exercises of our soul on the morning of that day. We had been engaged but for a short time in trying to speak a little in the Lord's name; and for some weeks previous to the anniversary we refer to, the most dreadful fears had set in upon us of being wrong in attempting to preach at all. We feared lest God had not sent us, and that it would be awful presumption to think of going on in such a work. With this impression, we had determined to give it up, and accordingly wrote some letters of refusal to supply; and to some other applications, made by persons who had been brought together on the morning of the anniversary, we gave a negative answer to every one, saying positively that we intended to "give it up." Mr. Kershaw was led in the morning service, as far at least as our case went, in a very remarkable way. He entered fully into our exercises, described our fears, explained our difficulties; and, above all, did he hit the right nail on the head when he stated it had often been his own experience, and said, almost word for word, "If any young man here to-day, whom the Lord may have called to the work, should be passing through such exercises, I would say, 'Let him take courage and go on.'" This, in substance, with other sweet things that he said, was a word in season to us. The blessed Spirit wrought powerfully by the sermon on our poor sorrowful heart, and so clearly discovered the temptation by which we had been ensnared that when we left the chapel, we felt no check of conscience in accepting a few of

those invitations to preach which our fears had kept us from accepting before. How true it is that "where the Spirit of the Lord is there is liberty," be it in the pulpit or the pew, with the preacher or with the hearer; and what a truly blessed confirmation it is of the truth of scripture when a servant of the Lord, ignorant of the individual cases of trial and distress brought under his ministry, is led not only to search such cases out, but to describe the particular exercises of each and all, with as much accuracy as if they had been made known to him beforehand.

More than a double value will be set on Mr. Kershaw's book for the very reason that it is an Autobiography, as no hand could have collected the materials of his "Memoir" together with that skill with which his own hand has gathered them up. The volume throughout is indeed full of the most profitable interesting detail; and though it contains over 400 pages, yet we can truly say we felt in reading it that there was not a single page of redundant matter in it, and nothing, in fact, but what was really needed to make it complete. Like the letters of an apostle, the book is weighty and powerful. It is a clear, faithful account of the wonderful dealings of God with a sinner saved by grace, and deeply and blessedly taught in the great and glorious truths of the Gospel of Christ, and also furnished with a rich supply of spiritual gifts, by which he was made an able minister of the New Testament, of the Spirit, and not of the letter.

By this single volume our beloved friend, though dead, will long speak to the living. This Autobiography will, we doubt not, lie side by side with the very choicest works of other godly men, and will often be read with real profit and comfort by those for whose benefit it was chiefly written.

Great judgment has been exercised in arranging the contents of the book under distinct headings, by which particular events, circumstances, journeys, labours, and experiences have been kept as much apart as they stood unconnected in the order of occurrence. We purpose, therefore, after having traced a little of his early life,—the beginning of God's work in his soul, his spiritual exercises and conflicts, and his deliverance into gospel liberty,—to make such references to some of these distinct sections of the volume as will, we hope, serve to show what a truly good, gracious, and faithful man of God John Kershaw was. By this plan, we trust our readers will be the more led to exalt that grace which distinguished him as a Christian and as a servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, and also to glorify God on his behalf. It is to be feared we all fail in this particular. We can sometimes acknowledge and bless God for the blessings we have received under the ministry of men still living; but we often too much forget to continue our acknowledgment to God for such past mercies, when those, through whom as instruments we received them, have passed away. May the Lord graciously keep up in our hearts a thankful sense of his great kindness, in having

spared, as long as he did, such blessed men as Huntington, Gadsby, Warburton, Philpot, Kershaw, and many more.

In referring briefly to the youthful period of John Kershaw's life, it was his mercy that he was held under good moral restraint. A godly father kept a constant watchful eye over his children, and by a prudent discipline made them the more fearful of running into those open degrading sins into which so many youths, left without such parental care, fearlessly plunge.

He mentions, as being the worst sins of his youth, cock-fighting, card-playing, and rambling the woods and fishing, sometimes on a Sunday; but we have no reason to believe he was ever greatly addicted to any of these vices, but was only occasionally drawn into them by the ensnaring example of others more outwardly wicked than himself, and when, like "the vicious horse prancing with its feet, longing to be gone," he would break away from that moral restraint he was under at home. He was once so beguiled in the time he had spent at card-playing that he was astonished to find it between two and three o'clock in the morning when he rose to return to his home.

He was not without checks of conscience and convictions of sin, even at this early period. Once, when standing among an ungodly crowd where cock-fighting was going on, two godly men, friends of his father's, passed on their way to the chapel, and he says,

"A secret something spoke within me: 'There go Richard and Abel! They are going to the chapel; but as for me, I am in the downward road that leads to hell.' Terror and dread came upon me, so that my carnal pleasure was completely spoiled."

These early convictions from the Lord no doubt gave a keener edge to his father's reproofs, and made him the more fearful of violating the control his father exercised over him. He says,

"I have often thought and said, in the course of my ministry, that had the Lord left me to myself and the evils that dwell in my carnal heart and my depraved nature, I should have ruined my constitution in the ways of sin, and my poor vile body would, ere this, have sunk to the grave, and my soul lifted up its eyes in hell."

We shall now give an extract, describing what some would call the very beginning, but what may rather be considered the deeper and clearer work of God in his soul. The Lord knows the beginning of his own blessed work better than we do. We can only know it by the effects it produces; but the Lord sees it often a long time before it is clear to our apprehensions:

"But the set time to favour Zion was come. I was walking alone on the footpath in the field next to the chapel when the Lord arrested me. There came such a power and solemnity upon my mind as overwhelmed me. I stood still, trembling, and burst into a flood of tears. I felt the powerful hand of God had laid fast hold of my poor soul. Death, the day of judgment, and the realities of a vast and awful eternity oppressed my thoughts and harrowed up my feelings in a manner I can never describe.

"As I stood thus distressed, I saw others coming to the chapel, and went aside into the graveyard to dry up my tears before I entered the

place; but I could not; so I entered, hanging down my head, and covering my face with my pocket-handkerchief, which prevented my father and others near me seeing that I was overwhelmed in tears. I tried to get rid of the feeling, but could not. The arrows of the Lord stuck fast in me, and his hand pressed me sore. I had a wounded spirit, a heart broken with godly sorrow for sin; and in my very soul I sat trembling before the Lord. I was so distressed that I could pay little or no attention to what the minister said. He did not appear to have a crumb for such a miserable, wretched sinner as I was. I remained all day in a weeping frame of spirit, and returned at night with very different feelings from those with which I left home in the morning. I had a heavy heart, which made me stoop and hang down my head like a bulrush. I felt feeble and sore broken. I roared by reason of the disquietude of my heart. I longed to be alone, for my poor soul was filled with sighs and groans; nor could I shake off these convictions as I had done previously. I tried again and again, but found it 'hard to kick against the pricks.'

The Lord, with his rebukes, was now correcting him for his iniquity, and making his beauty to consume away like the moth. The hand of God was pressing him sore, and there was no rest in his bones because of his sins. "About this time," he says,

"The sudden death of my schoolmaster very much affected me. I wondered greatly how it would be with me in that awful hour when the dread summons was served upon me."

Whilst thus exercised with eternal realities, the Lord sent a malignant fever into the village; and among the many that died was one of his most intimate companions. He attended the funeral of this youth, and found the Lord powerfully working on his mind. Hence he says,

"I was so distressed about death and eternal things, and how I should escape the wrath to come, that I had scarcely any rest day or night."

He tried hard to take refuge in infidelity, thinking how happy he would be if he could have persuaded himself that his soul and body would die together. In his great anxiety he put the question to his father:

"When my body dies, will not my soul die with it, and all be over?" He very solemnly and gravely said, 'No. When thy body dies it will return to the dust till the resurrection morning, and thy soul will live for ever, either in heaven or hell!'"

These words sank into his soul, and made him wish that he "had been anything but an accountable being to Him who is a God of knowledge, who weighs actions, searches the heart, and tries the reins of the children of men."

In this deplorable condition, and, according to his own confession, with no more knowledge of Christ as the way of salvation than a heathen, it was doing good and being good that he thought would save him, and to this work he set himself in right good earnest. But his spirit sank within him, as he tells us in page 28, and he "thought no poor wretch was so plagued and harassed" as he was.

He continued for some time in this spirit of bondage, working and toiling, to obtain, upon the merit of his own supposed goodness, peace with God; and often flattering himself with the

vain hope of success. He embraced every opportunity of hearing preaching, attending meetings for prayer, &c. He left nothing undone which he thought ought to be done; and, to use his own expression, he set himself up for a most zealous professor, and became *full of religion*. How many live and die so, and never find out the cheat till they are stripped in hell of all the religion they possessed. Unspeakable mercy for John Kershaw that his stripping was to be in his life, and not in his death, *nor after!*

We shall let him describe this stripping in his own words. After speaking of various preachings which he attended, he says,

"I also attended the regular prayer-meeting amongst the Independents in the evenings. Matt. vi. was read by a plain, simple, honest-hearted old Christian, who was asked to give his thoughts upon it. When he began, it was as though he had said to me, 'I am going to describe what thy religion is; to wit, the religion here spoken of, which is that of the scribes and pharisees, who make long prayers, use vain repetitions, and love to be heard for their much speaking.' 'These,' he said, 'were looking to their own goodness as the ground of their acceptance with God.' This is where it cut me the most keenly, as I was for saving and helping myself. In summing up, he said, 'Christ pronounced more woes and curses against such characters than he did against the openly profane, such as whoremongers, adulterers, swearers, Sabbath-breakers, and the like; and that publicans and harlots were nearer the kingdom of heaven than these.' This poor illiterate man's commentary on the chapter did more to pull down my self-righteousness than all the preaching I had heard that week. Down fell my pretty Babel-building about my ears. My refuge of lies was swept away. My countenance fell. I was ashamed and confounded, and could scarcely lift up my head. As I went home I reasoned thus within myself: 'Well, I have done the best I can; and if being good and doing good, going to chapel and serving the Lord, will not do, I cannot tell what will; and if, after all, I am no nearer heaven than the openly profane, it is of no use beginning again, for I can do no more than I have done; so I will even give it all up at once for lost, and if I am doomed to everlasting destruction, I will go like other folks, and just take my fling in sin.' In pursuance of this resolution, I got up next morning, and set off to Manchester races without my breakfast, and only fourpence in my pocket, having more than twenty miles to travel there and back."

O! How invincible is the grace of God to overcome the stubborn obdurate will of man that so desperately opposes it! Our friend who was determined "to go like other folks, and take his fill of sin," found the mighty actings of grace within him more than a match for his determination. It is true he did go to the races a few miles away, and formed a part of the teeming crowd that lined the course; but how many there, besides himself, felt as if the earth would open and swallow them up? Who else cried out in bitterness, "O what a day is this!" "As for me, it is all over! My case is desperate! I am out of the secret!" Driven from the course, by bitter remorse and distress of mind, he returned early to his home, and, with shame and confusion of face for his folly, he hung his guilty head like a bulrush, as he passed one and another in the town, who with steadfast gaze and surprise said, "Have you been to the races?"

Worn down with fatigue, "a hungry belly, a tired mind, and a guilty conscience to cope with," he was miserable enough. He sank so low in his mind that he says he was almost on the borders of despair.

A few weeks after this were the Rochdale races. On the Sunday previously, he attended a preaching service in the town, and heard a sermon on the parable of the ten virgins. The minister preached up the horrors of the damned, and "exhorted all who were not ready to begin that night, and turn and repent, and never rest till they got into a state of readiness for death." This was an unsuitable balm for the bleeding wounds of poor John Kershaw. He was near enough to the horrors of hell in his own feelings already, and needed a better interpreter,—one who, from his own experience, could have spoken words of comfort and blessing to those really poor in spirit.

"This discourse, being very much in a legal strain, suited my working spirit. I was always for doing something towards my own salvation, and, therefore, it appeared, according to the tenor of this discourse, there was something to be done by me as the ground of my acceptance with God, and I must begin and get it done immediately, in order that I might be ready when the midnight cry was made."

This was his own opinion *at that time* of such preaching; but, by the effects it produced, and the Lord's own teaching in his soul, he had to be convinced of its utter worthlessness. It drove him back with renewed zeal on the old ground of striving to be right with God by works of legal merit. He made fresh vows, he doubled his tale of labour, and, feeling a great jealousy in his mind lest he should be tempted to go to the Rochdale races, he pondered in his mind what would be the most solemn and binding vow he could make to keep him away; and, "studying earnestly what it should be," he says,

"A sudden idea crossed my mind, and I spoke the words audibly, as though the Lord was with me in the road: '*Well, Lord, if I go to the races this week, thou shalt damn my soul and send me to hell.*'"

A more awfully-solemn oath than this it would not be possible for mortal lips to utter; and surely if strength of nature were sufficient to keep a man from rushing headlong into the ways of sin, John Kershaw's oath would have preserved him, especially when, as he believed at that time, that to violate his oath would be to stake his soul for ever. But neither oaths nor promises, vows nor resolutions, will ever preserve a fallen polluted sinner from transgressing the law of God. "The law is holy, just, and good;" but man is "carnal, sold under sin." The law is inflexible; it cannot bend to the deformity of the creature; it claims perfect obedience, and curses all who come in one single point short of its claims. The Ethiopian must be able to change his skin, and the leopard its spots, before vile, corrupt man, accustomed to do evil, can learn to do well.

"No strength of nature can suffice
To serve the Lord aright;
And what she has she misapplies,
For want of clearer light."

To learn this truth in his own experience, God left John Kershaw for a while to his own strength, and suffered him to be tempted above what, without preserving grace, he was able to bear. He says,

“On the Monday and Tuesday following, the publicans began to set up their huts or tents; and as the race-day drew near, the whole village where I lived was in motion. I could not move out of the house, but I heard the races in almost every person’s mouth. This gentleman’s horse and the other was coming to run for so much money. The betting was in favour of such and such a horse; and there were shows of various kinds in which wonders were to be seen. My mind began to be entangled. The race-day came, and there was a general move, professors and profane, young and old; the village was almost drained of its inhabitants. My father and I were left alone in the house, my mother having gone away to see a friend. I went into a field adjoining the village, where I could see the race-ground covered with a multitude of people. The temptation became stronger than ever. The enemy said, ‘Go. Such and such a one have gone, and they are church and chapel goers. There can surely be no great harm in seeing the horses run.’ Thus, as the apostle James has it, ‘I was tempted and drawn away of my own lusts, and enticed.’ Off I set through the fields as fast as I could, and soon got amongst the crowd. I would fain have taken pleasure as formerly amongst the thousands that were around me; but I could not do so. I was so wretched and miserable I was obliged to leave long before the races were over, as I could not stay and take delight in such sports, like many professors of religion I saw upon the ground; and I wondered how it could be, for I tried to be cheerful like them; but in vain. My spirit sank within me, my countenance fell, and, like Bunyan’s ‘pilgrim,’ I was obliged to turn my back upon the City of Destruction.”

At the bottom of the same page he says,

“It is nearly 50 years since this took place, and by such trying dispensations the Lord has up to this time put an end to two things. The first is, making fleshly resolutions; for I found that the most solemn and awful that I could make would not keep me from sin. I was so weak and helpless that by my own strength I could not stand in the trying hour, and that the Lord must hold me up. Ever since, therefore, instead of making resolutions, if it be something that I wish to be preserved from, the cry of my soul has been hundreds of times, ‘Lord, keep me and preserve me. Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe.’ How sweet and precious have the words of Hannah been to my soul: ‘He will keep the feet of his saints.’ The prayer of Jabez is often upon my mind: ‘Jabez called on the God of Israel, saying, O that thou wouldest bless me indeed, and enlarge my coast, and that thine hand might be with me, and that thou wouldest keep me from evil, that it may not grieve me. And God granted him that which he requested.’ (1 Chron. iv. 10.)

“To see the law by Christ fulfill’d,
And hear his pardoning voice,
Changes a slave into a child,
And duty into choice.”

The commandment having now reached his conscience “with convincing power and light,” sin revived and he died,—died to all hope of salvation by his own works, however good. He felt himself sinking in the horrible pit and the miry clay; and the

sighs and groans in his poor soul were, as he says, more than he could ever describe.

Cut to pieces in his feelings with bitter anguish and remorse, he would flee to the woods for retirement, meditation, and prayer. But here he was closely watched by his wicked and scornful neighbours, who, however much they would have left him unmolested in his retreat, had it been a vile object which led him there, yet, suspecting that he might have repaired thither to pour out his soul in prayer to God, they were too ready to become his over-lookers, that they might have an occasion to taunt and jeer him for his religion. They would often say one to another, "Have you heard about John Kershaw? He has been *caught* on his knees praying in Healey Hall Woods." Some few pitied him, and said he was going out of his mind; but the greater part taunted him, and laughed him to scorn, saying he was "gone crazy;" so that he became, as he says, the topic of general conversation, and, like David, "the song of the drunkard."

He continued in this perplexed state, shut up under the law, and in his feelings as on the very brink of despair, a considerable time. The Lord was carrying on his work of wounding with a strong hand; and no one who reads the Autobiography, and who knows what a clear law-work is in his own experience, will be able to say any other than that John Kershaw's experience under the law was indeed deep and clear.

The time, however, was drawing nigh when, in the purpose of God, liberty was to be proclaimed to his captive soul; when he was to receive "the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." He first heard a Mr. Hurst*

* The following anecdote, which was written by Mr. Kershaw for Mr. Gadsby's Memoir (See Memoir, page 80), will not, we hope, be considered out of place or uninteresting :

"In the town of Bury, there was an old father in Israel named Richard Lord, whom the Lord called by his grace in the days of his youth. He was in a state of sad bondage for two or three years. Being, on one occasion, in Liverpool, a friend who was with him took him to Byrom Street chapel, to hear that dear man of God, Medley. The Lord blessed the word to his soul. He was brought out of soul-bondage into the liberty of the gospel. Heaven and pardon were sealed in his soul by the blessed Spirit. He went down to Liverpool in guilt and condemnation, but returned home in the enjoyment of the precious liberty of the everlasting gospel.

"After this, there were very few preachers that he could hear; so that he was called a bigot and a critic. Nothing but a free-grace salvation would suit Richard Lord. Liverpool was too far for him to go to, it being from 30 to 40 miles from where he lived. The venerable John Hurst, of Bacup, was the best and soundest minister of the gospel that he could hear for 30 or 40 years; and Richard lived 10 miles from Bacup, the road to which was very bad in the winter season. Still he went as often as he could to Bacup to hear Mr. Hurst, for they were of one heart and soul in the things of God. But old age and infirmities coming on, he could not go so often.

"About this time, the Lord sent Mr. Gadsby to Manchester. Richard was informed that a good sent-servant of God was come to Manchester. He went to hear him; and the word was greatly blessed to his soul. It not being so far to Manchester as to Bacup, and the road being good, he went again and again to Manchester, and returned home greatly comforted and

preach from Isa. xlv. 22: "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth, for I am God, and there is none else." Under this sermon he was led to see the uttermost power of Christ to save the chief and vilest of sinners. He says,

"As I sat and heard these things opened up, there was such light, life, and power attended the word that I said within myself, 'I shall never forget what I heard this day.' I went home rejoicing that there was a new and living way, whereby God could be just and save poor guilty sinners. This is the Christ my soul stands in need of.

"It did my soul good to see that the whole work was finished by Christ upon the cross, and that there was nothing left for me to do, as the ground of my acceptance with God. I had proved that I could do nothing but add sin to sin, and make the rent worse.

"My soul now began to hunger and thirst after Christ and his finished free grace salvation. I read my Bible as with new eyes, and heard preaching as with new ears. I had a confidence wrought in me that Christ was able to save me; but the question arose in my mind, 'Is he willing to save me?' I could now say with the poor leper, 'Thou canst, if thou wilt, make me clean.'"

After this he heard a Mr. Roby, of Manchester, in the Baptist chapel, Rochdale; the same good man whose ministry was made a blessing to the late dear Warburton; for he truly *was* a good man, though he deemed it necessary, at one time, to write against Mr. Gadsby on the Law, as stated in Mr. Gadsby's Memoir. He preached on the doctrine of election, of which John Kershaw had heard but little. He wondered what this election could be, and asked many earnest questions about it of a friend who was present at the same service. This friend quoted many scriptures in which election is plainly stated, and explained the

edified. The days becoming a little longer, and the weather warmer, he said within himself, 'I will go to Bacup and hear my old friend Hurst, and tell him what a blessed man of God the Lord has sent to Manchester.' Accordingly, he went to Bacup, and heard his old friend in the morning. In the interim between the morning and afternoon services, he was in a large room where there were 20 or 30 of the people. As reports were spreading far and wide respecting Mr. Gadsby and his ministry, some saying of him as they did of his Master, 'He is a good man;' others saying, 'Nay, he is a deceiver of the people,' the conversation of the people at Bacup turned upon him. Some said that he was a bad man, and some one thing, and some another; but all appeared to agree that he was sent by the devil. Old Mr. Hurst sat smoking his pipe, listening to the conversation; and seeing his old friend Richard Lord amongst them, he said, 'Richard, have you ever heard this Gadsby?' Richard said, 'Yes, I have, many times.' Mr. Hurst said, 'You hear what these friends are saying; what do *you* think of him?' Richard said, 'I'll tell you what I have been thinking while these folk have been talking. It is now nearly 40 years since the devil and I were friends, and during that time we have had many a conflict; but if the devil has begun to send such men as Mr. Gadsby to preach the gospel as he does, laying the sinner in the dust, and exalting the dear Redeemer, then the devil and I will be friends for ever; no more conflicts between the devil and me; the warfare is over.' The persons who had been speaking against Mr. Gadsby were ashamed when they heard the venerable old man speak so decidedly in his favour. Dear old Mr. Hurst said, 'Ah! Richard, is that the case?' He said, 'It is; and I can assure you I have never heard any man so fully and freely and so blessedly adapted to meet the experience of a poor sinner, as Mr. Gadsby.'"

doctrine as meaning that God had chosen and ordained *some* to eternal life; that these would be saved, and none else.

"As I looked at the doctrine," says Kershaw, "as thus laid down, I shall never forget the hatred and indignation that rose up in my carnal heart against it. I said within myself, 'It is the most unjust, unreasonable doctrine that ever could be broached. I may read and pray, and go to the chapel, and do all the good I can, and if I am not elected be lost after all. It does not even give a man a chance to be saved. I neither can nor will believe this election.'"

His friend, or rather his cousin, seeing how much he was still tried and perplexed about election, lent him "Elisha Coles on God's Sovereignty," asking him to read it carefully over, and make it a matter of prayer to the Lord to guide and direct him into the truth; and, like the noble Bereaus, Kershaw searched the scriptures daily, and, as he says,

"Found that election was the solemn truth of God, and could never be overthrown either by men or devils. And one strong proof of its divine authority is, the carnal proud heart of fallen sinful man hates it, and fights against it, as mine did."

Finding election to be the truth of God, the all-important question with him then was: "Am I one of them that the Lord hath loved with an everlasting and electing love?"

"I could not, however, find that evidence within me that I was one of God's chosen people, which my soul longed for. One night I went into the wood to pray that I might know my election of God. My mind was dark, hard, miserable, and wretched. I feared lest I should be a reprobate. My carnal wicked heart boiled with enmity and rebellion against God that ever he gave me a being; blasphemous thoughts against him were working in my mind as I was kneeling before him. I shuddered at what I felt, and as I went home that night the enmity of my carnal heart was so stirred up that I had even to lay my hand over my lips to keep these vile thoughts from breaking out in words. O how my spirit sank! I was ready to call myself a thousand bad names, that ever I should have such feelings against the God in whose hand my breath is, and against whom I have sinned and done evil in his sight, even as I could. Strange as this may appear, it was to teach me that God had neither loved nor chosen me because of my goodness, but for his great love wherewith he loved me, even when dead in trespasses and sins."

The Lord from this time began in a very gracious way to shed his electing love abroad in his soul, and with solemn pleasure and tears of joy he was enabled to sing from his heart:

"While all our hearts and all our songs
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cry, with thankful tongues,
Lord, Why was I a guest?"

It was about this time that the Lord's most highly-favoured servant, William Gadsby, was led, in the providence of God, to preach for the first time at Rochdale, this being, as Mr. Kershaw says, "the first link in the chain, leading to the establishment of the cause of God and truth at Hope Chapel," where Mr. Kershaw laboured with such abundant success for so many years, following dear Mr. Warburton, who went from there to Trowbridge.

We shall hope to refer to this and other interesting reminiscences in a future number of the "Standard."

Having already exceeded our limits for the present month, we must bring our imperfect notice of one of the most blessed and interesting books we ever read to a close.

(To be continued, D. V.)

Obituary.

HANNAH REBECCA FORREST.—On Feb. 1st, 1870, aged 37, Hannah Rebecca Forrest, of Langley, near Oldbury.

My dear wife was somewhat concerned about her soul the greater part of her life; but more especially about 11 or 12 years ago, when she became much troubled on account of her sins, fearing her soul would be lost on account of them; and this often sent her to a throne of grace; for she told me that she used to go into her little room every day, to beg of the Lord to have mercy upon her and to pardon her sins. On one of these solemn occasions, while on her knees before the Lord, imploring his mercy, she said, as near as I can recollect her words, "I saw with the eyes of my understanding the Lord Jesus Christ hanging on the cross in all his sufferings, as though I had seen him with my bodily eyes; and he told me that he suffered in that form to save me."

After the above manifestation of mercy to her poor soul, she passed through a sea of inward trial and fiery temptation for several years, being often tempted to commit many sore and grievous things; but the Lord preserved her by his sovereign mercy and grace, and delivered her out of them all. When I have, at various times, been reading of some of the deep and trying experiences of the exercised children of God, she has said, "I could write a book of such things as those, if I was able to put them together in words."

During these very painful trials she suffered much from nervous debility, and for some time greatly from a weight upon her forehead; but after she had laboured long under this oppression, Mr. Tiptaft came to Oldbury one week evening to preach for us; and in his prayer that evening he prayed for the afflicted, and that their afflictions might be removed from them. The Lord heard the prayer of the good man, and answered it in taking away the weight off my dear wife's head there and then, so that it never returned. This she looked upon as a kind interposition of the Lord on her behalf.

She was also much comforted at times under sermons she heard from the lips of the Lord's dear servants; once in particular under one preached by Mr. Gorton. On one occasion, when she was very ill, a friend came to see her, to read and pray. He read Isa. liiii., which she said was very comforting to her; and at that time she herself was the subject of much fervent prayer to God for a fresh revelation of the pardon of her sins and the salvation of her soul, her chief complaint at that time being much hardness of heart, which nothing but sovereign grace could soften. Although she was the subject of so much affliction of body and mind, I never so much as heard her say the Lord dealt hardly with her.

One Sunday evening, a few months before her death, after we had been singing a hymn, she sat looking at the hymn book for some time, and at length she called me to her; when I found she was much taken up with a hymn on the sufferings of the Lamb of God in the Garden of Gethsemane; so much so that she was overwhelmed with love and adoration.

The next love-visit was very shortly before her death. Being already the mother of seven children, all living, expecting an increase, and being heavily afflicted with heart affection and rheumatic pains, her trouble was great indeed. But as she was reading one of the psalms one Sunday evening after I was gone to chapel, she came to these words: "Lo, children are the heritage of the Lord," &c., when the Holy Ghost applied them with such power to her soul that they took away her trouble, and made her feel peaceful and happy; and she spoke of these things several times to me and others up to nearly her dying day.

After she gave birth to her eighth child, she died in just a week; but no thought had been entertained of her death for much more than an hour before it took place. When she felt that she was actually dying, she said, "O Jem, I am dying!" then, "O my children!" and then a prayer, which I cannot bring to mind. As she lay breathing out her soul to God, her eyes became very bright, and looked upwards, as though she beheld some beautiful sight; and thus she resigned her spirit into the hands of God who gave it, without a struggle or a groan, to be for ever with the Lord, freed from a body of sin and death.

"She's gone in endless bliss to dwell,
And I am left below,
To struggle with the powers of hell,
Till Jesus bids me go."—*Gadsby*.

JAMES FORREST.

SOPHIA SCRIVENER.—On Aug. 22nd, 1870, Sophia Scrivener, aged 78, a member of Providence Chapel, Bedford.

She was a truly Christian woman, deeply taught of God to know her lost state by nature, and her recovery by the free grace of Jesus Christ; and was at times greatly favoured with the Lord's presence, notwithstanding that she often passed through great darkness of soul, being deeply tempted, tried, and exercised by the enemy with a variety of temptations; but she often used to say what a privilege it was to sit under her beloved pastor, Mr. Thornber, whose ministry she highly prized. He was led, from time to time, as she said, so blessedly into her state and case that her heart was full to overflowing, and she often wept to the praise of the mercy she found in having her path tracked out.

Such was her love to God's house and ordinances that she was never absent unless illness or other lawful causes detained her. Towards the latter end of her life she has had to stop many times on her way to chapel to get her breath; but still, though weak and faint, she persevered, and would exclaim, "Well, I have got once more!" She greatly feared the time would come when she could not attend, and this was a trouble to her; but the Lord only laid her on a bed of affliction for two Sabbaths.

It appears she was fully aware of her approaching end; for when Mr. Thornber visited her, the Saturday previous to her death, he said, "My dear sister, the Lord is about to take you home. You will soon pass through the swellings of Jordan. How is your mind?" "O!" she said, "fixed on the Rock of Ages.

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

Christ is my only refuge, and the enemy is not permitted to distress me." Now and then, taking his hand in hers, and looking up with her glassy eyes beaming brightly, she bade him farewell, and repeated distinctly, and with great emphasis, "The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace."

The morning on which she departed, she said, "I have a hard day's work to go through." Her daughter said, "Mother, can I help you?" "O no," she replied, "you cannot." To a member who attended her, she said, "Be not weary in well doing." Her daughter, seeing her end near, said, "Mother, are you happy?" She replied, "Perfectly so;" and then, taking hold of her daughter's hand, said, "Good bye!" and her happy spirit fled.

During her illness she repeated several hymns. That hymn of Kent's, 177, was a special favourite:

"Cavalry's summit let us trace,
View the heights and depths of grace,
Count the purple drops, and say,
'Thus my sins were borne away.'"

Also 119 in Gadsby's Selection:

"Great God! From thee there's nought conceal'd."

The church has lost a real friend. As far as her means would allow she was a liberal supporter of the cause, giving freely what she could with a ready mind, though she must have practised great self-denial in so doing.

Bedford, Sept. 21, 1870.

JAMES RISELY, Deacon.

ELIZABETH CLEMENTSON.—At Dunstable, on July 25th, 1870, Mrs. Clementson, aged 66.

I knew her for some time; but do not know when she was first called by grace. She was the means of leading me to a throne of grace, and also of hearing dear Mr. Philpot. I have many of his sweet sermons by me.

She was long and painfully afflicted; but was throughout, by grace, enabled to bear all with much resignation to her heavenly Father's will.

Her daughter, who was with her, cannot call to mind much that she said; but the day before she died she exclaimed, "O! If the dear Lord would release me from this suffering body and take me to himself, what a mercy it would be!" She earnestly prayed that she might be "clothed upon" with the righteousness of her dear Saviour, feeling that she had no righteousness of her own.

H. B.

MILES CORNTHWAITE.—On Aug. 28th, Miles Cornthwaite, aged 78. He was the oldest member of the Baptist church, Vauxhall Road, Preston, being one of the few that constituted the church when they formerly met in a room in Cannon Street before the time that Mr. M'Kenzie joined them, about the year 1834.

He was no scholar, but a real lover of the gospel. He was a hard-working man, careful and steady, and perhaps not a more regular attender on the means could be found when he was able to get out; and, moreover, he was never known to be late, but was always there a little before the time.

He had little to say; always peaceable and agreeable, no rambler, but abiding by the stuff, all weathers.

His sickness was long, but with little pain. It was entire exhaustion.

When our minister saw him last, he said, "Thomas, I should like to come and hear the word once more, for I love to hear it; but the Lord has been and is good to me, and he will never leave me."

Vauxhall Road Chapel, Preston, Sept. 19, 1870.

W. Y.

WILLIAM BARBER.—On Oct. 3rd, 1870, after a painful illness, William Barber, deacon of the church of Christ at Rehoboth Chapel, Coventry, from its commencement in 1852.

Coventry, Oct. 3, 1870.

W. R. G.

DECEMBER 1, 1870.

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

DECEMBER, 1870.

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

MOURNING DAYS ENDED.

NOTES OF A SERMON PREACHED BY THE LATE MR. DANGERFIELD, AT
EBENEZER CHAPEL, HASTINGS, AUG. 17TH, 1869.

THE words which have fastened upon my mind with some resting power this evening to read as a text, you will find in the 60th chapter of Isaiah, and the last clause of the 20th verse:

“And the days of thy mourning shall be ended.”

Sin brought sorrow into the world. “Sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned.” God said unto the woman, “I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception; in sorrow thou shalt bring forth children.” What a truth, and how widespread is sorrow! We need but little discernment to discover it. Sin and sorrow go hand in hand through the world, and “man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upward.” And I might almost say that the children of God, with the rest of the world, not only find it to be a world of sorrow; but theirs is in a peculiar way and manner the path of sorrow. We read in the word of God of one whose name was Jabez, which I think we may understand to mean “the son of sorrow, or sorrowful.” And I believe, too, we may take this Jabez, this child of sorrow, to be the representative of the whole family of God. But this sorrow and mourning are of a peculiar character; and every soul that is the subject of it is declared by Christ as most blessed. And it is not only declared so by Christ, but it is known and felt by every believing soul, sooner or later, that to be a mourning soul is indeed to be a blessed soul; so much so that there are but few that know anything about it; and they have sung or prayed after this manner:

“Dear Lord, may I a mourner be,
Over my sins and after thee;
And when my mourning days are o'er,
Enjoy thy comforts evermore.”

The Lord Jesus Christ preached this truth: “Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted.” But the words which I have read to you declare that this mourning is but for a season: “The days of thy mourning shall be ended.” So that we may

conclude that this is not the best, nor the most blessed thing that God has prepared for his people. The most blessed things of God are everlasting things,—things which cannot be altered, removed, or taken away, but must remain. Still it is the appointed way to glory to be a mourner, and to travel through this mournful state. And there is one thing that particularly strikes me wherein this blessing does consist, that is, when we take a view of our Forerunner in the way, who was a Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, and who hath “borne our griefs and carried our sorrows.” And the apostle exhorts us to consider him that endured such contradiction of sinners against himself, “lest ye be weary and faint in your minds.” When your trials and temptations are so heavy, and you are almost ready to faint, the apostle says, “Consider Him.” And who is this wondrous Him? The great High Priest of our profession. He that entered into this mourning state, that he might deliver us from trouble and mourning, and from that awful place where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched; from that awful place which God has described in his word as being a place of continual weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth.

But now let us contrast the state of these mourners hinted at here. Christ says in one place, “Ye now, therefore, have sorrow; but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice; and your joy no man taketh from you.” And then he speaks concerning these in the epistle of Paul to the Thessalonians, and declares that when their days of mourning are ended, and they enter upon their joy and rejoicing, then “they that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power, when he shall come to be glorified in his saints, and to be admired in all them that believe.” In the word of God we find the Lord has given us exceeding many precious promises, exceeding many precious considerations, exceeding many precious encouragements, to cheer us in the way, both by promise of support and supply while passing through the world, and a full and gracious promise of eternal deliverance from all pain and sorrow hereafter.

But now we must endeavour to distinguish this mourning from other mournings, that we may find out if we have the right sort, as it is of a peculiar character. The apostle writes of two sorts of sorrow,—of a sorrow “which worketh death,” and also of a godly sorrow “which worketh repentance to salvation not to be repented of.” Well, there was a time, speaking of myself,—and I believe it becomes every man who stands up in the name of God to show that he has been a partaker of the things of which he speaks,—now, there was a time when I mourned and sorrowed for things which were altogether of a different character to what is felt in mourning over and on account of sin. If there was any mourning in my heart, it was not because I had sinned, but

because I could not enjoy so much of the pleasures as I desired of the world. Perhaps there are some of these characters here this evening, who do not sorrow on account of sin, but only on account of not having so much of this world as they desire. But, my friends, there came a time, there came a day, unsought for by me, when I began to feel bitter compunction because I had sinned, because I had abused the mercy of God; and I felt I had exposed myself to everlasting condemnation. This was the time when true mourning began. It was but begun; for if we are brought to shed one tear of true mourning, it will work in our hearts sooner or later floods of tears. It will bring on an abundance of spiritual mourning. What is it that provokes so much sorrow of heart when first the Lord brings us to judgment, when he "lays judgment to the line and righteousness to the plummet?" It is because of our transgressions, because of our base sins, our ungodly lives. But the Lord goes deeper, and we feel we are exposed to God's just wrath, and this brings sorrow of heart. Here we set about to cleanse our way. We endeavour to alter our lives; we think we will leave undone the evil, and do good for the future, and so escape the condemnation and sorrow into which sin has brought us.

Now I know there is a great difference in the depth of sorrow into which some are brought to what others are, nor will I attempt to describe the extent of sorrow and grief into which some go. But the Lord will make us all know and feel how vile our lives have been. We may try to do good for the future, and so think to get peace; but we shall be foiled in this; and it is our great mercy to find that we are foiled in this. I say it is a great mercy to find you cannot cleanse your heart as you wish:

"The more you strove against sin's power,
You sinn'd and stumbled but the more."

You feel "the whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint. From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it, but wounds, and bruises, and putrefying sores." And you will discover with Paul, when you would do good, evil is present with you."

Now, I dare say there are some of you would like a pleasanter way to heaven. But if you know nothing about the impossibility of your doing good and your proneness to evil, that you cannot think one good thought, or do one good action,—if you know nothing of this spiritual poverty, all your supposed riches will be found vain. The apostle Paul says, "I delight in the law of God after the inward man. But I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin, which is in my members." Then he cries, "O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death? I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord. So then with the mind I myself serve the law of God, but with the flesh the law of sin." And I do believe this is the

experience, more or less, of every quickened soul. And I must say to the broken-down, tried, and tempted soul, that there is no sin too abominable and base, no corruption, however evil, but you may feel in your nature; and Satan works in these things to bring our souls down to despair. And here there will be mourning; not what some people think to be mourning, for in reality theirs is no mourning. They say we ought not to go with our heads bowed down; for religion is to make us happy. And so it will when the Lord appears for us. But under the hidings of his face and the temptations of Satan there is trouble and mourning; there is a burden, a grief, and secret sighs and groans, which declare what pain is felt. There will be mourning seasons over such things as these. "When I would do good, evil is present with me."

Now I abhor sin, and would be free from every sinful thought if I could; and so would every child of God; for I am sure every child of God has a pure nature implanted, and this pure nature groans, grieves, and is deeply distressed by the evil nature of sin. Sin is its dreadful enemy,—the abominable thing which it hates. Sin may not work in all externally, but it does internally. "The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy." This will constitute a mourning soul.

And, my friends, this mourning state will never be ended in this wilderness. I once thought that after a time I might get so much light, joy, and peace that these days of mourning might be ended; but after travelling 10 years they were not ended; 20 years, rather increased; 30 years, still the old tale; and now it is just the same. And I know some that declare, though it be 50, and even 60 years, still the days of their mourning are not ended. Sin still plagues them, though it has not the dominion; as it is said, "Sin shall not have the dominion over you; for ye are not under the law, but under grace."

But these are not the only causes of mourning to the children of God. In passing on in the divine life they find many causes of mourning beyond these. If they find not deliverance in salvation, they will mourn, not only for sin, but they will mourn after Jesus. They find he only can help and save them. But oftentimes, after running from sin, guilt, and fear, he that should relieve their hearts may be afar off. And I do believe no one ever found grace, to the joy and rejoicing of the soul, until he found the Lord Jesus Christ. The church is often brought to say, "Saw ye him whom my soul loveth?" "If ye find my Beloved, tell him that I am sick of love." The soul cannot be satisfied until it finds him to the joy and rejoicing of the heart."

Now you will find many instances in the word of God, where the Lord Jesus Christ has attracted the soul to himself. One occurs to my mind, and I do believe it will find every redeemed soul. It is the poor woman having an issue of blood twelve years. She had spent all her living upon physicians, but could

not be healed of any. But she came behind Jesus, "and touched the hem of his garment; for she said within herself, If I may but touch his garment, I shall be whole. And Jesus said, Who touched me? When all denied, Peter and they that were with him said, Master, the multitude press thee and throng thee, and sayest thou, Who touched me? And Jesus said, Somebody hath touched me; for I perceive that virtue is gone out of me. And when the woman saw that she was not hid, she came trembling, and falling down before him, she declared unto him before all the people for what cause she had touched him;" and now she was healed immediately. Now every one that seeks the Lord Jesus Christ will find a crowd about him, but

"The feeblest saint shall win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way."

And another poor woman came to Jesus and said, "Have mercy upon me, O Lord, thou Son of David. My daughter is grievously vexed with a devil. But he answered her not a word. And his disciples came and besought him, saying, Send her away, for she crieth after us. But he answered and said, I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel. Then she came and worshipped him, saying, Lord, help me. But he answered and said, It is not meet to take the children's bread, and cast it to dogs. And she said, Truth, Lord, yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from the master's table. Then Jesus said unto her, O woman, great is thy faith. Be it unto thee even as thou wilt. And her daughter was made whole from that very hour." Now these two cases set forth the sovereign power of the Lord Jesus Christ. There is salvation in Christ, but the soul cannot get at it. I know there are people who tell you it is your own fault if you do not believe in Christ and love Christ as you want to do. But faith is his gift. He is the author and finisher of our faith. And the word says, "This is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom he has sent." Now the Lord gives this faith to his people, and "that he giveth them they gather;" nor can they get more. The others rob God's treasury, but the Lord's people cannot do this. "These all wait upon thee, that thou mayest give them their meat in due season." There are some who seem to be robbers of churches; but they shall be told that thieves shall not inherit the kingdom of heaven.

My friends, I have found this day that it is impossible for a poor sinner to take the salvation of Christ when he wants it, and it is not his fault if he does not, as people say it is. I believe this is one thing that the Lord teaches his people. Well, some may say, "Does it not say, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved;' and, 'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned?'" O friends, we are brought in and made manifest as poor helpless things, having no power to save or help ourselves; and I am certain that every soul taught by God the Spirit will be brought to say,

“O could I but believe,
Then all would easy be;
I would, but cannot; Lord, relieve;
My help must come from thee.”

No, you cannot, if your soul's salvation entirely depended upon it. There is a passage of scripture which says, “By grace are ye saved, through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God. Not of works, lest any man should boast.” Well, when the children of God are brought here:

“O could I but believe,”

how they will mourn; and until the Lord is pleased to give you faith, if you think you have any faith, it is an imaginary faith. Faith is God's gift, and we must wait on him for it. But some people do not like to wait God's pleasure. They would like to be independent of God, if it were possible, and we do not like it. We would rather go forward if we could. But “the vision is for an appointed time; but at the end it shall speak and not lie. Though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, and not tarry.” And the Lord's people can tell you how they have waited for the Lord, more than they that watch for the morning.

You may be ready to say, “Yours is a mournful religion.” Well, so it is; and it is said, “The heart of the wise is in the house of mourning: but the heart of fools is in the house of mirth.” And, “It is better to go to the house of mourning than to go to the house of feasting; for that is the end of all men, and the living will lay it to his heart.” And what begins in mourning shall end in joy.

Well, this is part of the sinner's mourning, to mourn for Jesus; and God gives him to us. But now the days of thy mourning are not ended. O no. We may have found the Saviour, and have joy and peace in believing; we may be brought up also out of a horrible pit; out of the miry clay, and our feet set upon the rock, and a new song put into our mouth, even praise unto our God; and we may go forth in the dances of them that make merry; and then we think we shall see our enemies no more, like Israel of old. But after this such enemies arise, and they are so like the former ones, that they bring on much sorrow; and this too after the days of joy and lifting up, and our sorrow for a season seemed to be ended. But

“When our pardon is sign'd, and our peace is procured,
From that moment the conflict begins.”

This is just as my soul found it when I thought my enemies were all slain, and my tears wiped away; when I found joy and peace in believing for an interval; for there was such a full deliverance from all my sorrow and mourning that there was a cessation to the mourning in my soul; but now to have the fountain of the great deep broken up, when

“Swarms of ill thoughts their bane diffuse,
Proud, envious, false, unclean;
And every ransack'd corner shows
Some unsuspected sin;”

when Satan comes with his fiery darts, his awful suggestions; for nothing is too bad for the adversary to put into the sinner's heart; and when this is the case, we go through tribulation; and this brings on the mourning again. When the Lord makes us

“Feel the hidden evils of our heart,
And lets the angry powers of hell
Assault our souls in every part.”

And, as Newton says,

“Yea, more; with his own hand he seem'd
Intent to aggravate my woe;
Cross'd all the fair designs I schemed,
Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.”

And this after he had

“Ask'd the Lord that he might grow
In faith and love and every grace,
Might more of his salvation know,
And seek more earnestly his face.”

And then he says,

“Lord, why is this? I trembling cried;
Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?
’Tis in this way, the Lord replied,
I answer prayer for grace and faith.

“These inward trials I employ,
From self and pride to set thee free;
And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
That thou mayest find thy all in me.”

And thus, like Ezekiel's scroll, we find it is written within and without, with lamentation, and mourning, and woe. Yea, even our relationships in life bring sorrow to our souls. These are days of mourning.

But in all the mourning the saints of God experience, the Lord supports them under it, blesses them in it; and every now and then gives them such help and comfort by the way that the poor soul often finds that as the tribulation abounded, so its consolations abound also. And in the midst of it all how sweet it is to find our hearts led by the Holy Spirit to cry, “When my heart is overwhelmed within me, lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.” And when the Lord brings us here, as we pass along by the way under our burdens, we find it a haven of rest. “For a Man shall be as a hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.”

But the Lord does not let us rest here long. Soon we are commanded to pass on. But how soon are the days of mourning ended. There may be some young Christians here, and perhaps you do not want to hear of your days being ended yet; but whether we are young or old Christians, we are all travelling on to the heavenly Canaan. Perhaps there are some here who have grown old in the ways of the Lord, have done the greater part of their journey; perhaps they have come to the last hill, and can see the land that is very far off; for I believe the dear Lord is

pleased to bring his dear people here, and they feel satisfied they shall get no rest until they pass over Jordan, and as they feel the poor body shake, and the grasshopper becomes a burden, they feel a desire to pass over; and the Lord says, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee. When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour." And he says further, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

But my text says, "The days of thy mourning shall be ended." The Lord has said this for our consolation through life. For "surely there is an end, and thine expectation shall not be cut off." But when the days of our mourning are ended, shall it be merely a cessation of pain and sorrow? O no! It will also be the beginning of everlasting joy, and the everlasting enjoyment of that Friend with whom we have had some sweet union and communion in this world. "For he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain."

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

So that the end of the saints' days of mourning shall be the entrance into the presence of God. The apostle John brings this before us when he says, "Beloved, now are we the sons of God." *Now*, in the midst of mourning; *now*, in the midst of tribulation; *now*, in the depth of sorrow; *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." Here is a bright prospect before us, and we are hastening on to it. I spoke a little of this on the Lord's day; but now we have come two days' march nearer home, and so two days nearer the "rest that remaineth for the people of God." "For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain shall not prevent them which are asleep. For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel and 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." "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law; but thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know your labour is not in vain in the Lord."

The days of our life swiftly fly away, and the day of death comes on. "The coming of the Lord draweth nigh. But it is not to be dreaded, it is to be longed for; for Peter says we are to be "looking forward, hastening on to the coming of the day of God, wherein the heavens, being on fire, shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat. Nevertheless we, according to his promise, look for new heavens and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness." So the days of our mourning will be ended, when we pass into eternity and our souls are filled with joy unspeakable and full of glory. There will be no tempting devil there,—no sigh, no pang, no groan, to mingle with the song; but joy, and gladness, and pleasures at God's right hand for evermore. Thus the days of our mourning shall be ended.

I have been led to this subject because I have been in company to-day with some who have gone a long way on their journey through the wilderness, and the land of Beulah is almost in view; but then we are not always able to read our title clear

"To mansions in the skies."

Yet Mr. Hart says,

"Though thou here receive but little,
Scarce enough for the proof
Of thy proper title,
Urge thy claim through all unfitness;
Sue it out, spurning doubt;
The Holy Ghost's thy witness."

And,

"When thy title thou discernest,
Humbly then sue again,
For continual earnest."

Let me assure thy soul, if the Lord has once pardoned thy sins, if he has answered thy cries, thou art safe; and whatsoever thy state may be, thou art blessed.

"More happy, but not more secure,
Are the glorified spirits in heaven."

"Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted."
"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled." "Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

I leave these few remarks for your consideration. May the Lord bless them to your souls; and may you press on to that great day which is coming, when "the days of your mourning shall be ended."

But there are some here who are not pressing after it. Alas! Alas! Your days are days of pleasure and joy now; but if grace prevent not, it will be all sorrow beyond the grave. May the Lord send the truth into your hearts; may you be led to ask yourselves these questions: "Am I quickened by the Spirit of God? Do I live a life of prayer to God?" If not, O how awful your state is! May the Lord quicken your souls, bring you out of your careless state, and cause you to know the blessedness and

happiness of this pathway of mourning. And then, though it is mourning now, "The days of thy mourning shall be ended."

To our account of Mr. Dangerfield in our Oct. No. may be added the following, which arrived too late for insertion with the Obituary:

His remains were taken to Devizes, and buried in the graveyard of Salem Chapel on the following Friday. A goodly number of devout men were present at his burial; and it may be truly said, "He was well laid in his grave." Mr. Dennett, at the particular request of the deceased, some time ago, conducted the service, and Mr. Porter, Mr. Randell, Mr. H. Pocock, and other ministers, took part in the service, also at Mr. D.'s request, as previously expressed. It is generally known that Mr. D. was brought to the gates of death last November; while supplying at Zear Chapel, and his recovery at that time was considered truly miraculous. Hopes were then entertained that he might be spared for many years to proclaim the truths he loved and preached so well; but the great Shepherd and Head of the church had ordered otherwise.

W. B.

*LINES OCCASIONED BY THE SUDDEN DEPARTURE
OF MR. DANGERFIELD.*

DEAR Dangerfield is gone, but O, not dead!
His body may be; but his spirit's fled
To enjoy those joys which for the saints remain;
To see that Saviour who for him was slain.

O happy transit from a world of care,
To be with Jesus and his glory share.
No more to sorrow and no more to sin,
He with the Lord of life is now shut in.

At rest for ever. Yes, 'tis perfect rest,
Prepared by God for all whom he has blest
With saving faith; nor is the promise vain;
All the redeem'd ones shall this rest obtain.

Released from labour, though e'en that was sweet,
'Tis better far to fall at Jesu's feet,
And with the hosts of ransom'd join to tell
How they deserved, and yet were saved from hell.

O! With what rapture was his bless'd soul fill'd,
When he his Saviour's glory first beheld!
To quit so suddenly his house of clay
And earth's dim moonshine for the perfect day.

His privilege on earth was high indeed,—
Employ'd by God to sow the precious seed,
Until the Lord saw good to call him home,
No longer in this wilderness to roam.

O! May his mantle, like Elijah's, fall
Upon another, whom the Lord may call,
And make an able minister indeed,
Who shall the flock of God's own pasture feed.

For sure, to our contracted narrow views,
The church of God can ill afford to lose
So many pastors in so short a space,
Who boldly preached the doctrines of free grace:
And not dry doctrine only did they preach,
But by their lives they ever sought to teach

That when by grace the sinner is renewed
He loathes the evil and desires the good.

But He by whom the earth and seas were made,
Though flesh may fail, His hand need not be stay'd;
He with or without earthen vessels can
Supply his treasures and complete his plan.

Lord of the harvest, unto thee we look.
Our names we trust are written in thy book.
O keep thou us from self and sin, till we,
Like Dangerfield, from self and sin are free.

ELIZABETH DODD.

A RECORD OF GOD'S MERCY AND LOVING- KINDNESS TO WILLIAM ANGEL.

(Concluded from page 408.)

A FEW months after his return to London, having been absent ten years, in Jan., 1867, he was attacked with bronchitis, which brought him very low, and we all thought his end was at hand. During his illness, my niece made some memoranda of his sayings, from which I will now transcribe.

On going to rest for the night, I went to wish my grandfather a good night. He said with deep feeling and brokenness of heart, "O! I have been thinking of those sweet and gracious words the Lord so abundantly blessed me with when your dear mother (Mrs. Greenway) was about to be born into the world. I was then in deep trouble and temporal need; and those words of Mr. Hart were constantly sounding in my ears:

"The God I trust is true and just;
His mercy hath no end;
Himself hath said my ransom's paid,
And I on him depend."

But I felt I had nothing to do with the words, and could not feel I had any measure of trust in God; but they were so constantly forced upon me that I was *obliged* to take them; and then God showed me that I did trust in him, though I thought I did not. And in a most wonderful manner the Lord provided for us, and sent everything needful. This was about 60 years since. And it seems a remarkable thing that, after so many years, I should be brought here to be nursed and cherished by her, and so comfortably cared for by her daughters." On my leaving him for the night, he blessed me most affectionately, and said with tears,

"O my Jesus, thou art mine!
With all thy grace and power;
I am now and shall be thine,
When time shall be no more.

"Weak in body, sick in soul,
Depress'd at heart, and faint with fears,
His *dear* presence makes me whole,
And with sweet comfort cheers."

The day before this (Sunday) he said, "I have been somewhat

pleasantly employed this day. The Lord seems to have brought to my mind every promise he has given me from my youth until now; and, though I cannot say I have any great measure of joy, yet I have a firm hope that all will yet be made good to me in God's good time."

Another time, when I was leaving him for the night, he burst into tears, saying, "O! I have been thinking of those sweet words which I verily believe the Lord is fulfilling in me: 'When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the God of Jacob will hear them. I will open rivers in high places,—in such places as they could never expect, and streams in the midst of the valleys,—of humiliation, and fountains in the desert.'" Again he wept much, and said, "O! It is almost too much for me! I feel my bondage is in some measure broken."

Jan. 22nd, 1867.—I awoke this morning hearing my grandfather singing. I asked him if he was asleep when he was singing. He said, "I was trying to sing, but could not get the tune to what I wanted. It was a hymn of Hart's:

"'Though strait be the way, with dangers beset,' &c.

But there is another I began, and was obliged to go on with it as well as I could hum the tune:

"'The sinner that by precious faith,' &c.

He went through the whole of the hymn, repeating the last verse with much emotion:

"'Brethren, by this your claim abide,' &c.

Then, looking at me very earnestly, and with a beaming countenance, he said, "Ah! But I have been thinking of something more solid than Hart speaks of: 'He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things? Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that hath loved us.' We know that he must first love us before we can love him; and I tell him he knows how I love him, at times most heartily, and that it is through his first loving me. But O! How many thousand thousand times since the first manifestation of his love have I felt the contrary,—my wretchedness and want of love to him, as Mr. Hart says,

"'That had I not thy blood to plead,
Each sight would sink me to despair.'

And though I cannot speak of visions of blood with my literal eyes, as I have heard some speak of, I have seen it by faith, and

"'Tis when that blood's applied to me,
'Tis then it does me good.'

That is, by faith through the Holy Ghost. Though mind this, I do not speak against those who have had visions and revelations; for I know I have had a manifestation of Christ, and felt him as near to me as you are now."

Jan. 25th.—To night, on taking his supper to him, I found

him very ill; faintness had almost overcome him. He put his head on my shoulder, and was for some time unable to speak. But, on recovering a little, with tears and deep feeling of gratitude, he said, "O! What would become of me now in this helpless state if I were not cared for and cherished as I am? What I want now is to feel my heart overflow with love, praise, and gratitude for God's goodness to me."

Jan. 81st.—"O!" he said, "If I could but get that divine blessing, I should not mind lying awake all night in pain. I had it before my last birthday, my 89th, when I was laid up with my broken thigh. I lay then and wept and praised him. I had such a melting time! But I could not tell out half what I wanted. I could only weep. I was obliged to weep." Here he again wept much, and was quite overcome with the remembrance of the Lord's abundant goodness to him, earnestly desiring a like visitation to his soul. I gently reminded him of the Lord's gracious promise: "I will see you *again*, and your heart shall rejoice." "Ah!" said he, "I *can't* give it up." I replied, "No, dear grandfather, of course you cannot." He wept again. I said, "Don't you feel like Jonah,—'Yet will I look again?'" Here he seemed to gain a little strength. "But mind," said he, "it is his goodness alone that does it. . . . I have felt the *effects* of Christ's blood so fully that I have felt almost crushed under it; but I feel now as destitute of good as I can be." I said, "You want the showers." "Yes," he replied. "Ah! I have watched the showers on the earth, and thought what a wonderful charm they had; and I have felt the showers in my soul too." And he added, "I hope against hope." I said,

" 'Against hope to believe in hope,
My brethren, must be ours.'"

Looking at me very earnestly, he said, with deep feeling and a sweet smile,

" 'Though thy fainting spirits droop,
Yet thy God is with thee still.'"

Sunday morning, March 17th.—After service, I told him the text Mr. Hemington had preached from at Gower Street: "Behold, I am with thee in all places whithersoever thou goest," &c. At this he smiled, and said, "Ah! That is my portion. The Lord spoke that to my soul one day when I was in Guernsey. I was very much cast down at the time, wondering whether I was deceived in what I had felt from that verse which was so sweetly and powerfully applied to my heart some years ago: 'Surely there is no enchantment against Jacob, neither is there any divination against Israel. According to this time it shall be said of Jacob and of Israel, What hath God wrought!' Well, as I was thinking, these words came: 'I will be with thee in all places.'" Here he was quite overcome at the remembrance of the Lord's former mercies, and with tears said, "That is what I now want; I want him to speak to my soul with power." "Well," I said, "dear grandfather, you remember the words, 'I

will *not* leave thee until I have performed all that I have spoken of to thee.'” Here he again burst into tears, saying, “Blessed be his dear and precious name! I believe he will *not* leave me.” “No,” said I, “he will not.” “Ah, mind,” he replied, “I believe it, and yet I do not believe it. I want him to take away my cursed unbelief.”

He was much more cheerful when I was leaving him for the night than when I first went in. His spirit for a time became much liberated, and he enjoyed for a time a renewed hope that the Lord would again appear to the joy and rejoicing of his heart.

March.—Through this month he continued very weak in body, and in much the same state of mind; sometimes a little bright hope, and then again depressed.

July 8th.—To-night my uncle went up to see him. On asking him how he did, he replied, “No better. I don't think I ever shall be in this world.” Finding him depressed, and wishing to draw something special from him, my uncle said, “Nor in the world to come?” He looked up, smiled, and, with a shake of the head, said, “O no! I can't say that!” He then repeated the following lines cheerfully and impressively:

“When I tread the verge of Jordan,” &c.

One Sunday night I went to bid him good night as usual. I found him rather depressed, and repeated to him a verse of Hart's:

“But we build upon a base
Which nothing can remove;
When we trust electing grace
And everlasting love.”

“Ah!” he replied, “Hang on that, and you will do.” “Then, dear grandfather, you have *proved* the truth of those lines?” “O!” he replied with a sigh, “I don't know.” “But,” I said, “you tell me I shall do if I hang on that truth, and surely you would not recommend so strongly that which you have not proved.” He smiled, and said, “Ah! I *have* proved it, and so powerfully too that all the devils in hell could not take it from me. But O! I want it again.” I said, “The *word* says, ‘I *will* see you again.’” He replied with a loud voice, “O! If he would, how it would help me to bear up under this distressing affliction.”

July 22nd.—This morning he asked me to find the hymn beginning:

“The sinner that by precious faith.”

On my reading it to him he seemed to gain a little spiritual strength. He became very cheerful, and took particular notice of the last three verses. I said, “You are enjoying the subject.” He said, “Well, I do not feel any joy; but I feel a kind of *rest* from the hymn.”

The next day he wished me to find a hymn of Hart's with these two lines in it:

“And when their languid life is spent,
Supplies it with his own.”

I found it and read it through. He said, "Those two lines came to me in the night. I was dreaming that all my supplies were gradually sliding away, and when they were nearly exhausted, those lines came to me; and since I awoke they have abode with me."

July 26th.—This day he was much better in body and was cheerful in mind. He said to my mother, "I believe I am in Christ's school, learning many lessons that I have not learnt, especially my own nothingness.

The next day he continued better and cheerful; often speaking of the Lord's goodness, and telling my mother of nice helps he had had. In the evening I found him looking cheerful, and, thinking he was enjoying something, I repeated the following verse to him:

"O for that love, let rocks and hills," &c.

He raised himself up, and said with earnestness,

"He will never, never leave us,
Nor will let us quite leave him."

No, I believe in all my *wretched, wretched* backslidings, he has not suffered me quite to leave him." I replied, "What a mercy, dear grandfather. I was thinking of those words this morning: 'Whom to know is life eternal,' and I don't know that I ever felt or saw more blessedness and weight in them than I did then, though it was only, as it were, a glimpse for a moment." To which he replied, "Faith is a divine gift; so is hope; and, as Trail says, 'Search hell over, and you will not find a soul there who ever had a grain of faith or a drop of love;' and Dr. Owen says something like it too."

This is the end of the memoranda (1867) by my niece.*

My father was now near the close of his 90th year. After this, it pleased God to raise him up from the bed of languishing, and he was able often to take short walks out of doors. It is regretted that no memoranda were made of the varied exercises of his mind during the last few months or so of his life; but sufficient is remembered of his impressive sayings to warrant us to say with confidence that his whole soul was occupied with eternal realities. He was often deeply exercised about his deficiencies as a Christian, and concerning his eternal interest in the Son of God; not absolutely doubting of his interest, but rather exercised with a weighty feeling of the vast importance of being well founded in Christ by a true faith in him, and that, too, evidenced by unquestionable proof; and feeling most deeply his shortcomings as compared with the brightest evidences of a living faith, this led him to serious ponderings and "great searchings of heart." At times there was much hesitation in expressing the hope he really had of eternal life; but there was no despair, nor any expression of decided doubt, though at times depression and sorrow. When in this condition, full of objections and acute

* We have extracted only partially from the mems., as also from the previous letters.

reasonings against himself about his deficiencies or the imperfection of his evidences of union to Christ, I would, to press the point more closely, and to get from him some explicit expression of his secret confidence, which I believed was at the bottom of all, —I would say to him what a grief it would be to him and to those about him if after all he was still in nature's darkness, having had no saving knowledge of the love of God in Christ. He would then be roused to animation, and in his usual emphatic manner say, "Ah, mind! I can't say that. I can't give up what the Lord has done for my soul." Sometimes, when seeing him brooding over his inward sinfulness and the unprofitableness of his life, I would endeavour to set before him the glorious Son of God as having "perfected for ever," by his one offering for sin, them that have fled to him for refuge; and that in him only we are accepted and complete; when he would reply with deep feeling, as he once did in these exact words: "It must be by the divine power of the Holy Ghost for me to receive and enjoy this blessed truth; for I am absolutely helpless." In him this was no idle excuse or evasion to cover an aversion to spiritual life and vigour, but a lamentation arising out of the midst of painfully-felt darkness; for he would generally end such expressions with cries of, "Lord, help me! Undertake for me!" I believe the sin of his nature and the failings of his life were ever before him, sometimes obscuring his view of God's abundant grace and mercy.

Thinking the adversary of Christ, the "accuser of the brethren," had much influence in bringing a cloud over his soul, and binding his mind down to an *exclusive* view of his own utter inability and his lack of the lively exercise of faith and love, forgetful of the Lord Jesus as the *object* of faith and love, I would sometimes, as gently yet as pointedly as I could, suggest this to him. Almost always he discerned the snare of the fowler, and would lift up his hands and cry, "O this wretched unbelief! Lord, help me! Lord, have mercy on me!" Indeed, I may say that during the last twelve months of his life, hearty prayers and deep confessions broke from him day and night, especially whilst reading the word of God, which he would do at times for two or three hours together. Often was he overheard, when thinking he was alone, lamenting his sinfulness and helplessness, and earnestly entreating for the Lord's presence. I must say, I never met with one more thoroughly sensible of the inward depravity of nature, and of human inability to any good thing as pleasing to God, than he, nor one more self-debasing and self-loathing. His expressions were not mere lip-words; they were the echoes of his heart. Truly, if the Lord had demanded of him as he did of Job: "Deck thyself now with majesty and excellency, and array thyself with glory and beauty," he would have replied as Job: "I know *thou* canst do everything," and "I will demand of *thee*, and declare *thou* unto me;" and, "Behold, I am vile! Wherefore I abhor myself in dust and ashes." But he had some bright

seasons,—and would talk most sweetly about the things of God, looking for the mercy of the Lord Jesus unto eternal life." Often at night, when my sister and nieces went to bid him good night, his mind has been full of "good matter," the result, under the influence of the Spirit, of his day's reading, meditation, and prayer; and he would give vent to it with a happy frame of soul and a brightened countenance.

A short time before his last sickness he was much refreshed with our Lord's words: "The Father himself loveth you, because you have loved me." He would frequently, for some days after, speak of the words, commenting on them, and he said he saw more in them than he could express. He said he was sure he loved Jesus with all his heart, and that that was a full evidence of his interest in the Father's everlasting love.

Soon after this, when he was lamenting to me his felt great deficiencies and barrenness of soul, I repeated these words to him: "I am the Lord; I change not; therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed." He lifted up his hands and said with great energy, "Blessed truth! What would become of me were it not so? I have nothing else to rest upon. But O! I have most abominably slighted him."

At the beginning of January, 1869, having just entered on his 92nd year, my dear father was seized with a bronchitic affection, which brought on distressing weakness, and made it painful for him to converse. His mental power was strong, but his bodily weakness was great; and these produced great agitation, so that he would sometimes express his fears of losing his senses, which he greatly dreaded. But still he was able, at times, to speak with clearness of judgment on the things of God, and with some measure of sweet hope. He did so to his medical attendant, which made him observe that it was pleasant to hear one so aged speak so profitably; that he had often visited the aged sick, but he had rarely met with one so favoured as he.

From the first of the attack he felt assured it was his last sickness; and this impression deepened as the days passed on; but he had no apparent fear of death. Indeed, he now began to long for its approach, that he might enter into rest. At one time the doctor said in his presence that there was hope of his rallying again, though he might first linger in his present weak state for two or three weeks. My father expressed his disappointment at the postponement, as it were, of his anticipated speedy departure to his home of rest.

After this he sometimes sank very low in mind. Here I would observe, by the way, my father was very tenacious of and zealous for the prominent doctrines of grace; but very jealous, both of himself and others, lest those doctrines should be rested in with a mere natural faith without the grace and virtue of them wrought in the heart by God the Holy Ghost. No superficial evidences of a work of grace in the heart would satisfy him; consequently, when darkness spread over his mind and obscured God's work in

his soul, he was distressed and filled with subtle arguments against himself on account of his deficiencies of godly fruit. Doubtless, this extreme jealousy and caution the adversary made much use of at this time, to draw the eye of his faith from the Lord Jesus and his blood and righteousness as the only and solid resting-place of hope and consolation for a distressed soul. Once, when seeing him much cast down and "refusing to be comforted," because of the seeming scantiness of his evidences of being a real child of God, I took the opportunity to say that I believed the Lord suffered his present and former experiences of God's work in his heart to be hidden from him that he might have more direct and solid faith in the perfection of Christ as his all in all; and that it would not surprise me if a darker cloud darkened all within him, that he might cast his anchor only upon the glorious fulness of Jesus Christ. He made no reply, and became absorbed in deep thought.

The next day I again visited him. He was then suffering from great exhaustion of body, and scarcely able to converse. I said to him in a way of inquiry, "Looking unto Jesus?" This was a week before his death. With much emphasis, he said, "I have nothing else to look to! Ah! He must have me quite and altogether as I am. He must take me, and have me just as I am, with all I am." And, then, "Lord, help me! Help me." I said, "The dying thief prayed, 'Lord, remember me;' and Jesus said to him, 'Thou shalt be with me in paradise.'" He looked up at me with an expressive countenance, and said, "I am just like him; I am hanging there like him." A friend (Mr. Gray) then came in and repeated to him Newton's lines:

"On the Rock of Ages founded," &c.

My father brightened up, raised his arms, and said with energy, "Blessed Newton! I wish I was with him." (In his early days he had heard Newton preach.) Mr. Gray then reminded him of the time, more than 60 years ago, when he was so blessed in Tottenham Court chapel from the words: "It shall be said of thee, What hath God wrought!" This moved his heart, and he exclaimed aloud, "Blessed circumstance! I shall never forget it!" Then, lowering his voice, as if momentary diffidence made him ponder, he said, "But according to my present feeling I can't see how it will be made good to me."

During the last week of his life he frequently said, "I know I am dying," and often cried out, "Lord, come and take me." Once he said to my sister, "I want to die. I try to die. Lord, enable me to die."

On Jan. 25th, my niece said to him, "You would like to depart to be with Christ?" He replied, "Yes, I should; if I knew I was accepted in the Beloved." "But," she said, "you are not without hope?" "No," said he, "I am not. God forbid! I know that truth: 'Whom once he loves he loves unto the end.' I have enjoyed these things; and, as Mr. Hart says,

"If these can alter I must fall."

About two hours before his death I was with him. I found him too exhausted to hold converse; but he was sitting up in bed. He seemed in a dozing condition. I thought he could not well hear or listen to what was said. My sister being present, I read 2 Cor. iv., beginning at verse 8: "We are troubled on every side;" and part of v.: "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved," &c.; and then engaged in prayer, praying mostly for my dear father, for death-bed blessings, so needful for one in such solemn circumstances as he then was. When I had concluded, he took my hand, and said, "May God Almighty answer your prayers for me!" This was my last interview with him, and they were the last words I heard from him.

After I left him (it was at night), he got much weaker. He was scarcely able to articulate a word. About an hour before his departure, being in much bodily distress through weakness, his granddaughter, H. Greenway, said to him, "You would like to depart to see Jesus?" He replied, "Yes, I should."

About five minutes before he expired, sitting up in bed, he cried out with a clear, distinct voice, "Make haste, O my Beloved!" His breathing immediately became very faint, and, as my sister was gently laying his head down on the pillow, he softly and peacefully breathed out his soul into the everlasting embrace of his Beloved.

BENJ. ANGEL.

CHRISTMAS.

I, BY faith, would Jesus see
In the manger laid for me;
Born to save me from my sin,
And my heart to him to win.

I his life on earth would trace,
Look with wonder at his grace,
And with admiration see
Him, though rich, made poor for me.

I his Person, too, would scan;
View him both as God and Man,—
Holy, blessed mystery!
Great to mediate was he.

He whom sinners did revile
Came on earth to reconcile;
And by his atoning blood
Bring his people home to God.

To Gethsemane I'd go;
There would witness Jesu's woe;
See him weltering in his gore,
Sweating blood from every pore.

Thence to Calvary I'd flee;
See him pierced and cursed for me;
Dying on the cross for sin,
Me from wrath and hell to win.

A. H.

A D E A R T H.

To the Editor of the "Gospel Standard."

Dear Sir,—Will you allow me to trespass upon your time to the extent of half a sheet of paper?

In this town, with its 60,000 inhabitants, and its 50 places of worship, there is not a single cause of truth. Error, in its most dangerous forms, is rife, and fearlessly opposes the truth of God; whilst hundreds of professors, whom I personally know, are sunk in the form of godliness, whilst denying the power. The Lord, I trust, has shown me, in some measure, the utter emptiness of everything short of *His own* work in the soul; but I know of no nearer place where the gospel of God's grace is proclaimed than Nottingham. I have been thinking of late that you might possibly just briefly state the wretched state of this wicked town on the "G. S." cover, under the list of supplies. Perhaps the Lord would open a way. And O what a mercy if he would light a candle in such a dark place!

I do not know half a dozen here who hold the doctrines of grace as set forth in the "G. S.;" but surely there must be *some* among so many who have not bowed the knee to Baal.

May the Lord bless you in your work.

I am, dear Sir, Yours respectfully,

Derby, Sept. 6, 1870.

W. W.

 TRIALS SENT IN LOVE.

My dear Friend,—Yours to hand yesterday morning. I am sorry for you in your trials by the way; but I do not see how you can in any way escape them, since the Master has said, "In the world ye *shall* have tribulation." But through rich mercy at the same time there is a blessed, "Be of good cheer." It is my lot to have many and sharp trials, but I well deserve them. What I want is to see the hand of the Lord in them, in his mercy and sovereign goodness, to sanctify them. I want to see his ever-glorious Majesty in each fire that is to try me, that I may sing, in the spirit and with the understanding also, with the poet:

"Trials must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,
This is happiness to me."

The Lord has given me a home in a prison for many years,* and though vile as I am, food and raiment and I hope himself also; and I owe no man anything. But what a wretch I am, often murmuring and repining with blessings all around me! And alas! Like David, I have often felt envious at the proud, and thought them happy, when I saw the prosperity of the wicked; but when I get into the sanctuary of God, into a precious Christ

* Not as a culprit.

by faith, then understand I their end; and when I see so many, many, many far worse off than my unworthy self, and without the fear of God before their eyes, the mouth of murmuring is stopped, and my vile head is in the dust. Without ballast in my poor weak vessel, what would become of me? Dear Cowper says:

“Did I meet no trials here,
No chastisements by the way,
Might I not with reason fear
I should be a cast-away?”

But I must not trouble you with any more of my poor scrawl. I hope that your short stay in C. may prove beneficial to body and soul, and the Lord alone be glorified.

Yours sincerely,

Sept. 30, 1870.

H. W. HOPEWELL.

A LETTER BY THE POET COWPER.

My dear Cousin,—I agree with you that letters are not essential to friendship, but they seem to be a natural fruit of it, when they are the only intercourse that can be had. And a friendship producing no sensible effect is so like indifference that the appearance may easily deceive even an acute discerner. I retract, however, all that I said in my last upon this subject, having reason to suspect that it proceeded from a principle which I would discourage in myself upon all occasions, even a pride that felt itself hurt upon a mere suspicion of neglect. I have so much cause of humility, and so much need of it too, and every little sneaking resentment is such an enemy to it, that I hope I shall never give quarter to anything that appears in the shape of sullenness or self-consequence hereafter.

Alas! If my best Friend, who laid down his life for me, were to remember all the instances in which I have neglected *Him*, and to plead them against me in judgment, where should I hide my guilty head in the day of recompense? I will pray, therefore, for blessings upon my friends, even though they cease to be so, and upon my enemies though they continue such. The deceitfulness of the natural heart is inconceivable. I know well that I passed upon my friends for a person at least religiously inclined, if not actually religious; and what is more wonderful, I thought myself a Christian when I had no faith in Christ, when I saw no beauty in him that I should desire him; in short, when I had neither faith, nor love, nor any Christian grace whatever, but a thousand seeds of rebellion instead, evermore springing up in enmity against him. But, blessed be God, even the God who is become my salvation, the trial of affliction and rebuke for sin has swept away the refuge of lies. It pleased the almighty, in great mercy, to set all my misdeeds before me. At length, the storm being past, a quiet and peaceful serenity of soul succeeded, such as ever attends the gift of lively faith, in the all-sufficient atonement, and the sweet sense of mercy and pardon purchased

by the blood of Christ. Thus did he break me and bind me up; thus did he wound me, and his hands made me whole.

My dear cousin, I make no apology for entertaining you with the history of my conversion, because I know you to be a Christian in the sterling import of the appellation. This is, however, but a very summary account of the matter, neither would a letter contain the astonishing particulars of it. If we ever meet again in this world I will relate them to you by word of mouth.

Yours, my dear Cousin, affectionately,

Huntingdon, April 4, 1766.

W. COWPER.

REVIEW.

Memorials of the Mercies of a Covenant God while Travelling through the Wilderness; being the Autobiography of John Kershaw, of Rochdale.—London: Gadsby, Bouverie Street.

(Concluded from page 436.)

WE deeply feel that a volume so full of profitable detail, so weighty in spiritual instruction, and rich in comfort, as Mr. Kershaw's, requires a much more able pen than ours to speak its worth. We can, however, sincerely affirm that it is not only with unabated interest that we have read the book, but much of it with a very softened feeling, and parts of it with tears. And beyond a desire to testify our warmest esteem to the memory of the beloved author, as well as a willingness to serve, though it be in a feeble way, the church of God, we wish to disclaim all other pretensions; and hope our readers will receive our remarks as kindly as we intend them for their comfort and encouragement in the things of God.

In our first notice of the "Autobiography," we traced a little of Mr. Kershaw's early life, following him through some of his exercises and conflicts, down to the time of his clear and blessed deliverance into Gospel liberty. But as the account of his deliverance could not be admitted in the "Standard" for last month, we give it here.

As in nature, the brightest day is often preceded by the most tempestuous, so it is not unfrequently the case that just upon the eve of the soul's jubilee, its bondage is as sore and its captivity as bitter as in any previous experience of wrath, fear, and terror, whilst under the hand of a just and holy God. This seems to have been the case with Kershaw. He says, "The nearer my deliverance approached, the greater was the burden and distress of my soul;" and he describes that state in a most humble and affecting manner.

And then follows an account of his deliverance into the blessed and glorious liberty of the gospel:

"Whilst pondering on these things, the following words came with such power upon my mind, as though I had heard them spoken by an audible voice: 'O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from this body of sin and death?' I was so struck with their import that I stood

amazed, saying to myself, 'These are the words of Paul in the seventh chapter to the Romans. He was a good and gracious man, a minister of Jesus Christ, and the great apostle of the Gentiles. If he had thus to complain of sin and wretchedness, who can tell but I may be a child of God after all my fears and temptations?' The latter part of the chapter flowed into my mind like a river. I could truly say, 'For that which I do I allow not; for what I would, that do I not; but what I hate, that do I. For the good that I would I do not; but the evil that I would not, that do I. I find then a law, that when I would do good, evil is present with me.' My soul was greatly encouraged. I found I was brother and companion with Paul in this path of internal tribulation and Christian experience. I hastened home, anxious to get my Bible, in order to examine the chapter through. I read it with such light, life, power, and comfort as I had never felt before; so pleased and blest in my soul that I began to read the next chapter, commencing thus: 'There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit.' As I read these precious words, their blessed contents were brought into my soul with power and glory. I saw and felt that I was in Christ Jesus, saved with an everlasting salvation. The burden of sin was removed, my conscience cleansed by an application of the precious blood of Jesus Christ. I felt the sealing testimony of the Holy Spirit of God that I stood complete and accepted in the Beloved. I read the chapter through with a joy I cannot describe. I now knew my election of God, and that no charge could ever be brought against me, because Christ had died for my sins, and was raised again from the dead for my justification; that he ever lives to make intercession for me, and would receive me into his kingdom of glory. The love of Christ was shed abroad in my heart; I saw and felt that nothing could separate me from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. How precious and glorious were the truths contained in this chapter to my soul on that memorable evening; and often, in reading and preaching, when I have cited portions of it, I have felt a little of the same sweetness and savour."

We promised last month to refer again to Mr. Gadsby's first visit to Rochdale. It was a notable incident in Kershaw's history; being, as we before observed, the first link in the chain that led to the building of Hope Chapel, Rochdale. Mr. Kershaw had first attended Hall Fold Chapel with his father; but not being able to hear the ministry with power and profit, he met with the Baptists, and heard a Mr. Littlewood, whose ministry he found more suited to his spiritual needs. He became so attached to this place that once, when standing on a hill near the chapel, he surveyed the building, and said in his heart, "That is the place I intend to worship in as long as I live, and there too I hope to be buried." A contention, however, shortly afterwards broke out among the people, and caused a division in the church. One of the oldest members having heard from a friend at Manchester that a good and gracious man of God, of the name of Gadsby, was preaching in the Baptist chapel, St. George's Road, and that he had heard him with much profit, several of Mr. Littlewood's members made a purpose-journey to Manchester to hear Mr. Gadsby for themselves. They all bore testimony to the word of God's grace from the lips of his own-sent servant. "Really, I must say," said one, "he is the best preacher I ever

heard in my life. I was never so blessed under any ministry before. He does not preach a new gospel; it is the old gospel, brought forward in a way, so blessedly calculated to meet the cases of the Lord's tried family." As all who went brought a good report of Mr. Gadsby's preaching, a much larger number expressed their intention of going the following Sabbath. But one of the deacons, fearing the consequences of so many members being absent on a Sunday, proposed that their own minister should be asked to allow Mr. Gadsby to come and preach in his pulpit; "We can then," he said, "all hear him without leaving our own place of worship." The friends very gladly accepted this proposal; but, to their surprise, their minister angrily refused, saying, "Mr. Gadsby is an Antinomian, and an enemy to the cross of Christ; and he shall never set his feet in my pulpit." So great was the dissatisfaction of the people at what they considered "an improper and arbitrary spirit," in refusing their request, that many more went to Manchester than otherwise would have gone. It also led to their inviting Mr. Gadsby to come to Rochdale, and preach in a private house; to which he consented; and preached his first sermon in that town, in the month of May, 1807, from Jas. i. 25. Powerful was the effect on the people's minds of that day's preaching. Mr. Kershaw said, many years after, he should never forget the earnest, fervent manner in which Mr. Gadsby gave out the following verse:

"Forbid it, mighty God,
Nor let it e'er be said,
That we, whose sins are crucified,
Should raise them from the dead."

We can easily believe with what energy and power the above lines fell from Mr. G.'s lips. Mr. Gadsby was not the man to be moved by a clamorous cry of "Antinomianism." The sovereign distinguishing truths of grace had been too deeply burnt into his soul. He had too frequently realized their power and blessedness in proclaiming them, and too well understood how much the enmity of the carnal mind was stirred up by them, to be alarmed at any cry of being an "Antinomian," through holding and preaching such doctrines.

Suffice it to say that as God had a purpose to accomplish, as in the separation of Paul and Barnabas, he suffered the spirit of dissatisfaction to continue in Mr. Littlewood's church, till nine members were separated from communion, because they refused, as a matter of conscience, to promise that they would desist from hearing and supporting Mr. Gadsby. They first began to meet together in a farm-house, and afterwards in a school-room; where they continued till their hands were strengthened to lay the first brick of Hope Chapel. Thus, like the acorn which embodies the gigantic oak, these nine members formed the nucleus of that highly-favoured and prosperous cause of truth, where Mr. Warburton was first settled, and where Mr. Kershaw subsequently laboured with such abundant success, for more than fifty long years.

Before, however, closing this interesting section of the "Autobiography," it is but just to the memory of Mr. Littlewood to say Mr. Kershaw quite believed him to be a good and gracious man. He says,

"He was thirty-three years in the town, an ornament to that gospel which he preached to others. His kindness and liberality to the Lord's poor was unbounded; and he lived long enough to prove that Mr. Gadsby was no enemy to the cross of Christ; but one of the greatest champions in his day for the honour and glory of the Redeemer's person, and a finished salvation, so blessedly adapted to meet the case of a poor lost sinner."

In passing on, it is but a brief reference that we can make to Mr. Kershaw's baptism, which follows next in order in the volume. Having been convinced of its scripturalness, from the first time he saw it administered, he felt it both his duty and privilege to follow the Lord in the much-despised ordinance; and as there were several others who had not been baptized, Mr. Gadsby was invited to come and conduct the service, which he kindly agreed to do; and nearly 2000 persons gathered together at the open stream, where the solemn ordinance took place. Mr. Gadsby, who was then about thirty-six years of age (Mr. Kershaw being about seventeen), stood on a bank to address the crowd. He spoke from Jno. v. 39: "Search the scriptures;" and so powerful was his voice that Mr. Kershaw says the sound of it could be heard a mile off. It must have been an imposing sight, and a very solemn service. The account of it has much reminded us of our own baptism, which was very similarly conducted; and we can say with Mr. Kershaw, our convictions of the truth of it have, through the mercy of God, remained from the first unaltered. If any change has taken place, it is that the strongest arguments we have ever read against baptism have, when tested by the plain statements of scripture, appeared so weak and flimsy that they have only tended to deepen our convictions, and confirm us in our belief of it all the more.

Mr. Kershaw entered the married life comparatively in his youth; and in a few years a growing family, the high price of provisions, and low wages, plunged him and his family into great temporal difficulties. Like Moses, who had to pass through forty years' hard trial in the wilderness, before the Lord could use him as a leader of Israel's tribes; so the Lord saw fit to keep John Kershaw much in the furnace, for the trial of his faith, that by "terrible things in righteousness" he might be a fitter instrument for the Lord's use, in the solemn and important work of the ministry, to which, after his baptism, he was so soon to be called. With increased circumstantial trials, his poor mind sank into a bewildered, wretched state. His sweet frames declined, his joys withered, and his faith and hope seemed ready to expire. Lamentations iii., he says, was very applicable to him; he could say, "I am the man that hath seen affliction by the rod of his wrath." He had no heart for reading or hearing,

but a backwardness to everything that was spiritually good; and at times he was sorely tempted to run away, and leave wife, children, creditors, and all his troubles behind him. But the fear of God in his heart was "a fountain of life to depart from the snares of death." By this godly fear, which, as Hart says, is

"An unctuous light to all that's right,

A bar to all that's wrong,"

he was preserved, and never permitted to give the enemies of God an occasion to blaspheme.

Having waded through much providential trial, through much darkness of mind, and conflict in his soul, which made him, he says, as a dumb man amongst his brethren, with a muzzle upon his mouth and a yoke upon his jaws, the Lord's time came to give him another deliverance, which he thus describes:

"One day, when on my knees in this solitary place, pouring out my strong cries and groanings to the Lord for help and deliverance, the following words were brought to my mind by the blessed Spirit with such power, sweetness, and heavenly dew that I hope never to forget the joy I felt that day: 'The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and his ears are open to their cry.' (Ps. xxxiv. 15.) With them there came into my soul such life, love, power, liberty, and assurance that I felt all my darkness, hardness, fears, and temptations immediately depart. I burst into a flood of tears, and said, 'Dear and blessed Lord, and are thine eyes over such a poor sinful, polluted, miserable wretch as I am? And have thine ears been open to my poor prayers, breathings, and longings after thee?' My blessed Lord said, 'Yes; mine eyes are over thee, and mine ears attentive to thy cries, notwithstanding all thy fears and misgivings.'"

His call to the ministry he dates from this deliverance. It was when upon his knees, as described in the above extract, that the power of the Lord came upon him in a manner he had never felt before, moving him to preach the gospel to poor perishing sinners. He says,

"I felt such bowels of mercy and compassion towards them that my soul longed to tell them of his love and tenderness. O what a strong desire I felt in my soul to speak a word in season to them that are weary, to tell them how I had proved to the joy and satisfaction of my soul that the Lord is faithful to all his promises and covenant engagements. I felt sometimes like a bottle ready to burst, and earnestly besought the Lord that I might be raised up by his great power, fitted and qualified by him to preach the gospel to the comforting of his people, and the ingathering of his elect."

We might, if space permitted, give long extracts here, which show, in the clearest possible manner that his impressions from the first about the ministry were from the Lord. His deep and severe exercises of soul,—the way in which the word of God was very remarkably unfolded to his understanding,—and the particular views he took of the ministry,—that none but God could make him what a minister must be, in order to be a real blessing to the Lord's tried and afflicted people, all go to prove that the Lord was fitting and qualifying him for the great and solemn work.

For some time, however, he kept what was passing in his mind about preaching quite to himself, which no doubt the enemy took a great advantage of, and made the more terrible havoc with his soul:

“‘What!’ said the tempter, ‘such an insignificant creature as thou art,—a compound of ignorance, poverty, and distress, persecuted and set at nought by the world, and withal such an illiterate creature that thou canst but just read and write,—what! Thou set up for a preacher and teacher! Why, the whole country will be up, and thou wilt be hooted through the streets, if ever it gets known thou hast got it into thy head to be a parson.’”

Remaining for some time under the temptation that it was vain and foolish to ask God to send him forth to preach, he sank very low, and became wretchedly dark and miserable in his mind. The enemy moreover doubled his attacks upon him, by assailing him on the authenticity of scripture,—pointing him to its apparent contradictions, and thereby haunting him with such a continual flood of infidel thoughts that he became quite weary of his life, and greatly longed to get rid of all thoughts of becoming a minister. His sorrowful and dejected state was again marked by his neighbours, who raised the old cry that he had read the Bible and studied religion till he was gone out of his mind. Thus, as he says, “According to public report, I was twice crazy; first when the Lord was making me in some measure sensible of what I was as a lost sinner, and again when he was about to put me into the ministry.” This was indeed a fiery trial. But what a mercy that nothing can overturn the purpose of God, or cause his counsel to fall to the ground. The Lord having a special purpose to fulfil in calling him forth to preach the word of life, neither flames of trial nor floods of temptation could thwart the purpose of God concerning him, nor quench the convictions of the blessed Spirit in his own soul. When God’s time came to anoint and endue him with power from on high,—to touch his lips, and say, “Go in this thy might, and thou shalt save Israel out of the hands of the Midianites,”—he felt the word of God in his heart as a burning fire, shut up in his bones, and he was weary of forbearing, and could not stay.

By and by, he gets another sweet and blessed deliverance after his deep and sore conflicts with Satan, by which his fears that it was presumption to think God had designed him for the ministry were removed, and by which his former impressions that it was the will of God so to use him were strengthened and confirmed. We must give this deliverance in his own words:

“The great question was, ‘Has the Lord designed me for the work of the ministry?’ One evening, upon my knees before the Lord, in the same solitary place where he was so graciously pleased to appear for me aforetime, the Lord applied these precious words to my soul: ‘For the eyes of the Lord are over the righteous, and his ears are open to their cry,’ of which I have spoken particularly in a former part of my narrative. I was there pleading with the Lord, in my poor broken-hearted way, to bless me with faith in his ability to raise me up to preach his

blessed gospel, when he was graciously pleased to reveal himself to my soul in greater beauty, majesty, power, and glory than I had ever seen or felt before. The language of David in Ps. lxxviii. 18 came with great power into my soul: 'Thou hast ascended on high, thou hast led captivity captive, thou hast received gifts for men, yea, for the rebellious also, that the Lord God might dwell amongst them.' The Holy Spirit, whose prerogative it is to glorify Christ, led me to view him as the 'Immortal Word' that created the heavens and the earth, and all that therein is: 'Who was made flesh and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory, as the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth.' I saw him in his beauty and glory, as the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth. I was led to look on him in the garden of Gethsemane, resisting unto blood, striving against sin; also by precious faith to view him on the cross, bearing all our sins in his own body on the tree, enduring the curse of the law, being made a curse for us. The Holy Spirit bare witness with my spirit that all my sins, and the curse of the law due to them, were for ever put away by the sacrifice and blood-shedding of Jesus Christ, my Saviour and Redeemer; that he had overcome the world, vanquished death and hell, having swallowed up death in victory. I felt in my soul that I knew him, and the power of his resurrection, raising me above all my sins, doubts, and fears. I beheld him by faith in his glorious and triumphant entrance into heaven, with all power both in heaven and upon earth in his hand, and that, as the Lord of the harvest, it was his prerogative to send forth labourers into his vineyard: 'Who, when he ascended up on high, and led captivity captive, received gifts for men' (ministerial gifts); '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.' I had such a sweet and solemn view and faith given me in his power and ability to raise me up, fit and qualify me for the work, that I blushed for shame that, like Thomas, I should be so faithless and unbelieving, doubting his ability to send by whom he would send, however unlikely they might be for the work, either in their own eyes or in the eyes of others. I could now tell my great adversary that he was a liar from the beginning, and that I had faith to believe that God is, and that he is the 'rewarder of them that diligently seek him.' The snare of the arch-fowler was broken, and my soul escaped. All my fears and carnal fleshly reasonings fled before the power and glory of the Lord like the mists before the sun. With a flood of tears I blessed and praised the Lord, and told him that I hoped that I should never doubt his power and ability to put me into the ministry any more."

From this time, not only were his own impressions confirmed that he would soon have a call to the work, but those of the members of the church with whom he stood in fellowship. They had watched the dealings of God with him, both in providence and grace; and one of the deacons ventured at length to broach the subject to him, by repeating what his brother deacon had said at one of their meetings, that "when John opens his mouth amongst us, whether in prayer or conversation, there is a deep solemnity, a sweet savour, and light, and life, and power attend what he says; so that I feel satisfied the Lord designs him for the work of the ministry."

We ought to have mentioned that at the period we are now referring to, the late esteemed Mr. John Warburton, of Trowbridge,

was pastor of the church; and being equally persuaded that the Lord would, in his own time, employ his young servant in the gospel vineyard, he was as anxious as the other members of the church to give John Kershaw every encouragement, and to instrumentally prepare the way for him to exercise his gift.

Our next extract will show how this was brought about:

“One Lord’s day evening, after service, I went into our minister’s house. He was sitting in the parlour with two or three friends. In the course of conversation, in which he appeared to be in a very humble frame of mind, he said, ‘Friends, if the Lord spare us until next Wednesday week, we will have a preaching instead of a prayer meeting.’ One of the friends inquired who was to be the preacher. He replied, ‘The lot will fall upon Jonah;’ and looking earnestly at me, he said, ‘John, you do not need to open your mouth any more by way of excuse; it must not be put off any longer. I have already a guilty conscience, when upon my knees before the Lord, for allowing it so long. We are praying the Lord of the harvest to send forth labourers into his vineyard, and there are destitute churches that we have to do with, crying to the Lord to give them pastors after his own heart, to feed them with knowledge and understanding; so I am determined that, God helping, you shall speak amongst us at the time named.’ He spoke so decidedly that I knew it was in vain to plead for any further delay. I did not, therefore, say one word upon the subject, but came out, bidding them good night. I had a mile and a half to go, and I was an hour and a half in going. Sometimes I stood still and leaned against the hedge, begging the Lord to be with me and bless me in the work.”

As we have wished to refer to Mr. Kershaw’s call by grace and his call to the ministry somewhat more particularly than our space will admit of referring to other parts of the “Autobiography,” and moreover, being obliged to bring our remarks to a close this month, we find it will be quite impracticable, in continuing our notice of the volume, to go on adding to the extracts we have already given; and we shall not only be obliged to omit more extracts in full, but to make our references to the remaining parts of the volume much shorter.

Mr. Kershaw’s invaluable book is unquestionably one of a thousand, at least in our judgment; and we would say to any godly reader to whom Mr. Kershaw was less known than to many, as well as to those who knew him, “*You must read the Autobiography’ itself to do it justice.*”

When John Kershaw stood up for the first time to speak before the church, he took for his text Ps. cx. 3: “Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power.” Mr. Warburton, his minister, had previously told him that the principal evidence of a man being sent to preach the gospel was the power that attended the word to the hearts of the people. That this power of God had reached his own heart, when speaking from the above text, Kershaw was able to attest. But, somewhat singularly, none who heard him bore testimony in his hearing of having heard the word with any power to their own souls; so that he was kept for a day or two quite in the dark as to whether the *people* heard with any power or not. No doubt he felt this keenly, and had

many painful surmisings about it. But on the following Lord's day he overheard a plain country woman asking Mr. Warburton "how the preaching went on on Wednesday evening." Mr. Warburton replied, "It went on well; for it was not in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance." And another, an old member, instantly rejoined, "It was downright good preaching; and it did my soul good to hear it."

Shortly after this our friend was called upon to speak again. His second text was Rom. viii. 14: "For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God." He was enabled to speak with freedom for about half an hour; when suddenly he felt dark, and straitened in spirit, and said, "Friends, it has given over coming, and I feel quite fast and shut up. So I will give it over. There is a saying that it is no use pumping when the well is dry." He had heard some people say, "If ministers would give up sooner, it would be much better than hacking and stammering, repeating the same thing over and over again;" and John Kershaw no doubt thought the same; therefore, feeling "quite fast and shut up," he soon sat down. Would it not be far better if all the Lord's servants now were to be more guided in the length of their sermons by the liberty and power communicated in the preaching, and much less by mere custom? We are such creatures of habit, and so much tied and bound to time-honoured forms and practices, that we find it very difficult, in our bitterest bondage in the pulpit, to sit down after half an hour's preaching, glad as we should sometimes be to do so, and great relief as it no doubt would often be to the people that we should. We believe that, as a rule, when "it gives over coming" to the preacher, it for the most part gives over going to the people. Not but that the Lord will often overrule the darkness of mind and bondage of soul in which his poor servants have sometimes to stand up and preach, for the administering of more abundant consolation to such souls as are in great heaviness themselves; for when the Lord has some special end to answer, by the bondage of his servant, he will be sure to lead him in the preaching in some particular way. But when a good man finds his bondage to be such that he is only able to fill up the usual time by "hacking and stammering," and repeating in substance the same things over and over again, we would say, "Why be afraid to own it, and to sit down the sooner?"

The church at Rochdale subsequently expressed its fullest approval of Mr. Kershaw's preaching, and gave its sanction to his supplying any other churches to which he might be invited;* and he very soon had numerous calls to go out as a supply; which he continued doing until Mr. Warburton was removed, in

* It is a rule, in the churches in the North with which Mr. Gadsby and Mr. Kershaw were connected, that no member should go out to preach without the express sanction of the church, as otherwise the churches might be brought into disrepute by indiscreet members.

the providence of God, to Trowbridge; after which it was unanimously agreed on by the friends at Rochdale to invite Mr. Kershaw to remain at home, and labour among them as their stated minister. He accepted their invitation, and the particulars of his settlement,—the building of Hope Chapel,—his prosperity,—the truly marvellous interpositions of God in his behalf,—his severe trials, afflictions, and labours more abundant, are all related with such telling effect that the account thrills with the deepest interest in every part.

His visits to London, Brighton, and other places for the purpose of begging towards the debt upon the chapel,—the open doors which the Lord set before him,—the remarkable way God blessed his ministry wherever he went,—the very earnest spirit manifested by the people to hear the word of truth from his lips,—the interviews he had with persons of wealth, and the extraordinary way in which, despite their previous suspicion and prejudice, God inclined their hearts towards him,—the large amount of money he received before he returned to Rochdale, with a variety of other most striking incidents, are all told out in such an honest, simple, yet affecting manner that we could but exclaim, “‘What hath God wrought!’” and with the poet,

“‘God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform.’”

“‘Enemies made at Peace,’” “‘Increase and Prosperity,’” “‘Gracious Testimonies,’” “‘Death of Mr. Gadsby,’” “‘Call to the Church at Manchester,’” are only a few of the divisions in the “‘Autobiography,’” the particulars of which we cannot venture even to notice.

Of the book itself, we cannot speak more in its appreciation than we have done already; and for all that it is, in value and blessedness, we desire to ascribe the praise to Him who put it into the heart of our dear departed friend to write it.

Since we commenced our review of the work, we have had an opportunity of hearing from a numerous circle of godly friends, in different parts, their real opinion of the volume; and one and all have borne the same uniform testimony to its acceptance. All say it is one of the best books they ever read; and one good and gracious man, well known and much esteemed in Wiltshire, told us he had never shed so many tears over any other book as over John Kershaw’s “‘Autobiography.’” We can sincerely pass the same warm commendation upon it, and as sincerely desire the rich blessing of a covenant God to attend the reading of it to the many by whom Mr. Kershaw was deeply esteemed in his life, and by whom his memory will be affectionately cherished, now that he rests from his labour, and his works follow him. His character as a Christian and as a servant of God was throughout strikingly exemplary. His moral deportment was not only bright at the beginning, but shone with a lustre of gospel consistency to the end of his days. A poor vile, ruined sinner by nature, a very mass of evil in himself, and a man in all respects

of like passions with others, he knew himself to be; and could in heartfelt experience put himself side by side with the very chief of sinners. But, through God's grace, he walked like Zacharias blamelessly in the ways of the Lord. What moral blot or blur can any man living cast upon the page of his life? If one trait in his character, if one feature in his Autobiography, has beyond aught else made us revere the more the memory of the man and value the more the book he has left as a legacy to the church of God, it is the honest, upright, discreet, circumspect, godly life and walk with which his Christian course was adorned from beginning to end. May we follow him, as he followed Christ. May our rejoicing be this,—the testimony of our conscience that in simplicity and godly sincerity, not with any fleshly wisdom, by the grace of God, we have had our conversation in the world.

Obituary.

HARRIET BACKLER.—On Aug. 9th, 1870, aged 51, Mrs. Harriet Backler.

I knew the subject of this notice 37 years ago. I was then at Haverhill, Suffolk. I saw her at chapel as constantly as the doors were opened,—in winter's cold or summer's sunshine. She was then in her 14th year. She was thinly clad, and her shoes hardly kept her feet from the ground. She had a small handkerchief on her shoulders, and wore a thin cotton frock that could never keep her warm, yet nicely clean and tidy. I often made the remark, "That girl, I believe, is one of God's thirsty ones. Surely God has opened her heart as he did Lydia's. I could not get to speak to her at that time. I saw she was an attentive hearer, and sometimes I saw the tear fall. But after that she told me that the first time she heard me preach, the word came with power to her soul. She said, "I had been used to say the Lord's Prayer, and now you said that none had a right to say those solemn words, 'Our Father,' who were not quickened by God the Holy Spirit. You said thousands of poor sin-burdened souls were afraid to say it for fear they should tell lies before God." "Well," said she, "I thought what shall I do? He says it is committing sin before God. Lord, teach me to pray. O what distress I was in! Then I heard you preach from: 'Ye must be born again.' O! what is that? Am I born again? Shall I ever know what it is? I thought while you were describing the evidences of the new birth that there were one or two I could go with, such as feeling their sins and mourning for a sense of pardon; and that God would cleanse my soul. But ah! It was soon gone, and my soul was cast down. I feared I was not one of God's elect. Then I heard you preach from: 'Behold, he prayeth;' and then you described how Saul the Pharisee, when he was a Pharisee, prayed, and how differently he prayed when, by the Holy Spirit, he was quickened into another life. I thought I must have shouted out, '*That is me!*' I went in that way for some little time. Then darkness, doubts, and fears assailed me, and I dared not open my mind to any one. Then I had a little comfort under the preaching and under reading the word, and sometimes from a hymn."

So she continued under the word all the time I was at Haverhill, which was about three years; and when I left, the poor girl cried as if her heart would break; and my wife gave her a hymn book. How she valued it is well known. That and her Bible were her companions.

After I left the place and was 52 miles from it, I often inquired about my girl. Some said, "O! there is nothing of grace in her." Well, I could not give her up. Then I heard she was gone to live in service at a Baptist minister's at Cambridge; so I still had hope. But she could not stand the place. Poor girl! She was weakly; she had not before she went there food to nourish her and strengthen her. Still she went to the house of God. And now a temptation overtook her. She listened to the voice; she was caught in the snare. She thought of a home and of a little comfort. But sin brings its own misery. She told me she tried to harden her heart to live carelessly; and for awhile she so went on. But God, who is rich in mercy, brought her down by causing her to pass through deep waters of soul-trouble. She was deceived and then forsaken; and God's awful terrors drank up her spirits. Poverty and affliction overwhelmed her; and thus, for a full year and a half, she said her soul passed under the most deep soul-distress, and she was under the most violent temptations to commit suicide; but God preserved her from that. And after that dreadful night, God graciously appeared to her a God pardoning iniquity and sin. Yea, she told me she had such a glorious view of Christ bearing her hell-merited sins on the cross that it was more than her weak body could bear; and she swooned. Those around her thought she was dead; but after awhile she came to herself again. O the melting of soul she had! She said, "How I hated myself and abhorred myself, while Christ Jesus, my dear Lord, poured into my soul his rich consolations. Promise after promise came so sweetly into my soul that while I confessed my wickedness I blessed his dear and precious name, his love and grace and redemption."

She walked for some time in a humble, childlike way, and was afterwards proposed to the church at Haverhill, and was accepted and baptized.

After this, she married a farm labourer, and had eight or nine shillings per week to keep house with. He was a good husband as far as temporal things were concerned. But she had not been married long before she was visited with a heavy affliction, which at last brought her to the grave. For 20 years or more she was a cripple in hands and feet with rheumatism in the worst form; so that she could not dress or undress herself. Her husband used to dress her before he went out to his work; then she would lie a little longer; then slide down to her handful of fire and a cup of warm tea, often without sugar, and a morsel of dry bread. Sometimes she would say, "O how kind the dear Lord is to a wretch like me! 'Christ and this crust,'" she would say, "how very sweet." There was no complaining only over her wicked and rebellious heart.

God now laid another affliction upon her. Her husband went out to his work, hearty and strong, to felling trees, and before noon was brought home a crushed mass. He lived, but never spoke, and died in 24 hours. Now a poor widow, with only one penny in the house, and yet she told me how the dear Lord raised up friends for her, and how blessedly he did commune with her. "O Harriet!" I said, "what a highly favoured woman!" "So I am!" she replied; "and if I could get rid of my vile heart I would shout 'Victory' over the devil and all things here below." "Well," said I, "we shall get rid of it when we put off the poor body." "Glory be to a Triune Jehovah," said she,

"Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring,
With shouts of sovereign grace."

In 1846, a few poor sinners desiring the gospel, the word of God, proclaimed unto them, and hearing I was at liberty, sent me a request

to go and see them; and to Keddington I went. And amidst great persecution a cause was raised, and a chapel built and paid for; and in October, 1846, Mrs. Backler and others gave up themselves to each other to walk in all the ordinances of God as God had made known to them. Five were baptized, and nine set down at the Lord's table on the first Lord's day in November, 1846. Thus a church was formed on strict communion principles, and it continues to this day. Here our sister found a home; and though she could not at all times be with us at the worship of our God, yet many times, in great weakness of body and lameness, she did attend; that I used to say to the other friends, "There is an example for us." Here her soul would triumph in the God of her salvations, in Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. How sweetly would she tell of the love of the Three-One Jehovah, and dwell with rapture on the redemption of the Son of God for all the election of grace, and also of the quickening work of the Holy Spirit. She was deeply led into the vileness of her own heart and her lost state by nature; therefore she loved an experimental ministry.

Thus we went on. When she could not come to us, we went to see her; and many times have we found it a Bethel to our souls. Though she had only a piece of bread, she never brought her poverty before us, nor complained how badly off she was. No. She loved to hear of her precious Christ, and of the way the Lord was leading us,—our trials, temptations, and deliverances.

And now let us hear about her last days.

On July 21st, 1870, she sent the following to me:

"Dear Brother and Sister in the everlasting and well-ordered Covenant of Jehovah, Father, Son, and Eternal Spirit,—Grace, Mercy, and Peace be manifested. I have a desire once more to write to you, hoping you are well in body, but more so in soul. I am still in the body, but feeling my time here to be very short. Bless his dear name,—my precious Christ, I have not lacked anything of a temporal kind, but have had what he hath been pleased to bestow; and have found his promise true, that 'as thy day thy strength shall be.' I have always felt a union of soul to Mrs. P.; but a special love to yourself as a father in Christ Jesus, and have never found one to take your place; and I still feel that union is not dissolved. I am very bad and very weak, and feel the poor clay tabernacle breaking up. The days of darkness have been many; but, blessed be the name of the Lord, he has been pleased again and again to manifest himself, and give my poor soul another sweet visit. Last Tuesday, for a few hours, my joy was great, and tears of gratitude flowed fast. I am now waiting to be gone, when it is his dear will to receive me and to give me an abundance of entrance into his everlasting kingdom. I have sent the No. of two hymns, and the text I should like you to speak from when I am gone,—hymns 468 and 664, Gadsby's. The text is 1 Pet. i. 4, 5: 'To an inheritance,' &c. And may the Lord stand by you and bless the word you preach; and may you feel its preciousness in your own soul. This is my earnest prayer. And may you long be spared to preach a precious Christ, lay the sinner low, and lift high the dear Redeemer as the only hope of poor, lost, ruined sinners. Farewell, till we in bliss shall meet to sing the wonders of redeeming love, and gaze with infinite delight upon that dear face which was foully spit upon, that rebels might live.

"Yours in Covenant Love,

"HARRIET BACKLER."

A friend, Mr. James Sharpe, sent me the following. He says, "This is what we gathered from her own lips after she had been confined to her bed some time.

"March 25th.—I and my dear wife were sent for to see Mrs. Backler, who to all appearance could not live long. When we got by her bed, she looked like death. Her mouth moved now and then a little. She lay in this state for some time. When she came to herself, she, with a

very low voice, said, 'No, never! No, never!' over and over again, till her voice was quite loud. She shouted quite loud, 'Precious Jesus! No, never forsake!' One said, 'Jesus is precious to you now. You feel him so, don't you?' She said, 'He is precious! I am not deceived after, after all. I am well now. There is nothing the matter with me now. One glimpse of Jesus's precious face makes me quite well. I can get up now, Emily' (meaning her daughter). We told her she had better keep in bed a little while, as she was very weak. It would not be wise to get up. 'O!' she said, 'I can get up. There is nothing the matter with me now.' She lay quietly a little while, and then said, 'Sing his precious praises! O praise him!' I said, 'What shall we sing?' She said, 'Rock of Ages, 143, Gadsby's.' I read the hymn. She said, 'Sing it, will you?' I said, 'You must start the tune, as you are the best singer.' She started the tune, and sang the loudest of us all. When it was sung, then she began to talk. She said, 'O! I have been impatient in waiting; but we cannot wait too long. He will surely come. Not one of his children will ever be lost. His blood will never be shed in vain. He will bring all his dear children home; and they shall be like him for ever. O that doctrine! No one will be higher in glory than another. They will be all alike, like Christ himself! O! Sing his dear praise!' I said, again, 'What shall we sing?' She said, 'Sing,

"Death is no more a frightful foe."

If ever she did sing from her heart, it was on the 25th of March, 1870. She sang, and clapped her hands as though she did heartily enjoy that precious hymn, and especially the last lines of each verse. Then she began to talk of the love of Christ to her and all his dear children. I said, 'Last night, when I came to see you, you said you were all black; but I told you then you were all fair. Now you are brought to see it so.' 'Yes,' she said. 'There is nothing between my precious Jesus and me now. All is right.' I said, 'You have that garment on that Christ wrought out for his people.' She said, 'O! So white; and it covers me all over; not one spot of sin is to be seen. They are all put away.' Then she sang his dear praises. Again I said, 'What shall we sing?' She said, 'Sing,

"Jesus my all to heaven is gone."

She sang it; and when she came to the 8th verse, she said, 'That is my grief. My burden has been because I could not cease from sin.' When asked if she would like to see any friends, she said, 'No. I have my precious Jesus. He is all I want.'

"We sent for Mrs. Phillips. She was glad to see her, as she felt she was a Christian, a sister in Christ. When Mrs. P. asked her how she was, she said, 'I am all right. All is well. Jesus is here, and he has made me well. He is the Physician of body and soul. One glimpse of his dear face makes me well.' When asked if the enemy did not trouble her, she said, 'No; he has gone, sneaking off just like a coward. He cannot come here where Jesus is.' She said, 'I see everything is sinking but Jesus Christ.' One said, 'Your case is enviable, to be favoured with such a manifestation of the Saviour's presence.' 'O!' she said, 'He will surely appear to every one of his dear children. You cannot wait too long. I have been impatient in waiting; but he has come, and so he will to you in his own time. When we were singing as before, some shed tears to hear her sing and talk. 'My dears,' she said, 'there is no cause to shed tears and fret; but rejoice and praise him for my sake. You must all sing. There is no cause to fret.'

"The above are her own words as near as possible that dropped from her lips on the evening of March 25th. The following I gathered at different times.

"After this she suffered in body for some hours most distressingly. After the pain ceased, she had another blessed visit from the Lord and Saviour. She lay for two hours blessing and praising the dear Lord. Only her daughter was a witness to this. She lay calm all Lord's day, begging that it might be a blessed day to his dear people and to her own soul. Prayer seemed to be pressed very much upon her mind.

"At another time she was harassed by the enemy. 'O! I shall be lost after all!' She tore herself, and cried out, 'I shall be lost after all!' Then she was blessed with these words:

"'O! Tell it unto sinners, tell;

I am, I am out of hell.'

Also hymn 802 was very sweet to her.

"She broke out after this manner in short sentences, as she was so weak she could not say more than two or three words at a time: 'I shall wear a crown—My soul stands trembling while she sings—See the danger overpast—For ever with the Lord—O! Make no tarrying—O for patience—O paradise of God—Jesus bids me come—O crowns of victory—O! When home I am brought, I will praise him as I ought—And lest we should mistake the way, He lines it out with blood—O! Tell the sweet wonders of redeeming love—Fulness of joy—Fair would, O Lord, I sound—Jesus is precious—He will keep the meanest of his sheep—None shall pluck them out of his hands—O shall I presume?—I shall come off more than a conqueror—I shan't presume, shall I?—O! What, gone again!—Don't leave me!—O the cloud is overshadowing again—Do not leave me—O my body, what pain!' &c. &c.

"These are broken sentences. She could only whisper them out, she was so weak.

"Now I must come to the close of her life. About three weeks before her death, the Lord was pleased to come again to give her a sweet manifestation of his dear self as her Saviour; and he told her he would never leave her; which she proved to be true. She said, 'Heaven is my home, die when I may.' She spoke it with all confidence. She said, 'My text will do well. (1 Pet. i. 4, 5.) Farewell!'

"I and my wife were acquainted with her for the last five years, and visited her almost daily in this affliction. We feel quite sure she walked, lived, and talked, and died a sinner saved by free and sovereign grace.

"She was buried on Aug. 14th, and we sang that hymn at the grave which she named, 468th."

I have nothing to add to the above.

R. POWELL.

Heywood.

WILLIAM ALDWORTH.—On May 3rd, 1870, in his 52nd year, William Aldworth, of Wantage, Berks, a member of Grove Chapel, near Wantage, for 22 years.

With regard to his early experience I can say but little, though I have heard him relate many things, such as that when under convictions he first went to the Established Church, and then amongst the General Baptists, where he would fain have satisfied that spiritual appetite of which the Spirit of God was the author in his soul; but the Lord had "laid judgment to the line and righteousness to the plummet" in his conscience, and he was at that time *scared* with the magnitude and guilt of his actual transgressions. The husks such professors as above feed upon would not satisfy him; so he was forced to flee to that fountain open for sin; and the Lord Jesus Christ, in his all-wise time, showed himself as his guilt-removing, sin-pardoning Saviour, under the instrumentality of that man of God, Mr. Smart, whose name was very distasteful to those with whom our friend was at that time mixed; so that he was

compelled to leave those mixers of woollen and linen, with a deep-rooted shyness of all such professors. I have heard him say many times, when the Lord in some degree blessed his soul, that he could have willingly put his arms round all he could believe had life in their souls.

He was a most uncompromising advocate for the Spirit's work on the soul; and for this he contended sometimes to harshness, which caused him some sharp conflict and trouble in his latter stages as to his OWN standing.

He met with many trials in providence. Soon after the Lord called him by his grace he was led to engage in the building trade, which brought many exercises as to how he should hold on. Being at one time greatly troubled about these matters, the Lord spoke home to him these words: "He that goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him;" and this was literally fulfilled, though the words were often tried.

Consumption began to manifest itself at first. He was slow to believe it, and would say, "Not that I am afraid to die;" but he felt anxious about his family. When his complaint assumed a more serious character and he was compelled to give up, he found the irritability of his nature more than a match for him. Of this the enemy took great advantage, and set on him with sore temptations, while the inward depth and pollution of his nature seemed to "disclose all its hid disorders;" and the Lord appearing at the same time to "stand aloof from his sore," made him at times "like a bear bereft of her whelps." The life of God in his soul was, however, in an agony for deliverance, begging the Lord to keep him, and wishing the Lord's people to remember him in their petitions until he was brought down to the dimensions of a little child.

On one occasion he wished me to go and see him, as he wanted to tell me how the Lord had blessed his soul, these words being a stay to his mind: "Every battle of the warrior is with confused noise, and garments rolled in blood." When I arrived, however, having had to go about a mile, the sweetness had somewhat left him; so that, on entering his room, he said, "Ah! I have only got you over here to tell you the black side." But he spoke much of the Lord's preserving mercy, and did not think he should survive long.

This was about the latter end of February.

About two weeks afterwards he wished a few friends to visit him, when he asked one of the deacons to read Hart's hymn: "Come, all ye chosen saints of God," which was a great favourite of his, and then wished him to read a portion of scripture. On being asked where, "O!" he said, "read a little about His sufferings." Our friend read John xix., and spoke in prayer. After which W. A. made a few weighty remarks upon it, and told the friends a little of the anguish his soul had been led into, that his hope had been "removed like a tree," saying he felt for the first time to be something like David, where he says, "I sink in deep mire, where there is no standing," his soul seeming almost overwhelmed; and yet how the Lord had brought him up and given him a lively hope in his mercy, exclaiming, "I am a trophy of sovereign grace." He appeared greatly humbled, and addressed those present in words whose import is contained in those passages: "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall;" and "The fire shall try every man's work."

In writing to a friend the following week, he said, "I am confused, but have been preserved through this night of conflict, and the greatest temptation my soul has ever had in all my poor pilgrimage. I was tempted to say I thought I should be speechless and mad; but the Lord, in love and mercy to my poor soul, has preserved

me to this time. I am not lost as yet. May the Lord lead you to pray for me that I may be preserved from harm in this furnace. . . . I hope I shall give him all the praise yet. I cannot tell you a thousandth part of what my trembling hand would write; but the Lord knows it all. I cannot add nor take but what he is pleased to give *me*, a brand plucked out of the burning. . . . What a mercy I am his in this furnace, instead of being now falling outwardly in open sin, or like the sow in the mire, or the dog returning to his vomit. The Lord preserve me, and his name must have all the glory. If I was *not* preserved, I know not where the scene would end; I should be the derision of the whole town. But I will leave it in his blessed hands, and may not the enemy be further permitted to assail my soul; he is too much for me if left but a moment."

He did not sink so low after this as before, but was subject to alternate changes, sometimes expressing great assurance, and then at other times asking me if I thought he should be preserved to the end, &c.

As he drew near his end, his complaint became very painful; and, owing to his extreme nervous sensibility, he did not say much, and even that so inwardly that it was difficult to catch a sentence. He gradually sank, being perfectly conscious to the last.

East Challow, Wantage.

ALFRED BELCHER.

FRANCES ANN CLARK.—On March 22nd, 1869, Mrs. F. A. Clark.

My dear wife was born in 1801, in the Isle of Sheppy, Kent. The former part of her life I do not know much about. It appears she with her parents removed to Chatham when she was young, and she used to go with her father to Ebenezer Chapel; and after a time she became a teacher in the Sunday school, and a singer in the choir. My acquaintance with her commenced about the year 1829, when she came to Zion Chapel. She used to come to our house at times, and was with my wife when she died, in 1832. I was then left with two boys, one three years old, the other four months.

Time went on, and in 1835 she became my wife. We still attended Zion Chapel until 1842, when Mr. L., the minister, left, and Mr. S. came, causing a division in the church. Forty-one of the members left and were formed into a church at Hammond Hill school-room. As I was one of the number, my dear wife came with us, and there the Lord blessed the word to her soul. After a time she wished to join the church. She was proposed for membership and accepted, and in Sept., 1843, she with others was baptized at Providence Chapel on the Brook, by Mr. Chappell, of Maidstone, and received into the church.

In Oct., 1867, she had a fall, and dislocated her hip-joint, from the effects of which she never recovered. She kept her bed above four months, but after a time got down stairs again, though quite a cripple.

About eleven days before her death she repeated that sweet verse:

"And earth exchanged for heaven."

She said, "O! How beautiful! Earth exchanged for heaven!" And then she said, "What can they do who have no God to go to at a time like this?" Then she repeated those two verses:

"Why was I made to hear thy voice?" &c.

Seeing me weeping, she said, "Why should we weep, when we know we are to exchange earth for heaven?"

Six days before her death, she said, "I am a great sinner. I have been a great sinner all my life." I said, "Yes; but Jesus is a great Saviour." She said, "Yes, bless his dear name, he is a great Saviour;" and added, "Shall I go out of time in this calm, peaceful way? Ah! The old enemy cannot come while my Saviour is near."

The next day she said, "I have had many kind friends to see me, but Jesus is my best Friend. He is a Friend that loveth at all times, and sticketh closer than a brother; he will never leave me." Three days before her death, she seemed very restless. She said, "I don't feel so comfortable as I should. I thought I should be more composed." I said, "You don't have the old enemy to harass you, and to tell you that you won't get to heaven?" She said, "No; but I should be thankful if the Lord would smile upon me, and give you a portion to read." I was going to read Ps. xxiii.; but she sank into a state of unconsciousness, so that I did not read. When she came to herself again, she said, "O that I might be in his arms for him to embrace me! 'Thy shoes shall be iron and brass; and as thy day, so shall thy strength be.' Are the consolations of God small with thee? I feel very weak, but thou art my strength. I am safe in Jesu's hands. Trials must and will endure.

"And every beating pulse I tell,
Leaves but the number less."

And then added, "Does it not, Jonathan?"

At this time she would often go off in a state of unconsciousness. Once she said, "O! I am going! Pray, Father, take me! I am a poor helpless worm. Take me!" Once, on recovering consciousness, she said, "I feel as if I was gone, and then I come back again."

She gradually got weaker, and could not give utterance to what she wanted to say. Her poor tongue was in such a state, I could not understand what she said. The last words she said, that I could understand, were, "Help me, help me, Jesus!" And in a few hours from that time she fell asleep in Jesus, without a struggle, sigh, or groan.

"Asleep in Jesus! Blessed sleep!
From which none e'er awake to weep;
A calm and undisturb'd repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes."

J. CLARK.

THOMAS SLAPE.—On Feb. 25th, 1870, aged 73, Mr. Thomas Slape, a member of the church at Gower Street. He was one of the oldest, and almost the last living who helped to form the church after the late Mr. Fowler's death. He was baptized by Mr. Kershaw.

The Lord began a work of grace upon his heart in his youthful days, which was gradually perfected as he advanced in years. He adorned the doctrine he professed by a godly walk and conversation, as all who knew him can testify.

He ever retained a lively remembrance of the way the Lord had led him in the wilderness, both in providence and grace. He was left an orphan when quite a child; but the Lord watched over him for good; and he ever realized the promise: "Bread shall be given him, and his waters shall be sure." He was a kind and affectionate husband and father; and, more than all, a man of great firmness in the truth, not being carried away by any new doctrine. The ministry of those dear servants of Christ, the late Mr. Fowler, Mr. Gadsby, Mr. Warburton, Mr. Philpot, and others, was at times very much blessed to his soul.

His complaint was disease of the heart. He lay ill for three weeks, the Lord blessing him with great patience, for which he was continually praying, while longing to be gone. For five hours one night we thought he was gone. He frequently bade us good-bye, and would swoon off; but he would awake again with a painful look of distress, and say, "What! Here still? Not gone yet?" At other times he would say, "Dear Lord, do come! Do take me home!"

His sufferings were painful to witness; but it was good to be with him to hear the sweet words he frequently uttered. At one time he said

he desired to depart and be with Christ, which is far better. Then he would quote the following lines:

“ I feel this mud-wall cottage shake,
 And long to see it fall,
 That I my willing flight may take
 To Him who is my all !”

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

“ Weary of earth, myself, and sin,” &c.

His last Sunday evening on earth he sent for the absent members of his family to take his farewell of them, thinking he was going. It was a time never to be forgotten. He blessed them in the name of the Lord, and hoping they would live in union together.

The day before he died the enemy set in very hard upon him, making him to doubt his interest in the blood of Christ. He said, “ O! What an awful thing to be plunged headlong into hell at last!” But the Lord appeared for him; and, exclaiming, “ The Lord has come!” he breathed his last, faintly whispering, “ The Lord is mine, and I am his!”

The visits of the deacons were blessed to him. Our loss is his gain.
 Nov. 7, 1870.

MARY SLAPE.

JAMES HUCKLE.—On April 27th, 1870, aged 80, James Huckle, a member of the church at Gower Street, London.

During more than forty years of my mysterious, chequered, spiritual life, I have never seen a real Christian who more powerfully carried out the character of Mr. Fearing, so beautifully drawn by the grace-guided pen of the immortal Bunyan, with many of Mr. Fearing's infirmities, than Mr. Huckle, in sweet union with that trembling pilgrim. The Lord gave him two choice marks of real grace,—the holy filial fear of God and silent communion with the eternal Father, through the eternal Son, by the power of the Lord the Spirit.

I had not the pleasure and blessedness of knowing him till about a year before his death; but from the godly testimony of two members at Gower Street I learn that in early days he had realized in his measure a little of the experience named in Rom. vii. Slain by the Lord, and a good hope raised up with a broken heart by the appearing of the Lord Jesus, he went through countless changes, the royal road of tribulation. I had often felt when he was in prayer that he was highly favoured by the special promptings of the Lord the Spirit. One night in particular, before I ever spoke to him, such a solemn glory of the Person of the great Redeemer flowed into my soul through his spirit-taught breathings, at a prayer-meeting at Gower Street, that I felt we were one in Jesus for time and eternity; and in the power of this blessing I went to him and expressed how the Lord had visited me during his prayer. Although his natural mind much wandered through disease, it was most cheering to see how beautifully that scripture was fulfilled: “ Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also;” for you had only to speak of some touch from the life-giving hand of Jesus, and then, in short but weighty words, he would show how dearly he loved his precious Lord.

Two days before his death I was trying to pray by his side. The moment I had done he grasped my hand with the greatest fervour, and exclaimed, in a solemn confiding tone, “ Christ is unchangeable.” I felt this was the Lord's manifestly anointing him for his burial; and he is now with his brethren, the fearing Christians, casting his blood-bought crown at the feet of Jesus.

J. WILLIAMS.

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