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A table of contents for *The Gospel Standard* can be found here:

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THE

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INDEX TO THE SIGNATURES.

- A., 505
 Abbott (W.), 447
 A Weeper, 43
 Baker (Mary), 25
 Beer (J.), 39
 Benjamin, 401
 Bennett (J.), 402
 Benson (S. Miles), 295
 Boorne (James), 121
 Bradford (H.), 334
 Bradshaw (G.), 248
 Bryant (W.), 449
 Bunyan (John), 138
 Burns (D.), 213
 Butt (E.), 499
 Calvin (John), 224
 Case (Thomas), 319
 Chamberlain (J.), 222
 Chappell (Eli), 171
 Clark (John), 141
 Clarke (T.), 182
 Clifford (Thomas), 153
 Copcutt (Ann), 190
 Coughtrey (A.), 43
 Cowley (C.), 95
 Cowper (W.), 429, 469
 Crouch (W.), 17
 Day (W.), 62
 Deacon (R.), 54
 Denrett (J.), 492
 Dowding (N.), 44
 D. S. B. A., 328
 Dumah, 428
 Durand (Silas H.), 194
 Eatherton (M.), 332
 E. B. M., 362
 Eccles (W.), 83
 Editor, 5, 33, 114, 161, 198, 243,
 290, 330, 374, 419, 461, 500
 E. M., 460
 Engine Driver, 129
 E. T., 83, 468
 Exerpta, 168
 Farvis (F.), 238
 F. G., 82
 F. H., 84, 427
 Freeman (W.), 393
 F. S., 157
 Gadsby (W.), 112, 368, 458
 Garner (W. R.), 385
 Gautrey (John), 274, 498
 G. H., 255
 G. H. B., 189
 Godwin (T.), 326
 Glover (H.), 281
 G. M., 71
 Grace (John), 136
 Green (W.), 165
 Hall (W.), 440
 Hawker (Dr.), 322
 Haworth (T.), 426
 Hazlerigg (G.), 56, 98, 234, 397,
 339, 357, 395, 435, 478
 Holloway (E.), 504
 Howitt (W.), 276
 Howorth (J.), 210
 Hudson (W.), 193
 Huggins (J.), 283
 Hull (Thomas), 311
 Huntington (W.), 24, 370, 415
 Ireson (R. H.), 265
 J. B., 152, 253
 J. C., 364
 J. F., 227
 J. H., 212
 Kershaw (John), 45
 Kevill (D.), 353
 Knight (John), 144
 Knill (Robert), 269
 Levett (Joseph), 503
 Leykauff (W.), 410
 M'Kenzie (John), 257, 311
 Marsh (M.), 306
 Martin (J.), 74
 M. A. S., 369
 Ma-lin (M. A.), 170
 Medley, (S), 484
 Morton (G.), 230
 Mountfort (C.), 173
 Muskett (George), 325
 N. R., 211
 Page (Eli), 337, 340, 379
 Pegg (D.), 404
 Philpot (J. C.), 97, 155, 318
 Plaice (M.), 237
 Pym (Robert), 232
 Reed (James), 159
 Reed (P.), 414
 Robins (E.), 63
 R. S., 372
 Rusk (John), 27, 68, 105, 146, 186,
 239, 278, 316, 366, 416, 451, 493
 Russell (Thomas), 400
 S., 19
 Schofield (W.), 75
 Sharp (Cornelius), 36, 466
 Siggs (Frederick), 486
 Singleton (B.), 171
 Skipworth (J.), 425
 Smith (David), 40

INDEX.

Spire (C.), 76	Vinall (J.), 32
Spooncr (J.), 208	Vorley (Edward), 363
Swonnell (T. S.), 329	W., 71
The Collier, 355, 440	Warburton (J., Trowbridge), 313
Thornber (John), 41	Warburton (J., Southill), 85
Tiptaft (W.), 289, 477	W. II., 212
Topp (J.), 168, 225	Whatford (John), 502
Tyrrell (W.), 65	W. L., 66
U., 167	Young Man at College, 142
Vaughan (T.), 159	

SIGNATURES TO THE POETRY.

E. D., 16	Smith (A.), 154
Gadsby (W.), 151	Taylor (A. B.), 135
Hammond (Alfred), 113, 280	Timothy, 53
Hennah (Ann), 70, 365, 457	T. C., 312
Hull (T.), 327	Vera, 394
J. W., 226, 352	W. D., 441
M. E. S., 268	Westlake (W.), 413
Minimus, 94	Wilson (W.), 477
Player (Mary), 242	W. W., 236

INDEX TO THE POETRY.

	PAGE
A Hope Beyond the Grave	236
A Sweet and Sure Promise	365
A Sweet Exhortation	242
E'en to Old Age will I Carry You	477
Eternal Life in Christ	352
Hallelujah!	491
Heart Breathings	16
If Ever I Loved Thee, dear Jesus, 'tis Now.....	457
Is there Hope?	394
Jesus Saves the Lost	53
Lord, be Merciful unto Me	113
My Old Bible	135
Poetical Replies by Mr. Medley	484
Prayer to the Saviour	154
Precious Things	441
Tell me Where thou Feedest,	70
Thanksgiving	327
The Christian's Conflict	312
The Dead in Christ shall Rise	413
The Death of the Princess Charlotte.....	151
The Hand of the Mediator	268
The Leper's Feast	94
The Lord's Blessing	280
The Saviour's Sympathy	185
The Weary Soul	226
Without Me Ye can do Nothing	197

INDEX.

	PAGE
A Blessed Hope	75
A Blessed Transfer	230
A Brief Epistle	477
All Favours Undeserved	492
A Fellow Feeling	183
A Happy Deliverance	157
A Pastoral Letter	449
A True Support	306
A Word about Conscience	56, 98
A Word in Season	328
Adoption	108
Advocacy of Christ	21
Affliction of Body, Health of Soul	159
All of Mercy	65
An Editor's Discretion	97
Beeman (Memoir of Mr.)	442, 486
Better than our Fears	329
Christ the Power of God	429, 469
Christian Experience	182
Comfort Ye my People	213
Conscience	56, 98
Conway Street Chapel	32, 63, 112, 149, 274, 313, 368, 410, 458, 493
Cut Off from Creature Help	173
Desiring Waymarks	25
Editor's Address	5
EDITOR'S REVIEW.—Death in Adam and Life in Christ, 374; Footsteps of Mercy, by P. Benson, 461; Naaman the Syrian, 419; Sketch of the Life and Ministry of Pastor Allen. An Address by Pastor Allen, 500; Sermon by Mr. Covell, 33; The Road to Destruction, 114, 193.	
Encouragement	66, 324
E'en Down to Old Age	364
Faith	362
Fellow Feeling	54
Friends and Enemies	155
Garner (Letter to Mr.)	283
Grace Abounding	269
Grace in the Heart will Speak	326
Grace's (Mr.) Early Experience	136
He being Dead yet Speaketh	401
I Kill and I Make Alive	62
Infant Salvation	242
Israel Not Forgotten of God	129
Inquiries and Answers	161, 243, 290, 330
Joint Heirs	414
LETTERS.—By W. Abbot, 447; J. Bennett, 402; John Calvin, 222; T. Clifford, 153; Collier (The), 355, 440; Ann Copecutt, 190; C. Cowley, 95; W. Crouch, 17; W. Day, 62; J. Dennett, 492; Silas Durand, 194; F. Farvis, 238; W. Freeman, 393; W. Gadsby, 112, 368, 458; H. Glover, 281; T. Godwin, 326; Dr. Hawker, 322; W. Huntington, 24, 370, 415; R. H. Ireson, 265; D. Kevill, 353; R. Knill, 269; J. Martin, 74; S. Medley, 484; G. Muskett, 325; D. Pegg, 404; J. C. Philpot, 97, 155, 318; R. Pym, 232; J. Reed, 159; E. Robins, 63; T. Russell, 400; T. Swonnell, 329; W. Tiptaft, 289, 477; Joseph Topp, 225; J. Vinall, 32; E. Vorley, 363; J. Warburton, Trowbridge, 313; Young Man at College, 142.	

INDEX.

	PAGE
Love to Jesus	499
Memoir of Mr. Beeman	442, 486
Ministerial Reminiscences	227
Morality not Grace	276
Mount Pisgah	319
New Translations of the Bible	318
No Perfect Church Here	71
Only Letters	141
O Thou whom my Soul Loveth	194
Our God is the God of Salvation	385
OBITUARY.—E. Baker, 334; R. Bassett, 43; Martha Beer, 39; P. Benson, 295; F. Bishop, 427; H. Bishop, 84; Emma M. Boorne, 121; Henry Brown, 504; S. Brown, 43; Mrs. Bryant, 248; M. R. Chandler, 468; E. Dowding, 44; W. Eeles, 83; Mrs. Foster, 379; W. Fowler, 212; Mrs. G. Freeman, 380; J. Fuller, 41; Margaret Gibbs, 82; Eliza Green, 165; M. Harvey, 428; W. Herington, 503; H. & C. Higgs, 40; Alicia Hines, 212; E. Holder, 337; R. Johnson, 339; S. Lanton, 255; C. Long, 253; N. Maslen, 170; Edward Meering, 505; Ruth Morris, 36; A. Moss, 426; E. Oram, 168; S. A. Paris, 211; D. Pegg, 425; J. Rolt, 256; Ann S. Sharp, 466; Mary Shepherd, 206; W. Spire, 76; M. Streeter, 382; Agnes Thompson, 210; R. Thomson, 340; E. Turner, 83; H. Under- wood, 167; Mrs. Wigmore, 502; W. Yeulet, 208; C. T. Young, 171.	
Painful Experience	404
Poetical Replies by Mr. Medley	484
Poor, yet Rich	402
Popery and Infidelity	71
Rusk's (John) Diary, 27, 68, 105, 146, 186, 239, 278, 316, 366, 416, 451, 493	
SERMONS.—D. Burns, 213; W. Cowper, 429, 469; W. R. Garner, 385; T. Hull, 341; Kershaw, 45; J. M'Kenzie, 257, 301; C. Mountfort, 173; Warburton, Southill, 85.	
Sensible Sinners	152
Some Good Thing Towards the Lord	257, 301
Spiritual Affection	440
Spiritual Church (Letter to a)	225
Sweet Harmony	159
Sweets and Bitters	369
The Hand and the Book	85
The Iniquity of the Day	138
The Inward Witness	400
The Last Resource	144
The Name of Jesus	45
The Obedience of Faith	393
The Other Side the Ocean	190
The Set Time	19
The Vine	189
The Work of God	372
To a Doubting Brother	232
To a Sister in the Faith	237
To an Afflicted Friend	238
Thoughts on the Song of Solomon	284, 307, 357, 395, 435, 478
Trials and Mercies	281
Wherefore Standest thou Without?	74
Young Man at College (Letter from)	142

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

JANUARY, 1873.

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

TO OUR SPIRITUAL READERS.

DEAR FRIENDS,—We are told in God's holy word to remember all the way which the Lord our God has led us these many years in the wilderness; and no time seems more suitable for this work of recalling the past than the beginning of a New Year. Time is fast passing away. We shall soon enter upon eternity, and it is a good thing for God's people to make, by a diligent spiritual examination, their calling and election sure. But, whilst endeavouring to assist our readers in this work, we must ourselves remember, and remind them that the blessed eternal Spirit is all in all in this matter. The whole exercise of the divine life depends upon him. Without his divine power we are not sufficient of ourselves to think anything aright. May he, then, lead us into a spiritual remembrance of the past.

But the beginning of a New Year is not only a proper time for reviewing the past, but for considering the present, and also, in a wise and scriptural way, forecasting the future. We shall, therefore, in our address, not only attempt to stir up the pure minds of our readers in the way of remembrance, but also endeavour to lead them into a godly self-examination, and such a regard to the future as may prove profitable to their souls.

We will begin with the *past*. And here let us examine two things:

1. Our past *lives* generally.
2. The past *year*.

1. When we consider our past *lives* generally, what a humiliating scene we have to look back upon! The children of Israel, when in possession of the land of promise, were to remember the way in which they had been led, lest present blessings should lift them up with pride, and their hearts should be tempted to say, "Our wisdom, righteousness, and power have procured us these things." Alas! What has our past been but one incessant illustration, as far as we are concerned, of the words in Hosea: "O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself?" We were born in sin and shapen in iniquity, and grew up to forget God; and as light increased we rebelled more and more against him. We desired not the knowledge of his ways; we liked not to retain God in our

knowledge, loving sin in our hearts, and really hating a holy God. We loved not the light, but buried ourselves more and more in the darkness. How just would it have been in God to have given us completely and finally over to our own hearts' lusts, and let us reap according to our own inexpressible folly; but he loved us with a love of eternity.

"Thy gracious eye survey'd us
Ere stars were seen above;
In wisdom thou hast made us,
And died for us in love."

How graciously he preserved us when we knew him not, being dead in trespasses and sins: "I girded thee, though thou hast not known me." (Isa. xlv. 5.) How mercifully he crossed our designs and marred our prospects! And all this because he had chosen an inheritance for us, even the Lord God himself,—Jesus. Then how sweet to look back to the time when we were lying in our blood, and when he passed by and said unto us, Live! O that implanting of divine life! This is the great thing.

How many professors do we see who have only a religion of the flesh. There is a mere natural work carried on by means of education, association, and the letter of the word and ministry upon the old nature; a Christianizing of the flesh; but no implanting of a new and divine life; no work of true spiritual regeneration. Why were we made to differ? Why was this vital difference made in us? Because God loved us.

But since this work began, what shall we say of ourselves? O how we must blush before our God! Have we been kept from outwardly disgracing our profession? That is an infinite mercy. But what shall we say of secret sins and heart evils before our God? How we opposed his teachings, how legal were our hearts, how prone to say with Israel, "All that the Lord has commanded will we do," and then, at Kibroth-hattaavah, bury ourselves in the graves of lust. What a mixture of legality and lust! And yet in the midst of all God carrying on his own work with a hand of divine power, so that we could not be quite destroyed. He weakened our strength in the journey, and brought us down into the dust. Notions of religion, even of Christ and grace, could not help us. "He brought down our hearts with labour; we fell down, and there was none to help us." O the desolation of those days! The terrors round about! The floods were risen, the fountains of the great depths broken up, and the wrath of God felt in the conscience. Earth, may be, seemed to tremble beneath our feet, and the heavens to be as brass above our heads. And then came—not vengeance, but, sing, O ye heavens! "The time of love." Jesus betrothed us to himself in loving-kindness and everlasting truth.

Dear friends, is it not well to remember the time of our espousals, the day when Christ became sweetly ours and we his, when the heavens dropped down the dew, and the earth opened to the voice of grace, and yielded the fruits of true humility and

love? But, alas! Was the scene of humiliation then ended? How have we been since? Jeshurun waxed fat and kicked, and the heart displayed more of its inexpressible baseness in our sinings against all this love than even before. We have ourselves sat and reflected upon the sad, sad falls of some we have believed to be God's people, and our hearts have inclined to say they must be reprobate. Then the word has fallen upon our spirits, "And such were some of you." Alas the wanderings of heart from God even after betrothing mercy! Talk of the old creature being mended! If this is Christianity, we must renounce all hope of being Christians, or of being saved. Nay, we believe that never does inbred corruption so display its enmity against God as where there is grace. The light and warmth in the soul of the divine life not only do good to the Christian, but bring forth the vipers of his old nature. Salvation is of the Lord; grace is sweetly free. Eternal love is all a child of God has to build his hope upon. And through scenes of sin, misery, and anguish God brings his dear children into the bonds of the everlasting covenant, and teaches them to know that he is God. The love of God is talked about. Men lightly take up the idea that God is love; but who learns this? Why, the man who, passing through the fires of temptation, is reduced to a sort of self-nothingness. Then God revives the desolated heart by the sweet truth that he is love. He pours water upon him that is thirsty and floods upon the dry ground, turns the wilderness into an Eden, and the desert into the garden of the Lord; and then we know indeed, but scarce can credit it, that God to us is love.

O what great and sore troubles has God shown us! Yet shall we complain? No! A living man complain, a man for the punishment of his sins? Shall we speak against our God? No! God helping us, may this word hush to silence every self-pitying, murmuring thought: "Because thou didst it." Jehovah, my God in Christ, has done it all. In the land of Jordan he has sustained us, on the hill Mizar he has helped us, and on Hermon's heights he has blessed us; and shall we complain? Ye children of God, ye companions of those who through much tribulation enter the kingdom, may God keep you from murmuring as well as from other forms of sin, and cheer you with a review of the past, and gird you for the future.

2. But what shall we say of the past year? How often have we thought the way would become easier. Is this the case? Is it scriptural to expect it? Does not the word of God say, "The Lord trieth the righteous," and "brings the third part through the fire?" The trial of faith is precious; for it proves its genuineness. God's gold will stand the fires, and God will have it proved to be his gold in the furnace which is to try it. How often we hear of such and such things that they are beyond nature; but grace was never designed to stop at the capabilities of nature; grace is given to enable the receiver of it to glorify God in the fires. A divine faith will believe things incredible to a

mere natural reason, and do things impossible to nature. True faith will tread a spurious science under foot, and stretch forth the hand to slay, at God's bidding, an Isaac. It sees in a divine light and acts in a divine power. A martyr's flames, a victory over the world, a renouncing of a man's own natural self, and a triumphing over the powers of darkness, all impossible to nature, are possible to a true believing. Our religion has God in it.

Now, then, how has it been with us during the past year? Sin, sin again, in ourselves must be confessed. Alas! The heart no better than it ever was. Years of profession have not altered it. That fool may be brayed in a mortar with a pestle amongst wheat, but its foolishness departs not from it. Still prone to wander from God, still rapidly forgetful of judgments and mercies, still desperately wicked, it returns to folly, and, still deceitful above all things, it deceives itself and us, promises fair, and is

"Brooding mischief in a smile."

Then, if the past year has its own dark tale of sin to tell, has it not also to speak of suffering? What changes it has seen! Who at its commencement could have guessed what its passing hours have unfolded? Probably, if foreseen, these things would have appeared quite insupportable; when they have come we have reeled beneath the blow, but grace has been sufficient, and as the day, strength has been also. The psalmist knew what he meant when he wrote, "I am consumed by the blow of thy hand." God strikes us where we are vulnerable, and we can honestly say, terrible as are the desolating strokes of his hand, we would not be invulnerable as to those blows if we could. No, blessed be God, how much sweeter it is to kiss the rod, confess our sins, justify God in striking us, and say, "Lord, not only show me why thou contendest with me, but make me submit to thy holy will, part with what offends thee, choose and cleave to what pleases thee, and, above all things, turn from these creature streams, and quench my thirst

"At thy own fount of ever-living love."

And then what mercies mingled in! God still feeds us and clothes us, provides for our wants, and even gives us many comforts. True, he has so managed to touch them that their oversweetness is somewhat taken away, and nature is inclined to bitterly mourn the loss of the pleasant relish. But was not this necessary? Were they not too pleasant? Was not the heart getting too much to rest in these things, and to say, "I shall die in my nest?" Well, God has dashed the cup with bitter; the poor heart says an unspeakable bitter. Perhaps so to nature; but then, if God gives himself the more, will not this abundantly compensate for all? "Yes," says the poor soul, "even though pressed to sense and feeling above measure beneath the burden, God, I believe, is my exceeding joy."

"He never takes away our all;
Himself he gives us still."

Well, then, the past year has had great sins and great sorrows, fierce temptations from Satan, and many, many faintings of the heart; but it has also had little helps, sustainments in those faintings, the left hand of support under the head, and the right hand of love, at times, embracing; and we may still sing of mercy and judgment, and still sing to him who has, we hope, loved us from eternity, and done such great things for our souls.

But where are we now? How do we stand at the present moment? In what condition of soul do we enter upon this new year?

1. How are we towards *God*? Can we now say, with some degree of true confidence, that though we feel so much indwelling sin, experience so many temptations, so often wander from him in greater or lesser degrees, and by our sins provoke the eyes of his holiness and bring chastisements upon ourselves, that he is the supreme object of our souls' delight, as revealed to sinners in his dear Son Jesus? Have we seen him as a consuming fire in the law, so that we dare not think of approaching him out of a Mediator, or dream of acceptance by him, except in the Son of his love, Christ Jesus? And have we had him so revealed to us in Christ that the soul has drawn near to him in awe and love; no longer fleeing from his presence, but drawing nigh by the blood of Jesus? Do we now honestly desire conformity to his will in all things,—“in all things willing,” with Paul, “to live honestly?” So that, though we find our hearts treacherous, idolatrous, and rebellious, we still can come to him in prayer, lay them and ourselves at his feet, and desire to be moulded to his will, crying, “Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting?” This may be done truly, yet with trembling; with shrinkings back of nature, yet sincerity of grace; a desire to be right, and yet a trembling over heart-idols; a bringing all to the throne for God to look at all, the heart making no disguises, and yet much self-jealousy and diffidence, and many, many fears that such poor evil creatures cannot possibly be right towards God and yet be honest and sincere.

2. How are we towards *Christ*? Is he chiefest among ten thousand and altogether lovely? Do we desire no blessings but what come down through him,—no life, no pardon, no heaven but those which come to poor ruined sinners through the channel of his cross? Do we love his gracious doctrines, desire inward and outward conformity to his gospel precepts, admire his institutions, want to know in all things his will, and to be in all respects conformed to it? Is Christ, in fact, our all in all? Or if this is too much for us to say, can we, at least, declare that we desire above all things to be enabled to stretch forth the hand of a true faith to touch the hem of his garment and draw healing virtue from him? So that the soul is at a point here, at any rate, that eternal life, true healing, strength, wisdom, righteousness, grace, and glory are all in him, and consequently says, “If I perish, I will by his help perish at his feet. To no other Saviour

will I go. I will be for him, and not for another. If he will save me, I shall be saved to his glory. Away from him I must die. This world is the city of destruction; sin is the accursed thing, and death is connected with it; Christ only can help me. I desire, then, to abide at wisdom's door until mercy lets me in. I want no other salvation than that which comes from Jesus."

3. How are we towards *the blessed Spirit*? Do we own him as one with the Father and the Son in the eternal Godhead, and feel our complete and incessant dependence upon him and his gracious influence for the entire divine life? Without him we cannot think, or feel, or speak, or act aright. We cannot believe, or hope, or pray, have godly sorrow for sin or true repentance for sin, unless we receive these blessings from the Holy Spirit as a fruit of the righteousness and intercession of Christ. Are we made tender as to sinning, and afraid of grieving Him? Does that Gospel word affect our hearts: "Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption?" When we do grieve him, do we quickly repent with Ephraim, and smite upon our thigh? Do we, when fallen, look and cry to him to recover us, and when we stand or are recovered to hold us up?

4. How are we towards *the children of God*? Do we love all who love Jesus in sincerity, desiring to know who are his and to reject none of his blood-bought children, and trembling to injure in the least degree any that are his? To wound a child of God improperly is to touch the apple of Christ's eye. The church is bought with his divinely-precious blood. Surely those cannot be in a right state of mind who are not very, very anxious to do good to Zion, and very, very fearful of hurting the least of the blood-bought children of God!

5. How are we in *the family* and in *the world*? Do we bring, by God's grace, Gospel truths and rules into daily practice? Husbands to wives, wives to husbands, masters to servants, servants to masters, children to parents, and parents to children, have certain relative duties to perform; and the Gospel word incites the dear children of God in all things to adorn the doctrine of their Saviour. O how anxious should a child of God be to take Christ and his holy religion into everything! The meanest action becomes dignified if Christ is served in it; the most glorious contemptible if Christ be not there. In household duties, in the place of business, in the shop, in the field, —O, if Christ be present, there is a something that pleases God. And thus to live Christ is true Christianity. Have, then, our trials, our furnaces, our divine teachings, our experiences, our castings down and liftings up, done something for us? The purged branch is to be more fruitful, the refined silver more bright, with more of Christ's image upon it, the furnaced gold more solid. Woe to the man who gets nothing by afflictive dispensations! God poured contempt upon one in days of old who merely grew worse for trials: "*This is that king Ahaz.*" Children of God endure chastening by the grace of God, and profit by it. It is good for them to be

afflicted. By these things they live, and yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness in greater abundance. Though the growth in grace which some persons speak of is a mere dream, there is a true growth. A year's experience in a living heart of the dealings of God in providence and grace cannot have left him where he was at its commencement. The child of God is as a tree planted by the rivers of water; he brings forth fruit in due season, he also grows. Even in the winter he takes root downwards, and there is a preparation going forward for the coming spring and fruit-bearing autumn. As the days of a tree are the days of God's people. In their troubles they sigh and groan, and, at times, pray audibly to God; in their deliverances they praise him; and as they go forward they are still learning more of themselves and more of their God. They discover the vanity of the creature, the stability of the covenant, the dreadful evil and wretchedness of their own hearts, and the sweetness of the work, offices, and love of Jesus; and thus, as years roll by, they grow up into Christ in all things, less in self and more in him; for God leads them about and instructs them as well as keeps them as the apple of his eye.

We have endeavoured to recall the past and examine into the state of our souls as to the present; let us, in conclusion, cast a glance forward into *the future*. But here we may be met with the question, "Is it right?" Does not Watts say,

"My God, I would not long to see
My fate with curious eyes;
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise?"

To this we agree. We would not ask our readers to attempt to look with curious or over-anxious eyes into the future; but there is a wise consideration which may prove very beneficial. Peter tells us that it is well for us to arm ourselves with the mind of Christ in this respect,—to have a preparedness to suffer in the flesh. We know not *what* troubles may arise during the year now entered upon; but we may assuredly expect troubles, and it is desirable to be prepared even for the worst. If we consider the state of the world generally, we see mighty powers contending for the mastery,—intellectual and social powers. Popery on the one hand, infidelity on the other, are descending, so it appears, into the arena for a mighty conflict; constituted authority is entering upon a tremendous battle with the overturning powers of Communism. We believe that it is not man merely contending against man, but that principalities and powers are veiled behind these human agencies; that spiritual powers are really contending in these matters. Now, whether Popery is the conqueror or infidelity, authority or socialism, we believe God's true people may expect to be the victims. No mercy will be shown to them; they will inevitably be the offscouring of all things. Satan will work in the children of disobedience to their

destruction, were it possible. We see also in these days a rapidity of motion in events which is exceedingly startling. What was accomplished, according to the slower movements of other ages, in twenty or thirty years is now more completely effected in a few days or months. A week lays prostrate one mighty empire; a few months desolate and overthrow another. Who, then, can say what tremendous outward events may take place during this new year? Who can tell what storms may fall from without upon the church of God? Besides, who can possibly foresee what afflictive dispensations may await particular churches and bodies of Christians, or particular individuals? A few days may blight all a man's prospects in this life, and turn all his comforts into desolation. Pain of body, anguish of mind caused by the faults of others, loss of friends, may turn this life into a mere wilderness; so that, though a man retains plenty of this world's goods, his enjoyment of everything may be completely marred. Now we want our readers to reflect upon these things, and see that still fresh tribulations must await them; and we desire this, not that they may be unduly burdened, but properly prepared for what lies before them. Peter says, "The end of all things is at hand;" but he does not therefore conclude, "Be miserable." No. His reasoning is, "Be ye therefore sober, and watch unto prayer."

Now, the preparation we desire for our readers is not carnal, or that they should have grace to-day sufficient for to-morrow. The promise is of grace sufficient for the day. We would not have them faint because of the children of Anak, or expect power sufficient for the conflict before they enter into it. These things are contrary to the ever-dependent life of faith. But there are some things we would have them seek after, that so they may enter into their trials in a properly-prepared state.

1. We would desire that they should be made and kept *spiritually minded*. This is a great thing. If a storm of temptation falls upon a man in such a state, he enters it far more safely than if it catches him in a carnally-secure or worldly posture of mind. When tempests are likely to arise, it is proper that the ship should be well handled, the sails in some degree furled, and a good look-out maintained. That child of God will fare but badly in a storm of trials which comes down upon him when he is very carnally minded, unduly caring for the things of this life, or cleaving inordinately to the creature.

2. It is a good thing for a Christian man to be prepared to *suffer the loss of all things*, even life itself, for the sake of Christ. A martyr's spirit may be in a man who shall never actually suffer martyrdom. Indeed, we believe all God's people, when Christ is fully revealed to them, have this spirit; for they see in him more than in all besides. "Whom have I in heaven but thee? And there is none upon earth I desire beside thee." "Thy loving-kindness is better than life." "They loved not their lives unto the death." The merchantman sells all for the pearl of great

price; and one of our poets represents this spirit of supreme love to Christ in these words:

“Compared with Christ, in all beside
No comeliness I see;
The one thing needful, dearest Lord,
Is to be one with thee.”

This is the martyr's spirit; and Christ says those who are worthy of him must hate all things, yea life itself, for his sake.

3. It is good for God's people *to be kept watchful and prayerful*. Christ chose to be taken, as it were, upon his knees when he went to his cross on Calvary. O! It is good for God's people to be much on *their* knees. Wrestling Jacob overcame threatening Esau. Trials will not take us at a disadvantage if they find us in a prayerful state of mind; but if they catch us careless and prayerless they will make sad work with our souls. Sometimes, in waiting upon the Lord, we find he will himself give us a sort of warning of what is coming, by sending to our mind some word indicating troubles. Now it is well to beware of neglecting these intimations, and also of putting such words away through shrinking in our hearts from the trials indicated. Bunyan, before going to gaol, had the words in Col. i. 11 continually coming to his mind in prayer; and it is good to attend to these things that we may forecast a trouble by seeking grace for the time of need.

4. God's people should *adhere closely to the word of God*. His blessed Bible is invaluable. Every word of his lips therein is pure. We cannot too highly prize or too much cleave to his words in the spirit and truth and power of them. “Let the word of Christ dwell richly in you in all wisdom.” If his word abides in us it is a guide to our actions, a direction to our prayers, a spring of consolation in troubles; and when all around seems dark and desolate, God himself withdrawn, and Christ present to no sense, a light shines in the word to faith, and the child of God is exhorted to trust still according to it in the Lord, and stay upon his God.

5. God's people should *diligently use all the means* God himself has appointed, seek for light, and beg for grace to use it. Beware of idols and undue creature attachments. Sit loosely to the things of this life, and use lawful things as not abusing them. “Let those who have wives be as though they had none, and those who use the world as not abusing it.”

This, then, is what we mean by preparation for the future; and we have endeavoured to stir up our readers to seek for these things from God the Giver by calling upon them to properly anticipate the future, expecting in it the tried lot of God's people; for “the same afflictions are accomplished in your brethren who are in this world.”

A word in conclusion and a word in love. Remember that we wrestle not with flesh and blood, with weak things, but with principalities and powers. Believers, then, are not called

“To sleep or play, but fight.”

We need, too, the whole armour of God, and to be strong in the grace which is in Christ Jesus. It will be a blessed thing to withstand in the evil day, and having done and suffered all, to stand. The blessed Spirit helpeth our infirmities; this is our hope. When the life of God seems crushed out of us by sin and Satan, then we need his help, and then he gives it, not always in such a degree as we may think proper; but it is a mercy, when pressed out of measure, to be holpen with a little help. Christ's grace is sufficient, and

"He is our shield in the fierce battle-field;
To his promises faithful and true."

Hitherto hath he helped us, and may we not say, "He who hath delivered and doth deliver will, we trust, still deliver?" But let us remember that often we have to go forward where at first appears no way, to

"War in weakness, dare in doubt."

May God enable us to follow the smallest glimpses of the eye of Christ, and prize the least communications of his Spirit; for he who despises small things will fall short of great ones.

O ye ministers of God, may the Lord aid you in preaching his word purely, soberly, and wisely. Beware of any teaching which will make your hearers think lightly of sin or negligent in godly obedience. It is a sad state of things when the ministry becomes corrupt, and God permits a generation of self-seeking, unsound, or crafty men to stand upon the walls of Zion. Purity of doctrine and practical godliness must go together, or the form remains, but the vital power has fled from it. God's people have to swim constantly against a swift stream of death and ungodliness, and either are struggling with it or carried back. The principle of divine grace implanted in them is Godward and upward in its tendencies. Its very life is in opposition to all within a man naturally, as well as all that is in this world. The flesh lusteth against the spirit, wars against it, and seeks its death; if the Christian yields to the flesh in any of its forms of sloth or worldliness, of pride or lust, he gives place to that which aims not only against God but his own spiritual life. The new man's proper element is communion with God and obedience to him. The old man hates all this, departs from God, and loves to live in sin. How pure, then, should the ministry be! And how certainly it must be wrong unless harmonizing exactly with Paul's words: "The grace of God which bringeth salvation teaches us to deny ungodliness and worldly lusts, and to 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."

Children of God, attend to such a ministry, and that only, as leads you into all truth, and insists not only upon the doctrine, but the power, experience, and practice of godliness. Beware of any man who sets you down short of Christ; for He is the only rest

and refreshing. Beware of any man who would rob you of Christ when you have him; substituting anything, however fair, for the Lord Jesus. Beware of any man who would legalize the gospel, substituting the letter of the word for the power of it, and turning the gospel precept into a legal command by putting it in a legal way before you as a condition of life and acceptance and blessing, or as a thing to be kept and obeyed by your own power. Beware of any man who would take away the precept under the pretence of gospel liberty, or make light of any word of Christ under some pretence of spirituality. Christ's word is spirit and it is life. His sheep hear his voice and follow it. They discern between the letter and the spirit, and love that ministry in which the creature is laid low in a conscious self-nothingness, and God,—Father, Son; and Holy Spirit, is All and in all.

Ye burdened, heavy-laden souls, may Christ cause you to hear his voice: "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Ye thirsty souls, in Christ is the fountain of living waters; for you he died; for you he has all fulness of blessings. Ye sad and sorrowful ones, pressed down by thousands of cares, temporal and spiritual, God, by his Spirit, is the Comforter of those who are cast down. We learn our God in calamities, and amidst earth's bitters taste his inexpressible sweetness. Ye little children, whose sins are forgiven you for Christ's sake, may you be enabled to walk as becometh his Gospel, neither seduced nor discouraged by the vain conversation of professors. What is the chaff to the wheat? Ye young men, who are now daily in the arduous conflict, the Lord is with you, and stronger is He that is in you than he that is in the world. Your enemies are mighty, but they are already beaten foes, and the word of God abiding in you will enable you to gather up the spoils of Christ's victory. Christ is your armour; Christ your strength. He has grace for your necessities, and balm for your wounds; and when the enemy comes in like a flood, will lift up a standard against him. Ye fathers in Israel, may you be examples to those who are younger in God's ways. Your enlarged experience and ripened knowledge should be shown, not in sloth or self-indulgence, not in censoriousness or scorn, not in weakening the efforts against sin, or cooling the ardour of loving obedience in those younger, but in tenderness, loving admonition, and spiritual restoration of those who are fallen. In fact, in a ripeness in every good word and work.

Dear friends, grace, and grace only, is sufficient for us. Christ is an able, willing Saviour; he receives all who truly come to him. May he teach us, feed us, guide us, defend us, be our All in life, our comfort in a dying hour, and our heaven itself to all eternity.

SOME men are as apt to conclude others to be hypocrites, by measuring their hearts by their own, as others are to conclude themselves saints, by comparing their own excellences with other men's corruptions.—*Flavel*.

HEART BREATHINGS.

“Do thou for me, O God the Lord.”—Ps. cix. 21.

Do thou for me, O God the Lord;
For thou alone canst see
What in this ever-changing world
Will be the best for me.

My heart, O Lord, is in thy hands;
Do thou my *will* control,
Nor suffer aught but what will be
Of profit to my soul.

Grant not my heart's desire, O Lord,
If with it thou shouldst send
Leanness into my soul; but draw
Me nearer to my Friend.

Thou art that Friend. To thee alone
For comfort can I flee;
In every time of care and woe
Do thou my refuge be.

Yes, this is all that I would ask,
That thou my lot wouldst choose;
Mark out my path, and grant that I
My will in thine may lose.

I am so prone to err that I
Have hourly need to pray;
Keep thou my feet firm on the Rock,
Nor ever let me stray.

Affliction with thy people, Lord,
I'd choose to suffer here,
Rather than spend my life with those
Possessing not thy fear.

Do thou for me, O God the Lord,
In providence and grace;
Then, when on earth my course is run,
I'll rest in thy embrace.

E. D.

I write from experience. I have tried him, and he hath sorely tried me; and yet we make shift to hang together to this day. And sure I am that I cannot mend myself; and, as he came to save sinners, I know not where he can mend himself; for there never was a worse wretch than I am. We cannot do without him, and as he makes us know that we are lost, and he came to save those that were lost, so he cannot do without us; for he must see of the travail of his soul, and bring many sons to glory. Without him we may truly say we can do nothing, and without such as we are, what could he do? If none are wounded, there can be none to bind up. If there are none sick, what has the Physician to do? And if no debtors, the Suretyship undertakings must be in vain. If no strayed sheep, nothing for the seeking and gathering Shepherd to do, O, my brother, be of good cheer!—*Huntington*.

LETTER BY THE LATE MR. CROUCH TO MR. COVELL.

Beloved Brother,—For my forgetfulness, pardon the neglect of writing to you; and for my slothfulness, say that you will readily forgive. I certainly had forgotten that it was my turn to write, therefore wondered that no epistle came from the abundance of thy heart, seeing that thou art very active in the use of thy pen. In person, I was from home when yours arrived, and since, and still have the rod of afflictions on myself and my yoke-fellow,—light on myself, but heavier on her; not because I am the least sinner, or the better saint, or more abundant in good works. But whether afflictions are laid upon myself, partner, or family, I have no difficulty in ascertaining the cause, nor dare, nor desire to palm the cause upon others that are about me; for although, through grace, I fall not into outward sins to disgrace my office and bring reproach upon the cause of God and truth, yet do I see and feel sin in everything I say or do. I know something of the meaning of “Aaron and his sons bearing the iniquity of the holy things.” For when I pray, or read, or preach, I perceive that sin is interwoven therein; therefore I have always cause to cry, “Father, forgive, for the merits of thy only-begotten Son, Jesus Christ.” Therefore, if, through grace, I fall not outwardly so as to call for stripes, yet, from the unavoidable sinfulness of my nature, and the consenting of the will of the flesh therein, I do, and that daily. Besides, I know the truth of this scripture: “And if ye will not for all this hearken unto me, but walk contrary unto me, then I will walk contrary unto you also in fury;” and, “I, even I, will chastise you seven times for your sins.”

Thus, I take it, God's word is his revealed will and my daily rule of walk. First before him, in *faith*: “These things were written that ye might believe on the Son of God, and that believing ye might have life through his name.”

Secondly, in *humility*. See Micah vi. 8; Col. iii. 12.

Thirdly, in *love*. See Paul to the Ephesians, v. 2.

Fourthly, *circumspectly*, conscientiously regarding all that the Lord has commanded, as Peter hath it: “Having a good conscience.” Which will be the effect of believing, loving, and obeying the written word, or of doing the will of my heavenly Father.

Fifthly, with *godly fear*. See Acts ix. 31.

Sixthly, with a single eye to the glory and honour of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Now, although eternal election has made me safe and secure for eternal glory, redemption by Christ has purchased me for God, and regeneration, pardon, justification, sanctification, makes me meet for it; yet my present estate as a child—an adopted child, cannot be comfortable without walking before the Lord with the Lord, and finding him to walk with me; and also before the men of the world, so as to give them no occasion to speak evil

or blasphemously of the good ways of God. If this is not regarded, how can it be said that we stop the mouths of gainsayers, or that we have a good conscience before men, also before good men, so as not to offend, grieve, or stumble them? Without this no man can be said to walk charitably toward his brethren.

Now, for the present (the Lord be praised), I would not halt, or turn aside to the right or the left, or linger, or sleep, or move heavily in the way of the Lord. Much earnestness and diligence I once possessed in seeking after the salvation of the Lord for my poor sinful, lost, and naked soul; much zeal I manifested for the Lord when he delivered my soul; and why should I not pursue after the same manner at this time? I hope I can say the care and concern of my soul is as great as ever it was, the glory and honour of the Lord Jesus as dear as ever it was, and my main concern to finish well my race. Besides, was I to be assured of the kingdom of God, even if I walked as nature doth very often list; yet in my renewed mind I desire it not in any such way; for not only for heaven do I pant that I may escape the dreadful estate of hell, but for the enjoyment of the presence of God while in this tabernacle and pilgrimage state; for this is all my pleasure and delight to see the Lord going before, and his glory bringing up the rearward. To be at a point about my personal interest in the Lord Jesus as Paul was, and to know that I walk with God as Enoch did, is a subject of no mean consideration. My last year was attended with some remarkable interpositions, both in providence and grace, and this was one of bringing my faith to some greater strength and establishment than ever it was before. I mean when without the feeling sense of his gracious presence or loving-kindness shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost. How is this? Why, the feeling sense does often vary, change, and decline. But, says the Scripture, "For ever, O Lord, thy word is settled in heaven." And again: "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away." Besides, Peter says, "We have also a more sure word of prophecy, whereunto we do well that we take heed." Now, when sense does ebb and decline, these are testimonies that faith may, will, and does venture upon, and thus an establishment will take place. Again, in feeling sense, we may seem to be at a stand. But Paul says, "Being confident of this very thing, that he that has begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ." Here, then, is authority for a steady, fixed, habitual faith. Every year we are learning, if it be but a little. Then we increase in knowledge and understanding; then wisdom and knowledge shall be the stability of thy times, and strength of salvation. True, we are often tossed to and fro like the locust, but in the power of God we have everlasting strength. To follow sense the saints have often been misled, and often spoken wrong of the dispensations of the Almighty, as Jacob did when he said all these things were against him, and David, when he declared there was but a step between him and death.

Now as, on the one side, these and other such like cases will cause mistakes, all arising from the judgment acting from feeling sense; so also upon the other side of the question, even the comfortable sense of the love, mercy, and favour of the Lord. David with these once said, "In my prosperity I said I shall never be moved," but this was a mistake; for a little while afterwards, when light, love, and joy declined, he said, "Thou hidest thy face, and I am troubled." Therefore he was very soon moved; but when he judged of his state by the word, work, power, faithfulness, and immutability of God, then he says, "The Lord is my Rock, my Fortress, and my Deliverer;" and as Paul says, "He will deliver."

Well, then, I myself often feared when there was no occasion, and judged erroneously of my state by feeble sense; but now in retracing what is past, and viewing the standing testimonies and promises of the word and the oath of the Lord to make all valid and sure, I have humbly ventured to say, "He is my God, my Father, my Saviour, and my Friend." So, being settled and grounded in the faith, I humbly say, "At what time I am afraid I will trust in him."

Mrs. C. is very poorly and very well, in sickness and good health. I have one child very poorly; but I am labouring to say, Thy will, O Lord, be done. I know and believe that all things, however painful, shall work together for my good. The Lord bless you.

Yours in the Lord,

Feb., 1841.

W. CROUCH.

THE SET TIME.

My very dear Sister in the best of all Bonds,—You may, perhaps, be surprised at my being able to address you thus; but O, my dear girl, how can I feel grateful enough to the dear Lord of heaven and earth that ever he should in mercy look upon one so vile and so unworthy as I am in and of myself? The set time has indeed come to favour my poor soul with that peace which passeth all understanding, that which the world can neither give nor take away. Truly that mind is kept in perfect peace that is stayed upon the Lord. Every heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger intermeddled not with its joys.

My dear H., do not sink if you are not as yet able to use this blessed language, for the time shall surely come when

"Each shall clearly see
Not only that he shed his blood,
But each shall say, For me."

Wait on the Lord, be of good courage; he shall strengthen thy heart. Wait, I say, on the Lord. Truly he has a set time to favour Zion; and O, my dear, it is sure to be the best time. O! What wisdom you will find when the Lord unfolds the blessed secret to your poor soul. O that little germ of eternal life!

When it was implanted, though small as a grain of mustard seed at the beginning, it is an incorruptible seed that can never die. Truly, my dear, I have found and do still find that it is through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom; but be of good cheer; more is he that is with us than all they that can be against us. There was a time when I thought, "O! If I could speak of these blessed things with certainty, I could then settle down; but ah, no! I find I am just as helpless as ever. I cannot see the blessed chain that binds my soul to the Three-One God, only as the blessed Spirit is pleased to shine; and then, O how plainly it is seen! what hairbreadth escapes! But they are effectual escapes, notwithstanding. O! What wondrous love shines through the whole! There is indeed no spot upon earth so sweet as when the soul is realizing conquests over death and sin.

Perhaps, my dear sister, you are inquiring how and when I came to this blessed spot. I will tell you. The evening after I saw you last I had the privilege of hearing our dear friend Mr. Hull, who took for his text these words: "There be many which say, Who will show us any good? Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us." I could truly say that was the desire of my heart. He first spoke of the world, who were continually crying, "Who will show us any good?" And then turned the subject upon those poor souls who were made to feel, "What will it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" and who could feelingly say that it would give them more pleasure than all that it was possible to possess in this world to enjoy the light of the Lord's countenance, and as surely as that desire is wrought, so surely should it be granted. "Well," I thought, "perhaps the time is come at last. But no; my strength was not all gone yet; it was the means in the hands of the Lord of comforting me and enabling me to press forward. But O! There was some hard work after that till the following Saturday, when these words were applied: "Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee." There was something seemed to say they did not belong to me; but I believed that they did, and so it proved. Up to the following Saturday, O the wrestling and struggling there was! But, blessed be the name of the Lord, he did then unfold the blessed secret. It was when my own strength was all gone, and there was none shut up nor left, that he was of infinite value to my soul. Ah! He must be everything or nothing. O that blessed ring of everlasting love! Never was I so happy in all my life as then. I could welcome death; I felt

"Through floods and flames, if Jesus leads,
I'll follow where he goes;
Hinder me not, shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose."

Your most affectionate Sister,

Hastings, Sept. 16, 1872.

S,

ON THE ADVOCACY OF CHRIST.

Among the very blessed features of the character of the great Redeemer, none shine more luminously than that of his Advocacy, inasmuch as it not only includes the whole of those great transactions which, as Mediator, he accomplished while dwelling in our world, but it leads our minds forward to the very blessed contemplation, by precious faith, of what he is now doing for his dear bride, having entered as her forerunner within the veil, as the consequence of his having obtained eternal redemption for us. Indeed, it will be found true with the spiritually-regenerated child of God that it is the sweet attractions of the lovely Person of Immanuel, in those endearing traits of his character, which are so blessedly conducive to raise him above all the changing frames and contrarieties which he meets with in his pathway to glory; and this was fully illustrated in the character of Job, that man of patience, when, through the teaching of the Almighty Comforter, he was led to declare, "Also now behold my witness is in heaven, and my record is on high." (Job xvi. 19.) The same blessed subject employed the pen of the beloved John (1 Jno. ii. 1, 2): "My little children, these things write I unto you that ye sin not; and if any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous."

In attempting to speak of this delightful part of our dear Lord's character, in his Headship capacity, I shall propose to glance at it in the five following points of view:

- I. He is an *infinitely wise* Advocate.
- II. His advocacy is *absolutely powerful*.
- III. It is marked with *unparalleled affection*.
- IV. He is a *most successful* Advocate.
- V. It is *sovereignly free*.

I. In his character as Advocate, he was *infinitely wise* when in covenant he eternally engaged on the behalf of his church. He knew the depth of her case; he was perfectly acquainted with the perverseness of his bride. He beheld all her wanderings; yet these did not deter him from the execution of his great work in her redemption; for it was the joy of his heart to accomplish it; and now that he has taken possession of the throne, as the great medium of her access unto God, and the sweet channel through which every covenant favour flows, he remembers her still. Yes, of him it is said, "In all her afflictions he was afflicted;" and what enhances the wisdom of his character as Intercessor is the wonderful complexity of his Person. In his manhood he is well qualified to bear with his dear people, whilst in his divine nature, or eternal oneness with the Father in the indivisibility of Jehovah, he is privy to the secrets of every heart; not a stratagem that can be formed in the breasts of demons, not a device of this depraved and wretched world, however apparently hid from the eye of man, that can possibly elude the infinite survey of him who is our Elder

Brother and prevalent Intercessor in the high court of heaven. And last, not least, there is not a species of deception that can lurk in that body of sin and death which his dear people carry about with them, and which often causes them "to groan, being burdened," but what is under his control, and which forms part of his immediate care; for, says the dear Saviour, in his address to his heavenly Father, "I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that thou shouldst keep them from the evil." (Jno. xvii. 15.)

II. His advocacy is *absolutely powerful*. How amazingly was this feature of the character of the lovely Redeemer set forth in the days of his humiliation, when it is said of him, by the spirit of prophecy, he came "travelling in the greatness of his strength;" the full import of which was verified from the manger to the cross; so that while upheld by the virgin's womb, he at the very same moment of time supported the very pillars of creation; and he who, as man, could hunger, thirst, and weep, and be weary in the wonderful union of natures, as God his word commands obedience from devils; and even the very declaration of his august name, "I AM," prostrates his enemies, who came to take him, to the ground. (Jno. xviii. 5, 6.) And no less marvellously was this power exhibited when, in the hour of our great Surety's agony, he exclaimed, "It is finished!" The almighty force of which voice shook the foundations of nature, and drew forth that emphatic declaration of the centurion, "Truly this was the Son of God!" Here we contemplate the heroic achievements of our great Ransomer in his victory over every enemy that stood opposed to the salvation of his beloved Zion, and the efficacy of which redemption was equivalent to all that the law which we had broken required, and which justice demanded at his hands as the great Daysman and covenant Representative of his dear church and people.

Still further, let us follow our great Zerubbabel into Bethany, the scene of his exaltation, and what a display of his almighty power we behold when, as the renowned Conqueror, having completed the glorious embassy for which he became incarnate, he ascends as the great High Priest of our profession into the holiest of all; while before his eternal Majesty the high arches of heaven bow, and, amidst shouts of "Hosannah," the great Redeemer is welcomed with, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in."

III. It is marked with *unparalleled affection*. It is indeed our most unspeakable mercy that in this glorious Personage we recognize a Brother,—one who wears our nature, one who is capacitated to feel for all his poor brethren, who, like Joseph of old, has not only come down into the Egypt of our world to preserve much people alive, but who is exalted at the right hand of our God and Father, possessing a sovereign right to deal out of his covenant fulness, according to the variegated needs of the precious purchase of his blood; and though, like Joseph, he sees it

needful, at times, to try them by withdrawing himself, yet he has still a brother's heart; and as Joseph presented his brethren to Pharaoh, and by his pleading obtained them favour in the eyes of the King of Egypt, so does our precious Advocate present us before the throne of Jehovah; and of the church it is said, "Accepted in the Beloved." He is our Pleader with the Father, and the Father heareth him always; and as it is declared by the lip of eternal truth that the Lord is well pleased for his righteousness' sake, it follows that, by virtue of that complete oneness which in covenant union the church possess in Christ, he is everlastingly well pleased with poor sinners in him. And to this agrees the testimony of Balaam (Num. xxiii. 21): "He hath not beheld iniquity in Jacob, neither hath he seen perverseness in Israel;" and the great apostle of the Gentiles triumphantly exclaims (Rom. viii. 1): "There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." Here, then, poor sinner, is thy mercy, that with all thy conscious nothingness, with all thy proneness to forget thy Lord, he has declared for thy consolation, "O Israel, thou shalt not be forgotten of me; for though a woman forget her sucking child, and have no compassion on the son of her womb, yet will I not forget thee." (Isa. xlix. 15.)

IV. He is a *most successful* Advocate: The cause of his church is everlastingly safe with him. He is styled by the prophet the "Wonderful Counsellor." (Isa. ix. 6.) Of the many millions of hard cases that have been brought to him he has managed them all with dexterity, faithfulness, and love. He possesses in his adorable Person an infinite plenitude to meet whatever stands opposed to him. Not a species of unbelief nor a Canaanitish foe but is entirely subservient to his command. Yes! To the great Name of Jesus must everything bow. Poor sinner! How often hast thou approached his throne plagued with a hard heart. Thou hast come struggling with thy chains, and thy dear Lord has appeared to refresh thy spirit with a fresh sense of pardon sealed upon thy conscience. Herein he proves that his advocacy is successful; for "Him hath God exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance unto Israel, and remission of sins;" and to the same blessed truth the holy psalmist sets his seal: "Thou hast ascended on high, thou hast led captivity captive, thou hast received gifts for men;" and O! Blessed addition, "yea, for the rebellious also, that the Lord God might dwell among them." (Ps. lxxviii. 18; Acts v. 31.)

V. It is *sovereignly free*. In this view of his character he is manifested exceedingly precious to his poor and afflicted Zion. As there was nothing in her that could have attracted the love of his heart towards her, it follows that the glorious undertakings of our great Surety are wholly free. How very blessedly is this described by the pen of prophecy; for of the church's glorious Head it is declared: "Lo! I come to do thy will, O God." (Ps. xl. 7.) And the great apostle, when writing to the He-

brews, thus speaks of the lovely Jesus: "Who," says he, "for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God." (Heb. xii. 2.) Much to the same import is the language of our dear Lord himself: "I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I straitened till it be accomplished." (Luke xii. 50.) And shall it be thought that in his character as Advocate he is not equally concerned for his dear people? Assuredly not. For though

"Now he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great;
Well he remembers Calvary;
Nor let his saints forget."

The freedom of the Redeemer's intercession is still more glorious, inasmuch as it is exactly suited to the state of his dear body the church. She, like the moon, in herself is a dark body, deriving all her light from the sun. So our glorious Christ is the true light of his people, and in his light they see light.

Moreover, the ransomed of our God are declared to be a poor and needy people; and this is what every one of the Lord's people are daily learning under the teachings of the Holy Ghost, in order to the glorifying of the dear Jesus in his suitability to their case, as also to set forth the blessed freeness of gospel grace, which flows so copiously through the intercession of our exalted Saviour, those streams which indeed make glad the city of our God. (Ps. xlvi. 4.) Here the believer will find a constellation of blessings sweetly calculated to succour him in his journey to the heavenly Canaan. Here is efficacy in this precious fountain to reach to the very depth of thy complaints,—a perfect antidote against all thy fears. The promise of the Holy Comforter, in his covenant teaching, to bring these things to thy remembrance, is the blessed result of the exaltation of thy risen Lord. "For," says the dear Saviour, "if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart I will send him unto you, and when he is come he will reprove the world of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment. (Jno. xvi. 7, 8.) And all this for the lifting up of thy dear Jesus as the almighty Alpha and Omega of thy everlasting salvation, until with all the blood-bought throng they meet in that blest world above, to chant eternal Hallelujahs to Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, Israel's covenant God. Amen.

1828.

LETTER BY MR. HUNTINGTON.

Dearly-beloved in the Lord,—Grace and peace be with thee, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Never, my dear friend, did I see more need of my coming to any place than to this; nor have I had one dead, barren time in the pulpit since I have been here. A spiritual fast is a great blessing. The people came with a sharp appetite, and to a

hungry people God sends his pastors in the fulness of the blessings of the gospel of peace. The young B.s were sadly down, and the M.s at a very low ebb; but every soul is revived; and never was this chapel filled so before. Surely God is with us! I feel the benefits and blessing of speaking to a people that are not too full fed, as they are at Providence. What passes, at times, for light food there is swallowed up here, and not fragments enough left to fill one basket. I have preached every discourse out of Heb. vi., and not a few in Satan's trap are let out. One gentleman yesterday put six guineas into my hand; so I keep on sowing spirituals and reaping carnals. I hope, after this long fast at Providence, there will be some appetite and relish for the savoury meat; and you know the blessing is upon the head of all that hunger after the Fatted Calf, the Lamb of God, and the living Bread; and this hungry belly is not to be filled too full in this life, lest Israel wax fat and kick; but in the world to come we shall be filled with all his fulness. Then, it is said, they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun of persecution shine on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb in the midst of the throne shall feed us to the full, fill us with light from his sweet face, and with love, joy, and peace from his heart; and the more we are kept on short commons in this life, the greater and sweeter will the marriage supper of the Lamb be. God has preserved and appointed our good things to come at last. "Thou," says Abraham to the rich man, "hast had thy good things and Lazarus evil things; but now he is comforted and thou art tormented."

This day is Saturday. I hope to preach to-morrow, and on Monday and Tuesday evenings, and on Wednesday morning set my face for London, where I hope to arrive by four o'clock.

Farewell! Be of good cheer. Christ loves all that love him, and will reward all that fear him; and we know that we are passed from death to life because we love one another.

Grace, mercy, and peace be with you. This is the daily prayer of, dearly beloved,

Yours in the Lord,

Lewes, March 16, 1801.

S. S.

DESIRING WAYMARKS.

My dear Sister,—Again I will try to write you a few lines, though I feel rather reluctant to do so. It is not for the want of anything to say, as there is much I have long wanted to tell you, but do not like to trouble you with it. Words cannot express what I have sometimes felt. I have often been ready to conclude I have neither part nor lot in the matter, and that I have been deceiving others and myself too. I have often wished I had never made any profession; for what case can be worse than that of a graceless professor? I felt last Sunday that I could not come to chapel. I was not very well, and did not feel sorry that I was not; but, as the day wore on, I found I could not stay at home.

I feared I should be wrong in doing so. It has been a great source of trouble to me that I cannot point to any particular time when the Lord met with me; and when I have heard, or rather read, of others who could point to the exact spot where light first dawned upon their mind, I have often wished I could do the same; but I cannot. I know that God is a sovereign, and worketh all things after the counsel of his own will. I know also that his path is in the deep waters, and that he will not walk in the paths which we chalk out.

I am thankful, very thankful, that he has kept me from the frivolous vanities of this world; that he has kept me from running into them outwardly, as I most assuredly should have done had I been left to myself; but I wish I could see my call more plainly. With me it is not a question if the work begun will be carried on; I do not doubt that; but the question with me is whether the work has been begun; and I fear lest I have been building upon a sandy foundation, which will not stand the floods of temptations. Yet one thing I think I can say,—I never build upon my own works. I have felt since I felt anything of the kind that

“None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.”

And that my salvation must come from him, or no salvation shall I see. I want my motto to be “Jesus only,” and to be ever kept looking unto Jesus. I feel how little I know of these things, and how much I need the Holy Spirit to open the eyes of my understanding, that I may understand his holy word, which is able to make me wise unto salvation.

I feel an increasing desire for usefulness. Mine seems an altogether useless life. Perhaps I do not look enough to what some consider little things, but which make up life's great things. It is my desire, in whatever position I am placed, to endeavour to live to the glory of him who placed me there.

My dear sister, you ask an interest in my prayers. Could you ever doubt that you had them? Friendship is not worth the name, if that is omitted. I thank you most sincerely for your kindness in remembering me in yours. I feel I need very much prayer, but too often neglect it. O! I feel I do not value that precious privilege half so much as I ought to do; and often, if I attempt to pray, I find myself, as I often fear it will be with me at last—speechless. I hope you will enjoy the coming Sabbath. May it be a day of sacred rest. May you, my dear sister, be favoured with a glimpse of his countenance who has promised that “where two or three are met together in his name, there he will be in the midst of them.” I hope it will be a day long to be remembered.

Yours in Jesus,

Peas Cottage, April 6, 1864.

MARY BAKER.

[Some account of the writer of the above will be found in the “G. S.” for June, 1871. She, through fear, could not use such strong language in her letters which she wrote a few years afterwards.]

JOHN RUSK'S DIARY.

Saturday, Aug. 3rd, 1816.—I awoke greatly alarmed with several things, concluding that I was deceiving myself and would not bear the cross, which greatly sank me. I was compelled to cry mightily to the Lord, and I found my hope did not give way. But O! It is hard work!

A few more remarks respecting the power of God in the soul. Then observe, this power is to the faint. When people faint, you know they want help, for their strength is gone. And so it is spiritually; for God says, "He giveth power to the faint and to them that have no might he increaseth strength."

Again. This power will discover itself in the following way: First, An inward strength to every power of the soul: "In the day when I called thou answeredst me, and strengthenedst me with strength in my soul." Paul calls this being strengthened with the Spirit's might in the inner man. 1, *Faith*: "Strong in faith, giving glory to God. 2, *Joy*: The joy of the Lord is your strength. 3, *Consolation*: "That by two immutable things" (the oath and promise of God), "in which it is impossible for God to lie, we might have strong consolation." 4, *Love*: "Love is strong as death. Many waters cannot quench it, neither can the floods drown it." 5, *Salvation*: "Wisdom and knowledge shall be the stability of thy times and strength of salvation." Now all these things are in Christ Jesus: 1, *Faith*: He is the Author and Finisher of it; therefore the disciples prayed him, saying, "Lord, increase our faith," as though they had said that we may be strong in faith, giving glory to thee. 2, *Joy*: This joy comes of his fulness: "Ask, that my joy may remain in you and that your joy may be full." You see this is got by prayer also. 3, *Consolation*: Christ is called the consolation of Israel. 4, *Love*: And the love of God is in Christ Jesus: "Christ loved the church;" "The love of Christ constraineth me," says Paul. 5, *Salvation*: "His name shall be called Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins." All these things are in Christ; consequently all our strength is in him; and therefore Paul says, "Strong in the Lord and in the power of his might; but without him we can do nothing." All these promises are to the weak, faint, fearful, helpless, destitute, fatherless, widows, lost, and cast down, and are to be got only by humble prayer, groaning, sighing, panting, longing, crying, and entreating.

I have been reading a little this morning, in one of my books, of the Lord's dealings with me; and really it is very encouraging. I would advise those who can write to go on writing; for I see things which I had quite forgotten. In the midst of it the nurse came up with a three-shilling piece which my mother lent us. We accepted of it, as we are very short of money. Bless the Lord, O my soul. The two texts of scripture which distressed me when I first awoke this morning were: "He that will not bear his cross, he cannot be my disciple;" and, "But the fearful and unbelieving, and the abominable, and all liars, shall have their part in the

lake that burneth with fire and brimstone." (Rev. xxi. 8.) Now none are more fearful than I, and none more unbelieving; therefore these things sank me greatly.

Sunday, 4th.—I awoke much the same, and it was represented to me that I was gospel hardened; these things are believed in for a time. As I went to chapel I was reflecting on various things,—that I was out of work, had no money, was much in debt, Mary ill at home, father and mother near death, hated by the trade, a hell of all sorts of corruptions within, many dreadful passages of scripture which are against me, thousands and thousands of fears about my state, as weak as water and expecting to fall every day, no power to face an enemy, but trembling at going amongst them, &c. ; and that faith should work through all these things, and ten thousand times more, and lay hold on eternal life,—this is *faith's fight*, that nothing possibly can overcome; for "this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith;" and somehow I believed that I had this faith.

Mr. Gadsby's text was very suitable, Exod. xvii. 8-13, respecting Israel fighting Amalek. Moses told Joshua to choose out men to fight; and he showed that God never took *the whole* of a Christian to fight, because there was plenty in him on the *enemy's* side; but that Jesus chose "godly fear, hope, faith, and love to God's honour, and that faith was a noble champion when it had to do with the merits of Christ, but not when it had to do with the law or the sentence of death. He also showed that God tried Moses, when in another place he says, "Let me alone, that I may destroy them, and I will make of thee a great nation;" and that had Moses been nothing but flesh he would have agreed with it; but love to God's honour came out as a champion, and said, "What will become of thy great name? Thine enemies will say, Because the Lord could not deliver them," &c. The text at night was: "Come unto me, all ye that labour," &c.

Monday, 5, I went over the water to see Mr. W. Such a sight I never before saw. He is in despair. I was very low when I went in, for I had heard a good deal about him just before. He had a strait jacket on, and before this he had made three attempts to destroy himself by drawing a handkerchief tight round his throat. I endeavoured all I could, by speaking about how low I had been, and about Bible saints, to be instrumental in raising him to hope. I sat about an hour, and then left him. I then went along, not knowing what to do. I met a man who had been eight weeks out of work, and he had been in search of it on both sides the water; so I got a pennyworth of bread and walked on, and at last went to see Mr. P., he having invited me to see him on Sunday night last. I drank tea there, and when I came away Mrs. P. gave me a three-shilling piece secretly. I then went to Conway Street. Text: "There is a treasure to be desired." But all that I hear comes short of me, and I appear in a shocking state myself.

And now I will tell my reader what my distress principally

arises from. It is not from being out of work, but from believing that I am disobedient to God's will through the fear of man and persecution; for I have not power to go amongst the trade to look for work; and it appears to me that I shall be made manifest to be a hypocrite, because I cannot endure the cross. O, I feel as if I was going into the same state as Mr. W., for it appears as if I had not acted uprightly; that if I had looked out for work I should have got it, and then I should not have stood in need of help from others. There I stumble; there I am wrong. I see it, and cannot alter it; and I am very low, God knows. I can write no more at present, I am so low. Whether this is a temptation or not I cannot tell; but I sink greatly indeed. * *

Aug. 6. How very low I am this morning; never lower in my life. I have been reading about King Saul sparing Agag and the best of the cattle, and of his disobedience, and that the fear of man brought it on, which I am swallowed up with; of the evil spirit also that troubled Saul; and it appears so like my case that I feel almost in despair. Mr. W. declares that he never had a manifestation of Jesus in all his life; that all his profession was to get into the affections of God's people; and that now God has fixed his wrath in him, and will make him a public example. I asked him if he had no desire to pray. He said, "No." If I should read a chapter. He said, "No." These things I heard myself. John B., a good man, told me that W. should say as follows: Praying that God would make him manifest in J. B.'s conscience as an awful character; and when he came in at another time he said, "Well, has God made me manifest in your conscience yet?" John said, "No." "O," said he, "that God would send some awful passage of scripture to you and to Mr. Burgess to show you what I am." Mr. Burgess called to see him, and finding him so low, he said but little. He prayed with him; and it was directly on the back of this that these dreadful feelings came on. But he said to J. B. that he was not so low when Mr. Burgess was there, but appeared so that he might not talk with him. J. B. said he could see him no more, for he gave him such an awful look. "But, after all," he said, "I cannot give him up, because God's children are brought very low; and, as I told him, who can tell how far Christ's uttermost goes? It is true he discovers great enmity against God's children, yet he never has spoken against Jesus Christ, nor trampled on the merits of his death; and, unless I should see this, I cannot give him up." Who can describe the state of David's soul when he said, "Let not the pit shut her mouth upon me; let not the deep swallow me up; neither let the water-floods overflow me?" And when we read of the enemy coming in like a flood, who can tell the extent of those feelings?

Heman also said, "Thy wrath layeth hard upon me; thine hand presseth me sore. While I suffer thy terrors I am distracted." Job says, "As for my hope, who shall see it?" But Christ says he will not break the bruised reed,

If there were no such things in the Bible, I am sure I should be in black despair; for I never can describe how my soul sinks, neither can I tell what the end will be with me of these feelings. I have gone on so for years, more or less, and all this after being at a full point (as I concluded) about everything which often has terrified me. But so it is; and a sore conflict I find it; but I have hitherto been kept. Though almost gone, at times, yet at other times I feel a little hope.

Now, this morning I was compelled to cry to God when I first awoke, like a person sinking and gasping for life, that if he would deliver my soul out of these things, what a miracle of mercy I should be; for I am always in jeopardy, more or less.

One morning I awoke, and it was represented to me that I was like Esau, for I went to Conway Street because Mr. B. was kind to me, and that he was intended to be a snare to catch me, and that leaving Providence Chapel.* I had sold my birth-right; and this morning it was suggested that I went from house to house, and people gave me money, thinking I was a poor child of God, whereas I was a hypocrite, and like Saul disobedient, and ought to go all over the trade and face every enemy, for "the righteous are bold as a lion;" and that, as I am afraid of persecution and of man, I know in my conscience the work is not real that I have professed, and that it will not stand the fire, or I should not be afraid; that this is the cross, and as I cannot bear it I am no disciple. These feelings have driven me to cry mightily to the Lord Jesus with all my heart, telling him there was no heart too hard for him to soften, no will too stubborn for him to bend; and I know that it is not our knowing the Lord's will that will make us obedient if he do not work in us to do. Balaam knew his will; Saul knew his will; but they were both disobedient; and I am afraid I am one of these characters by shrinking at the cross, which appears to me sinning against light. Sometimes I have gathered a little encouragement from those who were so weak that they could not go over the brook Besor. And ah! Christ says, "If they persecute you in one city, flee ye to another;" and David fled from Saul. My disobedience is weakness, not wilful presumption; for I would be glad to be otherwise.

After this I went out very low and cast down, in a hopeless state, for I felt altogether wrong, greatly despairing of God's mercy, and I went to chapel, and was sunk down so low all the time as if I never should rise more; and in this deplorable state I could not pray; for I felt heartless. Mr. Gadsby's text was:

* After Mr. Huntington's death, Mr. Lock being settled at Providence, Mr. H.'s chapel, a number of the people left; and it is clear that Rusk was one. Indeed, very few remained. What Rusk refers to about work, and bearing the cross, was that, on going to look for work he had to mix with the men, and his soul was often vexed with their filthy conversation. Yet what was he to do? He must either mix with the men, or live upon others, or starve.

"Who will have all men to be saved." It was at Red Cross Street. When I came out it poured with rain. I had to go to Bow, and had no umbrella. O Lord, what a state I appeared in,—shut up and could not pray; but felt as if I was given up; and if I meditated on scripture, it would be of something dreadful; several passages came into my mind in the chapel to cut me off; but as I was on my journey against wind and tide, I made an attempt to call on the Lord Jesus, because I knew this was the only way; and while I groaned and sighed and cried to him (O! It is hard work, and where no hypocrite ever was in this world, for they cry not when God binds them), I felt a little relieved; so that I did not sink quite so low. From this I tried to creep to the Lord, and got relieved. I still kept on, and got a great deal better; but it was painful work, and may be called wrestling. This is the violence that the kingdom of heaven suffereth, and the violent take it by force.

A person who is a stranger to this work does not know the real worth of his soul, the real worth of an interest in Jesus, nor the real worth of a good hope. Talking is one thing, but experience is another; and I believe that none in such a dreadful plight ever would attempt to call upon God but his elect; and the reason is because in a secret way the Spirit helps their infirmities.

Well, I felt quite a change, for now I felt a good hope. Inward strength was given me, and I went the rest of the way quite in a different state.

LORD, BE MERCIFUL UNTO ME.

"I said, Lord, be merciful unto me! Heal my soul; for I have sinned against thee."—Ps. xli. 4.

Poor sinner, say, Is this thy prayer?
 Dost thou with David here agree?
 Canst thou in this petition share,—
 "O Lord, be merciful to me?"
 And art thou sick indeed in soul?
 And is it sin that makes thee bad?
 And dost thou long to be made whole?
 And is thy heart with sorrow sad?
 And wouldst thou rightly healed be?
 And dost thou know the balm that's good,—
 The true and only remedy,
 'The dear Redeemer's precious blood?
 And is thy heart on Jesus fix'd?
 Is He the object of thy choice?
 Wouldst thou be saved by grace unmix'd?
 Is this thy prayer in heart and voice?
 Bless'd soul! Though painful be thy case,
 For thee the dear Redeemer died!
 Upon him wait, and seek his face,
 'Till thou hast felt his blood applied.

CONWAY STREET CHAPEL.

[Under this head we purpose, if the Lord will, giving a series of letters connected with Conway Street chapel, London, leading eventually to the erection of the chapel in Gower Street.]

To the Committee of Conway Street Chapel.

Dear Friends,—May the Father of all mercies and God of all comfort be with you, to instruct, support, and comfort you, under all your tribulations, and to bless you with every blessing of the new and better covenant. I sincerely thank you for your kind invitation and offer, and will, when an opportunity offers, gladly accept of it; for I must confess that I never felt more sensibly the approbation of God on entering any pulpit than I did that of Conway Street; and I believe my coming there was of the Lord. Still I am willing to acknowledge that the last time I was in London I was ready to conclude that you did not want me a second time, though perhaps my feeling was without the least foundation.

I purpose being in London and speaking on Tuesday and Thursday, 21st and 23rd of this month, in a little chapel in Green Street, Webber Street, Blackfriars Road. I had engaged to go there before I received your letter, or I should have divided the nights. I shall not be able to come before Tuesday, as I shall have to preach in the country on Monday night; but I think of being in London again before long, and then, if the Lord will, I will come and speak to you. I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you when in town.

What a mercy it is, my dear friends, in the midst of trouble and affliction, that we have a refuge to flee unto, and that we have proved the Lord Jesus to be a Friend that loveth at all times and a brother born for adversity. It is the will of our heavenly Father often to bring us into affliction, sorrow, and distress, that we might be divested of our own strength, wisdom, and righteousness, and that the Lord might have an opportunity of displaying his power and making known to us his mercy, favour, and love. *That* is a daily cross, on the one hand, to keep us dependent on the Lord; and the benefits that flow from a crucified Saviour, on the other, will keep us from getting at ease in Zion, being alive to the world, or from vain confidence in the flesh. And however contrary to man's wisdom and the pride of his heart it may be to be brought down into the valley, yet it is a safe and blessed place to be found sitting at the feet of Jesus; for if there was more humility among us there would be much less contention. Therefore may you and I be led to entreat the Lord for an increase of humility, faith, and love.

Believe me to remain,

Yours in the Bond of Love,

Lewes, March 2, 1820.

JOHN VINALL.

If the possession of heaven could be obtained by only one act of goodness, never to all eternity should I find it.—*Hawker.*

REVIEW.

A Sermon preached on Sunday Morning, Sept. 29th, 1872, at Croydon, by Mr. Covell.—London: Gadsby, Bouverie Street, and Newbury, Raven Terrace, Mile End. Croydon: Miss Sherrin, High Street.

THIS is an age,—the age of cheap sermon publishing. Thirty-five or more years ago the late Mr. Paul, of Chapter-House Court, London, commenced what he termed “The Penny Pulpit,” issuing weekly a sermon for a penny, by some popular minister. Partly contemporary with him was the late Mr. Justins, who published “The Zoar Chapel Pulpit” and “The Zoar Pulpit.” We hold the memory of both these men in high esteem; for though the former did not confine himself to sermons by men of truth, but, having an eye to business, had those reported which were likely to pay best, yet he was the means of securing to after generations dozens of invaluable discourses which would otherwise have been lost to the churches. The latter, Mr. Justins, confined himself to sermons by men of truth, such as Warburton, Tiptaft, Smart, Shorter, Philpot, Kershaw, Gadsby.

There were also a few sermons published by the late Mr. Palmer, which he entitled “The Gospel Penny Pulpit.” Then Mr. Ford, of Stamford, commenced “The Gospel Pulpit,” being sermons exclusively by Mr. Philpot. And there were others which we need not, indeed cannot enumerate.

The sermon at the head of this article is No. 8 of “Providence Chapel, Croydon,” being sermons by Mr. Covell, published, we believe, at 1½d.; but as the price is not given we are not sure of that. The text was 1 Jno. iii. 22. But it is not our intention to dwell upon the sermon, but simply give the introductory remarks. Mr. C. had been laid aside by illness,—an illness, to all human appearance, of a most serious character; but God, in mercy to the churches, raised him up again; and our earnest prayer is that he may be long spared to go in and out before and with the people. Surely many of our readers can, as we are *persuaded* we can, use the words of the psalmist, with which Mr. C. closed his introductory remarks: “It is good for me that I have been afflicted.”

“The day before the affliction took place, I was walking along and seeking the face of the Almighty, and while doing so in my simplicity, with earnest entreaties, I came to a field, and as I entered it such a sense of his love and mercy flowed into my heart in a moment that it drew tears from my eyes, and I kept exclaiming, ‘O Lord, I love thee; thou knowest that I *do* love thee;’ and, my friends, I felt a quietness in my heart, a peace in my soul, and a resignation to the Lord’s mind and will, without knowing what was about to take place. Soon after this there were slight symptoms of a rupture of a vessel. The next day I came into the chapel, and, after winding up the clock, I dropped

upon my knees *just here* [pointing below the pulpit], entreating favour, supplicating mercy, and begging God, in my simple way, that he might bless *your* souls, comfort *your* hearts, do *you* good, and teach, lead, and guide *you* in his way; also that he would help *me* with wisdom, strengthen the hands of a poor ignorant creature, and give me what I stood in need of for the work, when I felt blood coming. After a little while I tried to proceed, but could not, so I went home, sent the servant for the doctor, and told her to call in the High Street, and let my sons know what had happened. Alone in the house, I went to my bedroom, dropped upon my knees, and in the simplicity of my heart prayed, in broken cries and petitions, that he would give me confidence in his wisdom, and in the pity and compassion he had ever shown towards me, that whatever might be the result or issue I might be satisfied and submissive, and resigned to his mind and will; and I believe, although it was in my poor broken way, it entered into the ears of the God of heaven; for as I lay in my bed I felt *such* resignation to his will, such submission to his ways, that I was satisfied he did all for the best; and such a sweet feeling that his love, pity, and compassion flowed out towards me that I felt again and again I would not move a finger to alter one thing. His wisdom so sparkled in my eyes, his pity so shone in my heart, that I felt, it is the Lord; let him do what seemeth him good. While under these feelings I looked at death, and I felt thus: Death! If thou comest any nearer or any closer, and wipest thy hand over my face, I have nothing to do but to die. I never was more certain in my life that my religion was right. I was sure that God had wrought that in my soul that would stand at the judgment day,—the day of God. I felt there was a reality wrought there by the blessed Spirit, and that God would acknowledge it. I tell you this much, my friends, nothing but a vital faith in the Christ of God will be of any use to you when you come to die. I am as satisfied as I am that the Bible is true that much of the religion that professing people talk of being blessed with,—and God-fearing people, too, will not stand them in stead when they come to face death. You must have a religion that is of God, and that religion is put in a very small compass. Vital faith in the love, blood, and righteousness of the Son of God will alone stand you in stead at that day. Now, my friends, you look close to it; you turn it over; you make (so to speak) sure work of it before *you* come to die; you will want everything then. Although so blessed as I was, so favoured as I was to lie in the arms of a covenant God as I did, I can say before God I had not a grain of religion to spare. I wanted everything to face death with, to enter into eternal joy. But, blessed be God, I proved his word to be true, and so shall you, that 'As thy day thy strength shall be.' If you notice, the wise virgins told the foolish to go and buy oil for themselves; they had none to spare; and however good God may be to you, however soft he may make your bed, and comfort your

heart, you will find that you will want everything as death draws near.

“Now, as I lay in my bed, I found this faith of God gave such a confidence to my soul and such peace in my conscience as made my bed so smooth, while his grace made my pillow so soft, and the good Spirit, with his comforts and cordials, delighted my soul. O, may you realize the same when you are brought there! There was one thing that astonished me more than anything beside. Say you, ‘What can that be?’ Why, that with such a poor, broken, diseased body as I had, and such a fallen, sinful wretch as I felt myself to be, the God of heaven should regard and sympathize with such a broken body and such a vile, polluted soul as mine, and love me with an everlasting love, and that the blessed Christ of God should spread his skirt over me, and espouse me to himself, astounded and astonished me; so that he brought me to say, ‘God looketh not as man looketh; he hath no respect to persons.’ Now, what a comfort this is to you and me. Therefore, these were some of the things that ran up and down in my mind, and that God favoured me with. But, say you, was there no other side? Yes, again and again carnal reason, flesh and blood, made such work with their questionings, ifs, buts, and may-bes, that I have lain in my bed and perspired, while faith has struggled to hold fast the things that God had just before made me believe in my heart, what the good Spirit had wrought for me, what Christ was to me, and the truth of his word. While faith struggled to hold these things fast, unbelief, fear, doubt, and carnal reason pulled so hard that I have lain, at times, for an hour or two and perspired in my bed while the battle was going on; *but* grace reigned and brought me through and out to fall at God’s feet, and say, ‘Lord, do with me as seemeth thee good.’ O, I found this to be true, namely, that ‘grace reigns through righteousness unto eternal life.’ May you, my dear friends, realize the same in these things I have hastily touched upon that you might see what has been passing and re-passing, and what I have gained by this trading; and I trust I *have* gained that which, if the good Spirit should lead me into it, you may profit thereby. I trust I have gained that which I shall never lose, and I can in truth say that ‘It has been good for me that I have been afflicted.’”

We only add the concluding sentence of the sermon:

“‘This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased. Hear ye him.’ And you respond, and say, ‘O that I may be found in him! Nothing but his blood, his love, his righteousness and obedience for *me*. Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift. Give me Christ, or else I die.’ All this is pleasing in his sight, and there is nothing God can bestow that will be for your good but you shall have. Therefore you may go to God, and plead with him: ‘Now, Lord, do it for thy dear Son’s sake,’ and he will most assuredly grant your request; and you will be able to say, at last, ‘This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and

delivered him out of all his afflictions.' 'The Lord is my rock and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my heart; of whom shall I be afraid?' We will conclude by singing the 780th hymn (Gadsby's):

"All hail the power of Jesu's name."

Obituary.

RUTH MORRIS.—On Oct. 11th, 1872, in the 19th year of her age, Ruth Morris, of Ninfield, Sussex.

She was born of believing parents, and who rented a small farm in partnership with her father's brother in the above parish, and both families lived together in the same house; namely, Thomas and James; but James, her father, died some years ago, also her sister Louisa and her brother's wife; all of whom departed this life in a gracious hope of that rest which remaineth to the people of God. The old folks had been constant attendants under the ministry of those gracious servants of the Lord, Mr. Crouch and Mr. Pitcher, who used to preach there alternately, and as they felt the power of divine truth in their own souls, they were not only desirous of their children's salvation, but obedient to the heavenly command "to train them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord;" nor did they withdraw from the place; nor did their religion die out at the decease of those two good men, and the result of which example (although not for it) was attended by a conviction being fastened on the consciences of their offspring at an early age.

Ruth, the subject of the following account, spoke to her mother in her last illness, and said, "When I was quite a little girl I used to lie and cry, and say, O Lord, if thou wilt thou canst make me clean," although there was no visible marks that there was any change in her soul until the summer of this year, when it pleased the Lord to lay that solemn and fatal stroke upon her body which has made such ravages in this country among youth, especially the female sex; namely, consumption, and which is so frequently attended with such deceptive flattery as to persuade the subject to put off the evil day; which was her case, in hope that she should get better; until one day in June last, when I was staying at Ninfield, and walking out, I met her, she approached me with a smile; and I said, "My young friend, you have a wound in your body which will never be healed; but what a mercy if God should send a wound into your soul that nothing but the blood of Christ can heal; and then you will join your dear father and sister." She turned from me and I went on my way, begging that the Lord would bless my message to her soul. She said "she walked that old lane crying." She afterwards told her mother in her affliction that she should never forget Mr. Sharp; for she had not had a happy hour for months.

She was subsequently confined to her room, and one day on

her sister entering her room, she said, "Perhaps I shall get better." Her sister asked her why she thought so. She said, "I have had these words: 'Thou shalt live, and not die.'" After this she said, "What would I give to go to chapel once more;" and she repeated several of Hart's hymns; frequently this verse:

"Though all are sinners in God's sight,
There are but few so in their own."

And fearing constantly she was not right, she wished the hymn on the Narrow Way to be read, and that portion of the word: "Strive to enter in at the strait gate; for many, I say unto you, shall seek to enter in and shall not be able." Also these words: "Many are called, but few are chosen."

After this her distress of mind was very great; and she said, "It's better to die, and to know the worst of it." Then she would say, "I must beg if I go to hell." One day Mr. Billinness, a minister who preaches alternately with me at Ninfield, visited her, and as he left the room she said to her mother, "If we were like him!" At another time when he visited her, he asked her how it was with her then. She said, "Hard, and not a good desire." After this she was very dark, and said to her mother, "Do you think uncle ever prays for me? Perhaps he does not feel it in his heart to do so;" and then said, "O, what shall I do? I must die, and I have no hope!" And then exclaimed, "I shall bring down your grey hairs with sorrow to the grave."

I visited her several times, but found her exceedingly reserved; yet she listened with the greatest attention and earnestness to my remarks and exposition on the words: "Strive to enter in at the strait gate," &c.; and from my feelings with her in prayer I felt a secret persuasion that it was the Lord's work which led me to watch and pray.

The last time I visited her, which was a fortnight before she died, as I entered the room I saw death had got a firm hold on her, and that her end was very near. I said, "You are brought into the valley of decision now, Ruth." She said, with great grief on her countenance, "Ah! But I am a hypocrite, and I am lost for ever! It is not the right work! I know he could save me, but I am not elected; and therefore he won't save me." I asked her in what act she could see herself a hypocrite; if she had been speaking of anything she had not passed through; and she said, "No;" but her sins were too great to be forgiven. I then pointed her to the blood of Jesus Christ, which cleanseth from all sin. "Ah!" she said, "but he won't save me." I then said, "If you were to die to-night and be sent to hell, do you think the Lord would be just in so doing?" She paused a while, and then said, "Yes; he would be just;" and then burst into tears, and said, "But O! *Will* he have mercy on me? O pray for me that he would put the right work in me." I then went to prayer with her; after which I said, "Good-bye, Ruth; I shall never see you again in this world, but I shall meet you in

heaven." She replied, "I fear you will be disappointed. You will be there, but I shall go to hell." I said, "No; for 'at evening time it shall be light.'" I then left her, and saw her no more.

Some weeks previously to this she was very solemn and reserved, and thinking she would die; but she said to her mother, "That's not the worst of it." Then she burst out into a lamentable cry, "What shall I do to be saved from that place where hope never comes? But I am not elected, and I am a hypocrite; but say nothing about it; it's all nothing!" Then she burst out in agony, and begged for the Lord to put the right work in her, and said she had prayed to get better or have the right work put in her, but he would not do either. She kept saying, "I am a hypocrite." Afterwards it was distressing to witness the anguish of her soul and body, gasping for breath and begging of the Lord to have mercy on her and save her, saying, "Have mercy upon me, O Lord, and help me! But he will not, for I am not elected! I can do nothing of myself!"

About this time she wished to see her uncle. He engaged in prayer with her, but she could take no comfort, yet was continually begging to know that Christ shed his blood for her. She was asked if she felt a love to the Lord's servants. "O yes," she said, three times. She then appeared more calm, looked up, and said, "'They shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary, and shall walk and not faint.'"

In the evening her distress came on again, and she wished to see her dear uncle, and said to him, "Pray for me." After this he asked her how she felt. She replied, "Calm and still." After this she wished him to remember her again. In the night she spoke these words: "Arise, shine." Towards the morning she said:

"Heaven is that holy, happy place
Where sin no more defiles,
Where God unveils his blissful face,
And looks, and loves, and smiles."

In the forenoon of the day she died she was asked if death was that terror now as before. To which she replied, "Quiet and calm; but not happy." It was then asked her if she had not a little hope. She said, "Sometimes; but I doubt it after." She was then again sorely harassed by the enemy, and in the afternoon was in great agony of mind, begging earnestly, "O Lord, do appear, and give me a place at thy footstool."

About this time her uncle came in, and she said, "I wish Mr. Sharp was here." He said, "Mr. Sharp could not save you, Ruth. No; nor even if Moses, Daniel, and Job were here, nor all the good men, they could not help you." He told me she then prayed in real earnest, abasing herself to the lowest degree, but still pleading for mercy. After this she seemed quite calm and quiet for a while, and then looked up at those around her, and said, "Beautiful!" several times. Then she said, "A chariot and chain! Arise, shine! Tell Mr. Sharp and all the good men."

She then closed her eyes in death without a struggle. Perhaps this chain might signify the unfolding of God's eternal purposes to her soul. At one time in the night her mother and sister heard her singing this verse of Mr. Hart's:

"Some long repent and late believe;
But when their sin's forgiven,
A clearer passport they receive,
And walk with joy to heaven."

And when they went to her they found she was asleep, which may agree with the remark of Elihu to Job: "But none saith, Where is God my Maker, who giveth songs in the night?" also in Solomon's Song: "It is like the best wine which goeth down sweetly, causing the lips of those who are asleep to speak."

She was buried in Ninfield churchyard on Wednesday, Oct. 16th, in perfect silence. The rites of the burial service were not read because she had not been christened.

Brighton.

CORNELIUS SHARP.

MARTHA BEER.—On May 26th, aged 44, Martha Beer, of Chiswick.

She was brought up in the Church of England, and was opposed to dissent until the last 12 years, when she had a wish to accompany me to chapel, a Strict Baptist, where I have for many years attended; and it was at the chapel and reading the "Gospel Standard" that the Lord was pleased to open her eyes to see what a poor, lost, helpless sinner she was; that nothing short of Jesus and his precious blood would do for her, and that in his righteousness alone she must stand, and no other. She was a fond reader of the "Gospel Standard," and would often say how much she enjoyed it, particularly the Obituaries. She was an out-patient of the Brompton Hospital for the last nine years, during which time she was a great sufferer.

She took to her bed on March 28th, where she lay a great sufferer; but the good hope and confidence she had of that brighter and better home, through a precious Jesus, kept her very patient, until her heavenly Father was pleased to call her home. She had many friends who were so very kind to her that she often said, "How good is his mercy to put it into the hearts of friends to be so kind to me!" At another time she said, "I must throw myself into the water, and he will carry me through. My prayers will not do, but his mercy alone. I am weak, but he is strong; I cannot bear much, but how good God is to keep my reason all clear." A friend coming in, she said, "I am on Christ now; I used to dread death, but not now. He has made me willing. My whole trust is in Jesus. He is my only hope. I am a dying woman. I shall soon be gone!" At another time she would cry out with great earnestness, "Lord, have mercy! Lord, have mercy!" I said, "For Jesu's sake!" She looked up with a pleasant smile, and said, "Amen! Amen!" At another time, when suffering under a great fit of coughing, which was most dis-

trussing for me to see, she exclaimed, "Now, where are your doctors? None like the great Physician, my heavenly Jesus. I am going home, home! Precious Jesus, do come; do come! Quite happy. I am richer than you all," looking round at the friends present. "Bless the Lord, O my soul! Bless his holy name." Again she would say, "Quite happy! Quite happy!" She happened to turn her face, and saw me giving way to my feelings. She directly said, "Come, come; don't fret. You must not do that. You will soon have to follow me! We shall meet again. My dear Jesus has gone before to perfume the grave. I shall soon be home. Don't fret. Quite happy! Going home! Only making up the family." Then she had a little sleep, and when she awoke she said, "I have had a dream that I was going to cross a river, and two bright persons came to guide and help me through." I said, "A very nice dream." She said, "Yes, yes." Then she repeated that beautiful hymn:

"Jesus, lover of my soul," &c.

"Ah!" she said, "that's it; that's it! No other refuge will do."

A friend called to see her. After a moment's talk, she said to her, "I am crossing the river. Even the surges cease to roll, and all will be peace;" and thus she continued, on and off, the whole of the eight weeks. Two or three times she said, "I don't feel quite so comfortable as I did; but he will come again. I do hope patience will be given me to the end;" and her prayer was answered; for dying grace was given for dying moments.

The last Sunday morning on earth, which was May 21st, she said to me, "It is hard to part with you. I am going home—going home to Jesus." Her eyes became very dim, and she said, "Father! My Father!

"Hangs my helpless soul on thee
Leave, ah, leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me."

After this she took a small dose of medicine, and then fell into a sleep for a few hours; when she left us all without a struggle.

Church Street, Chiswick, Oct. 17, 1872.

J. BEER.

HANNAH and CHARLES HIGGS.—On Jan. 13th, 1872, aged 74, Hannah Higgs, wife of Charles Higgs, of Copley, near Halifax; and on Sept. 25th, aged 75, Charles Higgs, her husband. They were both members of the little church at Hebden Bridge, but had not been able, through bodily infirmities, to travel so far for some years past, and had therefore sat down with the people worshipping at Siddal Hall.

These two persons came into this part of the country from the neighbourhood of Abingdon, and were formerly hearers of Mr. Tiptaft's. About 25 or 30 years ago they came from the farming districts into the manufacturing, in search of employment. They soon got work in this part, and remained ever since. I remember them well when I used to go to Hebden Bridge from Halifax every Sunday morning, a distance of about eight miles. These

persons were sure to be on the road, going towards the little chapel. The word of God and a preached gospel in those days seemed to be their meat and drink, and mine too. We used to travel together, and talk by the way about better things; and I believe our hearts, under the influence and companionship of One who walked with his disciples to Emmaus, sometimes burned within us as he opened to us the scriptures. Those were happy days to both the departed and myself.

These two persons had to wade through many, very many trials and afflictions in their day. They were often cast down, but not destroyed. Indeed, I know they had their joys as well as their sorrows. They were lovers of a free-grace gospel. They "loved the joyful sounds;" and the Lord says of such they are blessed. They lived in the faith of God's elect, and died in it, and are gone home to glory to enjoy eternal rest in heaven.

"Freed from a world of toil and sin,
With God eternally shut in."

I believe they travelled in all some thousands of miles to hear God's truth preached. They were lovers of good men, and good women too, and were often seeking their company and conversation. And "we know," says a servant of the Lord, "that we have passed from death to life, because we love the brethren."

Some may ask, "How did they die?" They died in the Lord. "They rest from their labours and are blest." They were both the subjects of light and darkness, of joy and sorrow; they enjoyed the presence of their Lord at times, and at other times had to mourn his absence. They had to prove the value of their faith by the want of it; and therefore they valued it the more on that account. But, blessed be God, they both possessed it; yes, and acknowledged the hand of the giver of it; for "faith is the gift of God;" and they knew Jesus to be both "the author and finisher of it." They knew that text to be true: "In the world ye shall have tribulation."

"Pilgrims they were, to Canaan bound;
Their journey lay along that road;
The wilderness they travell'd round,
To reach the city of their God."

But they have got home at last, to be for ever with their Lord. Other lords had had dominion over them; but through rich grace they were brought to trust alone in the merits of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God.

Siddal, Halifax, Dec. 3, 1872.

DAVID SMITH.

JOHN FULLER.—On Nov. 18th, 1872, aged 63, John Fuller, corn merchant.

For upwards of 30 years he was an attendant of Providence Baptist Chapel, Bedford. He was of a very quiet turn of mind, truthful and upright in his business, and much esteemed by his fellow-tradesmen.

With regard to the time when God first began a work of grace upon his soul it is not known; but he often spoke of his sinfulness, and felt himself deserving of hell. His complaint was erysipelas in his feet and legs; so that when I was called in to see him I found the disease had made rapid progress. In course of conversation I asked him if he were apprehensive that his complaint would end in death. He said, "I think so." I then said, "Dear Mr. Fuller, what are your prospects? Are you afraid of dying?" He replied, "No, I don't fear death particularly." I said, "But did you never fear death?" "O yes, very much." I found, upon several questions I put to him, he had felt the justice of God must be satisfied. He looked at me with a smile, and said these words had been with him: "If you tarry till you are better, you will never come at all. Sinners Jesus came to save." These words coming from his lips, being so very careful in his speech, encouraged me much. Being requested to pray with him, I found free access on his behalf. I begged the Lord to appear in the deep swellings of Jordan and set his soul at liberty, so that an abundant entrance might be administered. When I bade him good-bye, he grasped my hand tightly, and said, with a placid smile, "I love these things." I said, "I am glad to hear it."

I called in on Lord's day after the afternoon service. He looked composed and perfectly resigned, although his limbs were in a state of mortification. He was all through the affliction kept very patient. I had great liberty in pleading for him; so much so that I went to prayer twice during my visit, and felt quite sure his end would be peace from the blessed portions of scripture that came rolling in on his behalf; and that the Lord would manifest himself more fully before he called him home.

I did not see him again; but on Monday morning, about five o'clock, his wife heard him say distinctly, "On the rock! On the rock!" which caused unspeakable joy. The next words he uttered were, "Everlasting peace! Everlasting peace!" But some time afterwards, in much distress, and in a hurried manner, he exclaimed, "I'm all on fire! I'm all on fire! It's all round me!" His wife said, "No, my dear." He said, "I am! I am!" and then sank down and remained quiet for some time. His wife, finding him so quiet, said, "Is it gone?" He said, "Yes! Yes!" She said, "Then you have proved Christ to be a mighty Conqueror?" He replied, "Ah, yes

"None but Jesus, none but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good."

Towards evening he was singing like a child, softly and sweetly, "Hallelujah, Hallelujah!" His wife said, "You are going to sing the song of the redeemed in glory." He caught the word glory, and sang, "All the glory! All the glory! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Amen!" And shortly afterwards breathed his last.

Bedford.

JOHN THORNER.

ROBERT BASSETT.—I wish to say a few things respecting “an old disciple,” Robert Bassett, who died Sept. 25, 1872, aged 96, less about three weeks. I have known him ever since I was a child. Many years since he was honoured in bearing the Lord’s message to many persons in surrounding villages. He and one or two more were often persecuted at Meopham, while preaching in the highway; but the wrath of man was overruled to the praise of God, and at length a chapel was built, and a church formed in that village, over which William Pope (who was baptized by dear John Warburton, in Wiltshire) became the pastor, who was called away to eternal rest in active service for his Master in 1851.

I often visited R. B. when laid by through affliction, and found it was much better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting; yea, it has sometimes proved a banqueting house to us both. I remember, a few years since, the dear old pilgrim was thought to be near the dark valley, when the glorious Sun of righteousness dispelled the gloom which surrounded him, making him to rejoice in God’s distinguishing grace and mercy. Many blessed sentences fell from his lips which I forget, but I remember one he gave utterance to, as the tears chased each other down his cheeks: “I will praise him for ever by and by.” Contrary to our expectations, he was raised up to endure at length more privation and suffering, and was obliged, about a year or two since, to be taken to the hospital of the Medway Union. It was my privilege to see him there, and I almost envied the dying saint his joy and peace. It was indeed good to be there. With what feeling he quoted Dr. Watts’s verse:

“I would not change my blest estate
For all that earth calls good or great;
And while my faith maintains her hold,
I envy not the sinner’s gold.”

I was not able to see him in the union so often as I otherwise should have done, but another aged disciple (likewise an inmate) often told me respecting him. He retained his faculties almost to the last, and departed to dwell in the embrace of that loving Saviour whom he loved to speak about, and whose precious blood and righteousness was his all-absorbing theme, being revealed to his heart by the almighty power of the Holy Spirit.

Let grace triumphant reign.

Chatham.

A WEEPER.

SIMON BROWN.—On Oct. 30th, aged 57, Simon Brown. He was seized with pains in the chest about four o’clock in the morning, and expired about three hours afterwards.

He was a humble, steadfast follower of Jesus Christ for nearly 40 years, and for many years a faithful preacher of Christ’s gospel. The church of Jesus Christ at Hunstanton enjoyed his faithful and affectionate services three Sabbaths in the month for the last six years, and the church of Christ at Elsworth the first. His be-

reaved friends in Christ, and affectionate children, feel they have sustained a great loss, and deeply mourn it.

On the Monday following, devout men carried him to his burial. A large concourse of people, with several ministers, followed him to his last resting-place. Mr. Haines, of St. Ives, conducted the service at the grave, making many solemn and seasonable remarks. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord" was made choice of by his friends, and spoken from in the evening by one who, with many others, feels he has lost a kind, faithful, spiritual friend.

Over, Nov. 18, 1872.

A. COUGHTREG.

ELIZABETH DOWDING.—On Oct. 9th, 1872, aged 69, Elizabeth Dowding, of Trowbridge.

She was a consistent member at Zion Chapel for nearly 40 years. She was baptized by the late Mr. Warburton, when she had a very happy time. She called it her wedding day. Her very soul danced within her for joy. But the path of sorrow soon followed. She was, however, held up and kept by Him who is mighty to save; the words, "Fear not, I am with thee," supporting her; and latterly, "Be still, and know that I am God."

She was afflicted for nearly three years. I cannot write much that she said, as I am hard of hearing; but she told her son not to take any trouble about her when she was gone; "but down on your knees, and give the Lord a thousand thanks for taking me home." She longed to be gone. I asked her if she was easy in her mind. She said, "Yes." I saw her about half an hour before she died. I said:

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

She went off very peacefully. It was indeed a happy release for her. Sorrow for joy she has exchanged, and is for ever free from pain. I hope we shall meet her in a better, brighter world, to part no more.

"Christians in Christ obtain
The truth that can't deceive;
And never shall they die again,
Who in the life believe."

Trowbridge, Wilts.

NATHANIEL DOWDING.

THE power that a child of God has felt under the gospel is such as carries with it its own evidence. He cannot explain it to others, nor can he understand its nature himself; but when he has once felt it, he can always afterwards recognize it, and is conscious of everything distinct from it, or that falls short of it. Thus, though the children of God may be exercised as to how far they may go and prove wrong at last, still each carries in his own bosom more or less of inward evidence that, at various times, he has received the gospel, not as the word of men, but as it is in truth, the word of God.—*Philpot. (Copied from the "Regular Baptist Magazine," America.)*

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

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

THE NAME JESUS.

A SERMON BY THE LATE MR. KERSHAW, PREACHED AT THE OPENING OF REHOBOTH BAPTIST CHAPEL, COVENTRY, DEC. 25, 1858.

“And thou shalt call his name Jesus; for he shall save his people from their sins.”—MATT. I. 21.

We have an account just before the text of the circumstances in which Joseph found Mary his espoused wife. Not willing to make an example of her, he would have put her away privily. He was a just man, considering the poor woman would have trouble enough; and while he thought on these things, the angel of the Lord appeared unto him, and said, Joseph, thou son of David, fear not to take unto thee Mary thy wife, for that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Ghost, and she shall bring forth a son. And then comes in the text: “And thou shalt call his name Jesus; for he shall save his people from their sins.”

I. In the first place I will, as the Lord shall help me, notice the reference to *the name* of Jesus.

II. *Who is this Jesus?*

III. *His people.*

IV. *What he shall do for them.*

I. In reference to the *name* of Jesus. There is no name to be found like it in any other book on earth; no name in any that are brought forth in comparison with it; but all must tremble before it.

In the greatness of his exaltation the name of our Lord Jesus Christ is pre-eminent. We cannot illustrate it more strikingly and more beautifully than the apostle has done in Phil. ii. The exaltation of a precious Christ must shine more splendidly in contrast with his humiliation. “Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus, who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God; but made himself of no reputation, and took on him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men; and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.”

Time would not allow us to dwell on the *humiliation* scene, that which our blessed Jesus had to pass through. Then said the
No. 446.

apostle, "Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father."

Observe here, my friends, Jesus has a name above every name, of things in heaven. There the innumerable company of angels, the patriarchs, prophets, apostles, and confessors have left a great name on earth; but the name of Jesus, as Creator of the world and a Saviour, stands far above all. There the church triumphant, aided by angels, bow before his solemn, divine Majesty, ascribing all might, majesty, power, and dominion to Jesus. He who stood condemned at Pilate's bar, crowned with thorns, and crucified, died for his people and was raised again for their justification, entered heaven, and is at the right hand of God to plead, intercede, and manage the affairs of his church. He is the Head of all things, of his body the church. Whatever they want will be supplied out of the fulness of this precious Jesus.

The apostle, in Eph. i., has this gracious declaration respecting the Lord Jesus: "According to the working of his mighty power, which he wrought in Christ when he raised him from the dead and set him at his own right hand and in heavenly places, far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but that which is to come; and hath put all things under his feet, and gave him to be Head over all things to his church, which is his body, the fulness of him that filleth all in all."

Mark again, my friends, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, not only of things in heaven, but of things that are on earth. This shall be solemnly fulfilled at the last day, when every one shall be constrained to acknowledge him. Now, beloved, there is this discriminating difference, Every elect vessel of mercy, redeemed by the blood of Jesus, called by efficacious grace, convinced of his sin and his need of Jesus, is constrained from the indwelling and working of the Holy Spirit and the grace of God in his soul to bow the knee to Jesus here, and confess his sins and his need of him as his Saviour; and this absolutely and certainly flows from the working of his Spirit. He bows the knee, has godly sorrow for sin, calls upon his name for mercy, peace, and pardon, with shame and confusion of face; so that every knee shall bow, every tongue shall confess, either here or at the great day, that he is the Lord God Omnipotent, Zion's God.

He triumphs and reigns over all kings. He is King of kings and Lord of lords; for all things in heaven and in earth are in his hand. He is the confidence of the soul of every dear child of God, when led by the blessed Spirit to see the pre-eminence Christ has over every other name, every other power. Both men and devils are under his control. He says, "Hitherto shalt thou go, and no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed."

The devils confessed and bowed to his power. We read of the

seven sons of one Sceva, a Jew, who commanded the evil spirit to come out. The evil spirit said, "Jesus I know and Paul I know; but who are you?" And the man in whom the evil spirit was leaped upon them and overcame them, and prevailed against them; so that they fled out of that house naked and wounded.

The name, the authority, and power of the Lord Jesus is the same name to this day that is spoken of in our text. He is pre-eminent above all in heaven, and has the pre-eminence in his church upon earth. Say to Zion, "Thy God, thy Jesus, thy Saviour, thy Redeemer reigneth." In the song it is, "Hallelujah! The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth and triumphs over all." His name is above all names and most precious. The reason why it is so precious is because he shall save his people from their sins. There is not another name given under heaven or among men whereby poor sinners can be saved. How feelingly, powerfully, and graciously Peter spoke in reference to this name, when before the sanhedrim. Neither the Jewish council nor the sanhedrim could interdict the power by which the lame man that sat at the Beautiful gate had been healed. Bold was Peter in his answer. He felt the name of Jesus precious. It warmed his heart. He said, "Be it known unto you all, and to all the people of Israel, that by the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, whom ye crucified, whom God raised from the dead, even by him doth this man stand here before you whole; neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby ye must be saved." Precious name of Jesus! He is able to save to the uttermost all them that come unto God by him. It is in his heart to save; for the prophet Zephaniah says, "He *will* save." The sweetness and preciousness of the name of Jesus is because it is the only name whereby poor guilty sinners can be saved. "A just God and a Saviour." The prophet says, "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth; for I am God, and there is none else." No Saviour, poor sinner, but Jesus. "Thou shalt call his name Jesus; for he shall save his people from their sins."

God's chosen and redeemed people, those taught by his blessed Spirit, are brought into that state of soul-feeling before the Lord that all the men on earth or angels in heaven cannot save them. As it respects saving themselves, they have tried that old covenant ground, and have felt completely sick at heart at this work. Having been brought in guilty, lost, and ruined, weak and helpless, to the footstool of Jesus, pleading for mercy, they have feelingly said, "O Lord, my help must come from thee. Help is laid upon thee; and as there is no other name given under heaven whereby one so vile can be saved, O Lord, thou son of David, have mercy on me!"

Thus the heart of the dear child of God is set upon Christ. His hope centres in him, hanging and cleaving to him with full purpose of heart. The Lord, by his blessed Spirit, brings his own family to feel the necessity of mercy.

Jesus is the Saviour of his people in that he saves them with an everlasting salvation. They are brought to give all into his hands, to lie at his blessed feet, saying, "If I must perish, I will perish at the feet of Jesus, clinging, cleaving to Jesus." Bless his name, he never gives a poor sinner to feel his need of him and puts a cry in his heart and then disappoints the expectation of that precious soul. No, no. "He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him; he will hear their cry, and will save them."

Another reference to the name of Jesus is, there is confidence wrought in the soul of the believer by the Holy Spirit in the name of Jesus, above every other name. It is in this way, beloved, the Holy Spirit, whose prerogative it is to take of the things of Christ and show them to the poor sinner, convincing of sin and his need of Jesus, takes of the things of Christ and makes them known to the poor sinner, showing him the power, the ability, the all-sufficiency, and the willingness of Jesus to save poor lost, guilty sinners. The blessed Spirit works such confidence in the soul of the dear child of God of the very name, the power, and the suitability of Jesus to save that he does, under the holy anointing of the Spirit, name the name of Jesus.

Here let me observe that no man can call Jesus Lord but by the Holy Ghost. A man may by his mouth do so; but that is not the point. No man will worship Jesus with divine authority but by the Holy Ghost. No man knows his name fully and experimentally as Jesus that he has confidence in only as wrought in the soul by the Holy Spirit. Hence the desire of his soul is to the remembrance of his name. Blessed Jesus, that I may be found in thee, the desire of my soul is to thy name, above every other name in heaven and earth.

Brethren and sisters in the Lord, how do matters stand? If your desires are to any other name, you are looking to a broken cistern, you are relying upon a false foundation.

It is also said in reference to the name of Jesus, as the ground and confidence of the soul's support, "They that know thy name," which is Jesus, that feel the preciousness and power of that name, "will put their trust in thee." Such is really the case; for wherever there is a revelation of that name, of the ability and the all-sufficiency of Christ to save, that soul will place all his confidence and dependence in the name, Person, blood, righteousness, and power of Jesus. And no living soul, previous to this state, can be under any real gospel rest. No; until brought in this way to know the name of Jesus, to commit the care of our precious souls into his hand as, in the language of the apostle, upon a vital point of experimental religion. There is no doubt of the genuine nature and reality of what is here expressed in the following portion of the word of God. It bears the stamp of divine inspiration: "I know in whom I have believed." I have believed in Jesus to the saving of my soul. "He that believes in him and is baptized shall be saved; he that believeth not shall be damned." "I know in whom I have believed, and am per-

sueded of his power, ability, sufficiency, and willingness to save my soul. I am confident that he will keep that which I have committed into his hands against that day. I have committed my soul's salvation into his keeping, committed all into his hand,—into the hand of the Lord Jesus the Saviour, with such sweet, solemn, blessed confidence and safety that I can sing with the prophet, 'Behold, God is my salvation. I will trust, and not be afraid; for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song. He also is become my salvation.'

One of the songs that we sing in reference to this important subject among the friends, when we assemble for proposing or receiving members,—and I believe that it is often the experimental feeling of their souls,—is:

"Jesus, my God, I know his name;
His name is all my trust."

Not a part; but *all* my trust:

"Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost."

And so on.

We find confidence in the name of Jesus, because there is no name given on earth that is so sweet, so precious, so soul-animating to the Christian, taught by the Spirit of God, as that name. The name of the Lord Jesus is a good name, which is as ointment poured forth. Yes, my friends, a divine savour and odour is connected with the sweet and precious name of Jesus. When that name is revealed that Jesus makes known by the blessed Spirit in the soul of a poor sinner, that confidence wrought in the soul in the name of him of whom we have been speaking, the heart of the sinner is warmed within. His confidence in Jesus is strengthened. He feels such love to him, that he is so precious, so sweet, that his name is such a savour to him, that neither men nor devils can stop him from expressing his feelings in divine language: "Whom have I in heaven but thee? And there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee." Precious Jesus! Thou art to my soul the chief among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely!

This name of Jesus has the pre-eminence in the souls of his dear children upon earth; so that, under the ministry of the word, when the minister has been exalting the Lamb of God, under the blessed teaching of the Spirit, they have been laid low at his feet, and emptied of self. Their language and felt experience has been, "Let me be emptied, abased, and laid low at his feet, in the dust of self-abasement." The language of our hearts is, "Let the Lamb of God, the sin-atoning Lamb, be exalted. Let me speak well of his name. Let me triumph in Christ and in the power of his resurrection." There is here complete salvation. When you have heard him set forth, in his death, resurrection, ascension, and entrance into heaven, while the preacher has been exalting a precious Christ, the Lamb of God, the sin-atoning Lamb, there has been a secret something dwell-

ing in the heart which has warmed and animated your spirit, filling your soul with gratitude, and setting you rejoicing inwardly; and you have placed the crown upon the head of a precious Christ, and said, "Crown him, Lord of all!" The name of Jesus, therefore, has the pre-eminence.

To close this branch of the subject I will just mention this anecdote. More than forty years ago I was speaking of the preciousness of Christ at Halifax. The Lord blessed me with enlargement of heart in speaking of the name, Person, and work of a precious Christ. When I descended from the pulpit an old man was sitting at the foot of the stairs. He put his walking-stick under his arm, got fast hold of my hand in his, and looked me full in the face for a moment. I was at a loss to know whether he was going to condemn or express his approbation, when he burst forth with,

"Join all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
Or angels ever bore,
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth."

At the same time giving my hand a hearty shake. You cannot tell what a response there was in my soul to what he said. It suited my spirit. The pre-eminence, the majesty, glory, strength, consolation, and truth in the name of a precious Jesus is to be found in no other.

II. Speak of this *Person* who is to do this great work—"save his people." Who is he? There is a general sense in which it may be said scripturally that he is the Lord; and in his complex character of God and man he is the Lord, the adorable and ever-blessed God-Man. "There are Three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost; and these Three are One." The immortal Word is our Jesus. By him all things were created that are named. He became flesh and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory as the only-begotten Son of God, full of grace and truth. Here we have the mystery of godliness set forth in our text. It is the incarnation of the immortal Word,— "made of a woman, made under the law," to redeem his people from the curse of the law; our Immanuel, God with us.

Speaking of Jesus, he really is God over all, blessed for evermore. He is the Most High God, possessor of heaven and earth. All things are his. He is the great Creator, and Benefactor. His mercy and compassion are over all his works as the God of nature, causing the rain to descend, and the sun to rise and shine on the evil and on the good, upon the just and unjust. But this is not the sense in which the angel is to be understood in addressing Joseph: "Thou shalt call his name Jesus; for he shall save his people from their sins."

III. Who are *his people*? Why, my friends, without any controversy, his people are they who were loved in him by a covenant God

and Father with an everlasting love, chosen in him unto salvation from the beginning; not because of their being any better than others, or of any worth or worthiness in them more than others. O no, no. But it is all according to the good will of that God who anciently dwelt in the bush. We are, my friends, quite aware those old-fashioned doctrines of salvation and predestination are not popular in the age in which it has pleased God that we should live. Many persons who profess to believe them keep them on the background. And this brings a circumstance to my mind. Some time ago, one afternoon, going to visit a sick friend, on my way I passed the house of a very influential man, whom I had known from a youth.* I was familiar with his father. I saw him. He said, "Friend Kershaw, I was at your chapel yesterday afternoon." I replied, "I thought you Friends" (called Quakers) "kept to your own meeting." He said, "Generally so; but the fact is I went to see a person, and he was gone to chapel; so I concluded to go and wait for him. I perceived the man who was preaching held the doctrines the same as thee; but he did not bring them out; he kept them on the background. Now, how was that?" How was that? He dared not come out with it, for fear of giving offence. "He that hath my word let him speak my word faithfully. What is the chaff to the wheat? saith the Lord."

One objection brought against this doctrine is that, knowing we are chosen and certain of salvation, it is apt to make us lifted up, to boast, be proud, despise others, and be high-minded. Now let me tell these objectors they know nothing about it. They are out of the secret. If ever God by his Spirit shows a man what a sinner he is, what he has merited at his hands, and that the great and gracious God should in his covenant love have mercy and compassion upon him, the effect will be to humble him in the dust of self-abasement, and to admire that love that first fixed upon one so unworthy. Instead of despising others, his song will be of God's free mercy and sovereign grace. How abundantly his mercy is set forth in his own words in Jno. xvii.: "Thine they were and thou gavest them me. All mine are thine and thine are mine." No man shall pluck them out of his hand. "My Father that gave them me put them into my hands, secured them in me. My Father is greater than all, and no man shall ever be able to pluck them out of my Father's hands."

These people are his inheritance, his portion. "The Lord's portion is his people; Jacob is the lot of his inheritance. He found him in a desert land, in a waste howling wilderness. He led him about, he instructed him, and kept him as the apple of his eye." But, as Berridge says,

"Good doctrines can do me no good,
While floating in the brain;
Unless they yield my heart some food
They bring no real gain."

* This was Mr. Bright, now M.P. for Birmingham.

It is only as they are made manifest in my heart and soul by the power of the Holy Ghost. There it is, and it does my soul good. Berridge dwells more particularly on the experimental part of the Father's love, chosen by him, given into the hands of Jesus as the covenant Head and Representative of his people, their Saviour and Redeemer. Then the question arises, "Are you among that happy number? Am I one of those whom the Father hath chosen, and given my cause into the hand of Christ my covenant Head? Have I placed all my confidence and dependence in him?" That is a sweet portion of our Lord's on this point, that sweet declaration: "All that the Father giveth me *shall come* to me?" Not have offers and proffers merely; he tells them they *shall* come. "Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power." As Bunyan says, "When *shall come* gets hold of them, he brings down their lofty looks; the proud heart is abased, and brought to the feet of Jesus."

Now, the question is, "Has the Lord laid hold of us?" For myself I can say, when the Lord first began with me, when the arrow of conviction first laid hold of my conscience, when the hidden sorrow for sin caused me to separate from my worldly companions, by the power of divine grace I was brought out of this world and brought to the feet of Christ.

"All that the Father giveth me shall come,"—the lost to be saved, the guilty to be pardoned, the naked to be clothed, the filthy to be washed in atoning blood, the weak to be strengthened, the ignorant to be instructed. All Christ's people were given to him by his Father. Being brought into that state that they know they cannot do without him, they are therefore compelled to come to him.

A word here to the dear child of God. When the Lord Jesus put that question to his disciples, when many of them went back and walked no more with him, "Will ye also go away?" Peter did not say, "We will not;" but puts another question: "To whom shall we go but unto thee? For thou hast the words of eternal life. None can save us but thou, none can help us but thou. There is no joy or consolation only in thee." The dear children given by the Father into the hand of Christ, they are brought to him.

IV. *What Christ shall do for his people.* He shall save them from their sins. "Thou shalt call his name Jesus, because he shall save his people from their sins."

Now all the Lord's people are by God the Father kept and preserved in the Lord Jesus, the great Head of the church, sanctified and set apart, preserved in Christ Jesus, and called; and they shall be presented faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy.

One experimental mark of the people given by the Father into the hand of the Lord Jesus is they are all taught by the blessed Spirit of God to commit the keeping of the salvation of their precious and never-dying souls into the hands of Jesus. If you and

I, through grace, are enabled to believe on Jesus, make a humble, solemn surrender of ourselves to Jesus, begging that we may be his, and his only, that he would make it manifest we are his jewels, bound up in the bundle of life with him, a seed to serve him, a generation to call him blessed, vessels of honour, vessels of mercy afore prepared for the master's use for immortal glory; if this feeling, these desires, are wrought in the soul by the Holy Ghost, this will make our souls joyful in God.

Speaking of the confidence of the church in our Lord Jesus Christ, brings another interesting circumstance to my mind. About 25 years ago I was in London. One Lord's day I preached in Bury Street chapel. Dr. Watts used to speak there. There was a large and attentive congregation. My text was: "All that the Father giveth me shall come to me, and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." I spoke of the sovereignty of God in bringing his own people from all parts, and referred to the case of John Newton, how the Lord brought him from being a blasphemer to be a preacher of his grace, and what a blessing he was made to the church of God. When the service was over, a very old gentleman said, "Friend, I was very glad to hear you make mention of my old pastor. I sat under him for many years; and what I have heard this morning has been blessed to my soul." A very short time after this the dear old man died. Two or three of the friends called to see him. He was very happy. He said he was going to heaven upon two crutches. His right-hand crutch was, "All that the Father giveth me shall come to me." "Shall come laid hold of me a long time ago; shall come brought me; shall come has kept me ready for my dismissal. My left-hand crutch is, 'And him that cometh I will in no wise cast out.'" This is resting on a good foundation. Two better crutches we never can have in the Jordan of death.

God Almighty command his blessing on these truths.

JESUS SAVES THE LOST.

How precious is the word!
 And yet how great the cost!
 That Jesus left his throne on high,
 To die to save the lost!

To Gentile, Jew,—bond, free,
 E'en to the uttermost,
 The word infallible proclaims
 Salvation for the lost.

"But I'm so base and vile,
 I've nought whereof to boast."
 Why thou'rt the one this truth well suits,
 That Jesus saves the lost.

Poor trembling sinner, hear!
 Thou mayst be sorely toss'd;
 Thou mayst be blind,—thy way all wrong;
 Yet Jesus saves the lost.

Thou mayst have wander'd far,
 Yea, farther far than most,
 And fear thou never canst be found;
 But Jesus saves the lost.

Thou mayst be hedged in,
 Surrounded by a host,—
 Thy foes seem sworn thee to destroy;
 But Christ will save the lost.

Is thy poor heart so hard,—
 So harden'd by the frost,
 Thou canst not heave one prayerful sigh?
 Still Jesus saves the lost.

The day will surely come,—
 A day of Pentecost,
 When thou and thousands more shall prove
 That Christ has saved the lost.

TIMOTHY.

FELLOW FEELING.

My very dear Friend,—I for one feel much disappointed by your not coming to speak to us, and truly grieved at the cause, sincerely hoping that the Lord may graciously shine away your darkness, remove your doubts, loose your bonds, mercifully strengthen your nerves, and heal your shaken frame, so that you may come forth a humble living witness that God is faithful in seeing you again, and making your sad heart to rejoice in his special grace and unchanging love.

Ah, my beloved brother, what poor things we are if left in Satan's sieve. How every visitation is hidden, every evidence obscured, every effort to hope on wrested from us, and every thing against us accompanied with sinking cutting portions of truth made to press so close, so hard, that we bow down heavily and cry "Woe is me," while gushing tears and prevailing fears seem to seal our doom as being forsaken of God. While we are thus suffering terrors we are distracted. Our case is singularly peculiar; we cannot find its equal. If an unconditional promise presents itself to the eye of the mind, every way suitable to our case, the tempter's power prevails and we dare not take it. Our poor hearts can only ponder over what Satan presents. Our sins, our ill-doings, our shortcomings, our useless profitless lives; in a word, everything that pains us and presses us sore lies hard upon us, so that we feel day and night the Lord's hand is heavy on us. Our tears are our meat and drink. We eat the bread of adversity, and are swallowed up in miseries more than tongue

can tell. With all this, at times, there are such inexpressible evils working and rising that the heart becomes dismayed. Hardness, desperation, and sore thrusts to end the scene, are hurled so subtly and swiftly that there is but a step betwixt our souls and death; and though kept in this hour of darkness and desolation, so near do we come to it, that in feeling we are amongst the lost, and possess, in measure, the wrath, enmity, blasphemy, and horror that are and will be the everlasting portion of the wicked.

If, while here, any Christian friend should try to comfort us, we should in our haste say, "All men are liars," like one of old. Indeed, we should refuse to be comforted. Such a slough of despond cannot be mended. His own arm must bring salvation. This, my dearly-beloved brother, your poor oft-times tempest-tossed companion in tribulation is a living witness of. I have passed through again and again these deep waters, and have become familiar with such cries as these: "Let not the deep swallow me up; let not the pit shut her mouth upon me." "Lighten my eyes, lest I sleep the sleep of death." "Be not silent unto me, lest I become like unto them that go down to the pit." "Forsake me not utterly; take not the word of truth utterly out of my mouth." "Regard the prayer of the destitute." "Hear me from the ends of the earth when I cry unto thee; leave not my soul destitute." But while I have been thus under the rod I did not dream that the Lord was with me, or that my cries were heeded; but they were. And though in deaths oft, and in trials deep, so as to be in feeling hopeless, and in circumstances without one single penny, here I am upheld and sustained, and have been delivered many times, and can say, "Thou which hast showed me great and sore troubles shalt quicken me again and bring me up again from the depths of the earth," &c. Such bitter experience is profitable to deepen our knowledge of the depths of our iniquity, to hide pride from our eyes, to have compassion upon tempted brethren, to take a low place, and to prepare our hearts to receive divine impressions of mercy through blood. Grace superabounding over our abounding sins; it puts us in the dust, it exalts the adorable Redeemer, and tunes our souls with lip and heart to magnify, bless, and extol the mighty God; and it establishes our goings.

Here I pause. My brother will have to wait for light and life, and then he will see and feel that all is well; and that he will come forth I have no more doubt than I have that his soul is redeemed by the blood of Christ.

Yours in Love,

8, Broad Street, Abingdon, Dec. 28, 1871.

R. DEACON.

Go, search the records of sacred scripture, and see how it fared with the saints in all ages; what Job, David, and Paul, yea, our blessed Lord himself, endured, and passed through in this world. Should that be an argument against your interest in God which is the common portion of all believers here? We are now chastened that hereafter we may not be condemned.—*Berridge*.

A WORD ABOUT CONSCIENCE.

“Having a good conscience.”—1 PET. III. 16.

PETER, writing to the children of God scattered abroad through various parts of Asia Minor, exhorts them to a conversation becoming the gospel of Christ. He quotes the words of the psalmist David, and it must be remembered, as a general rule, that what the law commands as essentially holy, just, and good, the gospel enforces, not as a legal precept, but by writing it in the heart and mind of the Christian. Children of God in the gospel are exhorted to think upon, as seeking conformity to, whatsoever things are pure, holy, and of good report; whether set forth in the Old Testament Scriptures or the New. Zion's breasts are like two young roes, which are twins, which feed amongst the lilies. Peter also says, “And who is he which will harm you if ye be followers of that which is good?” As though the best way of disarming even persecution was the one he exhorts to, of a pure and innocent conversation. And indeed, in many instances, evil is thus overcome; but certainly not in all. Where there is an inveterate resentment, as in the case of the Jews against Paul, or a bitter enmity, as in the flesh against the Spirit, these things will not be subdued or kept under by the most upright course of conduct; nay, will sometimes be irritated thereby, and break forth into the greatest violence. Therefore Peter, supposing this to be the case, bids God's people still be of good cheer, for then “happy, specially happy,” he says, “are ye.” We find, in certain instances, how the excellence of God's people, their integrity and upright life, disarmed opposition in rulers and others; but this was by no means universally the case, and strong prejudices or malicious wickedness, coupled with envy, often broke through all bounds. Thus God's people were dragged before the judgment seats. Then it was more especially that they needed the enforcement of the exhortation to “sanctify the Lord God in their hearts,” and to be “ready to give to every man who asked them a reason of the hope which was in them with meekness and fear.” But for their own support before the judgment seats of men, and also to give a force to their testimony, there was one thing greatly needed, and this Peter stirs them up to pursue after,—“a good conscience.” “Having,” he says, “a good conscience.” This will be a source of courage in the midst of dangers, of comfort in the midst of troubles. Without this the testimony will be weak, and the heart discouraged. If there is a consciousness of real evil against man, how can the Christian be bold as before man? His only resource is confession and submission to the due reward of his deeds; and if there is secret evil indulged before God, there can be no comfortable confidence before God or man either. We see, then, the great, nay, we may say, supreme importance of conscience, and the wisdom of the exhortation: “Having a good conscience.”

Our purpose is, as the Lord shall be pleased by his Holy Spirit

to assist, to write for the benefit of God's people, and we trust also of our own soul, a few things about "a good conscience."

We will, for order's sake, adopt the following arrangement of our thoughts:

- I. Write a few things about a *good conscience* and its *blessedness*.
- II. Point out *how it is to be obtained, retained, or recovered* if lost.
- III. Set forth *some things essential* to it.
- IV. Show *what may be consistent* with a good conscience, though apparently not so.
- V. Show *what is inconsistent* therewith.

I. A few things about a *good conscience*, &c. God, having endued man with a conscience, or a power of self-judgment in respect of the judgment of God, it is certainly of the greatest importance for him to consider the state of his conscience, and hear what it has to say to him about himself. This is exhorted to in Ps. iv.: "Commune with your own heart upon your bed, and be still." Cease from other things, take a quiet hour, speak to and with your own heart, or conscience, listen to its voice, and pay regard thereto. Conscience is really a man's friend, even if it may bear testimony against him. Indeed, it is himself; therefore he should not treat it as Ahab did Elijah, and say, "Hast thou found me, O my enemy?" It is true sin may make a man his own enemy, and set him in battle array, as it were, against himself; but this is not because conscience is his proper enemy, but because sin throws everything into such a dreadful disorder that it arrays the man against himself, and his faculties, as of God in their origin, against the man as God's enemy through the abuse of them.

Now let us notice a few *states* of conscience, and thus work our way forward to the consideration of a good one.

1. There is a *careless, stupid, unconcerned* conscience. Many men live almost as if they had no conscience at all. As Bunyan puts it, in his "Holy War," the Recorder Conscience became almost past conscience. These persons engross themselves in worldly pursuits, in pleasures, in vanities, and go on in a continual round of sinning, and conscience in them is so besotted that it hardly "peeps or mutters." True, it will, at times, perhaps, in the quiet night hours, or in some calamity, make some effort to be heard; but then the man treats it as a foe, will not listen to it, tries as much as possible to drown its voice, and is never happy until, one way or another, he has got rid of its troublesome interruption to his service of divers lusts and pleasures.

2. There is a *deceived* conscience. Here conscience speaks, and judges; but then it is by a wrong rule. The ruler in this case listens to lies, and the whole kingdom, of course, is full of darkness. This state, with its progress to an infamous perfection, is described in Ps. i. We have first, in our view of the psalm, the religiously disposed person walking in the counsel of the ungodly. He begins to listen to and shape his ways accord

ing to false conscience, listening to lying preachers and teachers; then he grows stronger in his ways of error, stands in the way of sinners, and at last is able to set up for a teacher of falsehood himself, sitting down in the seat of the scornful. In all this there is a deceived conscience, speaking not according to the pure word of God, but the rule of error. The light which is in the man is darkness; how great, then, that darkness!

3. There is a *seared* conscience. This conscience is again past feeling, and brought to this condition by various means. The two principal are: 1, Erroneous Doctrines, such as those of the Church of Rome and the Jesuits. Men, under the influence of these deadly errors, will do the most awfully impious things, and think they do God service. Thus they will persecute the true saints of God, and yet at the same time do it in the name of God. Of this kind were the Pharisees of old. 2, Sinning against light. Nothing, perhaps, more effectually sears the conscience and hardens the heart than this sinning against light, and under powerful means of grace. This is that barren ground which, being well watered, like the land of Sodom, yields only thorns and briars, and is nigh unto cursing.

4. An *evil* conscience. All the former states are evil; but by evil here we mean evil in the sense of guilty, evil as contrasted with good. This evil conscience may be of two kinds; one, *naturally* evil. In this case the conscience is awakened and condemns, but not through the Holy Spirit having regenerated the heart and infused a new and divine life into the conscience. The conscience is natural conscience still. An arousing ministry or awakening providences have caused the conscience to arise from its careless, easy state. It now begins to testify about the man's conduct according to the partial light it has in it, and to condemn him as before God. The other, *supernaturally* evil. In this case the blessed Spirit is at work as a new Creator. He convinces the man deeply and effectually of sin; lays righteousness to the line and judgment to the plummet; brings the law of God in its strict and stern severity and purity into the conscience, overthrows all refuges of lies, and hunts the soul out of all its false hiding-places. Now the conscience becomes evil indeed, in the sense of guilty. Not only outward actions but inward thoughts and feelings are discerned in their God-provoking wickedness, and the sentence of death in the law takes up its place of abode in the conscience, and the man draws nigh unto the grave, and his life to the destroyers. But the work here is truly of God; it is wrought with a design of mercy. The blessed Spirit sustains the man even in his deep sinkings; the everlasting arms are underneath, though not perceived; and at length, in due season, instead of an evil he attains to

5. A *good* conscience. Here the conscience witnesses for Christ, and according to the gospel. It agrees to what God says in the law, but does not stop there; it hearkens to what he further says in the gospel. It turns from Mount Sinai to Mount Zion,—from

God in the law to God in Christ Jesus. It hears the voice of the blood of Jesus speaking better things than the blood of Abel; and through that precious blood acquits the sinner as in the sight of God. An evil conscience, in the sense in which we have used the word evil, was a conscience condemning him according to the word of God in the law; a good conscience is a conscience acquitting him as free from all condemnation according to the word of God in the gospel. Here mercy rejoices against judgment, and the law of belief in Christ makes free from the law of bondage and condemnation. "By the law is the knowledge of sin," as condemning; by the gospel the knowledge of grace, as acquitting. The conscience in which the gospel lives and reigns, then, is the conscience which alone can be good.

This goodness of conscience is one of the greatest blessings. "A merry heart," says one, "is a continual feast;" but a properly merry heart is that only which is sprinkled from an evil conscience by the blood of Christ. Natural merriment is as the crackling of thorns under a pot, but in the truly good conscience there is made a feast of fat things, and into it Christ comes and sups. It is Christ's secret chamber and his banqueting-house; his resting-place and his bed; his garden of delights, into which he enters with his gracious train, where he dwells and makes himself at home. Here is peace with God, energy for obedience, patience for suffering, fortitude in adversities, and a holy boldness in the face of persecuting enemies. "The righteous is bold as a lion." Here is David's large room; whereas an evil conscience is like a deep and narrow dungeon. When David's heart, or conscience, was set at liberty, he could run the way of God's commandments. So that the glory of God in a Christian's obedience, as well as the joy of his own heart, is deeply involved in this matter of goodness of conscience. It gives pleasantness to ordinances, confidence in prayer, inspires the soul with praises, makes temporal mercies sweet, life endurable, and death desirable; without it all things to the awakened soul go wrong, with it all things to the Christian are made right. It honours God, delights a man, commends religion, and satisfies the soul. Such are some of the present advantages of a good conscience.

II. We now come to our second part,—how a *good conscience* is to be *obtained, retained, or recovered*.

1. How it is to be obtained. To show this we must first consider the matter *negatively*, or point out how it cannot be obtained. This blessedness, then, is not to be arrived at by the works of the law. The natural rule of conscience was the law of God, under which man was at first created, and the test of his obedience to which was the command not to eat of the forbidden fruit. Had he observed this rule, and not deviated from it, his conscience would have remained good. He might still have eaten of the tree of life, and that which under Satan's temptation was made to appear a harsh command and a grievous deprivation would have been unto life, and afforded him joy and

peace in such a goodness of conscience as was agreeable to his first creation. But now for a sinner to seek goodness of conscience in this way is to add sin to sin; it is to doubly despise God, and contemn his law. This was Cain's way, and its fruit a fallen countenance, envy, and murder; this is a way which seemeth right to a man naturally, as created with him; but the end thereof is the wages of death.

Again. A good conscience cannot be obtained by, "as it were, the works of the law." Here is a difference. Men may soon despair of fulfilling the law in its integrity; but, unwilling to submit to its curse and go forth into captivity, they lower the law to their supposed capacity, and make Moses put a veil upon his face. Then they think to please a veiled Moses, and perhaps fancy they do so; but the veil has only made them hypocrites and self-deceivers, and their goodness of conscience is only a double badness. They remain guilty, but do not feel it.

Again. Goodness of conscience cannot be obtained by *gospel obedience* upon *legal* principles. Persons instructed to some degree in divine matters perceive that it is impossible to please God by purely legal works, or by a supposed obedience to a corrupted law. Then they may try to obtain a good conscience by a kind of gospel obedience upon legal principles. They turn the gospel into a duty system, duty faith, duty repentance, duty prayers, reading of the word, attendance upon means; and by their strict observance of these things, or at any rate sincere endeavours to please God in them, they think to deserve his approbation, and thus get a good conscience. They may attempt to do these things with a reliance on their own strength and wisdom, or they may go to Christ to borrow aid, that by his granted assistance they may fulfil his precepts, and thus obtain a righteousness and merit the favour of God. According to this scheme, by dethroning Christ's righteousness and enthroning their own, they think to reign as kings without him, and obtain a good conscience. But it is all labour in vain. They are wearied in the greatness of their way, and all proves vanity. Good conscience flees further and further from them. It is not to be obtained by tears, amendments, prayers, or anything of the kind, as looked to or trusted in, partly or wholly, as a righteousness, or meriting God's favour or Christ's acceptance. "This man receiveth sinners," and not such would-be saints.

Again. It is not to be obtained by any outward ceremonies, baptism, the Lord's supper, or anything of the kind. As the poor sinner may and should seek after it in a way of prayer, reading, abstinence from sin, waiting upon God as a road to the blessing, and not the blessing itself; so when he obtains it he may and should be baptized as the answer of a good conscience, and partake of the Lord's supper to strengthen conscience in the truth of God; but to trust in these or any other ceremonies for the obtaining of a good conscience is a Popish delusion, and can never truly establish conscience in a true peace.

Again. It is not to be obtained by accurate notions upon doctrinal points. A man's head may have a great clearness in respect of doctrines, and his heart remain hard, and his conscience only seared thereby, and far, very far from true goodness or peace with God. Ancient naturalists supposed that the toad carried a jewel in its head. There are a sort of religious toads; they have the jewel of free grace in the head, but the toad remains as to heart and conscience.

In fact, goodness of conscience is only to be obtained in one way,—by a living and true faith bringing the blood and righteousness of Christ into the conscience, and this is entirely by the power of the Holy Ghost. Paul says, "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness," he believes in the righteousness of Christ, called the righteousness of God; and Peter writes to the children of God as having obtained a like precious faith with himself *in*.—so it is in the original, the righteousness of our God and Saviour Jesus Christ. Paul again writes that "being justified by faith, we have peace with God." God justifies no man in sin, or without a righteousness; the gospel sets forth before the sinner and makes over to faith the atonement and righteousness of Christ. The renewed understanding perceives their efficacy and excellence; the renewed will upon the divine warrant in the word chooses them; the renewed affections delight in this way of righteousness; and the heart, as to all its faculties, falls down before the blood and righteousness of Christ, and owns his gracious scripture-name, The Lord our righteousness. (Jer. xxiii. 6.) Now the man is washed as to conscience in Christ's blood, and clothed as before God in Christ's obedience. Now a sentence of justification passes in the court of conscience, and the conscience is good; the man has, possesses, peace with God.

Some men want in this matter visions and sensible demonstration; but true faith says not who shall ascend into heaven to bring Christ down from above that we may actually see him in his glory, or who shall descend into the deep to bring him as before our bodily eyes from the dead? No, where true faith is there is the living word of the divine testimony speaking with a divine evidence in the heart and conscience. There are Three in heaven bear record,—the Father, Word, and Holy Ghost; and these Three are One; and three on earth, or in the sinner's heart, as we may say, correspondingly bear record to his peace and safety; the Spirit illuminating his mind, the blood purging his conscience, and the water purifying his heart; and these three agree in every one who obtains this goodness of conscience.

We see, then, a good conscience can be obtained in only one way, by faith in Christ bringing his blood and righteousness into the conscience, whereby the sinner obtains perfect peace with God, and then, accompanying this, and from this, will proceed those peaceable fruits of righteousness which are by Jesus Christ to the glory and praise of God.

(To be continued.)

I KILL AND I MAKE ALIVE.

My very dear Friends,—I received your kind letter, and the contents affected me. The loss must be great to your dear father and yourselves, but the divine sovereignty is plainly exhibited in all Jehovah's conduct, and I am glad that you and your dear father have had such views of it in this trial. "I kill and I make alive." This declaration is applicable to present and *past* circumstances in many respects. Your comforts, expected from the enjoyment of a mother's love, and your dear father's, from the society of a suitable companion and kind bosom friend, are now killed by death; but the grace, which you know made her live, lays a foundation for consolation, because this is not a final separation. You can say, "I shall go to her, but she shall not return to me." Her eyes are now dried from tears, and her aching head and throbbing breast, on account of which you have so often grieved, are for ever freed from their pain, and the fullness of love the happy spirit is gone to the enjoyment of is so perfectly satisfying that her past sorrows are all forgotten. A view of this, at times, makes a living soul long to be dissolved. Can we be displeased at the removal of our very dear friends into such an enjoyment? 'Tis only nature that opposes the divine conduct, but resignation becomes a bereaved situation.

The evidences of a work of grace in the hearts of our departed friends are very pleasing to think about when they are no more with us. They once carried about a body of death, but have cast it off for ever. They had their fears, but their great High Priest was better to them than all their fears. They were tempted; but Jesus succoured them. The recollection of what Jesus was to them in such situations as we now are, or expect to be in, affords much encouragement to us to hope that the same grace which was sufficient for them shall be sufficient for us. It has a tendency to reconcile the minds of surviving, though mourning relatives and friends to their situations. May the Lord bless the event to your dear father, yourselves, and all the family. "Be ye also ready," &c.

I have been afflicted in my body, so that I could not fulfil my engagement at Bath. Thank God I am something better, and, if the will of God, hope to be able to be with you at Trowbridge in September. I have seen the goodness of God to me in his merciful restoring of my dear wife to attend unto me in my affliction. She is much pleased at your united invitation, and should she be as well at the time as she now is, will most gladly accompany me. She joins in Christian love. Though unknown to you, she thinks she knows you well.

That the best of blessings may rest upon you, your dear wife, and all friends among you, is the prayer of

Yours in the Bonds of the Gospel,

July 15, 1872.

W. DAY.

CONWAY STREET CHAPEL.

[The following is the earliest letter we can find respecting Conway Street chapel. We do not know when the chapel was opened by our departed brethren, but it is clear that it was before the date of this letter, as good John Rusk speaks of attending there in Aug., 1816. Mr. Robins was the first, indeed the only pastor who settled there. He was taken home before Gower Street chapel was erected. His last letter appears to have been written Aug. 26th, 1818; and this was followed by one, Oct. 10th, 1818, from the committee of the chapel, stating that he (Mr. Robins) was laid aside without any hope of his recovery.]

To the Committee of Conway Street Chapel.

Your unworthy servant sendeth greeting, wishing grace, mercy, and peace from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ, to rest upon you.

Through the tender mercy of a good God I arrived safely at B. I have felt a great many changes in my poor weak tottering tabernacle since I have been here; but, without entering into particulars, I am better than when I left town, particularly as it respects my breath. I am far enough from being well, but I esteem it a great favour to have a little relief. My times are in God's hands, and he will do all things well; but I find it hard work to commit all things into his hands, and fully as hard work to leave it when it is committed. But let my frames vary as much as they may, God changes not. It is good for me that I have been and still am afflicted. Flesh and blood never will be reconciled to God's ways. I hope that God will make this journey a blessing to me, that my poor body will be bettered by it, and that I shall return to you in the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ. Remember my last text among you: "Pray for us." I need your prayers.

I hope you are all well, and that the blessing of God is with you, both in public and private. Give my love to Mr. Burgam, and to all friends, and as a committee accept of my best wishes for your real prosperity. My wife also sends her love to all friends. I am under a doctor's hands here, and he uses all the means he can for my recovery. I am not altogether destitute of faith that God will send me back better; and if so, I hope he will stir up the hearts of my friends in London to get me a better place to preach in, it is so trying to my poor body at Conway Street.

I have nothing more in particular to say at present.

That God may bless you all is the prayer of

Brighthelmstone, Oct. 2, 1817.

E. ROBINS.

REPLY TO THE ABOVE.

The Committee of Conway Street Chapel to our beloved Brother and Minister and Friend, E. Robins,

Sendeth greeting, wishing grace, mercy, and peace from the fulness of him that filleth all in all.

We received your kind, affectionate letter, and were happy to hear that, through rich mercy, you are better in health; and may

the good Lord, the Shepherd of Israel, continue to bless the means used, and perfectly restore your health again, if consistent with his blessed and sovereign will, that you may be able, in his own good time, to resume your labour amongst us, the poor despised, feeble of his flock at Conway Street, once more. Our beloved brother, no doubt, well knows that "where no oxen is the crib is clean, but much increase is by the strength of the ox;" that is a real, sound-hearted, experimental gospel minister; and how many such there are we wish to leave to the Searcher of all hearts; but, according to our view, there appear to be but few. Surely, then, our united prayer should be that the good Lord of the harvest would raise up and send forth more faithful labourers into his vineyard, seeing that the harvest is not scanty. The true and faithful labourers are, however, but few. But "God's ways are in the deep waters, and his footsteps are past finding out" by all human efforts. He bringeth low and raiseth up again. When his people are cast down there shall be liftings up; and God shall save the humble persons, that the old man of sin may be in some measure crippled; and it is good that, like Mephibosheth, he should be lame in both feet. But he never will be humbled; he ever will be striving for the mastery. Hence the warfare,—sin and grace, or grace and corruption. So in the Shulamite. As our Lord saith, "What will you see in the Shulamite? The company of two armies,"—flesh and spirit; the one lusting, or fighting, against the other; but God hath said, "The elder shall serve the younger;" and again, "Sin shall not have dominion; grace shall reign" in all the children's hearts, through the righteousness of our all-glorious Immanuel, unto eternal and everlasting life, to the praise, honour, and glory of a Triune God, Father, Son, and Spirit, and all through Jesus Christ our Lord. The Lord will not cast off for ever. Though he cause grief, yet will he surely have compassion according to the multitude of his tender mercies; for, saith the prophet, "he doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men" without cause. See, our dear brother, that blessed chapter, Lam. iii.

We have not time to enlarge, but have only to say we keep hobbling on at Conway Street; we do hope in the narrow way, up and down, in and out, and in the name of the Lord. The old language of unbelief is, at times, rather prevalent that all these things are against us.

Mr. Chamberlain is at Providence (Huntington's), yet have no cause of complaint as to our attendance. We are all in bodily health much as when you left; and be assured it is our earnest and hearty prayer for you that, if consistent with the divine will, you may be restored to us again, and that you may come full freighted with sovereign love and all the riches of the blessing of the gospel of peace. Meantime we anxiously wait and expect another letter from you, as you promise in the one received; and have also to observe we have not lost sight of what you mention, a more suit-

able place to preach and worship in. And may the good Lord the Spirit direct our every step for his own honour and glory, both now and for evermore.

All the friends join in love to you and yours, wishing you all possible good in the name of the Lord.

ALL OF MERCY.

Dear Sister,—We received your kind epistle by Mr. A., and are happy to hear you are all in good health; and my sister has done well in adding, "Tis through mercy!" for it is of the Lord's mercy that we are not consumed; even because his compassion fails not. Great is his faithfulness, and exceedingly great and precious are his promises in Christ Jesus, which are all Yea and Amen, to the glory of God by us, who, through rich and sovereign grace, are the happy recipients of them.

You tell me your soul is cast down within you. I also am "cast down, but not destroyed; perplexed, but not in despair;" and the only reason why it is not so is having a good hope through grace, which is an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast; our faith and hope being in God, through the Mediator, who is, blessed be God, our gate of life and door of hope, by which if we enter we shall be saved, and go in and out and find pasture. This going in and out is attended with great joy; also great bitterness; and the heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger intermeddeth not with its joy. But, with Hezekiah, I must say, "For peace I have great bitterness," and instead of joy, sorrow hath almost filled my heart; so that when unbelief for a while is active, and faith at a low ebb, I am all but at a point to give up hope, and to cast away my confidence, which hath so great a recompense of reward; even God himself. But it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy. Wherefore grace shall reign, through righteousness, unto eternal life, which is God's blessing on Mount Zion, and God's gift to them who seek him with all their heart. "Your heart shall live that seek God." (Ps. lxi. 32.)

My partner in the affairs of this life and of that which is to come, with the children, are in health; for which favour we are debtors. They send their best love to you and family. For my own part I am sick and sinful; nor do I believe, hope, or expect it will be much otherwise with me till I arrive in that land where the inhabitants shall no more say, "I am sick," the people that dwell therein being forgiven their iniquity. "Wherefore should a living man complain, a man for the punishment of his sins?" God will not lay upon man more than is right, that he should enter into judgment with him. Yours affectionately,

London, Oct. 10, 1817.

W. TYRRELL.

[The writer of the above letter was originally a member of Eagle Street chapel, London; but was excluded because he went to hear Mr. Huntington. After Mr. H.'s death he still went to Providence Chapel. He died in 1818, of consumption.]

ENCOURAGEMENT.

To the Editor of the "Gospel Standard."

Dear Friend,—Although I am very weak in body, having had a severe attack of chronic bronchitis, I feel it laid upon my heart to tell you how increasingly thankful I am to have the privilege every month, through your very valuable "Gospel Standard," of having fellowship with so many of the Lord's own dear people by reading what he, in his wondrous grace and love, is pleased to put into their hearts; so that, either by the preaching of the word, or in communicating to you by letter, so many precious things are brought out for the edification and comfort of the living family. By this month's publication I have had my soul greatly refreshed, but more especially by the first piece, "Beauty for Ashes." Like the dear preacher, I had never heard any sermon upon the subject; and, although the portion of the word was quite familiar to me, I never felt its *power* until about two months ago, whilst taking a solitary walk, and, exactly as Mr. S. stated, so it was with my soul, "so beset and harassed with the workings of evil within, and the fiery darts of Satan, that I felt my nature a mass of corruption; yea, my heart to be desperately wicked; so that I was ready to conclude that I was not a partaker of grace, thinking that those who had the fear of God in their hearts could not be the subjects of such things. Feeling a burden to myself, I cried out, "O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul." In a moment, just as I turned down a lane, those very precious words dropped into my soul: "To *give* unto them beauty *for* ashes." None but those who have been led in a similar path of deep soul-trial can tell the relief, the happiness, and peace these words afforded to my soul, thus applied by the Comforter, the Holy Ghost. I was so distinctly led to see that the Lord Jesus himself, the chief among ten thousand, the altogether lovely, gave himself for me, who am nothing but a lump of loathsome sin. Then, as Mr. S. describes, so in like manner the other portion of the words was opened up to me for my comfort and peace. Now truly did I realize the truth that "where the word of a king is there is *power*."

How often, under such circumstances of exercise of soul, do I call to mind a remark I heard the late Mr. Gadsby make whilst preaching in Byrom Street chapel (formerly Medley's), Liverpool, nearly 40 years ago. His text was Matt. vi. 13: "Thine is the power." In proving that it is only by the *power* of God alone any one can savingly and experimentally understand the scriptures, he said, "A short time since it pleased the Lord in his all-wise providence to let me slip whilst walking in my garden, and to break my leg. Whilst confined to bed one day, that word in Heb. xii. came suddenly into my mind: 'Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby.' I thought, Why, however

can this be? I see a great many people sorely afflicted, some for very long periods, but yet no peaceable fruit of righteousness is ever seen. However can it be? I could not understand it; so I looked up to the Lord in prayer, and asked him to be pleased to show to me the meaning of his word; and in his rich grace he soon did so. I again read the words over, and then in a moment I got to see how it was: 'To *them* which are *exercised* thereby.' I then saw that the word *exercised* was a military term. If you just stand and watch a number of soldiers being drilled or exercised, you will notice, perhaps, a number of spectators looking on. Now, they all *hear* the word of command and *see* all the movements, but they are not *exercised*; it is only *the soldiers* that are drilled or exercised. And this is just how it is with all the soldiers of the Lord Jesus Christ." Like our dear friend S., in the sermon this month, I thought much of the expression of dear old Abraham: "Who am but dust and ashes." At that time no doubt but he had a deep sense of his wretchedness by nature; and what a wonderful place he was in, in the immediate presence of the Lord, there learning his secrets. Well may he be called "the friend of God." And just so it is now. "Henceforth I call you not servants; for the servant knoweth not what his Lord doeth; but I have called you *friends*; for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you."

I know not how far my experience of soul is like the generality of the Lord's people. With some I know it is the same; but I have to learn the character of God as my God and Father through deep soul trial. As dear Hart says:

"Their pardon some obtain at first,
And then, compelled to fight,
They find their latter stages worst,
And travel much by night."

In reading the letters from America in the "G. S.," how very much I and my dear wife are reminded of our isolated position. This place is a small seaport, population 4,000; a great variety of religious denominations and very much religious bustle; but, alas! How few seem to understand experimentally the character and experience of "God's elect," as described in Ps. xxxiv. 18, "the broken of heart," "and contrite of spirit." There are only three or four persons amongst the whole with whom we can have any spiritual intercourse; but we are thankful for this.

"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." (Num. vi. 24-26.)

Yours, dear Friend, through the Riches
of Sovereign Grace in the Bonds of the Gospel,

Appledore, June 10, 1872.

W. L.

REPENTANCE, like the Holy Spirit and the forgiveness of sins, is a gift of God. "He shall give repentance and remission of sins to Israel." It is a deceit of Satan to persuade people that they can repent when they please; and this keeps half the world easy in their sins.—*Cennick*.

JOHN RUSK'S DIARY.

(Continued from page 31.)

Wednesday, Aug. 7th, 1816.—When I awoke in the morning there was a light shined on two passages of God's word in which I see these things agreeable to my experience that I never saw before, and from which I gather that a person may have some convictions for sin and then the Lord manifest himself; and such shall rejoice in his salvation, and be blessed with great liberty, and a large share of the consolations of God's Spirit; and all this for a length of time that such will conclude that they are established believers, and really feel their confidence firm; but at the back of this the scene changes, and by degrees they begin to die and wither, and they sink more and more, though at intervals they have lifts and encouragements. This goes on, and they are continually trying to get to their former standing; but they cannot, and it appears to them to be presumption. Well, as they go on they feel their hope giving way more and more; the sentence of death enters them terribly; passages of scripture threaten them, and they go on with deeper and deeper discoveries of their lost estate, till they are brought at last to conclude that they really are hypocrites, really lost, and will eternally perish; and they expect no other. This is the real expectation of their souls. Hence such are ready to perish, and expect to go down into the pit, and that the pit will shut her mouth upon them, that the deep will swallow them up, and that the water-floods will overflow them; and this teaching will go on in some for years. Many lifts they will have between whiles; and this is the path I am now in, called in Job "the doors of the shadow of death" being opened to us. Now here lies the beauty of what I see this morning in those two texts. Read carefully Job xxxiii. 14 to the end. Examine it very closely, and you will find all that I have written: "He keepeth back his soul from the pit, and this life from perishing by the sword" (of justice). "His soul draweth near unto the grave, and his life to the destroyers" (or devil); but at last, when he fully expects to go to the bottomless pit, and looking for the sentence to be executed on him, then comes a reprieve: "Deliver him from going down to the pit; I have found a ransom" (this ransom is Jesus Christ). "His flesh shall be fresher than a child's" (being delivered from original sin); and then mind, for here's the beauty I see, "He shall return to the days of his youth;" by which I understand he shall come back to his former enjoyments; but if he never had any before he sank so low as to expect the pit, how could he be said to return? for returning shows he had been there before. You have it again in Ps. ciii., where David says, "My youth is renewed" (mark that), not made new, but renewed, "like the eagle's."

But to enlarge a little upon the subject. If you say that by returning to the days of his youth means literally we all know that is absurd; that never can be the meaning; neither can it mean returning to his youthful days of sin, called youthful lusts.

No, says Peter, "The time past of our life may suffice us wherein we have wrought the will of the flesh." "But," say you, "if it does not mean what you have said, what does it mean?" I answer, that it certainly is the unstrained sense of these passages that such characters should enjoy the presence, love, joy, and approbation of God as they did before they sank into such calamities.

"But," say you, "can you bring a passage of scripture to prove that a person may enjoy the presence and favour of God, and that this is called the days of their youth?" Yes, I certainly can. Read Jer. ii. 2: "Thus saith the Lord, I remember thee, the kindness of thy youth, the love of thine espousals, when thou wentest after me in the wilderness, in a land that was not sown." There is another passage to the purpose in Hos. ii. 15: "And I will give her her vineyard from thence, and the valley of Achor for a door of hope; and she shall sing there as in the days of her youth," &c.

Now what may we learn from all this? I answer, we learn this, that God does not deal exactly alike with his people, though it all answers one end. Some begin with cutting convictions, and sink very low; and this is called bearing the yoke in our youth (the youth of our profession); but some have but a shallow work at first and rise high in the enjoyment of God's presence; after which they sink deeper than ever, and then return to the days of their youth, the love of their espousals, the kindness of their youth, and sing as in the days of their youth; for their youth is now renewed like the eagle's, since their life is redeemed from destruction. Then take encouragement, poor, tempted soul, when the enemy suggests to thee that what thou formerly enjoyedst of the favour of God, the light of his countenance, &c., was a delusion, for if it was real you never would sink so low, and that former enjoyments were only like the wayside hearers; tell Satan that he is a liar, and that you shall return to the days of your youth; though you appear now to be going down to the bottomless pit, that your youth shall be renewed like the eagle's; though God has for a time turned you to destruction, yet he will redeem your life from destruction, and crown you with loving-kindness and tender mercies, the same as he did before; so that your youth shall be renewed like the eagle's. Yes, poor, tempted soul, you may sink within a hair's breadth of black despair, after having enjoyed the greatest manifestations of the love of God, and after this return to the days of your youth again. I add no more.

[When the good man says, "I add no more," he does not mean that he shall write no more, but that he will add no more at that time or upon that subject. The truth is that an iron fireproof safe which we have is full of his writings, books upon books, all painfully-closely written. If printed, we believe they would make more than all Mr. Huntington's writings put together. We hope to make rather more free use of them for the future than we have done hitherto, as we have reason to know Mr. Rusk's pieces are very acceptable to our spiritual readers.]

TELL ME WHERE THOU FEEDEST.

"Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon?"—SONG I. 7.

TELL me, O thou Divinely Fair,
Where thy luxuriant pastures arc;
On what high hill or fruitful mead,
Thou dost thy hungry pilgrims feed;
Or where, upon the favour'd few,
Descends the fertilizing dew.

Tell me! For O! I long to know
The path thy faint and weary go!
Where I may hide from noon-tide heat,
Or rest my way-worn, wand'ring feet;
Or where may find refreshing shade,
Or tents for Zion's children made.

Tell me! Because I fain would rest
My head (like John) upon thy breast!
There, in thy more than wonted smile,
Forget the wilderness awhile;
Forget that 'tis my painful lot
To feel as if thou lov'st me not!

Wilt thou administer relief
Within thy courts for secret grief?
Or shall thy word some cordial bear,
To banish grief and drive despair;
Some message that I am a son,
Though in thy house a little one?

Tell me from yonder throne above
Thou never wilt forget to love;
That thou wilt bless from day to day,—
Wilt cheer my solitary way,—
Yea, that thy banish'd one shall soon
Enter upon eternal noon!

Tell me my pilgrimage below,
Through every chequer'd shade of woe,
Leads to the land of blessedness,
Where sighs are still and hush'd distress;
Leads from dishonour to renown,
From death to an immortal crown!

O, lead me to thy "healthy place,"
From whence I may review thy grace!
There, let another pledge be given
Of the continued love of heaven;
There, tell me thou wilt quickly come,
To take me to that better home!

POPERY AND INFIDELITY.

Dear Sir,—I beg to thank you for the useful and scriptural address which you have given in the "Gospel Standard" for this month; but I thought there might be no harm in mentioning my doubts about your remark on Popery and Infidelity. I do not expect any mighty conflict between these two evil principles, but rather that they will form a league with one another against the church of Christ, as Syria and Ephraim were confederate against Judah in the time of Ahaz. I suppose many of the Romish priests are infidels in their secret beliefs, and Popery has generally fraternized with Infidelity where it seemed expedient to do so. Doubtless there may be some Popish priests brought up in the system who are groping their way to Jesus Christ (as perhaps there were some in the first French Revolution), and the Lord will call them out, if they be his own; but I fear Infidelity is not uncommon among them; *i. e.*, the priests. In Rev. xvii. 3 the woman, or Popery, sits upon the scarlet-coloured wild beast, or the Infidel antichrist.

I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

Jan. 3, 1873.

W., Curate of —

[Our correspondent has entered upon a wide field of serious, prayerful inquiry, and we can here only remark that we believe there is an essential antagonism between evil *in its developments* as Popery and Infidelity. Many Popish priests, as well as others nearer home, may be secretly infidels; and if Infidelity finally wins the day, and overthrows the effete system of Popery, they will, of course, appear in their true character, be avowed Infidels, but not at the same time Papists. The younger, stronger, and more vigorous serpent will probably at length devour the older one, and then swell out into its full horrible proportions. Apostatizing men, says Jude, will deny the only Lord God and our Lord Jesus Christ. They certainly cannot professedly do this and be at the same time professedly Roman Catholics. In Rev. xvii. the kings of the earth devour the woman as well as give their power to the beast. We dare not dogmatize, but would advise our readers to watch not only the encroachments of Popery, but the young, vigorous, advancing spirit of the age,—godless, fearless, all-authority-denying *Free Inquiry*.]

NO PERFECT CHURCH HERE.

Dear Friend,—Yours of the 28th of August came to hand. I am glad to find you can express yourself at a point as to what it is that will make a true union that will remain when the world is in a blaze, namely, the work of the Holy Spirit of God upon and in the hearts of poor sensible sinners; for it is he that beareth his witness to our hearts that we have full and perfect interest in all that Christ is, as made of God unto us both wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and full and complete eternal redemption. And as the Holy Ghost is glorified in his office, in taking of the things which are Christ's in common with the eternal Father, and showing them unto us, we feel no doubt in our minds that God the eternal Father is glorified in our be-

lieving, with all our heart and soul, that the Son of God is co-equal, co-eternal, and as essentially God, even as the Father and the Holy Ghost. And under every manifestation of him, by the Holy Ghost, as Prophet, Priest, King, Advocate, and Intercessor, what joy is produced, and peace, in believing that God's Christ is our Way, our Truth, and our very Life; and his own most blessed testimony, "I and my Father are one," most gloriously sounds through every chamber of heart, soul, and mind, producing such holy communion with him and the Father of all our mercies and the God of all our comforts as leaves no doubt from whence such heavenly joys come, inasmuch as the spiritual mind is, under such sweet times, both life and peace, and speaks for itself that it comes from the eternal Three-One God.

But I would not have you for a moment to think that I am always indulged in enjoying what I humbly hope God in his rich free grace and most sovereign mercy hath taught me concerning the great mystery of godliness, God manifest in the flesh; for it is only when I am favoured to get a soul-transforming view, and my faith and hope enter into that within the veil, that my joy abounds; and though it is mine to often grieve, mourn, faint, and fear, when dark clouds hide the object and substance of my faith from me for days, and sometimes for weeks together, yet I trust I do not presume when I say my soul longs to see him again, that I may enjoy the taste of heaven's bliss in beholding how complete I am in him, whom the angels love, worship, praise, and most reverently obey. I often feel as if I would rather depart and leave this vain and idolatrous wicked world to be with the Lord Jesus than be made the emperor of the whole universe. Howbeit, I have a baptism to be baptized with, as well as others. There are two things left to overcome,—my unbelief and death; and I feel most perfectly satisfied that nothing short of a supply of the Spirit of Jesus Christ can make my end glorious. Sometimes I can look forward in the expectation of hope that mercy's long arm will be felt below all my sinkings, and her most tender loving heart be felt in cheering the damps of death.

And as it was of Christ Jesus, the Lord of life and glory, that Moses and David wrote and all the prophets by the Holy Ghost witnessed, when they testified beforehand of the sufferings of Christ and the glory that should be revealed, it was not unto themselves exclusively, but unto us poor and needy sinners from the Gentile as well as the Jewish world, for whom it is written, that in him, Christ, should the Gentiles trust, and his rest shall be glorious. As, therefore, there remaineth yet a rest to the people of God's eternal choice in Christ Jesus, before the world had a beginning, let us pray for faith and patience, to keep us waiting for his second coming, to end the world's pleasures and wickedness, and to put his much-loved and dearly-bought spouse into full enjoyment of what was prepared for her before the foundation of the world. But we live in the very dregs of time, and what the Holy Ghost spake to us expressly, according to Paul's

declaration of our times to Titus and Timothy, is come to pass with a witness. Read 2 Tim. iii. carefully and prayerfully. But I am longing for that happy eternity when the last verse in Isa. lv. is to be accomplished in the resurrection of the whole body of Christ, to be fashioned like unto his glorified body. There never was, nor ever will or can be, one of human birth free from the thorn of a sinful nature since the fall, except Him of whom it is written, "I am like a green fir-tree in the house of the Lord;" for the best of men are at times like a thorn edge, and the most upright like the pricking brier. I have found, truly found it so in times past to my grief and wounding, which keeps me shy of ministers, saints, and sinners; but Christ's most holy immortal body, being free from creature liability to change, it was not capable of the least taint of imperfection, much more of sin, though truly from the living woman's seed, by God the Holy Ghost's overshadowing operation and power, and thus was made the body of Christ, that holy thing which is called the Son of the Highest; most holy in the conception; most holy when brought forth at the birth; most holy from then to its suspension upon the Cross of Calvary; most holy when he poured out the blood life of it in order to pay the ransom price of his spouse; most holy while it lay in the tomb, therefore could know no change to corruption; and most holy when he arose from the dead, being again quickened in the spirit, and ascending to be seated upon the throne of the imperial Majesty of God in the heavens, to be eternally seen, loved, worshipped, and praised, as possessing all the fulness of the Godhead bodily.

Thus is Christ our ever green fir-tree in the house of the Lord; and a most beautiful figure is the fir-tree, being free from prickles, and there is also a promise that will not have its accomplishment until the saints' bodies are raised from the dead and fitted for glory: "Instead of the thorn shall come up the myrtle tree, and it shall be for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off."

But in all things Christ hath the pre-eminence. The fir-tree, you read, is a fir-tree to nest in; as it is written: "As for the stork, the fir-trees are her house." (Ps. civ. 17.) But the myrtle-tree is not so. Hence the folly of trying to make an easy nest while here in a sin-spoiled world, or even in the church; for every one has his thorn of original sin; and when Satan is permitted to buffet the poor creature about it, is it to be wondered at that we, if meddled with, begin to buffet one another? And then we begin to think there is no church fit to join. But there is, but it is militant. But the modelling of a church to perfection that may ever remain so is reserved for him of whom it is written that in all things he hath the pre-eminence. He only knows sheep from goats, and goats from sheep; but whilst we are in our state of imperfect knowledge, the best and most discerning men have been and now are taken in by impostors, and especially at this sleepy time in which even the wise virgins seem to have hardly enough of the oil of grace to make their light so

shine before men that we may see their good works, and so glorify their Father which is in heaven. As for the foolish virgins, by means of Bibles, books, pamphlets, and a slumbering ministry, they have learned the art of mimicking the wise virgins to such a perfection that the most discerning of the present day can hardly discern the one from the other; but when the chief Shepherd and Bishop of our souls shall appear, there will be no mistake made then; for on the left hand will be seen the goats, and not a sheep amongst them, and on the right hand his well-known blood-washed sheep, and not a goat will then be found amongst them; and as the sheep are to be known by hearing his voice in speaking in love and mercy to our poor guilty needy souls, as sure as we have heard it once we shall need to hear it often, and if not, like David, we shall ask, "Why art thou silent, O Lord, at the voice of my roaring? I roar all the day long, and in the night season, and am not silent;" but in the morn of the resurrection we shall come up out of our graves like the myrtle-tree, ever green, and sweet with rich perfumes, and for ever free from the thorn of sin. Then will for ever that promise be enjoyed, "There shall no more be the thorn nor pricking brier in the house of the Lord for ever. Amen." God is the everlasting God in Trinity and Unity, keeping covenant and truth for ever towards the whole house of his own spiritual Israel, and this state of the church's eternal perfection in glory will be an eternal sign of God's faithfulness, which is "the girdle of his loins, and righteousness, which is the girdle of his reins."

And now that the dear Lord of our hearts' joys and comforts may help us to be daily seeking the One that is above, is the prayer of,
G. M.

WHEREFORE STANDEST THOU WITHOUT?

My dear Friend in the Friend of Sinners,—Grace, mercy, and peace be unto you, from God the Father and from the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of the Father in truth and love.

I was glad to receive your letter. I find by it your mind is still greatly tried about joining us in church fellowship. You will recollect there are sins of omission as well as of commission; and sometimes the Lord flogs us into obedience. I would have you think of this. As to your fear about being rejected, that is a trick of Satan's to keep you where you are. I think if I have any judgment at all I ought to know (at least as to myself) whether you are a fit subject or not. If I really thought you were not I would tell you so; but by what you have written to me and what I have heard from your lips, if you can see the ordinance of baptism to be right, I consider you are doing wrong in keeping away, and shutting yourself out from that which is your right. Do think of the last request, or nearly so, of your *dying Friend*: "If you love me, keep my commandments." Again: "If I be

a Father, where is mine honour? And if I be a Master, where is my fear?" And again: "Do this in remembrance of me." Let those words have their full weight. Those portions, my dear friend, are weighty ones; therefore think them over; and O that the Lord would make them a blessing to your soul, and lead you sensibly and feelingly into them, and cause his face to shine upon you, and his Spirit to rest upon you, and give grace to reign in and over you. Then methinks you will say:

"In all my Lord's appointed ways
My journey I'll pursue;
Hinder me not, ye much-loved saints;
For I *must* go with you.

"Through floods and flame, if Jesus leads,
I'll follow where he goes;
Hinder me not, shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose."

That the Lord may bless, keep, and preserve you unto his heavenly kingdom is the prayer of

Yours in Gospel Bonds,

Walkern, Feb, 14, 1861.

J. MARTIN.

A BLESSED HOPE.

My dear Brother and Companion of the Family of Heaven,— I do sincerely feel it a great honour and an unspeakable mercy conferred upon me by the glorious Redeemer to have any hope whatever that I am amongst his sheep, those which he has purchased, not with corruptible things, such as silver and gold, but with his own most precious blood,—*Me* who am the vilest of the vile, the chief of sinners, the least of saints; *Me* who knowingly in my youth cast overboard all parental authority, and was the ringleader in sin and iniquity; and although blessed with a father who was desirous that we should know the truth, at least in the letter of it, and to some extent succeeded in teaching us, nevertheless I cast it all aside, and blasphemed the name of the Lord, and a thousand times called upon him to damn my soul; *Me* who, even when

"The time roll'd on apace,
Not to propose, but call by grace,"

was determined to go further into sin in order to stifle conviction and drown the work of the Spirit. But, no. He will have his own, and he is sure, if they go in a course like the above, to hedge up their way with pricking thorns; *Me*, who since I have reason to believe the Lord the Spirit has shown me my sins forgiven through a Saviour's peace-speaking blood, have proved myself a traitor a thousand times, an ungrateful and an unfeeling wretch; so that I am constrained to ask with the poet:

"Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room?
While thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"

And O with what a holy vehemence and solemn pleasure have I seen and felt our dear departed minister repeat the next verse:

“’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.”

O my friend, what grace can do, what it has done in *me* and for *me*, in bringing, the rebel down to the feet of Jesus with weeping and supplication, feeling himself nothing, and less than nothing, and vanity; and causing the very name he hated to become the chiefest among ten thousand and the altogether lovely! The Lord bless you with much of the sweet influence of the blessed Comforter in the revelation of a precious Christ. This is the prayer of
Yours in the Lord the Lamb,

Rochdale, March 4, 1872.

W. SCHOFIELD.

Obituary.

WILLIAM SPIRE.—On Dec. 21st, 1872, aged 62, Mr. William Spire, minister of the gospel, Laverton.

He was born in the hamlet of Laverton, Gloucestershire. He was very powerfully convinced of his state as a sinner when about 17 years of age. His elder brother, Jeremiah, was brought to the feet of Jesus about the same time as he was; and the two brothers worked, read, prayed, and had sweet fellowship together in the things of God, though their views of doctrinal truth were not very clear at that time.

I have heard William speak of the way in which the Lord set his soul at happy liberty in a field by the powerful application of this text: “Thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee.” From this time he went on, like most young Christians, rejoicing in the Lord, and thinking that his mountain stood strong and he should never be moved. He soon began to preach in his native village; and there are many living witnesses to the power and unction of his ministry in those early days, both at Laverton and in the surrounding neighbourhood. The Arminians, however, soon got hold of him, and he was left to drink deeply into their errors. He became a Primitive Methodist preacher, and married one of their female preachers, who was the mother of his seven children, five of whom are now living, and two died in infancy. As his wife’s health became delicate, and their family increased, she gave up preaching, and settled down to the duties of her household.

William was at this time led to take a step which he deeply regretted in after life, and which he viewed as the cause of all his subsequent trials and afflictions for 24 years. He entered the police force, and became an active and efficient officer, but suffered great loss in soul matters, and fell into a sad state of backsliding of heart from the Lord. The Lord appears to have followed him

with his chastening rod in various ways; but the most severe stroke was the death of his dear wife, leaving him with five helpless babes, the youngest only a fortnight old. He was at that time stationed at Dursley, but his parents were both living at Laverton. They were each of them in receipt of a life annuity, which enabled them to send for the motherless babes and take charge of them, William contributing all he could towards their support.

The time now arrived for the Lord to set his hand a second time to recover this poor wandering sheep from the mountains of error. He removed from Dursley, and was stationed at Stow-on-the-Wold, Gloucestershire. One day, being on his round of duty, he passed Mr. Roff's little chapel, and read over the door the word "Ebenezer." He inquired what kind of people met there, and was told it was an Antinomian who preached there; and he felt a desire to hear what the man had to say. The effect of Mr. Roff's ministry will be best seen by an extract from his own writings:

"Ebenezer I enter'd, and found it all neat,
 And just by the door I sat in the back seat,
 Where the precious pure gospel like rivers did roll,
 Through the poor Antinomian, right into my soul.
 There were thunders and lightnings, an earthquake also,
 And my old Babel building was rocked to and fro,—
 Which I had so plaster'd and propp'd up for years
 Till it all tumbled down round my own head and ears.
 And here in the midst of the ruins I lay,
 My soul bound in fetters and fill'd with dismay;
 Till my once boasted power was buried and lost,
 And wretched free-will made to give up the ghost."

The poem from which the above is extracted gives a sweet and deeply-interesting account of his experience at this time and during the severe affliction which followed. It is too long to transcribe now. If the Lord should open the way the whole poem, about 120 verses, shall be published at some future time. In the meantime I must proceed with this brief account.

During the time he was stationed at Stow, some young men were making a disturbance in the street, and in his zeal to apprehend them, William ran so fast and continued running so long that he injured his heart in so serious a manner that he was laid on the bed of affliction for many months, and was a sufferer to the day of his death, which was for 24 years. He was obliged to leave the police force and return to his native village to his parents, who were already burdened with his little family. Here, in this school of affliction, the Lord led him about and taught him, and showed him much of the hidden evils of his heart. His experience during this period of his life was very deep and sound, which may be gathered from the various scraps of poetry which he wrote from time to time; but I regret to say he has left no other account of his experience, or of the many trials through which he passed.

William's father was an upright, honourable man, and very religiously inclined, but a staunch Churchman. At first he did not approve of his son's altered views and feelings, but at length, chiefly through the means of the "Gospel Standard," he was led into a deep and experimental acquaintance with those sacred truths which were so dear to William's heart; and he died rejoicing in the same. His annuity dying with him, his afflicted son, with his family and the widow, removed to the cottage in which he ended his days, the rent of which was paid by a relative.

Poor William's cup of sorrow was not yet full; for in about two years after the death of his father, his mother also died, and her annuity ceasing also, he was left to struggle on in the depths of poverty and affliction with his youthful family. His affliction was so great at this time that he did not walk the length of the village street for nine years.

During this affliction his mind was greatly exercised respecting the ministry, and he was led to entreat the Lord either to remove him or to send the gospel to him where he was. Soon after this he was led to open his house for the preaching of the gospel, and several ministers supplied from time to time, until at length the Lord opened William's mouth, and gave him strength to preach himself in turn with others. His exercises of mind and call to the ministry are fully recorded in the poem above-mentioned.

About this time his marriage with his second wife took place; the circumstances which led to this remarkable event I shall not enter into, as they are fully recorded in another work. It will be enough to say that both were fully persuaded that their union was approved of the Lord.

Soon after this, the supplies dropped off one by one, and he was left alone in the work. It was soon made manifest that he had not laboured in vain, as several persons were deeply wrought upon.

In 1863 he was again laid aside on the bed of affliction, and brought apparently to the very gates of death. He was favoured with great enjoyment during this affliction, but the state of his poor hearers troubled him, being left as sheep without a shepherd. Mr. Lovesey preached to them a few times; but his other engagements made the task a very difficult one, as he had so far to walk. At this time he called his wife to his bedside, and begged her, with tears, to endeavour to carry on the meetings. "Meet together in our own house," he said; "read the word of God, and ask the Lord to help you." One of Mr. Philpot's or Mr. Gadsby's sermons was read to the people.

They had not met in this way long before it pleased the Lord to open the mouths of one and another in prayer, until there were seven or eight who felt it good to call upon the name of the Lord. Many were the petitions put up for the recovery of their dear friend, and the Lord graciously heard their cry and raised him up again. They were truly thankful for the living ministry; but having enjoyed so much of the Lord's presence at their prayer

meetings they were continued, and the Lord was pleased to bless them in a special manner.

Soon after William's recovery, Mr. De Frainc, of Lutterworth, came to see him, having heard of him through a friend to whom his ministry had been much blessed. The thought struck Mr. De Frainc that if his poor afflicted brother could leave home the change would be useful to him, both in body and mind. He accordingly invited him to supply for him at Lutterworth. It was a great undertaking for a man in his weak state of health; but the Lord enabled him to go, and to preach in a way which was very acceptable to the Lord's people.

From this time his travels began; for he received many invitations to preach from various parts of the country, and was enabled to travel hundreds of miles to preach that gospel which was so dear to his heart. What he was as a preacher I need not describe, as he was well known, and much beloved by many of the churches in connexion with the "Gospel Standard."

After he began to go out to preach, his health improved, and he became much stronger than he had been for many years previously. And now the subject of baptism was laid with power upon his mind. He had both believed and preached it for several years, but could not see how he could practise it on account of his feeble state of health; but when the Lord's time came it was brought about to the honour of his blessed name, and to the comfort and encouragement of his poor and needy children in this place.

As there was no church at Laverton, the candidates for baptism could not come before the church in the usual way to relate their experience; but William gave it out that a meeting would be held, and those who felt a desire to come forward and declare what the Lord had done for their souls were at liberty to do so. At the first meeting he gave a very sweet account of the Lord's dealings with his own soul, and then four more persons told what the Lord had done for them. After this another meeting was held, at which six more came forward, among whom was his wife, his youngest daughter, his son-in-law, and a nephew of his wife's, all expressing their desire to follow the Lord in his appointed ordinances. Mr. Gorton kindly consented to baptize them all, except his wife, who had been baptized 20 years before. They all went to Milton in July, 1866, and Mr. Gorton baptized them with some of his own friends; in all 16. It was a day long to be remembered by them all. Many fears were entertained respecting William, knowing how very dangerous anything like a shock to the body would be in his state; but prayer was offered up for him continually, and the Lord brought him through wonderfully; so that he was able to preach the same day.

He now formed a little church in his own house, and I trust I can say the Lord has been with us hitherto.

In June, 1868, seven more came forward to declare what the Lord had done for their souls, among whom was his eldest

daughter, who was the first person baptized by him. Her husband, who is one of the deacons of our little church, had been baptized before at Milton.

I must now come to the closing scene of the life of this dear servant of Christ. His health had been declining greatly during the last year; but he was enabled to fulfil all his engagements up to Nov. 10th, when he preached at Milton, and returned home the next day. He was very poorly when he left home; but on his return we thought he was a little better. He was, however, taken seriously ill on the Wednesday, with a severe attack of bronchitis. The dropsy also, with which he had been afflicted for several months, now began to make rapid advances. He soon became quite prostrate, and the doctor pronounced the case hopeless. From the first his sufferings were so great that he could not bear much conversation, and, at times, could scarcely bear any one to go near him.

At the commencement of his illness he appeared to feel much darkness and distress of mind, and often gave utterance to such expressions as the following: "Do, Lord, do appear for my help. Thou hast been a refuge for me; a refuge in time of trouble:

"I have nowhere else to flee;
O God, be merciful to me!"

Seeing him in such distress, I begged him to tell me if he had any doubt respecting his eternal safety. He replied, "O no! My anchor is in the blood,—the blood and righteousness of Christ. No other hope, no other rest, no other refuge. It is *the body*. On this point the Lord will not hear me. When I cry and shout, he shutteth out my prayer." I said, "Then you are like your suffering Lord, for his heavenly Father did not answer his prayer when he cried, in the anguish of his soul, 'If it be possible, let this cup pass from me.' You feel that the Lord supports you in your affliction?" "O yes," he said; "but I want a little respite, a little rest for my poor body, my affliction is so heavy. Sharp, sharp! But *there*, 'the inhabitants shall not say, I am sick.'" At another time he said, "Every work shall be tried by fire. All that is ours must be burnt up. This is no place for mere talk about religion; nothing but the work of God will do *here*. If there is nothing wrought in the soul by the power of God before it comes to this, it is all over with it. Profession is nothing, gifts are nothing, all creature doings are nothing. Nothing but the blood of the Lamb." I said, "You always preached Jesus's blood and righteousness." He replied, "O! My conceptions of him have been so shallow, so very shallow. My hope is in the blood."

One day he appeared a little better. His breathing was less distressing, and he said, "I have been making a bit of rhyme once more. It is this:

"He will my dust refine,
And raise it from the grave;
I in his likeness then shall shine,
And prove his power to save.

Blessed are they that are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb; and I shall be there. Blessed be God, I have a good hope through grace that I shall be there." After this he had some sharp conflicts with the enemy of souls, and cried out many times,

"The billows more fiercely return,
And plunge me again in the deep."

I sink in deep mire where there is no standing. The water-floods overflow me. Against me is he turned. He is frowning me away. He will not hear me on this point. His hand is heavy upon me. My moisture is turned into the drought of summer. I want rest, and ease, and relief; but the Lord is determined I shall suffer. On this point he shutteth out my prayer."

But notwithstanding the suggestions of the enemy, it was evident that the Lord *did* hear and answer prayer in a most striking manner on his behalf on the very point on which he was so tried; *i.e.*, his bodily sufferings. On one occasion his brother Jeremiah was led to pray most earnestly that the Lord would be pleased to give him a little sleep, he not having had any for a long time; and he was enabled to sleep several times during the night for half an hour or an hour at a time. Another time he said to his wife and daughter, "Do pray that the Lord would be pleased to remove this dreadful pain (spasm at the heart). Go down on your knees now and pray. You don't half pray. The Lord has heard prayer on my behalf." They did so, and the pain ceased *at once*, and never returned in the same way again. Another time he begged his friends to pray that the Lord would graciously be pleased to relieve his breath, which was so distressingly bad that it was like the pangs of death to him for many days and nights. In this also the Lord was pleased to hear our cry; for his legs discharging a vast quantity of water, his breath was so relieved that he could at times converse a little with his family and friends, and also get some sleep.

To a friend who visited him he said, "These words came very sweetly to my mind this morning: 'The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.'" He afterwards repeated the words many times: "Everlasting arms." To another he said,

"My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesu's blood and righteousness."

His doctor many times remarked what a patient sufferer he was, and said that his affliction had been enough to kill twenty ordinary men; his heart, lungs, and other vital parts, being dreadfully diseased, as well as having the dropsy. He was quite worn out by fatigue and suffering, not being able to rest on his bed for above three weeks. It was a great trial to him to be obliged to sit so long in his chair, especially as he felt unable to hold up his poor head, and could not even lean back on his pillow on account of his heart. In this he resembled his dear suffering Lord, who was denied the comfort of a bed in his dying agony.

A short time before he breathed his last, his wife was sitting near him and silently lifting up her heart to the Lord to be pleased to enable him to give one more testimony that the Lord was with him in those solemn moments; for he had spoken but little for several days; but he now broke out: "Open thine arms and take me in! Into thy hands I commit my spirit; for *thou hast redeemed me*, O Lord God of hosts. Speak to my soul, Lord. Speak peace, and comfort, and consolation. With the voice of a King there is power. Speak to my family, Lord. Speak to the little church," &c. He continued thus until obliged from exhaustion to cease.

After this he spoke no more except in reply to a question.

A few hours afterwards, as his two daughters were standing by his side, his head fell back in his chair. His wife caught it in her arms. He breathed two or three times very softly, and all was over. His ransomed spirit had taken flight to be, as he had said a few days before, "For ever with the Lord. Amen! So let it be! Nearer, my God, to thee. Nearer to thee!"

His mortal remains were interred in the churchyard of his native parish. The services of the clergyman and the tolling of the bell were not required. His family and the members of his little church followed him to the tomb. Mr. Lovesey conducted a short service outside the churchyard in the presence of about 150 spectators. They sang a hymn, and then, in solemn silence, entered the graveyard and deposited the precious remains in their last resting-place, to slumber in the dust until the Lord shall appear. "Then they which sleep in Jesus God will bring with him."

MRS. GIBBS.—On Jan. 25th, 1872, aged 57, Margaret Gibbs, of Appledore, Devon.

She was called by grace under the ministry of Mr. Vernon, and was for more than thirty years a baptized believer, adorning the doctrine of God her Saviour. Our dear sister's path was often one of tribulation; but, with grace and patience, she would say, "It is only a little while, and conflict will cease." Her illness, lung disease, was thus borne with exemplary fortitude. She earnestly and most especially contended for the doctrines of sovereign grace, that her salvation came from this source entirely, always counting it her entire stay and support.

On her final dissolution drawing near, she was enabled to rejoice in complete redemption, through the blood of the Lamb. Her bed of suffering was marked frequently with ecstatic joy, she exclaiming to her sorrowing and likewise believing husband, "My dear Jesus is coming!" She repeated the whole of the hymn, "Rock of Ages," and also:

"O glorious hour! O bless'd abode!
I shall be near and like my God;"

and added, "I believe he will take me home to-day," and shortly afterwards she exclaimed, "He is come!" and sweetly fell asleep in Jesus. The Bible and the "Gospel Standard" were her choicest books.

F. G.

WILLIAM EELES.—On Nov. 28th, 1872, aged 62, William Eeles, of Bampton.

My dear father was made to feel himself a lost sinner, experienced the preciousness of the atonement made by Jesus Christ, and led to obey the ordinance of baptism while living at Burford, Oxon, where he joined the General Baptists in 1828. The Lord soon after showed him the blessed truths of the Bible, and he was separated from the church at Burford. The Lord, in his providence, removed him to Bampton. He was received into the church formed under the late Mr. Shorter, in 1832, at Alvescot. Mr. Doe, speaking at the funeral, testified that he was respected and loved by the members of that church, and during the many years he had known him and conversed with him he had related many of his troubles, both spiritual and temporal; and that if it was not for his hope in the covenant of grace they would have sunk him into despair. But the Lord, who is mindful of his covenant and them that trust in it, preserved and kept him to the last.

He was a man who valued prayer, both in private and in his family. Hymn 144 was always sweet to him, and his conversation and letters prove that though taken from his children and from the church he still liveth.

He was ill five weeks. I was with him the night before he died. Before I retired to rest I took his hand. Three more of his children were in the room. He could speak but very feebly; but he said, "The Lord is here!" My sister asked him if the Lord was precious to him. He said, "Yes; he is." It did my soul good to know that; for we could see he was going through the valley of the shadow of death; and if the Lord was with him we felt no evil could touch him.

The next morning he knew all his children, and afterwards he fell into a sleep till half-past ten in the evening, when his soul, redeemed through the blood of the Lamb, departed to join the saints above to sing the praises of his Redeemer.

He was buried at Alvescot chapel, by Mr. Doe, who spoke very sweetly on the resurrection.

WILLIAM EELES.

ELIZABETH TURNER.—On Nov. 29th, 1870, aged 66, Elizabeth Turner, of Avebury.

My dear mother had convictions of sin when quite young; but her call by grace was not in a miraculous manner, but a gentle longing: "O that I knew where I might find Him, Him whom my soul loveth!" She felt a heavy burden of sin for years, and was delivered with the words in Jno. iii. 8. Those words cheered her so that she seemed sure that her God was her guide, and would be even unto death. These words also were very sweet to her:

"'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly forced me in," &c.

After these evidences she was not so tried about her assurance in Christ, but had not as yet attended to believer's baptism,

and, being spoken to about it, did not see the need of it till Luke ix. 62 came with great power. After this she could not rest satisfied without being baptized, feeling it would be dishonouring to the Lord after what he had done for her soul. She was, therefore, baptized at Avebury in 1853, by Mr. H. Pocock. She remained a member till her death.

The day of her baptism proved indeed a great blessing, as she felt her Saviour near, and could truly say with the poet:

“To spend one day with thee on earth,
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.”

Hymns 427 and 439 were made very precious to her.

In the winter of 1869 she was taken very ill, and we thought her time was short; but she was spared till the following year. Through this affliction the Lord granted her much of his presence. Almost every night she had sweet communion with the Lord, as a man talketh with his friend.

She took to her bed Nov. 3rd, 1870. For a time she sank very low, and said, “We must tread step by step in a measure; but the Lord has helped me, and he will not leave me now.

“Yea, when the eye of faith is dim,
Rest thou on Jesus, sink or swim.
I want to see his glorious face,
And feel him near.”

The last few days of her life she was wonderfully comforted, especially from Jno. xvii., feeling her oneness with Christ, and the care he bore for her and all the dear saints.

The last evening of her life her countenance brightened, and she said, “I am firm on the Rock, the Rock of Ages.

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

And she tried to describe the glories she was enjoying; but her strength failed her. Her immortal soul took its flight to live and reign with her blessed Redeemer for ever. E. T.

HANNAH BISHOP.—On Dec. 14th, 1872, at Southsea, aged 77, Hannah Bishop, for many years a consistent member of Salem Street chapel, Landport.

Nothing but a free-grace salvation, without works or worthiness, would suit her longing soul. She was indeed a humble walker, and a very little talker. A few hours before her departure she exclaimed, “I shall soon be within the veil whither Christ, my forerunner, has gone.”

Southsea.

F. H.

HAD you the certainty of fifteen years being added to your life, would you therefore forsake your food and disuse the ordinary means of preserving your life? The Jews had an absolute promise that God would preserve Jerusalem from the besieging army of the king of Assyria; did they, therefore, throw open the gates and withdraw their guards?—*Elisha Coles.*

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

MARCH, 1873.

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

THE HAND AND THE BOOK.

“And when I looked, behold, a hand was sent unto me; and lo, a roll of a book was therein. And he spread it before me; and it was written within and without.”—EZEK. II. 9, 10.

HERE is,—I. *A hand* sent to the prophet.

II. The *book* therein.

III. Its *voluminous nature*,—“written within and without.”

IV. The *opening*. It was spread before the prophet.

I. The *hand*.

1. By the hand of the Lord we are sometimes to understand *divine purposes*. Thus Peter, in referring to the council that had threatened him, and commanded him not to speak at all nor teach in the name of Jesus, declares that his enemies did those things which the hand and counsel of the Lord determined before to be done. (Acts iv. 28.) God's purposes had two properties,—Eternity, decreeing all things beforetime (Eph. i. 4); and Unchangeableness. (Jas. i. 17.) God is eternal, and so are his decrees:

“Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee there's nothing old appears.
Great God! There's nothing new.”

This hand bounds all, whatsoever he hath brought, or doth or shall bring to pass, with all their circumstances of time, place, and causes; so that not the least thing is left unpurposed. Tried believer, thy path in providence and grace may be rough, thorny, and mysterious, yet all is straight and smooth with God's eternal *wills* and *shalls*. The hand will regulate all thy affairs, and so dispose of them that all shall turn to thy advantage and the glory of God. That dark cloud in thy family circumstances or soul that thou now tremblest to look upon is ordained of God as the medium through which some signal blessing shall be conveyed to thy soul. He maketh the clouds his chariot. God sets his bow of mercy in the cloud. (Gen. ix. 13, 14.) Thou, poor soul, it may be, in looking at the cloud, thinkest upon nothing but misery; thou seest despair on every hand. Thy God intends the sweet manifestation of his loving-kindness. He brings life out

of death (1 Sam. ii. 6), turns mourning into dancing (Ps. xxx. 11), brings good out of evil. (Gen. 1. 20.) He has promised that all shall work together for thy good. May the Lord enable thee to take thy stand upon this; then look about thee, above thee, underneath thee, before thee, behind thee, and thou shalt see the hand of the Lord in all; and what can pluck thee from thence? Therefore, poor afflicted soul, be not discouraged. This hand will direct thee through all the storms of this life, and finally land thy soul in immortal peace. His hand is stretched out, and who shall turn it back? It is not in the power of princes; no, not the prince of darkness, to let his work, to alter his counsels. The Lord of Hosts hath purposed, and who shall disannul it? (Isa. xiv. 27.)

2. By the hand of the Lord is intended sometimes *the Spirit* of the Lord. The word of the Lord came expressly unto Ezekiel the priest, the son of Buzi, in the land of the Chaldeans, by the river Chebar; and the hand of the Lord was there upon him. (i. 3.) This, in chap. iii. 14, is interpreted of the Spirit. If this divine hand come not upon us, we can have neither spiritual life nor light; for it is the Spirit that quickeneth and enlighteneth. He imparts that light unto his people whereby they are enabled to see sin to be the greatest evil. This is the light of life; both go together. (Jno. viii. 12.) The Spirit that enlightens also quickens; and immediately the Spirit enters there is life and motion (Ezek. xxxvi. 27) towards God. The fountain of iniquity is discovered; and this distresses and astonishes the soul. From head to foot nothing is seen in self but sin. Look where he will in himself, what can he see but sin? By the light he discovers that Jesus is the chiefest good, and his heart goes out after him in holy desires and fervent breathings. Poor longing soul, that Holy Spirit that has led thee from darkness to light will lead thee to God for pardon of sin, to Jesus Christ for justification, to the promises for consolation, and will finally lead thy soul to eternal glory.

3. By the hand of the Lord is intended his *power*. "Thy right hand, O Lord, is become glorious in power; thy right hand, O Lord, hath dashed in pieces the enemy." (Exod. xv. 6.) This was the glorious display of his mighty power in the destruction of Pharaoh and all his host. His power shines in all his works. (Ps. lxii. 11.) The power that is scattered all over the world meets and centres in him. He that giveth strength unto all must needs have power over all. His power is absolute. He governs by no law but his own will. (Eph. i. 11.) Now all the saints are in this hand. (Deut. xxxiii. 3.) They are dear unto him. He carries them in his arms, embraces them in his bosom, bears them up under all their afflictions, temptations, trials, and exercises, nor shall they ever be plucked from thence.

To be in the hand of God is to be in his favour, and to be highly esteemed by him. "Thou shalt be a crown of glory in the hand of the Lord, and a royal diadem in the hand of thy God."

The world looks upon them with contempt, and accounts them a poor despicable people. The Saviour himself was an object of derision (Luke xvi. 14); so in this they fare only the same as their divine Lord and Master. However, the approbation of God, and the honour he puts upon his people, will counterbalance and make amends for all the world's slander. If God approve, who would be dejected at the scorn of a fool? God hath taken his persecuted into his family. Here he puts his image upon them, admits them into present communion with him, and gives the testimony of his Spirit to assure them of their adoption, and will hereafter receive them into eternal glory. Will not this more than compensate for all? "And this honour have all the saints." And when by faith they can see and feel their standing that they are in the hands of God's love and power, like the apostle, they can take a pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses, for Christ's sake.

4. By the Lord's hand his *bounty* is sometimes to be understood. "Thou openest thy hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing." (Ps. cxlv. 16.) Not only the saints but also their mercies, both temporal and spiritual, are in the hand of the Lord. All their times,—times of affliction, times of deliverance, times of sorrow and of joy, times of war, and times of peace, the time of life, the hour of death, and entrance into everlasting peace, are at the disposal of the Lord, Poor afflicted soul, fear not. Thy precious Lord has all at command. He that laid down his life to redeem thee will surely supply all thy needs. In a fit of fear thou sometimes sayest, "The Lord hath forsaken me;" but with what kindness and sweet compassion does he answer, "Can a woman forget her sucking child? Yea, she may forget; yet will I not forget thee." Thou art graven upon the palms of his hands, and now, as thou travellest through this waste, howling wilderness, he will open his hand to give thee a glimpse of the fair lines, to show unto thee that thou art engraven as a seal upon his arm, a signet upon his heart. (Song viii. 6; Hag. ii. 23.) How bountifully he has opened his hand toward thee in choosing, redeeming, calling, washing, keeping, strengthening, and feeding thy poor soul, and in providing means of grace to refresh thy soul, in giving thee grace to use the means, and not suffering thee to grow careless in thy profession, as is the manner of some. The Lord hath done great things for thee, all of which are an earnest of eternal glory.

II. The *book*.

1. The first book a sinner has to do with is the book of *conscience*: for that is a book of record, wherein men's actions are entered. While the sinner is in nature's state, it is shut up close and sealed with unbelief, hardness of heart, ignorance, the love of sin, enmity against God, gross darkness, and death. At the time appointed the lion of the tribe of Judah will break these seals and open the book. Then appears a black scroll indeed. God brings to light the hidden things of darkness. O what

dreadful accusations the sinner is forced to read out of this book of conscience. Fain would he turn from it; but God holds him to it. He cannot shun the sight. The sinner now sees himself in his true colours, in a most loathsome condition, fixed in the presence of God with all his sins before him, covered with guilt. Satan stands at his right hand, a fierce accuser, and lays many great and grievous sins to his charge, to which he cannot answer, being guilty of all. God himself tells him he is a sinner; for only God can speak to the heart in order to convince of sin. But however miserable the poor sinner may be, he may and does look upon himself as lost and undone for ever without any hope of mercy. Yet the seed of eternal life is in his heart, sown there by the Spirit of God, and it springs up in earnest sighs and fervent longings for divine mercy, even against all his efforts to keep it down, fearing that the very sighs of his guilty soul for mercy are sin. Blessed be God, this work thus begun in sorrow will end in joy.

2. Another book that is opened unto the awakened and convinced sinner is the book of the *Law*, written by the finger of God on the tables of stone. This law demands perfect obedience unto all that it commands. This holy law of God, when the Almighty applies it in all its purity, holiness, and spirituality to the conscience of a poor sinner, a dreadful spirit of bondage comes upon him, and is attended with dreadful horrors and terrors that he knows not what to do, nor where to go. Despair takes fast hold upon him; God answers him in this secret place of thunder. A dreadful sound is in his ears: "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them." "The law worketh wrath." So sure as God applies his law, together with his displeasure, against sin, so sure will all the corruptions of the heart boil up,—enmity, rebellion, desperation, and unbelief. His heart will be like a troubled sea when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt. O what a distressed state he is in! No language can describe a tithe of the anguish of his soul. If he looks up to God, he sees nothing but an angry Judge; if to his works, sin is in them all; if to the promises, they are not for him; if to the saints, he can see their peace and blessedness, but this only aggravates his own case. He envies the brutes; they have no hell to fear. If he could die like them, what a release! But eternity, eternity thrills through his soul, from morning to night and from night to morning. Still, amidst all this guilt and despair, the heart in sobs and sighs goes up to God. And, blessed be God, the time will come when it shall be said of all such poor seeking, law-racked, self-condemned souls, "Deliver him from going down to the pit. I have found a ransom."

3. Another book in the hand of the Lord is the book of the *Gospel*. Precious book this! It is a book full of mercy. It contains the best, the greatest, the most welcome of all news from God to poor miserable sinners. It is a revelation of the grace of

God to fallen man, through a Mediator. The law goes first to kill and condemn; the gospel comes after to raise up to newness of life, to proclaim liberty to the captives. Until we know something of God as a consuming fire in a broken law, we shall not know him as satisfied in Christ. (Rom. vii. 4.) When the law is applied to the heart and conscience of a poor sinner, sin revives; it lifts up its head, and appears in all its ugly shapes. It exerts itself, and struggles in opposition to the holy laws of God. What the law forbids, sin craves, and rises in enmity against the law and its divine Author. This kills the soul to all legal hope; for by the deeds of the law no flesh can be justified. Here the soul is under sentence of death, and here he must remain till the gospel comes in divine power to release him.

Nothing short of the precious blood of Christ applied to the conscience by the power of the Holy Ghost, can deliver such poor miserable wretches. Gloomy as their case may be, there is hope in Israel for such, if there is none in themselves or in a broken law. "Turn ye to the stronghold, ye prisoners of hope;" "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

4. Another book is the book of *Life*. (Phil. iv. 3.) The book of life contains a register of all the elect whom God from all eternity has purposed to be saved. The Saviour stands at the head and front of this book (Ps. xl. 7); for he is the life. Take him from it, death must follow. Christ and his people are but one. If viewed as a body, he is the Head, they the members, considered as enrolled in the register of heaven. (Isa. iv. 3.) He is written as the first elect, the church as chosen in him. (Ps. cxxxix. 16.) He is the Alpha as also the Omega; the beginning and the end, the first and the last.

Now the Scriptures are a transcript of this book. Those whom God hath chosen to eternal life, and who have been called by his grace, and translated from the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son, their experience is recorded in the sacred volume; but it is often to the Christian a sealed book. He reads, but cannot understand. The seals must be removed before he can discern his interest therein. Often he cries, if not in so many words, yet in the spirit, with the psalmist, "Open thou mine eyes that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law." Until the eyes of his understanding are anointed with the eye-salve of grace, he cannot distinguish his own features so sweetly described therein; but when the Spirit shines forth, and it is in his light we see light, then he can read and run. (Hab. ii. 2.) Here he sees his temptations, there his brokenness of heart; here his fervent longings, there his conflicts; in short, the whole exercises of his mind, his fears, his sorrows, his sinkings, his risings; all that he has passed through is written with indelible lines, and stands open before him. Now he can rejoice that his name is written in heaven. The Spirit bears testimony with his spirit unto his adoption. The Scripture confirms his faith in the Lord

Jesus Christ. The book of life is the register of his eternal salvation. Thus he has been enabled to make his calling and election sure, and in this he can and does rejoice. Go on, seeking soul. Stumblingblocks may be before everything to discourage you, and you may see nothing to encourage; but God hath said, "The vision [of love] is yet for an appointed time; wait for it, because it will surely come, it will not tarry."

III. The *voluminous nature* of the book, "written within and without."

1. This may be referred to the *providences* of God; the outward writing to the visible works of divine providence; the internal to the secret purposes of God. In this respect,

"God moves in a mysterious way."

We cannot by the visible works of God tell, on the one hand, what his secret thoughts are. The outward may appear very gloomy and distressing, while the thoughts of his heart are only joy and peace. On the other hand, the outward may appear prosperous and gratifying, at the same time in the secret thoughts of God destruction is intended. As behind a frowning providence he hides a smiling face, so behind a smiling providence he may hide a frowning face. (Ecc. ix. 1.) When God intended the advancement of Joseph, and purposed to make his brethren bow down to him, he wrapt himself in mystery. Jacob, his father, had given him up as dead. His brethren had sold him for a slave, and never expected to hear of him again. Potiphar, his master, cast him into prison. There his feet were hurt with fetters; he was laid in irons. (Ps. cv. 18.) The butler for two full years had forgotten him. A dark cloud this; but, threatening as it appeared, it was but the eclipse of the sun of prosperity that soon shone forth upon Joseph in glorious splendour. From a dungeon he is raised to be lord of all Egypt. Those whom the Lord intends to exalt he first brings down, and then he "raiseth the poor from the dust, and lifteth up the beggar from the dung-hill, to set them among princes, even the princes of his people." Not so with Haman, who was advanced by the king, that all the king's servants bowed and revered Haman, while he is basking himself in luxury, pleased with the fond dreams of his increasing glory. But amidst all this splendour he was contriving the massacre of the Israel of God; and the Lord's providence for a time seemed to favour his design. Just as he commanded, so it was written. (Esther iii. 12.) The Jews are clothed in sackcloth and ashes; they mourn and weep; their death-warrant is signed and sealed with the king's ring. Haman is in prosperity, the Jews in adversity. He that sitteth in the heavens and ruleth over all appointed Haman to the gallows, the Jews to joy and gladness. And so it came to pass, the gallows he had made for Mordecai Haman himself was hanged thereon, and the Jews had joy and gladness, a feast and a good day. Thus in the height of his prosperity the destroyer came upon him (Job xv. 21), and

in him was fulfilled the proverb of the wise man: "The prosperity of fools shall destroy them." (Prov. i. 32.) "This is the portion of a wicked man from God, and the heritage appointed unto him by God." (Job xx. 29.) Here, as in a glass, we behold how fair and yet how delusive are the titles, riches, and honours of this world; for underneath the highest pinnacle of human glory there may be a mine that when it explodes all the pomp and glory of this world will crumble into a heap of ruins no more to be built up. Thus was it with Pharaoh at the Red Sea; so with Nebuchadnezzar; so was it with Belshazzar; and with divers others far too numerous to mention.

But how groundless are the fears and sinkings and the despair of poor believers. When they, in their apprehension, are the nearest destruction, they are the farthest off from it, as may be seen in the case of Israel at the Red Sea. O, poor beclouded believer, fear not. The outward writing of divine providence may appear to be all against thee; but when the folded leaves are opened, a most blessed day of joy and peace will open before thee; for thus saith eternal truth, "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy." (Ps. cxxvi. 5.) Be of good cheer, poor distressed soul; if the Lord is giving thee a bountiful sowing time, it is that thou mayst have a corresponding reaping time; for he who soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he who soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully. (2 Cor. ix. 6.)

2. We may apply the writing, within and without, to the *experience of believers*. "I will," saith the Lord," put my law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts." (Jer. xxxi. 33.) The heart that God puts his truth in is a new heart; the heart of stone is taken away or subdued (Ezek. xi. 19), that natural hardness of heart called a death in sin (Eph. ii. 1), and spiritual life and light are communicated. This is called a new birth. (Jno. iii. 5.) The understanding receives a new light, enlightening it in the knowledge of sin and the Saviour. *Conscience* is renewed. Formerly it was hardened through the deceitfulness of sin; now it is tender and susceptible of the least sin, and strives to please God by yielding hearty subjection to his holy counsels. (Heb. ix. 14; 1 Tim. i. 5.) *The will* is renewed. Before, it was carnal, stubborn, and rebellious against God, and do the works of the devil it would (Jno. viii. 44); now it is the servant of the Lord, and says, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" *The affections* are renewed. In the state of nature hatred is set upon God (Rom. i. 30), his word (Prov. i. 29), and people. (Jno. xv. 19.) But now, what formerly was loved is loathed, and what formerly was hated is loved. *The memory* is renewed. Before, it was the storehouse only of evil (Isa. lix. 7), now it is the repository of holy things. (Luke ii. 19.) "Old things are passed away; behold, all things become new.

God desires truth in the inward parts,—truth of doctrine. The heart of a Christian is the ark in which the sacred treasure of divine truth is put. From thence it shines forth in sweet constraining power, causing the soul to submit and subject itself

unto the obedience of Christ. And this proves the work to be of God. Notwithstanding the evils of the carnal heart, in alliance with Satan, are opposed to and fight against the least ray of divine truth that God puts into the heart, yet truth of sincerity, truth of desire, truth of hope, truth of prayer, truth of love to God overcome all opposition from earth, from within, from the father of lies, the flesh, and the world. All may torment a believer, but reign they cannot; for he is not under the law, but under grace again.

The *writing* without. If the fountain be good, the streams will be sweet. Truth in the heart will manifest itself, not only in an outward morality, but in a consistent profession of the name of Jesus. Where Christ is received as Lord and King, his laws will be obeyed and his will be done by the virtue and power of his Spirit, some whereof are as contrary to flesh and blood as fire to water. Self, the great idol, must be dethroned; the world, with all its pomp and pride refused; the cross of Christ chosen in preference. (Heb. xi. 26.) Satan is cast out of the heart, as he also is out of the actions; so that it is a clean and complete work. The heart is first made right and then the heart regulates the actions. This is far different from a mere outside profession, where all appears fair to the eye, but the heart is full of evil. (Matt. xxiii. 25.)

3. The writing without and within may be referred to *the Scriptures*. There is the letter that can be read by any who have ability. And there is the spirit of the word. We read of the milk of the word, that is, the essence, spirit, and power of the word. To some it comes in word only. The Jews had the word which they frequently read; but their minds, as to the spirit of it, was blinded. A man may read in the Scriptures what is said concerning God and Christ, and sin and grace, the vanity of the creature, the excellence of heaven, and yet have no saving knowledge of these things. There is a grammatical knowledge and there is a spiritual knowledge. Spiritual blindness is natural to us. We are not all born blind in body; but all are in mind. By tasting the tree of knowledge all Adam's sons have lost their knowledge. The veils of ignorance, carnal knowledge, prejudice, and carnal sense must be taken away before we can have a true discerning of the mysteries that lie hid in God's word. (2 Cor. iii. 14-16.) The believer feels and laments his ignorance of the word. To him the Bible is frequently a sealed book. David felt this, and earnestly cried, "Open thou mine eyes that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law."

IV. The *opening*. It was spread before the prophet. There are four things God has spread before me and given me some little knowledge of:

1. The *evils of my heart*. This I trust he has in some measure shown me, or I should not have had any discovery of those depths of iniquity that are in the human heart; awful depths indeed! The greater portion of my sorrow arises from this. O what a

mercy it is to feel it a grief! Where it is a plague it will not be an indulgence. It mixes with all we say or do. What poor sinners we are, but sin-hating sinners; sinners who love holiness, who pant for it; sinners who cry for deliverance from it; sinners who with tears confess it, and in will, affection, and enjoyment forsake it. These God loves, and the Saviour in his blood-shedding has opened a fountain for their sin. Are you black with sin? The blood of Christ will wash your soul from all its guilty stains.

2. The Lord, I trust, has in some little measure set before me the *Person, work, and glory* of the Redeemer. Blessed sight this! It is the Spirit that reveals Christ in the heart, as just suited to the state, case, and necessities of the poor sinner. There is mercy in him to pardon, power to save, wisdom to counsel, grace to enrich, righteousness to justify, and strength to uphold. All we need or desire for time and to eternity is treasured up in him. Blessed Jesus! He is indeed precious. None but he can heal, wash, clothe, feed, restore, and satisfy our poor, lost, and undone souls. Then let us, on a revelation of these things, exclaim, "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

3. He brings to remembrance *past experience*, and spreads it before us. How sweet to look and see what the Lord has done for us and in us! While the heart muses on these things, the fire of love kindles in the soul, and off the affections go to God; and nothing can by any means prevent their upward flight. Go they will. What sweet attraction! How the willing soul runs! "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul." Nothing is forgotten or overlooked; the Spirit brings all to remembrance. "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name." This is now the language. The heart is dissolved in sweet gratitude. Low at the dear Redeemer's feet he weeps to the praise of the mercy he has found. O how he wonders that God should look upon one so vile as he; and when in a state of nature so sunk in sin,—far in wickedness beyond many of his companions.

4. The Lord spreads before us, and gives to our faith, a glimpse of *eternal glory*. As Moses went to the top of Pisgah, and viewed all the land of Gilead, so the Spirit takes up the soul into the mount of everlasting love, from whence he beholds the glory that God will bring his soul into after the sorrows of this life. The cross in the aspect of heaven is taken up, and onward the soul presses with it, being comforted in the thought that it is through much tribulation he must enter into the kingdom of God. The way is rough, difficult, and trying; but God has promised his grace shall be sufficient for us. Let this promise drop into the soul from the lips of God; it at once reconciles the mind to the path of adversity.

Southill, Biggleswade, July 11, 1872.

JOHN WARBURTON.

THE LEPER'S FEAST.

"In the house of Simon the leper." "There they made him a supper."
—MATT. XXVI. 6; JNO. XII. 2.

THE loving-kindness of the Lord
Does to the Christian's soul afford
Sweet streams of joy, which onward flow
And to his weariness bestow
Strength to press forward 'till he come
To rest in his eternal home.
God's only Son, the Incarnate Word,
Though of the universe the Lord,
Giver of life, and breath, and food,
And only Source of every good,
When sojourning on earth would prove
The wondrous lowliness of love.
Behold him as at home sit down,
The leper's humble feast to crown.
Christ gives, and with the things thus given,
The leper feasts the King of heaven.
Behold the guests! Whom do you see
Seated at that festivity?
Are rich men there, and this world's great?
Do lords and kings on Jesus wait?
No! Lepers heal'd sit with their King,
And dead men raised his glories sing,
And publicans and sinners prove
The wondrous power of holy love.
The north wind here has ceased to blow,
The south wind does its breath bestow,
And Jesus sits in lowly grace
While his beloved ones see his face.
The sick, and sinful, heal'd, rejoice;
Peace spreads around at Jesu's voice.
But whilst the King sits thus at meat
The house is fill'd with odours sweet;
For Mary, sister of the dead
He raised again, has o'er the head
Of Him, the Resurrection, pour'd
The ointment which delights her Lord.
Nothing too precious for her love,
With a full hand she seeks to prove
How much she loves, how much she'd do,
If only how to please she knew.
Dead hearts may mock, a Judas spurn,
Of boundless love this sweet return,
But Jesus blesses! Jesu's praise
Has glorified, through endless days,
This gentle act which faithful love
Perform'd its gratitude to prove.

LETTER FROM MR. COWLEY TO MR. PHILPOT.

My dear Friend,—I make an attempt to write you a line to thank you for your kindness in sending me a sovereign. It was very acceptable indeed. All the kindnesses of friends toward me have been needed in my afflictions, which have been like a great gulf to swallow up everything that came to hand. I know, and you know also, that trials and afflictions are common to man in this life, especially to the people of God. But God has given out to me this time an uncommon measure of affliction. Some, both of age and observation, have said that they never knew nor heard of such a case. Only one out of eight escaped the complaint, and two died; and it is a wonder that myself and a son recovered, we had so heavy a burden and were reduced so low. But God is faithful to his word of promise.

When I was a young man I had powerfully on my mind the following promise, and it has been much with me in my life: "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." I have had many waters of affliction, and some fires of temptation and persecution; but God has been faithful to his promise, and that has caused me to cleave close to his word more than I should have done if his word had not been with me in the manner it has.

In my early days of preaching I frequently suffered hunger and want of temporal things both for myself and family; but even then these words with their connexion had much to do with my mind: "But seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." Still I continued at my work until I was of but little use to my employer, whom I had served fifteen years; and at last circumstances occurred that he had nothing more for me to do. Being then without work, I was soon without money also. What I received at that time for preaching is not worth naming. I frequently lost more than I gained; indeed, gain was not my object, neither had I ever any natural liking to preaching.

At this time I had to baptize nine persons in the open air in Wiltshire. This increase of open profession of Christ Jesus was a trial to me more than my friends ever knew; but God has been faithful, and his care has been toward me; for the temporal things have been added for health in measure, but not to surfeit. Being of such a turn of mind as I am, I thought I must be doing something; therefore I tried to do something on my own account; but this only made it worse for me than it was before. At last these words came with much weight and power to my mind, and abode with me for some time: "No man that warreth entangleth himself with the affairs of this life, that he may please him who hath chosen him to be a soldier." I then felt that business must go, and reputation, and health, and life also must go for Christ

and the ministry, if called for by him; but I have frequently felt my want of faith to enable me to be always casting my care on him who clothes the grass of the field.

Once when I was in distress, suffering from want of temporal mercies, and could not endure it, in haste I wished I was dead out of it all; but these words came with much power, and many times have I been put in mind of them since: "For he hath said, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." I was reproved, strengthened, and comforted by the words; and God hath been mindful of his word until now. His goodness and mercifulness have been much with me in London, in finding me temporal mercies for my family and supplies for the pulpit, and in my heavy affliction I have had the sympathies of my friends in London and in the country, besides my mind being sweetly brought into subjection to the will of God in the most trying part of it; I mean the loss of my dear and most affectionate daughter and her husband. But before her illness and death took place, when I was confined to my bed, I was made happy in my soul in God,—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. I felt to be in good hands and as if laid on a bed of gracious promises; and I was sure God would not hurt me nor let me want any needed good thing. This was to me a preparation for an increase of affliction; but God was good and a stronghold in my day of trouble; neither did he leave me nor forsake me.

Dear friend, since I have been in London I have had many afflictions and cares; but none of them have moved me as to my being brought here by the Lord of all. Indeed, they have been blessed to me so as to cause me to cleave the closer to him and to his word, and they have been a means of confirming my mind in the belief that Jehovah brought me, and that I did not come of my own natural will nor by man's persuasion. The matter was well weighed in thought and in prayer before God, both by day and during some whole nights, so as to hurt my health; and I thought it would have cost me my life to be made willing to come here with my felt unfitness, and so many cares before me with the weakness of the cause and the high price of provisions. The latter you named to me when I saw you at Didcot station, the which I then knew, but not so feelingly as I have known since. Yet hitherto I have been supplied, and have found something of the mystery of that saying, "The just shall live by his faith." It is a mercy for me to see that my times are in the hands of God, and all my desire before him, as well as that my groanings are not hid from him, and that the bounds of my habitation are fixed by him; so that I am in his hands and at his pleasure to do with me as he will in the future, even as he hath done in the past. I have no desire for such a state of things to be changed. In better hands I cannot be; and my days will soon pass all away, being now in my 59th year. And you know that hard labour for Christ and his cause many years will wear out a strong man.

I should have written you a line before this; but looking at

my own contractedness and at your qualifications held me back. But I now send my grateful acknowledgments. And please tender my hearty thanks to Mr. Covell, who and a lady added their liberality to yours. I would thank all the friends who by their means helped to hold me up, if I knew them by name.

And now, my dear friend, I conclude my few lines with hearty wishes for Jehovah to give you all and everything needful to make you gracious and to keep you faithful all your days as a preacher and as an editor. There is more sympathy in some minds for you in your editorship than you can be acquainted with; therefore more prayer for you than you can know.

With true affection, I remain,

Yours in the Path of Trial,

London, July 26, 1867.

CORNELIUS COWLEY.

[The above was written after Mr. Cowley's recovery from small-pox, with which he and seven of his family were attacked.]

AN EDITOR'S DISCRETION.

Dear Friend,—You must not think that, because I do not put your pieces in the "Gospel Standard," I think lightly of them or of you either. Our space is very limited, and I am obliged, therefore, to make a selection out of many pieces sent me for insertion. Besides which, your piece on the sermon was so very long, that it would take too much room. It was not for want of truth nor of savour that your pieces were not put in, but because there was not room for them, and because there were other pieces which seemed to have a prior claim. I am obliged in this way to reject many excellent pieces; but the writers should not think that I reject *them* because I cannot find room for *their pieces*. But when I can get a little leisure, I will endeavour to look for and over your pieces again, and if I can find room for them, or for any part of them, I will see about putting them into the "Gospel Standard." I cannot add more, being very busy.

Yours affectionately in the Truth,

6, Sydenham Road, Croydon, Jan. 8, 1867.

J. C. PHILPOT.

[We can truly subscribe to what Mr. Philpot says in the above letter. We receive many pieces that we never attempt even to look at, because of their unreasonable length. Long pieces, long sermons, long prayers, are generally made up of repetitions. We would say to all our correspondents, to all ministers, to all who engage in prayer in public, "Let your words be few." Pieces intended for a periodical of limited space ought to be brief and to the point; sermons should end, as one once observed, as soon as the minister has nothing new to say; and prayers certainly ought not to be sermons for length, nor yet for expressions of doctrines, but simply the outpourings of the heart.]

THOUGH the righteousness of a man's person can never make a bad action good, yet the wickedness of a man's person doth always make a good action bad; and, therefore, though a good man may do a bad act, yet a bad [*i.e.*, an unregenerate] man can never do a spiritually good act and such as is pleasing to God.—*Bp. Beveridge.*

A WORD ABOUT CONSCIENCE.

(Concluded from page 61.)

Now the man having his garments white, washed in the blood of the Lamb, stands before God, and desires to walk before him in love. He would do good, and live to the praise and glory of God; and he would keep his garments always clean, or perpetually retain his present blessed condition of a good conscience, with all its sweet fruits and accompaniments.

2. How is this to be done? The apostle Paul shall tell us. No man was better versed in these things, because no man was more exercised in them. He tells us in the Acts: "Herein I exercise myself to have always a conscience void of offence towards God and man." In this, as the word signifies, he agonized; like wrestlers in the ancient games, so Paul went down as it were into the arena to contend against all comers for the preservation of the crown of a good conscience. Again he writes, Col. ii.: "As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in him." They had received Christ for goodness of conscience; but how had they received him? As saints? No; but as sinners. Paul had received him as the chiefest of sinners. He had received, he tells us, the sentence of death in himself,—a sentence of death in respect of his own wisdom, strength, goodness, righteousness, that he might trust in Christ, the God who raiseth the dead. Well, how was he, how were the Colossians, to walk in him? Why, go on in the same way, and still as sinners from day to day cleave closely only to Jesus Christ, his blood, his righteousness. They were not to go aside into any other way for peace with God, for acceptance, or goodness of conscience as before God. No! This is the way, and they were to walk in it. Now, Satan hates this way, and he desires to turn poor pilgrims out of it. He is, whether in his own person or his ministering agents, Bunyan's flatterer,—the black man in a white robe, who beguiled the pilgrims into the way which put itself into their way, and at length got them with their backs to Zion. This deceptive way is the old way of works in a gospel form; the precept of Christ as separated from Christ himself, and turned into a new legality, as obeyed from legal principles, or made for its fulfilment in some degree dependent upon a man's own or inherent strength. Here the man is thrown back upon himself, and the heart has gone away from Christ; and Paul says if this is the case Christ can profit nothing. Christ must be all or nothing,—all a man's wisdom, righteousness, strength, holiness,—everything; or the heart has gone back, and aside from him, and the man is out of the way, and must inevitably lose a good conscience. Thus the Galatians were beguiled. They found sin powerful; the flesh lusting against the spirit; through a weakness of faith they were, at times, overcome; iniquities prevailed against them. Then came in what Luther calls "the bewitching false apostles," and preached Christ's in-

sufficiency without the works of the law and the creature's assistance. Captivated by the outward show of holiness in these persons, and inclining through the legal nature still in them to the works of the law, they expected to improve upon Christ. They swerved aside from the gospel, grieved the Holy Spirit who had brought them into the grace of Christ, and lost that blessedness of a good conscience through the blood and righteousness of Christ, which they had been in possession of.

So, then, both from the word of God and this striking example, we have it abundantly declared to us that a good conscience, obtained by faith in the blood of Christ and his righteousness brought into the conscience, must be preserved in just the same way,—by true spiritual faith adhering to Christ, and still resting in his blood and righteousness as the only ground of a man's confidence and acceptance with God. This is walking according to the apostolical rule: "Let the peace of God rule in your hearts." The peace of God rules where Christ rules, and nowhere else; and Christ only rules as Christ where he reigns in his own righteousness. Then the work of righteousness is peace, and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance for ever.

3. But how is a good conscience, when lost, to be recovered? The answer, upon gospel principles, is very simple. It must be regained in the same way in which it was first acquired. There must be a divinely-produced returning to him from whom the soul has deeply revolted. And mind here, in this particular, the beginning of the sin, the leader of the soul's revolt and rebellion, must be searched out. It is in vain to execute the followers if the ringleader escapes. This will be found to be unbelief in some of its shapes and forms. Something has turned the heart away from that true faith of Jesus and dependence upon his blood and righteousness we have been insisting upon. The soul has listened to some lie instead of the testimony of and to Jesus. A subtle, legal, self-righteous spirit, with its self-dependence, self-admiring, self-exalting, has come in; the heart has been turned away from Christ, and a good conscience lost, and it must be regained by a true returning to him again. David lost a good conscience, and he gives us the history both of the loss and recovery for our profit. His mountain, by God's favour, stood strong. All was well with him; he had great peace within, and comfort, and honour, and rest without. Then came in carnal security. He looked to the mountain and its apparent settledness instead of truly and only to God, who setteth fast the mountain. Here, then, the faith of the soul had gradually been withdrawn from Christ, and fixed on the circumstances. He was beguiled, flattered, and puffed up by Satan. Then God hid his face, and the psalmist was troubled; he fell into grievous sin; his soul drew near unto the gates of the grave. But God was with him. He returns to God with weeping and supplication, and takes, by his grace, refuge in Christ. This his plea shows: "What profit is there in my blood when I go down into the pit?" The meaning is, "Lord,

thou hast been paid in better blood than mine." He thus has recourse to the atonement of Christ, and makes mention, in going to God, of Christ's righteousness only. God hears his cry, receives his plea, and says, "Deliver him from going into the pit; I have found a ransom." Then, as the psalmist tells us, God took off his sackcloth, and girded him with gladness, to the end that his glory, his soul, and his tongue in one should give praise to the God of his righteousness, and him only. Bunyan excellently, in many respects, paints these things in his "Holy War," where he gives the fall of Man-Soul through the wiles of carnal security; the deadly warfare with more than 20,000 doubters, led by Incredulity; and the recovery, under the supreme direction of Captain Credence, when Captain Credence and Immanuel blessedly and triumphantly meet together.

Our directions, then, as to obtaining, retaining, and recovering a good conscience have been very simple, or all reducible to one thing,—a Spirit-born and governed faith in Christ; that true living faith of the heart which brings his blood and righteousness into the conscience as all the sinner's ground of acceptance with God, and full and sufficient and only title to every blessing for time and eternity, all the promises in Christ being in him Yea, and in him Amen, to the glory of God and us.

III. But to cut off vain pretences in this matter, we shall next briefly set forth some things which are *essentially connected* with this goodness of conscience. One is *light*. A darkened conscience cannot be a good one. There must enter with a true goodness of conscience a true light or discovery and knowledge of God's will as in Christ. Without this light there may be a false peace, or there may be much trouble; but there cannot be a truly good conscience; for that is wanting whereby a man may have a true discovery of himself, and rightly judge himself in accordance with the judgment of God.

Another is *life*. A man may have much light of a certain kind in his judgment, as it respects the doctrines, practice, and experience of the word of God; but this may all be very influential. What is required, then, is life as well as light. And so we read in Scripture of "the light of life;" life-giving as well as discovering light; a light influential as it respects the whole inner man, and, as Paul tells us, changing the man himself into the image of that which by this light is discovered to him. The Second Adam is made a quickening Spirit. Now there is no longer only the cold light of correct opinions as to certain points of doctrine or practice, but a quickening, powerful, influential light. "Send forth," says David, "thy light and thy truth; let them,"—in union, "lead me." And Paul says his word to the Thessalonians was in power.

A third thing is *exercise*. The conscience that is not kept exercised cannot be kept good. The power of God's salvation in giving and maintaining a good conscience is manifested in the midst of exercises. The heart settled on its lees is not in the

possession of spiritual goodness of conscience. It is resting, as it were, not in Canaan, but in the land of Moab. Fleshly goodness and carnal security of conscience die away when there is an emptying from vessel to vessel, a daily exercise as to obedience and sin, a daily trial of faith, a daily conflict as before God in the conscience to maintain in it, in spite of contrary objections from sin and Satan, a true goodness, and real peace with God. The accuser of the brethren, who accused them before God day and night, was not cast down easily, but in a way of exercise and conflict. (Rev. xii.) "They overcame him," as we may apply it, in the field of conscience, "by the blood of the Lamb."

The fourth thing is *spiritual diligence* in him who would possess this good conscience in the use of means, and in endeavours after such a possession. Paul describes himself as exercised to have always a conscience void of offence towards God and man; and he exhorts God's people to be spiritually diligent, and not slothful in this matter, that they may retain the full assurance of hope. The diligent, spiritually-diligent soul shall be made fat, but the slothful shall be under tribute. Guilt, deadness, pollution are sure to be domineering in the conscience of that Christian who is not made by divine grace spiritually diligent; not slothful in their business, but serving the Lord.

But we pass on,

IV. To notice *some things which may be found* where there is a spiritual goodness of conscience, and yet at first sight seem inconsistent therewith. By spiritual goodness of conscience we mean such a goodness as children of God may expect in this life. Legal goodness of conscience was either perfect, or could have no existence at all. Either the man kept the whole law, and so his conscience testified to his perfection, or he broke it altogether, and conscience was bound to condemn him altogether. In the gospel, as it respects children of God in this life, it is different; a believer is part flesh and part spirit. The flesh in the believer is still the seat of sin, the law, and condemnation; and, therefore, of evil conscience, a very hell. The spirit, or new nature, is life because of righteousness, and there dwells goodness of conscience. Righteousness and peace abide in that fruitful field, and there the singing of birds, or the voice of good conscience, alone can be heard. Now, then, this goodness of conscience may be combined with great conflict of conscience. The peace of God does not in this life reign in the heart as it will in the life to come. In this time state Christ rules in the midst of his enemies. He maintains his empire of grace and peace through his blood and righteousness in the midst of mighty foes round about, who are incessantly lusting, desiring, plotting, struggling against it. "Let us look," they say, "upon Zion." Now, of course, when these enemies are greatly prevalent, then goodness of conscience is greatly lost; the root remains with a band of iron and brass, but the leaves and fruit disappear. So with David. "Iniquities," he cries, "prevail against me." But when the battle by God's

strength in Christ is turned to the gate, and faith holds its own, and Israel, though struggling, conquering Amalek, there in the midst of this fight, with garments rolled in blood, conscience like a warrior may maintain its goodness. There may be great and deep conviction of past sins in their number, aggravations, enormity, and due desert, and yet though these sins, perhaps in the aggravated form of backslidings, threaten eternal ruin to the soul, there may be, through faith maintained in the heart in the blood and righteousness of Christ, the best of consciences. For no conscience can be better than that which derives all its goodness from what there is in Christ; and when these terrible ones are as a storm against the wall, no goodness of conscience can be maintained but that which comes from faith in Christ and his blood and righteousness. There may be a deep, continually abiding, pressing sense of a man's present corruption in heart and practice, and yet a good conscience. Indwelling sin in its prevalence is one thing; in its presence and felt power and pollution it is another. In the latter case, if spiritual faith adheres steadily to Christ, and keeps close to the fountain, the conscience may be maintained in a most blessed purity, goodness, and peace. Indeed, all these things, instead of necessarily destroying goodness of conscience, may greatly aid the true maintenance of it; preserving it from a false ease or a presumptuous goodness, and keeping it exercised day by day before God. So may also mighty temptations and fierce accusations from Satan. Those who in Rev. vii. stood before the throne in white garments came out of great tribulation; and in chapter xii. one form of tribulation is shown in the notice of the accuser of the brethren. Of course, there are times when Satan by his wily temptations prevails; then guilt comes into the conscience and goodness departs, until there is a fresh powerful exercise of faith through divine grace upon the blood and righteousness of Christ. And sometimes his fiery darts of accusation and blasphemy kindle a very hell in the soul; the judgment is overpowered by them, and a horror of great darkness may come upon the conscience; but this is not necessarily the case. All depends upon the power and working of faith, or, in other words, the supplies of the Spirit of Jesus Christ producing that faith. If these are great and abundant, then a good conscience can be maintained in the very presence of Satan. "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies." There may be the white stone of a good conscience even "where Satan's seat is." (Rev. ii.)

To be brief. A good conscience may, if the Lord gives faith, coexist with innumerable infirmities of mind, body, circumstances; trials without and trials within, and therefore Paul tells the saints to let the peace of God rule in their hearts by all means. A true spiritually-exercised goodness of conscience may mount its throne over the heads of all these, and everything else that seems to war against it, whether in heaven, earth, or hell, whether in the law of God or in the counsels of Satan; for the

name of Jesus is above every name, and faith in his name can raise up conscience to sit with him on his throne, far above all other things, and in the heavenly places.

V. Having set forth some things which may exist together with a good conscience in Christ, we will conclude by noticing a few utterly *inconsistent* with the possession thereof. This will make all safe, and guard our readers against the folly of presumption, or crying, "Peace, peace," where there is none.

In the first place, then, the *habitual or continued allowance* in heart or life of *known sin*, or things and ways inconsistent with the will of God as set forth in the gospel, or about which conscience is not certified, cannot exist at the same time with a truly good conscience. The faith that overcomes guilt through the blood of the Lamb purifies the heart and overthrows the dominion of sin through his love and grace. "To believe," as one has well said, "pardon of sins, and continue under the dominion of them, is not possible." By faith God purifies the heart. "He that has this hope in him," says John, "purifies himself even as God is pure." True grace seeks the death of all sin, and the life of Christ seeks the destruction of all inconsistent with the gospel; for everything of the kind aims at this very life in the soul. That man has no grace at all in whose heart sin reigns, and in whose heart there is not a principle which seeks after the destruction of all sin; and that man cannot keep a truly good conscience in whose heart sins and inconsistencies are to a considerable extent continued in or habitually submitted to. An Achan in the camp troubles Israel, a Jonah in the ship awakes the storm. Iniquity regarded inevitably destroys goodness of conscience. If the principle of grace is under the feet of corruption, and the new creature cast into a dungeon, there cannot be a good conscience. But this goodness comes as grace remounts the throne, when Jacob, not Esau, is in the ascendant. When it goeth well with the righteous, the city rejoices; but when the wicked flourish, the man of a good conscience hides himself. Thus the allowance of sin or gospel inconsistency is opposed to a good conscience. Any known and continued declining from or refusing the paths of the Lord as cast up in his gospel, which is a backsliding from the Lord, cannot exist with a good conscience. Children of God are called to prove what is the good and acceptable and perfect will of God as declared in that law of belief, the gospel, in all its parts; and when that will is known, but not complied with through effectual grace, there must be a breach in the conscience. The works of Sardis were not perfect before God, and therefore the white garment of a good conscience could not be walked in. Slothfulness in divine things is not consistent with a good conscience. An active, stirring conscience, if governed by the Holy Spirit and word of God, is the good one. When David came to the throne and grew sluggish, he went not forth to battle at the time when kings go forth; then Satan laid his net for him, and he soon lost goodness of conscience through his fall into sin. He that consults

his fleshly ease, shuns the path of hardness and difficulty, and lies in the bed of indolence, will never preserve a good conscience. The spouse in the Song of Solomon more than once lost the presence of Christ and sweet peace in this way, but regained it by a gracious and spiritual diligence. Carnal security is inconsistent with a good conscience. Men may say, "We are rich and increased in goods, and have need of nothing;" may boast in the security of the covenant, and repose in their own interest in it, and all in a mere carnal way; it may be a dead resting on the notion, without any of the present living power of these things; but this will be found in the end a mere treacherous calm, and is inconsistent with a true goodness of conscience. It is the form of godliness without the power thereof. Self and creature dependences are inconsistent with this goodness of conscience. "Cursed is the man that trusteth in man and maketh flesh his arm;" and so far as a child of God trusts in the arm of flesh he departs from Christ, takes the accursed thing into the camp, and inevitably loses true goodness of conscience. All this is, in fact, inconsistent with that faith in Christ we have insisted on, and therefore inconsistent with a good conscience.

To be brief. Pride, that haughty monster pride, in all its forms, is inconsistent therewith. In pride there is a turning of the eye from Christ, with a look of admiration towards self. Pride of duties, graces, gifts, experiences; pride of convictions for their greatness, of manifestations for their uncommonness, of mercies as if no one was so favoured; all this wretched pride inevitably destroys the true goodness of conscience. When Herod became in his vain-gloriousness a god, the worms reduced him speedily to something less than a man. Pride goes before a fall, and a haughty spirit before the destruction of a good conscience.

To conclude. As faith in Christ is the grand essential in respect of good conscience, so unbelief with all its attendant evils, when it prevails, is inconsistent therewith. Unbelief discredits God's word, and yields no true obedience to it; distrusts his promises; turns away from him who speaks from heaven, and rather believes Satan's lies than God's testimonies. An evil heart of unbelief departs from the living God, and an evil unbelief in the heart, as it prevails, leads to much heart departure. When faith prevails, then spirituality of mind accompanies it; when unbelief prevails, the carnal mind takes the lead, which is enmity against God. All is right when faith is true, lively, and strong,—the eye is single, the whole body full of light, and conscience good; and all is wrong when unbelief mounts into the throne. Conscience ceases to be good, the heart ceases to be happy, love and joy and peace languish and seem to die. So, then, we see faith and unbelief are the two grand antagonists. Incredulity leads forward the hosts of darkness, faith is champion in the soul for God. Incredulity destroys, but faith in Christ, cleaving to him and him only as All in all, gives, maintains, and restores goodness of conscience.

G. HAZLERIGG.

JOHN RUSK'S DIARY.

(Continued from page 69.)

Wednesday, Aug. 7th, 1816.—I felt very low all the afternoon till I got into the chapel, when I felt very poor in spirit and nothing in my own eyes. Mr. Gadsby's text was Eph. i. 6. The next night I heard him at Monkwell Street, from Ps. cxxxvi. 23; and the next night (Friday) at Bow Lane, from 2 Cor. iii. 9; when I heard better than I had heard all the week before. My wife was there.

(We have condensed the remarks a little here; but it seems the dear man heard Mr. Gadsby preach no less than seven times that week.)

Saturday, Aug. 10th.—The exercises of this week have been, from day to day, very great. None but God can tell how I have felt; and were I to tell everything I go through, few would believe it; for reading and hearing of people's trials and wading through them are very different things. O what hosts of fear, what meditation of terror, what trying providences! Yesterday I went out without any money at all, not a farthing, and left none at home; and then Satan gloried. However, though I went out so and came home so, yet I heard very well and was much better; when I had a bit of bread and a drink of beer for my supper; but the walks this week and the poor living, together with fretting, fearing, and trembling (for I am always in fear of doing wrong, and never believe that I walk in the right path),—these things have tried me so that I am not able to go out to-day. I must, therefore, stay at home and read. How mysterious are God's dealings in providence; for though I am very constantly committing my way to God, yet I see no particular answer, but feel as if God took no notice of my prayers; and then I fear that he will leave me to myself, and that I shall go from bad to worse. O Lord, let thine hand be known toward us in a way of providence, and teach us to live by the faith of the Son of God, trusting our all in him.

Sunday, 11th.—Went to Conway Street and heard two great sermons from Mr. Gadsby. Texts: Exod. xvii. 8–18, continued from last Sunday; and Jno. i. 47. Mr. P. gave me a shilling, telling me that when I was at his house he thought on me and told it to a person that gave the shilling. I was very low, owing to my being out of work and many other things that are peculiar to myself connected with it. Many earnest cries to God went up, on my journey in the morning. I went out without any money and returned home with one shilling.

Monday, Aug. 12th.—A pouring rainy morning. I am ready to say, "All these things are against me; nothing in the house and only this shilling, and so much in debt. All the burden lies on me. I must get money or we all shall starve."

Remarks on yesterday's morning subject.—The Amalekites are the corruptions of the human heart, and the devil is at the head of them; and these will ever fight against Israel. Rephidim sig-

nifies ceasing, or a place of rest; and when God's people begin to think of a smooth path, then these Amalekites (or carriers away, or lickens up) come upon them. Joshua choosing out men signifies that all Christians have not to fight alike; and Jesus is to choose them. The hill is God's eternal election. The rod called the rod of God is Jesus Christ, and the hand is faith. The hand being held up signifies the power of prayer,—the hands being faith, the stretching of them out is prayer and prevailing is the power of prayer. Letting down the hands shows that without prayer there is no prevailing. The Lord will make his people pray. The hand being heavy shows how weak and wearied we often are at this work. The stone is Christ Jesus, who is to bear all our weight, cares, and burdens. Aaron and Hur signify Christ and the Spirit; for Aaron was the high priest, who had all the names of the twelve tribes on his breast; and signifies also the intercession of Christ. Hur signifies liberty; and where "the Spirit of the Lord is there is liberty." Moses is typical, in this place, of the church of God, and the helpless state of the church without Christ and the Spirit,—a wearied body, trembling legs, weak hands, and hosts of enemies. The going down of the sun shows the conclusions that the church will begin to make; but instead of that, Joshua defeated Amalek with the edge of the sword.

Tuesday 13th.—I am not worse this morning; but everything looks very dark. My wife took Mary's gown and got 2s. on it. I went out to look for work, and I heard that a man should say there were 210 men out of employ. Whether this is true or not I cannot tell; but this I know, that there are but few in work. I went over the water, having only 4d. I called at several places to ask for work; but to no purpose. I then went on, not knowing what to do or where to go; and very tired I was. I sat down on Blackfriars Bridge, and then went on and thought I would go and see Mr. L., as he had often asked me, and I had never gone; so I went; and he behaved very kind to me, and gave me some beans and bacon and tea, and that heartily; and then I went to chapel; and a weighty discourse it was by Mr. Gadsby at Red Cross Street. I went home with only a farthing, but felt more comfortable. The text was: "Strengthen the things that remain," &c. My wife complained much about the hardness of the place and her bad living; which has been and is a great trouble to me. A person sent us 2s. in the course of the day, all of which is a help. Bless the Lord, I felt a comfortable hope at night.

Aug. 14th.—This morning I feel a firm hope, though things look dark; but the hope I have is that I am a child of God, and that, though dark, it is sure to end well. After breakfast I went out with great reluctance to see Mr. B. But O what a painful task was this, because he has been such a wonderful friend to me. I went on praying that if it was not God's will my going there that Mr. B. might not receive me, and if it was that he would receive me

kindly. But still I loitered, for I did not like to go; and if it had not been that I was so very hard pushed, I never could have mustered up courage to go. And as it was I could not have gone if I had not considered that he invited me on Sunday last. So I went in and he was glad to see me. I dined off of a leg of lamb, and drank tea and supped, and stopped till ten o'clock the next day. He said, "Mr. Rusk, I dare say you find it hard now to get anything for the children to eat?" I said, "Yes, things go very bad;" and he gave me 20s. Lord, reward his great kindness. But O what great fears I have had that I was doing wrong; for I feel as if it was all my own bringing on,—a fear of the cross, and that God would discover me, sooner or later, to his family. It is the grand work of Satan continually to dispute God's children out of the good work done in their souls, and he works every way to accomplish his end. If God is pleased to search our hearts to discover to us our need of the Lord Jesus, and this work is a deep work, then Satan suggests that God is going to make us manifest as deceivers, hypocrites; and we really expect it will be so. Despondency makes great head against us, and we are daily fearing and trembling at what we expect is coming on; for we are jealous over all we think or speak, and cannot believe that we ever do anything pleasing to God. But if God is pleased for a while that these convictions shall abate, so that there appears no particular warfare for a while, then Satan comes and tells us how God's children are exercised, but we are now at ease, that we never were convinced of sin, and that all we have had is only the horrors, terrors, and fears peculiar to a hypocrite. Well, it is the same when we feel very comfortable and speak confidently. He will whisper that it is all presumption, and that we want to appear something; and sometimes at the time we are happy he will suggest this; and when we lose this happiness, then he will make us eat our words, and we really feel as if it was presumption. And, indeed, there is no way we can go but we shall meet with these dreadful attacks. Satan is called the accuser of the brethren, which accuseth them before God, day and night. By day I understand when we enjoy these things, and by night when darkness comes on us; as we see in Job. When it was day with Job, Satan was at it, and said, "Doth Job serve God for nought?" And when God tried Job, then Satan came in with a witness. O Lord, help us to resist him steadfast in the faith.

As I was going to Red Cross Street at night, to hear Mr. Gadsby, I reflected much on past times when I enjoyed so much of the presence of Jesus; and I know by bitter experience that the children of the bride-chamber fast when the bridegroom is taken away; for though I did expect trial, yet I did not expect anything like what I have waded through, but expected always to have my confidence and hope kept up, and to feel the Lord with me in a different way from what I have felt. O! If a child of God knew what he has to go through when he is so happy in his God! But

this is all hidden from him at such times. I felt a little better after these reflections, and cried to the Lord to shine upon my path both spiritually and temporally; for if I feel his presence I know all is right. The text was, "Who against hope believed in hope;" and I heard him very well; for it was a very suitable subject to me. I also found a little good in prayer at night.

ADOPTION.

LETTER IV.

Dear Mr. Editor,—As you well know, the word "Excerpta" signifies extracts from a work. I venture to send a few extracts from the workings of my mind; and, as you have given publicity to my former letters, you are at liberty to do as you please with this. My motive is the glory of God in the hearts of his adopted ones. Christ said, "I am glorified in them." (Jno. xvii. 10.)

Since my last I have been in some very dark place, but I have had some very bright seasons also, where I found the mysteries of the gospel to be "a place of broad rivers and streams;" and, again, I have not been able to see my way beyond the low grovellings of time and sense, so that I am a wonder to myself; and when I have tried to look at early days, when the spirit of adoption brought high relationship into sweet experience and rich enjoyment, I have trembled to find myself so far removed from those blessed times and joys. Nevertheless, the foundation of God standeth sure, having a glorious seal; and, with all the ups and downs, I cannot give it up, knowing the salvation of the aged Christian is "nearer than when he believed" (Rom. xiii. 11), though neither of the above scriptures, in themselves, can lift the poor sinner out of the dust.

In my younger days I often wondered at Paul "going on to perfection" (Heb. vi. 1); but of late years I have been led to understand more clearly his meaning. Paul was a "wise master builder" (1 Cor. iii. 10), and on Christ Jesus, the foundation, he laid all the glory of the mighty structure of the church, as said the prophet Isaiah (xxii. 24): "And they shall hang upon him all the glory of his Father's house." The saint's growth in grace and the unity of the faith are not got at in one day. The child of adoption is truly satisfied when admitted to the table with the rest of the family, and, when lisping, he can say, "My Father;" but he does not remain a child. He grows up, and becomes a young man, or a virgin of Israel; and to this end the wise, good, and gracious Lord has appointed that in the church there shall be instructors. He gave prophets, apostles, evangelists, pastors, teachers for the perfecting of the saints, till we all come in the unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man. (Eph. iv. 12, 13.) And the more light there is accompanying grace, the more clearly do we see the death and darkness of our own state by nature. Degrees of knowledge the adopted one could not know when in childhood,

though chattering over the bounties of the children's table made their joys complete for the time. O the sweet heart satisfaction of early days! How good it was! But there were longings for more knowledge of divine things, and that by the blessed Spirit who works in the saints both to will and to do. Hence the pressing towards the mark for the prize; nor can we fear while the Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the Lord's. (Rom. viii. 16.)

Dear Sir, how few one meets amongst general professors who know the Spirit's work. It is sad to contemplate it; yet there are some, and, on the one hand, they by degrees are led out of the "camp carnal" to join themselves to those who live on the "hidden manna," among the "offscouring" though the excellent of the earth. Yet, on the other hand, some of the carnal ones seek to persuade us that they do belong to us. Not long ago I had to do with one of this class, and a preacher too; and truly I felt willing to say, "Come in," and was anxious that I might discover in the man even the seeds of divine life. I laboured hard to make him say "Shibboleth;" but I failed. He was a person of good parts; generous, amiable, tender, and kind; but with all my good wishes he would say, "Sibboleth," and yet he answered many things discreetly, making me think of Luke xii. 34: "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God." Our poor fallen nature, how it proves the fact of Adam's transgression; and dead as we are in sin, man seeks to worship, forms his own notions of God, as all the nations of the earth prove; nor is it any wonder that in a land of Bibles and pulpits filled with educated men, a land of scientific religion, I say it is no wonder that religion be highly approved as an accomplishment and a thing of fashion; so that each forms his own god, according to the powers of the creative mind. An imaginary heaven and hell are also created; and so time sweeps its millions off this stage, many of whom may have said, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." Christ said, "Many shall seek to enter in and shall not be able." (Luke xiii. 42.) "No man can come unto me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him." (Jno. vi. 44.) O this narrow way, and how few find it! The duty-faith foot is too broad for it; that shoe would crush it out at both sides; so that even John Bunyan's wicket-gate would lose its form. But no. It is a path that no fowl knoweth; the vulture's eye hath not seen it. (Job xxviii. 7.) But the precious eye of the Redeemer's dove sees it (Song i. 15); and it is broad enough for her and her Beloved to walk upon, side by side, while she leans upon him by precious faith, coming up from the wilderness. (Song viii. 5.) "The lion's whelps have not trodden upon this path, nor the fierce lion passed by it." It is true, the lion gets very near to the way side. Good John Bunyan saw two lions, and they frightened him much till he learned that they were chained. Then the trembling pilgrim went on again. O how the lambs of the "little flock" tremble

when the roused lion shakes his mane near to where they "rest at noon." (Song i. 7.) The red dragon in the Revelation made war with the saints who kept the testimony and commandments of Jesus Christ (Rev. xii. 17); and all the world wondered after the beast. And England is now wondering after the beast, nourishing and fondling that power that would tear the Bible from our bosoms, shut up our places of worship and Sunday schools, and spread darkness and error over this land of light and liberty. The beast is still the beast, deceitfully fawning and waiting his time. Nor shall I wonder, Mr. Editor, if England is one of the ten powers who shall give her strength and power to the beast, and make war with the Lamb and those that are with him, even his called and chosen and faithful. (Rev. xvii. 12-14.)

It is self-evident to all men who are born again, adopted, and brought to live a life of faith on the Son of God, that there is a new and a living way, consecrated for us, even "the rent veil of the Redeemer's flesh;" and the beast, "with all deceivableness of unrighteousness," hates all who are in this new and living way. Nor is this beast confined to Rome. No. John said, "There are many antichrists." There is the mother of harlots; then the harlot's daughters are many; and that spirit of antichrist comes in upon the church of Christ, on all sides. Hence the many sects and parties aiming by natural discernment at the things the natural man cannot know, and must be born again before he can see the path that no fowl knoweth. Ezekiel speaks of "wheels within wheels." So does Isaiah of a highway, and a way. Revelation is one thing, but the "way" is another, even Jesus. He is "the Way, and the Truth, and the Life." Many know the "highway" as they know the history of England,—all its counties and all its kings; but it is life eternal to know Jesus Christ and his Father who sent him. (Jno. xvii.) The growing Christian sees the truth, and lives upon the God of truth, by faith, according to the word: "The just man shall live by his faith" (Hab. ii. 4), and often eats that that he takes in hunting, after much, much anxiety and heart prayer.

It is a wonderful thing to know how the "High way," or Bible, is finding its way into the dark places of the earth, even to the habitations of cruelty. God is so disposing men's minds to this great work that in not less than one hundred and thirty-four dialects, or languages, is the blessed book of God sent out into the world, into foreign lands. It is grand to contemplate; and yet it reminds me of Christ at the grave of Lazarus, when he said, "Take ye away the stone." "You can do that, and that is all you can do;" as if he said, "I shall do that part that requires Omnipotence." So our God may incline man's heart to send the Bible; or he may allow them to feel and feed their natural pride in the heart, and thus fit themselves for the last judgment, when they shall say, "We have done wonderful works in thy name" (Matt. vii. 22); when the Redeemer and Judge,—awful to record,—will say, "I never knew you; depart from me,

ye that work iniquity." Whatever men may do, God reserves to himself the great work of regeneration. The last-quoted passage would have made me tremble when I first knew the Lord; but years and circumstances, accompanied with the light of truth, the leadings of the Spirit of God, and the mystery of his holy sovereignty laid open to the eye of faith, has made the man look back at childhood and remember how very little I knew then; and now I can say with Paul, I know nothing as I ought to know; and truly every revelation in God's book and every doctrine of God's grace seem now to contain depths and glories unfathomable. The longing soul seeks to explore, and, like the angels, desires to look into deeper things than angels can desire. They are sinless creatures; but I am a sinner, and need pardon every day, blood-washing every day. What a mercy to have a High Priest before the throne who pleads his own work on our behalf! O how precious is the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ! It cleanseth from all sin; and how precious is he in all his offices and in every relation he bears to his own dear people. He is everything to them, and has everything for them, and "out of his fulness we all receive, and grace for grace."

O for more faith, stronger faith, to be willing to bear all things for his dear name's sake. Sometimes I feel and wonder how it is I feel so little of his sweet love shed abroad in my soul; and when I must go into the pulpit at the time appointed, and the enemy laughing at my emptiness, and saying, "Where is now thy God?" I am sorry to say I sometimes am peevish, and feel workings of which I am ashamed, which none but God can know; but at other times I enjoy great enlargement of soul, and feel I would not change places with any angel in heaven. O, fellow-believer, you will one day rank much higher than an angel. You are a joint-heir with Christ. Neither you nor I can measure this inheritance; but it is reserved in heaven for us. Doubt it not, my friend; but may you be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might. When I go into the pulpit in the high anticipation of eternal glory, I am willing then to endure all things for the elect's sake, that they also may obtain that salvation which is in Christ Jesus with eternal glory. (2 Tim. ii. 10.) Satan may then do his worst. I heed him not. The work of an evangelist is not to be retarded, at such a time, by the accuser of the brethren, who is "a liar," and was so from the beginning. Such times are precious and as marked in my experience as the first dews that fell upon the heart when I first went after the Lord into the wilderness, and turned my back upon every blood relation I had on the earth.

Dear Mr. Editor, I may at a future time write again.

Yours most truly,

EXCERPTA.

Is it not hard to look upon other men's excellences without envy, or upon your own without pride?—*Flavel*.

CONWAY STREET CHAPEL.

To the Committee meeting for the Public Worship of the glorious Trinity at Conway Street Chapel.

Beloved of the Lord,—Yours came safe to hand, and I was glad to hear from you. I shall always be glad to hear of your welfare. I also heard last week that Mr. Robins is much better, and I hope the Lord will restore him to his usual state of health, and bless him with much of his blessed presence, both in his private and public labours, and make him abundantly useful to the people of his charge; and that you, and all the friends with him, may live together in the unity of the Spirit and the bond of peace, that the glory of a covenant God may rest upon, dwell in, and abide with you all. From my very soul I can say this is the worst wish I have for you all, and a much better I cannot have. The Lord be praised that, however bewildered his dear children are at times, the dear Redeemer has engaged to be their Guide. Could we always see things straight, there would be but little beauty in some of the exceeding great and precious promises. If all God's ways lay straight to our sense and reason, we might first put it into our hearts to seek the city to come. He has provided for and promised to us not only a city, but a kingdom, a kingdom of immortal glory, bliss, and blessedness, a kingdom which cannot be shaken nor removed, but which is secured to all the royal seed by promise, by oath, and by blood; yes, by all which is dear to God and dear to his saints. And yet, alas! How often are *we* shaken, poor broken reeds as we are, shaken almost with every wind, and, in fits of unbelief, lying both against God and against our right, and ready to say that "our way is hid from the Lord and our judgment is passed over of our God." But, adored be the lovely name of our covenant Redeemer, though we believe not, he abideth faithful. He cannot deny himself. I believe, in my soul, that the family of God has to do the greatest part of their business in deep waters, hot fires, and under ground, where they are very frequently almost suffocated with the sulphur which ariseth from the mines of old Adam. Those professors who are always above ground, and who escape both the fires and the waters, may laugh them to scorn as a set of crazy-brained fanatics, whom they profess to pity, but at the same time hold them up to ridicule. Nevertheless, the sons of promise had rather work under ground to their dying moment than be fostered up with a false confidence or a presumptuous faith; most of them feel too much the bad effects of making more haste than good speed to wish to ride upon such swift-legged horses. God has taught them to say, "Ashur shall not save us; we will not ride upon horses; neither will we say any more to the work of our hands, 'Ye are our gods; for in thee the fatherless findeth mercy.'" It is true the child of God is never brought fully to this till his horses have pranced and kicked, and at last thrown the rider off into some deep pit, where

there was nothing but gloom and wretchedness; and, when this has been the case, and the blessed Master has appeared a present help in such a time of need, and drawn them out of the horrible pit and miry clay, and set their feet upon a Rock, and established their goings, they give him all the glory, and can neither boast of their strong faith nor anything else but *the Lord*; and their souls' desire is to be guided by him and him alone. There is a secret hope accompanying the greatest part of the troubles of the Lord's family, which is more prizable to them than all the false light and false fire of a whole-hearted professor. Blessed be the Lord, now and then he gives them a lift by the way, and, by the "still, small voice" of the Holy Ghost, whispers sweet peace through the precious blood of the Lamb. Jesus shows his lovely face, and the clamours of conscience, the devil, the world, and the law are all hushed into silence, while the bride and her loving Husband enjoy each other's presence and company with solemn pleasure and unutterable delight. He calls her his love, and dove, and undefiled, and tells her she has ravished his heart with one of her eyes (Song iv. 9); and she declares that He is the altogether lovely. Thus there is a sweet love to and enjoyment of each other. * * *

Manchester, Oct. 31, 1817.

W. GADSBY.

LORD, BE MERCIFUL UNTO ME.

Poor sinner, say, Is this thy prayer?
 Dost thou with David here agree?
 Canst thou in this petition share,—
 "O Lord, be merciful to me?"
 And art thou sick, indeed, in soul?
 And is it sin that makes thee bad?
 And dost thou long to be made whole?
 And is thy heart with sorrow sad?
 And wouldst thou rightly healed be?
 And dost thou know the balm that's good,—
 The true and only remedy,
 The dear Redeemer's precious blood?
 And is thy heart on Jesus fix'd?
 Is he the object of thy choice?
 Wouldst thou be saved by grace unmix'd?
 Is this thy prayer in heart and voice?
 Bless'd soul! Though painful be thy case,
 For thee the dear Redeemer died!
 Upon him wait, and seek his face
 Till thou hast felt his blood applied.
 He is the Finisher of faith;
 Thy wounded spirit he'll make whole;
 And thou shalt in his precious death
 See the salvation of thy soul.

Nov. 4, 1866.

A. H.

REVIEW.

The Road to Destruction. An Allegory. By a Traveller for some Years on the Broad Way.—London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

In reading works of the above description, there is an evil to be guarded against and an object to be sought. We should carefully guard against allowing the mind to be captivated and led away by the mere allegorical picture of many colours which is hung before our eyes; and our special object should be to ascertain, as clearly as possible, what particular truth, in doctrine or otherwise, the allegory was intended to set forth. A basket of fruit may be decorated and set off in such pleasing and attractive fashion as to make its contents look the more tempting by reason of such tasteful arrangement; but if the fruit itself be sour or bitter,—yea, worse, if it be poisonous, we should manifest but little wisdom in eating it, just for the sake of the beautiful leaves and fine flowers with which it was surrounded.

So, in reading an allegorical work, the allegory, as in the small volume we are about to refer to, may be cleverly worked out. It may display a good deal of natural ingenuity and intellectual ability, it may be attractive and taking; but our wisest plan will be to pluck out of the allegory what of truth, or what of error, or what mixture of both it presents us with, and so judge of the whole, and approve or condemn, according to the good or bad fruit it gives us. "Every tree is known by its fruit." This applies to character; but it may be applied to books as well as to men.

The volume bearing the title, "The Road to Destruction," and sent us for review, sets forth, in allegorical style, the "Fall," and a way of Salvation for ruined man as revealed, according to the author's belief, in the gospel of Jesus Christ; but, according to our belief, the plan of salvation, as laid down in the volume, is peculiarly the author's own. It is, we believe, his own device, and *not* what is revealed in the gospel of the Son of God at all. An offered Christ indiscriminately to the whole race of mankind,—salvation for all, and the *duty* of all to believe, accept the offer and be saved, is the system dexterously interwoven throughout the volume. The writer having sheltered himself behind the anonymous title of "A Traveller for some Years in the Broad Way," prevents an identification of authorship, though in our judgment the book tells its own tale. As our object, however, in referring to it, is neither to recommend it nor to extract from much of its contents, it matters less to us who may be its author. We have for some time past had a desire to publish in the "Standard" a few important extracts from a valuable little tract (long out of print) written by the late Dr. Hawker; his object in writing it being to defend the gospel preached by himself as being the "True Gospel," and not a "Yea and Nay Gospel," as was slanderously said by one who opposed the doctor and pub-

lished an anonymous tract against his ministry. The only use, then, we wish to make of the "Road to Destruction," is just to place the Yea and Nay Gospel, as held by its author, side by side with the true gospel, as held and preached by the godly Hawker. It is some little time since anything directly bearing on these controverted views appeared in our pages; so that we may be serving the cause of God and truth by occupying at the present time a page or two in the way we propose.

Our space will not admit of our extracting as much of the Allegory as would enable our readers to form a sufficiently correct idea of what it is. We shall, therefore, omit the attempt to give even a specimen, confining our references to such plain unfigurative statements in the volume as will not endanger our misrepresenting the author.

An Allegory is something like a man's picture. If it be mutilated, or cut up into parts, those parts by themselves would as unfairly represent the Allegory as to cut a portrait in pieces, and hang up a hand, or half a face, as being the portrait of the man. The writer of the Allegory before us seems to have a peculiar propensity for preferring his own terms and phrases to those of Scripture. He carefully avoids throughout his book such scriptural terms as "My people," "My sheep," "All that the Father gave unto me;" but in stating for whom the salvation of God was intended, he is singularly fond of the word "*Man*," which, of course, means anybody and everybody. And this, in fact, is the author's aim to prove. He represents the Saviour as speaking to the Father in the following way:

"Father, knowing Thy great love towards Man, and convinced that Thy love towards Me personally is from everlasting, and that My entire alienation from Thy love is not in the scope of possible events, I will, personifying Man, meet all the requirements of Thy anger and justice,—I will even lay down My life for Man.' And then this wondrous Covenant of Love was ratified between these High contracting parties."

Again, a few pages back, he speaks of the Lord purposing to undo the work of the devil; "but, as he had formed man in his own image, an intelligent creature, endowed with an immortal soul, he determined that *man himself* should work out his own salvation."

Now, what are we to understand by this? What do such statements imply? Not that the believer in Christ, who is for ever saved, is by the Spirit and grace of God to work out his own salvation, by letting his light so shine before men that they may see his good works, and that God may be glorified; but that *man*, as man,—*as an intelligent creature*, is to work out *his* salvation. In plain words, man is to do a part or all the great work of saving himself. If the author's words, and the subtle way in which he has arranged them, be any guide to what he means, then we say his mongrel statements convey no less erroneous sense than what we have attached to them.

The influences of the Holy Spirit are allegorically called "detective officers;" and, in showing how these detectives act with mankind, the writer says: "In effect, all travellers," that is, all men journeying on through life to eternity, "are secretly taught by these detectives to cry for help. Some are wise enough to listen and obey; others spurn their suggestions." Here we are told that not some, but *all*, are secretly taught by the Spirit of God to cry for help,—that some obey the Spirit's teaching, whilst others spurn it; so that, according to this notion, the millions now in hell were all taught by the Spirit to cry for help; and the same with regard to the millions still in the world, as being ignorant of God and dead in sin. Now, as we know, the apostle declares that "the natural man understandeth not the things of the Spirit of God;" meaning, as we fully believe, not any of the things or anything of the teaching of the Spirit; but if all were secretly taught by the Spirit, then all would know so much of the Spirit, and so much of his teaching, as to cry to him for help. But if men dead in sin are taught by the Spirit, and taught to cry for help, then we say the language of the apostle is not true. Which, then, are we to believe,—the word of God or the words of men? We say, "Let God be true and every man a liar." We believe that every man is spiritually dead until the Spirit of God quickens him into life; and we believe that every one taught of the Spirit is a living soul, and will be made willing to obey the divine teaching, and not spurn it.

We now refer to the author's system of offered grace. He says (page 72):

"Shortly after the Prince of Life had entered upon his mortal engagement with the prince of this world, he gave a *general invitation* to all mankind to come and acquaint him with all their troubles, promising them relief, and assuring them that his terms were easy and his charges light. He subsequently gave mankind every possible proof that he was sincere in his *offer of assistance*."

Again (page 73):

"He further informed mankind that he came to be the redressor of their wrongs, and *the Captain of their salvation*. He also, subsequent to his departure, told them that, if they placed themselves under his direction, he would engage, at his own cost, to provide them with a complete suit of armour of proof, against which the prince of this world should be able to do nothing."

Now what is this but a direct falsifying of the plain words of scripture? Does not the apostle clearly state for whom the blessed Redeemer became the Captain of their salvation? "For it became him, for whom are all things, and by whom are all things, in bringing *many sons* unto glory, to make the Captain of *their* salvation perfect through suffering." To say, then, that the Redeemer came to inform mankind that he came to be the Captain of their salvation, is nothing less than giving the lie to the word of God.

Further on in the book (page 89), prayer is allegorically the sure and certain telegraph which the Father of Mercies has

established between the two countries, heaven and earth. This telegraph is "open free of cost to all mankind." Of course, if other provisions of mercy be free to all, this must be as well as the rest. God declares that the prayers of the wicked are an abomination to him, but that the prayers of the righteous are his delight. But any line of demarcation between the righteous and the wicked, between the elect and the reprobate, and between works of the flesh and works of the Spirit, would prove injurious to our author's scheme. His scheme is something for everybody, and all, if they will only accept what is offered; but solemnly true it is that if sovereign mercy went no further than a mere offer of salvation for every man, no man would ever be saved.

Again, says our author (page 112):

"Well is it for man that the Lord God,—our God, is long-suffering, gracious, full of compassion, slow to anger, knowing our foolishness and infirmities, abundant in goodness and truth, his mercy enduring for ever. He does not desire the death of the sinner, *but wants him to repent, to turn from his wickedness and live,—live for ever.*"

The portion given to prove that this is the revealed will of God concerning all men, and that God *wants* every one to be saved, is Ezek. xviii. 32: "For I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth, saith the Lord God. Wherefore turn yourselves, and live ye." What says the judicious expositor, Dr. Gill, on this portion? "The expostulation, '*Why will ye die?*' is *not* made with all men; nor can it be proved that it was made with any who were not eventually saved; but, with *the house of Israel*, who were called the children and people of God, and, therefore, cannot disprove any act of preterition passing on others, nor be an impeachment of the truth and sincerity of God. Besides, the death expostulated about *is not an eternal*, but a temporal one, or what concerned their temporal affairs and civil condition and circumstances of life." (See chap. xxxiii. 24–29.) Not distinguishing between the old legal covenant of works and the new covenant of grace made with Christ, and between the relation in which the literal Israel stood as a nation to God, and the relation in which believers stand to a loving Father; and also between the conditional promises made to Israel as under the "Do and live" covenant, and the unconditional Yea and Amen promises made to believers under the covenant of free grace,—we say, not distinguishing between these things has, in numberless instances, exposed such scriptures as the one above referred to to the very worst mangling and distorting. Look at the "Duty-Faith" scheme of Fuller's. His whole theory rests upon a jumbled mass of scriptures twisted and distorted from their proper and legitimate sense to suit his own purpose,—scriptures belonging, some to the one covenant and some to another; some being addressed to the literal Israel and some to believers in Christ. But take these different portions from the confused heap into which Fuller has cast them, and let each and every text be in-

terpreted according to the covenant to which it belongs, and according to the true analogy of faith, and the whole fabric of offered mercy and salvation for all who will embrace the offer falls to the ground. If there be any difference between the views of Fuller and those of the writer of "The Road to Destruction," we confess to our want of discernment to see wherein the difference lies; and had our author given to his work the title of "Fullerism Allegorically Displayed," we can only say that his book would well have answered to its title.

In referring to the Redeemer's work, his sufferings, and the yielding up of his life for man, the author says (page 116):

"And that, resuming his life, he should have the power of transferring to *all mankind* the merit of all he had done and suffered; and that all those of the race of man who should *accept* this merit, and enter the service of the seed of the woman, wearing his livery, should be restored," &c.

Now we ask solemnly, in the fear of God, is this how the divine purpose, in reference to the death of Christ, is stated in the gospel? Is there a single portion of Scripture that warrants such a sophistical assertion as that Christ "should have the power of transferring to all mankind the merit" of his death? That as the eternal Son of God, co-equal and co-eternal with the Father, he had the power to have saved millions of worlds, had there been millions of worlds to save, and had it been according to the covenant purpose of God that Christ should have saved them, no one, as a real believer in the divinity of Christ, would doubt; but the question is not what Christ, by his eternal power and Godhead, might have been able to do, but what is the revealed will and purpose of Jehovah, as it respects the way in which the infinite power of the Saviour should be put forth and displayed? Thus we read: "These words spake Jesus, and lifted up his eyes to heaven, and said, Father, the hour is come; glorify thy Son, that thy Son also may glorify thee; as thou hast given him power over all flesh, that he should give eternal life to *as many as thou hast given him.*" Here, then, we have a plain, "Thus saith the Lord," to prove that Christ, as Mediator, had infinite power given him of the Father; but for what purpose? Was it that the Son of God might *transfer to all mankind* the merit of his death? We say the very portion gives the lie to this. It draws the most solemn line between "all flesh" and *as many as* were given to Christ of the Father; and the portion as distinctly declares that whilst Christ had almighty power over all, yet as Mediator he was delegated with that power, *not* that he might transfer the merit of his death to all, but that he should give eternal life to *as many as* the Father had given him. To quote the words of another, we believe that "the particularity of the atonement consists in the vicarious nature of the death of Christ; in his representing the persons of the whole elect unto God; in his bearing their sins and sorrows; in his dying for them, and *for them alone.* This view of the atonement is both

the result of the sovereign purpose of God and in unison with it; but an indefinite atonement is not only a thing different from particular redemption, but it is also at variance with the sovereignty of the divine purpose and the particular application of atoning blood."

We refer, in the next place, to statements in the volume which we regard as being egregiously erroneous in reference to the Person of Christ. The writer quotes Jno. xviii. 6: "As soon, then, as he had said unto them, I am he, they went backward, and fell to the ground." On this solemn portion we have the following remark: "*The nature that was inherent in the glorious seed suddenly flashed forth for a moment, and prostrated all who dared approach.*"

Again, a page or two on, we read:

"He went as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth; but, when his Father withdrew the light of his countenance from him for awhile, the love of the Son takes alarm instantly, and he cries out, My God, My God, why hast *thou* forsaken Me? This last stroke was more than he could bear, and his mortal body, worn with toil and care, unable to stand the strain of this superadded mental anguish, sinks under his sufferings; he gives up his spirit, lays down his Life for Man, assuring him with his last words that the work of Redemption is Finished."

Now in the above extract and the quotation preceding it two errors are, we believe, advanced, and both in reference to the Person of Christ. The first error is that of making the divine nature of Christ to be absorbed into his human nature. The second error is that of making him in his human nature *mortal* like other men. In "Review" for "Gospel Standard," Oct., 1859, in which review the error of ascribing the term mortal to our blessed Lord is exposed, the then esteemed editor says:

"Among the heresies and errors which pestered the early church was the Nestorian heresy, which asserted that Christ's human nature was a person, and thus made two persons in the Lord; and the Eutychian, which declared that there was but one nature, the humanity of Christ being absorbed into his divinity."

Now the error advanced by the author of the volume under review is just the opposite of the Eutychian heresy, though no less erroneous. By his saying, "the nature that was *inherent* in the glorious Seed," his statement can mean nothing more or less than that Christ's divinity was absorbed into his humanity; whereas we believe, according to the Athanasian Creed, that there was no confusion of substance, but that the Son of God took into hypostatical union with his divine Person the nature that was human, the human not being inherent in the divine, nor the divine inherent in the human; but, by the mysterious union of the human *nature* with the divine *Person* of the Son of God, he was constituted the God-Man Mediator, the glorious complex Immanuel, God with us.

In referring to the other error, as contained in the extract already given, we say, if Christ was mortal in his humanity by

physical constitution, then we see no alternative but that he must have died like other men by a necessity of nature. We, as frail creatures of the dust, are under a universal law of death; but what is it that has put us under this law? Sin. "Sin came into the world, and *death by sin*, and so death has passed upon all men, because all have sinned."

Now, although the blessed Son of God was made of a woman, and made under the law,—made in all respects like his brethren, yet, says the apostle, *sin excepted*; and by reason of this exception, as well as by reason of his human nature standing in union with his divine Person, we believe our gracious Lord Jesus Christ was ever free from that mortality which belongs to us in consequence of our being sinners. To say, then, that Christ's mortal body was worn with toil and care, and that he was unable to stand the strain of his mental anguish and sufferings, quite nullifies, in our judgment, the voluntary yielding up of his own life as a sacrifice for sin.

The work reviewed in the "Standard" we have referred to was by Dr. Cole, and as the extract from the doctor's book, with which the editor closes his review for the October number, is so much to the point, we request our readers to refer to it.

So far from believing that the Lord Jesus had a mortal body, that is, as Dr. Cole says, "according to the unalterable meaning of that term," and that he was *unable* to bear the strain that came upon him, and *unable* to stand this, and the other, we most firmly believe that, as the infinite Christ of God, he was well able to bear all he had to bear, that he well understood what his work was, and that he as well knew, when he had suffered sufficiently on the cross to fulfil all the inexorable claims of law and the stern demands of justice; and intuitively knowing *when* his work of suffering was done, he cried, "It is finished," and, *not* by necessity of nature, but *voluntarily*, he yielded up his life into the hands of God; so that his sacred humanity was, as the editor of the "Standard" said, "essentially *immortal*;" capable of death, we admit, but "it did not die from inherent necessity, as our bodies die, which are essentially mortal, because involved in Adam's transgression, but it died by a voluntary act."

We now return to our author's scheme of salvation,—of offered grace and salvation for all, if they will only accept the offer. In bringing his Allegory to a close, he says:

"All are told, distinctly enough, that 'He that believeth *hath* eternal life,' and, 'He that believeth not is condemned already, *because* he hath not believed' that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, that he came to this world, suffered, laid down his life, and so perfected righteousness for us all. The last words he himself uttered, previous to yielding up his spirit, being a declaration that the work of Man's salvation is finished, nothing more remaining to be done, but—Man's acceptance of the means. King, Kaiser, or Commoner, rich or poor, noble or ignoble, *all* have the same offer made to them. The greatest earthly Monarch, my Lord This, or That, Count So-and-So—as well as poor John Hodge, must accept this offer, or, take the consequences."

Further remarks upon the unscripturalness of general offers, with extracts from Hawker's tract on the subject, we must beg leave to reserve for a future number. We can only say of the book we have been noticing that, allegorically considered, it is very ingeniously written. But its very ingenuity is suspicious; there is an artfulness about the whole volume. It is written just as some men are said to preach: Sometimes they appear to hold Particular Redemption, at other times Universal Redemption. They speak of the elect, yet speak of salvation for all. They seem to wish not to be thought opponents of Particular Redemption, yet neither agree with the Particular Strict Baptists on the one side, nor assert boldly with the Arminian Baptists on the other side; but maintain a kind of specious medium, making it often the most puzzling to find out what they are. The author of "The Road to Destruction" has told us in his *book* plainly enough what *his* views are; but whether, if he be a preacher, he proclaims his broad, general, and legal views as openly and as honestly from the pulpit as he has published them in his book, we cannot say. We would commend any man for an open, bold declaration of what he sincerely believes to be the truth, as it gives people a better opportunity of judging how far he and themselves are agreed, and whether what he preaches be what they believe and wish to hear, or whether it be in their judgment a spurious Yea and Nay Gospel. The author of the "Allegory" having reserved his name, which we do not commend, we cannot judge him personally either one way or the other. We reject altogether his system of offered grace, and shall hope to show on what grounds we do so when we resume our remarks on the subject.

Obituary.

EMMA MARTHA BOORNE.—On April 26th, 1872, aged 35, Mrs. Emma Martha Boorne, of Deptford.

It has been a considerable source of trouble to many gracious persons, their not being able to arrive at the period when, and the place where, divine life took possession of their souls. The beginnings of grace are often so small, and the work so imperceptibly carried on, that the soul, while being made the subject of divine grace (which is manifest to others), may be unconscious that the Lord is calling him from darkness to light, from the power of sin and Satan unto God. All that are taught by God know that without regeneration there can be no salvation; but the kingdom may be set up in the heart like the sowing of a grain of mustard seed (Matt. xiii. 13), and may work as secretly and quietly as leaven (Matt. xiii. 33), and seem as likely to be extinguished as smoking flax. (Isa. xlii. 3.) They are sorely beset with fears respecting the genuineness of their religion; whilst their sincerity, earnestness, separation from the world, cleaving to the

Lord's people, and love to the public means of grace, evidence them to be amongst those that declare plainly they seek a country.

Such was the character of Emma Martha Boorne. She had been accustomed to hear the truth from early years; but her boarding-school associations led her to give the preference to the services of the Church of England, and to despise Dissenting worship. Her natural disposition was to be cheerful, and her conduct was marked with strict uprightness and integrity. She was set up as a pattern to others, which fostered her in pride, from whence she found the Lord had to bring her down.

When about 18 years of age she was brought to see that no mere forms of religion would save the soul. The concern she felt brought a weight upon her mind, and so affected her general deportment that her former blithe manner never returned. She was ever after a woman of a sorrowful spirit. Although strictly moral from her childhood, yet when the fear of God took possession of her heart it caused a conflict with the flesh. She had been passionately fond of dancing, and after the completion of her education was still invited to the "breaking-up" parties, which she attended as long as her conscience would allow her; but she came away at last so loaded with guilt that she was constrained to decline in future such invitations. In so doing she incurred the displeasure of some of her friends; but she, like Moses, chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.

She believed the instrument used by the Lord to bring her to a sense of her state as a sinner was the late Mr. Tatham, then supplying at Five Ash Down, who afterwards settled at Eastbourne. She heard him at different times until his death, which event she speaks of as "a bitter trial;" for she thought she had idolized him, which young Christians are apt to do with those ministers who are first made a blessing to them.

About 1856 her letters to Christian friends manifest a very earnest desire for realities. She had such a fear of being deceived and of deceiving others that many marks and evidences were disregarded by her which others could see as true marks of grace. Much of her exercises were as Mr. Hart describes:

"Daily we groan and mourn
Beneath the weight of sin;
We pray to be new born,
But know not what we mean;
We think it something very great,
Something that's undiscover'd yet."

The public ministry of the word was often encouraging to her, and in secret she was sometimes helped. She speaks in one place of having felt "a great brokenness of spirit and going out of her affections to the dear Lord," when the enemy suggested to her, "You are not well, and that makes you low spirited." "This," she says, "caused me to cry unto the Lord that if it was his work in my heart he would grant me a promise as a token from him; when shortly afterwards these words dropped in

with sweetness and comfort: "Sin shall not have dominion over you; for ye are not under the law, but under grace." This melted her soul again, and raised a sweet hope that the Lord had a favour towards her. Many precious portions afterwards flowed in, and especially those lines of Hart's:

"The contrite heart and broken
God will not give to ruin;
This sacrifice he'll not despise,
For 'tis his Spirit's doing."

It pleased the Lord to call a cousin of hers by grace; after which they became bosom companions in the best things. Writing to her, she remarks, "You say, my dear A., you feel so dark, cast down, and are afraid you are deceived. How is it you feel this? If there was no life, would you have light to discover your darkness? There was a time you did not feel, nor was it any trouble to you. Then what has made the difference? I feel persuaded it is because the life of God is implanted in your soul. And whence come these hungerings, thirstings, longings, and pantings after a precious Jesus, and for him to be revealed to your sin-sick soul? It is a great mercy to have one real desire after him. It is his own work from first to last. He never gave a poor soul such longing desires to disappoint her, and he has said he will not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax.

"Blest soul that can say, Christ only I seek;
Wait for him alway; be constant, though weak.
The Lord whom thou seekest will not tarry long,
And to him the weakest is dear as the strong."

By this, and numerous quotations that might be given from her letters, it is clear that she was blessed with a spirit of discernment, and where she could discover the genuine marks of life she wished to cherish them. Moreover, she often sought to administer cordials unto others which she could not apply to her own case.

I first saw her in 1863, and from the conversation I then had with her upon the best things, it left no doubt upon my mind that the root of the matter was in her; and my subsequent knowledge of her confirmed this.

About six months before our marriage she awoke one night with these words upon her mind: "I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction." She fell asleep, and awoke again with the words still, as it were, talking to her. She fell asleep again, and upon awaking had them still with her. This left an impression that trouble awaited her. After removing to Deptford, she heard Mr. Freeman one evening at Counter Hill, from Rom. viii. 26, 27. Before going to the chapel she retired to her room to beg a blessing upon the word, and, in doing so, she told the Lord she was an entire stranger to the minister, and he to her, and therefore entreated that the truth might be specially blessed to her that evening, and she would accept it as a token of his love to her soul. The Lord answered her according to her faith. Her path-

way was sweetly traced out, and it became a hill Mizar to her. At another time, Mr. Hemington preached from Song ii. 8. The Lord had, prior to this, given her a blessed refreshing in secret. The sweetness had departed, and fears again prevailed; but when she heard this portion opened up, it was as though the Lord's servant had been privy to her soul's exercise, which confirmed her that it was the voice of her Beloved. I withhold the mention of different times when the Lord used my unworthy lips to speak to her soul's profit. The longer she lived the more she valued a searching and experimental ministry; for her desire was to hold up her conscience to the light, that her deeds might be made manifest as being wrought in God. Before coming into deep affliction she writes: "I don't want an easy path. My desire is to be made right, and to be kept so. I feel more afraid of my own heart than of anything else. If I cannot pray, then I am worried in this way: 'You a child of God, and feel no cry to the Lord,—so dead and worldly?' And then, at other times, I have such a pouring out of soul before the Lord, such a brokenness of spirit at his dear feet; and then (I feel ashamed to tell you) it has been suggested to me, 'That is prayer; you have prayed now.' O! I feel my prayers, tears, and all need washing in the precious blood of Christ. Sin is mixed with all I do."

Towards the close of 1870 she felt very poorly one day, when the Lord gave her these words: "In my Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you." From which she concluded her days on earth were coming to a close.

On Feb. 27th, 1871, she was attacked with severe hæmorrhage of the lungs, which much prostrated her body; but these words were a help to her soul: "Humble yourselves, therefore, under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time." During this affliction she was deeply exercised, but very much helped to trust in the Lord. A private memorandum found since her death reads thus: "I never knew what conflict was between flesh and spirit as I have in this illness; but how painfully do I prove I am more flesh than spirit. This morning, when pondering the matter, these words dropped in:

"How would the powers of darkness boast,
If but one praying soul were lost."

It melted me a little, and raised a cry in my heart to the dear Lord. I have been sweetly raised to a little hope when my beloved husband has been engaging in prayer the last two evenings. He has expressed my feelings so much better than I could. O! It is sweet to get a little softening and running out after the dear Lord! O for more! Come, dear Jesus; do come and say unto my soul, 'I am thy salvation!'"

From this it will be seen she was not one to magnify or exaggerate her helps by the way; for she feared to presume, and, like Gideon, wanted proof upon proof of the Lord's favour.

On March 24th her spirit was revived from the following por-

tions: "Because I live, ye shall live also;" "Saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation." The power which attended these enabled her feelingly to say:

"My soul into thy arms I cast;
I trust I shall be saved at last!"

On April 6th she had a special refreshing from

"How would the powers of darkness boast," &c.

"And can he have taught me to trust in his name,
And thus far have brought me to put me to shame?"

Also:

"No; he never will permit
A soul that fain would see his face
To perish at his feet."

But she was tempted thus by Satan: "These are not the words of God; they are only lines of hymns." So she begged of the Lord for a passage of Scripture, and he graciously gave her these words: "He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him; he also will hear their cry and will save them." This was a time remembered by her.

Contrary to our expectations, the Lord was pleased to raise her up again, and during the summer and autumn she much improved in health; but still she felt a heavier trial awaited her. Writing upon this, she says, "I have deeper waters to go into. I was alone on Sunday evening when these words arrested me: '*She shall be saved; yet so as by fire.*' I opened a sermon I had by me, when my eyes fell upon Isa. xliii. 1, 2. This confirmed my belief that I had more trouble before me, and if I could but realize the redeeming love of Jesus, it would make afflictions light. I feel I cannot die without the Lord's appearing."

One day, thinking she was a little better, she walked across the room; but soon discovered her weakness; when these words dropped in:

"Seek, my soul, no other healing
But in Jesu's balmy blood."

A sermon of Mr. Philpot's was made a very special blessing to her. I well recollect with what tears of joy she told me of the Lord's goodness to her upon this occasion. She was much worried, at times, on account of the great expenses incurred by her illness, and the Lord gave her these words: "My God will supply all your needs out of his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." In a day or two a kind friend sent a very seasonable present.

Some time after this her mind was led to the words in Prov. xxvii. 27. This was richly fulfilled; and I can say, to the honour of the Lord, that not one good thing failed of all that the Lord our God promised. All came to pass.

Before she was confined to her bed for her last illness, Isa. xvi. 16 was much upon her mind. This was literally fulfilled; for at almost all her wakeful hours and moments her soul was pouring out her desires to the Lord, and she felt the presence of any but the Lord's dear people to be irksome.

On April 17th I commenced noting some of her ejaculations. She said, at various times, "Come, dear and precious Lord; shine into my heart with all the train of thy graces. Do, dear Lord, pardon my guilty soul; wash me in thy precious blood. How could I bear to be cast into hell with such wicked company?"

"Shine, Lord, and my terror shall cease;
The blood of atonement apply;
And lead me to Jesus for peace,
The Rock that is higher than I."

On the 19th.—"The Breaker is gone up before them. O! If he has gone before me!" The same words were a sweet stay to her in the night. I was reminding her of it the next morning. I said, "You would not be able to do without him." She said, "O no! It would be nothing without the glorious Breaker." It was clear that her weary spirit was finding an anchorage; but in the evening the enemy struck a blow at her which was a fiery dart to her soul. This caused her to cry mightily for help to her only Hope. The night was of a distressing kind; yet amidst her fears she said,

"And can he have taught me to trust in his name?" &c.

20th.—A friend came in, to whom I remarked, "She is brought where no hand can help her but the Lord's;" when she firmly whispered, "But there is hope in Israel concerning this thing." By which and other remarks we found her faith had grown exceedingly. In the night she was taken in a fainting fit, and while labouring for breath, supported by two persons, she turned to me and said, "I don't believe the Lord will forsake me at last." Before leaving her on the Sunday morning, I tried to cheer her with her previous night's valour. "Ah!" she said, "unbelief will not be dead till I am dead."

21st.—She had great nearness in pleading with the Lord, and for a short time felt quite willing to depart. The next day, after suffering much and severe pain, she cried out, "Bless the Lord, O my soul! Bless his precious name! If *this* is saving me by fire, I *will* praise him. He shall never hear the last of it.

"And can he have taught me?" &c.

"No; he is full of grace,
And never will permit
A soul that fain would see his face
To perish at his feet."

Do, dear Jesus, help me to speak well of thy name in the swells of Jordan."

23rd.—"Save, Lord! O say unto my soul, I am thy salvation! Shine, Lord! Come and tell me thou wilt take me to glory." After this the doctor said she might last a few days longer, when Satan suggested to her she had better make an end of herself; but her cries unto the Lord were many and importunate; and she said:

"How harsh soe'er the way,
Dear Saviour, still lead on,
Nor leave me till I say,
Father, thy will be done."

And she added, "Why should I complain of shock upon shock, when I have a hope of glory at last?"

24th.—"The trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried by fire." This encouraged her to endure, and she said, "Lord, thou hast in very faithfulness afflicted me. O! Do now let the bow be seen in the cloud. Come and claim me as thy own blood-bought child." * * * "When I would do good, evil is present with me." And she then fervently said:

"No goodness, no fitness expects he from us," &c.

"O! If he would but shine and take me home." * * * "So as by fire; so as by fire." * * * "Waiting, watching, hoping, longing." At night she cried, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly! Come and take me to be with thyself for ever. Lord, thou *must* come! I cannot die without thee. I must have thee. I *love* thee. Come and say, 'Daughter, come up higher.'" * * * "Why tarry his chariot wheels?" * * * "Open wide the bloody scene." "O! It is the blood I want. O! I want that glorious Comforter, that precious Redeemer."

"Did Jesus once upon me shine?
Then Jesus is for ever mine."

O! What favour it will be if he shines at last." Speaking of her former experience, she said, "I cannot give up what I have had. My faith was never so strong before. O no; never!" I reminded her of the promise the Lord once gave her: "As thy days so shall thy strength be;" and she confessed the Lord had dealt most graciously with her.

25th.—Morning.

"Begone, unbelief, my Saviour is near,
And for my relief will surely appear."

Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly; give me a token. I have had many tokens; but O! I want a fresh, clear, and manifest token, and then I will triumph in thy great salvation. Do, Lord, give one glimpse, one ray, one token. O! Thou must come, dear Lord; I can't die without thee." Referring to her end, and expressing some fear about it, I said, "You can hardly doubt now but the Lord is your portion;" when, with tears rolling down her cheeks, she waved her hands and said, "Ah! But I want him to burst forth in his *full glory and splendour*."

I was called up at 2 o'clock on Friday morning. She said, "O, I wanted to see you! I have had a little glimmering in the night; but nature is so exhausted now." In the course of an hour or two she was seized with a sharp pain, and said, "Dear Lord, do shine! Do come and grant me an abundant entrance into thy kingdom, which none but a precious Redeemer can give. Do come for thine own honour and especial glory, and for the good and comfort of thy dear church and people." She seemed very restless, at times, and tried to shift about for ease; but said, "I shall not have any rest until I get to the mansions above."

Some hours passed in short ejaculatory prayer. After this she whispered to me in a sweetly calm manner, "My dear, I believe we shall meet one another again in glory." I said I believed we should. "And," she continued, "if my end should not be so bright, I cannot believe the Lord would have shown me what he has and disappoint me at last." Here she was being brought to submit to the Lord's will concerning her; for although favoured with a good hope that makes not ashamed, the joys of God's salvation were awaiting her beyond this lower world. I spoke a few words in prayer with her, and quoted, "Saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation." After I had finished, she referred to those words as having been made sweet to her soul last spring. She said she felt as if she was dressing for a journey. I told her she would soon be clothed in her best robe, and said it would be sweet to sing in glory, freed from sin and sorrow. "Yes," she replied, "it will, indeed; and *from doubts and fears.*"

I was called home on Friday morning, and she appeared to have lost consciousness; but presently she aroused, and poured out her soul in fervent prayer to the Lord that he would take her home. She had a longing desire to depart, and said:

"When, when will that blest time arrive,
When thou wilt kindly deign——"

But her voice failing, she beckoned me to finish it:

"With me to sit, to lodge, to live,
And never part again?"

I then engaged in prayer with her, in which she joined, saying, "Do, dear Lord, do come quickly."

After this she put out her hand to me, and said, "My precious husband! We are not only bound together in time, but I believe we shall also be together in glory." A friend spoke to her of the precious Saviour. "Ah!" she replied, "I long to lay down my life where he is." She then said, "'Look unto me, and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth; for I am God,'" &c.; and thus *realizing* the way of access, she poured out her inmost soul before the throne of almighty grace, and shortly afterwards entered the realms of glory, on April 26th, 1872, in the thirty-sixth year of her age.

Her mortal remains were interred at Nunhead Cemetery on May 3rd, the funeral service being conducted by Mr. Covell, of Croydon.

During her illness, Isa. lxx. 10 was much upon my mind. It was a valley of Achor (trouble); but there was a sure door of hope (Hos. ii. 15); and the Lord who had led her to seek his face for many years did not allow her to seek in vain, but enabled her to rest upon her bed (Isa. lvii. 2), persuaded of a better inheritance. (Heb. xi. 13.)

Thus ended the earthly career of a poor, timid, fearing believer, who, though of little faith, had much sincerity and much humility.

JAMES BOORNE.

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

APRIL, 1873.

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

ISRAEL NOT FORGOTTEN OF GOD.

“O Israel, thou shalt not be forgotten of me.”—ISA. XLIV. 21.

So said the Lord to Israel of old, whom he exhorted to praise him for redeeming mercies.

O, how truly blessed is that man who is the character in the text! He may be, like Job, scorned by his friends; but if one whom God favours, his eye will pour out tears unto God, and he will say, “O that one would plead with God for a man as a man would plead for his neighbours,” feeling sure that it will be but a few years at most and he will go whence he will not return. And how time steals away like a tale that is told. It seems but as yesterday we were boys. O, what need there is for God to teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom! One after another is taken away, and our time will surely come. Those whose voices we have heard upon the walls of Zion we shall hear no more here. Some who have been dear to us by the ties of nature and grace have been borne to their last resting-place. Their voices, that were once melodious to us, we hear no more here; but if the character in the text, we shall hear it again with ours in one harmonious strain: “To him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his blood, to him be praise for ever and ever. Amen.” It is sweet sometimes to look back and to say, “He hath delivered;” but sweeter still to say, “He doth deliver;” and still sweeter to be enabled, by a living faith, to say, “He will yet deliver;” and to feel an interest in that promise: “I will be with you in six troubles, and in seven no evil shall come near you.”

The dear people of God are called to pass through much tribulation, and, according to their feelings, are too apt to judge of their state. But this is not wisely considering the matter, and therefore no real good can be found therefrom; for, if God bless them, and they are happy in their feelings, then they say (and rightly too) they are the Lord's; but if he hide his face, then they say, the Lord hath forsaken them and forgotten them.

It is my desire, as one, I hope, that hath obtained mercy, to show,

I. The *character* in the text.

II. Trace out his *travail*, and the *cause* of his complaints.

III. Show the *sweetness of the promise*.

No. 448.

I. The *character*,—Israel, a prevailer. But what has he prevailed with God for, and who made him feel his need of that that he now feels his need of? Man, in nature, thinks he needs nothing save the things of this life. A man may have all these and abound. But when the Spirit of God, by his quickening power, enters into his soul, these things will not afford content to him. There is an aching void that all the things of earth cannot fill. He is like David, poor and needy, wretched and miserable. But how is it all are not so? We all fell in Adam, were all born in him. Others are as comely by nature, quite as amiable, and, I think, more so. Why, it is a special grant of heaven. None can lawfully deny this. Job said, "Thou hast granted me life." O how special, peculiar, and sovereign must that love be, seeing we were all alike in our fallen state, utterly helpless, vile, and polluted, and all alike in actual sins, going astray from the womb, speaking lies, servants to sin and Satan, and loving his service well. But, behold, the husband is taken from the service of Satan, the wife is left; the husband cries for mercy, the wife ridicules; as one of the children is separated to serve God, all the rest are as they were. They did not choose God, but God chose them, that they should go or come out from among them, and be separate and distinct, and bear fruit. The world affords no pleasure. The man's once companions are nothing to him now. He dwells alone; he is not reckoned among the nations. His once dear friends begin to shun him. He is become an alien to his mother's children. All that see him laugh at him, because he is now become serious, and, as they say, religious. But it is not the work of his hands; for, unless the Lord had chosen him, he never had chosen God. It is not what nature likes. He fain would put it away, and tries to do so; but the more he tries the more miserable does he become. Guilt, like a heavy load, lies heavy upon him, makes him hang down his head and groan. His countenance is changed, fearfulness and trembling take hold upon him; his beauty is consumed away like the moth; his comeliness is turned into corruption; and he is made to prove the truth of "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, because the Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it." "Surely," saith he, "I am as grass, and shall soon be cut down. The mower will soon come with his scythe, and I shall be cast into hell." O, what would he not give if he knew the Lord would remember him with the favour he beareth towards his children, and visit him with his salvation! He is sure the Lord has a people loved with an everlasting love, and can see their safety as clearly as the sun, and would that he was like them; but he feels he is not worthy of their notice or to be among them. He loveth the place where God's honour dwelleth, and loves to meet among God's people, and can say, "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord God of hosts. My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth, for thy courts, to have a right there, a place there as one of thine, and to share in a favour so great as to say with them, 'This God is my God; he

will be my guide even unto death!" O, how he pants, like the hart, for the waterbrooks of peace, hope, and comfort. If he hears of a man of God coming, if within ten or twenty miles, how gladly does he embrace the opportunity to hear him. He seems to cast away his weary body that has been labouring for the bread that perisheth, and now he labours for the bread of eternal life; and if a little word of comfort should be dropped, causing him to hope, he seems something like a man who has been condemned to die, but now has a reprieve granted from the king, and a hope arises. "Perhaps," saith he, "I may have a further stretch of mercy granted me, even pardon for all my sins." Perhaps a portion of a hymn that may have been sung takes hold of him, for he is like a drowning man, glad to lay hold of a straw:

"He understands a sigh divine,
And marks a secret groan."

"A sigh divine," thinks he; "what can that be?" Why, it is a sigh for a heavenly blessing. "Bless his dear name," says he, "he knows and understands that is what I long for;" and he marks a secret groan. The Lord takes notice of it, and puts it down: "Behold, he prayeth!"

Ah, poor, groaning, wrestling Jacob, your soul can never be lost; you shall not be forgotten of God. You are dear to him; yea, his precious treasure. "As one whom his mother comforteth, so the Lord will comfort you;" and in Jerusalem too, his church, you shall have church blessings, peace, joy, sweet communion with his people, and with his people's God.

Now, poor soul, have I touched your case thus far? Think, then, of the endearing words: "O Israel!" O my son! O my daughter! "You shall not be forgotten of me!" "But," says the poor soul, "I get weaker, and my burden heavier. How can I endure like this?" This is the way God deals with all his people. Hear what Job says. Speaking of the power and majesty of God in a sinner, he says, "Thou prevailest for ever against him, and he passeth; thou changest his countenance, and sendest him away." So you see God will prevail against you; first to kill you before you can prevail with him; and your countenance must first become pale before God changeth it like Hannah's, and sends you away with your countenance no more sad. David said, "He weakened my strength in the way." Jeremiah said, "Thou wast stronger than I, and hast prevailed." Are you not like David and his men, "faint, yet pursuing?" "Yes," says the soul, "I dare not give it up." Well, then, what the Lord said to David and his men will hold good in your case: "Pursue, follow on, and without doubt you will overtake and recover all that your soul needs." Trust in the Lord with all your heart, and lean not to your own understanding; and, above all, take the shield of faith. Plead in the name of Jesus. Say as David did, "Behold, O God, our shield, and look upon the face of thine anointed." And should the way be rougher, as sure it will, thy burden heavier, and thy strength all gone, God

will then arise and have mercy upon you. And remember, the nearer the birth the sharper the pains; the rougher the way the sweeter the prize; the heavier the burden the sooner you will be broken down.

This poor soul may be brought as not to be able to pray so as to utter words; but a sigh goes up to God, then a groan, then a soft and humble feeling, then a tear, then a giving over. "It is all up with me," says the poor thing; "I shall never see the Lord in the land of the living. My judgment is passed over from the Lord, and my way is hid from him." Perhaps a secret whisper may say, "Why do you say so?" "O," says the soul, "because I feel it is so. It is just how I feel." "Have you not heard," says a voice, "hath it not been told you that the everlasting God fainteth not, neither is weary? There is no searching his understanding. He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might he increaseth strength." Presently a glorious Person appears: "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah, glorious in his apparel? I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save. I mean what I say; he that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." Then a voice speaks: "It is good that thou shouldst lay hold of this; yea, also from this withdraw not thy hand; for he that feareth God shall come forth of them all." The poor soul says, "I know it would be good, very good, savingly good, if I might but touch the hem of his garment; but I am such a sinner! A sight of him brings all my sins to view. It is these that seem like a thick and thorny hedge that shuts me out." Then God speaks, and says, "Who would set the briers and thorns against me? I would go through them all. Take hold of my strength that you may make peace with me, and you shall make peace with me." "Lord," says the soul, "look upon me through Jesus. Jesus, undertake for me." The Lord draws nearer; the poor soul embraces him; a living union is felt; pardon is given; peace ensues; communion and fellowship are felt with the Father and his Son Jesus Christ; and thus, through Christ, he prevails with God, and is sweetly, feelingly, and peacefully the Israel in the text.

II. This brings me to the second head to be considered, namely, to trace out the *travail* of the soul still further. I do believe I have tasted and felt the sweet things I have thus far described; but O how many times since then have I feared the Lord had forgotten me! And so did David fear; as he said, "Hath he forgotten me? Hath he in anger shut up his tender mercies? Will he be favourable no more?" But afterwards he acknowledged it was his infirmity. But what man is he that can stand against Satan's temptations, when darkness comes over the mind? Then is Satan's hour, and the poor souls fear they are altogether deceived. But how this will make them weep before the Lord; and there he will wait until the Lord again appears for him, and speaks again to his soul with words like these: "O Israel, thou shalt not be forgotten of me."

When the Lord made a promise to Abraham in reference to his son Isaac, he had to wait many years for the fulfilment of that promise, and what trials and travail of soul did he pass through. But did not God remember him, and at the set time give Sarah a son? Yea, *the* son that God had promised. So with Jacob. God appeared to him at Bethel, and there he blessed him, and there God told him he would be with him, and keep him in all places whither he should go; but when brought into the trial of faith, he began to fear; and with what vehemence did he go to his God, and say, "Thou didst say unto me, I will surely do thee good." And God appeared for him again, and proved to him again that he had not forgotten him.

The enemy is sometimes permitted to make head against the child of God, causing him to fear he sees the lion but not the chains that bind him down; and this will make him cry, "Lord, remember me." The faith that God gives to his people is a tried faith. All has to be put into the furnace, that the trial of it "might be more precious than gold that perisheth, and that it might be found to praise and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ."

"Though he afflicts thy mind,
'Tis not that he'll destroy.
Eternal wisdom ne'er design'd
To give thee always joy."

Here, then, is the trial of faith. Like the Israelites of old, you may be greatly oppressed; yea, more and more, and that for a long time; and when it becomes too heavy for you to bear, then you will begin to groan, and your prayers will be pressed out of you. Then the Lord will remember you and take notice of your affliction; and like as thy enemies have served thee, so will God serve them; for as the Egyptians had drowned the children in the river, so by that same element, water, were they destroyed. God will remember his people in mercy, and recompense the way of those who oppress them upon their own head. Take, my brethren, the prophets that have spoken in the name of the Lord for an example of suffering affliction. How many years was Joseph afflicted and suffered innocently. But did his God forget him? No; but in his time he shall show who is the only wise and blessed Potentate, Lord of lords and King of kings. God says, "They shall cry unto me, and I will deliver them." But he does not tell us when, nor how. This is so perplexing to a child of God. Mordecai cried incessantly; but behold a gallows is built to hang him thereon. But at the set time God did arise as one waketh out of sleep and remembered him. And how were his enemies consumed with terror. "God doth not afflict willingly." Is there not a cause? When God shuts up a man, there is a cause for it. God suffered his people to go into captivity for their idolatry; yet his eye was upon them for good; yea, he caused the enemy to entreat them well in the time of evil, like Joseph when in prison. He rebukes kings for their sake. Whatever calamities

may befall the world, he will not forget his Noahs, his Josephs, his children in the fire, Daniel in the lion's den, Jeremiah in the dungeon, John in his banishment, nor any of his people, let their trials be what they may.

III. But lastly. The *sweetness of the promise*. It is God who hath said, "O Israel, thou shalt not be forgotten of me." And God cannot deny himself. Sometimes our friends leave us to go into a far distant land, and for a time they may give us some proofs that they have not forgotten us; but this wears off, and we hear no more from them. But not so with God. He says, "I will not leave you orphans. I will come to you." "Because I live, ye shall live also."

"Did Jesus once upon thee shine?
Then Jesus is for ever thine."

How sweet are those words of the apostle: "Now to appear in the presence of God for you." And though he is no longer upon earth in a body like our own, he hath given us another Comforter, even the Spirit of truth that abides with his people; and he knoweth our frame, and remembereth we are but dust.

And now, poor child of God, are you walking in darkness? Do you seem to be left alone and that there is no Comforter? And are you ready to conclude you are forgotten as a dead man out of mind, and that you are out of the secret? What a mercy that this does not alter God's love to you; for "though you believe not," so as to receive comfort and satisfaction, "yet he abideth faithful." "He will turn again; he will have compassion." I have, at times, sunk very low, have been in great darkness of soul, have been bereft of friends and counsellors; yea, God's own people have wounded me so that I have had to stand alone; yet in the midst of this God has given me some sweet and blessed proof that he remembered me. And when his people shall have done with this earthly clod, he will remember them in that great day, and will gather up their sleeping dust, "change their vile bodies, and fashion them like unto his own glorious body."

"Forget thee he will not, he cannot; thy name
Engraved on his heart doth for ever remain."

There is none like God for faithfulness. Blessed be his dear name; and let all his people say, "Amen!" AN ENGINE DRIVER.

EVERY dog that barks at me, and every horse that lifts his heel against me, proves that I am a *fallen* creature. The brute creation durst not show an enmity before the fall; nor had they any, but testified a willing homage unto Adam, by *coming for a name*. Eve no more dreaded the serpent than we dread a fly. But, when man shook off allegiance from his God, the beasts, by divine permission, shook off allegiance too from man. Where sin enters, pride will enter too, and supply the place of real honour; and as iniquity aboundeth, pride aboundeth also; else, how could *sinner*s boast of *dignity*, and take up mighty state, on account of verbal titles, or of transient manors, when they themselves must presently be eaten up with worms?—*John Berridge*.

MY OLD BIBLE.

O THOU blest Book! Though torn and tatter'd
 With filthy hands, and dirt bespatter'd,
 Thou'rt still a treasure from on high,
 A light that gilds this lower sky.

Though now thou'rt laid aside and dusty,
 Thy golden edges brown and musty,
 Thy once sleek back morocco bright,
 That now can scarce endure the light;

Once thou wert foremost on the shelf;
 I sought no book but just thyself;
 And oft sat down with joy and glee
 To spend a blessed hour with thee.

'Tis now some forty years and more
 Since I thy treasures did explore;
 'Twas there I saw the Lamb of God
 Wrapt in his garments dyed in blood.

'Twas there I found the peace of God
 Rest on my bosom, through his blood,
 And chase my sins through his dear name.
 How bright and glorious then thy fame!

I hugg'd thee to my heart with pride,
 And bless'd the Lord and thee beside.
 I said, "Thou'rt worth all worlds to me;
 I'll part with all things else but thee."

How thou and I did chime and chatter!
 We talk'd of Calvary's solemn matter!
 I sat and wept, catching the breeze
 Blown from thy fragrant spicy trees.

Thou garden-orchard of the Lord,
 Where grace-set plants find grace restored;
 Where promises exceeding great
 Pour'd on the soul new life create;

How is it now that I can read
 Thy pages with so little heed,
 And careless pass e'en Calvary by
 Without a thought, or tear, or sigh?

O blest old Book! Thou'rt still the same!
 I hug thee to my breast again;
 And wait, and pray, and long, and sigh
 'Till heaven drop dews down from high.

Then shall I sing in concert glee
 A song of the Eternal Three;
 Nor know which to adore the most,
 The Father, Son, or Holy Ghost.

MR. GRACE'S EARLY EXPERIENCE.

My dear Friend,—Grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied unto you, through our blessed Lord, who is the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the foundation and the topstone, one God, our Brother, the God-man Mediator, the Daysman that can lay hands upon both parties, and bring the offended and the offender together.

This was once a blessed text to me: "There is one God and one Mediator," &c. Through Adam, our natural head, the way to the tree of life was shut and a flaming sword kept the way; but through the second Adam, our spiritual Head, a new way is opened by his having satisfied divine justice, appeased the wrath of God, and fulfilled the law. And how many would fain take hold of the skirt of this Jew, and come to God behind him, as is so sweetly expressed in the hymn:

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

When first under divine teaching, I had such a view of the majesty, purity, holiness, and justice of God, I thought it impossible he could be just and yet justify ungodly sinners; for, in proclaiming his name to Moses, he said "he would by no means clear the guilty." This brought on heavy labour and distress, not having my judgment informed in the gospel dispensation. But one of the first things that caused a ray of light was from that verse of Watts's:

"Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find;
The holy, just, and sacred Three
Are terrors to my mind."

Soon after this the Lord began to open up to my understanding the way in which mercy must come, and I have found by blessed experience,

" 'Twas Jesus, my Friend, when he hung on the tree,
Who open'd the channel of mercy for me.

Then I could say, "As the hart panteth after the waterbrooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God."

I can look back to many spots where I have wept and made supplication to God, and prayed him, for Christ's sake, to have mercy upon me, to "remember me with the favour which he bears to his own people." He made me willing to part with everything for a knowledge of my interest in this great salvation; but, like the poor manslayer, I feared I should die before I got into the City of Refuge, and I knew that if I died without a knowledge of God, I must eternally perish; and this text: "A certain fearful looking-for of judgment and fiery indignation," &c., pressed upon me. But, at times, under all this, a secret hope would arise, a "Peradventure the Lord may have mercy;" and, like Manoah's

wife, I said, "Certainly, if the Lord had meant to destroy me, he would not have showed me such things as these." This created in me most vehement desires after him. But this hope being deferred made my heart sick. Then I used to fear that my trouble was going off without my deliverance, and was ready, with the church of old, to say, 'We have been with child; we have brought forth wind,' &c., and I often prayed that I might suffer anything rather than be deceived. But the Lord waiteth to be gracious; and when the set time to favour Zion is come, nothing can prevent it. Not a dog shall move its tongue.

If I live until March 26 it will be 32 years since the Lord spoke peace to my conscience. Having put me upon the Rock and into the *cleft* of it, he made himself known to me as "a God merciful and gracious, slow to anger," &c.; and never until this took place did I find peace and rest for my soul. Now I had what Bunyan speaks of, when the three shining ones met him. The first said, "Peace be unto you;" the second stripped him of his rags and clothed him with change of raiment; and the third set a fair mitre upon his head, a mark on his forehead, and put a roll in his hand, *with a seal upon it*; and, like the eunuch, I went on my way rejoicing. I thought my troubles over, but soon found I was like Israel of old. When they had the bitter waters of Marah and the waste, howling wilderness to pass through, they often showed much rebellion, and had many hard thoughts of God; yet the Lord forgave them, and followed them with mercies, the pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night, the smitten rock to allay their thirst, manna to satisfy hunger, and at last, agreeably to his promise, brought them into the promised land. My proud and haughty heart has often loathed this manna as light food, and fretted at the water, and lightly esteemed the Rock of my salvation; but notwithstanding the Lord has been faithful, and *not one thing* has failed of all that he has promised, but all has come to pass as it is this day.

I have often been astonished at the long-suffering and forbearance of the Lord and the wondrous grace of God in this word: "Thou hast made me to serve with thy sins," &c. But what follows? "And I will cast you off?" No; but "I, even I, am he who *blotteth out* your sins for *my name's sake*." This subdues my obdurate heart, produces godly sorrow, makes salvation precious, Christ exalted, and self abased.

I have run on in some of these things which I firmly believe by the bulk of professors are but little known. Indeed, I am sure without divine teaching they cannot be known. They are hid from the wise and prudent, revealed *only to babes and fools*.

There appears to me to be a great lack in the day in which we live of real spiritual conviction. People are saved before they are lost, healed before they are wounded. I do find as I go through the country here and there one who speaks the language of Canaan, who knows what it is to mourn and sigh for the abominations of the city. I was heartily glad to find some among

you that were established in the truth, and others who were inquiring their way to Zion with their faces thitherward. I felt a sweet union of spirit, and, if my life should be spared, and my health improved, I may come and see you again for a few days in the summer.

I am wondering what the Lord is about to do with us this year. It is our mercy to know our times are in his hand, and every circumstance under his management; for "we by taking thought cannot add one cubit to our stature." It is rarely that I sit down and write as I have done to you; but, perhaps, it may be for the encouragement of some who may read what I have written. I am satisfied there is a deal of religion that is only in the flesh, and, therefore, is not of God; and which, like hay, straw, and stubble, must be burnt. It is a day which calls for ministers to make a separation of "the precious from the vile." Some say they are afraid to wound the *little ones*. In my opinion, these little ones are the only ones which love a heart-searching ministry, and like to be brought to the test. I used to think if I could not bear the force of God's truth from *man's* mouth, how could I stand before a holy *God*?

Will you kindly remember me to Mr. Smith? Ask Mrs. B. how she and Mr. Talkative get on. Poor woman! Though deaf, I believe she has heard the voice of the Son of God, and shall live for ever. Also remember me to Miss G., Mr. A., and his sister, and to all to whom I am known. I am desired by Mr. V. to send his love. He was pleased to hear that you had been blessed through his sermon. That sermon, I consider, contained the marrow of religion; and that, through mercy, I know something of.

And now, my aged sister in the Lord, farewell. May he bless, keep, and preserve you. May the Lord enable you and others to remember me when you go to court.

Yours, in Gospel Bonds,

Brighton, Feb., 1854.

JNO. GRACE.

THE INIQUITY OF THE DAY.

LET them that name the name of Christ depart from the iniquity of the times. There are sins that may be called the iniquity of the day. It was thus in Noah's day, it was thus in Lot's day, and it was thus in Christ's day; I mean in the days of his flesh; and it is a famous thing for professors to keep themselves from the iniquities of the times. Here lay Noah's excellence, here lay Lot's excellence, and here will lie your excellence, if you are kept from the iniquity of this day. "Keep (or save) yourselves from this untoward generation," is seasonable counsel (Acts ii. 40), but taken by few, the sins of the time, or day, being as a strong current or stream that drives all before it. Hence Noah and Lot were found, as it were, alone in the practice of this excellent piece of righteousness in their generation.

Hence it is said of Noah, "he was a just man, and perfect in his generations." (Gen. vi. 9.) And again, "The Lord said unto Noah, Come thou and all thy house into the ark; for thee have I seen righteous before me in this generation." (Gen. vii. 1.) The meaning is, he kept himself clear of the sin of his day, or of the generation among which he lived.

The same I say of Lot. He was kept from the sin of Sodom. Hence Peter cries him up for such a righteous man. "Just Lot," saith he, "that righteous man whose righteous soul was vexed with the filthy conversation of the wicked." (2 Pet. ii. 7, 8.) Mark, a just man, a righteous man, his righteous soul, &c. But why was he given this character? Why, he abhorred the sin of his time; he fell not in with the sin of the people, but was afflicted and vexed at it; yea, it was to him a daily burden, "For that righteous man dwelling among them, in seeing and hearing, vexed his righteous soul from day to day with their unlawful deeds." So David: "I beheld," saith he, "the transgressors, and was grieved because they kept not thy word." (Ps. cxix. 158.)

By the sin of the times Satan, as it were, sets up his standard in defiance of God, seeking thus to cause his name in a signal way to be dishonoured, and that by the professors of that age. Hence it was that God manifested such wrath against his people who were guilty of the common sin of their day, and that he showed such special favour to them that abstained therefrom. * * *

Unbelief was the sin of the day when Israel was going from Egypt to Canaan; therefore all that were guilty of that transgression must be denied to go in to see that good land; yea, though it were Moses himself. "And the Lord said to Moses and Aaron, Because ye believed me not, to sanctify me in the eyes of the children of Israel, therefore ye shall not bring this congregation into the land which I have given them." (Num. xx. 12.) "But my servant Caleb, because he had another spirit in him, and hath followed me fully, him will I bring into the land whereunto he went, and his seed shall possess it. (Num. xiv. 22-24.)

Idolatry was the sin of the day just before Israel were carried captive into Babylon. "Now those of the priests that went astray then, even they," says God, "shall bear their iniquity. But the priests, the sons of Zadoc, that kept the charge of my sanctuary when the children of Israel went astray from me, they shall come near unto me to minister unto me, and they shall stand before me to offer unto me the fat and the blood, saith the Lord God. They shall enter into my sanctuary, and they shall come near to my table to minister unto me, and they shall keep my charge." (Ezek. xlv. 10-16.)

Great complaints have we now, among professors, of deadness in duties, barrenness of the ministry, and of the withdrawing of God from his people; but I can tell you a cause of all this; namely, the sin of the day is got into the church of God, and has defiled that holy place. This is the ground and cause of all

these things; nor is it like to be otherwise till the cause shall be removed. If any should ask me, "What are the sins of our day?" I would say they are conspicuous, they are open, they are declared as Sodom's were. (Isa. iii. 9.) They who have embraced them are not ashamed of them; yea, they have got the boldness to plead for them, and to count them their enemies that seek to reform them. All tables are full of vomit and filthiness. And for pride and covetousness, for loathing of the gospel, as these have covered the face of the nation, so they have infected most of them that now name the name of Christ.

And I say again, when you find out a professor that is not horribly tainted with some of these things (I exclude not the ministers and their families), let him be as a beacon upon a hill, or as an ensign in our land. "But," says one, "would you have us singular?" And, says another, "Would you have us make ourselves ridiculous?" And, says a third, "Such and such, more godly-wise than we, do so." I answer, "If God has made you singular and called you to grace that's singular, and bid you walk in ways that are singular and diverse from the ways of all others; yea, if to depart from iniquity will make you ridiculous, then be contented to be counted so. If to be holy in all manner of conversation will make you ridiculous, be content that so it be. As for the godly-wise you speak of, let them manifest themselves to be such by departing from iniquity. I am sure that their being tainted with the sins of the day will not prove them godly-wise. "Behold, I have taught you," said Moses, "statutes and judgments, even as the Lord my God commanded me, that ye should so do in the land whither you go to possess it. Keep, therefore, and do them; for this is your wisdom and your understanding in the sight of the nations, which shall hear of all these statutes, and say, Surely this great nation is a wise and understanding people."

Here, then, is wisdom, and this is what manifests a people to be understanding and godly-wise, even the keeping of the present commandments of God. And why follow the apish fashions of the world? Hath the God of wisdom set them on foot among us? or is it because the devil and wicked men (the inventors of these vain toys) have outwitted the law of God? What nation is there so great, who hath God so nigh unto them as his people have, and as he is in all things that we call upon him for? "And what nation is there so great that hath statutes and judgments so righteous as all this law," said Moses, "which I set before you this day?" (Deut. iv. 5-8.)

[We believe the above is from Bunyan; but are not certain, having mislaid the letter that accompanied it.]

THE man who strives and fights against sin, though sin may often be suffered to overmatch him, is more assuredly a child of God than he who never felt the plague of his own heart, or who thinks he has no sin to strive and fight against.—*Sir Richard Hill's "Deep Things of God."*

ONLY LETTERS.

My dear Friend,—I have sent you the two letters, and hope, if Mr. P. publishes them, they may be made a blessing. I once was told by a young man, who is now a preacher, that he did not think much of the "Standard." I said, "Why?" "Why," said he, "because there is scarcely anything but letters in it." It did not come to my mind when I was with him, but I thought after I left him that the Bible was made up partly of letters. What are the writings of Paul and others of the apostles but letters? Paul expressly says, "See how large a letter I have written with my own hand;" and I think how useful letter-writing is; for sometimes in speaking we are apt to speak too hastily, while in writing we are more deliberate; or if we should have written anything which we thought not right, we can alter it, as it was not inspiration. How different was the young man's sentiment to what the Holy Spirit told John in Patmos, when he said, "What thou hast seen, write in a book;" and as he is the Remembrancer to the church, he brought to John's mind everything he had shown him; not one particle was altered. There is no deviation or prevarication with him, as he is of one mind, and never makes any mistakes, and where his divine influence is felt, the writings of a man, or his conversation, or prayer, or preaching, have a sweetness and savour. Job says, "That which is unsavoury cannot be eaten without salt, and there is no taste in the white of an egg." All the things of the Spirit are unsavoury to the natural spirit; and the doctrines of God's word, which are white and pure, have no taste without divine influence.

Knowing these things, therefore, experimentally makes us to very much prize the Person of the blessed Spirit in all his divine operations. What a poor wretched congregation is that which is not thinking much of these things, and waiting for the Spirit's divine power. Without this power nothing could be done in former times, and nothing can be done without it now. "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts;" and where this Spirit is found there is liberty. If you find these words true with yourself in your new habitation,—viz., "He blesseth the habitation of the just and the place where his honour dwelleth,"—you will find that your house, your bed, your food, your business will all be right, as this blessed Comforter will be with you; which I pray may be your case.

What an unspeakable mercy to know that our bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost, as God hath said. If man had said it, it would not be of any consequence; but God hath said it; and even Balaam declared that what God said he would perform.

I do pray that your dear pastor and his flock may be much united. Your kindness knits my heart more and more towards you, and I am deeply humbled at God's dear children taking any notice of me.

Yours very affectionately,

Deptford, May 17, 1859.

JNO. CLARK.

LETTER FROM A YOUNG MAN AT COLLEGE.

My dear Friend,—Having just looked at the date of your last sheet (Jan. 25th), I feel somewhat grieved to think I have not answered it before, especially when I read the last line of it, that *if I was sufficiently interested to wish for the conclusion of it to let you know*. Now it strikes me you must think I am not interested at all about the matter, or you would have heard from me before. I must say you concluded rather mysteriously, as I do not know who you mean, nor how you could think I should see anything of him. I will not say I am a stranger to the *whole* subject of it, for I trust I am enabled in some degree with you to bless God that a saving change has been wrought in him. Although my faith is mostly but weak, yet with him I have been enabled to see Christ to be *the* Saviour, and with him I am enabled to say he is *my* Saviour. If his experience resembles mine, he will descend into the valley ere long, where I have been a long time, dead to God and spiritual enjoyment; and I think Philomela gives some similar account, which helps one a little on, when we see we are not travelling alone.

However, since I wrote last I have had some delightful seasons, and enjoyed much of the presence of God on a sick bed for this last two months. Perhaps you may have heard through my mother that I have been unwell. The truth is they knew nothing about the matter, at any rate till after I was enabled to walk out a little, as I did not wish to give them any unnecessary uneasiness; but I have been confined to my bed and room for about six weeks, brought on first from close confinement, and then a severe cough, which ended in a fever, accompanied with a delirious nervous headache; and from the loss of blood, and living totally in a measure on physic, I became so weak as not to be able to walk alone. However, I believe although weak in the body I was all that time stronger in faith, and could rely upon the promises of God more firmly and decidedly, embracing them as belonging to myself, than I ever could before. Particularly one passage gave me much consolation. It was to me like meat and drink: "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee," &c.

But, my dear friend, since that time I can relate to you no such experience. Again have I been in the dark and dreary wilderness,—cold, dead, and lifeless, having no enjoyment of spiritual things, and unable to lay hold of any of the precious promises.

Yet, thanks be to God, since I wrote these lines he in mercy has shown me that his face was hidden from me only for an appointed time. Again I am enabled to lift up my head and praise the riches of redeeming grace and love. He has not left me to myself, but has drawn me by his Spirit once more to cry, "Abba, Father!" and to enjoy that peace which only belongeth to those whom he has loved with an everlasting love.

Finding my paper will soon be filled, I must change my subject; nor would I have said what I have could I not rely upon you

as to the contents of this sheet, mentioning it only with a view that I may have an answer from you whether any part of it coincides with your own experience.

The medical person that attended me during my illness, with Mr. H., my tutor, wished me very much, when the Easter vacation commenced, to take a change of air for the benefit of my health. Knowing how I was situated at home, I cannot say I felt much inclined to see N.; therefore resolved to go down into Bucks, to a little village called Emberton, where I am at this present time. You will understand my friends at H. know nothing to the contrary but that I am at Oxford. One of my friends at E. invited me to go down with him and take lodgings here, to which I readily assented. Perhaps you may have heard of the minister by name. So far as I can judge, he is very different in sentiment to most of the Church evangelicals in your neighbourhood. It strikes me you would not dislike hearing him. He does not appear to be afraid to preach in *the pulpit* that which he would *converse* to you upon in his own house. I heard him with much pleasure yesterday from 2 Cor. iii. 9, but still I think him far behind L. R. Being only five miles from T., I walked over yesterday morning and heard Mr. R. upon Isa. liii., latter clause of the 9th verse and first of 10th. In my opinion he was excellent, so rich and full of the kernel wine, instead of water, if I may so express myself, mixed with it. I have often heard him spoken against in the pulpit, and I am not surprised now; I should be if it were otherwise. I hope to be able to hear him again, if all be well, on the Lord's day, as after that time he is going about for some considerable time I believe, and a Jew from London is to take his place in the meantime. I have been to Olney church and heard G. He is very well, but does not come up to the two former, neither in doctrine nor talent. I have had some conversation with him this morning, and I find Mr. Cole, of London, was with him some time previous to his taking orders. I hope to be able to hear an old gentleman at Crayton before I leave, who I understand is worth walking a few miles after.

My poor dear father has just written to me (*the first time in his life*) a very unpleasant letter. I clearly see something or somebody has darted fresh poison into his mind, and the old things are coming over again. Unless I can get some answer to the letter I have written him, I have some thoughts of not going home at Midsummer, but going down into Northumberland. I think I ought to study to keep out of the way of temptation, and even to avoid those, however hard to flesh and blood to part, if I cannot conscientiously unite with their sentiments and maxims, so as to live peaceably with them by a meek and quiet spirit, adorning the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things.

Hoping yourself and family are well, I subscribe myself,

Your unworthy friend,

Emberton, April 1, 1820.

THE LAST RESOURCE.

My dear Brother and Sister in the enduring Bonds of a gracious Relationship,—When the Most High separated the sons of Adam, and divided to the nations their inheritance, he fixed the bounds of his chosen Israel. So eternal forethought and appointment have marked out in the divine mind and will the path of the spiritual family through this wilderness world to their blessed home above. And it is a sweet truth to apprehend in personal fellowship, by the light of heavenly teaching, that Jesus our Brother and Friend is seated upon the throne, having the government upon his shoulders, not only of the world in general, but of the church in particular, to order all that concerns her inward and outward estate for her well-being both here and hereafter, and, by his oftentimes to us mysterious dealings, to make himself a glorious name for wisdom, power, love, care, truth, and faithfulness.

The worth of Christ can never be fully known while here. It is by slow degrees, for the most part, that we grow in the knowledge of his matchless Person, his infinitely-perfect work, and his suitability and sufficiency to help and save; and in order to this the Holy Ghost fulfils his office in making ready a people prepared for the Lord by his stripping, emptying, humbling operations; and this not only in the beginning of his gracious work upon the soul, but with me it has been so up to the present time; and while this work is going on within, I sometimes stand astonished and wonder where it will end. Numberless imperfections, infirmities, shortcomings, and entire unprofitableness awaken up within me painful fears and misgivings as to the genuineness and saving nature of the change that has taken place within and upon me, and I am brought to the place where David stood when he said, “Innumerable evils have compassed me about. Mine iniquities have taken hold of me, so that I cannot look up. They are more than the hairs of my head; therefore my heart faileth me.” Here I stand sometimes, a poor, wretched delinquent, that owes the law a whole life of obedience, and have not one mite of righteousness wherewith to pay. O what a remediless case would be mine, were it not for the hope of the gospel! And though, at times, I cannot come unto God as a son, a *child*, yet the glorious gospel of the blessed God looks with a cheering face and an inviting eye towards such a poor smitten-down, helpless, and unworthy sinner, and encourages another look, another cry unto him that is able to save unto the uttermost all that come unto God by Christ.

This, then, has become my *last resource*. Salvation for me in any other way is impossible; therefore I come with all my sins, my needs, my fears, as an unworthy sinner, and throw myself upon the boundless mercy of the Lord, flowing through the divinely-consecrated channel of a dear Saviour's blood; and though I possess not the full assurance of acceptance in the Be-

loved, yet in him and him alone is all my hope of God's mercy, favour, and friendship founded. Take away Christ as the foundation of my hope, and you take my all. Without him, life at the best is not worth possessing, and the gospel is a mere blank. To him I owe all my present hopes and comforts, and all my prospects of endless felicity. And is it not in this way, dear friends, in part at least, that the Holy Ghost works in order to glorify Christ and to make his name great in our estimation and affections? And by this mode of discipline have we not some experimental proof in our souls of being under his gracious tuition and heavenly culture? What but divine illumination could make the blessed gospel, which is foolishness to the worldly wise, appear to our minds as the brightest display of infinite wisdom, wherein all the glorious perfections of the Godhead shine forth with such soul-captivating lustre and glory, and in such delightful harmony in the salvation of the lost through the meritorious deeds of our blessed Redeemer? And what less than the almighty power of the Holy Ghost could transform such base-born and sin-loving sinners as we were in practice and still are by nature, and bless us with a divine taste whereby we are made to relish the precious blessings of God's salvation, and esteem them more precious than our necessary food?

Time is short, and is bearing us to our appointed end; and it will be an unimportant consideration at the closing scene whether our pathway has been rough and thorny, or comparatively smooth, if we are found in him who is styled "the Lord our Righteousness." The evil things, as to pain and poverty, that Lazarus endured while here below are now all forgotten as to their bitterness, in the full enjoyment of all that is included in that comprehensive word *good*. In reference to the past, these words of the dear old patriarch were sweet to my mind this morning: "The angel that fed me all my life long, and redeemed me from all evil." Blessed be his dear name; his kindness and his care have befriended me hitherto, nor hath he failed me nor forsaken me in all my difficulties; but he hath wrought for his name's sake, and made a way where sense and reason could see none. And he still reigns. He hath not abdicated his throne, and never will abdicate; nor will he ever give the reins of government out of his hands, either temporally or spiritually, so long as there is one feeble member of his body to need his interposition on their behalf; while for the equity of his government, the mildness of his sway, the justness of his laws, the easiness of his yoke, the safety of his protection, and the endless blessings of his kingdom, all generations shall call him blessed.

So say I, as a feeble witness for his dear Majesty; and I desire above all things else to live and die in his service; and I trust my dear friends can join with me therein.

Yours affectionately in the Lord,

Maldon, Jan. 13, 1853.

JOHN KNIGHT.

JOHN RUSK'S DIARY.

(Continued from page 108.)

Friday, Aug. 16th, 1816.—When I awoke I was again filled with cares and poring over myself. This is the snare, looking to ourselves, as if the government was on our shoulders, instead of looking to Jesus, the burden-bearer. I went out to look for work, and my wife had to go to the poorhouse for my mother's money. She wished much to hear Mr. Gadsby. He was to be at Wells's chapel, over the water. So we heard him at night. Text: "Say ye to the righteous," &c. We got home at half-past nine o'clock.

Saturday, 17th.—I awoke, thinking I was the double-minded man that James speaks of, who is unstable in all his ways. Lord, I am sore oppressed this morning. In this state I went out to look for work. I asked at several places, and found it of no use. It is impossible to tell what I suffer in looking for work; for I feel I am resisted dreadfully in my feelings. I went up to Heath's, and am in some expectation of getting on there, but cannot tell till Monday.

Sunday, 18th.—Went to chapel, and heard Mr. Gadsby. Text: Isa. xxxiii. 21. Two great discourses they were. The Lord is glorious in his nature; glorious in his dispensations in providence; glorious in his just judgments; glorious in the unfolding of the mysteries of his grace. "Shall be a place of broad rivers," &c. 1, election; 2, a river of water of life; 3, of love; and streams, 1, redemption; 2, pardon; 3, faith; 4, mercy, &c. &c. Now take notice where he shall be these! Answer, *in Zion*; which is proved by the verse preceding the text, where it says, "Look upon Zion, the city of our solemnities." Next, the *characters* to whom he will be a place of broad rivers and streams, implying safety, not raging seas. They are such as have been shipwrecked, as it were. They have been all boat and ship-builders, and have tried their vessels and been shipwrecked, and cast away on the Isle of Man,—a place where all rogues and thieves are,—and, by the goodness of God, they, after this, have been driven to the Cape of Good Hope, and then drawn into these broad rivers and streams, which the Triune Jehovah himself is to them. No galley with oars, or galley slave, which signifies Arminians; no gallant ship, which signifies a high-towering professor, with his head full of sound truth, but a hardened Antinomian in heart and life.

When I returned home I found my father greatly changed, much convulsed and little or no speech, being so very low. I therefore could not bear to go to bed, fearing he was near his end. I said, "Are you comfortable, father?" He said, "Yes." At another time, "Are you afraid to die?" "No." I then mentioned several passages of Scripture to comfort him. I said, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." He shortly after said, "I hope he will." After this I read all through a favourite hymn of his:

"Alas! And did my Saviour bleed?"

But he was too low to answer me. After this he lay very still

all the night, except two or three times, when he was a little restless, owing to the pain in his thigh.

After breakfast next morning, with reluctance, and being very tired, for I sat up till six o'clock, I went to Mr. Heath's, and agreed to go there on Wednesday, for I could not bear to leave him. I was away about an hour and a half. My father was still very convulsed. His body in one place was mortified, and he drew his breath very hard. He took a little wine and water, which is all he has taken since two o'clock, when he had about two spoonfuls of coffee, and shut his mouth fast. I said to him, "Having a desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better;" but he did not answer. He then took a little wine and water again, and I said, "Do you feel a good hope, father?" "A good *heart*?" he said. "No," said I; "a good *hope*?" And he said, "Yes," and also said before this that he was comfortable. O what a heavy burden do I feel this evening on my spirits! I went down after tea to speak to my father, but I felt shut up and full of distracting fears and cares. O how burdened I was! And yet I dare not say I have no hope, for I feel hope struggling against hope; but I certainly have sore temptations to despair of God's mercy, and it is astonishing to me that I am not worse. O how I do long to feel the Lord Jesus visit my soul! How well I know the worth of him and the real worth of a good hope?

There is one thing that should be recorded to show the care God has of us and his inspection into our worldly affairs. I have been a month to-day out of work, which has occasioned many sighs and groans to God; and truly I have been very rebellious and exercised with many tormenting fears. Unbelief has gained great ground, and yet God has attended to these sighs and groans. He has occasioned the man that worked with Mr. Heath to leave him to make room for me, and the man has gone to another job. I often prayed God to open a door, though generally in much unbelief; and yet my unbelief has not made the promise of God of none effect; for "faithful is he that hath promised, who also will do it." But I am slow of heart to believe. To me belongs shame and confusion of face, and to God be all the glory.

On Saturday night I received 18s. Bless God for that.

Sunday, Aug. 25th.—Arising from the sermons I had heard while Mr. Gadsby was in London, I had some sweet meditations early this morning on the victories of Christ being gained by us by a living faith, and in no other way. And when this faith is in lively act and exercise, it will sensibly overcome all our enemies, which may be comprised in four,—the *world*, the *flesh*, the *devil*, and the *law*. 1, The *world*: "Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me and I unto the world." But *faith* has the honour of bringing this victory into the conscience. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." 2, The *flesh*: "Knowing this, that our old man was crucified with him, that the body of sin might

be destroyed," &c. 3, The *devil*: "He destroyed him that had the power of death, that is the devil;" and he says, "I will give you power to tread on serpents and scorpions, and over all the power of the enemy;" and this is done *by faith*. 4, The *law*: The handwriting of ordinances that was against us and contrary to us he has taken out of the way, nailing it to his cross;" and Christ has "redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us." So that, instead of the curse, we get the blessing, *by faith*. For as many as are of faith are blessed with faithful Abraham. This is the only way cast up, and God will only honour this way. But who will these things be acceptable to? I answer, to them who have been worn down to death's door, striving against the world, the flesh, the devil, and the law, yet always being overcome; and when such have given up all for lost, then these tidings are acceptable.

Now let us prove it by God's book: 1st, The *world*. "All that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life, these are not of the Father, but are of the world." Now these three will attack God's children as they did the Saviour; and I know that such will, in their own account, be often overcome. If we speak of worldly enemies, David says, "I shall one day fall by the hand of this Saul;" and you read, "Gad, a troop shall overcome him," &c.

Again. The *flesh*. How Paul suffered from this old man, and despaired of any success, till God blessed him with a living faith in exercise: "O wretched man that I am!" But when faith came, "I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord." This is the only way to get the victory; and for want of this many have been driven by the devil to suicide. O what sore struggles do God's children have in trying to overcome this old man!

But again. The *devil* is to be conquered this way, and no other; and it is astonishing the millions that Satan has overcome, after all their reading, praying, hearing the word preached, and performing of many works! I say, after all Satan has overcome them; but faith in the Son of God will vanquish him. See Joshua the high priest, and the woman of Canaan who came to Christ with a complaint of her daughter being grievously vexed with the devil. Christ's answer was, "O woman, great is thy faith. Be it unto thee even as thou wilt." And the devil went out of her daughter. Peter, having found the blessed effects of Christ's prayer that his faith should not fail, says, "Your adversary the devil walketh about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour; whom resist, steadfast in the faith." And you read that they overcame Satan by the blood of the Lamb and by the word of their testimony.

Lastly, to be brief. The *law*. This by nature we are all under and in bondage to it, though we do not feel it; but when God is pleased to quicken our souls and enlighten our minds, then to hard labour we go to get a good conscience, and some have gone on for many years at this hard labour before God has opened to

them the door of faith. Say you, "Are you sure that faith will liberate us?" Yes. Hence Paul says, "Before faith came we were kept under the law, shut up unto the faith that after should be revealed!" This faith believes that Jesus Christ magnified the law for me and endured the curse due to me; and when faith lays fast hold of his victory on the cross, the soul goes out of prison. Hence you read, "By the blood of thy covenant I have sent forth thy prisoners out of the pit in which there is no water." Thus the soul finds enlargement. Instead of being of the works of the law and being under the curse, such are under the blessing; for, "As many as are of faith are blessed with faithful Abraham." The law is the ministration of death and condemnation; but God's blessing is life for evermore; and "there is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus."

"Well," say you, "if the victory over all enemies is by faith, that is what I have always had, and that is easy enough." Yes, your faith may be easy, but not the faith of God's elect. "Why," say you, "I believe in Christ according to the prayer book, and I believe and contend for all the doctrines of the gospel." Yes; but this is only assent and consent. God's children do the same; but their faith goes further; and therefore it is a very great display of power in them to give them true faith; as you read: "That you may know what is the hope of his calling, and what the riches of the glory of his inheritance in the saints, and what is the exceeding greatness of his power to usward who believe, according to the working of his mighty power which he wrought in Christ when he raised him from the dead," &c. Now, if faith is so easy, how can it be the exceeding greatness of God's power, the same which he wrought in Christ? No. If you have no better faith you are a deceived soul, and your faith will never endure to the end.

I add no more at present.

CONWAY STREET CHAPEL.

The Committee of Conway Street Chapel to our beloved Brother and Friend, W. Gadsby.

May the God of all grace and glory be with you and yours and with the Israel of God, and sensibly and feelingly abide in and sweetly and powerfully rest in and upon all the dear blood-bought family, and may all the riches of his covenant love and all-atoning blood and everlasting righteousness, with all his matchless grace, be sweetly felt in the council, that we may sit down under his shadow with great delight, and feel and find his most precious fruit sweet to our taste, under the sweet anointing and unctuous influence of God the Holy Ghost.

We received both your kind and affectionate letters, and they truly gladdened our hearts when we beheld in them that ardent love and affection they breathed forth for the honour of God and his cause, and the welfare of us, the most hell-deserving, and scat-

tered, and feeble of all his flock. Indeed, we are called to pass through various exercises, trials, temptations, and afflictions, both within and without, while passing through this vale of tears; but our dear Lord hath said, "My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness;" and weak indeed we are! If left one moment to ourselves to feel the dread corruption of our own hearts and the sore buffetings of a tempting devil (which we need not enumerate here), we prove our weakness. Our beloved brother knows well that the path to glory is through much tribulation, as saith our Lord; but we *shall* enter the kingdom, thanks be unto our all-glorious Immanuel, who has conquered all for us, and has promised to subdue all in us, and thus to bring all his sheep safe home at last. Yea, not a hoof shall be left behind. Indeed, we have need of such an Almighty Saviour, such a Husband, Brother, and Friend as sovereign love has provided,—one who loveth at all times and changeth not, and therefore it is we are not consumed; yea, because his compassion fails not. They (you and every man) are ever fresh in the loving heart and mind of our Lord. Great, yea, truly great is the Lord Jehovah's faithfulness; and truly we need such a one, who is never faint or weary; as saith the prophet, "Knowest thou not that the everlasting God the Lord fainteth not nei her is weary; there is no searching of his understanding; for he giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might he increaseth strength." He was in all points tempted like unto his poor children, yet without sin, that he might be a merciful High Priest over his own house, and know how to succour them that are tempted. And most certain it is that Infinite Wisdom is pleased to bring all his family, more or less, into various trials, distresses, and afflictions, and sore conflicts within and without, that they may feel their need of him in all the covenant characters he holds and bears in relation to them. Surely as a tender Husband they want him often to succour, sympathize, nourish, and cherish their poor drooping hearts in the way, and to provide for them; for no man, saith Paul, ever hates his own flesh, but nourisheth and cherisheth it. Much more Christ never will, never can, hate his own blood-bought bride. Filthy, vile, polluted wretch though she is in and of herself, yet in his almighty, eternal, everlasting love to her he washes her, clothes and adorns her, within and without, with all the unctuous precious graces of his most Holy Spirit, and puts a beautiful crown on her head, even loving-kindness and tender mercies; and though our nasty filthy rags stick as close to us as the very skin to our backs, yet will he tear them off and take them all away, stripping us naked and bare. Guilty, vile, and polluted, covered with shame in our sins and in our blood, we lay; yet then, even then, did he appear for us, as saith the prophet, and shed abroad his dying and eternal love in our poor hearts. This indeed sweetly dissolves and melts us down; so that we are brought to bless and praise his ever adorable Majesty, and to loathe and hate ourselves

in our own eyes for all our abominations, iniquities, transgressions, and sins against so loving, gracious, and tender a Husband and Friend, the good Lord being pacified towards us.

Now, brother Gadsby, there are many of us indeed who, through divine mercy, can see eye to eye with you in your poems,* respecting the great and sudden change which, in the mysteries of God's all-wise providence, has taken place in the Royal House of Brunswick, and in and for the nation at large, and are ready to fear the dark cloud we are, to all human appearance, about to enter into, should it be the will of Infinite Wisdom to permit, for the trial of his own children's faith, and of all fleshly and carnal professors' destruction, who have long time holden secret familiarity with that apostate whore of Babylon, otherwise Rome, that beast of Rome to get into power and authority over this realm once again, as hinted in that little tract of poor W.'s, "Home-baked Bread," page 40.

And now, what shall we say to these things? Surely the Lord's ways are in the deep waters, and his footsteps past finding out. May we not adopt the language of the psalmist: "God is our refuge and strength; a very present help in trouble. Therefore will we not fear though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea." For "there is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God; the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High. God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved. God shall help her, and that right early." See, beloved brother, the whole of this psalm (xlvi.), and may we take the admonition in verse 10: "Be still, and know that I am God. I will be exalted among the heathen; I will be exalted in the earth."

It doth appear that the hopes and fears of the nation in a general way were infinitely too low, in looking too much to the creature instead of the Creator, who alone is to be feared, the only hope of Israel and Saviour thereof in every time of trouble. But as it respects the princess herself, if all be true we have

* The poems referred to were written by Mr. Gadsby on the death of Princess Charlotte, the daughter of George IV. The following is one of them:

Almighty God, to thee we cry;
To thee we look, on thee rely;
Preserve thy church from men of spite;
Be thou our safety and delight.

All creatures are at thy control;
Thy sceptre's sway'd from pole to pole;
Life, death, and hell obey thy nod,
For thou, and thou alone, art God.

Commission'd from thy sov'reign throne,
Death has our Princess from us torn.
As Protestants, we ill portend,
And wonder where the scene will end.

A gloomy cloud seems hanging o'er
The British isles, our native shore;
We forward look with painful fear,
Lest some cursed Popish plot be near.

Great God! Make bare thy holy arm;
Preserve us from each threat'ning storm;
Break every tyrant's arm in twain,
Nor let the Beast o'er Britain reign.

If Britain should have men in power
Who thirst for such a gloomy hour,
O Lord, their counsels overthrow;
Blast all their schemes and lay them low!

But if, indeed, such scenes must come,
Teach us to say, "Thy will be done!"
Prepare us for the trying hour;
Be thou our hiding-place and tower.

Let us thy lovely self enjoy,
And sweetly on thy arm rely;
Then come what will we rest secure,
Defended by Almighty power.

heard, she appeared much resigned to the will of God; and indeed there does appear evident mark of a good work of grace in her heart, the effect of which was manifested by some real good fruit in her life; and if really so, our loss is her eternal gain. Perhaps she was taken away from the evil to come. May the good Lord, the Shepherd of Israel, give us a watchful eye upon his almighty power and handy works, and pour out upon us and all his family of his Most Holy Spirit, as a Spirit of grace and supplication, that we may live near unto him, and be enabled, by a living faith, to cleave close unto him, and enjoy a vital union with him, and thus receive such fresh life and virtue from him, and comfort and consolation, as shall make us fruitful in every good word and work; that we may be valiant for his truth upon earth and mighty in prayer, under the power and influence of God the Holy Ghost, to the praise, honour, and glory of God, Father, Son, and Spirit, who, of his sovereign love, pity, and compassion, has called us out of darkness into his marvellous light.

Now, as it respects ourselves, we are still hobbling on in the narrow way, much as usual; but our pastor, Mr. Robins, continues very poorly indeed. It is true he was something better, but is now much as before, very ill. He still keeps labouring amongst us, but is so weak, at times, as hardly to be able to preach; yet doth he keep constant to his work.

The friends have got the hymns you composed on the melancholy occasion, and think them very suitable to the times and purpose intended, and pray the Master of the house to own and bless them, and every endeavour of his own children in spreading the banners of a Saviour's cross to all his blood-bought seed.

All the friends join in hearty love to you and yours; and may the God of all grace, comfort, and peace be with and bless you and yours, and furnish you with rich matter from his own fulness, that your own soul and all the Lord's family you may be called to minister to may be like a well-watered garden, that joy and praise may spring forth to his immortal honour and glory before all people. Amen.

London, Dec. 9, 1817.

SENSIBLE SINNERS.

My dear Friend,—* * * I wish I could leave all in the hands of God. "Ah!" say you, "That is the best way." But, my friend, this is the desert, and I find very little in passing through it, except what causes much pain and sorrow; enemies without, but still much worse within; for the indoor foes are continually at war, and very little quiet can I get while my eyes are open; yea, and even while asleep I find they will work. I do humbly hope for rest at the end of the journey of life. Eternal life, or rest, remains to be enjoyed. But what struggles with flesh, world, sin, Satan, and self in every way! What a mercy to be enabled, at times, to feel that as the great Head overcame, we shall overcome

through him at last; though at other times how uncertain it seems. Ah! I know what many would say to such things as these,—that it is living beneath our privilege. Well, it may be for those who can be always on the mount; but such a sinner as I am feels it a great favour if the Lord only now and again grants his poor worm a little ray of sunshine into my heart, softening, in ever so small a degree, the flint. Only one word from his mouth, one touch can do it. Thus one crumb of mercy falling from his gracious table will at any time be received thankfully; that is when it falls into my heart, not merely into the mouth. My dear friend knows it must flow from the root to the poor dried, *almost dead*, branches of the vine; and though they may be almost dead, yet he will not cut them off and cast them into unquenchable fire. O no! This might be done by mortals if in their power; but not by Him who says again and again, “Let it alone this year, and I will dig about it and dung it, by trial after trial, until tribulation shall work patience (and then patience experience, &c.), *and if it bear then, well.*” But once in him, in him for ever; and with all that I feel I am, my heart is truly glad it is so; for if it was not settled, poor Zion would be in a very uncertain position. But, blessed be the Lord, what he doeth is done for ever; and though sin is often attended with dreadful consequences, and the poor burnt child dreads the fire, yet, through rich, free, sovereign grace, and unchanging love, God will not cast off nor sever us from the everlasting vine, the Lord Jesus Christ.

I hope you are well in body and infinitely more so in your soul. The Lord grant you many sips from Bethlehem’s well during your pilgrimage, to refresh your spirit and cause you to sing,

“Spring up, O well! Be this my theme,
Thou water sweet from Bethlehem.”

O to hear the voice of the Lord, saying, “Father, forgive them!” or, “It is finished, *for thee!*” Ah! This breaks a sinner’s heart, even if as hard as mine, and though as rebellious and fretful and full of sin. As the dear poet Hart expresses it:

“The dungeon opening, foul as hell
Its loathsome stench emits,” &c.

Ah, my friend, this will, at times, make a man feel himself a fool; that is, when the Spirit reveals it in a little of its true colours.

I must close. Perhaps you will be tired of my scrawl; if so, just burn it with your other waste. Farewell.

J. B.

My dear Friend,—I hope you are well, and that the blessing of the Lord is with you in your basket and store, but, above this, in your soul, God’s Spirit bearing witness with your spirit that you are born again. It is very special to be thus blessed. It moves the affections onward and heavenward; it makes the soul humble, teachable, and submissive before God and men. The fruit of this anointing on the soul will be self-loathing and self-

abhorrence, and peace and joy in believing. When I feel a little of this it makes me feel a most worthless creature, and I say, "Why me? Why me, Lord?" It gives God glory, and me the benefit.

O, my friend, how much good it does my soul to have a glimpse of eternal day that melts my stubborn heart. More to be desired than gold, it makes me willing to spend and be spent for his name. The Lord's name be magnified that he ever had respect to us when living in and loving sin, and that he plucked us from thence to follow the meek and lowly Jesus, and put his fear in our heart, that we should hate sin, abhor self, and love holiness. I sincerely hope these things we possess, although, at times, we tremble through fear that we do not know anything spiritual on account of what we feel within. The tongue and eyes often bring guilt into my soul, which makes me feel a guilty wretch, and cry, "God be merciful to me, a sinner."

I hope the Lord will be with and uphold us while here below. Only five minutes left to fall into sin would tarnish 40 years' profession before men. The Lord watch over and protect us lest we fall.

Yours, sincerely,

Winchet Hill, near Goudhurst, Jan. 3. 1873. THOS. CLIFFORD.

PRAYER TO THE SAVIOUR.

HERE in this desert dreary,
When sinking, faint, and weary,
Lord Jesus, raise and cheer me;
Say, "I am thine."

Thy grace hath brought me to thee;
O may it still allure me,
And from all harm secure me,
Saviour divine.

Daily, O Lord, be nigh me;
Search well my heart and try me;
With all I need supply me,
And on me shine.

When sore afflictions seize me,
And vile corruptions tease me,
O let thy mercy ease me,
Saviour divine.

From all my foes defend me,
Succour, and comfort send me;
And to thy will, Lord, bend me,
When I repine.

Then I will fall before thee,
Love, honour, and adore thee,
And give thee all the glory,
Saviour divine.

FRIENDS AND ENEMIES.

Dear Friend,—You need not make any apology for writing to me, as I am sure it is sincere esteem and affection that prompt your pen. I get in the course of the year many letters, and of a very different character; some, like yours, full of kindness and Christian love, and others of a very opposite character.

Love is of God, and he that loveth is born of God; nor is there any sweeter feeling in a Christian's breast than to love the Lord and the Lord's people, because they belong to him, and because he sees the mind and image of Christ in them.

The Lord knows that I have many bitter enemies, therefore he has given me, by way of recompense, many warm and attached friends; and it is the desire of my heart that I may never be left to give a feast to the former, or to grieve or distress the latter. I look upon it as one of the Lord's rich mercies that he has put it into my heart, and given me power to send forth such testimonies for his truth as have been, and still are, owned and blessed to the souls of his people. I can hardly explain myself the peculiar influence under which I was led to send forth those two sermons, "The Heir of Heaven," &c., and "Winter afore Harvest;" but I certainly was much helped at the time, both in preaching them and afterwards writing them; and I have had remarkable testimonies how they have been blessed, and especially the latter, to the calling, delivering, and comforting of the Lord's people. When we are passing through painful trials and, especially severe and distressing temptations, we do not see what the Lord is effecting thereby,—how he is killing us to self-righteousness, stripping us out of an empty profession, and convincing us that nothing but his own divine work in our souls is of any value. I see so many resting upon the shallowest evidences, having apparently no doubt of their interest in the blessed Lord, when, could you see into the ground of their hope, it would be of the feeblest possible character, if indeed it were a good hope at all. The faith of most is but a doctrinal faith,—a faith merely in the letter of truth, without being wrought in their souls by the power of God. As this faith of theirs is never tried by law or conscience, by sin or Satan, by trial or temptation, and as God himself does not try it, it appears in their eyes sound and good; and it is to be feared that hundreds go out of the world with no better faith than this, who are considered to have died in the Lord. Now we know, by experience, what this faith is. It has been weighed in the balance and found wanting, and this has made us look out for a better kind of faith,—a faith that we feel convinced must be the gift and work of God.

Now, if you look through all the way along which the Lord has led you these many years, you will find that you never got any real blessing but through trial and temptation; that your afflictions have been your best friends; that out of your darkness came your light; out of your death came your life; out of your

distress came your joy; and out of your bondage came your deliverance. Where we err is, that *we want to be something* when we are nothing. We want in some way to recommend ourselves to God, and do or be something that we can be pleased with, and which we think will therefore please him. It is very hard to learn the depth of our poverty, the greatness of our sin, and our thoroughly lost, ruined, and helpless condition. We believe in our judgments that salvation is all of rich, free, and sovereign grace, and may, to a certain extent, have felt, tasted, and enjoyed its blessed freeness; but when we get, so to speak, out of our depth in temptation, exercise, and trouble, when sin and guilt press hard upon our consciences, and we have a view, by faith, of the purity, greatness, majesty, and holiness of that great and glorious God with whom we have to do, and all our sins come trooping into view, with all the horrid evils of our dreadful hearts, then we lose sight of the freeness and fulness of divine grace, and it seems almost impossible that such a one can be saved. It is something like a little boy learning to swim. He can swim pretty well, after a time, where the water is shallow; but when he gets out of his depth he loses all courage, and it seems as if he must be drowned; and, indeed, he would unless he were plucked out by the very hair of his head.

Many think they are great Christians who have scarcely learned the A B C of religion; believe they know much of the Lord, when they have scarcely seen the skirt of his garment; have a high opinion of their faith, when it would go down in the first *real* storm. As, then, we are taught these things in our own souls, we can see more clearly not only where we ourselves are, but see also more plainly where others are; and whilst this separates us more completely from letter-men and letter-professors, it gives us a sweet and blessed union with the Lord's family, who are tried and exercised, and know things by divine teaching. When we begin, in the fulness of our heart and in the simplicity of our minds, to speak of these things, we find immediately that the greatest offence is given thereby to professors whom we cannot but condemn. They begin to hate us with cruel hatred; and the more our soul is sick with their religion, and craves for the inward teaching and testimony, the blessings and manifestations of the Lord himself, the more bitter they are. We wonder at first what offence we have given; but the offence is that we have taken away their gods, and what have they more?

May the Lord keep you very near to himself, with much of his precious fear in your heart, and blessed fellowship with the Father, and with his Son, Jesus Christ.

It has pleased the Lord to lay me aside again by illness, but I trust I am gradually recovering, though I hardly expect to go through the winter without occasional attacks.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with your spirit.

Yours affectionately, for Truth's sake,

Stamford, Oct. 23, 1860.

J. C. PHILPOT.

A HAPPY DELIVERANCE.

Dear Sir,—I have long had a desire to write to you and tell you my experience as a poor saved sinner, but have been kept back with fear lest you should think me bold. But should it be so? Are we not one in Christ Jesus? Although widely separated on earth, I feel assured we shall meet one day in the kingdom prepared for those who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity and truth. I have felt a sweet fellowship with you in heart, and many of the dear brethren and sisters we read of in the "Gospel Standard." Often do I lift up a heartfelt thankfulness to God that he has blessed men with the means to send out the gospel in its true light; for O, beloved brother, it is sad to know how many there are that are building their houses on the sands.

When a child, I was persuaded by a little girl to go to a Sunday school, when deep impressions unbidden came upon me that I could not shake off. I accordingly asked my mother to let me continue to go. She consented, and I loved the house of prayer. O, how often did I try to pray like my teacher. I never heard my parents pray, nor did I ever know them to go to a place of worship. My father kept an inn at Rainham.

Things went on so for a time. I was an unloved child by my parents, so as soon as I was old enough I went to service, and O! I soon forgot the Lord; but what a blessing that he had not forgotten me. He had marked me for his own, although I knew it not.

Time went on. At an early age I married a worldly man, and many sorrows fell to my lot. The sins of my husband seemed to trouble me more than my own; for I had not then been brought to feel the burden of them. I soon had a large family, so that I had not the opportunity of going to hear the gospel until the Lord was pleased to take away my youngest two. It was a stroke to me, but I thought the Lord had done it for some wise purpose—perhaps to give me the opportunity of going to hear the gospel—so I laid it before my husband; but he would not hear of going to chapel, so we went to church. But I could not be fed with the husks that some did eat. I often had to cry out to the Lord from the depths of my soul for forgiveness of my sins. Many were the tears I shed over my past life! I had a horrible dread of the wrath to come.

Things went on in this way for about seven years, until one day a man came into my house whom I believed to be a Christian. I told him my trouble; I had hitherto kept it to myself. He asked me what books I read. I told him David's psalms, as they seemed to suit my case, and other good books; but that still I was in darkness, and could find no rest for my soul. The Lord seemed to laugh at my calamity. I can never express the feelings of my heart. But that all-seeing eye saw me when I was a great way off, and he had made a way for my escape. I was told to read the New Testament; but that book, above all others, was sealed to me. Satan told me not to read it, I should not understand it;

but the Lord was stronger than he. My burning thirst for righteousness became intense; so one evening, when alone, I took up the New Testament with a determined spirit, saying to myself, "Well, if there is any peace for my soul in this book I will find it, for I will search it through." Ah! Little did I think that there was meat and drink so soon to be found. I accordingly began Matthew, and read on to v. 6, where it says, "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled." I could go no further. That verse seemed for me. I longed for my husband to come in that I might read it to him. It was a relief to me when I heard the door open. He began to talk about something that I had not an ear to hear; so I said, "Harry, if you please, I have a verse to read to you." He said, "Very well; go on." So I read it, and then, by the grace of God, I laid my hand upon the verse with faith, and said, "I shall be filled." O! my brother! The happy joy of my soul I can scarcely tell you. I was going to be filled with God's righteousness to cover all my sins, so great was my faith in the promise, that all the world could not have shaken it. I went up into my chamber, fell upon my knees, and thanked God for the promise he had made me, and asked him to give me understanding of his holy word. I slept that night in peace, and awoke in the morning with the promise still in my mind. I again thanked the Lord from the depths of my soul.

Well, beloved brother in the Lord, I must now tell you that about eleven o'clock that morning I went to wash my hands, and in turning away, a beautiful light from heaven shone into my soul, and I was free. Yes, the Son has made me free, and I am free indeed. The Day-spring from on high hath visited me. O the joy of my heart my mouth cannot express, and none knoweth save he that hath received it. I told it to my daughter. She was the first witness of my joy in the Lord, being in the house at the time. I told it to my neighbours, and also to the poor beggars that came to my door. Ah, dear brother, my tongue was let loose, and I spake the praises of my adorable Redeemer.

For three days I enjoyed the sweet presence of my Saviour; but on the fourth day I lost my roll, like other poor pilgrims on the way. Like Mary at the tomb, I wept for my Lord; I knew not where to find him. But O! He spake again, and I knew his voice; I was restored again to peace and joy. But for six months Satan was suffered to buffet me, at times; but the dear Lord gave me strength according to my day. He is faithful to his word.

It is now four years since I was born again, during which time I have met with much persecution from empty professors; but the Lord is my strength; I shall never want. This is my comfort, he will uphold me with the right hand of his righteousness. I could tell you much more if time would permit; but, should it please God, I hope to resume the subject at a future time.

Yours in Christian Love,

Dec. 10, 1872.

F. S.

SWEET HARMONY.

My dear Friend, Brother, and Companion in Tribulation,—I received your very kind and affectionate epistle, and return you many thanks for the kindness manifested towards such a poor, unworthy, undeserving vapour as I find myself to be. O, my dear brother, what a sweet harmony, assent, and consent, is there betwixt the real, genuine children of God! As face answereth face in a glass, so doth the experience of one real Christian with that of another's. How doth your speech betray you, and make manifest to whom you belong! How sweetly doth my soul's experience echo back in sweet harmony to my dear brother's! We truly have, as the dear martyr, Bradford, said, "a bitter and dark night of sore trouble; but through rich grace we shall soon experience a sweet morning, and endless day of bright festivity." A few more storms and tempests, and all will cease for ever; soon shall we realize the transfer that Lazarus experienced. Death soon, very soon, will waft us away from this vale of tears and misery, to rest for ever in Abraham's bosom, the bosom of eternal love, where the wicked and all kind of wickedness will cease from troubling, and where our poor weary souls will be for ever at rest. Although we are unknown to most at present, we shall soon see as we are seen by our covenant God and Father, and know as we are known by him; and though we are cast out at present, and accounted the off-scouring and refuse of all things, yet, through rich grace, we shall shortly shine as the sun in the firmament in the kingdom of our Father, and for ever sing, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, who hath redeemed us to God by his blood," &c.

O, then, dear brother, what abundant cause have we to call upon our souls, and all within us to sing with David, "Bless the Lord, O! my soul, and forget not all his benefits," &c.

I was glad to hear that you and your wife and family are well, with all my dear brothers and sisters, especially our dearly-beloved brother, your pastor. May he wax still more valiant in fight, and thus silence and put to flight the army of aliens; and may his ministry be blessed and the flock of Christ be fed. Amen.

Your poor unworthy, but highly-favoured Brother in the Bonds of the Covenant,

JAMES REED.

AFFLICTION OF BODY, HEALTH OF SOUL.

Dear Brother in Christ,—I believe that Satan and our vile natures are bitter enemies to communion with saints, whether it be by writing or conversation. And why so? Because they have neither part nor lot in the matter. As Christ is exalted, Satan and self are thrown into the background. O, how many obstacles do they throw in the way of poor sinners, afflicted souls, to prevent them coming to Christ. Paul might well say, "The flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the

flesh; so that ye cannot do the things that ye would." And what is it that we would do in spirit and in truth? We would live upon Christ, and live to his honour, and meekly follow him through evil as well as through good report, and we would give him glory for every good thing we receive. Yes, we would do all things with a single eye to his glory, hating even the garments spotted with the flesh. You and I know to our grief and shame before God how the flesh will be interfering with everything we attend to. I do hate it in all its deceitful workings, that is, so far as I discover it; and now, whilst I write to you, I do beg the Lord to effectually subdue it, whilst I tell you something of his kindness and mercy of late to me in my affliction.

On Sunday, July 23rd, I went to chapel morning and evening. The next day I was much tried with my complaint, and almost prostrated. While thus afflicted, the Lord came down upon my spirit like a refreshing dew, not by any particular promise of the word, but with the sweet, balmy influence of his grace, melting my hard heart, and giving me to feel his precious love,—even me, the vilest of sinners; and also that he had in love afflicted me. I had no guilt left; no doubts, no fears; all was peace, through the blood and obedience of Jesus. I had no anxiety about my bodily afflictions; I was willing to live or die, as he should please. One night in the same week, through my cough and difficulty of breathing, I could not rest; but the Lord did so kindly bring to mind such numbers of portions of his word, and also verses of hymns, which so richly supplied me with comfort, that I almost forgot my affliction. "O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good; for his mercy endureth for ever. Let the redeemed of the Lord say so, whom he hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy." Through that week I was, upon the whole, kept quiet and submissive, which I esteemed a great mercy.

On Sunday, July 30th, Mrs. Dennett called to see me before she went to chapel. Finding me so ill, and my wife also being anxious, she advised me to have a doctor, to which I consented. But I did not want the doctor; I felt the good Physician was present with me. Through the following week I felt I wanted to get nearer to the Lord, because the enemy and unbelief attempted to raise up questionings about the reality of my comforts, and whether they might not have been fancied; but, blessed be God, they could not entirely prevail. Still, it caused a little uneasiness, as the Lord had withdrawn his comforting presence. Most part of Saturday night my soul was begging the Lord to come to me with mercy and comfort.

On Sunday morning, Aug. 6, I read Ps. xxii., and had some sweet views of Jesus in his sufferings. I felt hope arise in my heart that he died for me, and was a little melted. I also felt a little sweet freedom in prayer, and afterwards with much feeling and brokenness of heart, with tears of love, joy, and gratitude running down my face, I sang that sweet hymn:

"When on my Beloved I gaze."

O, how I longed for a larger heart to hold more of Christ, and also for more power to speak his praise! Then could I feelingly say:

“My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this;
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.”

Those hymns were sweet:

“How light while supported by grace;”

And,

“Jesus is precious, says the word.”

But I have since had to turn into the wilderness, and proved from beginning to end the truth of Hart's hymn:

“When Jesus with his mighty love
Visits my troubled breast,” &c.

I have but hinted at what I felt, and that not in a very clear manner, though I believe you will understand me.

I am still very poorly, and without a great change shall not be able to go out again; but that does not trouble me. I desire from my heart to say, “Father, thy will be done.” I can truly say:

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

May the Lord bless you, my brother, and by the indwelling of his Holy Spirit fortify your heart against the world, the flesh, and the devil; and enable you boldly to exalt Christ as the sinner's only hope. The battle may be sharp, but the victory is sure. Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. In him alone is peace; in the world is tribulation. Give my love to your dear partner, and also to the little flock. Fear not, little flock; it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom. Your afflicted Brother,

Birmingham, Aug. 13, 1865.

T. VAUGHAN.

INQUIRY AND ANSWER.

To the Editor of the “Gospel Standard.”

Sir,—Would you give me, by the teachings of our heavenly Friend, an explanation of the parable in Matt. xviii.? It says, “He had nothing to pay;” then again he says, “Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all.” In verse 29 he is forgiven, and then at last delivered to the tormentors.

Yours truly, in the Faith and Hope of the Gospel,
A POOR AFFLICTED ONE.

ANSWER.

WE suppose our correspondent to ask this question from spiritual anxiety and fears lest the instruction of the parable is inconsistent with the idea of the gospel pardon being full, free, and eternal; and we shall endeavour in our answer to show the groundlessness of such fears.

Let us, then, first consider the terms of the parable. We find it designed to set forth events taking place in what is called the kingdom of heaven; that is, the Gospel kingdom, or professing Christian world, as we clearly see from Matt. xiii. and xxv. It represents to us not only what may be the conduct of persons professedly belonging to that kingdom, but the methods of the divine dealing in respect of them.

Again we notice that the re-arrested man never asks for a pardon of his debt. He seems to have no notion of any such liberal dealings on the part of his king; he only begs to be released from present arrest, with the understanding that he is forthwith to set about the work of paying off his debt. What he asks for he obtains,—a reprieve rather than a full discharge, a relief from impending judgment and present infliction of punishment, a discharge as to present danger and evil. We have no reason to suppose the parable means more than this. For though in the king's view the insolvency may be complete, it is not so in the man's own estimate of his condition; but a possibility of at some future date discharging the account is entertained. Therefore, when his base, inconsistent after-conduct provokes the king, he is re-arrested and cast into prison. Such a conditional temporary discharge Shimei obtained both from David and Solomon,—a ticket-of-leave, but no full, free deliverance from liability.

Now for the application. In making this, we must proceed gradually, and begin by considering the nature of gospel forgiveness, and how a man's sins are in and by it really forgiven him. The gospel forgiveness we know from the word to be full, free, and eternal; for the declaration of pardon runs in these terms: "Their sins and iniquities will I remember no more;" the reason being that the Lord Jesus died for all the sins of the pardoned sinner, and thus, by one offering once offered, made an end of all his sins, removing them for ever. Here, then, is no more sin. "In him is no sin," says John; and the pardoned sinner is in Christ. His sins, then, as to the liability to the curse of the law, and eternal wrath, are completely done away. He is perfectly and to eternity forgiven.

But then how is this forgiveness received into the man's own heart, so that the conscience has its discharge from the law's arrest, and all condemnation on account of it? This is by faith, and this faith is the gift of God and work of his Spirit. It is a scriptural, spiritual faith,—a receiving of what God himself says in the word concerning forgiveness of sins.

Now, this word expressly sets forth both the nature of the divine forgiveness in Christ and the character of the man who is forgiven. Let us take another parable to point out what this character is. In Luke vii. we have these words: "When they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both." The man, then, who receives the gospel free, full discharge is the truly insolvent debtor, who despairs of ever paying his own debt. *His* mouth is stopped from replying against God, excusing or lessening

his sin, or undertaking payment. He stands guilty before God, like the poor woman in the pharisee's house, and like the publican, a poor dependant upon mercy. The gospel pardon is not some word coming to a man, telling him his sins are forgiven independently of any such condition of self-condemnation before God as we have represented. *It is an entertaining in the heart by faith, which is the gift of God, and fruit of his Spirit, what the Scripture says concerning the forgiveness of those who, as such self-condemned and utterly lost sinners, look to Jesus that they may be saved.*

We find, too, that the gospel word is, "Ask and ye shall have, seek and ye shall find; for whosoever asketh receiveth, and he that seeketh findeth;" and according to men's faith it is done unto them. The man, then, who receives the gospel pardon, which is so free, so full, so sweet, so eternal, is the one who feels his need of it, and looks to Christ to receive it from him, and does receive it by virtue of his death, as out of his fulness and at the hand of the Mediator. Now the conscience pleads its discharge under the great charter of grace, and the sinner is set free.

"How happy the men whose hearts are set free,
The people who can be joyful in thee."

Here are no reserves of wrath, no conditions of future payment, no undertakings to pay, no final castings into hell; but perfect peace, eternal love, life, liberty, and glory.

Now, can anything be more opposed to all this than the case of the man in the parable. He asks merely for a present discharge from arrest; he obtains it. He undertakes to pay his debt; he is not properly insolvent; he is not without resources, there are reserves of strength, wisdom, ability; he neither wants nor receives a free discharge, and is dealt with upon his own terms; kindly and liberally indeed, but the issue is a casting into prison. This man, then, may shadow forth the legal-hearted professor of Christianity; but there is not one feature of the truly God-taught, emptied, helpless, destitute, humbled children of God. These know that their King must be their payer. These do not go to God with undertakings to pay their own debt. These seek and obtain a discharge from the pit through the blood of the everlasting covenant. They will, so far as men are concerned, seek to pay their debts, and make, where they have done wrong, every possible restitution. This is right; this is a gospel fruit, as in Zacchæus, and, indeed, in the second man of our parable, who is, therefore, much more like the true Christian, the real child of the kingdom and subject of Christ than the other.

In conclusion, let us bring these remarks to bear upon two or three cases, giving an experimental working out of the teaching in the parable.

Take first a man who is arrested by what appears to be the hand of death, or in some other way of temporal danger, and alarming terror is startled out of his slumber of carnal security. Now he cries for a reprieve, undertakes to amend; the reprieve

is granted, the sickness, or other cause of present arousing and terror, is removed. He goes forth from his arrest, but he is the same man; a churl still, legal in heart; a Nabal in nature. He acts towards others entirely in opposition to what he wanted himself and received; *never forgives an injury*; what wonder if by and by he is cast for good into prison, and comes no more out?

But take the case of a man really under divine teachings and quickenings. The legal bias of a man's heart is not easily altered; self-righteousness is a mighty principle. Hence such a man may entertain some hope of divine mercy, receive some indications of favour, or lay hold, by some native power of the word, of gospel pardon; yet the flesh is still in the ascendant, with its legal conditional views, and fancied powers. What results from this? Why, that he acts towards others inconsistently, and not in harmony with his own profession of Christianity; but shows a bitter, vindictive spirit. This really comes from the law. What, then, may he expect? Why, that a fresh arrest will come, a deeper work of conviction be carried forward, the legal dungeon be entered, out of which he will get no discharge until really reduced to the gospel condition of total insolvency. Then, broken down in self, utterly ruined and lost, he will be brought to turn the eye of a true suppliant to Christ, and from him will receive, in due season, a full, free, eternal pardon, Christ himself having paid every mite for him on the cross of Calvary.

This seems to us the sweetest, fullest bearing of the parable, and is frequently occurring in experience. But besides, it should always be remembered, as a general rule in experience, that with what measure a man metes it shall be measured to him again. He who, being legal in his spirit, and therefore, though professing Christianity, measures out severity of judgment towards others, will find his own way reacting upon himself. No Christian ever transgresses the law of love with impunity, but will find such transgression bringing upon him strokes from God his Father, hidings of his face, and bondage of spirit. Whereas the gospel pardon, truly received and retained, brings love and liberty; a sweet, not a bitter and censorious, spirit; and this life and walk in the spirit carries its own reward with it.

There is nothing, then, in the parable and its bearings to contradict the other testimonies of the word to the nature of free grace and gospel pardon of sins. Christ's redemption is eternal, his righteousness for ever; grace is free and full; love from eternity to eternity; and he who truly receives the full gospel pardon receives it as lost and ruined, hopeless and helpless in himself; receives it as it is, full, free, and for ever, and will bring forth in love, forbearance, and forgiveness the sweet and precious fruits of it in his life and conversation.

O my friends, believe it, fine names and brave words are of little value with God. God will no more spare you for these than Samuel did Agag for his delicate ornaments and spruce appearance.—*Flavel*.

Obituary.

ELIZA GREEN.—On Dec. 12th, 1872, aged 52, Eliza Green, of Grosvenor Mews, London.

She was born at King's Cliffe, Northamptonshire, and was the widow of my brother, Charles Green, an account of whose illness and death was inserted in the Obituary for August, 1859.

She was born of God-fearing parents. Her father died when she was young, but previous to his death, from her own account, she believed that the Lord had begun a work of grace in her soul; she felt that the eye of the Lord was upon her, so that she could not mix with others of her age in the sinful vanities of this world.

In course of time, in the providence of God, she was placed in the service of the late Mr. Lightfoot, of Stamford, who was one of the deacons of the church there, under the late Mr. Philpot. Here her convictions deepened, her exercises of soul increased, and she became more sensible of her helpless and ruined lost state and condition as a guilty sinner before and in the sight of a holy God. On one occasion, when Mr. Lightfoot was describing amongst his family the exercises of a living soul and the evidences of a work of grace in the heart, she felt such an echo in her own breast that she was compelled to speak and tell him that if those were evidences of a work of grace, she had them; upon which he replied it had for some time been impressed upon his mind that the Lord had begun a work of grace in her soul.

After she left the service of Mr. Lightfoot, she returned to her native place, and was engaged in the service of the late Miss Howes, of this place, who was a lover of the truth, and was one means of bringing the late Mr. Ireson to Cliffe; under whose ministry she now sat. She continued in the above situation until her marriage with my brother, with whom she lived comfortably until his illness, when she was called to endure a severe trial with him, as may be gathered from the aforementioned account of her husband, which was given in the "Standard."

In conversation with her husband, at times, upon spiritual matters, and hearing him relate his experience, and speaking of a deep law work in his soul, she became much exercised in her soul because she had not experienced those things to such an extent as he had; but even this worked together for her good in leading her to search and examine herself, and to cry to the Lord to teach her.

When their house was burnt down, in March, 1858, she took a severe cold, which she believed laid the foundation of that disease which ultimately terminated her mortal existence.

After the death of her husband, she wanted a situation, and she besought the Lord to guide her in her movements, and open the way for her in providence, when he gave her these words with much sweetness to her soul: "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him;" and directly afterwards the Lord opened the way for her to go to reside at Stamford, to attend to a gentleman who was ill. She now sat under the ministry of Mr. Philpot again, and was often encouraged, refreshed, and strengthened under it. She told me how much she was so at one time, when Mr. P. was speaking how some of God's children were tried about the beginning of their experience, and some about the middle of it. Some thought their beginning was not right, and then their middle was not right; when he said, "Poor child of God, your beginning is right, your middle is right, and your end will be right."

She was a person of a meek and quiet manner and disposition, though possessing a fair share of intelligence, with a good memory, and able to

express herself clearly; and it was remarked of her that when she took her seat in the chapel, she sat with a fixed and serious countenance, as though her heart was going out to the Lord for a blessing upon the word, and was waiting upon him for it, never turning or looking round to see who was coming in.

She continued at Stamford after Mr. Philpot's removal, and under Mr. Knill's pastorate. She was received into the church and baptized by Mr. K., hoping to realize a blessing in that ordinance, but not realizing it to the extent she had desired, she was somewhat discouraged; but the following morning the Holy Spirit shone into her soul and blessed and comforted her, so that she went on her way rejoicing; and this happy frame of mind continued with her for several days.

She continued at Stamford until 1867, when she left to go to reside with her sister in London, and they being of the same mind in the things of God she was very comfortable with them. She sat with them under the ministry of the late Mr. Wigmore until his decease. She took cold and had an attack of bronchitis, which deprived her of attending the Lord's house.

Often her soul now began to be much exercised with the thoughts of death and eternity and her own condition and standing before God, and for some time she suffered much darkness of mind and bondage of spirit; but after some time the Lord was very gracious unto her, and delivered her from those fears; and these words were made sweet to her soul:

"I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand."

After which she became very peaceful in her soul, and was seldom long without some help from the Lord.

When I was in London last July, in speaking of the Lord God of Elijah, and in asking the question, "Can you say that the Lord God of Elijah is your God?" she said to me afterwards, "Yes, I can say that he is my God."

The last time she attended the ordinance of the Lord's supper at Rehoboth Chapel, her brother-in-law, seeing her in tears, asked her if she was not well; when she replied, "It is not my illness, but the Lord has revealed to me my interest in his covenant love by applying to my soul these words:

"The work which his goodness began,
The arm of his strength will complete," &c.

After some time this happy frame of mind declined, and she cried to the Lord to show her another token for good; and he heard and answered her, and increased her faith, so that she tried to sing the third verse of hymn 803, Gadsby's Selection, second part:

"Saints, raise your expectations high," &c.

In taking the Bible to read Ps. xlvii., she instead began to read xlvi., and when she came to the last verse she felt persuaded that this God was her God, and would be her guide even unto death.

During her illness, she often pleaded before the Lord his first promise to her: "I'll strengthen thee," &c. And once, under great weakness of body, the Lord gave her these words: "My grace is sufficient for thee;" and in the night she had the verses 2 and 3 of hymn 616, Gadsby's, which she said described her experience better than she could herself. Having a complication of diseases, her sufferings were great; but as her afflictions abounded, her consolations abounded also.

The day before she died, her brother-in-law asked her about the state of her mind, when she answered: "Very comfortable. No fear, no dread; only waiting for the Lord to come and fetch me." In the evening before she died, she said, "I have always been such a poor gloomy thing, instead of praising the Lord; but now I feel I must have you to prop me up and

help me to shout and bless and praise the Lord for his goodness and mercy to me, a poor sinner." Her sister read to her hymn 152, Kent's; and when she came to verse 5:

"Built on his Godhead and his blood,"

she said, "Ah, that's it!" Her brother-in-law said, "Then the Godhead, blood, and righteousness of Christ is your only hope?" She said, "It is my only hope for eternity." And in this blessed peace of mind she soon afterwards fell asleep in Jesus.

King's Cliffe.

WILLIAM GREEN.

HENRY UNDERWOOD.—On Dec. 2nd, 1872, aged 21, Henry Underwood.

My dear son died of consumption. He was an upholsterer by trade, and served his apprenticeship at Bath. There the Lord began to work upon his soul and show him what he was as a sinner in the sight of God. After he had been there a year or so, I wrote to him and asked him if ever he felt concerned about his soul, as I told him we had a soul to be saved or lost to all eternity, and that I often thought and felt for him. He wrote back again and told me he *did* feel concerned, and often felt afraid he should be lost, he felt such a sinner, and he told me he was glad I had named it to him in my letter, as he felt a change before he left home, but was afraid to speak about it for fear it should not prove right; and from that time he used to write and open his mind to me. At times he would ask me to pray for him, "for," said he, "I am afraid I shall be lost after all; I do feel such a sinner in the sight of God. There are such evils rising up in my heart, I am afraid they will come out of my mouth." He would say how distressed he felt to hear the men swear and use such language as they did in the shop almost continually. It often made him feel afraid that he should let some oaths out of his mouth.

He used to go to hear at Providence Chapel, Bath, and was very fond of hearing Mr. Burns, and Mr. Mountfort, and Mr. Collinge. He used to write and tell me how he heard them. One Sunday he was in great distress of soul, and thought it was adding sin to sin to go to chapel, but he thought he would go once more; but in the evening, as he was hearing Mr. Collinge speak from Rom. x., part of verse 12, Mr. Collinge added, "He is Lord over thy sins also, poor sinner." These words, he said, came with such sweetness and power to his soul that he felt as sure he should go to heaven as he felt before he should go to hell. He wrote and told me what a blessed deliverance he had had, and how he felt his soul drawn out towards the Lord Jesus Christ. When he got to bed he felt such a spirit of prayer and love to Jesus, and such joy in his soul, that he thought he must have sung right out; and promise after promise kept flowing into his soul that he hardly knew how to contain himself.

Just before he was taken ill, Deut. xxxiii. 25 was very sweet to him. I told him they seemed to me to denote trouble, and so it proved. Ps. xxiii. 4 was also very sweet to him; also, at another time, Prov. ii.

He now became very weak and short of breath. One Sunday morning, as I was sitting with him, he not being able to go to chapel, I read several psalms, and he said, "Father, read in John; for I do like so to read where Jesus wrought such merciful miracles. I think it was so kind of him," he said. "I can say I do not follow him for the loaves and fishes." Another Sunday evening, as he lay very ill, he looked at his brother, and said, "Do not fret for me." He repeated the last verse of the 2nd hymn of Kent's:

"My soul anticipates the day,
Would stretch her wings and soar away,
To aid the song, a palm to bear,
And bow, the chief of sinners there."

And his eyes sparkled while he spoke. At another time he asked me to read Ps. xlii.

At another time he was very low in his mind, and said he wanted another manifestation of the love of God to his soul. He said, "I feel religion to be a personal thing. I have been reading some of Kent's hymns, and he speaks as if I am right; but he, perhaps, may be wrong in some of his remarks." (And here he seemed to sink.) "And then again I go to the word," said he, "and can find nothing there." I asked him what it did for him. He said it drove him to earnest prayer, but he could not get what he wanted. He wanted, he said, one more manifestation of the Lord's love to his soul.

In the afternoon, one Sunday, he was able to go to chapel, but the wind caused severe neuralgia in his face. When he got home, he said, "Father, I felt the hymns very sweet, and while Mr. Morris was preaching the Lord Jesus was pictured before the eyes of my mind, and the answer he gave Pilate when at the bar of judgment, and something seemed to say he was placed there for me. All my pain went out of my face, or I did not feel it, and I felt quite happy for a little while." I think this was the last time he went to chapel.

He kept his bed five weeks. Sometimes he was very much tried, and said he felt to need patience. One afternoon, as I sat by his bedside, he said, "Father, I feel such love to the Lord Jesus I should like to fall down at his dear feet and clasp him. And he loves them that love him; so I must be right." We thought he was going once, and when he thought he was dying he made motions for me to put my ear to his mouth, and he said, "All that I have written and spoken to you, father, or any one else, has been the truth from my very heart."

On Sunday afternoon, Dec. 1st, he was taken very much worse. It was very distressing to see him labouring for breath. He said he hoped he should not lie there another five weeks. About two o'clock in the morning I told him I quite thought he was sinking; I told him I quite thought he had the death sweats on his face, and I asked him how he felt in his mind. He said he felt dark; but yet several promises seemed to rest upon his mind: "Call upon me in the time of trouble," &c., and, "When thou passest through the waters," &c. But it was very distressing to ask him anything, as he suffered so much to get his breath. I listened, as I thought he spoke to me; but he was praying for the Lord to bless his soul once more that his heart might rejoice. After this he repeated Jno. xv. 6, and said, "I have no strength to abide in him." I told him the Lord must give him that strength, for he knew we had none of our own.

After this he said, "Kent says," "It is well."

In the evening of Dec. 2nd he tried to ask for Hart's Hymn Book, saying, "Hart's, Hart's." His brother fetched him the book, and he held it and found hymn 39, his dear hands shaking while he turned leaf after leaf till he found what he wanted, and then he moved it towards me. The hymn begins:

"Lord, hear a restless wretch's groans,"

After that he gradually sank, and said no more.

Welwyn, Herts, Jan. 15, 1873.

U.

ELIZABETH ORAM.—On Oct. 30th, aged 83, Elizabeth Oram, of Market Lavington.

I knew her for many years. She was a woman of good experience, and for many years a consistent member of the Baptist church of this town. She grew up blinded to all her future state till the set time came that was appointed from all eternity when life was to be communicated unto her precious soul. This was communicated by the blessed Spirit through a dream, that was never forgotten by her. She dreamed that

she was in the churchyard; the day of judgment appeared, and all the dead arose out of their graves and stood before her. In the dream she also saw a roll wherein all her sins were written,—sins of childhood, youth, and riper years. She also saw a table, and one at the head whose countenance was as the sun shining in its strength; at which she could not look. Here it was that she first saw the glory of God shining forth through his righteous law, which condemned her in thought, word, and deed, in her going out and coming in. The fear and dread of eternal death, and being banished for ever from the presence of the Lord to dwell with devils and lost souls, pressed upon her after she awoke.

She went on in this state for some time, wishing herself to be anything but an accountable being. But glory for ever be unto the name of the Lord that he does not begin this good work upon the souls of his dear people and leave them to perish. He does not reveal a Father's wrath against sin, and cause his children to hear his voice in his righteous law, without bringing them to Christ, and opening the door of hope and the door of mercy through a Saviour's blood. So our departed friend found, to the joy and rejoicing of her soul, that the same divine Spirit that convinced her of her lost estate also testified of Christ and revealed him in all his matchless beauty; the same faith that had been wrought in her soul, sounding the alarm in her conscience and convincing her of righteousness and judgment to come, now was directed to look upon the great atoning Sacrifice, the Lord Jesus Christ, suffering under the law that she had broken, fulfilling all its righteous demands, and taking away the handwriting, nailing it to his cross. The Holy Ghost applied these immortal words with such divine power to her soul that she felt all her sins, past, present, and to come, all gone for ever: "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord. Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." This blessed deliverance she never fully lost in her feelings. It was often to her like a beacon on a hill in after days. She now could see her interest clear, and read her name engraved upon the dear hands and heart of her precious Saviour, and was enabled to drink of that river the streams of which made glad the city of her soul.

Her enjoyments, under a sense of pardoned sin, and peace, and rest, lasted for some time; but, with all the dear blood-bought sons and daughters of Zion, she must eat the Paschal Lamb with bitter herbs. She must have a share of her Saviour's bitter cup and crown of thorns, finding herself to be in a desert land. A cloud came over all her evidences. Doubts and fears appeared to make dreadful head against her, causing a great mist to hide the goodly land from her view. Finding all this change in her precious soul's experience, she began to labour both night and day to work out her own salvation, to gain her former standing in the divine life, but found all her workings to fail before the dear Lord, until he put forth his gracious hand by speaking those blessed words unto her heavy-laden soul: "I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee." This put an end to all her working, and brought peace and pardoning love into her soul; this cast a sweet light on all her past experience, and brought up her waymarks to view; but she daily felt and was led to see that her pathway must be through many changing scenes.

She often felt many sweet moments of communion with her God and Saviour, and after a time was made willing to come forth and own his name by passing through his despised ordinance, she having for some time past felt a close union with the friends. Nothing but ailments and affliction of body scarcely ever kept her from the house of prayer. She often found some crumbs under the gospel table, and felt her soul esta-

blished under the ministry of the word. And when her last days on earth came on, and she was confined to her bed, how she longed to see the dear children of God and converse about the blessed things of eternity; and she also felt a truly thankful heart for the least kindness manifested unto her by any of the friends. Many sweet moments I found by her bedside. She was for many weeks kept in a sweet, patient spirit, feeling that all her times were in the Lord's hand, and she could say, with the apostle, that "these light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." And, again, she would repeat, "For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed to us." She could look back on all the way the Lord had led her, and say, "Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life."

After a few more days of suffering and lying in great weakness, the happy moment came when her redeemed soul took its eternal flight into the celestial city, the New Jerusalem.

Market Lavington, Jan. 13, 1873.

JOSEPH TOPP.

NATHANIEL MASLEN.—On Oct. 24th, 1872, aged 46, Nathaniel Maslen, of Calne.

My dear husband was called by grace about 1851. He was for some years a member with the General Baptists, until about six years ago he was laid on a bed of affliction, and was brought very low in his mind, and much distressed. He many times said he was brought to the mouth of hell, and to see that one sin was enough to sink him to hell. The Lord appeared to him and again raised him up, but he could no longer sit under a dry ministry, and where there was nothing to feed his soul. It was a trial to him to leave the place and people.

Some months after his illness he left them altogether, and went to Zion Chapel (the Strict Baptist cause).

Last spring his health failed him, and the doctors differing, he went to Bartholomew's Hospital, London; but the treatment there was such that he could only stay there a week.

He went from there to Brighton. Here he appeared to get a little better. When he wrote home he said, "I thought I should never see my dear home and children again; but I hope the dear Lord has heard my cry. Almost all the hope and comfort I could in any way realize was from those words:

"When lower and lower I every day fell,

He stretch'd forth his hand and saved me from hell."

Shortly before he left Brighton he took cold, which caused inflammation of the lungs. He came home on Wednesday, went to bed, and never got up again.

On Friday he felt quite low; and on Saturday eve he was much worse. I asked him several times if there was any one he would like to see, and he asked who was to preach at Zion Chapel to-morrow. I said, "Mr. Chappell. Shall I send for him?" He said, "Yes." When he was leaving, Mr. C. asked him if he thought he should be raised up again to preach? He said, "If you hear that I am, you can say nothing is too hard for the Lord." He was very ill throughout the night, and during the morning, for four or five hours, he appeared to be in quite a stupor. I had left him for a short time about two o'clock with a friend. When I returned he said, "I am as sure of going to heaven as if I was there."

He had a long season of darkness for above five months; but the Lord was pleased to break in upon his soul on the Sabbath before his death. On a friend calling to see him in the afternoon, he exclaimed, "The great Physician has been. The doctors don't understand my complaint. O the

darkness and distress of mind I have been labouring under; but it is all right now. Tell the dear friends that it is all well. Tell them I love Zion. O what love I feel towards them all, and all the dear people of God!"

He lay without the power of speaking for more than four hours, although he knew every one, and appeared very happy. And in the afternoon of Monday he seemed to revive, and was enabled to talk a great deal, and all through the night. He said, "Death, where is thy sting? Grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is gone. I fear no evil. Bless the Lord, he hath conquered death, and I shall conquer through him. Bless and praise his dear name. Bought with the precious blood of Christ; redeemed from all evil. Grace, grace, free grace harboured up in a precious Christ:

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

A short time afterwards, on being asked how he felt, he said, "On the Rock, Christ. I feel as safe there as if I were already in heaven. He will never leave nor forsake me. In the Lord have I righteousness and strength:

"O sacred hour, O bless'd abode;
I shall be near and like my God."

Did not the blessed Lord say, 'Loose him, and let him go?' It is worth waiting for. Saved, saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation; all free, all without works or worthiness; bless his holy name." These are only a few of the things he said.

About half an hour before he died he took another affectionate farewell of his wife, and after that he clasped his hands in the attitude of prayer; but all we could understand was, "Jesus!" And his happy spirit took its flight without a struggle.

He preached among the Particular Baptists about 14 years.

Calne, Jan. 6, 1873.

M. A. MASLEN.

I can truly endorse the foregoing account. I saw Mr. M. on the Saturday evening before his death. He then told me of the darkness of mind he had felt for five months previously; but in talking to me light broke in, and liberty was felt. His soul was fired; he spake to the honour and glory of that God who had shown him mercy, and snatched him as a brand from hell.

ELI CHAPPELL.

C. T. YOUNG.—On Sept. 30th, 1872, aged 36, Caleb Thomas Young, of Henley-on-Thames.

He was brought up by God-fearing parents at Charlgrove, Oxon, and they endeavoured to train up their family in the fear of the Lord; but Caleb became acquainted with some companions, and was soon engrossed in the sinful pleasures of this world. Amongst their pursuits none gratified his taste more than playing at skittles; and he was so employed when the Lord first met with him, and showed him the solemnity of his position, that living and dying in his present state he must be lost to all eternity. This caused such a stir in his mind as to make him stop in the midst of his play and consider what would become of him. He was obliged to leave them and the play, and went out trembling and fearing lest he should die before he got to his home. He was then about 17 years of age.

The Holy Spirit at this time began to open up to his mind the holiness of the law of God, and to show him his inability to keep it; and seeing his past life was so opposed to God, and that he could not look upon it but with abhorrence, he was made to fear that the Lord would not pardon his sins, but that he would in his displeasure send him where hope or mercy could never come. But the Lord, having begun the work, according to his gracious promise did not leave him here, but led him

to cry for mercy; and the Lord was pleased to hear that cry, and in his own good time to answer it.

After that he was led about in many trying places, both in providence and grace, but was much favoured with that hope which was as an anchor to his soul, both sure and steadfast; and though, at times, sorely tried, he was enabled to glorify God, and would often pray the Lord to search him and try him, and lead him in the way everlasting. Those who knew him best bear testimony to the weighty and earnest manner of his conversation. His whole desire seemed to be to live to the honour and glory of God.

He was baptized at Reading in May, 1872, by Mr. Pocock; and about two months previous to that he was much blessed in his soul. He seemed to be lifted above the things of this world and to be living in the light of God's countenance. All doubt and fear of his being a child of God was at this time taken away, and he was favoured to live in close communion with the Lord. He would often say, "What a mercy to be kept alive in the things of God, and to feel the reality of religion!" He had expected to have the Lord's presence so as to enable him to rejoice at the time of his being baptized; but in this he was disappointed, though he felt he was in the right place and had a good conscience that he was doing right.

After this he was led in a particularly solemn place as to the reality of death, and would often express in prayer that it was a mercy to have a religion that will do to die by. A letter to his sister about this time will serve in a measure to show his state of mind.

"Dear Sister,—After waiting a long time to feel in a writing frame of mind, I will now try to send you a few lines; for of late my mind has seemed over-done with the cares both of body and soul; but I can say through it all, I have a good hope, through grace, that I am a child of God. I am often cast down, but not destroyed. What a mercy amidst it all to be kept still seeking, hungering, and thirsting for the living God! How sweet it is to feel that we have a High Priest who can be touched with the feelings of our infirmities, and was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin. Let us, therefore, come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need. For like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. What a mercy if we are led and taught by the Spirit, who knoweth the mind and will of God, so as to enable us to build our hopes on Jesu's blood and righteousness! What a sure foundation for poor sinners to build upon.

"Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall we lift up our heads."

"Dear sister, I hope I feel a little of the sweetness of these things sometimes; but it is soon gone,—I cannot keep it. Then I fear lest I am deceived after all; but our doubts and fears do not alter God's love and faithfulness to us. Once in him, in him for ever.

"I am glad to say our little cause still increases. Our room is too small for us; we hope soon to have a chapel.

"The friends you know desire their love to you,

"Your affectionate Brother, CALEB YOUNG."

He was deacon of the cause at Henley. About a month before he died he was taken with inflammation of the lungs. He suffered very much in body, and at the last he got so weak that he could not speak plainly, and his mind seemed gone. Just at the last he was heard to say, "Dear Lord, take me to thyself, to heaven and glory, for Jesus' sake!" And he then quietly breathed his last.

He was a good father and husband, and his loss is deeply felt by all who knew him.

B. SINGLETON.

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

MAY, 1873.

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

CUT OFF FROM CREATURE HELP.

NOTES OF A SERMON BY MR. MOUNTFORD, DEC. 13TH, 1857, AT BEDWORTH.

"They fell down, and there was none to help."—Ps. CVII. 12.

I BELIEVE that the great truths of the everlasting gospel of peace are made known to and revealed in the hearts of the heirs of glory, the vessels of mercy, by power from on high; that it is by the power of God attending and resting on his own blessed word that faith takes root, and brings forth precious fruit to God's honour and glory. It is one thing to say this and think about it, but another thing to feel it with power from on high accompanying and attending God's word. That man is truly blessed who is led and taught by the Spirit his own weakness to feel his need of this power, and to be brought into such straits that he groans and pants after that power the Lord designs to give. We have it written in the word of truth, "The righteous cry." It does not stop here, because it may be said many people cry, pray, or profess to pray, to the same God; but it says, "The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth him." It goes further, and there is no gainsaying it: "And the Lord delivereth him." This bears the divine impress. This is that which God puts his seal to. This is that which resists all gainsayers, and defeats all the projects and devices of the devil.

Dear friends, I find it to be a trying path. The trials into which the Lord leads my soul are deeply humiliating, and mortifying to my pride. I can say with Berridge,

"I cannot well abide
The cross's daily load;
It makes me start aside,
And leave the narrow road;
Like some raw bullock not well broke,
My shoulder frets beneath the yoke."

If I were left to myself I should run away and get rid of the cross; but the Lord keeps his people, and he is in every fire, every trouble; so that all his children shall be taught by him. He is their Teacher; he teacheth them to profit; none teacheth like him.

I find the way to be hard to flesh and blood, mortifying to pride, deeply humbling to self; yet now and then the Lord is pleased to appear. He puts it all right, makes the crooked things

straight, and the darkness light. He stops my murmuring and complaining, lays me low, and brings me where he brought his servant of old; so that I have to confess with shame how much I have said that has been vain. I have to put my mouth in the dust, and say, "Once have I spoken, yea twice, but I will proceed no further. I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear; but now mine eye seeth thee. Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." O the wondrous grace of God, the matchless mercy and condescension of a covenant God through Christ Jesus, to take such trouble with poor worms like us, to bear with us, and forbear from day to day. Wondrous mercy that he should magnify his rich grace in such worms of the earth, that he should make us feel and believe that he cares for us.

My friends, what a glorious sight it is to behold the grace of God in Jesus Christ, towards poor rebellious worms of the earth. Of all particular sights, self-abasing, heart-melting, soul-ravishing, the revelation of God in Jesus Christ, of his free, matchless mercy and love, is above all others. It lays the sinner low, and exalts a precious Saviour. This reconciles a poor sinner to his lot, makes him welcome the cross, enables him to take it up and follow the Lord Jesus, glorying only in the knowledge of such a God, who exercises loving-kindness, righteousness, and judgment upon the earth. He hears the word and his very heart observes it. "Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might; let not the rich man glory in his riches; but let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord which exercise loving-kindness, judgment, and righteousness in the earth. For in these things I delight, saith the Lord." And the soul says from feeling, "There is no glorying like this." I believe in my heart that God cuts off all glorying from his dear people save this. Glorying in the flesh is most offensive in the sight of God. The poor sinner, to whom the Lord designs to show favour, and make known the riches of his grace, he will strip of all glorying in self, and bring him into the dust. The Lord will surely bring him to the place of stopping of mouths. Pride is that thing the Lord hates, that he abhors, and he will make his people abhor it. They shall find plenty from day to day to hate, from what they see passing within.

How confounding is God's choice to the wisdom of the world! All the Lord's ways and all his doings seem to confound the wisdom of the wise. What a contrary way the Lord takes to what fleshly prudence and the wisdom of man suggest.

What a different people he chooses to what the world gives the preference to. What a different manner in instructing, leading, and guiding to what the generality of the worldly wise approve. What foolishness it appears to them, to the self-sufficient. How they set at nought those whom it pleases God to honour. How little are they esteemed by the wise and prudent of this world. I felt refreshed this morning by this consideration. I was brought

into that state of disquietness in my soul that I felt as dear Jehoshaphat, when he said, "For we have no might against this great company that cometh against us, neither know we what to do; but our eyes are upon thee." I had to lament and complain as you do of weak faith, much helplessness, many infirmities, and powerless to prevail with God. A little thing brings us, at times, very low, and it is very distressing to a soul who desires to walk in the ways of God, live near to him, lean upon him, feel his help from time to time, and have supplies of grace. How distressing to such a one who has been so favoured to lean upon him, feel his supporting hand, find his arms underneath him, that he is enabled to cease from self, and rest only on the Lord,—when the Lord leaves him to be exercised, how he is filled with dismay; how distressed he is! So I felt this morning. What a folly it appeared should I attempt to speak in the Lord's name. What to do I did not know. I was brought to this conclusion, that the Lord must decide, I must leave it to him. Who knows the rebellion in the heart that arises from being thus exercised? Only those living souls who are taught by the Lord himself. I was brought down with struggling and striving to get near, to overcome, to prevail against the inward sinking, this giving way. I confessed from the inward feelings I experienced I could do nothing; when these words fell with some little light and power on my soul: "They fell down, and there was none to help."

Friends, it must be confessed it is not a pleasant thing to be brought there, to fall down out of all strength, all wisdom, all ability to help, that it is a grievously trying thing. Who can reconcile us to it? Why, the dear child of God needs God's power, his matchless grace, to reconcile him to that cross, or he will never be reconciled. It is only as the Lord gives help and comfort to such poor sinners that they hold on.

The apostle to the Gentiles said, "For as the sufferings of Christ abound in us, so our consolation also aboundeth by Christ." If the Lord has called you and me to suffer, to bear the cross, to deny ourselves, to follow a precious Jesus through the path of sorrow and suffering, trials and afflictions, so we shall prove that as our sufferings in the gospel abound, so our consolations by Christ shall also abound. "God is faithful, by whom ye were called unto the fellowship of his Son Jesus Christ our Lord." I verily believe it, though my faith oftentimes yields to doubt, and gives way to many fears. The Lord will have it so that we shall come up again out of every depth, and bear our testimony to his faithfulness, saying, to the honour of his ever-blessed name, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." My God is faithful though I am faithless. It is the Lord's pleasure to be exalted in his people, to be honoured by them, worshipped, and adored. He has declared, "This people have I formed for myself; they shall show forth my praise." As though the Lord should say, "These people *only* will show forth my praise. I will be honoured in and by these people; I have formed them

for myself; I have made them mine, temples for my Spirit, in whom I will dwell. They shall be my people and I will be their God."

Paul tells us of the Lord's choice of this people, and also of what they are. He says, "But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise." Now, we see what the Lord takes,—the foolish things; and I am sure, as the Lord is our teacher, we know somewhat in our feelings of the apostle's language. He here tells us the Lord hath chosen the foolish things to reveal his Son in them as their only wisdom; for he declares his Son to be the wisdom of the poor, weak, sensible sinner. Hence the apostle says, "Whoso will be wise, let him first become a fool." So the Lord has made us to feel our own foolishness that we may be made truly wise. Bless his dear name, though it is painful to flesh and blood, and from time to time a sore exercise to my mind, and oftentimes makes me sad and lays me very low, yet he raises me up. I find such foolishness in my heart that I can say this is a truth: "Foolishness is bound up in the heart of a child; but the rod of correction shall drive it out."

But under these feelings what confusion is felt sometimes in the mind of the Lord's people! They are so foolish they can comprehend nothing, understand nothing, reconcile nothing, bring to pass or do nothing aright. All is disorder and confusion. Everything appears dark and crooked. They cannot make anything straight; they cannot produce a ray of light. What is all their wisdom worth?

What a singular choice the Lord makes: "He hath chosen the foolish things." Besides all this, just look at a child of God; what folly he is harassed with! Who can describe the thousandth part of the foolish thoughts that cross the mind? Sometimes these things appear as mere folly; yet they distress and grieve him. At other times they are so heavy he fears they will deprive him of his reason, that he shall lose his rationality; his strength of mind will give way under the burden and grievous load. What is the poor sinner to do if he has not wisdom higher than his own; if he has not some greater wisdom to lead, to direct him, to instruct him, and make him know that which he cannot find? Yea, says the apostle, "The Lord has chosen the foolish things to confound the wise."

The soul that is rightly taught, says, "Sure I am this is the way the Lord takes with his people, to take away all boasters in themselves. It is done by taking such a foolish thing as I am to confound these wise ones; and it is done by revealing to a poor sinner Christ the wisdom of God, and Christ the power of God. When he reveals to a poor sinner a precious Christ as God's wisdom, there is the revelation of salvation for such poor hell-deserving sinners. What wisdom then shines in the man, and how godlike it appears in the poor sinner's view. He is filled with admiration at the wisdom God has displayed in the salvation of

sinner. As he sees his own foolishness he cannot but admire the wisdom revealed from on high. Jesus Christ appears the mystery of mysteries to him, "even the hidden wisdom which God ordained before the world unto our glory." Now he can comprehend with all saints the love of God; how God can be a just God, and the justifier of him that believes in Jesus. How the Lord receives his dear people in his dear Son. Now what does this poor foolish thing speak of? How he is enabled to confound the wisdom of the wise. The poor simple soul that had nothing but confusion in him, nothing but blindness, darkness, and ignorance, feels now in possession of the power of God in his own soul. How Jesus Christ was manifested in his heart. What effects it produced. How it upheld him. How enraptured he was. How it raised him above his fears, and what peaceful effects followed. How he was able to say with Paul, "Wherein he hath abounded towards us in all wisdom and prudence, having made known unto us the mystery of his will;" so that the poor sinner says, "All the glory shall be his." Every poor sinner in this state desires to give Father, Son, and Holy Ghost the glory. "This people have I formed for myself; they shall show forth my praise."

So then the poor soul sets forth with praises to that God that hath called him out of darkness into light, who hath raised him from death to life. He places the crown upon the right head, and says, "Not unto us, not unto us, O Lord, but unto thy name be all the glory." By this testimony the poor sinner bears to the grace and love of God it is the wisdom of the world is confounded. What is all the wisdom of the world against the knowledge of Christ? The worldly wise may speak of Jesus Christ in the Bible, or Jesus Christ in the church; but this poor sinner speaks of Jesus Christ in his heart. He feeds upon him by living faith, looks to him by the eye of faith, receives him in his heart and affections, embraces and holds him fast, blessedly enjoys and leans upon him, as the Rock of everlasting ages, the Rock of everlasting strength, the God of everlasting salvation. He is to that poor sinner the ark. In him he trusts. He is his tower; he is his hiding-place. To him he flees, and of him makes his boast above all others. Christ to that poor sinner is truly precious. His testimony for Jesus outweighs all the talk and prating of mere professors. These are the people who show forth the praises of God. These are they who honour him.

The apostle tells us that he has not only chosen the foolish things, but "God hath chosen the weak things of the world;" and by them he confounds the things that are mighty. Here is another characteristic of the Lord's people. They know it well, and are daily exercised with it. "Weak things." What so weak as a poor child of God when the Lord withdraws or withholds his power? When he hides his face, who so helpless, so weak? Who so exercised with his weakness and his distress? None know it like the poor soul who is made alive.

"God is the strength of his people." If, then, the Lord is our strength, what can we expect to find in self? Not strength, else we should not look to God. The Lord designs that we should cry to him for strength. Our cry is to the beloved Jesus for strength. "Be not far from me, O my God! O my strength, make haste to help me." Our prayer is to the Lord Jesus for help, If we would have fellowship with him in his sufferings, we must be brought in a measure to know and feel our weakness, and in our weakness cry to the Lord for strength, as he did. He cried and was heard in that he feared. "The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth them, and delivers them."

The Lord's people are a praying people. It wants no argument about men not praying. Men and women are known by their walk, who they are, and what they are. The Lord has designed his people should pray to him. "For all these things will I be inquired of by the house of Israel to do it for them." David said God's covenant is ordered in all things and sure, that in all things having himself appointed blessings for his people; yet prayer was appointed for this very purpose, to convey those blessings he designed to give, the appointed way of delivering his people coming to their aid. This the psalmist knew. Therefore he says, "For this shall every one that is godly pray unto thee in a time when thou mayest be found." Thus God ordains help and strength for his people in times of need. The apostle prayed that he might have fellowship with Christ: "That I may know him and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings." Now, what can you know or say about Jesus Christ, if you have never yet in heart prayed to him that you might know him? Why do you talk of Jesus Christ, and have him on your lips, if you never so much as sent one heartfelt prayer up to him, one real sincere cry, "That I might know him and the power of his resurrection?" Where is the evidence of your faith that you believe the gospel, that you believe the Scriptures? What place has the Scriptures in your heart if you have never taken one step in obedience to them, never moved in the path of obedience to God's commands? What proof have you that you have a desire after him, that you are hungering and thirsting after God and eternal life, if you never yet in heart desired to be found in him? I tell you this, that Christ cannot be worth much to you if this is the case.

To God's dear people Christ is precious, more precious than all things besides. If he is precious in your heart and affections, you will be brought off everything else. The language of your heart will be, "Whom have I in heaven but thee? And there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee." Christ to his dear people is the chief among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely. I question your religion if the Lord Jesus is not so to you. What deep desires, what exercises of the mind do the Lord's dear people have when they find this is not the case. How they have to lament their weakness and inability to help themselves.

They have no power in their sad case. "He hath chosen the weak things," too weak in themselves to perform spiritual acts. What a trial it is to the godly that they cannot raise their thoughts on high, cannot produce one spiritual motion. What a conflict is there within when they cannot read their Bible, but these vain thoughts will intrude, carnal things will present themselves, spiritual things and profitable things being far from them and concealed. If they attempt to read the Bible they have neither mind nor heart, no spiritual ability, no spiritual appetite, no tongue to speak; it is a sealed book to them; nothing but darkness; they are filled with confusion; they labour in vain to produce help; they have no strength; they sorely feel their weakness. This is the case with the Lord's dear people, the only people upon the earth who in their hearts hate sin, abhor iniquity, love holiness and uprightness of heart. Yet these very people, with this love in their hearts to God and godliness, from time to time transgress, are guilty, feeling many weaknesses, sins, transgressions, and vexations of heart, and confess with Paul, "When I would do good, evil is present with me:" "For the good that I would I do not; but the evil which I would not that I do." The man says, "I would run from these fleshly infirmities, but I cannot, through my weakness and helplessness. I cannot perform that which is good to do that I would."

This weakness, dear friends, the Lord's people prove to their sorrow, more than at any other time, when they attempt to prevail with the Lord. At these times, their souls are more deeply tried. These people pray more earnestly when most oppressed, and when full of trouble. It is in their distress they cry, in affliction they seek the Lord. Generally these people in their deepest afflictions, in the sorest of their trials, pray to the Lord more earnestly. At the very time their souls feel farthest from God, and they feel their weakness more than ever, as it is expressed in this psalm; when they feel ready to sink, ready to yield their hope, and give way to doubt and despair, because they cannot prevail with the Lord, or come near to him. Such is their weakness, they have no power to influence the Lord, no power over their own faith, no power to produce hope or bring back a spirit of consolation, or take encouragement from the word of God. They are powerless to help themselves in this extremity. What sorrow of heart had Jeremiah as well as David. How he complains of crying and shouting, and the Lord shutting out his prayer; that the Lord had covered himself with a thick cloud that his prayer could not pass through. Indeed, when he hideth himself, who then *can* behold him? Sorely David cried and complained to the Lord. Is it not the case with all his dear people? Do they not cry unto the Lord in their trouble? Yes, they do, when danger is at hand. The poor soul cannot either flee from or help himself.

When a man is surprised by an adversary, and wants to escape such adversary, who is close upon him, yet stumbles and falls,

what is he to do when there is no way of escape for him? What hope is there for such? Does it not seem to be taken away? Does he not seem to fall into despair, fearing he shall be caught? So a poor spiritual living soul is so closely pursued by his enemies in his course homeward that in his speed he falls. Now, when this is the case, the enemy says, "Now I will pursue and take him, God has forsaken him. Where is now thy God? What will you do now?"

Observe, dear friends, how the Lord brings the poor sinner into such a place that all creature strength, all creature wisdom fails. From all weak fallible props of whatever kind you may rest upon, or make a shelf, sooner or later the Lord will take them all away, and make you prove they are worthless, bring you to that place that you shall fall down and have none to help; yet in falling down your safety and strength lies. "They fell down, and there was none to help." He could neither help himself nor could others afford any deliverance. It is for this very purpose, that they might cry to God for him to bring near his salvation, that his help should be near, as a helping friend, to appear and succour them.

When the Lord suffers his own dear people thus to be tried and sorely exercised, it is that they may know their extreme weakness, so that they fall down. They fall from their own strength, their own false confidence, their own supposed ability, from everything human that may be looked to or leaned upon, that the Lord might perfect strength in their weakness; make bare his holy arm in their distress, and come conveying consolation. When the Lord's consolation appears to be shut out and the soul deprived of it, these displays of the riches of his grace in the poor sinner's extremity, whose heart has been brought down with labour and exercise, tried with its own weakness, it is to the perfecting of the Lord's own strength; for this strength is communicated in every time of need, manifested in the greatest extremity. The soul then admires the goodness and grace of God that he thus appeared sensibly and timely for his aid.

The apostle gives us another description of the Lord's people: "And the things that are despised." How well all the dear people of God answer to this; they are despised. How soon this was seen in the world; how soon was the truth of God set at nought, the power of God put on one side, so that all tried souls who confessed the grace of God were despised by the worldly wise,—the mighty of the world. God hath chosen those things that are despised, those whom the world has cast out, because they love the Lord. These they set at nought, because they follow the Lord Jesus. These the world will not have in their house, or in their affections. When father and mother forsake his dear people, then the Lord takes them up. He hath chosen those whom the world despise; he embraces those whom the world has cast out; he draws them near to himself whom the world drives far away.

Yes; those the Lord receives. He takes in those the world casts out. These are the things he hath chosen,—things that are despised. The wisdom of the world by these foolish things that God has chosen is confounded.

Things that are despised hath God chosen; “and base things.” How this also answers to the Lord’s dear people! How base they appear in their own eyes; how base they appear in their hearts; and base in the eyes of the world, and even in many who profess the name of Jesus Christ. How much they have to say of the baseness of these people; how many things they find fault with. Sometimes they complain of the doctrines, and call them base; and those who profess them have their names cast out as evil, and things laid to their charge which they know not. They try to make them base with lies of their own invention. But whatever others may say, these poor souls know they are base in their own esteem, in their own sight. They well know, from feeling, their own vileness and in the sight of God. They cry and groan. How bad soever these professors may think of them, they have not such a bad opinion as the man has of himself. But when the man is brought to confess before the Lord, he gives him, in exchange for his baseness, “beauty for ashes,” puts upon him a comeliness of his own, “the oil of joy for mourning.” Thus God chooses these base things, things that are not worthy to be taken into the account, things that the world does not take notice of. Many of the Lord’s dear people who have their names cast out as evil shall, at the great day, be known; that though they have been set at nought, set aside, in obscurity, unknown, discarded, made of no account, thought nothing of, then it will be known, be made to appear in that day, that they are the Lord’s jewels, most precious in his sight, his own dear people, saints of the living God.

There are many of these poor who stand aside from the public gaze, who are hardly thought of, yet the Lord knows them for his own; they have their hearts drawn out towards him, their affections fixed upon him. Prayer and supplication go up to God. He comes down and communicates his loving-kindness to these poor things who are so sorely exercised. Though they are known by few and cared for by few, yet the Lord has chosen these poor things that are nothings, to show forth his praise.

How grace shines here! How the wisdom of man is confounded? How the mighty man is brought to nought by the wisdom and goodness of God!

“They fell down and there was none to help.” If you have learned this lesson, have been brought to fall down from all creature ability, all strength of your own, so tried, wondering where the scene will end, it is to find the everlasting arms underneath; it is to prove God’s everlasting love and faithfulness; to bring those who were resting on self, or on something pertaining to the flesh, to rest only upon him. Amen.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

My dear Brother,—I humbly beg the presence, power, and guidance of the ever-blessed Spirit of all grace to enable me to write a few lines in love to your soul, which he himself will condescend to own and bless. Knowing that the excellence of the power is all of God and not of man, may our eyes ever be to the Lord, whose mercy endures for ever, and whose ears are open to the cry of the poor and needy, who know not what to do, but look to and call upon him who is able and willing to save to the very uttermost all who come unto God by him.

I do humbly hope that God, who is rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved poor perishing sinners, even when dead in trespasses and sins, has passed by you, and said unto your soul, "Live!" Jesus Christ has said, "I am the resurrection and the life;" and the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and shall live; and the words that he speaks they are spirit and they are life. May you hear him say unto your soul, "I am thy salvation." This, I believe, would put more gladness, peace, and rest into your inmost soul than all the things this world can give.

O what an inexpressible blessing it is, though ever so poor, to be taught of God, and by his holy inspiration and teaching to have an understanding given into the mind, will, and word of God, so as to be made wise unto the salvation of our souls, and to live to the praise of him who has done such great things for us who are utterly unworthy of the least of all his mercies. May you and I, my dear brother, be abundantly favoured with the happy enjoyment of these things, with power and comfort in our own souls.

What you said to me when with you gives me reason to hope that God, who hath mercy on whom he will have mercy, has graciously begun that good work upon your soul which will issue in eternal glory. My dear brother, do not think it strange if for a season you should be left to feel the power and malice of the enemy, accompanied with darkness and distress of soul. In these trying times may you have recourse to the word of God and prayer, however much the enemy may oppose it. Expect changes, and you will not be disappointed. What an unspeakable mercy that the ever-blessed God should condescend to show any regard to you or me. For my own part, I often fear that I have no part or lot or interest in him who came to seek and save the lost. I do assure you that I am often left to feel my fallen, ruined, self-destroyed, polluted, and loathsome condition by nature and practice, to such a degree that I am made to cry out, "I am cast out of thy sight," and, "Save, Lord, or I perish." I say to myself, "Never any soul made partaker of the true grace of God wherein believers stand could be so vile, so base, so ignorant as I am." I do most sensibly feel that I am more brutish than any man, and fear that I have not the understanding of a man in the least

measure taught of God. I therefore am constrained to cry, "Lord, take occasion to magnify thy rich mercy in my case, and glorify the exceeding riches of thy grace in my salvation; yea, in the greatness of thy mercy deliver my soul from the lowest hell." Then, again, I find the words of the Lord verified: "The water that I shall give you shall be in you a well of water, springing up into eternal life." So the soul again emerges out of darkness into light, and out of distress into peace and rest, so far as it pleases God to give it. May we have to say, and that to the very last, he has done all things well in leading us in the good and right way that we might go to a city of habitation,—a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. May all we meet with and have to pass through serve to deaden us to the things of time and sense, and endear the Lord Jesus Christ more and more unto us; and may the life we live in the flesh be by the faith of the Son of God. May we be kept truly humble and spiritually poor, ever looking unto Jesus, in whom alone we can be viewed as complete, without spot and blameless in the sight of God. To Christ's righteousness may we look for our justification before God, to his blood alone for our purification and atonement, and to the Holy Spirit for all inherent holiness, righteousness, and truth; yea, while we live may we desire to know nothing but Jesus Christ and him crucified, in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge, and from his fulness may we receive grace every moment, as our souls have need.

I desire to commend you to the care and keeping of the good Shepherd of Israel, who neither slumbers nor sleeps; and may he condescend to make your bed in your affliction, and strengthen you upon the bed of languishing, comfort you with his most gracious presence, and lay underneath you his everlasting arms. Under the healing rays of the sun of righteousness may your soul ripen for eternal glory, and when the Lord Most High shall see good to take you to himself, may you come as a shock of corn fully ripe cometh in in his season, and have an abundant entrance administered unto you into the everlasting kingdom and glory. This is the desire and prayer of

Your unworthy but affectionate Brother,

THOMAS CLARKE.

[The writer was a member of Mr. Chamberlain's, and one the Oakham friends were always glad to see in their place of worship, as there the best sermons were generally drawn out of the ministers. He was an upright, honourable, God-fearing man above many.]

A FELLOW FEELING.

God Almighty bless my dear Friend.

I received yours this morning, and never in all my life did I receive a letter more gladly. I have been abundantly comforted by the coming of Titus. It is with difficulty I have refrained from weeping while reading. I hope to have a few leisure mo-

ments in the evening to give full vent to my feelings. Would to God your dream had been a reality. There is no one on earth I should be more glad to see; and thus says my dame for herself.

I have been at the same work as you have, murmuring against God and wishing to die, and in order to make my wife as miserable as myself, I told her a few nights ago I should soon be gone, and I did not care how soon. O my dear, what devils we are if left to ourselves but a moment. I was in great soul trouble one night when my oldest boy read Job iv. These words of Eliphaz to Job cut me to the very quick: "Behold, thou hast instructed many, and thou hast strengthened the weak hands. Thy words have upholden him that was falling. Thou hast strengthened the feeble knees. But now it is come upon thee and thou faintest, It toucheth thee and thou art troubled." Satan followed up, telling me the most dismal things. But, blessed be God, he that is for us is more than all they that are against us; and though the above be very painful evidences of our sonship, they are certainly such as the Lord's children have been exercised with, and such as mere professors are unacquainted with. Job says: "O that I might have my request, and that God would grant me the thing that I long for, even that it would please God to destroy me, that he would let loose his hand and cut me off!" "O," says he, "that I had given up the ghost, and no eye had seen me." Here I have been again and again; but O my brother, we have an Advocate on high. Tell him of all your wretchedness and misery; keep nothing from him. He has espoused your cause; you cannot miscarry. If God the Father, Son, and Spirit can bring you to glory, you shall not be left behind. He is present with me, and puts his "Amen" to what I have written. Look back, my brother! You have much cause for thankfulness. The Lord has been good to you. He has helped you out of many a hobble, and will stand by you in your greatest distress. He is a Brother born for adversity, one that loveth at all times, and forsaketh not the work of his own hands. Plead his promises, which shall all be fulfilled in their season. You are often with me, particularly in my moments of retirement. May the Lord remove your bodily complaint, and favour you with health of soul and body.

I am frequently troubled with a dizziness that I think may terminate in some serious complaint. However, I know the Lord has a right to do with me as seemeth him good. To send me to hell would not be an act of injustice.

My whole self unites in kind regards to you and Mrs. Morris, and the young folks.

Believe me, my very dear Brother,

Affectionately yours,

W. HUDSON.

Manchester, Sept. 15, 1813.

[The above letter was addressed to Mr. Joseph Morris, Lewes. The writer was a minister at Sheffield after he left Manchester.]

THE SAVIOUR'S SYMPATHY.

HEB. II. 14—18; VI. 13, 16.

POOR mourning soul, why thus cast down?

Why heaves thy aching breast?

Has sin or suffering, death or hell,

Disturb'd thy earthly rest?

Sink not in hopeless sorrow down,

Though friends may die or fail;

Since God by this now clears thy way

To Christ within the veil.

Consider Him! He led the way

Through scorn, and toil, and pain;

And all in measure taste the cup

Who follow in his train.

Compassion, power, and love divine,

Blend in the God-Man's face;

The human and divine unite

To suit thy urgent case.

A *God*—to enrich the needy poor,

And give them all that's good,

Whose mighty arm can reach the lost,

And save them by his blood.

A *Man*—to feel! Unbosom all

Thy sin, and shame, and smart;

Hide nothing from this tender Friend;

He has a human heart.

He'll not upbraid thy clinging soul,

Or scorn thy briny tears;

He will not blight thy rising hopes,

Or turn away thy prayers.

In faithful love he chastens sore,

And then we writhe in pain;

Give all our helpless idols up,

And call upon his name.

Alas, that we should grovel here,—

So rest in earthly love

As to provoke a jealous flame

In that dear Friend above!

Ah, Lord! Thou knowest how to bring

Such wanderers to thy feet;

A wound none but thyself can heal

Will make thy mercy sweet.

THE child of God feels, at times, such deadness to divine things that he is at a loss to ascertain any growth in the divine life. But the truth is, the growth he is looking for is to be found in the reverse of what he expects to find. He supposes to find *himself* more holy, whereas the holiness the Holy Ghost is ripening him in is in Christ. Jesus is both the seed and the sower; that corn of pure wheat cast into the ground of our hearts, which soil, when renewed by grace, brings forth in all his redeemed sure fruit.—*Hawker*.

JOHN RUSK'S DIARY.

(Continued from page 149.)

Sunday, Aug. 25th, 1816 (continued).—Heard Mr. Robins in the morning and Mr. Reece at Spa Fields in the evening; but did not find the word either time attended with power.

Tuesday, 27th.—I heard Mr. Robins again at Cross Street. I have been very comfortable this week reading the "Crook in the Lot" and Romaine's "Walk of Faith;" for I have felt such a quiet spirit, and more resigned, at times, to God's will.

On Saturday night I received £1 7s.

Sunday, Sept. 1st, 1816.—A very wet, stormy, and windy day, and been so all Saturday night.

I am now going to tell of the death of my father; and let it be observed that I have been blessed with a comfortable hope of my interest in Christ Jesus, and been greatly helped in reading the "Walk of Faith;" but on Wednesday evening, Sept. 4th, 1816, I came home to tea, and found the nurse bent on going away. This occasioned me to sit up, and I tried to make my mother as comfortable as I could by laying her head on a bolster doubled and a pillow on it, and wrapping her well up for the night. I lighted the fire and left a light, and went up very often to see her. In the morning, my father being very low, and the rattles being in his throat, I could not go to work; but went to my sister to see about a nurse, and it was proposed that Mary should come. She came at ten o'clock, and told me my father was dead. I really believe he is in glory. My reason for this assertion is as follows: He never appeared to be an enemy to the truth. It is true I have had hard thoughts of him when I have sunk so low myself in soul trouble and not finding him in my path; but God is a sovereign; and though he sorely afflicted his poor body for many years, he was pleased never to lay more on him than he enabled him to bear. And Christ says, "He that is not against us is on our side." He was indeed blessed with wonderful patience, such as I never saw in any other man. Last Tuesday morning he said to the nurse, "I rejoice in the righteousness of the Lord;" and in the afternoon he said,

"Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last."

He was a kind, tender-hearted, good father, and for 56 years a good husband; and now I believe he is with Jesus, as I said before. I have often heard my mother say that my father used to pray in family prayer for Mr. Huntington, and he was no stranger to Mr. H.'s principles; and Mrs. F. told me that she heard her master, Mr. B., say once that Mr. Rusk was half a Huntingtonian; and I believe that if he had had strength to walk when Mr. H. was alive he would have been quite a Huntingtonian. To sum up the whole. He was a simple, honest-hearted man, and never brought any disgrace on the cause. He waded through sore bodily afflictions, and in times past suffered

a good deal from a man he worked with, and bore it a long time with great patience, and was enabled to do good to the man for evil. These things, with a love of the truth, do not grow in nature's garden.

Sunday, Sept. 8th.—Heard Mr. Robins; text: "Turn thou me, and I shall be turned," &c. I dined and drank tea with my sister; for I had but 1^qd., and nothing hardly at home. I asked mother last night to lend me a pound, to get our things out for the mourning, as we wished to appear like others; but she refused, though she could have spared it. I offered my watch to her till I paid her; but it was of no use.

On Monday I went to work, and had a bit of bread and butter and a little beer, having no more money. I asked Mr. Heath to let me have 11s. on this week's work, which he did; so that with difficulty all of us got mourning except poor Mary and little Ellen.

Tuesday, 10th.—The unpleasant day on which my father was to be buried came. I kept praying for wisdom how to act among the people. We walked to the ground,—Mr. Newman's new burial-ground, Old Ford, and there my father was laid in the grave by Mr. Williams.* But O how bad my mother goes on! It is truly unbearable. Lord appear for us!

Thursday, 12th.—About half-past 7 o'clock, as I sat at my work at Mr. Heath's, I felt such a sweet influence come over me, such meekness and tenderness, and a love to God's family, that I longed to see some of them, and wished I had an opportunity to go; and I kept saying, "O Lord, that ever thou shouldst look upon me! O! I bless thee for giving me eternal life," &c. It was exactly as I used to feel in times past. Truly this was a blessed visit from the Lord Jesus. At night I spoke many weighty things to my mother; but she appears very insensible. I and my wife and children are greatly tried in providence at this time. Since I have been at Mr. Heath's, I have earned at the rate of 7s. per day, at the rate we used to be paid, and I have received only 4s. 6d. per day for it; yet he is never satisfied, for I never can do enough to please him. O what wretched oppression this is, when I and my family are almost starved. Good God! What a heavy curse will come upon oppressors! There is a day coming when Jesus "will break in pieces the oppressor."

* Mr. Williams was minister of Rose Lane chapel, where John Rusk attended before he heard Mr. Huntington.

It appears from other parts of the diary that the old man, John's father, was much persecuted by his wife on account of his religious views and his favourable opinion of Mr. Huntington; and we learn from Mr. Rusk, shoemaker, of Holborn, that his grandfather (old Mr. Rusk above referred to) was a Dane, and a most humble-minded man, while his grandmother was an Irishwoman, and of a most violent temper, and that she often prevented him speaking about his religion. To save expense they all lived together; but as soon as the old man was buried the old lady insisted upon John and his wife and children leaving the house. We may add that this is confirmed by the diary.

After dinner I had to come home because Mr. Heath would not give me work. I was very dull on the road; but when my wife had related her miserable account I was truly wretched and ready to go desperate. Nothing in the house but bread, and in debt so much to the baker that we are at our wits' end. Truly we are greatly entangled. I work hard, and my poor wife too, and hardly ever have a dinner but bread and butter or potatoes. People also with open mouths ready to devour us for money. Lord, what a wretched land is this! Truly this land is labouring to pull down heavy judgments on us; a land of plenty, but swarming with locusts, who work people to death and starve them into the bargain. "Shall not God be avenged of such a nation as this?" "Oppression makes a wise man mad;" but the best way is to commit our cause into God's hands.

This is a chequered life; and so every child of God finds it. For instance, what is to be compared with the *love of God* shed abroad in the heart? This casts out fear and torment. This is sweet indeed. But this must go with it: "Charity suffereth long;" and though many waters are to try to quench this love, they never can finally prevail. Again, how sweet is *faith* in lively act and exercise. "To you that believe, Christ is precious." Faith is attended with the Spirit's witness, and brings pardon and peace into the conscience; but faith must constantly be tried with fire. And we read of the fight of faith. This is hard work indeed! *Hope* is precious grace; and how sweet is it to "abound in hope by the power of the Holy Ghost." But this same hope is an anchor, which implies the storms those people will be in to need an anchor to hold them fast; for sometimes they are compelled to be in deep waters, and are ready to say with Job, "As for my hope, who shall see it?" What more sweet than to be a *justified person*, clothed in the righteousness of Christ? But then there are weapons formed against such, and tongues which rise in judgment against them. "The just and upright man is laughed to scorn." "Hearken unto me, ye that know righteousness. Fear ye not the reproach of man," &c. God's *covenant name* is a precious feeling, "pardoning iniquity, transgression, and sin;" but to be hated of all men for his name's sake is painful work. Still so it is; and "what God hath joined together let no man put asunder." All Christ's garments smell of myrrh, &c. Eat of the paschal Lamb; but you must eat it with bitter herbs; eat of the bread, but dip thy morsel in the vinegar; feed upon Christ Jesus, the Bridegroom, while you can, but expect a fast; for the day will come when the Bridegroom shall be taken away, and then you will fast in those days.

"But," say you, "why should it be in this way?" I answer, "For wise ends it is intended, namely, to humble us, and to teach us our dependence on God; to keep us dead and crucified to this world, and to mortify the corruptions of our hearts; to keep prayer continually going up to God from the heart; to make us prize the preaching of the gospel, and thankful for the smallest

token for good; and also that we should be united to God's children, and be fellow-soldiers engaged in the fight of faith, fellow-sufferers, suffering for Christ's sake." "It is given in your behalf not only to believe, but also to suffer for his name's sake." They are fellow-travellers in the painful path of tribulation; fellow-citizens, enjoying the liberties and privileges of Mount Zion, which are always prized after having been in prison, as David was, when he cried, "Bring my soul out of prison;" and true yoke-fellows, because they are that in reality that they pretend to be, for they are all partakers of one Spirit, which is the Spirit of truth,—of Christ Jesus who is the way, the truth, and the life, and of his word, which in Jno. xvii. he expressly called *truth*. Thus there is a union in all this chequer work.

Again. Another reason for it is that they should follow Christ's steps; therefore they must drink of the cup that he drank of. But when death comes, farewell to all afflictions, but never till then.

Sunday, 15th.—Heard Mr. Robins twice; but my mind was so hurt and spirit so wounded through a mistake I made on Saturday that I could not hear. O what a hard world this is to get through. This thing distressed me all Sunday; and O how rejoiced I would have been never to have had again to go amongst the world, money and all. O how I loathed myself, and dreaded Monday coming, fearing I should be reproached, and disgrace the cause. I drank tea with Mr. and Mrs. Robins, in Wardour Street, and felt a little better in their company.

THE VINE.

Christ is the Vine; his Father is the Husbandman; his people are the branches. Christ is the source of all really good works; and by their bringing forth of many is his Father glorified. Without him we can do nothing.

See the wild olive-branch; see the Husbandman take it; see him graft it; see him prune it, purge it, cleanse it. See the bringing forth of fruit with patience (Luke viii. 15) of the pruned branches. "Every branch in me that beareth fruit, he purgeth it that it may bring forth more fruit." "Herein is my Father glorified that ye bear much fruit."

O for a continued sense of real religion before God,—private religion between God and the soul, no matter what the outside world thinks! God's religion is very different to the world's conception of religion. O for that private assurance of Christ to the individual soul, Christ saying, "*I am the vine, and thou art one of the branches.*" What matters it what the world thinks of you if this is granted you? Just as a wife who needs instruction and help, having an honest, a faithful, firm, solid, wise, and clever husband, gains benefit from keeping close to him; so the believer, when close to the Holy Jesus, gains life and health.

G. H. B.

THE OTHER SIDE THE OCEAN.

My dear Friend,—We received your letter with great pleasure. We thank you much for the open door that you have set before us to visit the land of our birth, and more especially to hear the gospel in its purity; and we equally lament that it is not possible, at least at present, to avail ourselves of your kindness. What the future may bring forth we cannot say. Our movements are all in the hands of him who “openeth, and no man shutteth; who shutteth, and no man openeth.” We see no possibility of leaving home only by renting our place at Tarrytown for the summer months. We have, it is true, an excellent man; but he would not be capable of taking the charge of our place, horses, cows, &c. &c., without a leader, and we should not enjoy ourselves to leave him with such a charge. In many respects it is better to leave property occupied, though hitherto we have not felt inclined to do so for fear of injury. This course is pursued by many of our neighbours. As we are not accustomed to travelling except in our own carriage, I feel that it would require time to prepare for such an event and to reconcile our minds to such an undertaking, although the pleasure would, doubtless, be very great.

Ever since we have known you by reputation, and more especially since we have read your works, we have desired to be personally acquainted with you, feeling that you would be a key to all the churches and all the places that we might wish to visit, in case our eyes should ever behold our native land. Since we have taken the “Gospel Standard,” we have often flown in spirit across the ocean, and have sympathized with all your Christian community, in all your joys and sorrows, so far as they have been thus revealed to us; and nothing could delight us more than to visit in that direction. After mother’s death, father always advised us to sell out and go to England; but “it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps.” It is true we have a very beautiful place, but its cares and labours are very great, and without a spiritual home it is only a prison-house,—a handsome cage. We feel that if we should once reach the land flowing with the milk and honey of the *pure* world, we should be unwilling to return to the barren land in which we dwell. Father was very anxious that we should be in communication with your community, on account of the dearth of the pure gospel in this country; hence he encouraged us to write to Mr. Philpot, and accordingly we did so, both before and after father’s death. The children of Israel could not become attached to the wilderness, although they were fed with angels’ food; neither can we, although we trust that heavenly manna has fallen about our tent, and that we have been mercifully sustained by the Lord himself, while he, for some wise purpose, suffered us not to be instructed by his ministers. We are, indeed, surrounded by professors; but our heart is not with them. We feel no love, no sympathy, no

union of soul and spirit; and the tendency of such society is to degeneracy. They are of the world, and mingle with the world and its pleasures. Being called out of the world, we have no desire to be allured thither by professors; and they do not like our spirit any better than we do theirs.

When we first read the "Standard," and the names of Messrs. Gadsby, M'Kenzie, Philpot, Warburton, Tiptaft, Kershaw, Taylor, and many others, were brought to our notice as living men proclaiming the pure word of life to dying men, we were filled with wonder and also with great delight. At the same time we were astonished that there should be so many heaven-inspired ministers in that highly-favoured spot, and none that we knew of in America. Soon, however, our joy was turned to sorrow, as we heard of their death in such rapid succession; for we feared that your vineyard would shortly be as destitute of clusters to eat as ours. Soon after Mr. Philpot's death, and that mode of communication was cut off, we saw in the "Standard" an extract from the "Regular Baptist Magazine," referring very sympathetically to his decease. We immediately subscribed for it, delighted to find any periodical of the kind in this country. We considered that as the editor so highly esteemed Mr. Philpot, he must be worthy of appreciation himself; so, after a time, we ventured to write to him. He received the letter very graciously, and answered it much to our satisfaction. We then sent him one of mother's letters, which he published, appreciating it very highly. The more we read the magazine, and the oftener we communicated with its editor, the more we were satisfied that he was a gracious man, having at heart the glory of God and the good of the household of faith. In a few months, however, for want of support, it languished and died, involving a loss on his part of some hundreds of dollars. But O the anguish of his heart, and I may say that our grief was very great also; for it seemed as if death followed our aspirations in every direction. I was comforted, notwithstanding, by the words, "Thy brother shall rise again; he is not dead but sleepeth." This I communicated to him. In a letter to us, he said, "O! How glad I should have been to have had encouraging words when I was almost wild with delirium. Of all things which have oppressed me this occasioned me, and still continues to do so, the greatest concern,—that I should seem to be unfaithful to God and his cause. Gold, apparel, and health were nothing to me then, and with, I believe, an upright heart I can declare that never have these things moved me in the prosecution of this work." In a previous letter, referring to his own experience, he says, "I often think my life has been a failure in every sense, and surely a terrible mistake if the hope I have of finally being at rest has been the outgrowth of speculation and not divine grace. Three long years I laboured under a sense of sin and just condemnation, trying in vain the powers of nature; and when at last, in August, 1850, my hopes all died within me and certain destruction seemed my doom,—if it was not the good

Spirit who gave me peace of heart, and subsequently led me through many and sore conflicts, I have been pursuing a phantom. The heavenly letters which I have received, and others which I have read in the 'Standard,' are sometimes indices of my thoughts and emotions." In another, still later, he adds, "Every reference to the lamented Philpot touches my heart. I cannot express the delight (by God's grace) that his letters have afforded me, so faithfully has he drawn the portrait of my experience. If you have not obtained this volume, I am sure a feast awaits you." However, after the lapse of one year he was sufficiently encouraged by the brethren to recommence the magazine. During its discontinuance we subscribed for "Zion's Advocate," advertised by the former, and edited by Elder John Clark, of Front Royal, Virginia. We very soon perceived that he also was taught by the Holy Spirit, and subsequent letters from him to us confirmed our ideas respecting him. Among the experiences communicated through the "Advocate" were many from ministers, all deploring the low state of Zion. We read with special interest the experience and call to the ministry of Elder E. Dennison, of Rockford, Harrison Co., West Virginia. Some time afterwards, in answer to certain questions that he asked through the "Advocate," we wrote to him, and sent him a little volume of mother's letters which answered some of his questions. He made the following reply: "I shall be ever grateful to you and thankful to God for the book you sent me, for indeed it was like good news from a far country,—like cold water to a thirsty soul, so firmly, correctly, and fearlessly has she written on a subject that has agitated my mind for many years. I thought, when reading it, that your dear old mother, and myself, and a few others in my country were among the remnant appointed by the Lord to sigh and cry over the abominations of the house of Israel, such a striking analogy in the exercise of her mind and mine. I hope to see her in the regions of glory with a crown on her head. And I believe, my sister, that God had a purpose in bringing all this about. God impressed you with the thought of sending to me, a poor old sinner, that little volume for my comfort." The remainder of this letter was so spiritual, so affectionate, and so encouraging, that it came down upon us like rain upon the mown grass, as showers that water the earth. He says, "God, my sister, can make your earthly dwelling a Bethel, lonely as it may seem to be. Wherever the Spirit of the Lord is, there is Bethel,—a little sanctuary. He is the hope of Israel, a sure support in time of trouble,—a God at hand and not afar off. You may mourn like a dove on account of being deprived of the great and high privileges that belong to the true church or house of God here on earth; but know, my sister, that all the attributes of a Three-One God are engaged for your welfare and safety," &c. &c. He is about seventy-four years of age, has the care of two churches, and is declining in health. He has been a minister a great many years.

We also subscribed for the "Baptist Watchman," Nashville, Tennessee, edited by three ministers, all of whom are very evidently ministers of the pure gospel. In consequence of a communication of ours in the "Advocate," they sent us a few copies of the "Watchman;" and being pleased with them we requested them to continue them. I assure you that these periodicals and their numerous supporters cause us to feel that we are not quite alone, but that there are many yet, even in the United States, who have not bowed the knee to Baal. And the letters that we have received from these different quarters have distilled as dew into our hearts, and made us long for the union of the two pure churches in the two countries that they may dwell together in unity and receive a blessing accordingly. But is it not tantalizing, if I may be allowed the expression, that when we do find the truth in the churches and the ministers in this country, it should also be beyond our reach? It might as well be in England, as far as we are concerned; but it has endeared the country to us in this respect very much.

You say you now and then see an article in the magazine bearing our name, and that you always read it with interest. I assure you this is gratifying; for I felt almost afraid of your seeing any communication of ours in the magazine.

And now I must inform you in advance that about a year ago I remarked in a letter to Elder E. H. Burnam* that we had no opinion of our religion on account of its peculiarity. From that time he has never ceased to request me to write about those peculiarities. In his letter last month, he says, "Experience teaches that portraits of Christian conflict are more acceptable than other writings generally, and, for myself, the glory of God's grace is never more delightful to contemplate than in those peculiar conflicts to which each one of the redeemed is subject. I trust the good Spirit will incline your heart to contribute to the columns of the magazine for the blessing of its readers."

In the early part of the summer I wrote what he requested, but laid it aside for consideration. When I received this last request, I concluded that it was a call from God to submit it to him for his judgment and disposal. I have, therefore, sent three communications, the last of which contains a consolatory letter from mother to my sisters and myself. I have one more to send to conclude the narrative. If he approve, the first will soon appear; and I hope we have no reason to be mortified or to regret the publication. The psalmist says, "Declare among the people his doings."

We are now reading Mr. Hazlerigg's little work,† containing the conversion, letters, and death of his aged mother. It is very interesting. How delightful is such union between a mother and a son, when, to the tender love of a mother, is superadded the

* Editor of "The Regular Baptist Magazine," revived.

† "Sweet Memories," now out of print, but will shortly be reprinted.

love of her Saviour. And how grateful he must feel to be the honoured instrument in her conversion, and to minister to her the word of life! What an oasis in earth's dreary desert!

We read the report you gave us with much interest. It is soul-refreshing to see that you can call together such a body of heaven-taught men on any important occasion. We are especially delighted also to find that they exist in this country, but not for us, except occasionally by letter.

We have had an interview with my brother and your widowed sister-in-law. My brother has received his books. Mrs. G. desired me to give you their love, and to say that they are all well. The little poems you sent were very acceptable; they are very good. We are surprised that you have still some of the apples. We have yet two barrels, some of them so large and fine that we lament the impossibility of sending you a few more. The cold yesterday was intense. On the hill opposite us, in the open air, at 4 o'clock in the morning, it was ten degrees below zero. We have had an unusually cold winter, and an unusual amount of snow, thus enabling us to have sleigh-rides ever since the snow commenced the last of November.

I must make many apologies for the length of my letter. We had many things to say to you when you visited us, but your visit was so short that it was not possible to communicate them; hence I embrace this opportunity to give expression to some of them, flattering myself that you will excuse me. Among other things, how I should like to see my birthplace, Thame, Oxon; and how I should rejoice to see Reading, the birthplace of my sisters, and the spot where I spent the first years of my childhood.

Allow me to repeat our high appreciation of your kindness, our sorrow that the circumstances surrounding us will not permit us at present to accept of your invitation, and our hope that the Lord will yet open a door for us on our side of the Atlantic as well as on yours. In his hands we leave it. We hope to see you in America again this year.

May the best of blessings rest on you and on all your Christian community. Accept our Christian regards, and believe me,

Very sincerely yours,

Tarrytown, New York, Feb. 25, 1873.

ANN COPCUTT.

O THOU WHOM MY SOUL LOVETH.

Dear Sister in Christ,—When I received your letter of Sept. 17, asking my views upon Solomon's Song i. 7, 8, I did not feel that I had such understanding of the text as I desired to have before undertaking to write upon it. In my brief reply to you, and to sister Johnson, who united with you in the request, I believe I promised that if the Lord should be pleased to lead my mind more clearly into the subject, I would try and write something

* The "Gospel Standard" Aid Society.

upon it, and submit it to Elder Beebe for publication in the "Signs," if he thought best. Since then I have felt about the same with reference to that text, feeling no drawing of mind to write upon it, because there was no life or power in it for me, until two or three days ago, when the words seemed to connect themselves with my own experience, and to become alive in my soul. And especially to-night they are quite warm and glowing within me, and I will try, as the Lord may enable me, to write something of what I feel. It is only by a personal experience of the power of any portion of God's word that we can truly understand it. We may even have heard one of the Lord's servants preach from it with spiritual power, or may have read a correct exposition of it, and yet what we have heard or read rests in our memories as a mere natural theory, of the correctness of which we may be uncertain, until the Lord, by his Holy Spirit, applies it to our own experience. Then the words are indeed "spirit and life" to us; our understanding of their meaning becomes clear and settled, independent of any earthly teacher; and the true preaching or writing that memory has kept is brought back to us, and becomes spiritual food and nourishment.

I know that I have been taught in some measure, and daily feel my own great weakness and utter inability in spiritual things. I feel very poor in spirit. I am vile and wandering, and wretchedly corrupt in myself, and I truly feel that it is of the Lord's mercies that I am not consumed. But the Lord has been pleased to give me a sweet token of his love, and I can never get over wondering over it. It is such wonderful love that could be placed upon such a vile sinner. And more wonderful still that he should speak through one so ignorant and unworthy to the comfort of any of his dear children. But the Lord is not limited. He speaks by whom he will speak. I speak of these things because they rest with solemn weight upon my mind as I write. I have sometimes felt my sins, and ignorance, and darkness to be so great, and my nature to be so utterly corrupt in the light of God's holiness, and have felt so oppressed by the burden, that I would say to myself, "It cannot be that I am one of the Lord's people. He cannot love one so wretchedly vile as I." And I would seem to see a mountain, as it were, between me and him, that made it impossible for me even to try to pray. I could not look towards his holy throne. I could not feel any assurance that I truly loved him, for it seemed that the holy love of God could not exist in one so unholy. And then, right in the midst of such a wild, tangled wilderness of wretchedness, that made any favour from God appear impossible, I have all at once felt my poor heart melted down with tender contrition and love, and could feel, as I do to-night, that I did truly love the dear Lord, the blessed, holy Saviour, and that my soul panted for him as the hart panteth after the waterbrooks. And I could cry out to him, and with strong urgency of spirit could supplicate his mercy, calling upon him by the most endearing names, and

stretching out my arms to him with that yearning of spiritual affection and desire that can only be satisfied by his presence felt in the soul, by the strong and tender embraces of his right hand and "the kisses of his mouth." At such a time, feeling deeply my own ignorance, and poverty, and weakness, and with all my spiritual desires awakened and calling for heavenly supplies, I can say in the holy and clinging confidence of love, "Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon."

This is one strain in the "Song of Songs" which is Solomon's; the song of redeeming love; the inspired expression of the communion between the risen and ascended Saviour, of whom Solomon was a type, and his people; called the "Song of Songs," not merely as being the best song, but as being the *only* song, of which all natural songs are but types. When once we have learned this song, it becomes the only song in which there is music for us; and when our souls cannot enjoy this, they can enjoy nothing. There is no other "voice of melody" for us. The music of song awakens the highest and tenderest emotions of our nature, which are also most fully expressed in song. So the sweet communications of love from our dear Redeemer to his people, as they are felt in the soul, and the holy, spiritual emotions of love, and joy, and sacred desires which are created and called forth by them, to which the Holy Ghost has here given expression, are called a song. It is our song, for the Saviour and his people are one, and they so perfectly one with each other in spiritual experience that they are here represented as one, the chosen fair one of Christ, whose words express the feelings of every saint. The distinguishing doctrine of salvation is as clearly set forth throughout this song as in any other part of the Scriptures. However we may differ in the thoughts and utterances of our carnal minds, there is no shadow of discord in our spiritual experience. The true doctrine is there; and when the word and doctrine of the Scriptures are applied to our experience by the Holy Spirit, it is full of sweet melody to our souls.

The expression, "Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth," shows the desire of the quickened soul to receive direction from the Saviour's own voice, knowing that he only can direct surely and safely. In this case the child of God is evidently represented as feeling very deeply the vileness and depravity of his carnal nature, which is "black as the tents of Kedar," groaning under the prevailing power of his sinful propensities, and feeling the need of food from the hands of the Saviour to nourish and strengthen his spiritual nature, that its fruits and graces may be more felt in his heart and manifested in his life. How often are we in such a case, when it seems as though our spiritual life, if we have any, is at a very low ebb; when our thoughts appear mostly of a worldly nature, our feelings cold, our hearts hard; when we seem to have very little power against our vile passions that rise up and assert their strength to torment us; when we

are burdened in an especial manner because we cannot do the things we would, but continually do the things we would not; when the word of truth as we read or hear it, and the ordinances of the gospel are without life or power to our souls; when we feel as though we had no religion at all, for we cannot enjoy it in our souls, nor manifest it as we want to in our lives. We are in an extremity. We almost give up. But the Lord will not let his work die out in the hearts of his people. His grace fans the fading spark of love, and he gives us a spirit of supplication, so that we can draw near and call upon him, and make known our wants, as in the words of the text.

SILAS H. DURAND.

Herrick, Bradford Co., Pa., Feb. 19, 1873.

[We take the preceding from "Signs of the Times." We give only a part of the article, as we have recently had a series of articles upon the same subject; but we think our readers will agree with us that the preceding is truly scriptural and experimental.]

"WITHOUT ME YE CAN DO NOTHING."

JNO. XV. 5.

I CAN do nothing without thee;
 This, Lord, I feel and know;
 But thou canst all things do for me,
 Or strengthen me to do.

Though poor, I cannot blessings crave
 Unless my heart thou break;
 No good thing in my flesh I have,
 Nor can by nature seek.

When weary, heavy laden too,
 I read thy call to come;
 But take one step I know not how,
 Unless thou draw me home.

Thy gospel's preach'd, but I am deaf,
 Unless thou dig mine ear;
 Although I am of sinners chief,
 I cannot shed one tear.

I often feel my wretchedness,
 Mis'erable, naked, blind!
 Yet can't put on thy righteousness,
 Although for such design'd.

I read, by faith it is put on,
 And fits a beggar well;
 But faith's thy gift; nature has none,
 No more than souls in hell.

Thy precious promises are great,
 And I can read thy word;
 But to my soul it can't be meat,
 Unless thou life afford.

REVIEW.

The Road to Destruction.—London: Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.
(Concluded from page 121.)

IN resuming our remarks under Review for March, it is the utter unscripturalness of the system of offered grace that we wish more especially to bring forward in our present number. We rather promised in our previous paper to give some extracts from a tract, now out of print, written by the late Dr. Hawker, in which the subject in question is very ably handled. Our principal object in wishing to transfer these extracts to the pages of the "Standard" was not just because we cordially coincide with the particular view as advocated by Hawker, but for the more weighty reason that he has set the whole matter in so clear a light, and, according to our judgment, so much in accordance with the truth of God, that we thought to publish the substance of the tract through the medium of the "Standard" would be a means of serving the cause of God and strengthening the faith of some of his children in the truth. We regret, however, to have to state that, after reading the tract over again, we find the limits of the magazine will not admit of our carrying out this plan as fully as we wished. Our extracts must be fewer than we proposed to give; and, if this should prove a disappointment to any, we may say it is on our mind to publish the doctor's tract in a separate form, putting the price too low to admit of profit.

Now, in proceeding to our work, there are one or two points which, by the Lord's help, we desire to refer to, as bearing directly on the subject we write about. First, as it respects the preaching of the gospel to all men indiscriminately, according to the commission of the Lord Jesus to his Apostles. (Mark xvi. 15.) The Strict Baptist churches have long had to sustain the slanderous charge of preaching to none but the elect, or to none but saints and believers. As churches, we have been judged as being narrow and bigoted for holding it as being unscriptural to preach the gospel fully and freely to the unconverted. Now, we venture to say that, whilst the Strict Baptist churches have from their earliest date, rejected on every hand the system of offered grace, and do so still, yet it is a libel upon them to affirm that they have not contended for a free proclamation of the whole truth and counsel of God, to saint and sinner, to high and low, to rich and poor, to bond and free, and to as many of every class, stamp, and character as are brought in the providence of God under the sound of the gospel. That the real sent-servants of God are differently led in ministry, according to the several gifts and abilities which the Spirit of God divides unto them, and that one will be more qualified to take up one line of ministry and some another, and that even the best among them have come short of being what their solemn office requires of them, is not only what we admit, but what they deeply feel and often confess with heavy sighs and groans to God. But that the ministers of the Strict Baptist churches have not contended for a free and full proclamation of the whole truth of God, whether men would hear or not hear, is what we flatly deny; and if, at the present time, there should be one or more among them who, in reading these remarks, should say, "You are wrong; your view of the matter is not ours; neither is it the faith of our churches; we believe it to be no part of our work to preach to any but the living children of God; we have nothing to do with the spiritually dead;" then we state that we differ from the one or more who hold such a view, and we state as positively that their view of the gospel ministry was never held by the late beloved William Gadsby, John Warburton, J. C. Philpot, or others who, though dead, yet speak to us by their works; and hence was never the faith of the Strict Baptist

churches. No man, in our judgment, ever more faithfully carried out in his ministry the apostolic commission, "Go into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature," than did Mr. William Gadsby, though no man more than he detested free-will, duty-faith, and the system of offered grace. In his sermon, "The Glory of God's Free Grace," he says:

"We are often told by proud, pompous man that salvation is within the grasp of every man, and that it is the duty of all men to whom the gospel comes to have saving repentance towards God and saving faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and that if man has not a natural capability of doing these things God would be unjust in punishing him for sin. Why, were it possible for the devil to feel shame, he would be ashamed of such a doctrine as that. God unjust if he does not give guilty man a chance of being saved, and if man has not a natural capability of performing the conditions of that chance! The very thought is horrifying to every spiritual mind. The fact is, we are, in and by and as the effect of the fall of Adam and by our own awful transgressions of God's holy law, already in a guilty, ruined condition, and stand in need of salvation. It does not need salvation, nor an offer of salvation, to justify God in condemning us. We are already guilty of breaking his holy law, and stand justly condemned by it. (Rom. iii. 19.) Talk about God not being just in damning guilty man, unless he gives him a chance of being saved! It is awful blasphemy. If ever we are saved, we must be brought by the invincible power of God the Holy Ghost to feel our lost, ruined, guilty condition before the Lord, and that we are so lost and ruined by sin that we have no power to help ourselves. In our legal conflict we shall try, and try again; but all our efforts will prove abortive; for with agonizing pain we shall feel that the disease is too deep, and the guilt too awfully great, for any human arm to reach or cure."—Vol. II., p. 200.

Now let us see whether the man who held such discriminating truth as the above extract embodies considered it in any way unscriptural to *preach* to men as sinners, to *warn* them, and faithfully declare to them that, living and dying as enemies to God and without being brought to repentance, they would perish for ever. Our extract will be from his sermon, "The Long-Suffering of the Lord:"

"Dying mortals! Pause and ask yourselves how matters stand with you. If you shrink from the test now, be assured there is a day coming when you must be brought to books; as it is written, 'And I saw a great white throne, and him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away, and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened; and another book was opened, which is the book of life; and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works. And the sea gave up the dead which were in it, and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them, and they were judged every man according to their works.' Solemn truths! Well, Sirs, where are you? Are you living in the constant practice of gratifying your body and mind in sinning against and insulting the God that made you, and who has given you every good you possess? Can you and do you daily sin against a just, and holy, and good God with pleasure and delight, and feel in your mind a cursed boasting that you can sin so well, and thus despise the goodness and long-suffering of God? Remember, sinner, there is a day coming 'when the Lord Jesus Christ shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels, in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power;' and then, careless sinner, what will become of you? No insulting the long-suffering of God with pleasure then." * * *

"Perhaps some of you have more than the necessities of this life. Can you sport it away in drunkenness, or some branch of wanton pleasure, pride, or luxury, whilst tens of thousands of your fellow-creatures surrounding you are in a state of misery, distress, and starvation? Remember, you are but stewards of what you possess, and a reckoning day will come. And per-

haps there may be some of you who are in wretchedness, and whose conscience tells you that you have been one means of bringing yourselves into your present distress, by your improvident acts when you were in better circumstances; that all good advice given to you then was thrown away, and you treated it with contempt; but now you feel your woes, and if you feel the accusations of it now, what will you feel in the great day of God's wrath, if you die without repentance towards God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ?"

Now this is what we call a *scriptural way* of preaching to sinners. But what, after such faithful dealing with hearers of the word, such solemn warnings given, is Mr. Gadsby's next step in his work? How does he further discharge his conscience towards the subject or character he is addressing? Does he make a general offer of Christ, saying, "King, kaiser, or commoner, rich or poor, noble or ignoble, *all* have the same offer made to them? The greatest earthly monarch, My Lord This or That, Count So-and-So, as well as poor John Hodge, must accept this offer or take the consequences?" No; Mr. Gadsby would have disdained to cast such disgrace upon the gospel. But, after having warned the sinner of the error of his ways, and pointed out the fearful consequences of his dying without repentance, he would say, and did say, "May God, in mercy, grant, if it be his sovereign pleasure, that the goodness of God may *lead you* to repentance, and may you not be suffered to go on treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath and revelation of the righteous judgment of God."

We say then, again, that short as the best of the Lord's servants of the present day may be of being what their solemn office requires, and short as *we* feel of being what Mr. Gadsby as a preacher *was*, yet the Strict Baptist churches, and we in common with them, have contended, and do still contend, that the gospel should be *preached* and *proclaimed to all*, but *offered to none*. We believe that God's design, object, and purpose in and by the gospel of his Son Jesus Christ, was from the first the calling out of his elect. This is clearly stated in the Acts: "Simeon hath declared how God at the first did visit the Gentiles, to take out of them a people for his name." We believe that Christ died for the elect, and for none but the elect; that he voluntarily took their sins by imputation and made complete and everlasting atonement for them by the offering up of himself without spot to God; and that, as the result of such divine satisfaction having been rendered to God,—the sins of the elect having been put away, their persons redeemed, the law honoured, and justice satisfied in their behalf, all and every one must and shall be saved; and a Triune Jehovah will be eternally glorified in their salvation.

As it respects the doctrine of a sufficiency in the death of Christ for the non-elect, and as the consequence of such sufficiency a conditional salvation for the non-elect *if they will accept the salvation that is offered*, we believe it is a most pernicious doctrine, inimical to the honour of God, and damnifying to the gospel doctrine of a full and complete satisfaction by the sacrificial death of Christ in behalf of all for whom, as a Mediator, he laid down his life. Christ either did die, and make provision for those who perish, or he did not; and if Christ, says Dr. Owen,

"*Did so buy them, and lay out the price of his precious blood for them, and then at last deny that he ever knew them, might they not well reply, 'Ah, Lord, was not thy soul heavy unto death for our sakes? Didst thou not for us undergo that wrath that made thee sweat drops of blood? Didst thou not bathe thyself in thine own blood that our blood might be spared? Was not thy precious blood, by stripes, by sweat, by nails, by thorns, by spear, poured out for us? Didst thou not remember us when thou hangedst upon the cross? And now dost thou say thou never knewest us? Good Lord, though we be unworthy sinners, yet thine own blood hath not deserved to be despised.*

Why is it that none can lay anything to the charge of God's elect? Is it not because thou diedst for them? And didst thou not do the same for us? Why then are we thus charged, thus rejected? Could not thy blood satisfy thy Father, but must we ourselves be punished? Could not justice content itself with that sacrifice, but must we now hear, 'Depart, I never knew you?'

The author of "The Road to Destruction," whose system is identical with Fullerism, would perhaps say, in reply to Owen's extract, that whilst Christ by his death did, in compliance with the sovereign will and purpose of God, actually redeem the elect, and provide for their being effectually called, justified, and glorified, yet his death being of infinite worth and merit, it was capable of saving the non-elect as well as the elect, provided they would believe, come to Christ, and accept his offered grace; that whilst Jehovah immutably determined, for the glory of his own free grace, to make the salvation of his chosen ones infallibly certain, by quickening their souls into spiritual life and keeping them ever after by his almighty power, through faith unto salvation! Yet God was under no covenant obligation, oath, or promise to do this for the rest, but that he was sovereignly disposed to leave them to the free exercise of their own corrupt will, either to choose to be saved or to obstinately refuse, either to believe the good will of God to save them, or disbelieve and perish; and that, upon their refusal and continuance in unbelief, they should be without excuse,—be judged on such ground, and be damned for not having saving faith in Christ.

Now we say, in answer to this notion, which is nothing but a brat of men's brains, that the infiniteness of the death of Christ, and what it was capable of accomplishing; had God so willed it, is not the question. The question is, Was the death of Christ vicarious—substitutional? Did he stand as a Surety in the law-place and stead of those for whom he died? Did he actually take their very sins by imputation, and make full satisfaction to God by his complete atonement on the cross? Was the full debt of sin, in behalf of all for whom the Saviour bled and died, paid to the last farthing? And upon the merit of such satisfaction and atonement for sin being rendered to God, was the law honoured and magnified, was justice satisfied, was Jehovah in all his perfections eternally glorified? Rom. viii. will of itself give the answer to all these questions: "It is God," says the apostle, "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." And we may well ask, "What intercession does he make?" Why, intercession that all and every one for whom he died as a Surety shall, by the law of the Spirit of life in Him, be made free from the law of sin and death. In every part of the blessed word of God it is distinctly declared that all for whom Christ died are justified, that their sins are for ever put away, that they have no sins to answer for, that Christ died for his people, for those given to him by the Father, called his sheep,—the chosen and elect of God scattered abroad; and these, and none but these, shall be saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation.

As it respects the non-elect, Christ never stood as a Substitute in their law place; he never bore their sins; he never represented them either in his life or his death; his federal engagements were not in their behalf; he left them where he found them when he came into the world, without a prayer to God for them, without rendering any obedience to the law to be reckoned to their account. Without shedding a drop of blood to wash, sanctify, and justify them, he said: "I pray not for the world, but for them which thou hast given me; for they are thine; and all mine are thine, and thine are mine; and I am glorified in them." What

benefit, then, can be got out of the death of Christ on the ground of its infiniteness, for those whose sins were never expiated by it, we shall leave with the author of "Road to Destruction" to say.

Now, it is on this ground that we reject the system of universal offers of grace, find we these offers where we may, be it in the writings of Owen, or Bunyan, or any other author; for we fully and conscientiously believe that they can never be reconciled with the solemn distinguishing truth of God so plainly revealed in reference to the vicarious nature and the definite, specific ends of the death of our Lord Jesus Christ. We believe that the covenant of grace which stands fast with Christ, with all and every blessing of that covenant, were from everlasting intended by God for none but a covenant people, and that these favoured, chosen people of the Most High God receive, each in the time beforehand determined upon, quickening grace, with faith to believe, and all other spiritual blessings in Christ, their covenant Head; not as being *offered* to them, but as gifts freely bestowed. We cannot trace a single offer of grace to all men indiscriminately in all the gospel, nor even an offer of any kind. We can find precedent enough for preaching the gospel of God's grace to all. We can find plenty of invitations and promises to certain *characters*, such as are spiritually poor, who hunger and thirst after righteousness, and who labour and are heavy laden, which are certainly not the marks and features of those who are spiritually dead, but of living souls; and to these alone do gospel invitations belong. We can also find solemn words of warning to the wicked, law threatenings and law curses and damnation to all who die in their sins; but no offers of grace and salvation have we been able to trace. To the children of the covenant, it is gifts freely bestowed; gifts and not offers, is their portion. But tribulation and anguish upon every soul of man that doeth evil, of the Jew first, and also of the Gentile; and according to these distinct grounds of standing,—gospel-ground and law-ground, will all be dealt with when Christ shall come to divide the nations before him. Those on gospel-ground will not be acquitted because they accepted the grace that was offered them, but because grace sovereign and distinguishing picked them up in their ruin,—made them willing in the day of God's power to submit to his rule and reign; and thus became in their hands as God's unspeakable gift. Those on law-ground will be judged by the law, and they will be condemned, not because grace was offered to them, and they refused to accept the offer; but they will be condemned according to their moral responsibility as under law to God. "For what things soever the law saith, it saith to them that are under the law; that every mouth may be stopped, and all the world become guilty before God."

How much man's sinnership may be aggravated by wilfully sinning against an increase of light received, either from law or gospel, we cannot go into here. We have already overstepped our bounds, and must now give a few extracts from Hawker's tract, and let them, without any further remarks of our own, close this review:

"In order to bring the matter to a speedy issue, by compressing as much as possible into a little compass, I shall lay down one general *Postulatum* on the subject, which, when followed up with proof, will meet and answer all the flimsy observations of my reprove. I am charged by him with being at variance with Christ and his apostles, in that I have asserted the true gospel is no Yea and Nay gospel. In my defence I assert that I am herein in perfect harmony both with Christ and his apostles, their preaching being wholly and altogether the same. And, moreover, I add yet further that in their example the preachers of the gospel find no authority whatever to make *offers or invitations* in an *indiscriminate manner to sinners in general*; neither do the *Scriptures furnish a single instance* where Christ and his apostles have ever made offers but to the people of God."

"Now for my proofs. The first portrait of Christ on this subject may be taken from the view of him which the Evangelist has drawn while preaching his first discourse in the Jewish synagogue. It may be called indeed his ordination sermon. Luk⁴ relates it with beautiful simplicity, chap. iv., from verses 16 to 20, to which I refer for the sake of brevity. In this sermon Christ first preached *generally* before the *multitude*; in which he declares the authority of his mission, his qualifications to it from the anointings of the Spirit, the office he came to sustain of preaching the gospel to the poor, healing the broken-hearted, and the like; the several acts of grace he came to perform, and by the performance of which his person and Messiahship was to be known. He then returned the book to the minister and sat down. And while the eyes of all that were in the synagogue were fastened upon him, *he began to say to them, This day is this scripture fulfilled in your ears.*

"Now let the reader observe on this preaching of Christ. Here is not a single word of *invitation* from Jesus to the congregation from beginning to end, neither *invitations nor offers*. Jesus simply states the outlines of his gospel, and no more. Surely, had it been the intention of Christ, or had it corresponded to the purport of his ministry, to have held forth *general promises indiscriminately to all sinners*, there never could have been a finer opportunity for it. It was the Sabbath day. A large congregation no doubt was assembled. But not a word in a way of *offer or invitation* through the whole dropped from his sacred lips.

"But it is not enough in support of my argument to show this. This sermon of Christ proves yet further that it never was in the plan of Christ's preaching to make *general offers to sinners indiscriminately*. Let the reader attend to what follows in this discourse of Christ, and he will find what I say to be true. For we are told that while Jesus thus spoke, in a *general way*, of simply showing what the great features of his gospel were, the whole congregation were delighted, and *all bare him witness and wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth*. Thus far all was well, for there was nothing, while Jesus thus preached in a *general way*, for the *Free-willers* and the *Pharisees* of that age to take umbrage at. It fared *then* with this divine Teacher (*who spake as never man spake*) as it fareth *now* with faithful preachers from among men; as long as the preaching is confined to *general truths* no offence for the most part will be taken by the *multitude*. But with them as with their Master, if at any time from *general truths* they proceed to speak in a *particular* application of them, no *free-will* hearers will brook *free-grace preaching*. And thus it fared with Jesus himself on this very occasion. For as soon as Jesus began to make application from the *general truths* he had laid down to *special, personal, and discriminating* cases, and instanced in those of *Naaman* and the widow of *Zidon*, but we are told that all the synagogue was full of wrath, and rose up and thrust this divine Preacher out of the city, and would have slain him."

"Let us pass on and take another portrait of our Lord while preaching. Look at him during his sermon on the mount. Here we are told was a great *multitude* also assembled. Upon all which occasions Jesus spake of *general truths*; and through this whole discourse there is not a single instance of *one offer or one invitation*. And, although it was a long discourse which occupies three whole chapters in the relation, yet is it wholly confined to the office of *teaching*. (See Matt. v., vi., and vii.) And what is said of this sermon may be said, more or less, of every sermon of Christ which he delivered in the audience of the people; all are in a *general way*. For if at any time upon those occasions the Lord did make a *special and particular* application of his subject, it was always *personal*, or in reference to certain dispositions of the mind, which, as he who knows the heart, knew that those to whom he addressed himself possessed, they were of those the Father hath given to him, and as he called them *his sheep which knew his voice*. Many instances of this kind we have recorded by the Evangelist, such as the case of *Matthew, Zaccheus*, and the like. But these are so far from affording authority to say that Christ made *general offers and invitations indiscriminately to all*, that they prove most decidedly to the contrary, being wholly *special and personal*.

“Advancing step by step in our pursuit of proofs to this statement of Christ’s *general way of preaching*, we shall rise higher in the confirmation as we go on to behold another portrait of our blessed Lord in this department of his ministry. Let us look at him when delivering his word in *parables*. Here, indeed, if my opponent and all the *Free-willers* of the age would accept of Christ’s own decision upon the subject, they will find enough in one single verse to level to the ground at one blow all the Babel-buildings of their hypothesis for ever. *Wherefore* (said his disciples) *speakest thou unto them in parables?* Jesus answered and said unto them, *Because it is given unto you to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, but to them it is not given.* (Matt. xiii. 11.) Can anything be more pointed and decisive? Is it possible that any man in the face of this scripture can say that Jesus and his apostles knew of no other inability but that of the *will*, which prevents a man from being saved?

But we must not stop here on the subject of parables. The Lord moreover adds: *Therefore speak I to them in parables, because they seeing see not, and hearing they hear not, neither do they understand. And in them is fulfilled the prophecy of Esaias, which saith, by hearing ye shall hear and shall not understand, and seeing ye shall see and shall not perceive.* Here Christ brings the matter to a final issue; and a very solemn one, if properly considered, to every *Free-willer* it is. God the Holy Ghost in those words hath not left it to the light and presumptuous reasonings of men untaught of God to determine whether the will of the creature be or be not sufficient of itself to believe unto salvation, for he here asserts that the blindness of the mind is induced in confirmation of the words of the Holy Ghost by the prophet. And so firm and unalterable are his decisions on this point that no less than seven times those words of God, by the prophet are quoted in the scripture in proof—Isaiah vi. 9, 10; Matt. xiii. 14; Mark iv. 12; Luke viii. 10; Jno. xii. 40; Acts xxviii. 26; Rom. xi. 7, 8.”

“The instances which I have now brought forward as so many portraits taken of our Lord, in the exercise of his own personal ministry, are enough in point to prove the doctrine and establish the object I had in view. And if the reader be disposed to search for more, he may find them in every part of the gospel, carrying with them, as they certainly do, the same features of character in this department of Christ’s office. While speaking to the *multitude at large*, our Lord’s preaching was invariably in *general terms*. And if, even upon any of those occasions, the Lord spake in a *special personal manner* to any of his people whom he saw among the throng, his address to them was accompanied with certain marks of character by which his invitations to them should be known. As, for example, in his *general discourse*, we hear him saying, *I am the bread of life; he that cometh to me shall never hunger, &c.* (Jno. vi. 35.) *I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, &c.* (Jno. viii. 12.) But when to those or the like *general expressions* the Lord was pleased at any time to add *special invitations to his people*, the words themselves implied the persons Jesus had in view, and for whom they were intended. As, for example, *Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest, &c.* (Matt. xi. 28.) *If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink, &c.* (Jno. vii. 37.) Here we discover the corresponding affections in his people wrought by grace *within answering to the call without*. The invitation is to them that *labour* and are *heavy laden* under the burthen of sin, and that *thirst* after Christ from a sense of the want of him; but how is this suited to the case of those who hold forth an unqualified invitation and promise to *all*? Christ himself hath drawn the line of distinction between those cases as luminous as if written with a sunbeam. Of the *one* he saith, *All that the Father giveth me shall come unto me, &c.* (Jno. vi. 37.) *My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me, &c.* (Jno. x. 27.) Of the *other* (that is the rest, as Paul calls them, Rom. xi. 7), Jesus saith, *Why do ye not understand my speech? Even because ye cannot hear my word, &c.* (Jno. viii. 43.) *Ye believe not, because ye are not of my sheep, as I said unto you, &c.* (Jno. x. 26.)”

“From the portraits of Christ’s *personal ministry*, taken under different views, let us now proceed to examine what were the leading features in the

same department of conduct in his apostles; and sure I am that we shall still find one and the same trait of character distinguishing the servants as was observable in the Master.

"To begin at their ordination. When Jesus sent forth his twelve disciples to the ministry, their *general* commission was to *teach*, and to *preach*, and to *heal* the sick, and the like; and the Lord then limited their office to the house of Israel. *Go not into the way of the Gentiles, and into any of the cities of the Samaritans enter ye not; but go rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel.* But in all those directions, which occupy the whole chapter, not a single word of *invitation* or *offer* is in it from beginning to end. (See Matt. x. throughout.)

"And when the Lord sent other *seventy* also, as we read in Luke x., besides those *general* invitations nearly as before, the Lord added a very blessed direction for their observance, in the event of which they should discover his people from the rest: *Into whatsoever house ye enter, first say, Peace be to this house. And if the Son of peace be there, your peace shall rest upon it, if not, it shall turn to you again.* (Luke x. 5, 6.) What will my reprover make of this? Was this discriminating grace, or was it not? Did Jesus, when he gave this command, or the apostles, when they received it, know there was nothing wanting but a *man's* will to the being saved? On the contrary, did not the Lord mean, and his disciples clearly understand, by the expression of their peace resting where the Son of peace was found, similar to what followed Paul's preaching afterwards at Antioch, *that as many as were ordained to eternal life believed?* (Acts xiii. 48.)

"From the ordination of the apostles, let the reader follow their footsteps in the exercise of their ministry during the whole time the Lord continued among them, and went in and out before them, and let him examine closely if he can discover a single *offer* or *invitation* given by those faithful followers of the Lord indiscriminately to all. I have looked with carefulness on this ground, and cannot find an iota leading to the conclusion. Indeed, the thing itself is impossible. The charter of grace runs in a different strain, and those servants of Christ would have gone beyond their commission had they done so. Where the Son of peace was found, there their peace was to rest; where not, it was to return to them again. And it is worthy the reader's most serious observation that when the seventy returned to the Lord with an account of the success of their ministry, Jesus called off their attention even from their triumph over devils, to an object of infinitely higher moment, in that *their names were written in heaven.*"

"Following the memoirs of those servants of Jesus after his return to glory, if we trace the history of their ministry through the Acts of the Apostles, we find the same line of conduct running like a golden thread through the whole. The Lord had now extended their commission to go out into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature; but their ministry was still confined to *preach* to all, not to *invite* all—to *hold up* Christ, not to *offer* Christ."

"To preach the gospel, and to proclaim salvation in the audience of all sinners wheresoever they came, this was the apostles' province; and the same will all faithful servants of the word do now who are ordained by the Holy Ghost. *For as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.* (Jno. iii. 14, 15.) But here are the limits to human powers. No man can go further. Moses himself went no further. He lifted up the serpent, as commanded, as a type of Christ, that the bitten Israelite might look upon it and live. But we read of no *offers* nor *persuasions*. (Num. xxi. 8, 9.) Neither did the apostles in their *general* preaching. If, indeed, from *general* to *special* cases (as we shall observe hereafter) they found their minds directed to the Lord to act in a more *personal* manner, their history fully explains the cause; but otherwise they were too well taught of God. They dared not to invade the office of God the Holy Ghost. To preach Christ they knew to be *their* province. To persuade to the acceptance of Christ they knew to be his. And Paul perfectly understood this when he said to the church, *For do I now persuade men or God?*

or do I seek to please men? For if I yet pleased men, I should not be the servant of Christ. (Gal. i. 9, 13.)"

"Prosecuting yet further the apostles' history in the department of their ministry, we may observe that when at any time, from *general* preaching before the *multitude*, they proceeded, in their apostolic power, to speak *personally* to the cases of any among their audience, here we discern the Lord's *special* ordination. It is too well known to need more than the observation that the apostles, among other miraculous gifts, possessed the faculty of *discerning spirits*. (1 Cor. xii. 9, 10.) Hence, when, at any time, amidst the multitude, the apostles discovered any of the Lord's chosen ones present, not unfrequently we find that authority called into exercise. Thus Paul, preaching at Lystra, perceived in a cripple present that *he had faith to be healed*. (Acts xiv. 8, 10.) Hence Peter, going down to the *saints* which dwelt at Lydda, did the same by *Eneas*. (Acts xi. 32-34.)"

The doctor closes his tract by saying :

"In my view, it is among the most awful signs of the present times, and a sure presage of divine judgment, that so many rush into the ministry un-sent, unauthorized, unanointed of God the Holy Ghost. I would put my hand under the feet of the poorest of God's servants who comes in the Lord's name, and by the Lord's authority, bringing *good tidings of good, publishing salvation*; but I would no less beg the Lord in mercy to stop the mouth of all who speak *a vision out of their own heart*, and of whom the Lord saith, *they shall not profit this people*. (Jer. xxiii.)"

Obituary.

MARY SHEPPARD.—On Feb. 2nd, 1873, aged 69, Mary Sheppard, of Corsham.

She was well known to many of our supplies, as for many years she, with her husband, accommodated them; and truly they, with myself, must say that she was a Phœbe indeed, a servant of the church of Christ Jesus, for she hath been a succourer of many.

About the age of 17 she went to Melksham fair, seeking only the gratification of her carnal nature; but this was God's time to favour her; for while there, gazing at the fair, the Lord the Spirit sent home the arrow to her heart, giving her to see the vanity that it was following after, and herself a fool. To use her own words: "I never before saw myself such a fool. I sat down on the shafts of a conveyance, and my foolishness appeared to be so great that I rose up and walked home, and never wanted to go to Melksham fair after. I wandered about from place to place on Sundays, seeking rest, but finding none. What to do or where to go I did not know. About this time there were a few people who had separated from the General Baptists in Melksham, and were meeting in a room in Braughton Lane. Thither I went, and the men of God who came there would often tell out my feelings, desires, and wants; so that I got encouraged; but being a young woman, the pride of my heart wanted to attend the more respectable chapel, and with a more fashionable people; and therefore I tried to go back again where I had been going, namely, to the Independent chapel; but there I could not get any encouragement, nor did they seem to understand my feelings. But one Lord's day, going from Shaw Hill to Melksham chapel, I felt a great exercise of mind to which of the places I should go to. The meanness of the room was brought to my mind, and the poor people that went there, and so few, too; then I thought of the nice place where my companions went to the chapel, so that I felt I had two minds,—one wanted to go to the room, and the other to the chapel; so I stood in the field and felt a cry go out for the Lord to direct me;

when these words were brought to my mind respecting the few poor despised people in the room: 'This is the way; walk ye in it.' And now it is more than 40 years, but I want no other people, and I can die with them.'

How long she continued going to this place I do not know; but after years she went to Braughton, and sat under the ministry of Mr. Blake, and was baptized by him in 1837; and she continued a useful and an honourable member till she, with her husband, joined the little church at Corsham in 1862. She, with her family, had been removed to that neighbourhood for several years, and there being no truth at that time that they could attend, her husband would on Sunday mornings get up and go to Braughton, and stay the day; but with a small family and the distance of four or five miles to travel, she was often obliged to stay at home all day; and she has often spoken with the tears in her eyes about the trial this was to her to have no place to go to, for she could not get anything for her soul with the general professors, though, at times, she would go for example's sake to her family; so she was quite a speckled bird amongst the professors around.

In 1855 the Lord, in a mysterious providence, led me into the neighbourhood to speak in his dear name; and in 1859 a church was formed upon Strict Baptist principles, and a place was opened for men of truth to speak in, and the Lord sent such men as Mr. Tiptaft, Mr. Collinge, and Mr. Gorton to speak the word of life; and after a time she, with her husband, cast in their lot with them.

The last time she was out to chapel was on the first Lord's day in December. I returned with her and her husband, after the evening service, for the night, little thinking she was going to be taken away so soon; but her complaint grew worse, and very soon she was obliged to take to her bed.

She was often wondering how it would be with her in dying, and often felt great bondage through the fear of death, stating that she had never had so clear and so visible a deliverance as many she had known.

On December 30th I visited her, and found her ill in bed; and as I entered her room these words fell upon my mind: "But ye are not in darkness that that day should overtake you as a thief." After some conversation, I inquired as to her mind. She said: "I have been remembering the hills Mizar and Hermon. About 40 years ago the Lord gave me this promise: 'When thou passest through the valley of the shadow of death I will be with thee.' I feel comfortable, resting upon his immutability;" and on another occasion she said, "I was going from Shaw Hill to Braughton chapel, passing through one of the fields very much oppressed in spirit, when these words were brought:

" 'Pause, my soul! Adore and wonder!

Why such matchless love to thee?"

My soul was filled with love. I clapped my hands and sang for joy. O what a blessed morning that was to me. It is more than 30 years ago, but the remembrance of it is sweet." I think I never shall forget the solemn manner in which she related the above.

Jan. 6, I visited her again, and was led to speak of the operations of the Holy Ghost in making intercessions in the saints with sighs and groans, when she related the following: "I was under very particular circumstances in my work, oppressed with varied trials, and my bosom swelled with grief. I left my work and retired in private, to give vent to my feelings, when these words were applied: 'Be still, and know that I am God.' My burden was removed, and all was straight in an instant."

The Wednesday before her death I visited her again. Found her much worse. I said, "My dear, the Lord is about to take your tabernacle down

to the house appointed for all living. Are you afraid of death?" "No," she said. "It seems strange, after so many years' concern I have had about death, that now I feel no more concerned than as though I had not to die." After reading a portion of the word, and committing her into the hands of him that had redeemed her, I bid her good-bye, not thinking that it was the last time we should meet in the flesh.

Some time before her death she quoted the following:

"Ah, I shall soon by dying!
Time swiftly glides away!
But on my Lord relying,
I hail the happy day."

And the following verse.

On the morning of her death she said to her daughter Ruth, who had attended her all through her illness: "My pain is different to what it has been. It will not be long, and I'am glad of it; I long to be gone."

She lay without saying much after this till the evening, about the time that the friends at the chapel were leaving after the ordinance, where she had so many times met with us; when her ransomed spirit took its flight to be for ever with her Lord.

WILLIAM YEULET.—On Feb. 16th, 1873, aged 33, William Yeulet, of Winslow, Bucks, pastor of the Baptist church, Eaton Bray.

I cannot tell the exact time when our departed friend was called by grace, though I knew him from quite a lad. He was brought up to attend the Church of England; but the Lord spared him to see some of the gross errors which exist in the Establishment. That little pamphlet of Mr. Philpot's, "Secession from the Church of England Defended," seemed to set all right. However, the Lord so wrought upon him that he left the Church to come to the old Baptist chapel, Winslow; and in May, 1863, was baptized and joined the church.

He was a remarkably good scholar, and had a very clear intellect. He was also a man of much prayer and supplication, and seemed gifted with a double portion of the Spirit. I have enjoyed some most blessed seasons in hearing him pour out his soul's breathings at a throne of grace:

"What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd;
How sweet their memory still!
But now I find an aching void,
The world can never fill."

What darkness of soul and the troubles which I have had to endure since then!

I cannot say much as to his call to the work of the ministry, for my dear friend being three years older than I, I had not joined the church at that time, and had not long left the Church of England. I used to attend the old Baptist chapel and the prayer meetings when time would permit; and here it was that I used to hear him pray in public, and the church encouraged him to read a chapter, and as the Lord enabled him to expound it, and after this he began to preach at several places in the neighbourhood, and appeared to be very warmly received. He felt very zealous and warm, and seemed often to enjoy a sweet pardon of his sins, and, like the Ethiopian servant, went on his way rejoicing. He had several engagements to preach, Eaton Bray being one, and he used to go occasionally. He also preached at our little chapel at Winslow once a month, and other places in and around the neighbourhood; but the Eaton Bray friends chose him to be their pastor in August, 1869. He not only preached the gospel, but he was oppressed with business; he was agent to Chaplin and Horne for upwards of 15 years, and was especially re-

marked and respected by the townspeople for truthfulness and straightforwardness in business.

He suffered much weakness of body for above twelve months before he died, though he continued to work nearly till the last, and preached at Eaton Bray till the last Sabbath in January.

For several months before his death he laboured under much darkness of soul; he was one of those of whom Mr. Hart speaks:

“Their pardon some receive at first,
And then, compell'd to fight,
They feel their latter stages worst,
And travel much by night.”

Poor man! He suffered greatly in this respect, though, if I may so speak, he was one of the brightest Christians I ever saw. I have heard him preach several times at Winslow, and have had some blessed seasons under his ministry; and as he got older he grew in grace. The grand theme of his preaching was the doctrines of election and of the final perseverance of the saints to glory, and that God's holy law contains a righteous display of his wrath against ungodliness and ungodly men, and pronounces the man accursed who continues not in all things written in the book of the law to do them, and whatsoever the law saith it saith to them that are under the law. Jesus Christ has fulfilled the law, magnified, and made it honourable, and has wrought out and brought in an everlasting righteousness for his elect; thus God is just, and yet the justifier of all that believe to the salvation of their souls. My dear friend knew that repentance unto life was a grace of the Spirit, whereby a sinner under a true sense of his sin, and an experimental acquaintance with God's pardoning mercy in Christ, does with grief and hatred of his sin turn from it unto God with full purpose of heart, and to serve the Lord in newness of spirit, and not in the oldness of the letter.

My dear friend was a true lover of the “Gospel Standard,” and expressed his feelings to me, not many weeks before he died, how he loved those blessed truths it contained, and what sweet solemnity there seemed in it to what there was in some he was once so taken up with. The Lord showed him that truth mixed with error would not do.

About three weeks before he died he was taken worse than usual. His cough and breath became distressing. On Jan. 25th, being a raw cold rainy day, it was too much for his poor weak frame, but he travelled to Eaton Bray on the 26th, and preached his last sermon in this vale of tears. He returned home on the following morning no better, but rather worse. This was a day most distressing to me. He was hardly able to walk up and down from the station after he had done his work. This was a sorrowful night to me, as we came home together this night, Jan. 27th, for the last time. His poor breath was so bad he could not converse with me, and before we arrived at home he slipped off the horse he was riding on, and seemed very much shaken. I put him on the horse again, and came gently home. After I got alone in the stable I wept bitterly. I tried to pray earnestly to the Lord that he might be spared, for the sake of his dear mother and me, though I felt he would not be here long. While I was crying earnestly to the Lord, the words of our dear suffering Redeemer seemed powerfully applied to my conscience: “Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me. Yet not my will, but thine be done.” This was a heavy stroke to me, as I felt so attached to him. Owing to his weakness and bad breathing I did not hear him speak many words after this. I used to go and see him each day until the Saturday, which was the last day he spent on earth.

On Lord's day, Feb. 9th, I, with a Christian friend, went to see him. He felt dark in his soul; but he said, “The Lord has been very merciful to

me. I feel I have had an attack of bronchitis. The Lord has subdued it, or it would soon have proved fatal. Had he dealt with me according to my sinfulness, my soul would have been in hell. I cannot feel the precious promises as I could wish; yet the Lord is very merciful. I sleep well; the nights seem sweet." He seemed in sweet submission to the Lord's will; but he said, "I want to be still and quiet." We did not apprehend that death was so near. On Saturday night he slept comfortably. I was informed by his dear mother that he awoke about the middle of the night and asked for some refreshment, which he seemed to enjoy. He then slept till between eight and nine o'clock on the Sabbath morning, when he awoke, and desired to get up to breakfast. His mother assisted him. He afterwards sat a moment on the bed-side, gave a look at his dear mother, and fell sideways off the bed; when his happy spirit took its flight.

Mr. Batchelor preached his funeral sermon at Eaton Bray, from Ecc. vii. 1.

Winslow, Bucks.

JAMES SPOONER.

AGNES THOMPSON.—On Dec. 20th, 1872, aged 65, Agnes Thompson, a member at Zoar Chapel, Preston.

She was a humble follower of Jesus. At the beginning of this, her last illness, she enjoyed much of the Lord's presence, with a full assurance of her interest in him. She asked the doctor to tell her what he thought of her. He said, "Perhaps it would not do." She replied, "I am not afraid to die, if it is the Lord's will." He said, "I cannot see the least hope of your recovery." She then smiled, and said:

"There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast."

Christ is my salvation. He has redeemed me with his precious blood; bless his dear name."

After this the Lord was pleased to withdraw his presence; when she said, "Satan has been telling me that I shall have more pain than I shall be able to bear; "but," she said:

"Can he have taught me to trust in his name,
And thus far have brought me to put me to shame?"

She was told the change was in us. God never changes towards his people; he rests in his love. She replied, "O to feel his love shed abroad once more in my heart as I felt when he spoke those precious words to my soul: 'I will make my goodness pass before thee!' Ten thousand suns were dim to that. O for another glance of that glorious Christ! But I do not despair. I believe yet he will come again, and take me to himself."

At another time she said, "Though I do not feel that sweetness, yet I feel a resting in the love, blood, and righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ. He never will, he never can, cast me away. How sweet those lines are:

"Thy anchor, once in Jesus cast,
Shall hold thee safe till thou at last
Him face to face shalt see;
Too wise to be mistaken he,
Too good to be unkind."

He now has given me a little ease in body and mind. What love to a poor vile sinner. O that I could praise him without ceasing."

At another time she said, "Am I deceived? The enemy says, 'It's all a delusion.'" This cast her spirits very low, and she wrestled with the

Lord that he would give her another token. The Lord heard her cry, and she said, "The Lord has come again. He has promised he will never leave me nor forsake me. How sweet my hope is, anchored within the veil, sure and steadfast. He says he will keep me as the apple of his eye. I am engraven on the palm of his hands. I shall soon fall asleep, and then it will be, 'Come, Lord Jesus, and take me home.' His time is the best. I pray for patience to wait the appointed time. Give my love to all my Christian friends; I love them all dearly. Tell them how good and gracious he has been to my soul. Death has no terrors; the sting is taken away. I shall embrace it as a friend. I am safe in the Lord's hands, and he has prepared a mansion for me."

The enemy was again permitted to harass her. She said, "Satan says all my enjoyments are nothing but flesh, and after all I shall be lost and that the Lord will never own me; and I feel at such a distance. Pray for me that the Lord will appear once more to my poor soul. I cannot give it up. I have nowhere else to go but to a precious Christ." For a short time she was on her knees, with her eyes looking up. She lifted both hands and said, "He is mine for evermore!" and, bursting into tears, exclaimed, "The Lord has come again. He says he

"Will strengthen me, help me, and cause me to stand,

Upheld by his righteous, omnipotent hand.'

Bless his name, he has answered my prayer."

On the morning of her death she was cheerful, but she said, "I am cold at my heart," her complaint being disease of the heart. In a few moments she breathed her soul in the arms of her Redeemer, to be for ever with him.

JOHN HOWARTH.

SARAH ANN PARRIS.—On Jan. 16th, 1873, aged 60, Sarah Ann Parris, of East Hoathly.

My dear aunt was first convinced of sin at the age of 16; after which she passed through many trials, both temporal and spiritual. She was married when very young, and was the mother of a large family, of whom it may truly be said she was a praying parent. In a letter to her daughter, after being informed of her daughter's change, she writes: "My dear girl,—How pleased I was to hear of your new birthday! Such a birthday is worth ten thousand worlds. I could not help crying aloud for joy. What sweet words they were that you were blessed with! The first that were blessed to me were: 'O that I had wings like a dove,' &c.; and the next: 'Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love,' &c.; and at another time: 'I have fought the good fight,' &c. And one morning, being much cast down in my mind, and not knowing how to go through the day, I had these words come so sweetly: 'The banner of love is over you.' I cannot describe my feelings when getting breakfast. When these short visits end, I say, 'O let them longer last!'" Having one son that was a great trouble to her, she writes thus: "O, my dear girl, I often think of the sermon I heard at Jirch Chapel, Lewes, when Mr. Vinall took for his text: 'I am the true vine, and my Father is the Husbandman.' He brought it out in such a beautiful way that the branches were sometimes the children of praying parents, the root. My son at that time was a great trial to me. I used to say, 'Dear Lord, there is nothing too hard for thee; do stop him.' And I felt sure that Sunday, as I was going home, that he would stop him. I cannot thank his precious name enough. I do want his still, small voice to speak peace to my poor soul. I know I have had many sips by the way; but I want them daily."

In 1870 she was much blessed under Mr. Newton, when preaching at Waldron from Isa. xxxii. 2. She was tried upon baptism; but was set

at happy liberty on Oct. 9th, 1872, under a sermon by Mr. Blanchard, at East Hoathly. She felt she could go forward and give in her experience before the whole congregation. These words cheered her much:

“Come, be baptized without delay,
In honour of your King.”

She went before the church on Oct. 28th, and was baptized at Heathfield, by Mr. Funnell, on the 30th. She did not get a blessing going through the water, but received it the third day after:

“Now will I tell to sinners round,” &c.

She sat down at the ordinance of the Lord's supper twice, and was much blessed under Mr. Funnell at the first ordinance. She was taken ill on Jan. 2nd, of inflammation. I attended upon her through it all. It only lasted a fortnight. Though her pain was very acute, it was borne with great patience. She said to me on the Friday, “What poor mortals we are! How soon we are cut down!” Upon being asked if she thought she should get better, she said, “The Lord's will be done. It will be done all right.” At another time,

“Not a single shaft can hit,” &c.

Upon my giving her a little milk on the Tuesday before her death, she said, “How ungrateful I am for the blessings I receive! My gratitude comes so slow.” She was taken insensible at three o'clock on Wednesday morning, and lay till six o'clock on Thursday morning, when her spirit took its flight, to be for ever with the Lord. N. R.

WILLIAM FOWLER.—On March 12th, in the 59th year of his age, William Fowler. He was a member with us for 17 years, and a deacon four years. We mourn his loss.

He was one who loved God's house. I went to see him several times in his affliction. During the first part he was very much tried, often very dark in his mind; but the last time or two that I visited him I found the dear Lord had broken in upon his mind. A little before he died he said, “Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil.” His end was peace, through the precious atoning blood of the Lamb. W. H.

Sheep Lane, near Woburn. —————

ALICIA HINES.—On Jan. 29th, aged 79, Alicia Hines, a member of Providence Chapel, Bath.

She was a godly widow, whom the Lord provided for and never suffered to want, although she feared it at times. When told she would not be here long, the third day after being taken ill, she exclaimed, “The Lord be praised!” and these were the last words she uttered on earth, to begin them in heaven. J. H.

As a man that takes a walk in his garden, and spying a beautiful, full-blown flower, crops it, and puts it into his bosom; so the Lord takes his walks in his gardens, the churches, and gathers his lilies, *i.e.*, souls fully ripe for glory, and with delight takes them to himself.—*Dr. Gill.*

THE very first motion of the soul towards God is the effect of his having loved, chosen, and reconciled that soul unto himself in Christ Jesus; and the day of her espousals is when she is dead in trespasses and sins, and all her wedding garments are received at his hands, seeing she brings him nothing but rags, yea, “filthy rags,” which cannot cover her nakedness.—*Sir Richard Hill's “Deep Things of God.”*

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

JUNE, 1873.

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

COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE.

A SERMON BY MR. BURNS, PREACHED AT BEDWORTH.

“Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God. Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned; for she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins.”—ISA. XL. 1, 2.

THIS portion of the word of the Lord, my friends, was spoken to my mind last evening, I hope I can truly say in answer to prayer. If ever I did cry to the Lord, it was last evening, that the Lord would be with me, and bless the word to the souls of his people, and make our meeting together a blessing.

May he grant that I may speak in his fear, under the teachings of his blessed Spirit, and then all will be right; so that our hearts may be comforted at the thought of what God commanded his servants to proclaim.

This portion of the word of God comes from the Lord's own lips into the heart of his own servants; for the Lord has his servants, his witnesses, and this is the work in which he employs them. The Lord has a people, and his heart and affection are towards them. As they have many things to trouble them, he speaks to them, that they may have comfort. His words are, “Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.” Let not your heart be troubled with what you may meet in the way, for there is comfort laid up in store. Again the Lord, in another portion of his word, says, “When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them; I the God of Israel will not forsake them. I will open rivers in high places, and fountains in the midst of the valleys.” So it is when the poor and needy seek water and there is none, the Lord will help them. There are times and seasons when the poor seek help, comfort, and deliverance. They appeal to the Lord, as their God, to touch their hearts, to teach them, as they feel and find themselves to be poor and needy ones. They seek water, and there is none.

There are times when the children of God see where this is to be had, only they cannot reach it; and however they may strive, it does not come to them. I feel this to be my case this morning; I feel I want comfort myself. I would rather, had I my

own way, sit and hear this portion of the word of God spoken from, as I feel need of comfort for my own soul. This seems so much suited to the servants of the Lord. The apostle had experienced this when he said, "And whether we be afflicted, it is for your consolation and salvation." So sometimes the servants of God must be afflicted that that affliction should abound to the consolation of the children of God. The apostle speaks of this comfort: "Blessed be the God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies and the God of all comfort, who comforteth us in all our tribulations, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God." These are the very characters the Lord speaks to, who know what it is to be in need of comfort.

As the Lord shall help me, I shall endeavour to notice,

I. *What that comfort is* of which the servants of the Lord are to speak to his children.

II. *Notice to whom* these words are spoken.

Nothing is to be kept back; but God's servants are to speak out as the Lord has spoken inwardly to them.

"Her warfare is accomplished." Now in the Lord's people a very great warfare is carried on between the flesh and the spirit, very great exercises of the mind; and they want to know and feel this warfare is accomplished. They want it sealed home on the heart. They may hear it from a man's lips, but that is not sufficient. They may read it in the book; that is not enough for them. They want it applied to their souls to comfort them. I am sure nothing less than the Lord Jesus Christ and him crucified will do. This is the blessing of the Lord that maketh rich; to know that we have an interest in the doing and dying of the Lord Jesus. This it is, when applied by the Spirit, that brings comfort to our souls. Then to fully appreciate this comfort we must be brought into those paths, and straits, and difficulties, where comfort is needed. It is only those who are in pain, poverty, and ruin that will prize the helping hand. Those who are in deep trouble, who know what it is to have affliction laid upon them, know the value of comfort.

God the Father has appointed help for his dear people. He has provided comfort, so that they shall be comforted. Every now and then what the people of God have to pass through seems to contradict this, yet the Lord has purposed in his heart that they shall be comforted. How precious does the Lord speak in his word; and I trust I have found these words comforting to my mind: "He is of one mind." What he does he does for ever. He remains faithful. He cannot deny himself. He never changes or alters his mind. Therefore saith the Lord, "If heaven above can be measured, and the foundations of the earth searched out beneath, I will also cast off the seed of Israel for all that they have done, saith the Lord." So as the heavens above cannot be measured, nor the foundation of the earth searched out, this also

stands certain and sure, that the Lord will not withdraw from his people, and leave them to perish. He will not alter in these eternal things that are laid up in store in Jesus Christ for them. God the Father is the Father of his church, a people whom he loved, and set apart for himself. He made choice of them, not because they were any better than others. No. They are all clay of the same lump; no difference; all sinners in the sight of God. Therefore it is the Father's good pleasure alone that gives them the kingdom. Moses, when rehearsing the Lord's dealings, tells them that it was not for their worthiness, or that they were more in number or better than others. Were this question put to the Lord's people now, they would acknowledge it was not because of their worthiness; they would say with Moses, they were rebellious, that they felt, at times, rebellion within. Moses said they were a stiffnecked people. But the cause was God's everlasting love fixed upon them. He separated them from the world. This is spoken of by the servants of the Lord. He chose all his own; others he left to perish as Sodom and Gomorrah. "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people" with this declaration, that the Lord has a remnant even at this day.

The Lord has a people that he cares for, watches over, preserves, and defends. The Lord has a people, even the living in Jerusalem. He says respecting them, "I will bring Israel again to his habitation, and he shall feed on Carmel and Bashan, and his soul shall be satisfied upon Mount Ephraim and Gilead. In those days and at that time, saith the Lord, the iniquity of Israel shall be sought for, and there shall be none, and the sins of Judah, and they shall not be found; for I will pardon them whom I reserve." They are the children of God. He has been pleased to separate them in the covenant of grace before the world was, given them unto his dear Son, who engaged to come and pay their debt of sin. In time these people are separated from the world by the Holy Spirit. The Lord Jesus determined to save them; he therefore came into this world to blot out and take away the sins of his people. His name was to be called Wonderful. His love was wonderful. He left the realms of bliss, came down to tabernacle in this lower world, to live a life of poverty, a life of shame, reproach, and spitting. He lived for his people, and died for them an ignominious death, even the death of the cross. He was numbered with the transgressors. He died, was buried. He rose again and took all his dear people to glory with him, all those for whom he shed his blood. "Having loved his own that were in the world, he loved them to the end." Therefore the ministers of God are to tell these things to the people for their comfort.

"Comfort ye, comfort ye my people." The Lord's ministers are to set forth the Father's love. He says, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love." God the Father's love was before time, and will be through all time, for ever.

The Lord Jesus loved them with an everlasting love. "Having loved his own that were in the world, he loved them to the end."

And the Holy Spirit loves them with an everlasting love, and he makes this great salvation known. This has to do with all his church and people; not only the apostles, but all that are scattered abroad, down to the end of time. This is the comfort to the saints. "Comfort ye my people." This sound will go out to all the saints as long as there are any here below.

"Loved with an everlasting love," therefore drawn by the blessed Spirit, one with the Father and the Son. The Lord Jesus said, "If I go not away the Comforter will not come; but when he is come, he shall take of the things of mine and reveal them unto you, even the Spirit of truth, which shall abide with you for ever."

God the Father's love was everlasting love; so the Comforter of his people is to abide with them for ever. This is a doctrine comforting to the children of God to a certain extent. I mean, of itself it is not sufficient to give us comfort in the time of trouble and distress, without the application to our hearts by the Spirit. May the Lord the Spirit so open and apply the word that we may have comfort, so speak that the saints of God may be comforted.

II. I shall endeavour to notice *to whom* these words are spoken. We are to tell them that their warfare is accomplished,—this warfare that has been on from time to time. It is a warfare of exercises of the mind, continual assaults by the enemy; a warfare between the flesh and the Spirit. To those engaged in it, who have been brought into this furnace, the Lord speaks encouragingly, speaks in his precious word, "Fear not. The fire shall not kindle upon thee." Sometimes, when the Lord's dear children are in the fire, a portion of the word of God comes to their mind that suits their state and case. The path the Lord's dear people have to pass through, at times, is the path of tribulation, of fiery trial, through deep waters; but the river is not to overflow them. The Lord is with them; they are not drowned. Many waters cannot quench love; therefore the children of God come off more than conquerors through him that loved them.

You know by your own experience, you that know the Lord, that the Lord's people have many trials and difficulties to pass through; but it is said, "The righteous cry." What is it that makes them cry? They feel oppressed, and want a little relief. They cry. What cry is it? The cry of necessity. The Lord knows and hears their cry, and answers them. The word informs us of another cry: "And he said, Cry. And he said, What shall I cry? All flesh is grass, and the comeliness thereof as the flower of the field. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; but the word of the Lord abideth for ever." That word is a word that tries them. As it was with Joseph, so it is with them, depend upon it. The Lord promised Joseph deliverance when he was cast into prison; but before he saw the fulfilment of that word it tried him. The question was, how matters stood, whether God was still with him when in prison. The word of

the Lord tried him, yet he proved the truth of the promises. God's promises never wear out. They never have worn out, they never will wear out. Poor Joseph was brought out of prison. God had some good thing in store for him. And so it was with the three Hebrew youths and Daniel. Therefore we are to speak comforting words to those who are passing through much tribulation, as it is through much tribulation they are to enter the kingdom.

The question was put: "And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? And whence came they? And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said unto me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." These had to pass through much darkness of mind. The Lord's countenance seemed, at times, withdrawn, his smile withheld; for otherwise a child of God can have no real tribulation. The poor souls seemed shut up. The mouth of prayer seemed entirely stopped, their confidence seemed to fail. What, then, is to be done? The child of God in this state sums up matters and comes to the conclusion he has made a mistake, that he cannot be in the way, or he would not be so exercised as he is. He asks, "Do I love the Lord, or do I not?" I do believe, he says, in my own sad case, that it cannot be possible that the Lord's dear people are ever brought into such a state after so many favours, so much mercy past, so many years' trusting the Lord in his kind promises, his great promises, his faithful word, and his faithful dealings, that there should be such times and seasons, as though the Lord neglected his people, taking no notice of their cry. Their prayer seems shut out.

Now, friends, the Lord's dealings in this manner are very evident. If we get lifted up, puffed up, he knows how to hide pride from us, to bring us into the dust, to confess our follies to him. The Lord knows how to empty us, to strip us. If you have had all you could wish for, and been something in your own esteem, you will be made to know that which is highly esteemed among men is abomination in the sight of God. We shall be made to feel we are nothing, and as paupers and pensioners come to him; that we are destitute of everything good. We shall also be brought to know that though we have been such offenders, he is still the same towards us. Notwithstanding all we feel ourselves to be, destitute of all ability to do good, in such a dark state that we fear the Lord has turned his hand against us, that our enemies will overcome us; sin seems so to reign that we cannot discern a mark of godliness in our souls, and we fear that the Lord has not heard and answered our prayer, and we call all in question; this makes us ashamed to look up. We fear, we faint, we doubt, and feel the load of sin. The end of it is, we are obliged to go to God with this cry, "Lord, let me never be confounded." This is the path in which all the children of God have trod, more or

less. "I am shut up, I cannot come forth." I look into the word of God, and there I see what I really need, and of what I am destitute, that I need the water out of the wells of salvation. In myself I behold nothing but sin, emptiness, and confusion. I fear, at times, there is no more comfort for me. Then I look at the children of God, those who have professed many years, and they are as much troubled as ever. We have professed to trust in God; but when we have been brought into this state we have such dreadful fainting fits, such a gloomy state and condition, we have waited and hoped to see the Lord appear, yet fearful we shall sink in the deep waters where there is no standing, come to nothing, lose our reputation, leave our profession, that all will pass away, that we shall be ashamed and confounded.

This is the state of the Lord's dear people, at times. They are so full of fears, and beset with cares, they know not what to do. This is the way the Lord takes to make us more prayerful, to draw us off from earthly things. Trouble will bring a soul to God, when a state of ease never will. Therefore he deals thus with his children, so exercises them that in the end they see they cannot extricate themselves, that there is no help in self, that only the Lord can reach them, he only has power to deliver; therefore they feel that the arm of the Lord must be manifested, must be revealed; the power of God must be put forth, to bring their souls out of bondage, to humble the heart and proud spirit, and bring them manifestedly to stand in God's strength. And this is the conclusion to which they are brought, to make mention of his righteousness, and of his only. The Lord therefore brings us down into a very low place that we may plainly see that it must be his power put forth to bring us up to the light, make us reconciled to God, through the Lamb's redeeming blood.

"Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God." This is an evident proof the people of God want comfort. We see how it is a man stands in need of comfort; therefore we are commanded to speak to the people of God, those who are in darkness or trouble. We are to stand up, and what we hear in darkness is to be proclaimed on the housetops. The Lord, the Creator, has his secret things in the heart of his people, and, at times, according to his purpose, we are to tell them out on the housetop. "Death works in us, but life in you." Thus we are made to feel these things, led into them, that we may be able to speak a word of comfort and encouragement to those who are in a state of bondage and despair, lamenting their sad condition. We are to proclaim that the Lord is gracious and merciful, though he has withheld the light of his countenance. We are to sound out the influence of his grace, by which we discern what is within, how we are filled with everything that is ungodly.

My friends, the Lord has, at times, so humbled me and brought me to his footstool that I have stood astonished at his condescension that he should have brought me to his feet and broken my heart with a sense of his mercy, after so much carnal

reasoning on my part. The Lord has spoken to my heart again, made himself known, given me a fresh manifestation of his love and favour, that for weeks he has caused me to know him and the power of his resurrection, and that I had fellowship with him in his sufferings. I could not explain it; I could not account for it. God is his own interpreter, and in his own way he will make it all plain, while he shows to you and me that the ways of wisdom are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths peace, though contrary to our ways. Nay, they may seem to us, at times, contrary to the word of God; but the Lord says, "I know the thoughts I think towards you, thoughts of peace and not of evil, to give you an expected end."

How often has it been my case, doubting whether the Lord had ever done anything or not in my soul. Once, when in this state, it was given out at the chapel that a certain man of God was coming to speak in the Lord's name. I felt a spirit of prayer spring up in my heart that the Lord would bless the word, by which I might rejoice once more that God would make manifest the safety of my soul. As we get older in the divine life, we get further acquainted with the evils within, that though we are led to feel much we have to pass through is not very pleasing to the flesh, yet it is for the profit of our souls. As I went along, having some miles to walk, my heart went up to the Lord: "Do, Lord, grant thy servant may bring forth such things as, under the sealing testimony of the Holy Spirit, shall make manifest in my soul thy goodness. O bless the word once more. Let it be a quickening word to bring me near to thee."

I am sure it is a painful matter, if God withhold the sweet visits of his love many days. If we go any length of time without the teaching of his Spirit, it makes us uneasy. The world is not fit for us, neither are we fit for the world, nor for the children of God. We seem unfit for everything. What a sad state it is to be in, feeling that we could meet almost anybody rather than a child of God; to flee away, shun his company, and get out of his way. "If the salt have lost its savour, it is good for nothing." The trial is, we seem to have lost all taste and relish for religion. This is a trial to a living soul; and many of the Lord's people have travelled this path. I have known something of this myself, even when I have stood up to speak; not once or twice, but many times.

If ever the word of God is made sweet and precious, a quickening word, making us draw near the Lord and breaking our rocky heart, it is when the word is blessed to us. So, when I heard the man I have spoken of, the Lord answered my prayer. I was brought near; it was a quickening word. The Lord broke my heart and made the sermon a blessing to my soul. I was once more brought nigh and admitted manifestly into his favour; so that I walked in the smiles and the light of his countenance. The word goes forth from his own lips, and you know that where the word of a King is there is power.

Whatever state or condition you may be in, there is a portion of the word of God suitable for you; whether you are in trouble, temptation, or affliction of body or mind, old age, or whatever your condition, there is a portion of the word suited to every state and case. Whatever trial, whatever warfare you are engaged in, the Lord has said in his precious word, and he will never fail, he will never withdraw from it, "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper, and every tongue that shall rise in judgment against thee thou shalt condemn." Is there a weapon formed against you that makes you tremble? Do you feel afraid? Has the weapon seemed to cut your flesh, cut you deeply above all you have ever before known in all your profession? Have you cried to God about it? Does your heart seem afflicted? Are you fearful that you shall be left to fall into some snare, trap, or gin, set by the enemy to lead your heart away from God? If so, the Lord help you to look to him. He has power, and will surely deliver the weakest believer that looks up to and hangs upon him.

"Say unto her that her warfare is accomplished." The servants of the Lord in our day have had to contend with the same things as Daniel, David, Peter, and Paul, who had to contend in the same warfare with that mighty monster, unbelief. This is a dreadful enemy; all God's own sent servants speak of the things they have had to contend with. Also what they have tasted, handled, and felt of the good word of God. They rehearse the mighty acts of the Lord. Time will show that, whatever your thoughts and feelings may be, God is of one mind. In his word he has declared, if his children forsake him, and keep not his judgments, he will visit their iniquity with the rod; nevertheless, his loving-kindness he will not utterly take from them, nor suffer his faithfulness to fail. He will visit them for their iniquity; and when he contends with them, he will make them smart for it. He will humble their proud souls, and bring them to be as little children.

Though you may be sorely tried by things that follow so closely on the back of each other that they seem to tread upon your heels, and throw you down, yet remember what God has said: "No weapon formed against thee shall prosper." Remember, this is a weapon formed against you, not for you. This shows it is adverse to your soul. But whatever may oppose, take this for your comfort, that the word of God shall be accomplished: "No weapon formed against thee shall prosper, and every tongue that riseth against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn. This is the heritage of the servants of the Lord, and their righteousness is of me, saith the Lord."

If I live to be a hundred years old I shall remember one portion of the word of God that was brought to my soul where I was among the children of God; and I know to what source to ascribe it, under what circumstances God had appeared; it was in answer to prayer. It was what Jacob said to Joseph, when he sent for him to tell him of God's mercies and goodness to him:

“And Jacob said unto Joseph, God Almighty appeared unto me at Luz, in the land of Canaan, and blessed me.” So Abraham experienced God's mercy and goodness when he came to the place where his only son was to be offered up. The Lord appeared for him. There was a ram caught in the thicket. Remember how God put forth his almighty power and delivered Isaac. Remember all the children of God, in every age and place, how the Lord has displayed his power on their behalf. How the jailer was made to tremble. When the Lord shook the foundation of the prison, he also shook his heart and soul, and made him pray, crying out, “What must I do to be saved?” The answer from Paul was, “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.” Depend upon it, Saul going to Damascus with the letters in his pocket had no idea of what would befall him in the way. Here, then, was another who experienced the mercy of God. The Lord met with him in the way.

So it was with the poor blind man, when he heard of Jesus passing by, he cried to him for mercy. The disciples went about to stop him; but he cried the more, “Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy upon me!” “What is it thou wouldst have me to do?” was the question put. “Lord, that I might receive my sight.” The answer was, “Be it unto thee according to thy faith.”

You must remember these times and seasons. How the church of God in every age of the world has been comforted when they stood in need of it. Depend upon it the Lord knows all about it. There is no need to go anywhere else; for, if the Lord has taught you, nothing will really satisfy your soul's craving but the water of life. That will quench your thirst. It is a blessed state of mind to be brought to, when the poor and needy see there is no water, and their tongues fail for thirst; for the promise is, “I, the Lord, will hear them; I will open rivers of water in high places,” &c. This encourages their souls to hope in his mercy.

It is a very blessed place to be brought to, that everything that has taken place, is taking place, and will take place, shall all work for their good. They shall have everything their souls need.

I must leave the subject this morning; for I can assure you, as I told you at the commencement, I stand in need of the same comfort as set forth to the children of God in the words of the text.

May the Lord grant his blessing, for his mercy's sake.

THEN thou canst not be at quiet till thy lusts and corruptions are brought into subjection to the Lord Jesus Christ. Then thou wilt never think thou hast enough faith. No. Thou wilt be crying out, “Lord, give me more precious faith. Lord, more faith in thy righteousness; more faith in thy blood and death; more faith in thy resurrection; and, Lord, more faith in this, that thou art now at the right hand of thy Father, in thy human nature making intercession for me, a miserable sinner.” And then, O poor soul, if thou comest but hither, thou wilt never have an itching ear after another gospel. Nay, thou wilt say, “If a Presbyter or Anabaptist; an Independent or a Ranter or Quaker; a Pope or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel, let him be accursed.”—*Bunyan*.

LETTER BY JOHN CALVIN TO EDWARD VI.

Dear Editor,—I have copied a letter of that notable, faithful Reformer, John Calvin, addressed to that tender and godly king (justly called the Josiah of his age), Edward VI., and send it to you for insertion in the "Gospel Standard," if you think it is suitable. It appears to me adapted for the present, as it gives instruction and caution respecting superstition, &c., the increase of which ought to be a source of lamentation to all the godly.

Yours very truly,

Lakenheath, Suffolk, Oct. 9, 1872.

JNO. CHAMBERLAIN.

Sire,—If I must excuse myself towards your Majesty for having used the boldness to dedicate those books which I now present to you, I would need to find an advocate to speak a word for me; for, so far would my letter be from having credit enough to do that, that it would even stand in need of a fresh excuse. And, indeed, as I never should have taken upon me to address the commentaries to you which I have published in your name, neither should I have ventured now to write to you, but for the confidence I had already conceived that both would be well received; for, inasmuch as, holding me to be among the number of those who are zealous for the advancement of the kingdom of the Son of God, you have not disdained to read what I did not specially present to your Majesty, I have thought that if, while serving Jesus Christ, my Master, I could likewise testify to the reverence and singular affection which I bear you, I could not fail to find a kind and courteous acceptance.

Moreover, Sire, holding myself assured that my letter will have such a reception from you as I desire, I shall not hesitate to pray and beseech you, in the name of him to whom you ascribe all authority and power, to take courage in following out what you have so well and happily begun, as well in your own person as in the state of your kingdom—namely, the consecration of all to God and to our blessed Saviour, who has so dearly purchased us. For, as regards general Reformation, it is not yet so well established as that it should be wise to look on it as achieved. And, in fact, it would be very difficult to purge in a day such an abyss of superstition as there is in the Papacy. Its root is too deep, and has expanded itself too widely, to get so soon to the bottom of it. But, whatever difficulties or delays there may be, the excellence of the work is well worthy of unwearying pursuit.

I have no doubt, Sire, but Satan will put many hindrances in the way before you to slacken your pace, and to make your zeal grow cold. Your subjects, for the most part, do not know the blessing which you procure for them. The great, who are raised to honour, are sometimes too wise in their own conceits to make much account of such work, far less to look to God at all. New and unexpected conflicts arise daily. Now I hope, indeed, Sire, that God has stored you with such greatness and

constancy of mind that you will neither be weakened nor wearied by all that; but the thing itself is of so great importance that it well deserves that one should apply to it far more than human strength and energy. Then, after all, when we shall have striven to the very uttermost, there will always remain more waiting to be done.

We see how, in the time of good king Josiah, who has the special testimony of the Holy Spirit that he approved himself a prince excellent in faith, in zeal, and in all godliness; nevertheless the prophet Zephaniah shows that there was still some remainder of bygone superstitions; yea, even in the city of Jerusalem. Even so, however you may labour with your council, Sire, you will find it very difficult completely to uproot all the mischief which would well deserve to be corrected; but this ought to be a great confirmation to animate and spur you on; and even if you should not accomplish all that could be desired, it is a very sufficient consolation to you when you hear that the pains which this good king took, is a service pleasing to God, insomuch that the Holy Spirit magnifies the Reformation effected by him, as if nothing more had been desired. Let me entreat you then, Sire, to reach forward to the mark which is set before you in the example of this godly king, that you may have the honour, not only of having overthrown impieties which are clearly repugnant to the honour and service of God, but also of having abolished and rased to the ground whatever serves merely to nourish superstition. For when God would praise, as with an open mouth, the faithful princes who have restored and again set up the purity of his service, he expressly adds this word, that they have also *taken away the high places*, that the memory of foolish devotions might be utterly obliterated.

True it is, Sire, that there are things indifferent which one may allowably tolerate. But then we must always carefully insist that simplicity and order be observed in the use of ceremonies, so that the clear light of the gospel be not obscured by them, as if we were still under the shadows of the law; and then that there may be nothing allowed that is not in agreement and conformity to the order established by the Son of God, and that the whole may serve and be suited to the edification of the church. For God does not allow his name to be trifled with,—mixing up silly frivolities with his holy and sacred ordinances. Then there are manifest abuses which cannot be endured, such as prayer for the souls of the departed, of putting forward to God the intercession of saints in our prayers, as also of joining them to God in invocation. I do not doubt, Sire, that you are aware that these are so many corruptions of true Christianity. I beseech you, in the name of God, that you may please look to that matter, so that the whole may be restored to a sound and wholesome state.

There is another point, Sire, of which you ought to take a special charge, namely, that the poor flocks may not be destitute

of pastors. Ignorance and barbarism have lain so heavy on this accursed Popery that it is not easy to obtain, all at once, men fit and duly qualified to discharge that office. Notwithstanding, the object is well worth pains, and that your officers, Sire, should have an eye upon it, as they ought. Without that, all the good and holy ordinances which you can make will scarce avail for the reformation of the heart in good earnest.

Further, inasmuch as the schools contain the seeds of the ministry, there is much need to keep them pure and thoroughly free from all ill weeds. I speak thus, Sire, because in your universities it is commonly said there are many young people supported on the college bursaries who, instead of giving good hope of service to the church, rather show an inclination to do mischief, and to ruin it, not even concealing that they are opposed to the true religion. Wherefore, Sire, I beseech you anew, in the name of God, that you may please to take order therein to the effect that property which ought to be held sacred be not converted to profane uses, and far less to nourish venomous reptiles, who would desire nought better than to infect everything for the future; for in this way the gospel would always be kept back by these schools, which ought to be the very pillars thereof.

Meanwhile, Sire, all honest hearts praise God and feel themselves greatly obliged to you that it has pleased you of your favour to grant churches to your subjects who use the French and German languages. In so far as regards the use of the sacraments and spiritual order, I hope that the permission which you have been pleased to confer upon them will bear fruit.

Howbeit, Sire, I cannot help beseeching once more, feeling so deeply how needful it is, not only that you would secure the rest and contentment of the godly who desire to serve God and to live peaceably in obedience to you, but also that you would restrain vagabond and dissolute people, should such withdraw into your kingdom. I know well, Sire, that you have people of distinguished learning at hand, who can make known to you these things by word of mouth far better than myself by writing; also, that in your council you have men of prudence and zeal to suggest all that is expedient. Among the others, I have no doubt that Monsieur the Duke of Somerset spares no trouble to follow out that wherein he has employed himself so faithfully hitherto. But I believe, Sire, that all that shall be no hindrance to prevent your kind reception of what you will recognize as proceeding from a like source.

To conclude, Sire. Forasmuch as I fear to have already wearied you with my tediousness, I pray you in respect of that, as in everything else, that you would please excuse and pardon me of your kind favour, to which very humbly I beg to be commended, having besought our gracious God and Father to maintain and uphold you in his holy protection, to guide you by his Spirit, and to cause his name to be more and more glorified by you.

Geneva, Jan., 1551.

JOHN CALVIN.

LETTER TO A SPIRITUAL CHURCH.

My very dear Friends and Brethren of the Church militant who met together for spiritual worship in prayer and praise, in the name of a precious Christ, on the past Sabbath, at C.,—The most unworthy of all the children of the Lord desires to write you a line, as the dear Lord saw fit to prevent his coming amongst you on last Lord's day to speak once more amongst you in the name of the Lord, through the inclemency of the weather. I do sincerely hope that the Lord was with you to revive and bless your waiting souls, and to make the place of his feet glorious. Blessings crown his name that he is not confined to poor earthen pitchers or broken ram's horns to convey a blessing unto his dear children, but can and does come, at times, amongst his praying people and bless them with prevailing cries at his dear mercy-seat, and make it a Sabbath day indeed unto their souls.

But, my dear friends, the time is fast approaching when there will be no more winds or waves, storms or tempests, to beat against Zion's pilgrims on their march through this waste, howling wilderness and desert land; no more temptations, afflictions, and sorrows, hard thoughts of the Lord's righteous dealings with us; no more disappointments, losses, and crosses, when all sorrowing and mourning will for ever flee away, and immortal rest and peace will fill the redeemed souls, and they be for ever like unto their dearest Lord and Saviour. O, my brethren, what will it be, what *can* it be, to be for ever in that blissful home, and in the light and presence of that dear Saviour that we, by our sins and transgressions, have spit upon, blindfolded, and buffeted, crowned with thorns, and nailed to the cross, having brought down all the vials of Jehovah's wrath upon his precious, holy, innocent body and soul? O, is he not worth taking up our cross for, and bearing it after him, enduring afflictions, and having a share of the crown of thorns and bitter herbs, and continuing with him in his temptations, and passing through fire and water here below, seeing what a blissful home, mansion of bliss, and eternal weight of glory awaits the dear children of God? And though they may often lose their evidences, waymarks, and hills Mizar, and mists of doubts and fears may hide the goodly land from their view, yet he hath said, "I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your sorrow shall be turned into joy." He does then revive us as the corn, and make us grow as the vine, and enable us to cast forth our roots in Lebanon, and, at times, cause his word of truth to drop as the rain, and his speech to distil as the dew, because he will be glorified in his saints; for he is the Rock on which his church shall build all her hope for time and eternity. His work is perfect, a God unchanging, full of judgment, truth, and mercy, and still leading on his redeemed people amidst all the changing scenes of time. He sits at the helm of all affairs both in providence and grace, and ever remains the same unchanging, eternal, and everlasting Triune Jehovah in

his purposes of grace and mercy; nor shall ever a poor lamb or weakling in Zion be left behind; for his eye of love and mercy is ever over them. He gathers them in his dear arms, and carries them in his bosom, and gently leads every travailing soul.

May the Lord pour out his blessed Spirit upon you as a church, and make all his goodness pass before you, send you help from the sanctuary, and strengthen you out of Zion, strengthen your weak hands, confirm your feeble knees, and hold you up as burning and shining lights to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints, and constrain you to stand apart and be decided for the truth as it is in Jesus, having your loins girt about therewith and your lights burning, meetened and prepared for the coming of your blessed Bridegroom, being built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone.

Please to give my kind love to Mr. B., and tell him that if we never meet together any more on earth to drink of the fruit of the vine around the table of our dearest Lord, we hope to drink it new in our Father's kingdom above, and for ever cast our crowns at the feet of that dear Saviour who ransomed our souls out of the hands of both law and justice, and opened the door of mercy and hope through his suffering, cross, and death.

My very kind love to all that love the dear Lord Jesus in sincerity and truth. Ever yours in the best Bonds,
Market Lavington, 1873. JOSEPH TOPP.

THE WEARY SOUL.

COME, weary soul, approach your God;
Plead the Saviour's precious blood;
Confess your guilt, and look to him;
'Tis he alone can pardon sin.

By grace divine you see your state;
'Tis God that brought you to his feet;
Or you would still be dead and blind;
No Saviour you would ever find.

But grace, free grace, you're made to feel,
To melt your heart and stubborn will.
No weary soul will he deceive;
In God's own time you will believe.

No deeds of yours doth he accept,
To pay your great enormous debt.
The work of Jesus, not your own,
Can for your numerous sins atone.

Such wondrous grace! O lend an ear!
In trusting this you've nought to fear.
Build here, though you may weary be.
In Christ you'll find salvation free.

MINISTERIAL REMINISCENCES.

TWENTY years or upwards ago, while situated in the north of England, I frequently preached at the village of P., near W. The inhabitants were of a rough, coarse character, composed generally of colliers and nail-makers. Our meeting-place was an upper room, over a stable, at the back of an inn. It was a very humble, unpretending temple of the living God, but was consecrated by the God of all grace in the descent of the Holy Ghost in his almighty power, unction, dew, and mercy. In it the pure gospel was preached doctrinally, experimentally, and practically; sinners being called manifestively, pardoned, and justified, saints built up on their most holy faith, backsliding souls brought back to the fold of Christ, and banished ones restored. Many who heard believed, were baptized, and added to the church; many who will be found at last eternally saved. A church was formed on gospel Strict Baptist principles, and eventually a chapel was built, and paid for. The present minister, being one born and brought up in the neighbourhood, called under the word in the old room, began to speak among his brethren. He is greatly helped in the work of the ministry, much beloved by the friends, and greatly respected by the hearers and people generally. It is a flourishing cause, and well attended,—a gathering of inquiring, seeking, God-fearing souls, attending from many miles round.

The circumstances to which I more particularly allude took place a few years after the commencement of this place of worship; but it was not until about two years after the facts took place that they were communicated to the writer.

Preaching very frequently in the afore-named room, I generally remained till the afternoon of Monday,—in the forenoon visiting some of the friends, and after dinner walking to W., taking the train home, near 30 miles distant. Resting a little one day after dinner, one of the friends came into the house I then made my home, and said he was going down to W. I said, "Then I will walk with you." He replied, "I have come on purpose." We had not gone many steps before my friend began referring to certain observations I made from the pulpit the day before, which were in reference to a man's call by God to the ministry, and what was the true evidence. I stated the only true and certain testimony of any person being sent of God to preach was the fact that God owned and blessed his labours to the spiritual deliverance, comfort, and edification of the souls of the people of God, observing at the same time all considerations short of the above were nothing, and would prove nothing in the end. "Feed my sheep" is the ministerial command. Again: "Feed the church of God over which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers." Again: "Feed the flock of slaughter." Again: "Feed my sheep; feed my lambs." Again, the Lord hath said by Jer. (iii. 15): "And I will give you pastors according to my heart, which shall feed you with knowledge and understanding." The

Lord by the same prophet (xxiii. 32) declares of teachers, "Behold, I am against them that prophesy false dreams, saith the Lord, and do tell them, and cause my people to err by their lies, and by their lightness; yet I have sent them not, nor commanded them; therefore they shall not profit this people at all, saith the Lord." In my discourse I asked, "But how are the Lord's servants to know their labours are not in vain, but blessed of the Lord?" I replied, "The Lord, upon whose shoulders the government hangs" (Isa. ix. 6), "will see to all matters being arranged to the most perfect minutiae. In his infinite wisdom he will so order that now and then he will cause his servants to ascertain just so much of their usefulness as shall comfort their minds, hold up their hands, and strengthen their knees in the ministry; so that they may not sink too low as to speak no more in the Lord's name, and give up altogether, and yet be kept from pride, from being lifted up above measure.

It is sometimes the cry of the true shepherds of Israel, "Who hath believed our report? And to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?" Blessed be God, there are other times when they are enabled to "thank God and take courage." I have generally found, during thirty years' experience, whenever I have been shut up in prison in my feelings, cast down, burdened, and distressed in my soul, dark and benighted in mind, no text, yet the Bible full of texts, and the Lord at such a distance feelingly that I could not get near him and he did not draw near to me,—then is the time to pray and cry for help, grace, and mercy to be given. O! What grief, pain, anxiety, and weight upon the mind! I have truly felt pain at my heart, as truly as ever I felt pain in any other part of the body; yet I can say, to the honour of God, and the faithfulness of his promises, the Lord always at such times appeared for my help, and gave me a word of a solemn nature to say to the people, and it has proved a blessed time to myself and also the people. "Having obtained help of God, I continue to this day." The true minister of the gospel will have his wages. He is "worthy of his hire;" and to know that the Lord owns and blesses his labours to the souls of his dear people is no trifling part of those wages. How it humbles the ambassador of the cross to think the Lord should so honour him who feels less than the least of all saints and the chief of sinners to be employed in the gospel ministry, of being an instrument in the Lord's hands in blessing souls.

"All the glory, all the glory, Lord, is thine."

"Let him that is taught in the word communicate unto him that teacheth in all good things." (Gal. vi. 6.)

My friend then said, "From what you spoke yesterday upon this point, I feel constrained to call upon you and communicate to you the following particulars: Some considerable time ago, when preaching for us, you left the room during the singing of the second hymn for a few minutes, and on returning, and the singing being ended, you arose, and, before giving out your text,

spoke as follows: 'My friends, I came here with a text to speak from, and had meditated upon it, and expected to speak from it; but while I was absent the few minutes while you were singing, I tried to remember the words of the text I should be called on so speedily to speak from, but it had entirely vanished and gone from my memory, neither could I remember any leading particulars of it. I became perplexed and excited, and knew not what to do or what to say. The Lord came to my relief by bringing to my mind a portion of his word I had read at the commencement of the service, which was Ps. lxxix. 29: 'But I am poor and sorrowful. Let thy salvation, O God, set me up on high;' the Lord taking away my text and giving me his. I further observed, 'What the Lord means to do by such a singular interposition I know not; but it is the first time I was ever placed in such a dilemma. Perhaps the future will explain the matter.'

I remembered the circumstances when related, though they had been forgotten by me. My friend said, "I could have called out in the midst of the people, 'I know the reason now;' but I did not like to speak in public; and being naturally shy and diffident, I have never mentioned the matter since. It was your preaching yesterday that has brought me to speak about it now." My friend continued the narrative, saying, "The day previous (Saturday) I was greatly cast down in my feelings, through a sense of my state as a sinner before God. My soul was cast down within me, together with my many difficulties, trials, temptations, and sorrows. I tried to cry, beg, pray, and wrestle with the Lord to ease me of my burden, give me a sense of his pardoning mercy, and reveal to me an interest in his great salvation; but my wretchedness remained. My helplessness was complete, and I knew not what to do. I went to bed, and got up on Lord's day morning the same, mourning and lamenting my fearful state. On going across the fields from my house to the room, I was led to pray thus: 'O Lord, if thy servant I am hoping to hear to-day has come with a text and sermon not suited to my case, and which thou wilt not bless to my soul, take them away from him; give him such as are just suited to my case, and add thy blessing therewith.' When you had spoken what the Lord had done, thus so strikingly answered was my poor prayer, I could have got up and declared as David did: 'Come unto me, all ye that fear God, and I will declare unto you what he hath done for my soul.' The text and sermon were blessed abundantly to me."

My friend also said, "After this great deliverance, I had to encounter a very sharp trial. The enemy of souls set upon me thus: 'How deceived you must be! How dare you think the Lord would hear your prayer to cause his servant to forget both his text and sermon in order to please you? What! Your poor, stammering prayers, of which you often feel ashamed? Nothing of the kind. It cannot be; you are deceived altogether, and you will prove it so at last. You know and acknowledge before God what a vile, ungodly sinner you are, and you know God hath

said in his word, "The sacrifice of the wicked is an abomination to the Lord," and you know you are wicked."

The very trial proves the reality. Those who suffer no trials have no changes; and they are they that fear not God. The devil lets those alone who have nothing to try. An untried faith is not the faith of God's elect. God's people are a tried, tempted, plagued, cast down, trembling, doubting and fearing, poor and needy people, yet, at times, they are made to rejoice, and praise and bless the Lord. They go hobbling on until the end,

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

Some time afterwards my friend and his wife were baptized and added to the church, and are now walking in the ordinances of God's house, circumspect and upright in their walk in the precepts of the gospel, honourable members, through grace, of the church militant, meek and quiet followers of the meek and lowly Jesus.

God will have his own, though Paul has to be thrust into the inner prison that the jailer of Philippi might be brought forth. According to the duties of his office, the jailer could not attend upon the means of grace and hear the gospel preached; therefore the gospel must be preached unto him by the apostles being cast into prison. "Behold, I will bring them from the north, and gather them from the coasts of the earth, and with them the blind and the lame, the woman with child, and her that travaileth with child together; a great company shall return thither. They shall come with weeping, and with supplications will I lead them. I will cause them to walk by the rivers of waters in a straight way, wherein they shall not stumble; for I am a Father to Israel, and Ephraim is my first-born.

Croydon, Feb. 5, 1873.

J. F.

A BLESSED TRANSFER.

I SHALL call your attention this morning to that portion of the word recorded in the 5th chapter of the Second Epistle to the Corinthians, and the last verse: "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, friends, religion is a personal thing, and we must have it and know it for ourselves, and not another for us; and if there be before me this morning a self-righteous character that is trusting in his own free will and merit; that is, in duty-faith, duty-repentance, creature-piety, creature-holiness, alms-giving, or in any of the routine of a natural religion, these words, as yet, are not for you; they are not applicable. But if there be before me this morning a sensible sinner who is sick of sin, who is condemned, according to his own feeling, both by law and gospel and his own conscience, whose mouth is stopped, his sins being a heavy burden; who is filled with fear and trembling, and has

concluded that he is a lost, hell-deserved sinner, and that there is no hope for him in God; yet whose language is, "My sighing cometh before I eat, and my groanings are not hid from thee;" "God be merciful to me, a sinner;" "Lord, save, or I perish;" "Lord, help me;" "O Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me;" "Lord, I would believe; help thou my unbelief;" my text this morning is for you, because you bear the marks of a gospel sinner; and for such God the Father has made Christ to be sin, by imputing their sins unto him, and for such Christ has died, the just for the unjust, to bring them unto God. "In that he died, he died unto sin once." By which I understand that he made an end of it, carried it into a land of forgetfulness, to be remembered against thee no more for ever. He has buried sin, thy sin, poor sinner, in the depth of the sea of his own blood; so that now if it is sought for it shall not be found. And for thy comfort, poor sinner, God has said, "I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy transgressions and as a cloud thy sins. Return unto me; for I have redeemed thee. Sing, O heavens, for the Lord hath done it. Shout, ye lower parts of the earth, for the Lord hath redeemed Jacob and glorified himself in Israel.

Now, poor sinner, if the Holy Ghost has taught thee to see thy sin and sinfulness, he has taught thee that thy best righteousnesses are as filthy rags, and also given thee a hungering and thirsting after a better righteousness; and that better righteousness is in my text. And as God the Father has imputed thy sins to Christ, he has also imputed Christ's righteousness to thee. For "this is the name whereby he shall be called, The Lord our righteousness." But this righteousness is not that passive righteousness which he (Christ) had as an attribute of his eternal Godhead, but an active righteousness which he wrought out in our nature by his obedience to the law, and which he puts upon his people, and thus becomes the end of the law for righteousness to them. Now, poor sinner, if the Holy Ghost has blessed thee with a saving faith whereby thou canst lay claim to Christ in his blood and righteousness, what a field of delight lies before thee, wherein, as the Lord is pleased, thou shalt see that thou art blessed and chosen in Christ, loved and adopted in Christ, justified and accepted in Christ, redeemed and saved by him with an everlasting salvation. Now what an insult to God and to common sense to teach that after God in his Trinity of Persons had done all these great things for us, we may yet perish in our sins. This cannot be. Amen.

G. MORTON.

Dunham, Oct. 25, 1868.

CROSSES and afflictions are the common lot of the people of God in this world. Our Lord has told us that we shall meet with tribulation. Every saint has his own particular difficulty, temptation, and conflict to grapple with. We have need to be emptied from vessel to vessel. We are too apt to settle on our lees, too apt to be taken with the vanities of this passing world.—*Berridge*.

TO A DOUBTING BROTHER.

I WAS very glad to receive, on Friday last, your kind letters of March 25th and 30th, my very dear brother in our precious and ever-to-be-adored Lord Jesus Christ, in whom *we* believe, who is our all and everything for all and for everything. I was most anxious to hear again from you, after your letter of the 11th of the same month. Neither myself nor any of the Lord's dear humbled *poor* followers, to whom I read your letters, can see anything in you but the true signs and marks of a child of God; and one and all with myself find and feel their hearts drawn out to you in meek Christian love and affection. Their language is, "I can pray for that dear man, though I never saw him. He is one of God's own." Their souls are with you in all your trials, afflictions, and troubles. This was made manifest on Friday last, when eight of the Lord's dear own spiritual children spent the afternoon with me, after having attended the Lord's house in the forenoon; for which purpose they had come a long distance, most of them above 20 miles. I read to them from your letters which I had received since some of them were at Elmley before; and much interested were they in all that concerned you. There was but one feeling and one opinion expressed, and that was of much Christian love and affection. This was made manifest when at prayer. My soul was led out to pray for you, having been just before reading your letters, and talking of you. I felt the most earnest supplications to possess me in your behalf. I could bear you and all that concerned you on my soul before the gracious God. My whole soul went with every word I uttered. Indeed, what I uttered was from the soul. It was the mouth speaking out of the abundance of the heart; and if any poor dear souls ever joined in sincerity and truth in any prayer ever put up by another, these poor dear people did on that occasion join with me in every word I was enabled to utter in your behalf. I said to them what I can say to you, that I can much more easily apply to yourself what you say of me in your letter, and take to myself all that you say respecting your own self. The only thing wherein I can see that we differ is that you have a much more lively spiritual feeling and sense of your own depravity and corruption than I have of mine; and that if you were to see yourself as I see and know myself to be, your feelings of dissatisfaction and doubt respecting yourself would be ten times greater than they are. I do not feel as you feel; I cannot conceive of you in the light I see myself; but you feel your state and condition, while I seem incapable of rightly feeling mine.

There is but one source from whence a poor sensible sinner, self-condemned, feeling the power of indwelling sin in its evil, either to the extent that you do or as I feel, can get any assurance or confidence before God, and this not in himself or from himself, but solely from what he sees and knows of Jesus Christ, as through a faith of the operation of God in his soul; and no

other faith can possibly see and apprehend the real Christ of God. It is here and nowhere else that there is any ground of confidence or hope before God. It is all Christ, as the appointed All and Everything to the child of God. The new nature is complete in him,—*perfect*, possessed of the holiness of Christ, holy as he is holy, perfect as his heavenly Father is perfect. But not so in the old unchanged carnal devilish nature. "I know," says Paul, "that in me, that is, in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing; for to will is present with me, but how to perform that which is good I find not." This is according to what the Lord himself said of his disciples: "The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak." This is the true condition of every child of God. If he looks for any one good thing from himself, he will not find it; *not one*. "In me, that is, in my flesh, dwelleth *no good thing*." In this state you must be dead to the law, wholly, completely, entirely, altogether dead to the law. "I through the law am dead to the law, that I might live unto God."

You cannot serve God under the law, nor according to the law, nor in a law spirit. Neither can you judge of yourself according to such a spirit. If you do, you will and must be condemned. The law is the ministry of condemnation. It was so to Adam, and the whole human race in Adam. The mere living soul cannot stand the law's test or the law's trial. Unsupported and upheld by God, the living soul could not stand the law's trial. It failed, completely failed. This is taught us in and by the fall of man and angels. When the apostle says, "Sin shall not have dominion over you," he assigns as the reason: "For ye are not under the law, but under grace." Under the law, sin got the dominion of upright Adam.

Now every man that is not under the law, but under grace, is a child of God. It is not what he is in himself. Whatsoever he may be in himself, and know himself to be in himself, that does not alter his position. If he were an angel of light *in himself* to-day, it would not keep him from being a child and inhabitant of hell to-morrow, if left to himself under the law's test and trial of him. To the child of grace it is not what he is in himself, but what he is and has in Christ, what God has made Christ to be unto him. Whatever he finds in himself, or whatever he is in himself, it does not, it cannot make any difference here. The question here is: "Is the grace of Christ sufficient?" That is the question, and the only question, that faith asks or that faith can reply to. While faith never asks that question nor attempts to answer that question, but as it sees and apprehends Christ, it can bring nothing to meet all the inquiries, doubts, and fears of unbelief in the natural mind of the child of God but as it obtains them from its own view and apprehension of Christ. Paul prayed thrice that the thorn in his flesh, whatever it was—and it signifies nothing to us what it was, might be taken away. The Lord refused to grant him his petition, but told him what was ten thousand times more to the purpose: "My grace is sufficient for

thee." What says the apostle to this? "I will therefore rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me." Here was a great thing wrought thus in the apostle. The apostle learnt, and we may also learn, that mere deliverance is not of such importance to us as having right views and right apprehensions of the Lord Jesus Christ. Mere deliverance oftentimes only produces pride and self-sufficiency in a man, the greatest enemies that the gospel has in the soul of a sinner. But a realizing sense of no deliverance but by the grace of Christ, and a being obliged to wait at his feet for this deliverance, to cry and pray, day after day, while he does not hear, is a real trial of faith. It puts it to the test; proves what it is we do know of Christ. If I thought I had all the evidence in the world that I was a child of God, but no real acquaintance with the all-sufficiency of the grace of Christ, what would it be compared with faith's view of Jesus? This is the great thing to know and to be assured of. Here it is that faith exercises itself. If it does not exercise itself here, where does it exercise itself? If you are a real child of God, and I doubt it not for a moment, at this spot you will have to be till faith and hope are no more needed, and charity comes into its full exercise. Only a few short intervals will you have in which your faith will not be tried, so as that the all-sufficiency of the grace of Christ believed in will be your only hope and confidence before God.

The life that a child of God lives in the flesh he lives by the faith of the Son of God, as he who loved him and gave himself for him; and the only satisfying evidence you can have that Christ loved you and gave himself for you is in the way of believing in him. There is no other way. A sensibly-helpless sinner has no other refuge but this; and it is the work of God in his soul. "This is the work of God, that ye believe in him whom he hath sent." God will not admit a sinner to his sensible favour, nor to heaven, any other road but this. "I am the way, the truth, and the life. No man cometh unto the Father but by me."

We are in ourselves sinners; nothing else but lost, undone, perishing sinners. As such we can be saved in Christ of pure sovereign grace, and nothing else; and this, not by mending the old carnal, corrupt nature, but as we are found in Christ, not having any righteousness of our own, but only that which is of God through faith. What discoveries are made to us of what we are in ourselves, to drive us from ourselves and draw us to Christ. What soul-humbling work it is, to be worshipping God, serving him in his ordinances, called saints, ridiculed for our over-strictness, hated of all men for the name of Christ, and all the time nothing in our own view and estimation but hell-deserving, hell-fitted sinners, sensibly and feelingly so, going mourning all the day long, our wounds stinking and corrupt, far beyond what we know of any other sinner on earth.

It is so, my dear brother. Not a spark of evidence in, or from, or of ourselves that we are aught but hell-deserving, hell-fitted sinners; helpless, lost, undone, and perishing in ourselves, prone to

look for something good in ourselves; and the less we can find, the more we search; still nothing but evil,—evil in our words, evil in our thoughts, evil in our actions, and that continually. If God but withdraw his Spirit, if he but leave us for a moment, what find we? Evil in ourselves, and nothing but evil. It is so. What can *we* do then? Where are our prayers? Where any holy thoughts? Where anything but what is evil? We are then to our own feeling-sense earthly, carnal, sensual, devilish. We are a burden to our own selves. We groan, being burdened. Comfort ourselves we cannot. We are shut out from all comfort. Every source of real spiritual comfort fails us. We cannot help ourselves, neither can any other help us. All human help and means utterly fail us. I know it is so. But none but God's own dear children, the called of his chosen ones, were ever found at this spot. None other know the want of the real comfort which cometh of God only, through the Lord Jesus, by the work in us and upon us of him who is specially styled the Comforter.

It is so. Those who know anything of these things in themselves, these are of the Lord's tried family in the earth. These want, these sensibly feel their need of that comfort, spiritual, divine comfort, wherewith God comforteth his own and none others. "I will leave in the midst of thee an afflicted and a poor people; and they shall trust in the name of the Lord."

Now my dear, very dear brother, these are for the most part poor as it regards the things of this world, and afflicted very many of them in body; but all of them poor in spirit,—poor spiritually; nothing but what they receive; no store of grace, or faith, or love, or good in themselves; nothing of this kind, none of these things can be laid by to-day for to-morrow. To their own feeling sense it is often they have not enough for to-day, much less anything to lay by for to-morrow.

Yes; and they are afflicted in soul. You know what soul-afflictions are. It is the Lord, dear brother, that heals these. Nobody else can, and nobody else does. Many set us to heal these for ourselves, and others send us to this set-up physician and the other, this minister and the other, this young preacher and all his human attainments, this fleshly-wise and fleshly-confident ignorant zealot. But the really wounded and afflicted soul, wounded and afflicted by the law, finds no healing waters in any of their streams. It is the Lord that has wounded, and it is the Lord only that can make whole. How precious to such is the balm of Gilead when found by them! The truth, the real truth, is in Jesus. Jesus, and Jesus only, applied to that wounded soul by the blessed Spirit, is alone able to heal. He, and he only, is the Physician that can heal a soul wounded by God; and this as he has all the medicine in himself, and opens himself to them, and makes them partakers of his grace.

Dear, very dear brother and fellow-partaker in all these things of which we thus write, in the purity, in the affection of which we thus speak, Paul says, "I am crucified with Christ; never-

thee." What says the apostle to this? "I will therefore rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me." Here was a great thing wrought thus in the apostle. The apostle learnt, and we may also learn, that mere deliverance is not of such importance to us as having right views and right apprehensions of the Lord Jesus Christ. Mere deliverance oftentimes only produces pride and self-sufficiency in a man, the greatest enemies that the gospel has in the soul of a sinner. But a realizing sense of no deliverance but by the grace of Christ, and a being obliged to wait at his feet for this deliverance, to cry and pray, day after day, while he does not hear, is a real trial of faith. It puts it to the test; proves what it is we do know of Christ. If I thought I had all the evidence in the world that I was a child of God, but no real acquaintance with the all-sufficiency of the grace of Christ, what would it be compared with faith's view of Jesus? This is the great thing to know and to be assured of. Here it is that faith exercises itself. If it does not exercise itself here, where does it exercise itself? If you are a real child of God, and I doubt it not for a moment, at this spot you will have to be till faith and hope are no more needed, and charity comes into its full exercise. Only a few short intervals will you have in which your faith will not be tried, so as that the all-sufficiency of the grace of Christ believed in will be your only hope and confidence before God.

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Yes; and they are afflicted in soul. You know what soul-afflictions are. It is the Lord, dear brother, that heals these. Nobody else can, and nobody else does. Many set us to heal these for ourselves, and others send us to this set-up physician and the other, this minister and the other, this young preacher and all his human attainments, this fleshly-wise and fleshly-confident ignorant zealot. But the really wounded and afflicted soul, wounded and afflicted by the law, finds no healing waters in any of their streams. It is the Lord that has wounded, and it is the Lord only that can make whole. How precious to such is the balm of Gilead when found by them! The truth, the real truth, is in Jesus. Jesus, and Jesus only, applied to that wounded soul by the blessed Spirit, is alone able to heal. He, and he only, is the Physician that can heal a soul wounded by God; and this as he has all the medicine in himself, and opens himself to them, and makes them partakers of his grace.

Dear, very dear brother and fellow-partaker in all these things of which we thus write, in the purity, in the affection of which we thus speak, Paul says, "I am crucified with Christ; never-

theless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." This is the death to the law of which he speaks when he says, "I through the law am dead to the law that I might live unto God." Now no man can live unto God but as Christ liveth in him; and Christ liveth in none but those who are dead to the law. A man cannot be alive to the law; that is, be seeking heaven and God's favour by his obedience to the law, and at the same time have Christ manifestively living in him. No deliverance from the law is needful to felt union with Christ in our serving of God. Christ purchased his people, given to him of God the Father in eternity, from under the law, from all connexion with the law, that he might manifest and declare them to be sons of God by adoption and grace, and not by the works of the law. In this way it is the Lord's own are said to be not under the law, but under grace.

Sin hath reigned in man unto death, and will reign unto eternal death in all not delivered from under the law and brought under grace. But in those thus delivered, where sin hath abounded, grace shall much more abound; that as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign, through righteousness, unto eternal life. You will find it so, my very dear brother, in the Lord's own good time. And if ever I reach the heavenly abode, I have not a doubt but I shall spend an eternity in bliss in company with yourself. You are one of God's own dear chosen and called ones.

I remain, with much Christian Love and Affection,

Yours in the ever-blessed adorable Lord,

Elmley, near Wakefield, April 12, 1849.

ROBERT PYM.

[Mr. Pym, as is well known, was a minister in the Church of England. O that, if it were the Lord's will, there were such a one in every parish in the land!]

A HOPE BEYOND THE GRAVE.

THERE is a time when I must go

Beneath the flowing wave;

O may I have, while here below,

A hope beyond the grave.

To God I soon shall have to yield

The breath that first he gave;

May Jesus be in me reveal'd,—

My hope beyond the grave.

From Thee, Almighty Saviour, now

This blessing I would crave:

A light in darkness, Lord, be thou,—

A hope beyond the grave.

Thy voice alone must bid me live;

No other arm can save;

No other power but thine can give

A hope beyond the grave.

TO A SISTER IN THE FAITH.

My dear Sister in Jesus,—Your kind and welcome letter came safe to hand this morning. I find thereby that you are in the path of tribulation. This is the way to the kingdom. Our heavenly Father knoweth we have need of these things.

“Trials must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,
This is happiness to me.”

The enclosed I send accompanied with my feeble prayers that the Lord may bless the perusal thereof to your soul. Mr. Philpot is evidently one of the Lord's own sent servants. I had the privilege of hearing him a fortnight ago.

Should the Lord enable you to see your way to Sudbury, we would make you welcome in our humble way. I am not able to say aught about my going to Clare. I feel myself in the Lord's hands. I should love to meet you there if the Lord's will. I am only at home with the Lord's poor and afflicted family. I can generally recognize them by their complaints. I love their company. Let proud professors make much ado, my soul, come not thou into their secret.

I beseech you, dear sister, to remember me in your prayers, that I may be supported under my peculiar trials. The devil has for the last three months thrust sore at me; but the Lord was and is my stay. None but the Lord and my soul know what I have passed through. Certain I am, nothing short of almighty power could have caused me to stand; and now I am in truth more afraid of myself, my wicked self, than I am of the devil. Salvation is of the Lord, and his tried family know it, too.

“Grace taught my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I need,
While travelling home to God.”

Your remarks on the religion of the present day are too true. Alas for man! He delights in a religion that shuts God out of the scene; but Christianity delights to mark his footsteps. The poor world is full of religion, and the devil rejoices in it. They are under his delusions. O what a mercy to be a sensible sinner! It is the majesty of God to make a saint, and to him shall redound all the glory.

May the Lord the Spirit reveal a precious Christ unto you, and cause you to triumph in his dear name. My God shall supply all your needs. He will not let you fail of one good thing. O sister, what a faithful, covenant-keeping God is our God. “Happy art thou, O Israel!” well might the man of God exclaim. “Who so favoured as thou?”

May the Lord grant you to realize your standing in his love. Grace assigns the elect of God a place from which sin, death, nor

hell can ever remove them; nor shall all the corruption we groan under turn our dear Surety's heart away. O bless the Lord, my soul! To his dear name be praise.

The dear Lord is blessing his word here. O what wondrous grace.

The God of Jacob bless thee, my sister. So prays

Yours in the best of Bonds,

Sudbury, July 19, 1859.

M. PLAICE.

TO AN AFFLICTED FRIEND.

My dear old Friend,—I am glad to find you are feeling a little better again. You have enough about you to make your hands hang down, your knees feeble, and your heart faint; but, "He giveth power to the faint." None such a giver as the Lord Jesus! What may we not expect from him who owns heaven and earth, the silver and the gold, and the cattle upon a thousand hills? He gave himself for his dear church. "He that spared not his own Son, but freely delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?"

There is one particular thing he gives with infinite delight to himself,—a delight which he alone can fully enter into and realize, namely, mercy. "He delighteth in mercy." This is a soul-reviving truth. I feel a little of it now. To think the holy and eternal God, against whom we have sinned so much and so long, should delight in giving such sinners his mercy, truly it is wonderful! Contrast the Giver of it with the receiver of it.

If the Holy Ghost dwell in your soul you will often feel welling up in your heart the cry of the publican, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" Well, be sure when you feel this you are asking for what God delights to bestow. Tell him he has said it. Put him in remembrance. He will not frown upon you for so doing. Jesus, the merciful High Priest of our profession, is busily engaged in your behalf, pleading his precious blood before the throne. His blood has a loud voice and must be heard. It will not be long ere you will see him in his glory, sit on his throne, and enter into his joy. Were he to let down much of this into your soul now, the vessel would burst and away the spirit would fly, breaking through the "mud-walled cottage." O what must it be to be for ever with the Lord!

Friend, the ground is solid under our feet. The Rock, *this* Rock, will never give way. All else will; but the ever-precious Jesus, his grace, mercy, truth, and love, his righteousness and glory, will last for ever. Tell the devil he is a liar, that you do not care a bit for him when you can sing:

"Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress."

"Resist the devil and he will flee from you."

Yours lovingly,

Tethbury, Oct. 12, 1872.

F. FARVIS.

JOHN RUSK'S DIARY.

(Continued from page 180.)

Monday, Sept. 16, 1816.—I sensibly felt the Lord with me when going to the warehouse, though I cannot now describe it. A fresh hand was set down to work by me; but O how was I carried away with a talking worldly spirit.

Tuesday, 17th.—When I awoke I was so distressed about the day before, that from the bottom of my heart I cried, groaned, and confessed to the Lord for a long time while in bed. This was real heart work. I was in downright earnest; and it is a comfort to me, at times, that I have really found my heart engaged with God. I cried from a real sense of my need of his power to keep me; for I felt and do feel myself almost carried away with every temptation, as weak as water, and I cannot in the smallest measure stand against one enemy. These feelings sometimes occasion real, fervent cries to the Lord, and a pleading every promise that comes into my mind. I was much better after this while going to the warehouse, but finished the day with grief and sorrow of heart because of the roughness of the way.

Wednesday, 18th.—I felt much sweetness in the morning as I was going to the warehouse. At first I felt much averse to my mate's talking; but he drew me on by degrees, for we have everything of this world in us, so that there is not much difficulty in getting into their spirit; but it is impossible to draw them into our spirit without a supernatural power.

I finished my sail at four o'clock, and my mate will have hard work to finish his to go away in the cart in the morning. After I had bid him good day it was suggested to me, "You ought to have offered to assist him with his sail." And O how this distressed me! I was tempted to go back and ask him. Again it came, "If you don't, you will hear of it by the people of the trade;" and, thinking as if I heard them talking about me, I felt inwardly wounded. I wonder what these feelings are? Whether this is law work or whether it is temptation, I am ignorant of, but it is truly distressing; and I feel it more or less every day. O! My path is a painful one. So I settled it to go soon in the morning and help the man, whether I got anything for it or not. I went to bed very poorly.

Thursday, 19th.—As the day comes so troubles come, for man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward; and God's children are sure to have their share; for through much tribulation they must enter the kingdom. I awoke very poorly, and should have liked to have lain till breakfast time, but was afraid the man would be behind with his work; so I got up and went to the warehouse and helped the man, and we got the sail off in good time. Mr. Heath promised to see me again at one o'clock, but kept me waiting, doing nothing, and at half-past three o'clock I shut up the warehouse and came home, so there's another day

lost, not earning a halfpenny; for, though I was an hour doing his work, I know he will not pay me for it. Lord, help me, for I know not what to do; no money, and so much in debt, and how people will be paid is a mystery to me. My head aches very much.

Friday, 20th.—I went down to the warehouse, hoping Mr. H. would cut the sail out, but was deceived; for, after waiting there two hours, he told me there would be no work that day, though he might have given me some; so I went home, then to Stepney for mother's money, then took Mary's box to Oxford Street, then went to Mr. B., dined, drank tea, and returned home, having walked about eighteen miles.

Saturday, 21st.—I got the sail, after I had waited about three hours, and took £1, which was 12s. 6d. more than I had earned.

Sunday, 22nd.—I went out with a sweet peace, which, as I walked, I considered proved me to be in possession of the best things. These meditations are sweet. I heard Mr. Burgwin; text, Eph. iii. 17–19; and two blessed discourses they were. I then walked towards the eating-house, hardly liking to lay the money out, as we had so little; and unexpectedly a woman called me to stop, and said she had been running till she was out of breath. She asked me to dinner. I thanked her, and accepted of the invitation. She said it was only some lamb and broth; but it was very acceptable to me. I dined and drank tea, went to chapel, and returned home.

Monday, 23rd.—I have been very ill in body all the afternoon, and my wife too, being greatly tried for money. Ah, Lord! Help us!

Wednesday, 25th.—I awoke in the morning soon, and had a sweet view of the Lord Jesus Christ, in much humility and brokenness of spirit, as my all; and I meditated on those words of the apostle: "For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." O how precious it is when Jesus visits us, when we are so broken down and every other refuge fails. He is a true Friend that loveth at all times; and I find by daily experience a growing acquaintance, both as it respects my wants and also of Jesus; for he is pleased to bring me into such troubles that I cannot do a moment without him.

Thursday, 26th.—I awoke at three o'clock, and had a view of Jesus in his sufferings. O how precious these visits are! But I cannot relate it now as I could have done at the time. At twelve o'clock I went to Drapers' Hall, to speak in behalf of my mother continuing in the house; but it was not settled, and will not be for a month. We are greatly tried in providence; but all things work together for good. The bitter must go with the sweet. If I was a stranger to the trials I should know nothing of these blessed visits from the Lord Jesus; and we must sink very deep to prove these things.

Saturday, 28th.—I have been ill all day, though at the warehouse. I did not get to work till ten o'clock, Mr. Heath not cut-

ting the sail, and he only allowed me one hour for all my time. What a dreadful thing oppression is! Those that oppress the hirelings in their wages God says he will be a swift witness against them. I received £1 10s. 1½d., taking 7s. on account. I have worked in great bodily weakness to-day. My mother is bent on our leaving the house, which appears very cruel; for she does not want the room. Lord, pardon me if I am wrong in my judgment of her. Lord, have mercy on her, for she certainly is awfully deceived. She tells people that she will get us out, and she knows how hard we have been put to it, how we are in debt, and I so much out of work; but David says, "When father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up;" by which I suppose he had some such experience.

Sunday, 29th.—I went to Conway Street. It poured with rain all the way, so I got very wet, and found no good in hearing. It did not appear weighty to me, though it was sound speech that could not be condemned. When I came out I saw Mrs. Dalziel, and told her I was very wet. She asked me to go with her and dry myself, and have some dinner. I refused twice, but she urged it; so I went. They dried my things. I dined and drank tea; then went to my sister's; then to hear Mr. Chamberlain, and his discourse was weighty and searching,—Isa. lxii. and last two verses. I then supped at my sister's by her desire, and she invited me for next Lord's day. O what a rich provider is our God! Afflictions there must be, troubles there must be, trials and tribulation there must and shall be; but O how much of God is found in all these things! David, do you want to find your God? What think you of the valley of the shadow of death? Is he there? Yes. "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me." Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, do you want to find your God? What think you of finding him in the burning fiery furnace, heated seven times hotter than usual? Is he there? Yes. "Did not we cast three men into the furnace? Lo, I see four walking there," says the king, "and the form of the fourth is like the Son of God." Now we little think to find God in such places as these, but think to find him after we get out of the trial; but he says, "When thou *passest through* the waters I will be with thee," &c. I will be with him *in* trouble. "God is our refuge and strength, a present help *in* trouble." "Though I walk *in the midst* of trouble, thou wilt revive me." In all these scriptures and many more, it is plain that God is with us in the very heart of all sufferings. May this be an encouragement to us to expect the presence of God in all afflictions. O reader, make much of your afflictions, crosses, infirmities, and trials of all sorts, if you want much of the presence of the Lord Jesus; for the more you have of them the more you will find of him; and if you are a believer, the less you have of these the less of his presence. I never can tell how precious Jesus has been to me when I have sunk so low that I have expected to be altogether consumed.

A SWEET EXHORTATION.

SING in the ways of Christ the Lord,
 You who have known his grace;
 There's beauty in his sacred word;
 His paths are paths of peace.

Go to his house, ye hungry souls;
 Join with his saints in prayer;
 Communion with his saints to hold;
 There's rich provision there.

There may we feed on heavenly food,
 And taste what heaven is;
 Not all the world calls rich or good
 Can be compared with this.

The finest bread, the sweetest wine,
 The best of meat that is,
 Can't satisfy this taste of mine,
 Nor fill me full like this.

In meditation and in prayer,
 In secret, when alone,
 Sometimes delightful seasons are,
 Though they are gone so soon.

A sinful, helpless, feeble worm,
 Dear Saviour, hold me up;
 Draw me, or else I cannot come;
 Be thou my strength and hope.

MARY PLAYER.

[The writer of the above verses had been, when she wrote them, blind for forty years. She lived at Chesterford, near Saffron Walden.]

INFANT SALVATION.

Brother Wm. Madden, of Pennsylvania, requests our views in regard to the salvation of infants, as he says there are some who charge that we Old Baptists hold that they are in hell. We have frequently refuted the slanderous charge. There is probably not a man living who has a better opportunity to know what are the distinguishing sentiments of the Old Order of Baptists than our humble self, and in our sixty-two years' membership with the Baptists, and more than forty years of constant correspondence and intercourse with them in all the States, we have never met with one of that order who pretended to know who were in hell. We speak that which we know, and testify that which we have seen or experienced.

On the subject of the salvation of infants, we say now what we have frequently said before, that the doctrine of salvation by grace alone, as held by the Primitive Baptists, is the only doctrine that admits the possibility of their salvation. If salvation is upon the ground of conditions, and the conditions such as infants can neither comprehend nor perform, those who die in infancy must be lost. But the full, free, effectual, unconditional salvation of the lost, helpless, and perishing, yet chosen, people of our God, extends to us, and to our children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call. Infants are saved as all other helpless sinners are, by grace, through the redemption that

is in Christ Jesus our Lord. And the Spirit's work in their being born again and qualified for the enjoyment of spiritual things is just as efficient and as indispensable in the case of infants as in the case of adults; for all must be born of the Spirit, or they cannot know the things of the Spirit.

The following lines are said to have been copied from a tombstone in a graveyard in England:

“ Bold infidelity, turn pale and die!
 Beneath this stone four sleeping infants lie.
 Say, are they lost, or saved?
 If death's by sin, they sinn'd, for they are here;
 If heaven's by works, in heaven they can't appear.
 Ah, reason, how depraved!
 Revere the sacred page; the knot's untied:
 They died, for Adam sinn'd; they live, for Jesus died.”

Signs of the Times (America.)

INQUIRIES AND ANSWERS.

WOULD you give me your views upon Luke viii. 12-15, and Luke xiii. 24?

We begin with the question concerning the parable of the sower. The kingdom of heaven, or gospel kingdom of Christ, is set up on earth by that which is called the foolishness of preaching. This is represented in this parable by a sower sowing his seed. The sower is Christ himself and by his ministers; the seed the gospel of God. Many persons come into this world, live and die, and never hear the gospel at all. Those who hear it are spoken of in this parable. These hearers are compared to different sorts of ground, and three kinds of hearers are compared to unprofitable, unproductive ground, one kind to that which is good. The first sort of hearers, compared to the hard, trodden-down, frequented wayside, are those persons in whom the vanity of their minds is in full force. They casually drop into a place of worship, but do not really care about religion. Like Gallio, they care for none of these things. Their minds are fully given up to the pursuit of the things of this life, its pleasures, gains, and advantages. Or they may even more customarily attend where the word is spoken, but it is without thought or anxiety. They have been so brought up; it is respectable; or perhaps the employment relieves the intolerable wearisomeness of the day of rest; or they may go from even much more impure or frivolous motives. The word meets their outward ear, perhaps just for a moment engages their attention; but as soon as the sound of the preacher's voice ceases to reach their ear, the truths he has spoken are forgotten. The fowls of the air, in the shape of innumerable vanities of thought and heart, or even in the form of vain companions, have caught all away, and all that remains is the increased legal responsibility and condemnation which must always attach themselves to such a vain ungodly way of hearing the word of God. This is, of course, as unlike the way of hearing in a child of God as one thing can be unlike another. For when at all in his right mind the child of God hears as for his life. The word of God is the

power of God and the wisdom of God to the salvation of his soul. We may here just observe that it is very possible that one "who comes to mock may stop to pray." Wayside hearers are not beyond the power of the grace of God; but as wayside hearers, in all the vanity of their minds, the word cannot profit them.

The stony-ground hearers go much farther. These persons have a religiousness of the flesh. They have legal convictions in natural consciences. The great defect in these persons is the want of depth. They do not see and feel the sin of their hearts and lives as children of God are made to do. There is such an acquaintanceship with the law of God as may produce exercises of conscience and even legal fears and terrors; but the entire thing is an operation upon the old man. There is no new creature. Hence there may be an immediate laying hold of the gospel tidings with joy, but it is in a mistaken apprehension of it. All is superficial and merely natural. Nothing in this case goes beyond the powers of nature as excited by the outward word and other external excitements. As there is no deep sense of the entirely ruined condition they are in by nature, no deep heartfelt perception that the wisdom of the flesh, the power of nature, natural goodness, and human righteousness are all mere vain imaginations, being nothing better than folly, weakness, wickedness before God, so there can be no real apprehension of the fulness of grace and its freeness as manifested in the gospel. In fact, as sin is carnally apprehended, so the gospel is carnally and superficially understood, and, of course, in so superficial a case as this there is nothing to stand the time of trial. "These, therefore, in time of trial fall away." But observe these are very different to those true, though rapidly-made converts such as Paul and the jailer of Philippi. God did then, and can still do the same, fulfil Isa. lxx. 1 to his own rich glory.

The thorny-ground hearers are different from the former. As the flaw in the first was the unbroken vanity of the mind, and in the second the unbroken legal bias, so in these last the flaw is unmortified lusts. These characters attain to a much clearer notional light. They are more logical in their understandings; they own the letter of free grace, human inability, depravity, and ruin; but they do not deeply feel these things. The light in these persons is not of an experimental and practical nature. Doctrinal truths are assented to; but they have no penetrating powerful influence upon the heart. Hence unmortified lusts, which were for a time kept under by the novelty of religion in some period of revival or religious excitement, arise in all their power again and carry all in reality before them, even whilst doctrinally the truth concerning free grace may be still adhered to. Thus free grace, as to its notion, as in the case of Talkative and the ale bench, the world, cheating, or any other abomination, may go together.

We will just add here that those things which entirely cha-

acterize the false and fruitless hearers of the gospel may to a degree prevail even in God's people. There is something of the wayside, stony-ground, and thorny-ground hearer even in the true child of God. Folly is bound up in the heart of God's child; but the rod of correction shall drive it out of him.

Now, in distinction to these fruitless hearers, whether light-minded, superficially convinced, or doctrinally enlightened, we have the true child of God represented by the good ground. Now observe his peculiar characteristics, constituting the difference between him and all others.

1. In him there is a new nature. He is born of the Spirit. There is a something in him not to be found in the most religiously-disposed natural man—a something which was not in Adam in innocence. That which is born of the Spirit is spirit. The Second Adam is a quickening Spirit. This lies at the root. This makes the tree good, or the ground fruitful.

2. From this arises a capability of understanding things in quite a different way to that in which natural capacities enlightened to the utmost degree can understand them. "Ye . . . are light in the Lord," "renewed in knowledge;" "He has given us an understanding," and from this there proceeds a different way of understanding all God's truths to that which can exist in men naturally. "Behold, I make all things new."

3. Now from this arises again a depth of experience not to be found in the stony-ground hearer. The law of God is apprehended in its purity, majesty, and justice, and sin in its exceeding sinfulness. In fact, here are depths of conviction. The whole head is found to be sick and the whole heart faint. "In sin did my mother conceive me." "I was shapen in iniquity." Sin is felt in its malignity and traced up to its origin, and not only seen to be dangerous but evil.

4. Now from this arises a deep true apprehension of the gospel of the grace of God, under the teachings of the Spirit by the word. These are the meek whom he guides in judgment. The gospel is the power of God unto their salvation from sin in its guilt and dominion. They receive the truth in the love of it. They perceive in a divine light its holy, and gracious, and God-glorifying nature; they approve it in their judgment, choose it in their wills, love it in their hearts, and find the true peace and joy of it in their consciences. These persons, then, bring forth fruits with patience,—inward fruits, as the word enters their hearts; outward, as they bring forth fruits meet for it in their lives. They abide in the truth, for it is a part of their very being. They are created anew in accordance with the truth. They have honest hearts, for to them these things have a solemn reality; they have good hearts, hearts adapted by an inward work and divine teachings to entertain the gospel in the truth, and sweetness, and fulness of it. A soil is good which is adapted to bring forth fruits desired by the cultivator. Bad ground will bring forth thorns and brambles, or things undesirable. So in spiritual things. Good hearts are not

hearts that feel themselves good, but such as recognize their badness by nature, and therefore gladly, with an intelligent, deep, holy gladness, entertain the word of God's grace. Such were found in the Colossians, in whom the gospel brought forth fruits, and such are still found in those hearers, and those only, who are born again of the Spirit and taught of God. Their hearts are no longer adapted to bring forth mere legal and natural fruits, grapes of Sodom and apples of Gomorrah, wild grapes of nature, and fruits of proud, notional, self-righteous religion; but by a new creating, nature-abasing work of the Holy Spirit, to bring forth gospel fruits to the praise of the glory of the free grace of God.

Luke xiii. 24. We now proceed to notice the second question, and in so doing desire to approach the consideration of these words also with fear and trembling, and to write what shall be proper. We perceive a twofold danger. We do not want, on the one hand, to weaken the force of the Lord's words as to their warning nature, nor, on the other, to depart from the analogy of faith, stumbling into Arminianism. We will endeavour, then, to throw out a few thoughts which may assist our inquirer.

Let us consider, in the first place, the Lord's obvious intention when he used these words. The grand design seems to be to stir up the minds of his true people, and arouse them to a more earnest diligence in their pursuit of divine things; and it is in this very way they escape from evils others fall into. Some make light of Christ's warnings, and fall into mischief: "The simple pass on and are punished." But his people are made to hear his words of reproof, correction, and exhortation, and escape the dangers others fall into; for "reproofs of instruction are the way of life." The flesh in God's people requires the rod and reproof, and "the wise in heart will receive commandments." What are a sort of outside cautionary words at most to others are real cautions to them. Striving to enter in is to them not only a necessary thing, but a given grace. What in a way of instruction may be suitable for others is positively and effectively spoken to them.

Let us now approach closer to the words. They are given in answer to what appears too much a speculative question, though possibly spoken with some anxieties. It is not so much a question whether few or many shall be saved, as whether I shall be, and if I am saved it must be by the Lord bringing me to a real earnestness as to salvation, which will invariably produce a striving to enter. We observe here that some questions are not to be answered directly so much as in a practical manner, turning the attention to vital things. "Woman, believe me, the hour is coming and now is when . . . those who worship the Father shall worship him in spirit and in truth." (Jno. iv.) David, on one occasion, was to go indirectly against the Philistines. (2 Sam. v. 23.) This way of answering then was well calculated to turn the attention of the person inquiring, and others, from merely nice questions to vital and practical matters.

Now, in considering the answer, we must in this as in all other cases observe the harmony of the faith. The golden table with its border was to be four-square. The manna must be round, and the honeycomb symmetrical. Well, then, these words cannot contradict Matt. vii. 7, 8, and Luke xi. 9, 10, where it is plainly declared that he who truly seeks to enter into the kingdom of heaven, the blessed gospel kingdom of grace in Christ, shall certainly have it opened to him. Our text, then, can only indicate to us, even if it applies to this present time, that there is such a thing as an insincere, unearnest seeking which will never obtain the blessing. "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." Those who dig deep find the treasure. "The soul of the diligent is made fat;" whilst "the slothful desireth and hath nothing." Thus professor is discriminated from possessor; yea, the possessor from himself. He who really has grace enters not in when sloth prevails over him. "By night on my bed I sought him whom my soul loveth; I sought him, but I found him not."

But we do not see why the seeking to enter in, which here is contrasted with striving, should be limited or even applied to this time. Will not many be where the foolish virgins were, who, when the Bridegroom came, found they had darkened lamps and oilless vessels, and the door shut, though they said, "Open to us?" They were never thorough hearted before, and now, when they wanted to enter in, the door was shut. Doubtless a day is coming when numbers who, like Esau, would sooner have a mess of pottage, the praise of men, the things of this world, than the things of heaven, even if they could have them; when numbers who have despised the children of God because of their sorrows, anxieties, sufferings, and losses for Christ, their earnestness, their diligence, would gladly enter with them into a place of safety, but will find that there is none for them. But the text can never mean that any true-hearted, sincere seekers shall fail to obtain that which the grace of God has made them seek after.

But we may add to this that there are certain temporal and legal advantages which it may be too late to want when the day for them to be obtained is passed away. In this sense even the words *too late* are not improper. It was too late for the Jewish nation to recover their former standing when they had crucified and rejected Christ, and the Romans came and took away their place and nation. It was too late for Esau to recover certain privileges of birthright when he had sold them for a mess of pottage. It may be too late when a man has committed some crime to escape from its temporal penalty and consequences. It was too late for Adam to recover his former standing in innocence when he had eaten of the forbidden tree. Here we keep things in their proper places; but it never can be too late for a child of God to find mercy, or a person really sensible of sin as taught by the Spirit of God to obtain pardon and glory. As for a non-elect person, it is wrong language to say he is *too late* to obtain *that peculiar bless-*

ing the elect *only* are ordained to. The penitent thief on the cross was in time, though hanging on the accursed tree. It could not properly be said to be too late for the other thief to obtain *that* glory he was never chosen to; but it *was* too late for him to escape from the punishment attached to his crime. Eternal love, mercy, and grace know no date. The law speaks on earth and has its time; grace speaks from heaven and is eternity.

Let us add one more remark. Christ's words, properly understood and received, are spirit and life. Consequently we must not consider them as merely so many cautionary or legal words spoken generally or to reprobates, but as New Testament words conveying obedience to them in their own bosom as spoken to the children of God. Thus Christ not only says to his own people, "Strive to enter in," but gives the striving. It is God that worketh in them both to will and to do of his good pleasure. One of the grand, though overlooked, principles of truth is this,—that we never really hear Christ's voice, according to its true Christ-like nature, unless it comes to us with a new-creating grace and life-communicating power, bringing its obedience and blessing in its own bosom. Augustine, therefore, well and godly writes, "Lord, give what thou commandest, and command what thou wilt." Our conclusions, then, are these as to this portion of truth, which is of an arousing nature:

1, We must observe the analogy of faith; therefore, 2, These words must agree with Luke xi. 8, 9. 3, It may be too late to obtain or regain certain temporal or legal advantages. Prov. i. 24. 4, Despisers of the earnest saints of God may one day greatly want their safety. 5, Striving, not indolent, half-hearted wishing, gets the blessing. 6, This striving Christ not only *commands*, but *gives* to his people, and to no others. His word to them is spirit, and it is life.

Obituary.

Mrs. BRYANT.—As some of our Christian friends have expressed a wish to have some particulars of the experience and final dismissal of our departed sister in the faith, Mrs. Bryant, and her bereaved partner feeling himself quite incompetent to undertake the task under present circumstances, he has solicited me to do so; and this I will endeavour to accomplish as well as I may be enabled, especially as regards the state of Mrs. B.'s mind the few last weeks previous to her decease.

Ever since my acquaintance with her, it might be truly said of her as of Hannah, that she was a woman of a sorrowful spirit, and particularly subject to the fear of death, under which she laboured until within a few hours of her dissolution, and that to a greater extent than I ever witnessed in any other person; but as those few sentences which dropped from her lips from time to time will more plainly show the state of her mind, I will only just remark by the way that she had been under the afflicting hand of God for more than the last three years, and her sufferings in body, were at times, very great. She often said the Lord was just in afflicting her, it being what she had asked for on many occasions,

because she thought that those of the Lord's dear children who were under heavy afflictions and trials appeared more lively in their souls, while she, on the contrary, felt so much deadness and barrenness; and she experienced the workings of rebellion in her spirit because the Lord did not afflict her. But since he was pleased to lay his hand upon her she often remarked that she found that afflictions of themselves would not quicken the soul; that it must be alone the Lord's power put forth to accomplish it; and she sensibly felt that unless he did all for her, she must remain as lifeless and as dead as before; and she continually expressed her fears that she did not seek the Lord earnestly and from real sincerity of heart, but only from the prospect of death that was before her; and having such a sense of the sinfulness of her heart, she was afraid the Lord would never extend his mercy unto her. On March 31st last, she told me she greatly feared all her friends were greatly deceived in her, that she was nothing but a hypocrite; and a day or two afterwards expressed a great desire that her dear pastor, Mr. Vinall (now deceased) might be enabled to pray for her, feeling a hope that should the Lord lay her on his mind, he would hear him on her behalf; and though at the very time she was expressing her desire a friend came in and told her that Mr. Vinall wished to be remembered to her, and did not forget her, yet so powerful were the workings of unbelief in her mind that she could not receive any comfort from these assurances. I then remarked to her, "You want a clear manifestation of the love of Christ to your soul, and the Lord to claim you as his child." "Yes," she replied; "that is what I want. It is of no use my claiming him unless he first owns me. None but Jesus, none but Jesus, will do for me."

On April 16th she said she had felt some little sweetness in the night season, and a sense of the preciousness of Christ, with a feeling after him, but could not obtain what she wanted. On the 19th, being ill in body, she remarked how worn out she felt with her pain and sufferings, and added, what a release it would be if the dear Lord would manifest himself clearly to her and take her home, for there was nothing here she wanted to live for. Could she feel assured of her interest in Christ, how glad she would be to go. Then she prayed that the Lord would manifest himself to her, and take her home. She said furthermore she could not find that the Lord hearkened to her prayers, that they recoiled back again, that she sometimes had hoped she should be enabled to shout at the last, then feared again exceedingly that the Lord would never appear.

On May 2nd she was much distressed; she again expressed her fears that she did not seek the Lord from her heart, but only pretended to do so to make others think something of her; adding that she could appeal to the Lord that she had never spoken to the extent of what she had felt, and had thought that Christ had been precious to her in times past, but now it appeared to be all a delusion, and that after all she should sink into hell; and observed that death was before her, and she had no assurance that it would be well at the last; that the Lord was painfully teaching her that nothing would cause a soul to seek his face earnestly unless his power was put forth enabling it so to do, adding, "Was I but sure that his everlasting arms were underneath me, I should not mind." She then wept, and earnestly entreated the Lord to reveal himself to her, and take her home, crying, "O! If I could but know he was my God, and that I did not feel to be at such a distance from him!" yet she said she had felt a little nearness to him in the night, and had enjoyed that which neither the world nor worldly pleasure had ever afforded her. She then adverted to how she had felt while hearing Mr. Vinall preach that nothing but Jesus Christ would do for him, that he

would preach Jesus and him only, and felt a wish for Mr. V. to go on, for none but Jesus Christ would do for her.

The next day, after passing through a restless night both in body and mind, she appeared more quiet, and told her dear partner that she was enabled to give him and their dear child up into the hands of God, which she never before could so fully do. Then speaking of the enemy, she said, "He durst not come nigh me now as he has done before;" observing also, "He has nothing to do with me to-day." Towards night, however, she was greatly harassed, and cried out in great distress, "I shall sink into hell! I am so afraid of death! Surely the Lord would come if I were the right character! I must be wrong. The beginning could not be right, and therefore I cannot end well. When will the Lord come? O! Will he ever come?" And for some time she did not appear to know any of the friends who were about her. After a little while she rallied, and wished a friend to engage in prayer; which being complied with, she seemed more composed, and was favoured with a quiet night, but still no great change in the state of her mind. She said she had no whispers, no intimations that the Lord had any favour towards her; but constantly expressed her feeling sense of being so far off from God; and this feeling was evident by her manner, and the short sentences which dropped from her lips; and it was truly distressing to witness her moans and her cries. I remarked to her that the enemy would not so harass her if she was his prey; when she quickly replied, "O! I fear greatly that I am his prey!" And in an agony she said, "I shall never find Christ again." She would earnestly entreat the Lord to come and manifest himself to her soul, for she could not die without him. Upon a friend observing to her that she was now having a little taste of the bitter cup which her dear Lord drank, she replied, "Mine is, indeed, bitter. This is hard travelling. I never thought I should feel like this. I had a little hope it would be well at the last; but now, now I shall sink. O! The Lord will never come." It was very distressing to those around her to witness her mental sufferings. Again she prayed as if in an agony, crying, "Dear Lord, do, do come. Surely it is a time of extremity. I cannot possibly die without thee. Surely I *have* known thee, and found thee precious!" And again, "Dear Lord Christ, Christ is all I want. Thou knowest, dear Lord, I have spoken the truth. I *have* found thee precious. Visit me again as thou hast done before. But O! I am not earnest enough; Lord, make me more earnest." In this manner she continued for some time without regarding any one in the room. Her whole soul was set upon Christ. After some hours she appeared more composed, and dwelt much upon the following passage: "God is love." Many portions of different hymns were consoling to her spirit. Upon my re-entering the room shortly afterwards, she took my hand with much affection and said, "It will be right with me and you now, won't it?" I answered, "I always told you it would be well with you." "Do you think it will?" she inquired. I replied, I felt persuaded it would, whether she had comfort or not. Then she related some of her past experience, when her soul was melted and broken before the Lord under a sense of his goodness; expressing how much affection she felt for the Lord's dear children. She then requested that the hymn on sickness might be read to her, and dwelt much on the two following lines, which she attempted to sing:

"Shall take thy weakness, bear thy ails,
And softly whisper, 'Trust in me.'"

It was about this time that she mentioned to her dear partner the hymns that she wished to be sung at her funeral, and expressed a strong desire that Mr. Vinall should preach on the occasion. This she continued for

some days, with now and then a little revival; which was as the distilling of the dew upon her soul, though for the greater part of the time she laboured under a great fear of death, and could not find that sweet assurance that her soul longed for.

One morning, about ten or twelve days before her decease, she had a severe struggle with the powers of darkness, which was evident not only by her moans, but by the amazement depicted upon her countenance. A great horror seemed to seize her; and upon a friend remarking to her that though the enemy was permitted to seize her, yet he could not hold her for ever. She replied, with great quickness, "He will hold me, though." This was a time which will not be easily forgotten by those who witnessed the severe exercises of her mind. Her poor tabernacle appeared to be shaken to its very centre; but in a few hours the Lord, in great mercy, rebuked the foe, and a calm ensued.

In the evening, while sitting by her bedside, she told me it was the sorest conflict she had ever had. I told her that while I was looking on, I thought she felt greatly amazed at the prospect of death; but, notwithstanding the sore assaults of her unwearied foe, I was persuaded that there was a continual cry going up to the Lord for his appearing. "Yes," she replied; "that is just what I felt." She really thought that the enemy had already seized her, that she found Satan and death mighty foes, that she never had had such things to wade through before, and could now more fully enter into Mr. Vinal's feelings and exercises. "O!" she continued, "What hard fighting it is! But I have asked for it, and I told the Lord that I did not mind what afflictions and trials I had, so that it was well at the last; but now I have got the trials and the Lord is not come." She said she believed that many of the Lord's dear children could pray for her, and that she was glad to have their prayers; but that all our desires and our prayers would not bring him. No. It must be his own arm. At another time she observed, "What good would it do me to say I am comfortable when I am not, and to deceive those about me? A death-bed is not the time to deceive." And she further said she felt she must go *alone* to the Lord. No friends could help her now, however much they desired to do so. She said, "I have known what it is to hug the cross, and bless the Lord for it. I never told any one half of what I have felt continually. I have kept it back through the fear of being deceived, but was always glad to hear others speak of what the Lord had done for them." She frequently complained of the bar she felt unbelief to be, that she could not get near to the Lord.

On the 18th, being ill, though more tranquil in her mind, she seemed to consider herself near her end, and prayed, "Dear Lord, receive my soul." On being asked if she thought the Lord would appear, she answered, "I have a hope that he will,—a little hope."

The next day, her sufferings in body increasing, she said, "The conflict will soon be over; but O how will it end? That is the mystery. My heart is so bad I cannot be right. No one knows, no one knows what it is to face death in the dark but those who are called to it."

Thus she continued much the same, both in body and mind, until the 25th, when there appeared a great change in her body, but no alteration in the state of her mind, though it was evident to all around her that there was a degree of quietness and submission which had not been so much noticed before, and which continued through the night. She remarked to those who waited upon her, what a harassing time they had, her cough being so troublesome, and her sufferings so great; but added that it had been a good night with her, the Lord was so precious, and she felt she could not praise him enough; she wanted to bless and praise him more, and to love him more; saying likewise, "How precious he is to

me!" On my going in to see her, she said she did not find the fear of death removed altogether, but dared not say but she had a hope that the Lord would be with her at the last. Her difficulty of speaking at this time was very great; so that she could not give utterance to all she seemed to desire to say. However, her comfort appeared gradually to leave her, and between 11 and 12 o'clock in the forenoon, she was evidently seized with death. A few days previously to this, the following passage had dwelt much upon her mind: "Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you;" and which was certainly remarkable, as it intimated there was another conflict at hand, and the visit she had from the Lord was to prepare her for her last struggle with the powers of darkness. On my again going into the room, which was soon after 12 o'clock, she told me she had lost all sight and sense of what she had experienced during the night, though she had felt so comfortable then in blessing and praising the Lord; but now it was gone. She entreated all to continue praying for her that the Lord would come, for she could not die so. Her distress of mind was very great, and she said, "I must die in the dark, without any comfort. O! I must cast myself at his feet." Then, clasping her trembling hands, she begged earnestly that the Lord would have mercy upon her. "O! This is hard work!" she said; "but I feared it would be so when I came to die,—that I should not find the Lord." Addressing her dear partner, relatives, and friends, and holding out her hand, she said, "Come and bid me good-bye; for I must die in the dark;" at the same time thanking them for all their kindness and attention to her. This was indeed a period of painful anxiety to those who had laboured and travailed for her, to see the time of extremity both in body and mind, as it was with great difficulty she could speak, and yet the Lord delayed, and she seemed fast shut up in unbelief and misery. Dejection was depicted on her countenance to a great degree, as if grappling alone with the powers of darkness. She said to her partner, "I shall never shout; I have no hope."

Through the night it was truly painful to witness her sorrow. Her whole frame shuddered at death, and she would gladly have fled from his grasp. It became a time of increased extremity, and all around appeared ready to give up and faint; when, a little before five in the morning, her dear partner heard her entreating the Lord to have mercy upon her; and shortly after this, he perceived her to be more quiet, and saw evidently that there was a great change. Her countenance no longer wore the gloomy aspect that it hitherto had done, but peace and serenity were visible. There was indeed a great calm. She seemed to be unconscious of all about her, and was evidently enjoying that peace which the Lord alone can give.

After remaining quiet for some time, about eight or nine o'clock she opened her eyes, and, addressing her partner, said, with great earnestness and pleasure, "*It is well, and will be well.*" He immediately asked her if she found peace. She replied, "Yes! Peace! Peace!" A relative who stood by repeated that verse of one of Hart's hymns:

"When flesh decays and heart thus fails,
He shall thy strength and portion be;
Shall take thy weakness, bear thy ails,
And softly whisper, Trust in me."

She replied, "I can sing that now." Two or three times there was a sweet smile on her countenance, though she was unable to speak. All fear had vanished, and it was clearly seen that the enemy was not permitted to approach her. After the change took place not one fear was expressed.

In the course of the morning she took her leave of all present with the greatest quietness; but appearing not quite satisfied with the farewell she had just taken, and seeming unable to speak, it was supposed she wanted to see her dear child again, and it was immediately brought in again; when our dear departed friend held out her hand, and said, "Good-bye, my dear," with the greatest composure imaginable.

After this she was apparently in an unconscious state, and it was with difficulty she could speak, except at intervals. After a short cessation, as I was sitting close by her, she opened her eyes, and with such a look of pleasure as I cannot forget, affectionately pressing my hand, said distinctly, "He is come! He is come!" Her dear partner then said, "You now find all your fears dispelled that you had yesterday that you should die in the dark? You have no fear of death now, have you?" "No, no," she replied, with great earnestness. Again she seemed to sink into the same unconscious state, when a kind friend, Mr. R., entered the room; but she did not appear to know him. Upon his attempting to engage in prayer, she joined her faltering hands together as if to engage with those around, and appeared to enjoy some parts of Mr. R.'s prayer, particularly when entreating the dear Lord to be with her in passing through Jordan, and also that he would bless the dispensation to all around her. Her hearing appeared soon after to leave her; but upon Mr. M. coming into the room, after he had sat down a few minutes, she opened her eyes, and put out her hand to him. He took it, and asked her if it was all well. "Yes, yes!" she quickly answered; and on being further asked if she knew Mr. M., she said, "Yes," which was the last word that was understood.

A short time afterwards she clasped her hands as if in prayer to the Lord, and kept speaking, though unintelligibly, for some time, which was much regretted by her friends, who were anxious to understand all she was attempting to convey. She was perfectly quiet and peaceful, and seemed to endeavour to make those understand who were watching her; but her voice was so altered that it was not possible.

It was now evident that the closing scene was at hand. Her cough came on, and her features were rather convulsed for a moment, when her countenance resumed its natural appearance with a most sweet and heavenly smile that surprised those who witnessed it, for it bespoke the happiness of her soul, as if in the moment of departing she had a visit of the glory which awaited her.

Thus, with her arms folded across each other, and with a shining countenance, she sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, shortly after 12 at noon, on May 27th, 1842, aged 37.

This was the peaceful and glorious end of one who, till within a few hours of her decease, through the fear of death, was all her lifetime subject to bondage. Thus have I endeavoured to give you a few particulars of the last days of our departed friend, and that as exactly as I could pen it; in fact, as the words dropped from her lips, and which I believe those who were witnesses with me would testify to. May you be enabled to rejoice with us in the faithfulness of a covenant God, who, though he seems to tarry long, yet in his own appointed time fulfils his gracious promise that those who wait for him shall not be ashamed.

For Mr. Thos. Weeks,

G. BRADSHAW.

East Hoathley, May 27, 1842.

CORNELIUS LONG.—On Feb. 18th, 1873, aged 71, Cornelius Long, of Sherborne, Dorset.

About 40 years since it pleased the Lord to bring him with several others out from the Yea and Nay to hear the Yea and Amen gospel

preached at the Tabernacle Chapel, Yeovil, when Mr. Bidder became the pastor there. The testimony of the divine change within him was heard by the church, and he was cordially received into fellowship with them, since which period he has by the grace of God been kept a humble follower of the meek and lowly Lamb of God.

Not favoured with much bright shining, nor those special bringings forth into the light which the sealing power of God the Spirit favours some of his dear children with, his life was mostly made up of doubting whether his evidences were those of divine life. His prayers were most earnest that the Lord would work more powerfully in his soul, and give him the full assurance of faith. Pursued with the fear of death, held in bonds a captive many years, O how importunate were his wrestling pleas for deliverance! What outspoken expressions of his anxious spirit for a clear manifestation of his interest in divine love and a closer walk with God. His prayers at our prayer meetings will not be soon forgotten for their spiritual fervency.

His affliction for several years past was great, acute pains often greatly increasing.

Towards his end for many months he was much favoured with the divine presence. Using his own words, he said, "I seldom pass a day without sweet humblings at the throne." In his last letter, received by me Sept. 18th, 1872, he wrote: "I am much worse as to pain of body. It is with much difficulty I write a few lines. I want always to be enabled to believe and be confident, when I am shut up and cannot come forth, that he will come again in his own time, because he is faithful to his promise; but Satan and unbelief work so strongly in me that I doubt of the reality of what I have experienced. O that I had stronger faith! I pray for it, but perhaps not rightly. I cannot exercise faith. O that I could importune more for it, seeing that the promise is, 'Ask, and ye shall receive;' but, at times, I feel no heart to pray. Being such a sufferer, I am for the most part dejected, cast down, and oppressed, and no kind sympathizing friend to speak to; but I would thank and praise the Lord for that he doth not leave me in a hardened state. I must tell you that Thursday morning, the 12th inst., I was favoured with a revelation of Christ; so that he was endeared to me in love and affection. I feel after God almost daily, more or less, with this, 'that I may be found in him.' Thus do I hunger and thirst for the glorious Redeemer, and delight to be swallowed up in him; and when he looks upon me with love, I delight myself in the Lord, because the desire of my heart is granted. I did not close the scribble of the 18th, thinking I might have something to say on the 19th; and in the night watches of the 18th unexpectedly I was favoured with the spirit of prayer and the grace of supplication, when I was enabled to weep over the suffering Saviour in Gethsemane and on the cross! O, the blessedness of real communion and fellowship with the blessed Three-in-One, with the softening dew and power of the Spirit upon the branch, causing the tongue to speak forth his praise. Dear friend, if I feel in my dying hour as I have felt since I began these few lines, I shall not be afraid to launch into eternity. The wings of love and arms of faith will bear me conqueror through no more conflicts, no more pains nor sorrows. Then, then to see the great and mighty God of heaven and earth, and behold his glory! O what a blessed change to be for ever with the Lord!

"Haste, my Beloved, and remove
These interposing days.
Then shall our passions all be love,
And all our powers praise."

Thus at evening time was it light with him. A few hours before his departure, a friend called to see him, and, perceiving a great change, did not leave him until after his dissolution; but the dear man was too far gone to give any utterance; and thus passed away into the bosom of his best Beloved.

The writings of Mr. Huntington were much blessed to him, and often referred to in his correspondence. The "Gospel Standard" was a great favourite, and the precious traces of Christian experience in it were often read with much delight by him. Oft has his countenance lighted with joy when we have mutually referred to some precious piece made alike precious to our hearts by divine power. The obituaries oft rejoiced his heart, especially when he read of a poor, fear of death-bound soul borne with holy triumph through the waters. The Bible with these were his choice books.

The writer has lost by his departure one with whom for nearly 40 years he lived in communion. Our spirits felt a kindred commingling, an affinity in divine realizations of truth, experienced in weakness, poverty, distresses, sorrows, and bereavements, and I trust also in their blessed counters where the divine suitability of a precious Jesus not only met our every case, but out of each trial brought some suitable fruits of his grace and goodness.

J. B.

Yeovil, April 14, 1873.

SARAH LANTON.—On Feb. 5th, 1873, aged 58, Sarah Lanton, of Halshaw Moor.

She was born at Astley, near Manchester, in humble circumstances, and from infancy inherited a feeble constitution. She attended Astley Church, under Mr. Hewlett, through whose preaching she was convinced of her state as a sinner, undergoing a deep though gradual law work. Here, in the links of divine providence, she became acquainted with Maria Heydock, who was appointed to be the companion who should minister to her wants and nurse and tend her during the last 23 years of her affliction, soothing her passage through this vale of tears. They both, as long as they remained at Astley, attended Mr. Hewlett's ministry, but as often as convenient they would set off to Manchester to hear the late Mr. Gadsby, whose preaching was most acceptable to them, being much blessed to them on many occasions.

About 1849 Maria was removed to Halshaw Moor, and Sarah, finding herself alone and uncomfortable in family, being a speckled bird, her religion, like Joseph's dream, procuring her the hatred of her brethren, she longed to be with her friend. This touched Maria greatly, who had nothing to depend upon herself alone, and friendless in a strange place, and knowing that instead of being a help through her affliction, she would be a heavy charge, she looked this way and that; but every door seemed shut, and with a heavy heart she went to Astley to tell her friend she could see no possible way at present; and yet she was afraid to tell her. When she got there they began to talk on better things, till the evening came on and Maria must needs return, and Sarah would accompany her a little way. So talking and going on and on, they went together, till behold, they got to the far end. Nor could Sarah be persuaded to return to her kindred any more. Like the prophet sent to the lone widow of Sarepta, although there was but one cake and two sticks, she would have her share; and to the honour and glory of God, the barrel of meal wasted not, nor the cruse of oil failed for 23 years, till God took her to himself.

Almost as soon as she got with her friend she was laid up. The doctor was called in, and said she was consumptive. Often, at various times, was

he called in, till at last he said it was of no use to fetch him, for medicine could do her no good, her constitution being completely broken up, and all she could have was good nursing. She was much afflicted with spasms, being held for hours together scarcely able to take her breath. One week she would be going about the house, and the next laid up. In the summer she would be at chapel several Sabbaths following, and then her seat would be vacant perhaps for months.

Five years ago she was given up for death; it was thought impossible for her to be raised up again. She gave charge concerning her burial, and wished Maria to promise her that they should both lie together in the grave; and as they had lived sweetly together in life, so might they rest together in the tomb. She then lay in a kind of trance for ten hours. Her breathing stopped, or was imperceptible; when, to the astonishment of all, she was raised up once more. Truly she could say in this respect, "I am a wonder unto many."

She joined the church at Bolton in Sept., 1858, being baptized by the late Mr. Mercer, of Blackburn. She had previously been led to see the beauty and grandeur of the ordinance. One Sabbath morning, as she lay in bed, she had a blessed view by faith of her Redeemer submerged in the billows of wrath for her. She said she could not tell what she felt; but thus was she constrained to take up her cross and follow him. She went before the church, who unanimously accepted her testimony. Mr. Mercer at first objected, on account of her weakness, fearing she might even die in the water; but she felt she must go through it; and so she did, and that without the least injury.

She was a humble and consistent follower of Christ, cheerful and patient in her affliction, not much given to talking, but thoughtful and intelligent, and what she did say was to the point. She had a quick ear for the truth, and could soon discern when it was being mixed.

A fortnight before she died, these words lay with great weight upon her mind, as though she heard a voice saying, "All things are now ready." She repeated them over and over again. To a friend who came to see her she spoke very sweetly, how the Lord had been her guide and counsellor all her journey through; and added very solemnly, "All's over now. Amen, Amen." She said very little after this, but seemed continually in prayer, suffering much till she passed away and entered into her rest, that blessed rest that remains for the people of God.

G. H.

JOHN ROLT.—On Jan. 8th, aged 82, at Brampton, Huntingdonshire, John Rolt, for many years one of the deacons of the church at Godmanchester.

He was greatly favoured during his life with a sweet assurance of his interest in Christ in a very unusual way, yet had gone through many severe trials and temptations from the enemy, which made him wise in dealing with troubled souls. Last summer he had a special manifestation of the love of God. To the last he evinced strong confidence, resting his all upon the finished work of the Lord Jesus. He said, "I feel I am resting on the Rock of Ages. This is all my salvation and all my support." He was the dearly-beloved friend of the former pastor of the church, the late Mr. Brown, and a great comfort to him in his many afflictions. It may be said of John Rolt, as of Enoch, "He walked with God, and he was not; for God took him."

A KINGDOM prepared from all eternity, and the persons for whom it was prepared, being known and appointed, their possession of it could not depend upon any of their after-actions in time.—*Hawker*,

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

JULY, 1873.

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

SOME GOOD THING TOWARD THE LORD.

A SERMON BY THE LATE MR. M'KENZIE, PREACHED AT BEDWORTH,
MONDAY EVENING, JUNE 1ST, 1846.

“And all Israel shall mourn for him and bury him; for he only of Jeroboam shall come to the grave, because in him there is found some good thing toward the Lord God of Israel in the house of Jeroboam.”—1 KI. XIV. 13.

THE Lord appeared to Solomon twice, and told him if he would keep his commandments, and walk before him as his father David had walked, that the kingdom should not depart from him; but if he forgot the Lord and departed from him, the Lord would depart from Solomon in a temporal sense, as it respected the kingdom of Israel. Solomon sinned and did not keep the commandments of the Lord, for his heart was led away by his wives; he married idolators, practical idolators; they were worshippers of the abominations of the Zidonians, Hittites, Ammonites, and various other wicked nations whom the Lord had said he would cut off. He worshipped idols, departing from the true God, inasmuch as Solomon assented to this abominable worship. He built high places for the worship of these false gods, dishonouring the true God. He even had the wickedness to build a place immediately opposite Jerusalem; thus insulting the Lord to his face; which greatly displeased the Almighty, who, according to his threatening, executes judgment. Although we must not class Solomon with Saul, who was wicked in heart as well as practice, and knew not God; as we read that the mercy of the Lord did not depart from Solomon as it did from Saul; that is, his eternal, gracious, saving mercy did not depart from Solomon, notwithstanding his vile sin. Yet the Lord took judgment on his vile iniquity in a national point of view, and therefore, according to the word of the prophet, declares the kingdom shall be rent from him, because he had not kept the commandment of the Lord as his father. David was a great sinner, perhaps a worse sinner than Solomon in certain points; but in the grand point David was not; therefore was called the man after God's own heart. All David's sins and failings might be called infirmities of the flesh, as compared with idolatry; for he clave to the Lord his God, and loved no other god.

Idolatry was the curse and ruin of the Jewish nation. What could the people expect who had set up a god in opposition to the very God that placed them in the land? It is impossible to be a true spiritual worshipper and deny and depart from God. In all his sin David never did this. He was zealous for the glory of the true God. He worshipped and believed in the true God. Solomon believed the same, but his practice denied it. He followed strange women, and built a house for idol gods; so that the land stank with their vile abominations and idolatry. The Lord, therefore, sends him a message that the kingdom should be rent from him. Nevertheless, he would not rend it all, but keep the tribe of Judah for the sake of his father David. He would not cut off the nation in his day, but in the days of his son Rehoboam.

Time passes on, men forget the threatenings, judgments, and denunciations of God against sin. The time arrives, the Lord executes his word. God is faithful to his mercy, to his promise, and to his kindness; but so also he is true to his threatenings and his judgments against sin. The time comes. Rehoboam is installed in his kingdom. He consults the old men, then the young ones. The old men gave him wholesome, the young foolish advice. The thing was of God, and led to the transition of the kingdom. Thus the providence of God brings the things about according to his word. The king followed the advice of his new counsellors who had no experience. Therefore the people turned away from him to Jeroboam, who had been a servant of Solomon, as the Lord had said he would give him ten tribes.

Now, you mark well, when the Lord announces his judgments, though he will be gracious and just to all his creatures, truly saving the souls of the redeemed, notwithstanding, if a man sin against him in a national point of view, he visits him with national judgments. According to his word, by the prophet, he sent to Jeroboam, who was king of the ten tribes. The prophet had told him of this before it came to pass; likewise, if he would keep the word of the Lord his God, and walk in his ways, the Lord would establish him in the kingdom, and bless him with his favour. The time at length arrived; all the before-mentioned circumstances took place. Jeroboam had the ten tribes. He took his stand in a place called Shechem, the northern part of Canaan. He reigned but a short time before he committed sin; yea, he fell into sin worse than Solomon. Now mark. As soon as the Lord had installed him in the kingdom king of the ten tribes, he did so wickedly that the Lord declared for his sin he would not only cut him off but his whole house. As soon as he became king he committed five or six sins one after the other. You mark particularly what they were. First, he used carnal reason instead of consulting the word of God. This is a great insult to the Almighty. Mark this sin of Jeroboam. The Lord sent him a message by his prophet, and told him what to do. Instead of listening to the prophet, considering the message, analyzing every

sentence, see how his mind turns about. Jerusalem was the place in which the Lord allowed his people to worship him. Jeroboam reasoned thus: "If this people go up to do sacrifice in the house of the Lord at Jerusalem, then shall the king steal the hearts of this people; they will turn about and murder me." The Lord had never said any such thing; but such is fallen nature, one sin begets another. Paul says, "Take heed, brethren, lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief in departing from the living God, but exhort one another daily, while it is called to-day, lest any of you be hardened through the deceitfulness of sin." People who are in the habit of lying tell one lie; then, being fearful it will be found out, tell another; and so they go on, till at last they tell many. Just so is sin. Whatever sin you commit, whatever kind it is we are left to commit, if the Lord does not rebuke us for it, we commit another, then a third, after that a fourth, and go on in the way of deceit and sin till the conscience is hardened. So it was with Jeroboam. He was not a man of grace; he knew nothing of the grace of God. Instead of being guided by the word of God to do that which was right in obeying the Lord, and not carnal reason, he says, "If I let the people go up I shall be ruined." This led him to a second sin. He made two calves, two golden images, and set one in Bethel, at one end of the kingdom, and the other he put in Dan, at the other end, as gods for the people. Thus, having them at the extremities of the kingdom, he ensnared the people, and kept them from going up to worship at Jerusalem. They worshipped false gods, the very sin for which Solomon was told the kingdom would be rent from him. Without the grace of God, even with the judgment of God before their eyes, natural men go into sin. As Job says, "They drink up iniquity like water."

This second sin leads to a third. After consulting carnal reason, making false gods, he builds a house in the high places. He had no right to build any house for God only at Jerusalem; for the Lord had said before this that his house should be at Jerusalem, the temple in which Solomon prayed, that when any man, who knew the plague of his own heart, looked towards this holy place, the Lord would hear him. But this man built the high places in Samaria, and drew the people's hearts away from the temple, which was a type of Christ; thus committing the very thing the Lord commanded should not be.

A fourth sin. He made priests of the lowest of the people, which were not of the sons of Levi. By the lowest of the people I do not mean poor people, for many of the tribe of Levi were very poor. They being appointed by the Lord to be priests, they had no inheritance, neither any part or lot of land in Canaan. They were to live by the offerings of the people. They were appointed for God's ministers, to offer sacrifices to the Lord. Jeroboam casts this behind his back, makes priests of any man who would come and offer himself. Let him be as vile as he chose, if he

came and offered himself, and said he wished to be a priest, he made him one.

He commits another sin. Instead of the priests offering the sacrifice, which was to be done by them alone, he comes himself and offers sacrifice.

This leads to another sin. He changes the day of atonement. Instead of the tenth day of the seventh month, as the law of God commanded, out of his own heart he appointed the fifteenth day of the eighth month. To some this may appear very simple, that it was not of much consequence changing the month. Simple or not, the change was not according to the command of God, and therefore insulting to his blessed Majesty. There are many things in the New Testament that appear simple, and we may be indifferent whether we do the things or not; but it is not the things, but what the Lord has commanded. He in his wisdom has ordered such things to be done. If we neglect his ordinances, or change them, or alter his commands, it is as much as saying, "This is better; I know better than the Lord." So Jeroboam set at nought the wisdom of God in his law, by changing the day of atonement.

Thus you see how one sin follows another. Let us look at the consequences. Friends, it becomes us to be spiritual in our worship and discipline; simple, spiritual, and pure, so far as we are taught by the Lord, in all church matters, in all spiritual things; not heeding what people say, or what men do, but what saith the Lord. To the law and the testimony of the New Testament, for all matters pertaining thereto, for the faith and practice of all God's children. But instead of this, such is the force of example, we see young persons following the practice of older ones, old ones following the practice of their forefathers, never once asking, "What is truth?" or, "What is error?" But to the New Testament we must come; and it is our mercy that we have a Book from which we can get instruction, in which are set before us the spiritual precious doctrines and truths of the glorious gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ.

After this, Jeroboam's house was cut off because of his manifold sins. Before this took place, we see the Lord sent him a prophet to warn him. However wicked men are, the Lord does not cut them off by natural judgments without warning. It seems to be the mind and will of God in general, before he lets loose the rod, draws the sword, or strikes the blow, to give warning. But when a man's heart is callous, and bent upon his own notions of wisdom and self-will, the judgments of hell or heaven will not warn him. Nothing will be a warning, unless the precious mercy of God steps in and plucks the man as a brand from the fire. So it was with this man in a literal sense. I am now speaking of natural things; for he was not a gracious man. The Lord sent a prophet to warn him of his sin. This faithful man came from Judah to Samaria, to Bethel, nearly a distance of eighty miles. Here he finds Jeroboam offering on the altar his

abominations, in the very act of committing his sin, himself taking the priest's office, offering to his golden gods. The mouth of the Lord's prophet is opened. In the light and power of the Spirit he lifts up his voice like a trumpet to show unto Israel his sin. He tells King Jeroboam, in the face of all the people, that God would scatter his kingdom, and cut him and his house off for his wickedness. Here is the message of God to man. Does he receive it and fall under it? David said, "O Lord, cleanse me from blood guiltiness;" and Job said, "Behold, I am vile;" and others said, "I have sinned against him." Did Jeroboam do this? No. Instead of receiving the prophet's rebuke and denunciation against his sin, all the rage and passion of his evil nature rise within. He stretches forth his hand to lay hold of the man of God. The judgment of God has gone out against him. His arm is smitten with stiffness; he cannot draw it in again. Thus he was caught in his own snare. The prophet of God went on with his judgments against him, saying they should surely come to pass. On the altar upon which he was offering sacrifice, the son of another king should offer the bones of those priests who offered sacrifice upon it; and he gave a sign that the altar should be rent and the ashes upon it poured out. No sooner are the words out of his mouth than the altar is rent in twain. The king, finding he is caught in his own snare, acts in the same spirit as Simon Magus when he offered Peter money, thinking the Spirit could be bought with money. Peter said, "Thy money perish with thee. Thou hast neither part nor lot in the matter; thy heart is not right in the sight of God." And he said to Peter, "Pray ye to the Lord for me that none of these things that ye have spoken come upon me." He could not pray for himself; he wanted the man of God to pray for him. Thus Jeroboam said to the prophet, "Pray to the Lord thy God." He could not say, "The Lord *my* God;" but, "Pray to the Lord *thy* God that my hand may be restored,"—that it may be healed. The prophet prayed to the Lord. He heard him, and, wicked as this man was, the Lord restored the use of his arm.

Thus the wicked will do wickedly. Say what you will, preach or write as you may, still he will do wickedly. Nothing but wickedness is in his heart. Though the Lord healed him, Jeroboam tried the prophet in various ways, just like Satan. First he uses violence, stretching forth his arm against the prophet, but is caught in his own snare. Then he comes another way, and tries to bribe him: "Come home with me, and refresh thyself, and I will give thee a reward." The man of God refuses to accept anything. The Lord told him to go direct to the altar and speak against the sins of the king, telling him what judgments would follow, and to return another way; also that he should neither eat nor drink in the land. He was not to go back the way he came.

Now mark the solemn judgment of God against his own true prophet, when not faithful and minding the Lord's work. The

man of God returns to go home. If you are in the way, snares, gins, and traps are laid in every possible direction. Really you are not aware of the traps in this world. Snares amongst professors, snares amongst foes, snares amongst friends, and snares amongst worldly people. Though we may look at professors, yet if we look into our own heart we shall see worse than all put together. The danger in the snare is, it is such a subtle thing; it is hid; we see it not till we feel our feet therein. There would be no snare if it was before our eyes. "In vain is the net spread in the sight of any bird." When a poacher wants to snare a hare, in setting the gin, it is so placed that the hare may leap or run into it; then he is caught fast. This is the devil's way of trying to catch souls. He sets a trap; we do not see it till we are caught. Things are brought before the eyes of our mind. We think of them, do them, and some way or other it turns up to be a snare, wounds the soul, and brings us into trouble, guilt, and darkness, feeling we have lost the comfortable presence of God and are got into barrenness. Above all, my friends, try to keep a watch against this, like a skilful warrior. The commander of an army, who executes many skilful manœuvres in order that he may deceive another army, if he can catch them off their guard, he comes upon them unawares and gains the advantage. So Satan eyes the people of God that he may find them off their guard. Our Lord did not say in vain, "Watch unto prayer that ye enter not into temptation;" just as if each step we took the next would be into temptation. It is one thing to be in temptation and another thing to be overcome by it. This brings distress on the soul. This prophet found it cost him his life. This shows the necessity of all the Lord's people sticking fast by all the Lord's testimonies, as far as in them lies. David says, "I have stuck unto thy testimonies;" not merely sticking to the written word of God, but to other visitations and manifestations to our soul. Whatever the Lord teaches us, let us stick to these. A man who gets any testimony that he is a lost sinner, and a powerful sweet testimony and conviction of the pardoning mercy and manifestation of love through the application of the blood of sprinkling, he will stick fast by these. Though he may be unable to find out deceivers in religion by quoting the Bible, because they will talk as fast as he, and probably out-talk him; though he may be unable to find them out this way, yet when he comes to the real work of grace as revealed in his conscience by the Holy Ghost, insisting on an application of the blood of sprinkling to the conscience, here they will not agree with him.

But to return.

When the king could not detain the prophet, a wicked prophet, a lying, conniving old vagabond of a prophet, follows him, goes after him, overtakes him, and invites him back. The man of God said he would not return, for the Lord had commanded him neither to eat bread nor drink water in the place. The lying prophet said, "An angel appeared to me, and told me to bring thee

back." This looked very plausible. Perhaps any of us would have been entrapped. Paul said, "If an angel from heaven preach any other doctrine let him be accursed." So the prophet should have said, "Though an angel from heaven told me to eat, the Lord commanded me not, and I cannot." But he believed another man before the testimony of the Lord. This shows me the blessed testimony of revealed religion before all head knowledge. One text of God in the heart, one manifestation, one powerful sense of God's love, one melting time in the soul, a sorrowful time, one sweet drop of pardoning love, coming with the powerful influence of the blessed Spirit, is of more worth than all the head knowledge that exists in the world. Let us stand fast by this. But he believed the lying prophet, went back, and ate bread at his table. While eating bread, the Lord spoke to the lying prophet the same as to Balaam, and he told the prophet that because he had disobeyed the word of the Lord, his carcass should not come to the sepulchre of his fathers. As he said, so it came to pass. A lion met him and slew him by the way. I would rather be the dear man of God, though slain, than the lying prophet that deceived him.

Well, the judgments of God were fulfilled against Jeroboam. The Lord declared he would cut off both him and his house, that there should be neither man nor beast left; none should succeed him. His only hope was in his living child. He had fixed all his affections upon him; had in his heart given him the kingdom. The little lad was called Abijah. He concluded now that the man of God was slain by the lion he could now live in the sin; because, to wicked men, it is a torment to have a faithful witness; they call them troublers in Israel. As soon as he heard of the death of the man of God, no doubt his language was, "There is an end of that fellow. His word will never come to pass, else he would not have been slain by the way."

This shows that the Lord is no respecter of persons. I believe, though the lion destroyed his carcass, the roaring lion did not destroy his soul. It was for the destruction of his flesh that the spirit might be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus. He was slain for a warning to us in these days. May the Lord give us grace to observe this, that though the true prophets of the Lord die, his word that goeth forth from his mouth shall never return to him void, but shall accomplish the end for which it was sent. It shall not prove false, though all the prophets die. The Lord liveth; therefore his word shall come to pass.

Little Abijah, upon whom all the king's hopes were centred, on whom his heart was fixed, is to be taken away, not smitten on account of his own sins, or because he had committed any sin in particular, but was taken away as a judgment upon his parents. He was the only soul God loved in that house; yet he took him away. I do not say all children taken away at a tender age are a judgment upon their parents, though the Lord frequently visits wicked parents with his judgments, as it was with Jeroboam.

This king remembered there was an old prophet living somewhere, who had told him before he came to the kingdom that he should be king; and his heart having still some of the subtilty of the old serpent, he commanded his wife to go to this man of God, who lived at Shiloh, to take ten cakes and some other things, as it was customary to make presents to the prophets at the time they went to inquire of them. Jeroboam said to her, "Feign thyself to be another woman." (I have often thought of this.) "Put on hypocrisy." (Old Satan like.) "Do not appear what you are; be really a thorough hypocrite." The devil likes hypocrites. Hypocrisy is the real cast of the devil's kingdom, the real bullion of Satan. "Feign thyself to be another woman." Appear what you are not. So said the king to his wife. "Go as some poor woman. Put on old apparel and go to him with a present." Though the devil may make hypocrites, and work hypocrisy in men and women, yet the Lord reveals the secrets of hypocrites to his servants.

A servant of God who is lately deceased knew well that some wickedness was carrying on in his congregation. It was the filthiest, the vilest, not fit to be named, or even hinted at in the pulpit. The Lord revealed it to him in a dream; he saw the men in his dream before his eyes. In the pulpit he pointed out the men in the pews. So convinced was one of his sin that he was obliged to confess it, to acknowledge his iniquity; and the Lord made it the means of his deliverance. Another went out of the place, and he became an Owenite.* There is no darkness where the workers of iniquity can hide themselves. Surely the Lord God will do nothing but he revealeth his secrets to his servants the prophets. Just so with the old prophet of God to whom the king sent his wife. He was blind with age, sitting in his old seat. Most probably the wife of the king put on such disguise that she thought he would never see her. The Lord was not blind if the prophet was. The God of heaven saw the secrets of both their hearts, and revealed it to his servant, telling him the wife of Jeroboam was coming, and that she would feign herself another woman. As soon as she came to the door of the prophet's house and opened it, he met her with this solemn message: "Come in, thou wife of Jeroboam. Why feignest thou thyself to be another? The Lord has sent me with heavy tidings." He told her the Lord would cut them all off because of their sin. The child should die as soon as her feet entered the city. No doubt she returned with a heavy heart; and as soon as she put her feet on the threshold of the door, the child died.

Therefore the word of the Lord came to pass; and this, you perceive, gave rise to the language of the text. It is a portion of the prophet's words to this woman. He tells her, "Arise

* The minister was Mr. Gadsby. The writer of this note vividly remembers the circumstance. Mr. G. saw the men most distinctly, and mentioned the fact *before* he spoke of it in the pulpit. Thus does the Lord still sometimes appear to his people in visions of the night.

thou, therefore; get thee to thine own house, and when thy feet enter the city the child shall die. And all Israel shall mourn for him, and bury him; for he only of Jeroboam shall come to the grave, because in him there is found some good thing toward the Lord God of Israel, in the house of Jeroboam."

"All Israel shall mourn for him." This shall not be the case with thy husband, or any other of his house; for he only of Jeroboam shall come to the grave.

In eastern countries persons of some standing in the city had their bodies embalmed. They were wrapped in several clothes prepared for the purpose. By this art their bodies were preserved for a long time. This accounts for the Egyptian mummies, some of which have been preserved three thousand years. The burial of persons of rank and station was performed with great ceremony; it was the highest mark of respect; but to cast a man's body out in the fields, so that the fowls of the air hovered over the body and picked the flesh from the bones of the bloated carcase, was a mark of ignominy and disgrace. The prophet told Jeroboam's wife none should be buried, but their bodies should be thrown out as rotten carcasses, except this boy. Why shall they mourn for him? "Because in him there is found some good thing toward the Lord God of Israel." There was no good thing either in the heart of Jeroboam or his deceitful and hypocritical wife; no good in any of the house beside this boy. He shall be taken from the evil to come, and shall be buried honourably, and the people shall lament for him, because in the heart of him some good thing is found.

(To be concluded in our next.)

LETTER BY MR. IRESON.

Dear Friend in Jesus,—Thanks to you and Miss W. for the present. If the Lord will give a drop of dew and a word, I would commune with you both in the Spirit, and communicate some good thing that might endear Jesus. The covenant is ordered in all things and sure, so that sense, flesh, and reason cannot alter it; and the Lord knoweth them that are his, and they are his people by gift, creation, purchase, and conquest; and he hath said, "I give unto my sheep eternal life, and they shall never perish." "And they shall be mine in the day when I make up my jewels." Am I born again? Then I am a new creature in Jesus, live in his life as communicated, kept by his power, and supplied from his fulness; and he has pledged the honours of his great name to bring me through the wilderness, and land me safe in his presence to chant eternal love.

What is time to eternity? What the sorrows of time, the afflictions of time, to an eternal weight of glory? The church's highest glory is union with Jesus; her delight, her communion with Jesus; her conformity to him, suffering a heavy cross that crushes the flesh and confounds sense and reason. This cross scares the

world and conquers the devil. They overcome by the blood of the Lamb and the word of the saints' testimony, and love not their lives unto death, if they must bear their testimony in blood to the truth. The kingdom of God standeth not in word, but in power.

"The feeblest heart shall hell subdue
Where Jesus Christ is born."

"Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world," says Jesus to his disciples. Have I any doubts and fears? Not one about his eternal Godhead; not one about his spotless manhood. He is the Rock. "Thou art the Christ." Here I certain am. But I have many doubts and fears in the night. But I have a sword and a banner,— "Death or victory!" If I perish, I perish fighting. Out of weakness I have often been made strong. At present I am all weakness, have lost my Beloved, yet get a ray of light now and then. I am sore troubled, but get helped. I long to feast with Jesus on the Mount, but must not have it, and am afraid, at times, of a traitor in my bosom. But I say, "Search me!" I have said I have gone through one sea, and would go through seven more sooner than part with Jesus. Here is now my will; the power to do it must be of God, or I should do as Peter did: "I never knew the man," with oaths and curses. Lord, what is man without God?

This is a dark day, I think, with the church. There is want of life and power. But the press teems and pulpits ring with various warnings and directions for the recovery of our health. May the Lord teach us all things, and give us all things, and be acknowledged in all things the Sovereign of all worlds, our almighty Creator, and our most blissful Kinsman and Redeemer. I would humbly hope he is yours. I have founded all my hope of salvation upon the blood of the cross. Here I rest my eternal all, my precious soul. At present his way is in the sea, and his path is in the great waters, and his footsteps are not known. I want more inward life and power, more of the Spirit's mind and image and disposition of Jesus in me, so that I might be a living epistle of Christ, a copy of the New Testament written within me and to come out of me. Alas! I am a beggar in rags, and scatter my ways frequently, and leave sad marks of sin, shame, and disgrace wherever I go, and am confounded at myself, at times, on account of my ways that are not good, because they are not God's good gospel ways.

O for more of the Holy Ghost in his divine influences; less tongue and more heart! Not that I would be ashamed of Jesus! God forbid! He might well be ashamed of me. I might, indeed, blush for shame were I not a heart-hardened sinner. Frequently, if my heart was written on my face, how ashamed should I be to show myself; for I am the subject of such thoughts and feelings, at times, that I dare not tell any creature. Jesus took the place of the guilty that the guilty might take the place of the innocent. As he was in this world, so are we in him. Therefore we are black, but comely. We only know our blackness and comeliness as the Lord the Spirit shows us.

“Harder than rocks and mountains are,
More dull than dirt and earth by far,
Man view'd unmoved thy blood's rich stream,
Nor ever dreamt it flow'd for him.”

It is at the cross the perfection of beauty is seen. O what a mercy to know anything in a saving way about sin and salvation! I would follow on and know the Lord in this saving way as he is pleased to lead me. I find that it is through *many* trials, not a few, and *much* tribulation, not a little. After all, it is a good way, because the good Master has gone this way. And shall Jesus drink up the bitter cup and his disciples not taste of it? How could we know what it cost him to redeem us if we did not suffer with him? He says, “Follow me.”

If we are Abraham's sons we shall do the works of Abraham, believe on the Son of God, and tread in our father's steps. He became a wandering stranger when God called him. He was once an idolator, but he became a spiritual worshipper. He built his altar and called on the name of the everlasting God. So I would worship Jesus with all my heart. “His will is present with me, but how to perform that which is good I find not” in myself; yet it is a good thing to worship Jesus in spirit and in truth. Grace carries with it its own reward. The flesh profiteth nothing, but hinders and clogs everything. All that I say and do, even when right, needs washing and pardoning by Jesus; for flesh, and sin, and self mix with all I think and say about the things of God. I am a dull scholar, learn my lessons very slowly, and often get put back. I would learn how to come to Jesus with all my troubles, sins, and tribulation, and wait upon him for deliverance; go to him for instruction about the way, the paths of the gospel, walking with him and following him in the regeneration. I wish to be sober-minded, for I have a subtle adversary. Did not the Lord keep the city, even the watchman, Godly Fear, waketh but in vain. “Watch and be sober.”

The Lord in his mercy give all that is necessary for life and godliness for the honour of his great name, and to the praise and glory of his grace, wherein he hath made his church accepted in the Beloved.

And now I think I have said enough. If the Lord smile upon any part of it, to his name be glory. All gospel treasure is his; all the poverty and ignorance mine. Fare thee well for the present,
My Friend and Brother in the Lord Jesus,

Kingscliffe, Feb. 17, 1854.

R. H. IRESON.

[Some account of Mr. Ireson will be found in the “G. S.,” March, 1864.]

WHAT REASON can be given, but that of God's sovereignty in election, why the most abandoned sinners of mankind are often called to a knowledge of the gospel, and made partakers of precious faith in the Son of God, whilst multitudes of the decent and moral are left to perish in their own deceivings, as dead to all spiritual things as the stones they tread upon?—*Sir Richard Hill's* “*Deep Things of God.*”

THE HAND OF THE MEDIATOR.

GAL. III. 14.

A MEDIATOR's hands
 Were used to usher in
 The law of God (in ten commands),
 Which first reveal'd my sin.

Such are its stern demands,
 So "holy, just, and good,"
 Without a mighty Daysman's hands
 No sinner could have stood.

A Mediator's hand
 Is a safe "hiding-place."
 The sheep of Christ for ever stand
 Safe in the God of grace.

Our cause is in his hand;
 "Our Advocate" is he.
 He pleads his merits, and we stand—
 The undefiled, and free.

Our times are in his hand.
 What need have we to fear?
 Eternal Wisdom all has plann'd;
 No flaw, no failure there.

The world is in his hand;
 On nothing doth it rest;
 The pillars of it simply stand
 On God's divine behest.

The seas are in his hand,—
 Salt, sweet, and bitter too.
 Though floods and storms their course withstand,
 He'll bring his chosen through.

The heavens are in his hand;
 He planted them alone;
 And far above all heavens he sits,
 Upon his "great white throne."
 "The shadow of God's hand"
 First cover'd Christ from view;
 Beneath Christ's shadow, all who stand
 By God are cover'd too.

His precious arms and hands
 (Indelibly engraved)
 Enwrap around, as living bands,
 The host of sinners saved!

M. E. S.

A SINGLE soul is of more value than the whole world, and for this plain reason,—the time is coming when the whole world will be destroyed, but the soul must live in happiness or misery for ever.—*Hawker.*

GRACE ABOUNDING.

My very dearly-beloved Friend and Brother in the Lord Jesus Christ,—May grace, mercy, and truth be multiplied towards you, to comfort you in all your tribulation, that as your afflictions abound your consolations also may, through Christ, abound, so as in time to swallow up all your griefs and sorrows, and thereby a sweet hope arise that in a little time there will be a termination to everything of an afflicting character. Nay, that we may now reckon with blessed Paul that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us. O my dear brother, eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things that God hath laid up for them that love him. It is true that the children of God, under the blessed teaching of his Spirit, are made in some small measure acquainted with the nature of those things; but as to degree or extent, O how little does the most favoured saint on this side of heaven know! The most that he realizes is but an earnest, a drop of the boundless ocean of love, only a few rays of the uncreated sun of righteousness, sufficient only, at times, to give him light enough to discern light from darkness, truth in the letter from the truth in the spirit of it, and an empty form of godliness from worshipping the Lord in that beauty of holiness, the Lord Jesus Christ; or, as dear Hart has expressed it,

“Worship God, then, in his Son;
Here he is love, and here alone.”

Read the whole of the hymn in which these lines occur.

Your very welcome letter was sent to me here by my dear wife, who, I am sorry to tell you, has been for some time past suffering from a bad cold and cough. It is a great disappointment to her to be left behind, while I am at her favourite place, Brighton; and I do assure you that last Saturday my journey hither was anything but comfortable. The enemy was not wanting in suggesting to my poor weak nervous mind many a gloomy thing. Not to enumerate, I may just say one thing was that I should have a most miserable time at Brighton, and being without my wife to speak to it would be indeed a wretched affair, and that I might not be suffered to return alive. Ah, my dear friend, you are not a stranger to similarly-painful exercises. However, I must now tell you that I have been favoured to realize the truth of these words: “As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my thoughts higher than your thoughts, and my ways than your ways.” Yes, and also these words: “I know the thoughts,” saith the Lord, “that I think toward you, thoughts of peace and not of evil, to give you an expected end.” I know how deep an interest you have always felt in my temporal and spiritual welfare since our first coming together, and how you have been enabled, at times, to remember me in your supplication at a mercy-seat, and have had your confidence in me as being a child of God,

maintained in the midst of everything calculated to shake it, and to have had hope concerning me when for myself I had none, but have numberless times concluded that I should die in the pit of despair, and from that go down into the bottomless pit of never-ending misery.

My dearly-beloved friend, I could never convey to you by words what scenes my soul has passed through, even during the last two or three years, from that time when you remember me coming from Abingdon, after having written to tell you not to look for me. Yes, only imagine a poor creature going in and out before the people of God, speaking to them about salvation, and believing that they were heirs of that blessing, but that I was very doubtful, nay, very fearful, that I myself should be a cast-away. Perhaps you may say, "Why, how could you continue to preach in such a state?" Ah! This has been a mystery to me,—a wonder indeed. Necessity was laid upon me, and I knew that the truths which were brought to my mind and dropped from my mouth were things that were known and must be experienced by all who would be saved. And I felt persuaded that, from time to time, when standing before the people, unless I was helped it would be utterly impossible for me to speak; and often have I feared, in consequence of the dreadful distraction and confusion that has been experienced up to the moment of entering a pulpit, that if I did speak it would be something unintelligible to the people, or contrary to the truth. O how marvellous that the Lord should bring order out of such a mass of confusion, and light out of the midst of such darkness; yes, and sometimes so to put forth his power as to make a poor weak, trembling, fearful worm as bold as a lion. O, what cannot our God perform? Truly, as one of our hymns expresses it,

"Wonders of grace to God belong.
Repeat his mercies in your song.
Through this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his mercy-seat.
His mercies ever shall endure
When this vain world shall be no more."

Now, having read what I have thus written, and finding the strain of it rather different to what you have formerly, or at least for some time past, received, you may want to have the key to it. Well, then, I must tell you first that I was much favoured with life, light, and liberty in speaking on Sabbath day from 1 Pet. ii. 2-4, and the words were much blessed to some of the people, especially to Mr. Stenning, Mr. Marshall, Mr. Longhurst, Mr. Hill, and Mrs. Faircomb; but still, as soon as the preaching was over, I went back a good way into my old place of darkness, unbelief, and temptation, and on Sunday night had a very restless, trying night. Monday evening I took up the same text again, and was helped again; all the word was accompanied with power. Well, after supper, I went up to my bedroom very reluctantly, with a fearful heart, fearing that I should have, as usual, a rest-

less night. Before going into bed I dropped upon my knees, and endeavoured, in a word or two, to beg of the Lord to be a "shield unto me and a strong tower from the enemy." On lying down I felt very apprehensive of the enemy's approach, and I had just strength enough to say, "Lord, I have no strength; do help me;" when, in a very gradual manner, petition after petition came into my heart and out of my mouth, and I sensibly felt my heart enlarging and pleading the promises: "Open thy mouth wide and I will fill it." I could not go to sleep, nor did I much desire. I sat up in the bed, and was led out as I have not been for years. I read these words: "Only acknowledge thine iniquity, that thou hast transgressed against me," and felt confession of sin followed. I felt one thing after another brought to my mind,—how I had frequently cast the Lord's words of reproof away; how I had frequently indulged my own spirit; how far off I had been living from him (not, through mercy, in open sin, but as respects a close walk and secret communion); and, as fast as I was enabled to confess, I was met with some gracious word of promise or declaration of mercy; that at length I was brought up completely out of the miry clay of sin, guilt, and filth, so as to feel once more my feet set upon the Rock Christ, a new song put into my mouth, even praise unto my God. O, how precious was Christ to my soul. I could say:

"O my Jesus, thou art mine,
With all thy grace and power;
I am now and shall be thine,
When time shall be no more."

Now I could look death in the face as a conquered enemy; yea, felt that I could pass through the valley of the shadow of death, fearing no evil. Now I could look beyond the changing things of this wilderness to the Lord Jesus at the right hand of the Father, as my forerunner within the veil. Thus it went on, one thing after another, after I got up. Yes, my dear brother, I could see the needs-be for my being called to drink of the bitter water of trouble and sorrow,—to witness one and another of those whom I had thought to be my friends turn round against me and instead of sympathizing with me in my day of adversity, not only forsake me but speak against me. Those who are called to tread this path come into some acquaintance with Job, David, Jeremiah, and Hezekiah, and above all into fellowship with the glorious suffering Head, the dear Son of God, who, as the apostle said, "Though he were a Son, he learned obedience by the things that he suffered, and he was made perfect through sufferings." We poor cowards and timorous things would like to have a share in his glory without having our share in his cross; but no, it cannot, must not be so. It is said, "If we suffer with him we shall reign with him." Therefore it is vain in any to attempt to separate what God hath joined together. Nor does a child of God in his right mind wish it should be otherwise.

“How harsh soe'er the way,
Dear Saviour, still lead on,
Nor leave us till we say,
Father, thy will be done.”

“At most we do but taste the cup,
For thou alone hast drunk it up.
Finish, dear Lord, what is begun;
Choose thou the way, but still lead on.”

I was telling the people on Sabbath day that the Lamb could not be eaten without bitter herbs now,—that there is but one way into the kingdom.

Now, my dear friend, I must draw to a close, not from want of having something to say, for I feel as though I must speak either by pen or by tongue, but from fear of over-taxing, as I have done, the power of my brain. I must just say that never have I felt so much desire to be enabled to glorify my dear Lord, to spread his name and fame in this sinful world as now, and have earnestly besought my blessed Master to employ the few remaining days, months, or years of this my mortal life in his service, so that instead of becoming (as I have often feared) a stumbling-block to his people, and like a beacon set up on a hill to warn others against a false profession, having a name to live and no life, I may have an ever-increasing love to him and to his church, and be made more than ever I have yet been an instrument of good. I felt there is nothing worth my living for but to know Christ and him crucified for me, and to preach him, with that ability which he may grant me, unto others. O, my dear brother, is not such a salvation as this worth waiting for? And, as Toplady has it:

“If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from thee.”

I have thought of dear John Berridge's words. When speaking of Christ, he says:

“Living tongues are dumb at best.
We must die to speak of Christ.”

I lay upon my bed at Shoreham last Thursday morning, having preached there the preceding night, singing that sweet hymn commencing:

“Grace, 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.”

Ah! How sweet to say in the confidence of humble faith:

“Grace first inscribed my name
In God's eternal book;
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.”

O for the faith of *appropriation*! How many dear souls there are, dear to Christ as the strong, whose faith is not sufficiently

strong to lay hold of the blessing so as to say, "My Jesus," and yet they have faith; though small, yet true. Their faith enables them to see and to be sure that none but Jesus can do such poor helpless sinners good; they believe, too, that Christ Jesus came into this world to save sinners; yea, sinners the chief; and they believe that the Almighty is both able and willing to save unto the uttermost all who come unto God by him. None can look to any other for salvation. Still are they, at times, so fearful lest they do not seek or come aright that there must be something as yet undiscovered by them, by which they are kept from the blessing. Well, what can I say to such poor souls? "Blessed are they who do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall (in God's time) be filled. Therefore wait on him; be constant though weak.

"The Lord whom they seek will not tarry long,
And to him the weakest is dear as the strong."

Really, dear friend, I am going on almost beyond my strength. You speak of wishing for a change, and I think it very necessary for you. I may just say that as I am (D.V.) expected in London on the 6th and 18th of April, and also in the vicinity of London on the 20th, I shall, of course, be there some little time. Now could you not, with Miss D., so arrange as to come up for a few days? And as respects Miss A. B., the youngest,—poor thing, I heard some time ago that she has been trying some water system, either at Malvern or elsewhere, for neuralgia, to which she is subject during the cold winter months,—I am about to write to tell her that I have purposed, if the Lord will, to be with them at Langton and Swanage on the Sabbaths, June 8th and 15th; and if we are both spared till then, how pleased I should be for us to be together at that place, and at that time. My visit to them was rather a remarkable one; you proved it good to your soul.

I shall (D.V.) be leaving this place for Croydon on Tuesday morning, the 11th; expected to speak for Mr. Covell on the 12th, then go into Cambridgeshire, and hope to get home about the 18th or 19th, when I should like to hear from you again. May the dear Lord abundantly bless you, and grant from day to day the fulfilment of this promise: "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass, and as thy day so shall thy strength be." So prays

Yours very sincerely and affectionately,

Brighton, March 7, 1873.

ROBT. KNILL.

"AND now, O man or woman, whoever thou art that art savingly convinced by the Spirit of Christ, thou hast such an endless desire after the Lord Jesus Christ that thou canst not be satisfied or content with anything below the blood of the Son of God, to purge thy conscience withal, even that blood that was shed without the gate. (Heb. xiii. 12; ix. 14.) Also thou canst not be at quiet till thou dost see by true faith that the righteousness of the Son of God is imputed unto thee and put upon thee."—*Bunyan*.

CONWAY STREET CHAPEL.

The Committee of Conway Street Chapel, to all the Saints in Christ Jesus which are at Trowbridge, with the Bishop and Deacons, Grace be unto you, and Peace from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

Beloved,—We were glad to hear from friend Poole that your dear pastor arrived safely at home at the appointed time, and found all friends and family as well as usual. We, the committee, through rich mercy, are as well as when he left town. Our pastor, Mr. Robins, desires his love to you and yours; and also desires to inform you he wrote to Mr. Gadsby on or about Thursday last, and expects a letter this week. When he has received it he will write to you the result. Mr. R. is, through rich mercy, stronger and better, though not well by far; yet he has been strengthened to stand up in the name and for the cause of his God these two Sabbaths, beyond the expectation of himself and many.

Dear friends, what infinite condescension it is in the almighty and eternal God, who fills heaven and earth, to look down upon such poor worms, yea, rebels against himself, and to sympathize with and succour and support them in their afflictions, temptations, and trials of all sorts; for in all their afflictions he was afflicted, and is pleased to give his most holy and ever-blessed Spirit to convict them wherein they have erred and done amiss, and bring them humbly to acknowledge their offences, and earnestly to implore forgiveness of the same; and when we are brought by the blessed Spirit to accept of the punishment of our sins or his fatherly correction, it is that we should not be condemned with the world. Then he will show his kindness in forgiving us our transgressions and sins, and so endear himself to us, and make us abhor ourselves in dust and ashes before him on account of our abominations. When we see that he is thus pacified towards us, his ungrateful and unthankful children, we can find none in earth or hell so vile in our esteem as ourselves. The devil, the father of lies and a murderer from the beginning, does not appear half so black, for he is left without hope and acts according to his own devilish nature. But here is one for whom the Son of God laid down his precious life, and shed his heart's blood to redeem out of the kingdom of Satan; and this has been made known to him, poor soul, by the sweet witness of the Holy Ghost. Yet this silly one has been so bewitched as to hearken to and to be ensnared by that artful fowler the devil, and so to render to his heavenly Father such base ingratitude for his unparalleled kindness. When his blessed Lord, after a little rebuke and correction, is pleased, notwithstanding all his baseness, to show himself propitious and merciful in Christ Jesus to him, base wretch as he feels himself to be, he then can and will say, "Who is a God like unto our God, that pardoneth iniquity, transgression, and sins, and passeth by the transgressions of his

heritage, and will not retain his anger for ever, because he delighteth in mercy?" These things experienced in the soul establish it in the faithfulness of a covenant God; so that the man can and will and does, at times, bless and thank his blessed Majesty for making such ample provision for such hell-deserving ones as he feels himself to be.

I have many times thought of and about the access the devil has to and in poor sinners' hearts, out of whom he by the power of the Holy Ghost has been cast; and it appears clear to me, and daily experience proves the truth of it, that there are three very eminent ones; namely, the eyes, the ears, and the thoughts. With these, that artful fowler is ever busy at every opportunity. If the good Lord, the Shepherd of Israel, is pleased to withhold his gracious influences but a moment, which is as the twinkling of the eye, the devil is sure to come in at one of these gates to feed and nourish his own infernal plantation; namely, the old man of sin, that body of corruption the child of God so much, at times, groans under. Though the devil gets access here, yet, thanks be to the Lord, the God of Israel, he does not, cannot reign; for grace must reign unto eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord. And we feel and find that whenever the good Lord is but pleased to shine into the soul again, either in prayer, meditation, conversing, reading, or hearing his good word opened or explained, this brute and his companions, the corruptions of our hearts, are obliged to skulk into their dens again. There is one blessed grace of the Spirit implanted in the heart of every believer in Christ Jesus that does most manfully and very watchfully oppose this intruder; namely, the fear of God; and when this is in exercise, conscience, being made honest, having life in it, will act for God's honour; so that this fear of God and his goodness will, when the conscience is tender, always be looking out for the enemies' coming; and whenever one appears, it will alarm conscience, there being life therein, and conscience will act according to God's most holy word, and so make straight paths for the child of God. But, on the contrary, if the devil gets an audience, which is too often the case, and the poor soul begins to parley with him, he has got so many suitable baits and traps, all calculated to feed and nourish his own plantation, and he knows when and where to make his attacks against the poor soul, always promising great secrecy in the gratification of the flesh; and sometimes he presses the matter so close that the poor soul is almost gone without strength before his pursuer, until a dart strikes through his liver, and he knows not that it was for his life. Then, like one of old, he goes out to shake himself, as at other times, but wists not the Lord had seemingly passed from him. Then do such poor needy ones cry out as others have done. But God will and does resent such base conduct, and leave the poor wretch to grapple with the devil and his own corruptions, that he may know it is an evil and a bitter thing to sin against God. Then it is such a backslider is filled with his own ways.

He is heartily sick of his own ways and would gladly return to his former Husband, but cannot. He is shut up and cannot come forth. He calls upon God, who used to hear and answer him to the joy his heart, but cannot find him; so now sin lies heavy upon his conscience. God delays to answer his prayer; so that he is often in fear where no real cause for fear is. He is in the terrors of the fear of death. If he walks the streets, he fears something awful will befall him, especially when the wind blows strong. He thinks a tile may fall and kill him, or a scaffold fall; he will turn on the other side of the way for fear it should fall on him, and send him out of the world in that miserable state. I have known such a one, with many more such like tormenting fears; yet the blessed and most Holy Spirit of all grace will and does again strengthen and encourage such a poor soul by some precious promises left on record. Still conscience is not and cannot be satisfied with such base behaviour. It must have a fresh application of the blood of sprinkling, cleansing it from all filthiness.

I am going on in so large a field it is difficult to find an end; therefore must conclude. Your pastor's visit to us has been a most blessed one; and we hope ere long you will permit him to visit us again.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost be with you, and all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

For the Committee,

London, March 3, 1818.

JOHN GAUTREY.

MORALITY NOT GRACE.

My dear Friend,—I went to look at some lambs in a barley stubble-field, and going across it got very wet of my feet; came home, and unthinkingly sat in a room without a fire for about three hours, reading part of the time, and then commenced writing to you, my dear friend, inviting you to come again to Besthorpe to preach the word of life; and also to thank you for informing me that Mr. Philpot was unwell at Oakham, and had given up his engagement at Nottingham. In the evening, soon after I retired to bed, I was taken with a shaking and great faintness, and my strength was wonderfully weakened in a very short space of time. This continued on the Monday and until Tuesday about noon; and so weak was I that I was not able to stand without having something to lean upon. In the afternoon of Tuesday a severe inflammation fell in my legs. Since then I have felt stronger, and am thankful to say in better health. Still I feel that when my weight presses upon my legs it is extremely painful to move about in the least.

In the beginning of my affliction I was brought to remember the way the Lord had led me for forty years in the wilderness;

and as several things were brought to my mind, I will begin where God first began with me. These were the first words that were brought with power to my mind: "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; but the word of our God shall stand for ever." This continued at intervals for some years; and I believe forty years ago the Lord showed me the stability of his word and the certainty of its fulfilment; and this, blessed be God, has not left me to this day. At that time I was a hearer at the Established Church, and did not hear anything but morality preached. I had now begun to feel my lost state and condition, so that the morality preached so prominently and the parson living at the same time in gross immorality, brought me to think he was out of the secret altogether; but I still continued to attend for some time; but the Lord began to open my understanding in a wonderful way. Their form of worship appeared to me to be unscriptural, and at last I found that I could not unite in the form of worship; and so left it, I believe never more to return. I now stayed at home for the space of two years, mourning over my sinful condition, feeling I had sinned against a righteous God, and that I was a guilty sinner before him. I felt that unless the Lord showed mercy to my soul I never could be saved. I had not a friend that I could open my mind to; but this, I believe, led me to be more earnest with the Lord; and in a short time there was a Wesleyan in this village to whom the Lord showed the errors he was in. He began to preach the doctrines of grace; and having heard him preach a sermon from: "I am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins," under this sermon my soul was set at liberty. My burden was gone, and peace and pardon flowed into my soul.

Some time after this I met one of my horses with a cart coming at a furious rate. I thought I would endeavour to stop him, and also mind that I was not run over; but the horse knocked me down in an instant, and, as well as the cart, went over me, one shoe of the horse making a wound on the top of my head. Blood flowed profusely. When I got home I fainted. The doctor came, and said I was much crushed about the breast and stomach; which I believe I was, as I was not able to move or turn in bed for more than a fortnight.

In this affliction the Lord Jesus Christ shone gloriously upon my soul. I was blest with that degree of communion that I never felt before. Love flowed into my soul to Christ for his great love to me, and I was quite resigned to depart, and told him so; that it was better to be with him, but that I hoped to be passive in his hands, either for life or death. This took place about thirty years ago.

A great deal more I thought of stating, but I must leave it.

We all unite in love to you and Mrs. G., hoping to see you both at Besthorpe as soon as convenient.

Yours affectionately,

Besthorpe, Oct. 3, 1868.

WILLIAM HOWITT.

JOHN RUSK'S DIARY.

(Continued from page 241.)

Monday, Sept. 30th, 1816.—When I went down stairs my mother said, “John, I hope you will see about going away as you promised this week, for I shall be glad to get that daughter of Belial out of the house. She says I lie and converse with the devil.” I came away and made no answer, but I am determined to watch God’s hand, and not move a step without he goes before, let her say what she will. But she uses my wife and me cruelly in reporting such infamous lies of us both; but our wisdom lies in not avenging our own cause. “Vengeance is mine, and I will repay,” saith the Lord. But it is painful work. She may pray as much as she likes, it amounts to nothing. “Mine enemies called even upon God, but he heard them not; but verily God hath heard *my* prayer.” “Take counsel, and it shall come to nought; speak the word, and it shall not stand; for God is with us.”

I have been very ill all day, though at work; yet the Lord has brought me through.

Oct. 1st.—When I went down my mother said, “John, when you go you shall have that bed and bedstead.” That is a bed that is quite spoilt through my poor father’s illness; but this was to draw me on, and I could see the devil in it all. I came home at night so bad.

Oct. 2nd.—When I went down my mother said the same as yesterday; which was to sound me to see if I was looking out for a house. It is astonishing the craft. How basely she has belied me and my wife to her friends, who are enemies to Mr. Huntington; but I wish to leave my cause with God. She is determined to have us out, and it seems so hard, as we are in debt at Bow about £4 10s. for real necessities. Mrs. D. expects also part of the £3 I owe her, and she is one that will plead so hard there is no getting rid of her. She threatens to send to the warehouse, and that will expose me to the world. My mother is using us very cruelly, for she knows how poor we are, and I fully expect to be out of work next week, and God knows how we can pay the rent if we take a place, as we cannot live now, though there is no rent to pay. This appears a great strait; but God is all sufficient. The money I have earned since I have been at Mr. H.’s has been very little indeed; but it is my soul’s desire to watch God’s hand, and firmly to trust in him.

I should have mentioned that yesterday morning, as I was going to work, I felt a firm trust in the Lord, and believed his promises for that time. O what a blessed privilege to have a God to go to in time of trouble, and to feel access to him when every refuge fails!

Oct. 4th.—I awoke soon, and felt distressed about a circumstance that took place the day before, which was a suitable snare of the devil to catch me. One of the coal-porters came into the

warehouse and spoke very civilly to me; and, after a while, he said, whispering, "I say, could you give me a bit of canvas to make part of a frock?" I hesitated, and then said, "Yes; I will look you out a bit in the morning." He seemed pleased, and said, "Will you have some gin or beer? I'll send you up a pint." "No," said I; "I won't have anything." "But I'll send it." "I won't have it if you do." He did not send it, and I was glad. But I was very faint, and had no money but a farthing, and it would have come suitably; but how it distressed me that I had not denied him altogether. I see it was very wrong, and I confessed it going home. Now, when I awoke, it came into my mind how I should get clear, so as not to give it; and, feeling this sinking, I was led to see the danger of a sandy foundation,—how dangerous such stand; for one temptation may bring our house about our ears. "He shall lean upon his house, and it shall not stand." Then I meditated for some time on our Lord's words about building on the sand and on the rock, and so fell asleep. I love these meditations; they are very weighty.

But now I'll tell you how I got clear from giving the canvas. If I gave it to one I should soon have another; and if I took beer, that would be worse. Besides, what a bad example it would have been for the boy, and the boy might tell Mr. H. that I had had gin, or beer. So the man looked in, and I told him we had not got a bit that would do; which was truth.

"Seldom do we see the snare, Before we feel the smart."

Oct. 5th.—I was discharged from Mr. Heath's to-night, and received £1 8s. 0d., and am clear with him. I feel very tired, and full of pain; but O how good the Lord is, for strength has been given me equal to my day. I am a debtor to God's grace, from first to last.

Sunday.—I went and heard Mr. C., Providence Chapel. I believe he is a man well taught of God. Text: "But Christ is all and in all." I drank tea with Mr. and Mrs. Robins, Wardour Street, and heard Mr. R. in the evening. As I came home I had an umbrella (the corner of it) knocked in my eye, which hurt me much; but the Lord preserved my sight, yet it was a violent blow. It poured with rain all the way home, and my feet were very sore indeed with walking. O how sorely does it try me, so much walking as I have, day after day, and to so little purpose! I feel it wastes my body very much.

Monday, 7th.—I went to see Mr. Whitewood. (See page 29.) God has been pleased to remove those horrors and terrors, and those distracting feelings. He has a little hope, and feels a cry for mercy. He told me, with tears in his eyes, that those words that I spoke to him when I was there before had stuck by him ever since; which were, "All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven," &c. I drank tea at Seavill's; then went, as I had promised, to see G. Humphreys, and spent a comfortable evening. I had some supper, and came home. But O how bad my feet are! The skin is off my toes; but I feel a sweet peace and

access to God, with much humility, and feel that I had his approbation.

Oct. 8th.—I was not able to go out all day; I feel very bad. My outward man perishes. I went to prayer, and found liberty and gratitude to God. The next morning I awoke soon, and thought much how we were entangled; for things look shocking. O, what gloomy prospects! And I thought of those words, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee." God's children often wonder how it is that they do not succeed in calling upon God respecting providential things according to their views; but our views are often wrong, for if we prayed and God answered us directly, and appeared as we wish he would, where's the fire, the water, the tribulations, &c. &c.? Outward afflictions have a great hand in these sometimes, as we may see in Jacob, Job, Asaph, Paul, and many others. Now into the fire and water we must go. Prayer is not to keep us out, but to bring us through. I am at this time in a sad plight; for look which way I will I am beat,—debts at Bow, and the people with open mouths; I out of work, and so hated that if there was work they hate to employ me, for the truth's sake; my mother wanting us out of the house, and no place to go to; other debts of long standing; my wife very poorly, and I worn out with long walks. Now, though I feel a trust in God, yet things get darker and darker. After breakfast I went to Heath's, and Gollipy's, and Tidy's, and then went with great reluctance to B.'s and dined; worked a little in the shop.

THE LORD'S BLESSING.

"The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich."—Prov. x. 22.

LORD, enrich us with thy blessing;
Send us down some sweet relief,
While with heart and mouth confessing
We are each of sinners chief.

Bless us with a sweet persuasion
Of our interest in thy love;
Make this time the blest occasion
To attract our hearts above.

Favour us with Christian union;
Make us more in love abound;
Grant us with thee sweet communion,
While in Meshech we are found.

Bless us to esteem each other;
May we for each other pray;
Loving as a tender brother,
While we walk the narrow way.

Seal our sins through grace forgiven,
O prepare us for the grave!
Make us meet, dear Lord, for heaven!
All the glory thou shalt have.

A. H.

TRIALS AND MERCIES.

My dear Friends,—I just drop you a line to say that yours came safe to hand. It is evident the Christian is not at ease long at a time; but what a mercy to have any real peace and ease at all, and to see and believe that all our trials, afflictions, and weaknesses are in love to our souls and necessary to make us thoroughly sick of self, and to pant more and more after Him who is the Hope of Israel and the Saviour thereof in every time of trouble. His inward teachings and sacred reasonings with the soul bring us truly to acknowledge that he doeth all things well, and that he hath not dealt with us after our sins nor rewarded us according to our iniquities. It is having a deep sense of this that makes mercy so sweet and salvation so great, and all God's judgments right. And sure I am that those who have felt his love and mercy most will surely love most; and I do hope he will ever keep me so sensible of his matchless grace, love, and mercy to one so unworthy that my tongue may ever be kept from uttering perverseness or indulging in any hard thoughts, let me be brought into what painful, trying paths I may; for I do know indeed that it is of the Lord's mercies that I am not consumed.

The Lord says, "Thou shalt remember *all* the way the Lord thy God hath led thee in the wilderness these forty years to *humble* thee, and to prove thee, and to show thee what was in thy heart;" and it is the feeling sense of this and the great goodness and mercy of the Lord that truly humble the soul, make him go softly, and save from that light, frothy, and presumptuous spirit that is so manifest, at the present time, in those who have merely a name to live, and even amongst some of his own children. May the Lord keep us very sensible of our utter unworthiness of the least of all God's mercies and the great goodness and mercy that have followed us all the days of our life; and may we find indeed and of a truth that this man Christ Jesus is our peace. I felt the salutation in yours, and hope you and yours will find him more and more to be *your* peace; for there is no real peace to be found but as he appears in our view.

We have been very poorly indeed since we saw you last, and my wife has been obliged to see a doctor; for she was borne down with pain and weakness. He prescribed excellently for her, and said it is nothing but great weakness and exercise of mind. If the enemy is permitted, I am sure he will work upon the mind and system in that way, and bring us, in our feelings, to the very gates of death. But what can we say to these things? It is the Lord that bringeth down, and it is the Lord that lifteth up and raiseth the poor out of the dust and lifteth the beggar from the dunghill, to set them among princes, and make them to inherit a throne of glory. But the means for promoting and restoring health are not to be lightly esteemed; and if made sensible that it is the Lord's blessing the medicine that will give health and cure, the means will be used rightly, and the heart led up unto

the Lord from whence cometh our help. O how many are the devices of the heart and the delusions and stratagems of Satan!

“Ten thousand baits the foe prepares
To catch the wandering heart.”

The Lord make us wise as serpents and harmless as doves.

My wife is now in Oxfordshire for a month, as change of air was desirable and recommended; and I do hope the Lord will bless the means, and that she may find Him again whom her soul loveth. Christians have such complaints as no other people have; and what is health and cure to one is misery and death to another. O the mystery of godliness, and the mystery the poor saints of God feel themselves at times to be; but the Lord will deliver his redeemed out of all their troubles, and although a troop may, for a time, overcome them, they will overcome at last. Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift, and who giveth us the victory (in our feelings, at times) through our Lord Jesus Christ.

“What think ye of Christ is the test
To try both our state and our scheme;
We cannot be right in the rest,
Unless we think rightly of him.”

I shall never forget this sweet hymn, and these lines particularly:

“As Jesus appears in our view,
As he is beloved, or not;
So God is disposed to you,
And mercy or wrath is our lot.”

When I think of all things, family and family expenses, &c., and no laid by store, I feel a wonder to myself, and often we wonder how we have and still are so maintained and richly supplied; but the Lord is good and a stronghold in the day of trouble; and I sometimes feel and say, “Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life;” and I do hope we shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

I must say no more than that I do hope the Lord will be (sensibly) a wall of fire round about us and the glory in our midst; and let his work appear unto his servants, and his glory unto their children, and establish the work of our hands (of faith and love) upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.

The Lord bless you both, and all who love his precious name. This is the desire and prayer of

Yours affectionately, for His sake,

Fleetwood Place, Croydon, March 5, 1859.

H. GLOVER.

“AND she said, Truth, Lord; yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table.” The woman will be a dog, or anything that he calls her; and she confesses that her place is the dog's place, under her master's table; and all that she desires is that she may lick up the little crumbs which fall from his trencher. But Christ could hold no longer. His very bowels yearned, and he gave her her full desire, good measure, pressed down, and running over.

LETTER TO MR. GARNER.

My dear Friend,—It is a long time since I wrote to you, or heard from you; yet I have often thought of you, and hope that you don't forget me, to remember me in your prayers at a throne of grace. I assure you I feel to be a poor weak creature, afraid almost of everything, but chiefly of myself, on account of what I feel within. My heart is so hard, my soul so barren, my spirit so dull, my mind so dark, my faith so weak, my hope so languid, my love so cold, my foes so powerful, sin so stirring, the world so trying, the devil so cunning, that I often fear, as Jacob said, "All are against me." True, it is a strait and thorny path, and my poor spirit oft tires and faints, and forgets the mighty God, who feeds the strength of every saint; yes, forgets what he has done for me in times that are past, and falls to doubting and distrusting for the future.

"O my distrustful heart,
How small thy faith appears."

Lord increase it.

"Increase my faith, confirm my hope,
My drooping spirits cheer;
O, shed abroad thy perfect love,
To cast out every fear.

"For this I groan, for this I pant,
For this I daily pray;
And when the Lord this blessing grant,
I'll sing my cares away."

But how can I sing the Lord's song in a strange land, when the harp is on the willows? Yet now and then the dear Lord, who is ever mindful of his covenant, and who says: "O Israel, thou shalt not be forgotten of me," does give me to feel a little reviving in my bondage; and I can say, "Though poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon me."

I do not know how it is with my friend Garner, but I feel much up-hill work. Without are fightings, within are fears; and to have to carry a burden, you know, is trying work, especially up-hill. Well, the ministry I find to be a heavy burden, and I sometimes think I should like to throw it down, if I could do it without dishonouring God thereby; but somehow I am kept at it; yet often fear it will come to an end. A deep sense of my ignorance and insufficiency, together with the importance of the work, often makes me feel ready to halt. I feel, at times, as though I dare not go back, and yet it seems impossible to go forward. I have had many trials; but preaching has been the heaviest trial of all, and yet, at times, I trust, the sweetest work I was ever employed in. Is it so with you?

Yours in Hope of Eternal Life,

Birmingham, June 3, 1861.

JAS. HUGGINS.

To be deceived by another is bad enough; but to deceive ourselves is a thousand times worse.—*Flavel*.

THOUGHTS ON THE SONG OF SOLOMON.

(Continued from page 242, 1872.)

CHAPTER IV.

Verse. 1. "Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair. Thou hast doves' eyes within thy locks; thy hair is as a flock of goats that appear from Mount Gilead."

The words we now enter upon introduce us, as we conceive, into the mysteries and glories of Christian church fellowship. We can hardly suppose them addressed to an individual; or, if so, it is to that individual as one of a collective body of believers. The words, then, will be diffusive, addressed perhaps more especially to one, but intended for those with whom that one is associated in church-membership; like the holy anointing oil of Aaron, poured upon the head, which spread abroad and diffused its fragrance over all his raiment.

The one more especially spoken to may be a minister, a spiritual leader amongst the people; that is, one who in this public capacity serves the others, separated more peculiarly to the gospel of Christ, waiting upon God, and receiving his message from God which he is to communicate to the other members of the same body. Thus, in writing to the churches in the book of Revelation, the epistles intended for the churches are addressed to the angels of those churches.

It is evident, too, that in this view the one thus addressed is the same as the person who in the former chapter has called to the daughters of Zion to go forth and see King Solomon with his crown. This is plainly the work of an evangelist; at any rate, of one who is enabled to point to Jesus, and from sweet experience say to others, "Go forth," instrumentally leading them as a qualified preacher out of bondage and misery into liberty and peace in Christ. Without this view of things, and a regard to the truth of a body of believers being spoken of rather than an individual, we shall, if attempting to give any sense to the description, hardly escape from mere carnal conceptions.

Considering this, then, as a representation of the church's glories, we find a sort of double figuration; or rather we have, in the first place, the spiritual beauties and excellences of a church set forth in terms primarily applicable to the human body, the members of that body being used as emblems of spiritual things in the church; and this is in harmony with the whole plan of the Song in which the church is styled the spouse of the King, the Lord Jesus. So, then, it is not bodily and carnal beauty that is set before us; for he that is joined to the Lord is one spirit; but spiritual excellence is spoken of in terms first applicable to the human body. Also, the various and orderly things of the church being thus set forth as holding in the church such a relationship one to another as the members do in the natural body, the glory and excellence of these things is further represented by figures of a suitable kind.

We must give one more explanation. By the church's glories we understand not only the graces in the members, but the members themselves; indeed, all things belonging to the church.

Here, then, we are called upon to contemplate not only an individual believer, espoused in the new covenant to Christ, but a body of such believers joined together in outward church fellowship; dear children of God, redeemed by blood, and regenerated by the Holy Spirit, who have first, constrained by his grace, given themselves to the Lord (2 Cor. viii. 5), and then cast in their lot openly amongst his despised followers in the fear of God.

These remarks were necessary to clear our way in entering upon the consideration of the (to our mind, at any rate) difficult descriptions of this portion of the Song; but with these principles to guide us we shall not go very far astray if we bring before our readers, in meditating upon these things, some of the glories and blessings of true Christian church fellowship.

"Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair." All repetitions are not vain repetitions. There may be a vain variety of matter and expression in prayer, writing, or speaking, and a most useful sameness. To repeat words formally and carelessly, without thought, feeling, or due occasion, is vain; but to repeat them may, at times, be a thing of the utmost wisdom and propriety. The Lord seems to have preached on two occasions much the same sermon (see Matt. v. and Luke vi.), and in prayer he three times used the same words. Itching ears may be delighted with a vain variety; godly-gracious persons want to be fed, and to give vent to the feelings of their hearts in a proper expression of them; hence certain old essential truths are again and again required to feed and sustain their souls. "Give us," they say, "our daily bread;" and certain things in prayer have a constant recurrence; "Begging mercy every hour."

Freshness, not variety, is the essential thing. The pastures should be green, not with new sorts of herbage, but a fresh springing up of that which has fed the sheep of Christ for generations. Peter stirred up the saints' pure minds in a way of remembrance. An ingenious fleshly man may be perpetually producing out of his own brains endless novelties in preaching, and neat and even beautiful expressions in prayer. But where is Christ? Where is the Spirit? Are the sheep fed? Is the flock of slaughter edified? No. That which comes from a daily exercised heart may not have all this ingenious thought and word beauty about it; but it comes from the heart and goes to the heart, and the spiritual mind feeds, and is delighted with that which to the carnal mind is destitute of attraction, because not filled with novelties. We are no admirer of lazy ministers, or rash ones, who go up into a pulpit as no wise man would to a platform, and speak their crude, undigested notions in God's name, without any due consideration of their subject, deep exercise of mind, and private waiting upon God for mouth and matter; but we as little admire those who studiously strain after an endless variety. Happy that man who

in prayer or preaching pours forth from a feeling heart words of truth and soberness, having that warmth, that freshness, that variety, too, about them which proceeds from a heart deeply exercised and livingly experienced in the things which are uttered. Here, then, the Lord repeats to his church his former words: "Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair." Still fair, after so much wandering as is represented in chapters ii. and iii.; fair, after so many foxes, great and small, have spoiled the vines; fair after so much carnal security, so many sleepy frames; fair after so many temptations, griefs, and cares. Still fair; fair as the moon, clear as the sun, after such heart-discovering, and, alas! corruption-manifesting experiences. Still, too, Christ's love; there is not the slightest alteration. We may, and do, change a thousand times; he changes not,

"Nor knows the shadow of a turn."

This is the consolation. O it is good to be enabled to go to Christ after our base wanderings and backslidings, and plead with him in accordance with his truth, and say, "Ah, Lord, it is natural for such as we are to be fickle and changeable. What can be expected from things so vile, so unstable, as we are? But, Lord, wilt thou be like us? Wilt thou be less than thyself because poor vile creatures like we are act too like ourselves? No, Lord, thou only art the unchangeable God; therefore, throwing ourselves on thy mercy, we trust not to be consumed."

We see, then, the reason for the repetition in the verse we are considering. The Lord tells his poor tried, tempted children that they are still fair in his eyes, still his love; there never has been the slightest alteration. Still Christ remains the same and his years fail not. As often as the child of God wanders from the Lord, and gets into fresh places of temptation and affliction, he will want the Lord to come again to him with the same sweet words: "Behold, thou art fair."

But nothing surprises the exercised, tempted soul more than this constancy in the love of Christ, and this everlasting endurance of the sinner's fairness and acceptance in him the Beloved. That he should see us again, and be just the same in his love, call us fair after so much baseness, bring back our wandering hearts to him again, give us words to come with, take away all iniquity and receive us graciously, love us as freely as if nothing had gone amiss, not reproach us, but rather give us a double sense of his mercy, breaking our hearts to pieces, not by the hammer of the law; but the looks of his love,—this is and ever will be for our astonishment; and therefore Christ says, "Behold!" It is a word of surprise and admiration. To show us the sovereignty of his grace, for we must learn that he is the Lord, he will sometimes keep a soul very straight as to conduct, something like the elder son in the parable, and not give this person the kid, and he will take a poor returning prodigal to his bosom, have not a kid but the fatted calf killed for him, and the house of the Father shall be filled with music and dancing. Again, he may meet him that

rejoiceth and worketh righteousness, and to encourage his people in right ways will bear them sweet testimony as with Abel and Abraham in the path of obedience, but he will humble them likewise, lest they vaunt themselves and idolize their own obedience. Again, to hide pride from man he may give one over into the hands of the wicked, to whom he bears witness that he is perfect and upright. So it was with Job; and sometimes, when a poor child of God has sinned against him and looks for the rod and frown, yea a scourge of scorpions, the Lord may look upon him with a heart-breaking look of love, as in the case of Peter, and say, as in the words we are noticing, "Poor, sad, tempted, wandering child of God, behold, thou art fair." This is all to stain pride, kill the inward Pharisee, and teach what free grace really is; not to make us think little of sin or lightly of obedience; but by raising us up out of our graves of sin and misery, to make us know experimentally that grace reigns and Jesus is the Lord.

Observe further, that the Lord is not speaking merely of an individual, but, as we remarked at the beginning, of a body of believers,—a true church of God. How this should solemnize men's minds and produce a godly cautiousness, and keep from speaking disparagingly of the churches of Christ because of false characters who may creep in amongst them or blemishes in those who are the true children of God. A church is a sacred place, the garden of Christ; a nursery garden, indeed, as upon earth, but still a garden. It was the desire of Balaam to fix a curse upon the Jewish church as of old. He went from place to place to try and search out iniquity; but the Lord's work is very different. He sees a body of believing persons associated together in church fellowship, amongst whom his truth is purely held and set forth, his ordinances administered, and his discipline observed, as a church in God the Father and the Lord Jesus Christ, and refusing to see the incidental blemishes, cries unto the collective body, taken as a whole, "Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair."

"*Thou hast doves' eyes within thy locks.*" The eyes here represent discernment and understanding things with which the church, in its union to Christ, is endued by the Holy Spirit. Not, of course, all the members in the same degree. "To one is given by the Spirit the word of wisdom, to another the word of knowledge, to another the discerning of spirits." All by the same Spirit; who distributes to the members of a church severally as he will. Thus, in a certain official or ministerial sense, some may be more particularly styled the eyes of the church, as Paul writes: "And the eye cannot say to the hand, I have no need of thee." But we must remember that these are not eyes to the rest, as though the others had no understanding; for in the new covenant all are to know the Lord, both small and great. Therefore, though some are endued with particular ministerial gifts of insight into the word and understanding of divine things for the sake of others, it is that they should instruct them, not leading

them as blind persons, but men of understanding. "I write," says Paul, "as unto wise men; judge ye what I say." "Try the spirits," says John, "whether they be of God." "For he hath given us an understanding." And, "Ye have an unction from the holy one, and know," *i.e.*, are qualified to know, "all things."

Thus, then, we employ the emblem both in a general and particular sense; to the church generally as consisting of a number of spiritually wise and understanding persons, and to those who, as ministers, have special gifts, on account of the others, of knowledge and understanding.

James writes about the meekness of wisdom. "Wisdom," says Solomon, "makes a man's face to shine, but takes away its boldness." There is a bold-facedness about mere fleshly knowledge entirely different to this of our text, and therefore we have the comparison, "as the eyes of doves." This is evidently a representation of gentleness, tenderness, and purity. So James tells us the wisdom which is from above is first pure, then peaceable. The eyes are not as the eyes of lions and tigresses, fierce and cruel, nor as the eyes of foxes, crafty and cunning; but as the eyes of doves. We see at once how mistaken, at times, even children of God may be. So James and John thought they were right when they said, "Shall we call for fire to destroy them?" These were law eyes, not gospel ones; lion eyes, not as the eyes of doves. So Jesus told them they knew not what spirit they were of. He had not come into the world as a Sinai lawgiver, but a Saviour; not to destroy men's lives, but to save them.

So again, there is a wonderful degree of cunning peering out of some eyes in churches, eyes penetrating into character and its weaknesses, and sometimes leading to an adaptation of words and actions to those fleshly weaknesses, having men's persons in a sort of admiration, because of advantage. But this should not be. O how Satan will misrepresent Jesus to the guilty, trembling sinner! How hard for such a one to entertain the word, "Fury is not in me." And how sad when saints, forgetting the doves' eyes, look forth like lions, shaking, so to speak, their manes savagely, and thus most grievously misrepresenting Christ and the gospel likewise, instead of covering their eyes with their locks.

The locks here emblemize not only the conversation or course of life generally, but more especially set forth the humility and lowly carriage of the spiritually-minded and truly wise child of God, and how low and little he is in his own eyes. But though the world cannot see the intrinsic beauty of grace, as thus covered over by self-abasement and a retiring modesty, the Lord Jesus can, and says in a way of commendation, "Thou hast doves' eyes within thy locks."

In 1 Cor. xi. Paul tells us that the hair is given as a covering; and that is but a bald knowledge and profession, by the way, which is not adorned by a course of life corresponding to it. He further says for the woman to wear long hair is her glory, as it is an indication properly considered of her modesty, retirement, and sub-

jection. So, then, here we have the true members of a church set before us in a delightful point of view. With eyes, as seeing, understanding persons; doves' eyes, as endued with the wisdom which is from above, and therefore full of gentleness. These eyes are beheld as looking modestly forth from between the locks of hair, as indicating the humility and self-abasement of those who have these eyes, and see their own vileness and the Lord's beauty. And this low, humbling view of themselves is manifested in a lowly, self-abasing carriage before men, which is as a veil to at once adorn the doctrine they profess and hide from mere vulgar admiration the professor of it. But though the locks here, as shading the eyes, point to the humility, the lowly, self-abasing carriage of a child of God as endued with divine wisdom, the hair, as we have said, signifies more than this, and emblems the course of conduct generally, and shows forth the children of God and true members of a Christian church as children of gospel obedience, zealous of good works in love. As the hair flows forth from the head, so a course of life flows forth from rational persons, an evil course from the evil minds of those who are without grace and divine understanding, a new and good course from those who have the doves' eyes. Make the tree good, and its fruit will be good. The honest and good heart brings forth fruit with patience. If there was nothing but the doves' eyes, the conduct would be full of grace and a divine beauty; but this is not so in the present world. Nevertheless, Christ can and does in a gospel sense commend the imperfect works of his people. "I know thy works," says the Lord Jesus to the churches of Smyrna and Ephesus. In the law, too, this was shadowed out, as well as the acceptance generally of God's poor sinful people by the offering on the day of Pentecost, when "a new meat offering" was presented to the Lord; as it is written, "Two wave-loaves of two tenth-deals; they shall be of fine flour, they shall be baked with leaven." Now leaven in the law was the emblem of corruption, and generally forbidden to be offered with the sacrifices. (Lev. ii.) But here, to show the gracious acceptance of his people, and also, as we suggest, their poor obediences in and through Christ, this "new meat offering" was to be presented to the Lord fifty days after the offering of the sheaf of first-fruits, which signified Christ himself. (Lev. xxiii. 10, 16, 17.)

LETTER BY MR. TIPTAFT.

My dear Friend,—It has been my intention for some time to write to you; but I feel so backward in writing letters. Moreover, I have not been very well, and have had various troubles. If they are good for us, the flesh dislikes them.

Friend Philpot slept here on his return from Devonport. He was looking quite as well as I could expect; better than when I saw him last. I hope the Lord may bless him and strengthen him under all his trials. Crosses and trials are sure to come; and they come so contrary to our planning and devising. If,

however, we had to make our own crosses, we should not make them very heavy, nor should we groan under them. Sanctified afflictions are great mercies. This world is not to be our rest; sin in ourselves and sin in others is sure to cause us trouble. What a mercy it is that there is a way of salvation for the vilest sinners! If God dealt with us as we deserve, we should have much greater afflictions. Ministers must be troubled as well as the hearers, or they would not be able to comfort others in any trouble by the comfort wherewith they themselves are comforted of God. The work of a minister is a very trying work if he has a conscience worth having; and if he has not, he is not fit to be one. It is a great mercy that the Lord does, at times, strengthen and encourage his ministers, so that they have fresh proofs that the Lord is with them.

I see by the "G. S." that you are moving about. You will be more and more convinced that from what you know of yourself, and from what you see in others, all that go to heaven must be saved by grace. I wish that I could enjoy more of the Lord's presence. The Lord, at times, revives my soul, and I hear that power attends the word spoken by one so unworthy.

We are likely to have four or more baptized before long. Mrs. W. has been seriously ill for seven weeks; she is better, but is still very weak.

The friends here are much as usual. I am glad to hear that friend F. has been better in health. I hope that he continues so. Those who have been afflicted know how to value health. I hope that the Lord may be with you, to keep and bless you in Town.

Yours affectionately in Christ,

Abingdon, April 3, 1851.

WM. TIPTAFT.

INQUIRY AND ANSWER.

T. P., writing from Australia, takes objection to Art. XXX. of the "Gospel Standard" Aid Society, viz., "We believe that the glorified body of the Lord Jesus Christ is the same flesh and bones now in heaven as that which hung on the cross." We need not insert his letter, but we will answer it *seriatim*.

ANSWER.

Whenever a man begins to wander beyond the limits of the revealed truth of God, he quickly becomes lost in vain imaginations, and in a chaos of dark speculations. Opinions occupy the place of faith, proceeding from confused and disjointed ideas of God's word. The blessed Person and spotless humanity of the Mediator has been subjected to the fancies of these speculators more than any other article of our most holy faith; and the Godhead and manhood of the Redeemer have furnished subjects of inquiry for vain philosophical research ever since the days of his humiliation. Yet the identity of his perfect manhood remains unshaken, and ever will remain so, as long as Eph. iv. 10 remains a part of God's word.

The glory of Immanuel in his sacred character as "the Son of Man" is an unutterable and inconceivably grand subject for the contemplation of faith; and whilst subject to God's word, and guided by the Holy Spirit, the soul treads this hallowed ground with safety. But it makes the blood boil to read such expressions as these about the adorable humanity of Christ: "These views (those about Christ having flesh and bones

in heaven) have been spoken of as carnal and grovelling, and savouring strongly of materialism." Can it be possible that any person who has seen Jesus by faith as the perfection of beauty, and been led into the fellowship of the sufferings, patience, and humiliation of the dear and glorious "Man Christ Jesus" (1 Tim. ii. 5, 6), should call that human nature, under any circumstances, "carnal and grovelling?" As the principal ground of all error consists in subjecting the mysteries of the gospel to depraved reason, instead of submitting reason to God's word, we may not be surprised to find the scriptures distorted in every conceivable manner to make them fit the wandering ideas of a fanciful mind. A host of these wanderers made their appearance in the days of the apostles, and attempted to explain the sublime mysteries of the gospel by the absurd reasonings of a vain and foolish philosophy. Some of these had crept in among the saints at Colosse, against whom the apostle directs the Colossians thus: "Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit." (Col. ii. 8.) These philosophers considered that matter was the centre and source of all evil and vice, and therefore they denied the humanity of Christ as inconsistent with the purity of a holy spirit. The evil principle being, as they thought, found in all material bodies, they rejected the faith concerning the humanity of Christ, and provided him at his resurrection, according to their fancies, an aerial substance in lieu thereof. We are sorry to find that the same subject which confounded these philosophers confounds T. P., namely, the real and true identity or sameness of the human nature of Christ.

The Gnostics, another branch of ancient philosophers of the first century, "rejected his (Christ's) humanity, upon the supposition that everything concrete and corporeal is in itself essentially and intrinsically evil." This seems the precise position of T. P., who cannot discover the difference between pure human nature, "good, and very good," and its present corrupt condition. Revealed truth tells us about human nature in both states.

But we will now notice T. P.'s objections to the identity of the body of Christ and the scriptures which he has quoted to substantiate his views; and we are sorry to find him in the company of those philosophers who gave birth to errors that have pestered the church of God.

1. The first portion referred to by T. P. in support of his theory is: "Though we have known Christ after the flesh, yet now henceforth know we him no more." The meaning of which is that Paul would no longer know either Christ or his people according to the former state of things and old relationships now that Christ had come in the flesh, suffered, and risen again into glory. He would not acknowledge man's wisdom, strength, and righteousness, or know Christ *as merely of the Jewish nation*, but as the same Lord over all who is rich unto all who call upon him.

2. "Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God." Does T. P. then really deny that the blessed and spotless humanity of the Redeemer was pure humanity before his resurrection? He has both plainly and flatly denied the perfect, sinless, and holy character of the incarnate Son of God before his ascension by applying this scripture to support his theory. This may appear horrid to him, but it is as true as it is horrid. One error leads into another. We will ask him, What was the flesh of Jesus before he ascended? Was it such as excluded him from the kingdom of God? He certainly, according to this application of the scriptures, was not in the kingdom of God during his sojourn on earth. Where was he, then? For T. P. understands this passage to signify flesh and blood simply *as* flesh and blood, and asserts that in that state, whether pure or otherwise, it cannot enter into the kingdom of God. He was not, it is true, in the kingdom of glory, but he was certainly in

the kingdom of God. If T. P. were right, what a wretched condition the glorified spirits were in—a kingdom without a Christ! But the apostle refers to flesh and blood, not only as corrupted by the fall, but as flesh and blood considered in the Adam creation. For neither in sinfulness nor in innocence could Adam inherit the kingdom of God, because the kingdom of God is eternal; but Adam was mutable and liable to die penally in his first created state, and the penalty of death was attached to his disobedience. How, then, could Adam, or any of his posterity, inherit eternal life with the liability to suffer death on the first act of disobedience? In this condition of possible death as a penalty for sin, flesh and blood never could have inherited the kingdom of God. Hence a man must be born again before he can enter the kingdom of God on earth, much less in heaven. But Jesus never was mortal, but properly immortal; so that his holy flesh and blood never were out of the kingdom of God, even though not glorified. See the horrid conclusions T. P. is driven to; the precious redeeming blood of Christ is not fit to enter heaven. It is, says he, “spoken of as carnal and grovelling, and as savouring strongly of materialism.” Such language spoken concerning the flesh and blood of the incarnate Jehovah, who himself says, “For my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed,” amounts to little less than blasphemy, unintentionally, no doubt, by T. P. But what errors a man is driven to by a misapplication of the word of God. Let him read Heb. ix., and afterwards ask himself if that is a “carnal and grovelling” chapter, and if this is a verse “savouring of materialism:” “But this man, after he had offered one sacrifice for sin, for ever sat down on the right hand of God.” (Heb. x. 12.) The whole pith of this verse is that it is “this man” who is sitting on the right hand of God.

3. “For the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal.” We can but stand astonished at the application of this beautiful and sublime portion of divine truth in support of the theory of the non-existence of the blessed and proper humanity of Christ; for it is intended to cheer on and console the children of God while passing through their present trials and afflictions, and refers to the difference also between the present low and corrupt condition of both things and persons with that of the future; holding out to the eye of faith the glorious prospect that whatever things they are now wading through, plagued with, such as crosses, losses, trials, corruptions, all are limited and bounded by time. Also whatever else is visible to the senses of the world’s glory, in fact all the present state of things, is temporary likewise. This has cheered the drooping heart of many a weary pilgrim, so as to make the lame man leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb to sing. But as T. P. applies it to Christ’s humanity, he certainly has got hold of a temporal Christ, and thereby pulls the key-stone out of the arch which holds up the covenant of grace.

Passing by some other portions which T. P. names, because they are embodied in the preceding, we come to the following: “If Christ’s body in heaven consists of flesh and bones, surely *that* cannot be a spiritual body.” Why not? The word spiritual, as used by Paul in 1 Cor. xv., where he writes about a spiritual body, does not mean immaterial, but it refers to the different conditions of existence under which that body will exist, as the Lord says in Luke xx. 35, 36. Does T. P. mean to deny the bodily resurrection of saints?

As it respects the body of Christ, let us reverentially consider what scripture plainly states. 1. By the miraculous conception of the Virgin Mary we know that the Son of God assumed proper human nature. He was made like unto his brethren, yet without sin. 2. We know that this human nature was by a continued voluntary act of Christ, in accordance

with his mediatorial undertakings, subjected to such conditions as pertain unto this life,—suffering weariness, hunger, thirst, sustained by meat and drink; and in this sense Christ's body was a natural body,—voluntarily, not as in our cases necessarily, subjected to the ordinary laws of human life on earth. 3. We have no reason to believe that the body of Christ at its resurrection was in any respect any longer subjected to these same conditions, and in this sense it ceased to be a natural body, or one thus voluntarily subjected to the laws as we call them of nature; but it did not therefore cease to be material, as Christ says, "Handle me and see; a spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye see me have." 4. We are told that Christ took this self-same body up into heaven. After he had said, "A spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have," he led them out to Bethany, and was carried up into heaven. Had he, prior to this, cast off his "flesh and bones?" In this self-same body Stephen saw him at the right hand of God, and in this same body he will come again; and saints will see him at the last day, when their material bodies, being also raised again and freed from the conditions attached to them in this life, shall have become spiritual bodies, capable (unitedly with their souls) of inheriting the glory of God.

Again, T. P. says, "If flesh and bones, then *we know* what we shall be." Indeed! Is not this an unguarded and rather a bold assertion? Can T. P. say what the flesh and bones of Adam were when God said he was "good, and very good?" To say that they were flesh and bones is only giving a name to present existing things, which bear no more resemblance now to their perfect state than Samson without his eyes and hair did to him who slew two thousand men with the jawbone of an ass. But as we think enough has been said to prove the identity of the human nature of Christ, and as John says "we shall be like him," that will do.

Again, T. P. says, "That the words 'like manner' merely imply that he will come in the clouds." If T. P.'s theory is right, neither the manner nor the substance can be the same.

The next paragraph is confusion with a witness: "And should any one inquire what then became of the flesh and bones with which he ascended, I reply that he who has informed us that we shall not all sleep, but we shall all *be changed* (1 Cor. xv. 51), has doubtless laid aside or *changed* the material body of the Lord Jesus into that spiritual body which, as he prayed, is now in heaven in the same glory as he had with the Father before the world was." (Jno. xvii. 5.) If this is all "doubtless" to T. P., he must not think that it is doubtless to every one else, for there are those who have grave doubts, doubts which amount to a positive assurance to the contrary. Indeed, the paragraph savours strongly of Pre-existerianism. Why does T. P. wade in unknown depths, and tell us what took place "doubtless" on the passage of Jesus up to heaven, without a single word of revelation on that subject? Now to try to pick this disconnected paragraph out and answer each assertion, we say, first, where does the scripture say that the body of Jesus is or was changed or laid aside? No such doctrine is found in God's word. Second, the portion of scripture quoted refers to the saints, not to Jesus at all. Some of the saints will be alive on the second coming of Christ. These will not die, but they, like the dead, must be changed from corruption to incorruption, from mortality to immortality, from a natural body to a spiritual body, as stated above. The saints do not change the material body for an aerial substance. The identity of the bodies of the saints is preserved by the pronoun *it*. (1 Cor. xv. 42-45.) Third, who changed the body of Christ? For T. P. says, "He who has informed us has doubtless laid aside or changed it." He cannot mean that Paul did it, so he must mean God the Father. Give one passage of divine revelation for

proof of such a doctrine. Nay, no such passage exists. The glory of Christ as the co-eternal and co-equal Son of God is a glory he never laid aside. He veiled it in pure humanity, through which the Godhead of Christ most gloriously shone forth on several occasions, when "he manifested forth his glory" to his disciples; and others have since seen it by faith, so as not to know whether they were in the body or out of the body. But the glory of his being God and man in one blessed and glorious Person is essential to his mediatorial glory, and without being perfect man, as well as God, he would not be a perfect mediator: "For there is one God, and one Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus." (1 Tim. ii. 5.) The spotless and proper humanity of the Mediator, which T. P. denies him now to possess, is essential to our faith, and T. P.'s doctrine leaves him to perish in his sins; for perish he must if he has no Mediator, and that only Mediator "the man Christ Jesus."

Again, T. P. says, "The eye of faith does not need now-a-days anything tangible or material as flesh and bones for a foundation for faith any more than it did before 'the only-begotten Son was sent into the world, in whom the ancient saints (though they saw no similitude)' (Deut. iv. 12) *all* died in faith." (Heb. xi. 13.) Let us examine what T. P. says about tangibility. We can say that if faith does not require something tangible, the fears of Thomas did; and if T. P. ever gets to heaven he will see *that* Jesus who caused Thomas to cry out, "My Lord and my God." It was a tangible Christ Thomas saw. "Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side, and be not faithless, but believing." (Jno. xx. 27.) We think that faith also here rejoiced in a tangible Saviour, as also did the disciples: "Behold my hands and my feet, that it is *I myself*. Handle me, and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have." (Luke xxiv. 39.) So that, according to T. P.'s theory, Jesus has ceased to be "I myself," and has lost his identity, because it was having flesh and bones, and not being a spirit, which caused him to say, "It is I myself;" also, no saint now will ever see him again who rejoiced the heart of Thomas. But, T. P., if this same blessed God-man has "laid aside or changed" his identity by which he identified himself to his disciples, where is the foundation of your faith? Neither you nor any one else has any foundation to build a hope of salvation upon. Did the saints of old, who "saw no similitude," feel inspired with the hope and faith of salvation when they saw the glory of God "like devouring fire?" (Ex. xxiv. 17; Deut. v. 24-27; Heb. xii. 18-21.) All those who died in faith, died in faith of the God-man Mediator, the promised incarnation of the Son of God (Heb. xi. 39); not in expectation of seeing God as a devouring fire.

Once more, and we have done, although the subject is of so much importance, and demands more space and deeper entering into. The theory of T. P. drives him not only to deny the identity of the body of Christ, but also that of the saints; for he says, "And may be delivered from looking for perfection in the flesh either in heaven or on earth." Here he confounds law righteousness with the glorified bodies of the saints. By perfection in the flesh, Paul means becoming perfect by the deeds of the law; not that perfection as recorded thus: "Not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing." (Eph. v. 27.)

T. P. by his statements virtually denies the resurrection of the dead altogether, both of Christ and the saints; for it is of no avail to say, "No I do not; I believe the dead do rise." How can the dead rise? What *was* dead,—a spirit or a human body? If that human body is laid aside or changed into an aerial substance, it is not the dead which has risen, but that which died is annihilated. One fearful error leads into others.

Obituary.

PHILIPPA BENSON.—On May 31st, 1873, aged 48, Mrs. S. Miles Benson, of Croydon.

My dear Friend,—As you have been the means of making public the account written by my late beloved partner of some of the dealings of God with her soul, justly called “Footsteps of Mercy,” I am desirous of sending to you, for use in any way you think proper, a short statement of her concluding history. I wish also to bear my testimony to the consistency of her account with all that I have witnessed of her trials and consolations during our union on earth and previous acquaintance, a period of 31 years. The writing, re-writing, and condensing of the MSS. were a great exertion to her, and were not finished until the latter part of 1872; but as she did it in faith, I believe her own soul was blessed in the deed, and we have reason to hope that God will work by it. The exertion and anxiety may have induced an increase of her disease, which certainly became more active afterwards, and the severe hæmorrhage succeeding on the 20th of January, proved a token to her that she was soon to enter the presence of her King. From that time she mostly kept to her bed. Her cough became very troublesome, and if she spoke more than a few words, it was apt to bring on threatening symptoms; writing was also hurtful; and besides the disease in her lungs, she suffered much from other causes; so that in respect of her condition outwardly, as well as the inward trial of her faith, she had need of patience to the end. But as appears by the letters appended to her account, while the rupture of the blood-vessel brought her near to death, a most blessed visitation was at that critical moment granted to her, which proved a divine renewing and strengthening in her inner man, never again to be overpowered by temptation, and at last to be the victory over death itself through the strength of Christ made perfect in her weakness. She made a short memorandum in pencil of the sacred instruction sealed on her heart at this time, as follows: “‘He is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day.’ (2 Tim. ii. 12.)

“‘Pray if thou canst, or canst not speak;
But pray *with faith* in Jesu’s name.’

“‘Encompassed him with his own word, to touch the hem of his garment. I will hold thee by my right hand. Lord I long to be with thee. The end brightens. The light affliction worketh . . . weight of glory. Father, glorify thy Son, that thy Son also may glorify thee to all eternity. My flesh and my heart faileth.

“‘O my people, faint and few,
Fair abodes I build for you.’”

In telling me of this visitation a few days afterwards, she said that through the ensuing night the whole Bible seemed to speak

one language, "*Praise.*" All the promises were Yea and Amen to her in Christ. He answered all her fears by saying, "I will hold thy right hand; fear not" (Isa. xli. 10, 13), and made her to know that all those things were brought to nothing, which she had feared would bring her to nothing (verses 11, 12), evidently referring to her sins, the corruptions of her own heart, and the malice of Satan, and that the Lord was then answering all the groans and cries which had gone from her heart throughout her past life, of which she had thought he took no notice. Now she believed that not one had been in vain. As David prayed, he had put her tears into his bottle.

The effect on her spirit was evident, quietness and assurance, patience under her sufferings, and a looking and pressing forward to the end of her race. Never afterwards was she suffered to deny her hope, which I think had been one of her easily besetting sins. She felt indeed great weariness of the flesh, and the contradiction of her natural mind to the spiritual hope, weighing her down with much sorrow,—often in heaviness through manifold temptations, and her faith tried to the end; but an unseen power, even the Spirit of God, maintained the conflict, giving her from day to day, or rather every moment, fresh supplies of faith, hope, and love out of the fulness of Christ.

She found Christ's promise fulfilled: "He shall bring to your remembrance whatsoever I have said to you." Many times she mentioned having been led to review with wonder her past experience, as if the Lord shone upon what he had taught her, and opened up to her more of the mysteries of his gracious dealings with her than she had ever known before. These enlightenings drew her spirit nearer to the Lord himself as the sole object of her confidence and hope; the very opposite effect to resting on what she had formerly experienced.

At one time I feared the enemy was gaining an advantage by a restlessness in her mind, in consequence of the doctor having recommended a change to a warmer atmosphere; but through mercy it was soon removed. If I remember rightly, it was under such circumstances a fresh quickening was granted to her in reading the epistle to the Philippians. She often afterwards referred to the words: "Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before," which, with other parts of the same chapter (Phil. iii.), described the general bent of her soul during the few remaining weeks of her pilgrimage: "Pressing toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

In the early part of April, a friend from Brighton came to spend a few days with her, and has made the following memorandum of her conversation: "She told me that a day or two before I came these words broke her heart: 'I have satiated every weary soul and replenished every sorrowful soul;' and that, in the deepest confession and self-abasement, she acknowledged to the Lord that if the mighty works which had been wrought in

her had been done in any one else, they would have been more conformed to his marred image; adding, 'The Lord makes me stink in my own nostrils;' lamenting she could not live more to his honour and glory. Isa. xxv. she spoke of again and again as being made sweet to her. Several hymns she also spoke of as being very precious, especially the one;

" 'Jesus, o'er the billows steer me.'

At one time she told me she had these words, 'Ye have need of patience,' and her exercise was to know how it was to be obtained; after which the Lord brought her into deeper trial and sorer conflict, and then spoke home to her heart, 'Tribulation worketh patience, patience experience,' &c.

"After she was in bed the last night I was at Croydon, she said, 'We talk of this doctor and that, and try the means, and after all I don't believe it will be of any use; and, at times, I have no wish it should. When the Lord is with me I am willing to die; and O what prayers are laid up for him to be with me then! And the Lord gives me so many more promises for a dying hour than a living one; but I do so shudder at the article of death. I feel I shall want the Lord to come and take me by the hand and lead me through the river.'"

About the time of this friend's visit, circumstances occurred which encouraged a little hope in her family that the Lord might bless the use of a remedy which had been effectual in the case of a friend similarly afflicted. She herself, however, had no spiritual encouragement to seek for it; but the meekness of her spirit was shown in her willingness to undergo the trial which the use of the means involved, and in her praying for and finding help to do what was required, although to her feelings it was sometimes impossible, and I think that the help thus granted raised in her some degree of expectation that the disease would be checked.

On each of the two Sundays next preceding her death, I was favoured to feel a sweet mingling of spirit with her, as she described in a few broken sentences her low condition, and the heavenly hope which was the anchor of her soul entering into that within the veil. On both occasions (I believe) she spoke of the power she had found in the epistle to the Hebrews, especially the concluding verses of chap. ix.: "For Christ is not entered into the holy places made with hands, which are the figures of the true, but into heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us," &c., to the last verse: "And unto them that look for him shall he appear the second time without sin unto salvation." She said *that* was her hope; also, at another time, "I shall be satisfied when I awake with his likeness."

A friend who visited her the following Wednesday has written as follows:

"After some conversation respecting her increased illness, she spoke of what she had seen and felt in the words: 'For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed *in us*.' Laying great

emphasis on the last two words, she said, 'O what I see in that "in us," in spite of all our rebellion, all our ungodliness.' She spoke also of the things seen, saying, 'How painful the things seen are!' On a remark being made as to the blessing of having an ear to hear, and also the Lord's promise that 'While they are yet speaking I will hear,' she mentioned the promise in Isa. lxx. 23 (immediately preceding the one quoted): 'They shall not labour in vain, nor bring forth for trouble, for they are the seed of the blessed of the Lord, and their offspring with them;' and she told me how it was spoken into her heart by the dying bed of her father, when she was in great distress at leaving him, and how it enabled her to leave him. The conversation then turned upon the anxieties of parents who feared God for the eternal interests of their children, what she had passed through, how hard she had felt it to be brought into submission, but that the Lord had brought her there even to give all her children into his hands to do as he would by them, so that he should be glorified. Not till then did she see any trace of his work upon any of their hearts. She spoke of the valley of Achor, a valley indeed of trouble, but how wonderfully the Lord had caused her to rest in it. She quoted the words with much feeling: 'And the valley of Achor, a place for the herds to lie down in, for *my people that have sought me.*' On my leaving her, she said she was willing to try all means, and could not then say how the affliction would end, whether for life or death; but whenever she thought of this, or would inquire, her one watchword was always at hand, the same that was spoken upon her heart at the commencement of her illness: 'Let thine eyes look right on, and thine eyelids straight before thee; turn not to the right hand nor to the left.' (Prov. iv.) Such was the sweetness that rested on my mind after this visit that I longed to go again to get another taste."

On the same evening, after the visit of the friend last mentioned, she was told that no further hope was entertained of a favourable result from the means which had been tried; after which she said to her daughter, as if now the approach of death was near, "Don't you remember the words:

"When thy foes, death, hell, and sin,
On every side shall hem thee in,
A wall of fire he'll be?"

Everything," she added (meaning every evil), "is included in those words,—death, hell, and sin." This was only the fourth day before her death.

This Wednesday night, May 28th, was the last we spent together, and we both were wakeful. Her rest was disturbed by neuralgia as well as the cough; but many times through the night she uttered a word or two which showed her spirit was stayed on the Lord. She asked me to tell her about the feet of the priests touching the waters of Jordan, and explained that she understood it meant Christ's presence in death. She also mentioned

2 Cor. iv.: "While we look not at the things which are seen;" and two lines of the 91st hymn of Hart were much on her mind:

"Then hail, ye happy mourners;
Ye will at last be winners."

She also again referred to Heb. ix.: "Unto them that look for him."

The next morning, Thursday, she asked her daughter to read the hymn to her (Hart 110):

"Righteous are the works of God,"

and after hearing it, said in an impressive manner: "We first after Jesus reach. How dreadful if the bridge is too short and won't reach over. I have had such a view of it that made me shudder, to be brought into the middle and left" (evidently alluding to the awful insufficiency of a fleshly religion in the hour of death). Afterwards, the same morning, conversing with a friend, she said she had had such a view of the river, so black, O so black, it seemed that she could never get through; but on the other side she beheld Jesus; felt an intense longing to touch but the hem of his garment, and he looked and drew her to himself. This was her expressed desire, to rest on his bosom; nothing short of that would do for her.

Speaking of the failure of any benefit from the outward means before referred to, she said that it only confirmed the leadings in her own mind, and referred again to the two passages which she had often lately mentioned, "Let thine eyes look right on," and "Let your loins be girded, your lights burning, and ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their Lord." (Luke xii.) She also spoke again of the word, "Not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us;" also the verse from Hart's hymn on sickness:

"And this, O Christian, is thy lot,
Who cleavest to thy Lord by faith;
He'll never leave thee, doubt it not,
In pain, in sickness, or in death."

In the afternoon of the same day, she ruptured another vessel, and lost so much blood that there was little hope she could rally. From that time until her death (two days) she lay on the bed, scarcely able to speak, but with a quietness which, under the lively realization she had of death and eternity, could only have been the effect of the felt presence of Christ in her soul. Indeed, her countenance was expressive of inward peace. She often looked with a sweet smile towards her daughter attending on her, to whom it was evident that during this time she was blessedly occupied in the enjoyment and expectation of the complete fulfilment of the sweet words which had been given to her. Thus her desire of resting on the bosom of Jesus was granted, also the promise given to her in 1866 of an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of her Saviour Jesus Christ. The last day she spelt with her fingers: "Through much tribulation enter the kingdom." These were the last words. After a sleep in the even-

ing (Saturday, 31st of May) she awoke in the same peaceful state as before, but feeling very ill, intimated that she expected another rupture, which soon occurred. Most of the family, including myself, collected in the room, and helped to use the proper means; but the set time for her release was come. She made a short convulsive movement and then appeared to be fainting, but it was death, and by faith we could realize that her happy spirit was received by the Lord Jesus to spend an eternal Sabbath with him.

With respect to the "Footsteps of Mercy," I desire to add that about six months ago my late wife put the MSS. into my hands with a request that I would provide the means for publishing it. Knowing how exercised and diligent she had been in writing it under the belief that she was called of God to do so, I could not lightly decline, and endeavoured to lay the matter before the Lord, but found no encouragement to comply with her request. I felt that there was a cloud abiding upon us which had arisen out of our want of unity respecting the ministry of my brother, in the raising up and blessing of which to me and others of the late Mr. Burrell's congregation after his death the gracious hand of a prayer-hearing God has ever been conspicuous to me. I told her my feeling, and heard no more of the proposed publication until after her death, when my attention was drawn to your advertisement in the "Gospel Standard" for June. It is remarkable that the publication should have taken place at this very juncture. My daughter tells me that the expectation of its coming out was a source of anxiety to her mother, who more than once, even during the two days in which she was, as it were, standing in the river of death, inquired about it. My daughter feared to tell her that the advertisement was out, but when she did so her mother distinctly gave her a look of satisfaction, and therefore the little book may be said to be her dying testimony.

I thankfully acknowledge that the Lord has done all things well in this matter. By his coming in her last illness and peaceful death the cloud referred to has been completely cleared away. It is evident he never intended to make crooked things straight in the natural apprehensions either of the deceased or of those sorrowing friends who felt cast off, and by whom she felt "cast out;" but in bringing her from time to time, and finally on her death-bed, to that blessed place where nothing exalts itself against the name of Jesus, and causing them in spirit to unite and rejoice with her in his free mercy, he has abundantly fulfilled the promise sealed on her heart a little before the beginning of the trial referred to: "I will lead the blind by a way they knew not. I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight; these things will I do unto them, and not forsake them." From yours, I trust, in Christian Love,

The Waldrons, Croydon, June 14, 1873.

S. MILES BENSON.

[Mrs. Benson was the daughter of Mr. Bourne, whose letters were published some time ago.]

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

AUGUST, 1873.

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

SOME GOOD THING TOWARD THE LORD.

A SERMON BY THE LATE MR. M'KENZIE.

(Concluded from page 265.)

If you ask me what good thing we have in us by nature, my answer is, there is not a soul of us here to-night who has any good thing of his own. If any think he has a good thing in him, that by cultivating and watering he can make it grow, and come to something worth, he is deceived. The devil is deceiving him, as the lying prophet deceived that man of God. That there is not any good thing in us by nature we have the testimony of a greater than you or I. The great apostle of the gentiles, Paul, after twenty-two years of bold, holy, and righteous preaching, cries out, "O wretched man that I am." Why, Paul? "For in me dwelleth no good thing; that is, in my flesh." We come into this world nothing but flesh, and as it respects godliness, there is none in us. If we have any, if any one of us is favoured or blessed with a good thing in our heart, it is the gift of God. That good thing that delights the Lord God of Israel comes from him. To tell you how some men preach and how they believe, I cannot make it out. They say that all men have a measure of grace, that all men have some good thing in their hearts. If they set to and watch it, like a hen hatches her eggs, then cultivate and bring it forth and feed it, they will have good things in their hearts. Whence they learned this I cannot tell, unless they got it from the writings of the Arminians. They never got it from the word of God. The Lord in his word tells us "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." Can you hatch any good thing out of the desperate wickedness of your heart? When we are told it is "only evil, and that continually," can you get any good thing out of that? No, my friends. Be not deceived. In our nature, as it comes into the world, there is no good thing. We are only like a beast, and with a nature like a beast we come into the world. If there was no sin in us, there could be no death; it would be impossible for death to touch us. Say you, "Do you think if there was no sin there would be no pain? There was no sin in the Saviour. He was holy, harmless, and undefiled; yet he suffered." That was

so; but he was the substitute of sinners. He suffered for his people. He bare their sins in his own body on the tree, took upon him their pains, griefs, and cares; yet was without sin. If there was no sin, there would be no griefs nor sorrow; there would be neither pain of body nor pain of mind. All our members are affected thereby; so many members all crying out, "You are a sinner." If, then, there is any good thing in us towards the Lord God of Israel, it is the Lord's work; it has been given us by the Lord.

What, then, is this good thing? Grace in the heart is a good thing. It is a good thing for the heart to be established and rooted therein. "It is a good thing that the heart be established with grace," says Paul, in his epistle to the Hebrews. Say you, "What is grace?" It is the unlimited, unfathomable, unbounded mercy of God. Its first step was electing love, and its last step is raising the body to a state of glory.

Let us endeavour, by the Lord's help, to confine ourselves to a few particulars, a few appearances of grace, its experimental operations upon the soul. It is a very good thing for a man to repent of his sins, confess them, and forsake them. It is a good thing to have grace in the soul. It is a mark of divine love and interest in the atonement to have the righteousness of Christ; it is a mark of peace and the indwelling of the blessed Spirit. It is a good thing to confess and believe the truth; not a hypocritical confession; it is only a real feeling confession which is acceptable to God.

Can you, with all your heart, turn back to any solemn moment of your soul, and say, "I did indeed repent, and feel sorry and grieved for my vile sin? I really did confess it, with an open, feeling, honest heart, not merely because it was a sin, but because I felt it to be a sin against a holy and good God?" Such confession is a mark of the Spirit dwelling in our heart, and it is a good thing towards the Lord God of Israel.

Repentance is a good thing; but what is repentance? Persons often talk about it, and it is in some like a man handling hot cinders, just turning them over and throwing them away; but with the Lord's people, like a man handling or looking into a watch, not merely taking it, looking on the outside, and then feeling satisfied he knows all about it; but like a watchmaker, taking it all to pieces, examining all the works, looking at the wheels, pinions, chain, and spring. How he sees that all the wheels harmonize, one working into another, the whole set in motion by the main spring. So the child of God. He wants to know all about his religion,—his repentance, his faith, hope, and love. Under the teaching, unctuous, powerful divine teaching of the blessed Spirit, he experiences a change of feelings. He marks what is the change wrought in him, a change of thought and action. Though while in it he mourns, and can make nothing of it, yet when the Lord gives the man true repentance, he views his thoughts and actions, and sees they are not what they once

were; and though they may not be what he desires them, still he is not what he once was. He was once blind; now he sees something. He was once unable to see how vile he was. Once he was such a wicked sinner he drank in iniquity like water. He dare not now do those things in which once he delighted; though sin follows him, he repents, feeling a godly grief over committing sin. He may not now be so much afraid of going to hell, though this feeling the Lord's people have in their first convictions, but as they advance farther in the divine life, they grieve and repent over their sin. They see that it is that hateful vile thing that is so abominable and insulting to God. The man hates sin on account of its nature. Ofttimes he hates himself for loving sin. "What?" say you. "Love sin? What? Do the children of God love sin?" Yes; God's people have in them something that loves sin. Now mind what I say. I do not mean to declare that they love it with their heart, soul, and strength of mind, because they have also something in them that hates it with a perfect hatred. It is the flesh in the spiritual man that goes after sin. Paul says it is the flesh that serves the law of sin. This causes the man to hate himself; and, hating himself, he confesses his sin. The man who repents with a godly sorrow, with tears and grief in his heart, confesses aright: "Against thee, thee only (or chiefly) have I sinned." He does not, as Saul, repent with a natural repentance, and want to be honoured before the people; but as a man who has broken the laws of his country, who confesses his sin, and is willing to make satisfaction or restitution.

When the Lord is about to deliver his people, he pours into their heart sweet confessions, and godly contrition for their sin. What they feel within they are willing to confess, not like a man who is driven to give a cold reluctant assent to a confession of his guilt. No, no; but he is ready before the church of God to give a free confession, and says, "Lord, I am a vile sinner." As soon as the poor soul is brought here, depend upon it mercy and blessing to that man's soul are not far off. When the Lord brings him there, the Lord has sweet mercy in reserve for him, some sweet honeycomb in reserve.

When Daniel met with the book of Jeremiah, he found the deliverance of the Jews from captivity was nearer than he expected. He found by computation the time nearly up. He found the cause of their captivity, what they had done, and how they had sinned. He closes the book, throws himself on his face before the Lord, confesses his sins, and cries to the Lord to bring them back. The Lord heard his cry and brought them back. This is the way the Lord deals with his people when confessing their sins, the same as the father to the poor prodigal. As soon as he began confessing his sins, the father fell on his neck, kissed him, ordered his servants to take away his rags, to bring the best robe, and slay the fatted calf; thus feeding him with choice food, and having music and dancing, thus he stopped

his confession half way, as it were. So it is with many of the Lord's people. They come with a full heart, and think they will tell the Lord such a tale, confess so much, and do so and so. But sometimes the Lord meets them at the very threshold, before they get it half out,—meets them with mercy, kills them with love; so that they cry out, "His mercy indeed endureth for ever." Is it not a good thing, then, for a man to be favoured with a repenting and confessing heart? Young Abijah had this.

Again, the fear of the Lord is a good thing; it is "health to a man's bones." "The fear of the Lord is a fountain of life, to depart from the snares of death." It often checks us when tempted to sin. We cry out, "How can we do this wicked thing, and sin against God?" So that we are stopped, and do it not. Sometimes the temptation is too strong; sometimes we cry not till we are foiled; and sometimes the power of the temptation overcomes us. This horrid state shows the power of temptation, and what a state the soul is in, that none but the Lord would bear with it. The Lord raises up such poor souls, and forgives their abominations; not for their sakes, but for his own name's sake, for the sake of the blood and righteousness of his dear Son. For the sake of his doing, dying, and rising, he forgives these abominations; but though the Lord forgives them, they cannot forgive themselves. Their hearts are melted, their souls are filled with love and gratitude to God, and they are obliged to confess they are but as a beast before him.

"O," says the poor soul; "the devil never sinned as I have. He never had grace, light, love, or pardon vouchsafed to him; yet I have sinned against my gracious God. I must say with one of old, 'I was as a beast before thee.'" The fear of the Lord in the heart, and the grace of God in exercise, when we are tempted to do evil, will make us say with one of old, which lately struck me very sweetly. When a tax was laid on the people which Nehemiah considered an unjust one, though the king allowed it, and men had authority to demand it, he said, "So did not I because of the fear of God." He would have taken the tax, but the fear of the Lord kept him from acting unjustly. So many times the people of God are checked by this fear.

The faith of God's elect is a good thing: "Repentance toward God, and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ." But let me tell you faith stands in the power of God. This is a mystery; but I believe the life of faith stands in the love of God. Faith is the life of our spirit, and the work of the Holy Spirit. We cannot believe savingly without the life of the Spirit in the soul. Thus faith acts in and keeps alive the soul. The Lord gives it, maintains and supports it. This faith works by love. God gives faith, and sometimes supplies it with sweet intimations of his love,—a love token, a smile on the conscience, speaking home some promise, administering some cordial which gives life to the vital part. The words come with power, with a spirit of faith and prayer, by love, by knowledge. By the love of the Father the

soul is established, and the man rejoices in God his Saviour. When Mary said, "My spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour," that was the Spirit of God working faith in her heart.

Have you never read of Gideon, what he did by faith? It was once shown to me in a very beautiful manner, in reading the epistle to the Hebrews. I was like a little child, asking if I had any faith. Compared with those worthies, mine appeared as nothing till I came to Gideon. Then what did he do? He blew a trumpet when the Spirit of the Lord came upon him. Here I saw the Spirit of the Lord coming upon him, and working faith in his heart. By the spirit and operation of faith he went forth and blew this trumpet. It was God's trumpet and the Lord's battle. By the Spirit of the Lord coming upon him, faith struck up, faith went out. There can be no faith going up without the Spirit coming down. Here hope, joy, gladness, and every such experience goes up. Then faith is a good thing. "Without faith it is impossible to please God." Without faith we cannot be saved. The people of God know this, and, at times, would give all they possess if they could be certain they had one grain of faith.

Genuine faith will remove mountains. The people of God, therefore, often say, "Lord, tell me, do I love thee? Have I real saving faith?" They look for faith, and pray for faith. Sometimes, in reading the Bible, and in confessions, in troubles of business, troubles in his family, or affliction in his soul, a peculiar light falls upon the word. Particular sweetness comes with it that seems to melt his soul and break his heart, so that he is able to take comfort thereupon, and believe the very words. That is one part of faith. He is enabled to take and hold the words fast as being the very words of the living God. He believes what the Lord speaks. His heart and soul say, "Lord, it is true." A poor sinner, mourning on account of his sin, his sins of omission and commission, sometimes tries to reckon them all up, and says, "Lord, I have sinned, greatly sinned." He comes to this scripture: "But we are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags;" "We all do fade as a leaf, and our iniquities, like the wind, have taken us away." The moment he sees this he feels it to be his own case. He feels disconsolate, and full of grief, sorrow, and sadness. He feels he is the very man; and in this he has the *full assurance* of faith. Sometimes he feels a crying, a calling on God. He reads the words in Joel: "And it shall come to pass that whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved." He feels the witness in his heart that he is under the blessing, that he is calling on God; and here again he has the assurance of faith. Thus faith persuades him. All the promises come sweetly flowing into his soul, and are as a lamp to his feet, and a light to his path. All his doubts and fears flee away. This comes with such heavenly unction that his heart is melted and overpowered. He feels bathed and baptized in love and blood, glory and mercy. He feels his heart taken possession of by the Lord.

Is not, then, this precious faith in the heart a good thing toward the Lord God of Israel?

Another good thing I must just tell you is the love of God. Hope in the heart of eternal immortal glory is a good thing. Gratitude to God is a good thing. Praise is a good thing. "They shall show forth thy praise." It is a good thing to offer praises and sacrifices of thanksgiving. It is a good thing to be found in every good work.

There are other good things, but time will not allow me to enumerate them. If we can trace any of these, though we may not be able to trace them all, the Lord will bury us honourably. I am sure, friends, if the Lord condescends to bury me, they may cast my body to the winds. If the Lord buries my soul in himself, though my body may be cast to the four winds, he will watch over it, and at the last day raise it up a glorious body. No more groaning, no pain as here, which admonishes us he is taking down our tabernacle pin after pin. Then it is solemn work. At last he will take down the covering, and then raise it up a tabernacle that shall never be taken down; raised "like unto his glorious body." No more cares, or grief, or pains, because of living in this pestilence. No; sorrow and sighing shall flee away. We shall live in gladness, possess the light of his countenance, the love of his heart, celestial blessings, and immortal glories, and be in possession of an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, because there is found in our heart some good thing toward the Lord God of Israel.

May he bless the few hints, for his name's sake. Amen.

A TRUE SUPPORT.

My dear Mary,—The feeling of sympathy only makes us feel how powerless we are to help each other. What a mercy, my dear, that we should ever have been brought to rest on an almighty arm. O that we could lean more entirely upon it! It never has failed, it never will fail to support us. How many trials has it brought us safely through. It will be twenty years next Thursday since my dear mother entered into rest. O, dear Mary, has not the arm of the Lord been our support these twenty years? And must we not say, "Not one good thing has failed?"

Now, dear Mary, the good Lord support, direct, comfort, and shine upon your soul, blessing you exceeding abundantly above all we can ask or think. This is the desire of,

Yours in much Affection and Sympathy,

Wellingborough, Jan. 28, 1857.

M. MARSH.

IN cases where the sockets of the blind were eyeless, the Lord Jesus in every cure must have *created* eyes, as well as given sight, a complete demonstration of his Godhead. The Lord challengeth the blind to come forth as his witnesses that he is God. Isa. xliii. 8, 9, 10.—*Hawker.*

THOUGHTS ON THE SONG OF SOLOMON.

(Continued from page 289.)

CHAPTER IV.

THE course of the Christian's new life and the members of a church as zealous of good works seem, then, intended and more fully dwelt upon and described in the words,

"Thy hair is as a flock of goats." Understanding in the true child of God is not merely speculative, but experimental and practical; it transforms the heart and life. We behold as in a glass the glory of the Lord, and are changed into the image of that which we behold. All discoveries of Christ by his Holy Spirit are transforming. "In him is life, and the life was the light of men." Thus, then, we see the utter vanity of those notions of truth which do not so influence as to transform the heart and course of conduct. If what men profess to know and believe does not do this, either the thing professed is not the truth, or the way in which it is known is not of God. Either the light is darkness, or being in a certain sense true is imprisoned in unrighteousness. "He that saith I know him and keepeth not his commandments is a liar, and the truth is not in him." "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."

"The righteous man does righteousness,
And true faith works by love."

Here, then, we have the course of conduct in the true members of a church noticed. It was hinted at when mention was made of the locks, but is more fully set forth here by the emblem of the hair; and then in its nature by the comparison,

"As a flock of goats that appear from Mount Gilead." Now Gilead, as we learn from other scriptures, was a famous place for feeding flocks. "Let them feed in Bashan and Gilead, as in the days of old." (Mic. vii. 14.) On the mount Gilead would be the folds, out of which the flocks would be led forth by the shepherds to browse on the hills, streaming down the mountain sides in order and very comely to behold. Such is the figure, and it affords us a very pleasant view of the members of a Christian church in respect to gospel obedience.

1. The flocks on Gilead, from the excellence of the place for feeding them, would be fruitful and numerous. It is pleasant when churches abound with godly-gracious members, but more especially when they answer to Paul's words: "Always abounding in the work of the Lord;" when there is a zeal for good works, not upon legal or selfish principles, but from love. "Herein," says Christ, "is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit."

2. The flocks in Gilead, from the nature of the place, would be healthy and in good condition. So the members of a church are in a healthy condition when they are lively in gospel obedience,

-serving the Lord; and when that obedience proceeds from the inward workings of divine grace it is a healthy obedience. The leaves of the tree are for the healing of the nations." The best works of natural men and hypocrites are dead works; the children of God bring forth in their life and conversation fruits of righteousness having life and health about them,—wholesome words, healthy obedience.

3. The flocks would be led forth by the shepherds. So the members of a true church are led forth by the Lord Jesus. They all have one Shepherd. "I will direct," he says, "their work in truth." They follow him; a stranger will they not follow. So, also, they listen to the under-shepherds, the ministers of Christ, who lead them forth in the ministry of the word, their instruments being the truth as it is in Jesus. They do not force them forward, but lead them forth. "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd, and gently lead those that are with young."

4. They would be led forth together, not left to themselves to go as individuals anywhere or anyhow. So God's people should go forth in unity; and more particularly the members of any gospel church should go forth in a sort of combined service; for the manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal. Each has his proper work. No man can do all the work; no man can properly fill another's office or sphere of service. Gifts vary, the possessors of those gifts, being true members of a church, are one. "The locusts have no king, yet go they forth by bands;" and how mighty are they, by union, for destruction. Saints have a King, and it is blessed when they are under him, and go forth unitedly for blessing and salvation.

5. The flocks thus going forth after the shepherds in good condition, and streaming and spreading forth down the mountain sides, would be a comely spectacle. So true Christians, as in the apostolic days, led forth by Christ in ways of gospel obedience, submissive to their under-shepherds as unto Jesus, and as ruled by them according to the word and spirit of Jesus, and going forth in a way of active combined and spiritual obedience, would afford a comely sight. "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity;" and if good and pleasant to dwell, it must also be good and pleasant to act and speak in unity, holding forth the word of life, and exemplifying it in a course of conduct becoming the gospel.

But it may possibly be asked, *Why goats? Why appearing? Why from Mount Gilead?* We can only suggest a few things. We are not writing a commentary, but thoughts. If we professed to be giving our readers a commentary, we should feel ashamed to own, as we must do, so much ignorance and want of information. But thoughts are merely suggestive things, and may lead with God's blessing others to think, and even to arrive at fuller and more excellent opinions. The mind by this comparison may be led to consider other things in gospel obedience as found amongst God's people than we have already spoken of. For ex-

ample, the goat was a clean beast, and yet seems in scripture language to hold an inferior place to the sheep. May we not gain then two ideas, which certainly are true in themselves, even if any one thinks it far-fetched to derive them from the text? The first is that the course of conduct in a child of God is cleansed in a double sense, being renewed in measure by the Holy Spirit, and made acceptable in Christ as purged by his blood, and perfumed with his merits, and presented by him to the Father. The thumb of the right hand of the cleansed leper was touched both with blood and oil, pardon and reformation. But certainly that which proceeds from a person is of inferior consequence to what exists and goes on within. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." Therefore, though the Christian course of conduct of a child of God is greatly to be regarded, the principal thing is the heart. "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." A Pharisee may have a greater display of apparently good works than a poor child of God. Peninnah had children, but Hannah for a time had none. "Rejoice and sing, O barren that barest not," is addressed to the church of God. So the heart is principally regarded by God; if there is not, so to speak, a flock of sheep *within*, in vain will be a flock of goats *without*. They will appear only on the left hand in the day of judgment. Still it is of great consequence to the manifested glory of God and the good of the church that God's people should abound from their hearts in good works. Hence the word here is "*appear*." The flocks *appear* from Mount Gilead; not only securely folded there, but led forth. So God's people are not only brought into Christ, the true Gilead, where is the true fold, but manifest this in a gospel obedience. Their works are works of faith and fruits of union to Jesus; all their true obedience proceeds from him. "From me," he says, "is your fruit found." As they get to Jesus and abide in him, the flocks appear. There they have their birthplace. Until the people of God get to Jesus, gospel obedience cannot be produced; the more they know of him and rest in his finished work, the more abundant, healthy, and excellent the flocks. Gospel obedience in all respects grows with faith. In their true Mount Gilead the children of God find everything. There is the balm to heal, the physician to apply it, the shepherd to lead forth in a way of acceptable obedience to God; there is life, health, fruitfulness; and all this blessed gospel truth may be suggested to our minds by the comparison of the text: "As a flock of goats which appear from Mount Gilead."

We have, then, already found a fourfold glory in a true church of God, as set forth in the words under consideration. There is a perpetual fairness and an eternity of love; there is also a spiritual understanding. God's people are called in Dan. xi. understanding persons: "And some of them of understanding shall fall," and there is a spiritual fruit-bearing springing therefrom, and their union to the Lord Jesus. They are renewed in knowledge and renovated in life through that knowledge. The under-

standing they have is practical, not merely speculative. As wise persons they show out of a good conversation their works with meekness of wisdom. This is a lovely view of church membership and fellowship: "All fair:" "Thy people shall be all righteous." Their eyes gentle, their minds dovelike; not prying into each other's failings, not searching out iniquities with the scrutiny of envy, malice, and self-righteousness; watching tenderly over one another for good, considering one another to provoke, incite, unto love and good works. Not proud, not censorious, not supercilious from a vain self-conceit, not licentious from a vain wisdom, which leaves unchanged the heart; but with eyes of doves, and orderly flowing locks of lowly, spiritual, gospel obedience.

Verse 2. "Thy teeth are like a flock of sheep that are even shorn, which came up from the washing; whereof every one bear twins, and none is barren among them."

We now have to contemplate the members of a gospel church in another point of view. Not only are they spiritually-discerning persons, adorning the doctrine by the outflowings of a good conversation, but they meditate upon those doctrines, as it is written concerning the godly man in Ps. i.: "His delight is in the law of the Lord" (his sweet gospel law), "and in his law doth he meditate day and night." And again, Ps. civ.: "My meditation of him shall be sweet."

This seems to be intended by the emblem of teeth. Here we have not only *order, harmony, purity*, and a *fitting number*, but the principal thing our minds seem directed to is that essential qualification of a gracious person,—*meditation* upon the good word of God.

"Some professors," as a good man writes, "are all ear." They have no other member, as it were,—no hand to work for Christ, no foot to run upon his errands, no heart to receive his truth in the love of it, or to love the Lord and his people as in him. Other professors may be said, in a bad sense likewise, to be all eye or tongue, or hand or foot; wonderfully-seeing persons as to the outside of things, leaning to their own understandings, and judging unrighteous judgments; plentiful in speech, like Talkative, in the "Pilgrim's Progress," or else very active in the way of a false fleshly or outside obedience; running hither and thither to make one proselyte, full of fleshly ends and party-spiritedness. It is not so with the true Christian and the proper member of a church. There is the eye, and the foot, and the hand, and the lip, the hearing ear, and the meditating mind likewise. Some are very great in the way of running about to hear sermons. A new preacher, a great preacher, has wonderful charms for them. They are full of undigested, and therefore unpractised sermons; but they are not therefore the true children of God; they answer not to the emblem of teeth. These are for the mastication of the food, and the emblem sets before us the true saints as feeding upon what they hear, and nourished by the

word of God. They not only sit before a preacher, listening to him as one that playeth skilfully upon an instrument, but they hear as for their lives. They listen to him as speaking to them the word of God in the name of God, and by the grace of God's holy Spirit they take the words home to heart and conscience, are tried by them as to their state and standing before God, carry them away with them to their homes, often have them revived again upon their minds by the same Spirit, and thus further meditating upon and digesting them, they become the proper nourishment of their spiritual being. These hearers are the delight of true ministers, these draw forth their best sermons, these are the profitable members of churches; while the mere vain, fruitless, critical, censorious, cavilling hearer with the itching ear is the minister's misery and the church's bane.

But the emblem, as we hinted, also gives the idea of *orderliness*, *purity*, and *completeness* as to quality and number. It is good to have the ranks of church membership well filled up, new and proper members being continuously added; these various members, too, being, by the gifts of the Spirit, adapted for their particular places in the church. All members have not the same office. The various teeth are themselves fitted for various uses.

But if numbers are of consequence, how essential it is that the members should be noticeable for the *gospel purity* of their lives, not wanting in uprightness and even common honesty, not living in a way inconsistent with the pure doctrine they profess. "Keep thyself pure," though a word primarily addressed to ministers, is also suitable for members of churches generally. A quantity of dirty, decayed, discoloured teeth would be no beauty, but rather a horrible disfigurement to the human face; so numerous impure, dishonest, untrustworthy, inconsistent members would only be a disgrace and not a glory to a church of God.

Orderliness, too, is very desirable. "God," says Paul, "is a God of order." There should be order amongst the members, each keeping his own place,—orderliness in their lives, their employments, and their families. There should be order, scripture order, in their proceedings in all church matters, and order peculiarly in their assemblies. Meetings to worship God, or church meetings for church matters, should be meetings in which a deep reverence of God and a sweet decorum prevails. The churches are gardens,—not bear gardens, but fruit and flower gardens, though sometimes the unmannerly ways and words of members give them more the character of the former than the latter kind of gardens. They should be places fair and pleasant for delights, where the voice of the turtle and singing of birds is heard, not where self and pride, and rudeness and ill-nature, censoriousness and all manner of evils fill the air with their unpleasant noises.

We may add orderliness in *meditation* is more desirable than a mere desultory way of thinking, and we believe a little orderliness in the preaching is very desirable, and may tend, with God's blessing, to produce order in the churches, whilst a complete disorder-

liness or slovenliness in the pulpit is most likely to reproduce itself in the pew. A slovenly preacher will probably have but slovenly hearers and members, a sight not quite so comely as seems indicated in the words, "Thy teeth." Mind, we do not advocate in all this a mere straitened human orderliness, but that divine spiritual order which God himself is the author of, and which his Holy Spirit can and will give to the churches.

The *emblem* being given, we next have a *comparison* further setting forth the saints as ruminating upon the word of God, chewing the cud as well as parting the hoof; meditating in their hearts upon God's truth as well as departing from iniquity. "Thy teeth are as a flock of sheep that are even shorn, which came up from the washing; whereof every one bear twins," &c.

THE CHRISTIAN'S CONFLICT.

My soul, what various ills beset thee round;
 What fierce temptations in thy path are found;
 What bitter conflicts with the infernal foe,
 To fill thy cup with sorrow, grief, and woe.
 What tears of sorrow art thou call'd to shed;
 What thorny paths thy feet are call'd to tread;
 How oft the hosts of hell beset thee round,
 And seek to drive thee from the heavenly ground.
 Their wily stratagems, their hellish art,
 Seek to entangle thy poor trembling heart;
 To turn thy feet from Zion's ways aside
 And force thee to forsake the Lamb that died.
 How often has their craft almost prevail'd;
 How often have thy trembling spirits fail'd;
 But, thanks to sovereign love, thou still art found
 Treading the path that leads to Canaan's ground.
 'Tis not, my soul, for any good in thee,
 But of God's mercy, sovereign, rich, and free,
 He does the hosts of hell and sin control,
 Reveal his love, and make thy conscience whole.
 How oft, when Satan seem'd to gain the day,
 And tried to drag thy captive steps astray,
 Has Jesus, in his love and power, stepp'd in,
 And saved thee from the awful gulf of sin.
 Come, then, my soul; let all thy powers unite
 To praise the Lamb who dwells in boundless light.
 Come, praise the Lamb who for thy soul was slain,
 To ransom thee from hell's eternal flame.
 And when thou dost in heaven with Jesus meet,
 And all the blood-bought throng in glory greet,
 This, this shall be the song thy voice shall raise:
 "To Him who once was slain be endless praise."

T. C.

CONWAY STREET CHAPEL.

To the Committee of Conway Street Chapel.

Dear Brethren in the Lord,—Your kind letter I received, and was glad to hear from you. It refreshed me much to read its contents, having proved the things it contained by heartfelt experience; for sure I am that none can understand Zion's language but such as are taught by Zion's God. The natural man understandeth not the things of God, because they are spiritually discerned; neither can he know them. But God hath revealed them to us by his Spirit; for "the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God." And truly we may say, as those of old, "Why hast thou revealed these things unto us, and not unto the world?" Is the reason why in ourselves? No, no, my friends. We have not so learned Christ. It is "not that we loved God, but that God loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins. Hereby know we that we dwell in him and he in us, because he hath given us his Spirit." And I am confident of it, as I am that I exist, that there is not one grain of real knowledge, either of God or ourselves, but what is by the teachings of the blessed Comforter. From whence do we derive light to discover the dreadful and horrid abominations of the human heart? It is by the light of the blessed Spirit. How come we to see our ignorance, foolishness, blindness, weakness, and nothingness? By the same Spirit. And what is the reason that the empty professors of the day are constantly crying up progressive sanctification, duty-faith, inherent holiness, improvements of grace, "do and live?" Because they are totally destitute of the Spirit's teachings. And why are you and poor unworthy I favoured with it? Jesus tells us: "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father; for so it seemed good in thy sight." And no other reason whatever can be assigned than this. How came we to cry to God in our distress? It is "the Spirit that helpeth our infirmities, with groanings that cannot be uttered." We know were we left to ourselves we should never pray nor groan acceptably to God, neither in time nor to all eternity. "None know the mind of God save the Spirit of God." How came we forth out of the devil's snares, when we have been held so fast, at times, that we could neither move hand nor foot, when all our confidence in God has been dashed to pieces, like a potter's vessel, and we sank into such misery that we could hear nothing but deep crying unto deep? I say, how did we come forth again? O blessed, blessed Spirit! When the enemy came in like a flood, thou liftedst up a standard against him, and broughtest us forth with a two-edged sword in our hand and the high praises of God in our mouth.

"Blessed be the Lord, who hath not given us as a prey to their teeth. Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowler. The snare is broken, and we are escaped," though

with "the skin of our teeth;" yet our help is in the name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth. How came we after a dreadful storm of corruption, boiling up like the raging sea in our hearts with rebellion against God, till our very joints have loosened, our very hair almost stood up, our lips quivered, and rottenness entered into our bones, till we have been afraid we should break out into some open ungodliness that would be a reproach to the very town itself, and even felt such ungodly desires, at times, that we have wished for an opportunity to break out; is it not strange that such fulsome black monsters should claim God as their Father, Jesus as their Husband, Brother, and Friend? But how came this to pass? The sweet Comforter bearing witness with our spirits that we are the Lord's, testifying of the blood of Christ in our conscience, shedding abroad the love of God in our hearts, and causing us to cry, "Abba, Father! My Lord and my God!" None can call Christ Lord but by the Holy Ghost."

And, my friends, when this is known and felt in the soul, we need none of the workmongers to tell us it is our duty to love God. No, no. We love him because he first loved us. Indeed, all the glories of Christ, in his Person as God and man, in his work as Mediator, in his offices as Priest, Prophet, and King, in all the characters he bears to his people with the near relationship there is subsisting between him and his church, there is none of this beauty seen, his power felt, his love enjoyed, his word heard, his righteousness put on, his cross boasted in, himself our All in all; not one grain of it all is either felt or seen to any purpose but as the Spirit takes of it and shows it unto us, and applies it to our hearts.

O how sweet it is when the Comforter reveals this precious Jesus, in all his glory, as our All and in all in our hearts. It is all right then, both within and without, for body and for soul, for time and eternity. When this blessed peace is enjoyed in our souls who can give trouble? Not one in hell nor on earth. I have sometimes felt him so precious, and was so ravished with his beauty, and so struck with holy wonder at his solemn Majesty, and so melted with his sweet love, and so pleased with his divine Person, that I have been ready for a time to think that all my troubles and disappointments were over, and have believed in my heart I never should be such a blind fool again. "Surely," I have thought, "I never shall forget such a blessed visit as this!" But, ah, my friends! What are we when the dear Lord is gone, and leaves off communing with us? Where are we? We return to our own place not a jot nor tittle better,—nay, perhaps got into worse places than ever.

I have had some dreary paths to tread since I saw you, of hardness of heart, barrenness of soul, darkness and confusion of mind; so that I really thought God had left me entirely in the hands of the enemy; for I was a long time and neither sun nor stars appeared; and I can assure you I went to chapel like a poor

criminal, time after time. But, thanks be to God, he appeared again for my relief, and I could not help bursting out into a song of praise with the poet:

“God moves in a myterious way
 His wonders to perform;
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.
 “Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
 The clouds ye so much dread
 Are big with mercy, and shall break
 In blessings on your head.”

Blessed be his dear name, how sweet he is when he comes at such times.

Dear friends, I hope you are going on in the name of the Lord, in peace, love, and joy in the Holy Ghost. Very soon we shall have done with all things here below; and, indeed, there is nothing here worth living for but the truth of God; for everything else is uncertain, vain, empty, and full of dissatisfaction, wherever we look. But, happy day, glorious hour, blessed moment, when the Lord will call us home to be for ever with him, to see him as he is, and to be like him for ever; to be rid of sin, and out of the reach of devils and a corrupt nature for ever and ever. O happy eternity! Blessed felicity! Glorious inheritance! Where all the blood-bought family will be all together, and not one jarring note be heard through all the heavenly throng. The trumpeters and singers will be one, and one sound only will be heard in blessing and praising the Lord.

I was sorry to hear that Mr. Robins was not much better. I have sent him a letter, and I suppose he has got it. Our plan of an exchange of ministers you have heard is frustrated; but I have no doubt I shall be able to come up to London once in the year if you and Mr. R. think well, and the Lord permit. And now, my friends, I must bid you farewell for the present, with a hearty acknowledgment of your kindness to me when in London. The deliverance it was to me in some temporal things was great indeed, and I have been constrained to bless you as instruments from my very heart, many, many times. God knows I lie not.

I shall take it as a very great favour to have a letter from any of you, or all of you. The Lord be with you.

Give my kind love to inquiring friends; and the God of peace be with you. This is the prayer of a poor sinner saved by grace.

Trowbridge, April 8, 1818.

JOHN WARBURTON.

As under God's blessing all blessings are included, so under the notion of a curse all punishment is contained. "He was made a curse for us." (Gal. iii. 13.) There must be something more dreadful than a bare outward pain or bodily punishment. Christ wanted not courage to support that as well as the most valiant martyr; he bore the beginnings of it till he saw a black cloud between his Father and himself. This made him cry out, "My God, my God," &c.—*Charnock*.

JOHN RUSK'S DIARY.

(Continued from page 280.)

Oct. 11th, 1816.—I stayed all night at Mr. B.'s. I was very uneasy when I awoke this morning, thinking much about home and temporal things. Everything that was gloomy was set before me. I cried to the Lord to bow my will to his, and that he would enable me to bear whatever cross he might call me to endure. I got up and opened Mr. B.'s shop. After breakfast I was coming away, when Mrs. B. asked me to shake some carpets for her; for which she put some halfpence into my pocket, which I found was 4½d. I then bade Mr. B. good day; but he said, "Stop a bit," and slipped a paper in my hand, which afterwards I found was 4s. 6d.; but all this is painful work. He is a very feeling man, and I am often grieved that I feel so little love to him. I then came away and went to Seavill's and Coffee's, but got no work. But I feel hope in God as it respects my better state.

After this I read a little of Flavel's "Mystery of Providence;" then went to prayer, and found a little good.

The next morning awaked soon and had as clear a discovery of my own weakness as ever I had in my life. O how I feared I should not endure to the end, that when the sun waxed hot I should be scorched, and because I had no root should wither away; that this was the day to declare the work, and that it was not real. O how these things made me cry to God and plead the promises he has made to the weak and the faint; for I told him that I was as sure to deny him as ever Peter did if he left me. What are all head notions when the fiery trial comes? And what astonishes me is that my hope soon sprang up, and I find no condemnation. Still I am very low, very cast down, many fears on all hands. O, this was a hard combat this morning, and it has and does try my poor body very much.

Sunday, Oct. 13th.—Heard Mr. Chamberlain very sweetly at Providence Chapel in the morning; went and dined at my sister's with much reluctance. Drank tea, and my sister gave me a shilling. I then went to Conway Street and heard Mr. Robins; but though it was a great discourse, yet it took no hold on me. I was shut up.

Monday, 14th.—We are now completely hedged in. O what a scene of misery appears to await us! But nothing is too hard for the Lord. I went to Prattent's, and am to call again if I did not get to work. I then went to many places, in all 18, but got nothing. I then went to my sister's, by her desire, as it was Ellen's birthday. So I dined, drank tea, called at Southwell's, and came home very much shut up, and wondering how it would all end. When I came in, my mother was trembling with rage, and all without the least occasion, only because we were not out of the house. She raged desperately, and is to send to-day for Mr. Tindale to put us out. O how she went on, talking to herself, saying, "Is this Mr. Huntington's religion to use your

parents ill, and to say that everybody is to be damned?" And a deal more for half an hour, and declared that my wife left the doors and windows open on purpose that she might be murdered in the bed. After this I went to prayer, and felt all right,—a sweet peace and no condemnation; but we shall be forced to go away.

On Tuesday I did not know what to do, nor which way to turn; but begged God to direct me; and I walked on, thinking to call in and see Mr. Burt; and by walking right on I was led the right way, for I saw Prattent's apprentice, and he told me I was to come to work by order of his master. I got done on Thursday night, and expected to be discharged; but they discharged Mr. Page that was there when I went, and kept me on. Thus it was made good again, as it was once before some years ago, when I worked at Moody's: "He hath showed his people the power of his arm that he may give them the heritage of the heathen." I came home at night with £1 7s. 9½d. Bless the Lord for this. I worked in much weakness, and feel so while writing; but O, it is in the fire that I got this bit of bread, and I may say the Lord spread his table in the presence of my enemies. "Woe is me that I dwell in Meshech!" But, bless his name, though I am weak as water and feel daily ashamed of my profession and as if I certainly should deny him, which I tremble at, yet strength has been given to me equal to my day.

Sunday, Oct. 20th.—I am confined this morning at home, having the rheumatism in both legs, as if the bone was scraping, which so much walking has brought on. I found good in prayer last night, and also in talking of the necessity of our going into these fiery trials; and I believe God's children, in their right mind, never would go into the world merely for gain; if they could any how exist without, they never would go amongst them at all. I speak from my own experience, and therefore we shall be driven to it through real want, and into the water and fire we shall go, and men shall ride over our heads. O, what a painful path I feel it to be; for every place I go to to work I am fearing to be discharged, so deeply in debt, fretting all day as a dumb man in whose mouth is no reproof, longing for death, and fearing, trembling, and sinking, till I am nothing but skin and bones. But I have been supported to the present hour.

Wednesday, 30th.—We are greatly tried to get victuals to eat. I did not leave a halfpenny at home. I borrowed a halfpenny of a shopmate. We finished our job this afternoon at 3 o'clock, and were discharged at 5 o'clock. My wife left the children by themselves for three hours, while she walked about two miles with three waistcoats to the pawnbroker's. I have just received a letter from a Mr. Simpson, respecting engaging a situation in the Customs House. The letter came this evening at 7 o'clock, but I know not how to act or what to do. It appears as if it was of God, but this is hard to find out. Lord, help me to look to thee for direction. It appears rather singular that I was discharged at

5 o'clock and this letter came at 7. It was from a good man, though but a slight acquaintance, and I have not seen him for months.

The next day I went to the new Customs House, and saw Mr. Simpson, who sent the letter, and he told me he thought the pay would be but 18s. per week, and be there at 6 in the morning, but if I could get anything at my own work he would not wish me to take it. He said there was time to consider, for the call was not yet; that there would be about twenty men set on, but at present there were only two or three. We had some spiritual conversation for some time, and when I came away he shook hands with me, and put a three-shilling piece in my hand, which I refused; but he urged it, saying I should not have my walk for nothing.

At night I went to hear Mr. Robins. Twice while there I had a sweet enjoyment of God's presence, which was a great antidote against Satan's accusations. When he wanted and did suggest that I did wrong in coming, it was an answer that I enjoyed God's presence; for I went in there very comfortable, and Satan could not dispute me out of this, though he tried hard to do so. I was tried about Robins again while hearing him, though not so much.

(It appears that some of the people who remained at Providence Chapel after Mr. Huntington's death blamed Rusk for going to Conway Street; but the only minister who went to Providence Chapel that he could hear was Mr. Chamberlain, while at Conway Street he heard Mr. Gadsby and others with sweetness and power.)

NEW TRANSLATIONS OF THE BIBLE.

Dear Sir,—I have only just been able to look at "G. S." communications.

I do not know the book about which you have consulted me; but am for the most part rather suspicious of new translations and newly-formed texts of the New Testament, as they are often put forward for sinister ends by men of Socinian and erroneous views.

But Bagster's publications are usually sound; and from the titles given to Mr. Green I should judge that he was a clergyman.

There can be no doubt that to those who can rightly use them and can form a judgment upon them, both a revised translation and a revised text may be useful; but both require so much sound judgment and thorough knowledge of the subject that, like edged tools, they may cut unwary fingers. I should not, therefore, advise you to trouble your mind about new translations of the Book which God has so honoured to the conversion and consolation of many thousands of his dear family.

Yours ever faithfully in the Truth,

6, Sydenham Road, Croydon, S., Nov. 27, 1866. J. C. PHILPOT.

MOUNT PISGAH.

BY THOMAS CASE.

(Continued from page 409, 1872.)

JESUS rose again. This implies his office. He rose as a Jesus, a Saviour, the Mediator of our peace, who, having finished the work he came about,—namely, to satisfy divine justice, and to bring in everlasting righteousness, so making peace by the blood of his cross, God the Father sent a public officer from heaven to open the prison doors; an angel to roll away the stone from the mouth of the sepulchre (Matt. xxviii. 2); thereby proclaiming to all the world that the debt was paid, and that God had received full satisfaction for the sins of the elect, saying as it were, “Deliver him, for I have received a ransom.”

This is another ground of our triumph, that Jesus rose; that is, he rose as our Jesus, our Saviour, and so by dying hath delivered us from death, and from him “that had the power of death, that is the devil,” “Jesus, who delivered us from the the wrath to come.” (1 Thess. i. 10.)

Jesus rose again. This also implies his right to us, and interest in us. He rose as our Jesus; that is, as a public head, in whom all believers are considered. Jesus Christ, as he died not in a private capacity, for he had no sin of his own for which death might have any dominion over him, so neither did he rise again in a private capacity, but in a public capacity. He rose as he was our *God*; that is, our next of kin, unto whom the right of redemption belonged. He rose as our Surety; he rose as the heavenly Bridegroom, having espoused the church to himself on the cross; he rose as the Captain of our salvation, as the public Head and Representative of all the elect of God.

And this consideration lays another foundation for our triumph in Christ's resurrection; namely, that there is an inseparable connexion between the resurrection of Christ and that of the saints; and it is fourfold; a connexion of—1, *Merit*; 2, *Influence*; 3, *Design*; 4, *Union*.

1. A connexion of *merit*. “To this end Christ both died and rose again, that he might be Lord both of the dead and the living” (Rom. xiv. 9); intimating that by his death he merited of the Father that both in death and in life, both dying and rising again, he might dispose of the saints to his own advantage. Why, now the Lord Jesus having bought his saints at so dear a rate, if they would not rise again, he would lose his purchase. Christ had died and risen in vain.

2. A connexion of *influence*. There is power in the resurrection of Christ for the quickening of the dead. Hence it is that our Lord calls himself the resurrection and the life; so intimating to us that by the same Spirit of holiness whereby he raised himself from the dead he will also quicken our mortal bodies. This inseparably links the resurrection of the Saints with that of Christ; for surely were it not so the resurrection of Jesus Christ

would have no more signification than that of Lazarus or those other saints mentioned in Matt. xxvii. 52, 53. Yea, the resurrection of Christ would not be of so great virtue and influence as the dry bones of the prophet, the very touch whereof raised the dead man who was cast into his grave. (2 Ki. xiii. 21.)

3. A connexion of *design*. The Lord Jesus had a design upon the saints in his rising again from the dead; and what that was he tells us in the last affectionate prayer before his passion (Jno. xvii. 24): "Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory." Therefore Christ arose and ascended that he might come again and awake them out of their graves, and take them home to himself into mansions of glory; so he comforted his disciples before his departure: "If I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am ye may be also." (Jno. xiv. 3.) This inseparable connexion between Christ's rising again and the saints also from the dead is needful; because without it Christ would lose the very plan and object of his own resurrection. This must not, cannot be.

4. A connexion of *union*. Christ is the Head, and the saints are the members of his mystical body; and if the Head be risen, the members cannot be long behind; for, can the head live and the members remain dead? Yea, can the life of the saints live, and they themselves continue in a state of death? This is a happy contradiction, a blessed impossibility! O! write this comfortable word upon your hearts, Christians! Christ is our life, Christ is your life, and the life of your Christian relations; and as surely as Christ is risen they shall rise; and because he lives, those members of his for whom ye weep and bleed as dead shall live also with him. Surely, if the devil and all the powers of darkness were not able to keep Christ in the grave, neither shall they be able to hold one of his members there for ever! Hence you find the holy apostle arguing from the resurrection of Christ to that of Christians: "If Christ rose from the dead, how say some that there is no resurrection of the dead?" (1 Cor. xv. 12) and back again from the resurrection of Christians to that of Christ: "If there be no resurrection of the dead, then is Christ not risen." Indeed, the form of words is negative; but the sense is affirmative; and for the greater assurance it is repeated over and over in successive verses; backward and forward as convertible terms. Grant the one, the other follows; deny the one, and ye deny the other. The result the apostle arrives at is: "But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept." Christ is risen, and risen as our first fruits, as a pledge and part of the whole harvest; for if the first fruits be holy, the lump is also holy; if the first fruits be laid up safe in God's barns, the whole harvest shall, in due time, be safely brought in thither also; only it must stay its time appointed by the great Husbandman, whose method is this: First, Christ the first fruits; afterward, they that are Christ's at his coming.

Be of good cheer, Christians, weep not. It is the Father's good pleasure that not a sheaf, not an ear, not one grain be lost. So witnesseth the truth and the life; the truth to testify it, and the life to make it good: "This is the Father's will that sent me, that of all which he hath given me I should lose nothing, but should raise it up again at the last day." (Jno. vi. 30.) Nothing of all that, &c.; that is, not the least person nor the least member of the least person, how mean and contemptible soever.

Will this content thee, Christian? Thy sweet relation is not lost but sown, and that which is sown is not quickened except it die. At the harvest time thou shalt have thy seed again. Thy treasure is not cast away to perish, but put to use; so thy loss shall be thy gain.

Thus we see that the resurrection of the saints stands upon a most sure foundation, a fourfold foundation, even the *Merit, Influence, Design, Union*, which is between Christ and his saints, a foundation which stands surer than heaven and earth. Heaven and earth may pass away, but not one of these foundations shall ever pass away or fail. "The foundation of the Lord standeth sure." (2 Tim. ii. 19.) So then, not their resurrection, but our comfort in their resurrection, is that which depends upon our faith. Sense stands weeping and crying out, "My parent is dead, my yoke-fellow is lost, my dear child is perished." "No," saith faith; "they are alive; they are safe; they are happy." And all this faith infers upon Christ's resurrection; so that whoever has faith enough to put Christ's resurrection into the circumstance, may by the same act of faith conclude on the certainty of the saint's resurrection. He that by an eye of faith can look upon Christ's resurrection as past, may, by the same eye of faith, see the resurrection of the saints as to come. He that by faith can say, "Christ is risen;" may, with the same breath of faith, say also, "The saints shall rise." "Because I live, ye shall live also;" as a pledge and instance whereof, when Christ arose, many of the saints which slept were enlarged out of the prison of the grave to attend the solemnity of their Lord's resurrection, and so were another kind of first fruits of the last resurrection of all believers.

By all these evidences and demonstrations Jesus Christ, now in heaven, speaks to his mourners. As once he did, in the days of his flesh, to Martha: "Thy brother shall rise again;" so he speaks to us: "Man, woman, thy yoke-fellow shall rise again. Thine Isaac, whom thou lovedst, shall rise again."

ARE you not troubled with a busy devil as well as with a bad heart? Hath not he that circuits the whole world observed you? Hath he not studied your constitution sins, and found out that sin which most easily besets you? Hath he less malice against your souls than others? Surely you are in the very thicket of temptations; thousands of snares are round about you. O how difficultly are the righteous saved! How hard to be upright! How few even of the professing world win heaven at last.—*Flevel.*

A LETTER BY DR. HAWKER.

Dear Sir,—I begin my letter in answer to yours, which I have received, with saying in the words of God the Holy Ghost, by his servant Peter, to the church, "Grace and peace be multiplied (that is, fulfilled, for so is the original meaning), that the Lord's grace be perfected in you, fulfilling the utmost grace and love in communion and personal manifestation through the knowledge of God and Jesus our Lord."

This last letter of yours, my dear brother in the common faith, hath more fully convinced me of your state before God, and that the gracious hand of the Lord is upon you for good. Yea, my soul feels increasing confidence in the Lord concerning you, and very sure I am those sweet words of our covenant God by the prophet have respect to you, even to you; and ere long God the Holy Ghost will show you his secret. (Jer. xxix. 11-14; Ps. xxiv. 14-15.) I draw my conclusions both from the well-known suffering and goodness of our God, and also from those unwrought workings of your soul which our gracious God is carrying on in you in the midst of all your unconsciousness that the thing is of the Lord. You say, "I am a thousand times worse than nothing before God;" and that is the uniform language of all the saints of God. (See Job xlii. 5, 6; Isa. vi. 5; Jer. xiv.; Rom. vii. 24.) Do carnal, unawakened, unregenerated men thus complain? You say also, "I often think I never had any true spiritual feeling of conviction for sin in all my life from the Lord. Then I beg the Lord to call me effectually and undeceive me, and begin a work of truth and a right knowledge of sin in my soul;" and you instantly join a prayer and say, "If it be the Lord working in me, bid me come unto thee." I beseech you, my dear brother, be honest to God and to your own soul, and say, "Who but those taught of God ever used such language, or felt so humbled for sin?" Surely you remember the gracious promise of our Lord Jesus Christ in relation to the special personal work of God the Holy Ghost. (Jno. xvi. 8-11.) And when the Lord the Spirit is carrying on his mighty work as it is said in Isa. xxviii. 17-20, can anything more strikingly prove that it is his work, when his hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies of our own setting up in excuse for our fallen state, and his waters overflow the hiding-place which, like the first sinners in the garden of Eden, we seek for shelter to cover us from God? (Gen. iii. 8.)

I have said thus much from your own words, in order to show you that such self-reproaches in your own soul, and such cries to God for his favour, can never be found among the carnal and unawakened. And if the Lord the Spirit shall graciously be pleased to show you that these are in the general operations of his grace, when he is quickening and renewing his people in the spirit of their mind, you will, from the same divine teaching, in due time be as graciously led to discover that the Lord is leading you through those deep waters the more blessedly to bring you out.

I have brought you in the arms of faith before the Lord, beseeching his almighty Majesty to make answer to your case in his own good time and pleasure, as shall be for his glory and your spiritual and eternal welfare. And as every case of his people's is not only known by him, but appointed by him, and in due weight and measure, we have nothing to do but by continual waitings at the mercy-seat and pardon-office of the Lord Jesus Christ to hold on and hold out until kind and gracious answers are given. One thing we ought to know while hanging about the place where his honour dwelleth, that as all the persons of the Lord's people, with all their concerns, are in his view, so every name Jesus bears on his breast, as the High Priest his servant bore the tribes of Israel when he went in before the mercy-seat; and when, through the teachings of the Holy Ghost, a petitioner before the Lord mentions the name of any of the Lord's people, *Jesus hath that very name upon his head.* Hence the church in her earnest and vehement cries to her Beloved, as in Song viii. 6. Let me further say unto you in those divine words of the Lord, as in Ps. xxvii. 13, 14; and in the meantime look forward to the sure time which, though like the prophet's vision it seem to tarry, yet it will come, it will not tarry (Heb. ii. 3); when the Lord shall arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee.

I shall be on the look-out, if the Lord spares me, when the Lord shall have turned your captivity as the rivers in the south. That promise is absolute in Ps. cxxvi., last two verses. It will be a matter of holy joy to my heart to hear of the Lord's gracious dealings with you; and do not, my brother, refrain from writing to me. Gladly will I pay the postage of your letters, and of mine to you also, if you need it. The Lord hath dealt bountifully with me both in nature and in grace, and in the personal visits of my Lord, agreeably to his own most blessed promises. (Jno. xiv. 15-24.) I already enjoy heaven upon earth in the daily revelations of the Holy Three-in-One. I am enabled to live out of myself and above myself, and live down sin, death, hell, and the grave, by living upon the Person and the finished salvation of the Lord Jesus Christ. What those you speak of say of me and my poor writings hath no more effect upon me than the noise of a multitude in whose clamour I have no concern. That one verse of scripture is enough to bear a child of God up, and I feel the blessedness of it under the whole pressure of reproaches from men. (Isa. lxvi. 5.)

Farewell, dear brother in the Lord. The God of all grace, who hath called you to his eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that you have suffered awhile, make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you. To him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen.

Yours, to serve in the Lord,

Plymouth, Sept. 10, 1821.

ROBERT HAWKER.

“BEHOLD the fowls of the air,” not of the barn; “Behold the lilies of the field,” not of the garden.—*Hawker.*

ENCOURAGEMENT.

My dear Mr. —, — I am unknown to you, but, through the everlasting love of the Father in Christ Jesus, I am not unknown to your loving Lord. I am a reader of the "Gospel Standard," and I wish to encourage your heart in your labour of love towards the Lord's called elect who read and love the pure truth the "Gospel Standard" contains.

The place where I live is a barren place, and my bad heart is often barren too. There is no cause of truth in the place. It is far to go to hear the word, and when I go I am not satisfied; so I stay at home and read the word, like dear Huntington.

There are very few who know what David meant when he said, "I was brought low and he helped me;" or when he said, "Thine arrows stick fast in me." I trust I know something of this, through God's free grace. The Lord stopped me in my mad career in 1865. O Sir, I went as far as I could go; but because he loved me, I was set apart by God the Father and given to Christ to redeem, and Christ willingly came to die for me, and will bring me and all his family in in due time.

I had broken the holy law of God, and I found I could not fulfil it, though I tried very hard to do so. I went about the house crying, "Lord, do save me; thou canst if thou wilt." Many portions of the word came to my mind, so that I did not sink so very low. "There is a set time to favour Zion" kept me up. I went to hear the truth as often as I could, as I had to go three miles, and my dear and only friend was confined to her room, so that I was obliged to return home after the morning service; but, bless his dear name, he heard me in his own good time, and set my feet on a firm Rock, even himself, and showed me I was his and he was mine for ever and ever, by bringing to my mind several portions of the word. One was, "Accepted in the Beloved." O how blest I felt I was! The "Gospel Standard" and the Bible were my chiefest delight. I could sing with all my heart Isa. xii. I was baptized in Nov., 1869, and through God's rich mercy I can say, "Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life."

My dear Sir, I do beg your pardon for taking this great liberty, as I am such a bad writer and speller, and poor and needy; yet the Lord thinketh upon me. I have had no learning, as I have always been obliged to work for my bread at lace-making; but I thought I should like to write a few lines to tell you to cleave to the truths in the "Standard." They have been a great blessing to me, I can assure you; and I hope the Lord will spare you many years to spread free grace, as nothing else will do to die with; nothing else will do for me but free grace. 'Tis grace alone, from first to last. Nothing but free grace could save such a vile sinner as I am. Free election; free redemption by Christ alone that saves and will save all the elect. Not one will or can be lost. If one could be lost, where would be our hope? But,

blessed be his name, he is an able Saviour. What should we do in temptation if we had not this firm Rock to rest our hopes upon? In spite of all, the Holy Spirit will complete his work where he has begun it, and at last Christ will present us all faultless before his Father's face. Is not this grace to think of,—such a wretch as I to be without spot, and even now perfect in Christ Jesus? Who has greater cause to sing than we who are partakers of this grace through the Holy Spirit's teaching? O, spread this blessed truth; for the Lord has showed it largely to you:

The "Gospel Standard," in my first spiritual convictions, was to me very dear. I have read it while I ate my dinner, to see if any of the Lord's dear people felt as I did; and I saw they did; so I was cheered and helped to trust that the Lord would bring me out.

My father and mother are, through free grace, both in glory. I have no brother or sister; but, bless his dear name, himself he gives us still. My dear mother died the same month as dear Philpot died. The Lord so blessed me with his dear presence, so blessed me that I could praise him that he had taken her to himself.

I conclude, hoping you will forgive my liberty. It has long been in my mind, but I am afraid it will be a trouble to read it; but my aim is to encourage you to exalt your dear Saviour's name. My dear Mr. —, I wish you a happy new year. I hope you will be favoured to walk much in the light of Jesu's face, and live by faith on the settlements of the covenant of grace, ordered in all things and sure, sealed with Jesu's blood, and I hope you will enjoy communion with Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. I hope, Sir, you will look over all my faults, and remember I am poor, and blind, and lame, spiritually sick of sin, and full of it too; but our sin is all put away. O what a mercy!

May the Lord bless you with every blessing, with much of himself, for his name's sake.

Dec. 25, 1872.

A LOVER OF THE "GOSPEL STANDARD."

LETTER BY THE LATE MR. MUSKETT.

Dear Friend,—I will try and answer your kind letter of the 28th ult. I should have sent a line to the "Standard" this month, in answer to the many inquiries of my friends in various parts of the country; but I really did not know what to say. I am so full of changes. I can only say I am certainly better in my general health; but the uncertain return of the fits makes it very trying to keep about. I have not yet fallen again as at first. I would hope the fits get weaker; but I find it very hard work when alone in the dark. I want reconciliation to the Lord's dear will; but rebellion is the fruit of my fallen flesh.

I have managed to preach twice on a Lord's day, and sometimes once in the week; but I am so very weak, and the flesh

feels it such a drag that my once delightful employ is turned in heaviness. Still I must say I have been helped hitherto. Last Sunday afternoon I quite expected a fall in the pulpit in the presence of a large congregation; but mercy turned the complaint, and I got through, although many of the people felt a deal of alarm.

As you say, many years of heavy affliction in every way have at length broken down and upset my whole nervous system. I cannot say what the Lord's will is. I wish I could be still. The doctor says, "Give up all preaching, and go into another part of the country and rest." But I ask if he can keep my mind quiet. If I can manage the body, such advice may be good; but the door is barred with impossibilities. I am crying unto the Lord day and night, as I have been constrained to do for these 40 years and upwards, and still hope to be able to announce to my friends that I am better. But if the will of God be otherwise, I feel that to depart and be with Christ is far better.

I was favoured last night in my sleep with a taste of the inexpressible sweetness of heaven. O how it made me long at once to be swallowed up in the unutterable sweetness. Through mercy I know much of God's great grace and of a precious Jesus, although like other children of God I cannot see my own grace only in his light. The king's daughter is all glorious *within*. It is, therefore, a hidden glory. Excuse more.

Yours, the Chief of Sinners,

Flitwick, Ampthill, Dec. 1.

GEORGE MUSKETT.

GRACE IN THE HEART WILL SPEAK.

My dear Friend,—Through the multitude of the tender mercies of my covenant God and Father I have once more returned home safe, and found all well; which I feel to be no small mercy; and when I am led to look at myself for a moment, and see and feel what a wretch I am, I am truly astonished at the goodness, long-suffering, kindness, and tender compassion of the Lord God of Jacob towards one so unworthy, vile, guilty, and hell-deserving a wretch. O friend, you did not know what sort of a sinner you had in your house when I was with you; and how it was that you were so very kind to me was amazing. I have thought of your kindness to me again and again; and I believe that the dear Lord hath made you to feel yourself to be a poor miserable sinner, and brought your soul to hate and loathe yourself on account of your vileness and sinfulness; and as you fear that you are nothing but a deluded hypocrite and a Judas, therefore you are cutting yourself off, wishing that you had never made any profession, and that you had kept all your feelings to yourself; but you could not; for you had no power to do so. When the Lord works in our hearts, his almighty grace and mercy must come out. Whatsoever maketh manifest is light; therefore the candle must be put in the candlestick to give light to those that are round about us.

My dear friend, if the Lord had not put his gracious fear into your heart you would never be exercised in the way that you are; you would never really feel yourself to be such a sinful wretch as I have heard you say that you do; you would never sigh, cry, and groan as you do. No, if there was no spiritual life in your soul, you would never contend for real experimental truth as you do; you would not want to give up the office that you hold if there was no life in your heart, but would be carried away with pride and presumption. Therefore, may the Lord keep you humble and little in your own eyes, and support you under all your troubles, trials, temptations, and afflictions; and when your soul is cast down within, on account of the wickedness of your heart, may the blessed Spirit of all grace lead you to the Fountain that is opened for sin and uncleanness.

This is the desire of your friend and brother in tribulation.

My love to Mr. Higginson and wife, and to all the friends.

Aug. 28, 1844.

T. GODWIN

THANKSGIVING.

The following hymn was sung at the Re-opening of Ebenezer Chapel, Hastings, May 27, 1873:

Now, Lord, prepare our hearts to raise
 To thee a song of grateful praise;
 O may thy love our souls inflame
 To sing the honours of thy name.
 How great thy kindness and thy care,
 Which we are favour'd so to share!
 How free thy bounty and thy grace
 To us who worship in this place!
 The work so needful has been wrought,
 The favour granted which we sought;
 Hearts have been touch'd with kindly fire;
 Thou hast accomplish'd our desire.
 And now we crave thy presence sweet,—
 In us, assembled at thy feet,
 Reveal eternal love and grace;
 O come, and consecrate the place.
 And may there ever here be found
 Thy gospel's sweet and certain sound;
 The Father's love, the Saviour's blood,
 The Spirit's power to bring to God.
 May many souls be born of God,
 And seekers led to Jesu's blood;
 The hungry fed, the captives freed,
 And mourners bless'd in time of need.
 Thus, till in heaven we see thy face,
 "While we walk through this wilderness,"
 May we oft here beneath thy word
 Raise **Ebenezers** to the Lord.

T. HULL.

A WORD IN SEASON.

Dear Friend,—I see by the "Gospel Standard" that you have Mr. Mortimer at Zoar two Lord's days this month. How I wish I could hear him. In the spring, at Gower Street, he spoke one Sunday evening from 1 Cor. xi. 2; and the sermon went home to my heart; so that I could not forget it. It entirely met my need at that time. I had just come to London after a very trying time in the wilderness, deprived of a Gospel ministry, and having had my thoughts led for some time to consider personally the subject of believers' baptism. I entered the chapel in much trouble of soul, full of doubts and perplexity, and fearing to take a wrong step; but the Lord was truly gracious to me that evening in leading his servant to come into my path, that one by one the stumbling-blocks were removed out of the way.

Mr. M. first showed who were the brethren to whom the apostle wrote; not natural fleshly brethren, but those who had been made partakers of a new life, begotten again to a lively hope by the power of the Holy Ghost. "Such," he said, "have family features. Conviction of sin is felt, bringing the soul to the gates of despair and to feel assured that but for the mercy of God through Jesus Christ he could have no more hope of being saved than the devil has. Then the Spirit puts a cry into the heart, a real going out of heart after God in prayer and supplication and desire to know Jesus and the power (or virtue) of his resurrection; also being raised in some measure to a good hope through grace. These are some of the features," Mr. M. said, "to be found, more or less, in all the living family of God, here called brethren; and whether the work was gradual or sudden, the effect will be the same in all. All must be stripped and emptied, to be clothed and filled and brought to exalt a precious Christ." As I listened to the minister of God, the Spirit bore witness to the work in my soul, and I felt that the leaven had been hid in the meal, that the seed had been sown in the ground, and was now springing and growing up, I knew not how.

And when he went on to speak of the injunction of the apostle to the believing Corinthians to keep the ordinances, I was convinced that it applied to me quite as much as to them; and all the secret dealings of the Lord with me for many months previously regarding baptism were brought to my mind. He spoke specially of that ordinance. He said he did not intend dwelling on that when he began to preach, but felt constrained to say a few words on that subject, he knew not why. He spoke of Paul's baptism immediately after his conversion, and said it was a command enjoined by the Lord upon all believers. (Matt. xxviii. 19, 20.) It was a part of the law that should go out of Zion, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem, predicted by Isaiah. (ii. 3; Mic. iv. 1, 2.) So the Zion and Jerusalem were the New Testament Church at first, only about 120 (Acts i. 15), —assembling in an upper room. Then at Pentecost this law and

word went forth and was practised by the apostles and all the new-coming believers. He said baptism was the only scriptural way into the visible church.

Then he spoke most tenderly to those who might be halting between two opinions, perplexed, not knowing how to act, fearing to presume and dreading to disobey. His words of advice were greatly blessed in enabling me to take my trouble to the Lord. He said, "Go to the Lord, simply begging him to reveal his mind and will to you, and not to allow you to choose for yourself; but that he will be pleased to choose for you and work in you."

But I fear I shall tire you by quoting so much of a sermon that was very comforting to me; and I need say no more, for you know how it ended, and how in the Lord's own time and way he brought me among his people as another witness to his redeeming love and power, enabling me to be baptized. Since I came home the Lord has, at times, greatly strengthened and supported me, but still he keeps me waiting for a more full manifestation of his pardoning love and mercy; and this brings me often into a low place; so that I say sometimes to the Lord, "I am cast out of the sight of thine eyes," and begin to doubt whether he has really done anything for my soul, or whether, after all, I may not be deceived still underneath all the mountains of sin and guilt that press so heavily. It seems to me sometimes as if I knew something of that blessed hope which is as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the vail, even the great mystery of godliness, a risen, ascended Jesus, who sitteth at the right hand of God the Father, to plead the cause of poor ready-to-perish sinners.

One Sunday last month I had a glimpse of him as the forerunner of his people, the Holy Spirit opening up to me in a wonderful manner Jno. x. that I cannot easily forget it, and which at the time carried me beyond all earthly troubles, and has refreshed my soul many times since. I wish I had time to write all I saw in that blessed portion of scripture; but it is too late to do so to-day, and I am anxious not to keep you waiting any longer for a letter.

May grace, mercy, and peace be with you.

Yours in Gospel Bonds,

Sept. 28, 1866.

D. S. B. A.

BETTER THAN OUR FEARS.

My dear Brother in the Lord,—How get you on in the path of tribulation? You and I are two fools, for we are telling the people, Sabbath after Sabbath, that in the world they will have trouble, and yet there is a something in us looking out for a smoother path. I get a greater drone than ever in divine things. I do not seem to have a grain of real grace in my soul very often. What paupers you and I are, debtors to free grace. I tell you

what my soul wants. It is the feeding part, and to feel more love in the heart, and faith strengthened in the God of all the promises. You and I would like to feel love always in exercise. I know what I want, but I cannot get it.

Well, we must say that the Lord hath been better to us than all our fears, sins, unbelief, and shortcomings, and has brought us up out of many a horrible pit and out of the miry clay, and we have a humble hope that he has set our feet upon the Rock of Ages, the Lord Jesus Christ, and thus established our goings. But how the devil hates Christ in the heart of a poor sinner; and what a mystery that the life of God should live in a poor sinner who feels himself so full of sin and guilt; and the more you and I know of ourselves, the fewer stones have we to throw at any one. But your soul and mine often want to get into the harbour of rest, to have a sweet lodging-place by faith in the bosom of Christ, to feel he is with us. I hope he will be with you on the coming Sabbath, and that the Holy Spirit will make it a Sabbath of rest to your soul and the souls of others; that I also may experience the same; and that you, with myself, may prove what I heard a minister once say, "I want a clearing-up day. It is now a twelvemonth," said the good man, "since I had one, though I have had helps by the way." You know, friend Kevill, at the small shops in London they put down the week's score, and when the debt is paid, it is wiped off the slate. David felt something of this when he said, "Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin;" and when this washing takes place, then the soul can say, "I am like a green olive tree in the house of God; I will trust in the mercy of God for ever and ever!"

But I must draw to a close, as this is all the paper I have. Please remember us kindly to Mrs. K.

Yours truly,
T. S. SWONNELL.

Marden, Kent, Aug. 23, 1872.

ANSWER TO INQUIRY.

To H. G. H.—The expression, "Ends of the earth," seems to have in scripture sometimes a local, sometimes a more spiritual signification. In Ps. xxii. 27 it is used locally, to represent the elect of God amongst the most distant nations; taking Judea, because of the temple and established worship of God, as the central point. In Ps. lxi. and lxv. it appears to have a more spiritual meaning, representing persons as far distant from God in their souls' feelings. Isa. xlv. in the letter seems to refer to the calling of the Gentiles, and therefore the local is probably the primary sense of the words, "All ye ends of the earth;" but they may fairly be applied also to persons who in their feelings answer to these distant nations—far off from God. Thus Paul writes to the Ephesians, "Ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ."

Now, we suppose H. G. H. to be a sincere seeker, as he represents himself, after salvation. We can then tell such a one that there is not one barrier in God's word against him as coming to God, and also that the word abounds with invitations and promises to such persons. For let us just briefly state what the word of God plainly says: 1, It most solemnly declares the utterly lost and ruined state of all men by nature as having sinned and fallen short of the glory of God; 2, It declares and sets forth Christ in his Person, work, and grace as the only possible remedy for this malady; so that without Christ man must perish; 3, It not only warrants any poor lost sinner who feels his misery and wretchedness to come to Christ, putting no obstacle in his way, but expressly commands and invites such persons to come; declaring that him that cometh unto Christ he will in no wise cast out. As far as words go, what does a sincere seeker require more? Whosoever can say, or rather has had the heart given him to say, "I will," is perfectly welcome. This may not be enough for a speculative inquirer, or one who fights against the sovereignty of God; but surely it is enough for one who knows his sickness and his sore to understand that Christ freely receives, and freely heals all such. And we can only conclude by advising H. G. H., in the words of one of our hymns. You feel your sinfulness, you need mercy, you are made willing to be saved in God's way of free grace to his glory. Christ is to all such a city of refuge, provided by God, and set forth in the word of God as free for the ruined to flee unto:

"And if God the Spirit reveals this to you,
Take refuge in Jesus, though hell should pursue."

How sweet must the following considerations be to a distressed believer: 1, There most certainly exists an almighty, all-wise, and infinitely gracious God. 2, He has given me in times past, and is giving me at present, if I had but eyes to see it, many and signal intimations of his love to me, both in a way of providence and grace. 3, This love of his is immutable; he never repents of it or withdraws it. 4, Whatever comes to pass in time is the result of his will from everlasting. Consequently, 5, My afflictions were a part of his original plan, and are all ordered in number, weight, and measure. 6, The very hairs of my head are every one counted by him, nor can a single hair fall to the ground but in consequence of his determination. Hence, 7, My distresses are not the result of chance, accident, or a fortuitous combination of circumstances. But, 8, The providential accomplishments of God's purpose. 9, They are designed to answer some wise and gracious end. Nor, 10, Shall my affliction continue a moment longer than God sees meet. 11, He who brought me to it has promised to support me under it, and to carry me through it. 12, All shall most assuredly work together for his glory and my good. Therefore, 13, The cup which my heavenly Father hath given me to drink, shall I not drink it? Yes, I will, in the strength he imparts, even rejoice in tribulation, and, using the means of possible redress which he hath, or may hereafter put into my hands, I will commit myself and the event to him whose purpose cannot be overthrown, whose plan cannot be disconnected, and who, whether I am resigned or not, will still go on to work all things after the counsel of his own will.—*Toplady.*

Obituary.

[Our kind correspondents who forward to us these accounts of the death of the Lord's people must not be hurt at finding them curtailed.

Were we to insert all in full, we should often require a double No.]

MARY STREETER.—On April 20th, aged 85, Mrs. Mary Streeter, of Worthing, Sussex.

She was born at Broadwater, near Worthing, and attended the parish church with her parents, who were good moral people. While young she left home for service in a gentleman's family in London. In this situation she was surrounded with all the pleasures and gayeties of a worldly life, such as attending theatres, balls, and places of fashionable amusement; but her mind seemed to be seriously impressed with the folly of these things, and she could not always join in them. Her desire was to be with Christian friends, or hearing the gospel. She sat under the ministry of a Mr. Kable, whose preaching, I have often heard her say, she much enjoyed; but I do not think she had much discernment about the doctrines of truth at this time. She heard Mr. Huntington, at Gray's Inn Lane chapel, several times, and deeply regretted afterwards she had not heard him sooner, having lived in the neighbourhood a considerable time before she knew of him. The family she now lived with removed to Brussels, and she was there during that fearful battle, the battle of Waterloo, the shock of which and the dread of being taken a French prisoner were so great to her that she left the family and returned to England. She was then about 27 years of age. She went back to Worthing to reside, her mind being much exercised about her soul's salvation. She was very anxious to be with those she thought to be true Christians; but was disappointed in many of them, as their walk and conduct proved them to be false professors. She then attended the Independent chapel, and became a teacher in the Sunday school when it was first formed.

About the age of 35 she was settled in life, and then attended a Calvinist place of worship, with her husband; but this cause soon broke up, and Worthing being a very dark place, my father took his family to Brighton and Shoreham occasionally, and had preaching at his own house for a considerable time, the service being conducted by the late Mr. Harris, of Hailsham, a very sound experimental man, whose preaching was much blessed to my mother. She also enjoyed the visits and conversation of the late Mr. Sharp, of Brighton, who visited my parents yearly.

During this time my dear mother became acquainted with sound doctrinal truth, which she adhered to to the end of her days, but could not feel that full assurance of her interest in her Saviour she much desired, always having a very great dread of death. We may truly say that through fear of death she was all her lifetime subject to bondage.

I must pass over many years of my dear mother's life. Having been married over fifty years, she met with various trials, and some heavy losses; but she also received many blessings at the hand of the Lord. Being very humble-minded, she was not much lifted up in prosperity or cast down in adversity. I think Bunyan has given a good description of her, in the character of Mr. Fearing in the "Pilgrim's Progress." Her chief delight was in reading the Bible and in prayer. She also much enjoyed reading the "Gospel Standard," which she read for at least 15 years, and was very fond of Bunyan's, Romaine's, and Hawker's works.

I cannot relate any special instance in which the Lord appeared for her till the close of her life. All this time she was a listener, and said but little, but had great delight in hearing the gospel whenever and where-

ever opportunity offered. Latterly she was very infirm in body, owing to advanced age; but her mind was still very vigorous. At one time, when telling me of the weakness of her body, she wrote: "I hope the Lord will give me strength to bear what he will put upon me; for I am unworthy of the least of his mercies, but that I may end my days well is the greatest thing that concerns me. I feel, at times, very much concerned about my future state. I hope the Lord will appear for me in that trying moment when heart and flesh fail, and be the strength of my heart and my everlasting portion, through faith in a crucified Saviour; but I hope I have not said too much."

At another time, when telling me of the many deaths around her, she writes: "How many there are taken away, and I am spared to the present moment. May the goodness, long-suffering, and mercy of the Lord lead me to true repentance, that when I shall drop this tabernacle the Lord may receive me graciously, and love me freely."

At another time, when writing about the fine weather, she said: "How much we need it to ripen the precious fruits of the earth. I hope we shall get safely landed on yonder shores of bliss, where there will be no more sorrow, no more pain, but the former things will be done away with. 'Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her.' May that be my happy lot when I have done with the things of this mortal state."

On Jan. 24th, 1873, being the last letter I received from her, she quoted the lines of Watts:

"O for a strong and lasting faith
To credit what the Almighty saith," &c.

Adding, "Nothing but this

"Can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are."

I certainly must say I very much dread that solemn article which we must all pass through."

On Feb. 24th she was seized with paralysis, and entirely lost the use of her legs. From that time she was not able to lie down, and soon began to feel great pain of body. I visited her very often, and her mind seemed remarkably composed and quiet. She said but little. On one occasion, when trying to move her a little, which was very difficult to do, she exclaimed, "Yes, yes;

"We'll hasten on to Zion's hill,
And forget the troubles of the way.'"

My husband and I visited her again on Good Friday, when she was quite cheerful, but felt low when we had to leave her, the love she had for her children being very great. The next day there was a great change in her. She became very restless in her mind, as it were fighting with the enemy, and very much agitated, continually crying out, "Hold me, dear Lord, hold me, or I must fall." It was very distressing to see her; but her trouble, though apparently very severe, was short. A sweet peace soon followed, and she was exceedingly happy. She was then continually repeating passages of scripture and hymns of praise, and a sense of her Saviour's love to her filled her with a joy that is unspeakable and full of glory.

On Saturday night she repeated twice the whole of Ps. cvii., and cviii. twice also. Ps. iv. was continually on her lips, especially those words: "Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon me." Also Psalm xxxv. 3 she kept on repeating, laying great stress on the words, "Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation." Hos. xiv. 2, and 4 also, which she altered a little, saying, "My dear Lord, pardon all my transgressions, and receive

me graciously; forgive all my sins, and love me freely." Also the words of Hart:

"Say to that ugly jailor, Sin,
Loose him, and let him go."

The following verse was very precious to her:

"O what shall I do, my Saviour to praise," &c.

She sat grasping the hand of her nurse, to whom she was much attached, and my sister by her side, for about two hours, talking in this delightful strain.

In the morning she commenced again calling to her dear husband, telling him she was only waiting for her Saviour to take her home. She then talked to him all about her funeral, and where she would like to be buried, but leaving it all to him. Formerly she used, when speaking of the Lord, to say, "the Lord," or "the dear Lord;" but it was now evident the Lord was very precious to her, and had given her the sweet spirit of adoption, whereby she was continually saying, "*My dear Lord,*" or "*My dear Saviour, do take me home.*"

I was with her from Easter Monday to the time of her death. She was sinking very fast, and took but little notice. But early on Tuesday morning her countenance brightened up again, and never shall I forget that face, beaming with love. Being almost blind, she could scarcely discern us. She kissed us all, and said she had done with this world.

Her sufferings of body were very great, being obliged to sit in one position nearly seven weeks; but her patience all through her illness was equally great, not one word of complaining did she utter, but she was full of gratitude.

I was watching at her side a few days before her departure, when she said something I thought rather incoherent, and I whispered to the nurse that I thought she was somewhat lost, meaning that her mind was wandering; when she suddenly exclaimed, with much emphasis, "Lost! No, I am *not* lost! O no; I am *not* lost." Her former doubts and fears seemed all gone, and she was in the assurance that for her to depart was to be with Christ, which is far better.

A few days before her death, she asked us to lay her down. Her weakness was very great. The death sweats now appeared on her face; but she was very happy. It was very difficult for her to speak; but we could frequently hear her say, "*My dear Jesus,*" and "*My dear Saviour.*" She appeared to be much in prayer and communion with her Saviour.

On Sunday morning, April 20th, she was unconscious of any of us around her, and at one o'clock at noon, without a sigh or a struggle, her happy spirit took its flight to be for ever with the Lord.

She was indeed a loving wife, an affectionate and tender mother, and kind to all around her, particularly to the afflicted in her circle, to whom her hand was always open.

Church Street, Petworth.

MARY EATHERTON.

ELIZA BAKER.—On April 11th, aged 45, Eliza Baker, of Eastdean.

I am informed that the father of the deceased was a gracious man, and that he lived his religion, being blessed with a tender conscience in the fear of God; but his wife, the mother of our departed friend, though a great professor herself, and although she was looked upon by some as being a good woman, was a great persecutor of her husband up to the time of his death, which took place very suddenly, as he dropped dead in the road. From that solemn time her ill-usage of him troubled her mind exceedingly, and the Lord seemed to charge her sins home hard upon her conscience, when she sank almost into black despair, and it was feared by many that she would never come out of that state; but about a

fortnight before she died the Lord appeared for her, and manifested himself unto her as a sin-pardoning God; and so she felt that though her sins were great and many, the Lord had forgiven her them all, which filled her with joy and peace in believing. And thus, after ten years of distressing fear, she came out into a wealthy place, and died in true peace with God, and her happy death was the means the Lord employed to bring the subject of this memoir to number her days. She felt that her mother was taken and herself left, and she feared that she should be for ever left; but as the Lord had had such manifestive mercy upon her mother, she was led to seek to share in the same rich mercy, though fearing that as she had lived for about thirty-two years sinning against God, he could not be gracious unto her. She had been preserved from running into outward sin, as many are permitted to run, but this was of no use to her now. She felt herself to be a sinner and a great one, that she must die, and that after death there was the judgment. Eternal matters were laid with great weight upon her mind. She attended, at this time, the truth at Bodle Street; but as the Lord's time was not yet come to loose her and let her go, she remained shut up in bondage and fear, and could not come forth. She was spoiled for the world; she knew that the Lord's people were the only really blessed people; and she wanted the Lord to make her like them. She wanted to be made really right, and was convinced that she could not make herself anything different to what she was. And thus, in this state of mind, feeling unfit to live and unfit to die, she remained for some years.

In the order of the Lord's providence she was removed to Eastdean; but it was not until some time after her removal there that she found peace of mind. "God be merciful to me, a sinner," often expressed the feelings of her soul. The first of my becoming acquainted with her was when called to go to Eastdean to speak in the Lord's great name, and then she was shut up in bondage, and feared that her spots were not the spots of the Lord's people. She was convinced by the blessed Spirit of her utter ruin. She used to tell me many things that she felt with regard to her sinnership in the sight of God. Though in the sight of men she was a very consistent woman, she felt that by actual and original sin she was altogether lost, and she had great longings for mercy.

The first little hope that she was raised to was, I believe, when once by herself, and she was very specially helped to pour out her heart to the Lord in confession and supplication. She told me that this was attended with softness of heart, mixed with a hope of salvation by Jesus Christ, and a feeling of love unto him for doing so much for poor sinners. This made her long for more; but for a time the Lord was not pleased to drop a gracious smile, nor to show her another token for good. However, she was kept feeling her need of the Lord, and longed to feel more of that nearness of access that she had felt a little of before.

If I remember right, it was a short time after this that a dear sister of hers was led to join the church at South Street, Eastbourne; and that was a heavy trial, I believe, to our friend. Just about that time she scarcely knew where she was, and told her sister she was afraid she did not know who her people were, though I am a living witness, and so are others, that she desired for her companions only the Lord's dear people; but there was such tenderness about her, and much fear of going any farther than the Lord had gone with her.

About three years ago last March she sank very low indeed. There did not seem, as far as she could see, to be any help or mercy for her in God; and, added to these painful fears, she was dreadfully tempted by the devil, and it seemed to her as though he would drag her through her bed into hell. She deeply felt this, and said, "How very just God would

be if he were to send me there." But her cry was, "Let not the pit shut its mouth upon me."

"She continued very low until the autumn of the same year, 1870; when it appears that while I was attempting to speak from Jno. xvi. 22, she was raised to a sweet hope in the tender mercy of the Lord, which softened her down at the footstool of divine mercy.

After this she was much afflicted in body, which shook her poor feeble frame very much; but the affliction had a good effect upon her, because the Lord blessed it, and she found the truth of Hart's words:

"Afflictions make us see
What else would 'scape our sight," &c.

What she now wanted was a full and clear deliverance. For this she sighed and cried, and the Lord at length granted her the thing she longed for. It was wrought for her when I was speaking from Ps. cxv. 12. She was enabled to say in the sweet confidence of faith, "The Lord hath indeed been mindful of us, and he hath been mindful of *me*." This was the first time that ever she could say that.

The savour of this blessed visit remained upon her spirit for some time. Those who knew her can testify that, although she had great exercises and many fears respecting her state, she never sank so low again after this as she was before.

One afternoon she was so blessed while reading Jno. xiv., the sweetness so increased that night, and the Lord was so precious to her soul, that she said to her sister, with a holy and sweet boldness, "I shall never come into condemnation. I shall be sure to land safely." She could eat nothing now for a time, her soul was so full with the blessing of the Lord.

She used frequently to go to Hastings to see a physician; and once, while on her way there in the railway carriage, that hymn,

"Afflicted saint, to Christ draw near,"

was made such a blessing to her that her sister, who was with her, thought she was taken suddenly worse. "No," she said; "I am better. I am well." Upon another occasion that hymn of Mr. Gadsby's:

"When Ruth a gleaning went,"

was made very sweet to her. She felt that the Lord had brought her by his grace to glean in the gospel field, and that he had let fall some handfuls on purpose for her.

She was exercised in her mind for some time about the ordinance of believers' baptism, and felt a desire to follow her Lord therein; and feeling a soul union to the friends at Eastbourne, she was led, notwithstanding the afflicted state of her poor body, to venture before the church, and was cordially received. She had many sinkings and many risings between the time when she was baptized and the time when she bade adieu to pain. She had many sharp battles with Satan and sin; but the Lord gave her patience to wait his time, and all the days of her appointed time, until her change came. And what a change it was for her,—earth for heaven.

Not many days before she died, her brother and a friend called to see her, and found her in a most solemn and blessed frame. They felt refreshed, and were firmly persuaded that her time was drawing fast to a close. Two or three days before she died, Rom. viii. was much blessed to her, especially the last two verses; and the day before her death, hymn 1104, Gadsby's Selection, was made very sweet indeed to her. She expressed a desire to see her much-loved friends, and sent her dying love to us with the following message: "I am firm upon the Rock."

Though so extremely weak in body, such was the sweetness that she felt from Rom. viii. that she arose up in her bed, and told them what she enjoyed. After a time she became speechless; then threw up both hands, to show how blessed she was in her soul; and then quietly and peacefully fell asleep in Jesus. And if ever I felt satisfied of the eternal safety of any poor soul, I did of hers.

We have, as a church, lost a very gracious, humble-minded, unassuming child of God. May our last end be like hers.

H. BRADFORD.

ELIZABETH HOLDER.—On January 14th, aged 29, Elizabeth Holder, of Mayfield.

It appears the Lord first began with her when about fifteen years old, but in a very gentle way; and the first words that were ever of any comfort to her were those of Hart's:

"Those feeble desires, those wishes so weak,
'Tis Jesus inspires, and bids you still seek," &c.

I will now give a few short extracts of her letters to her brother, who died some two or three years before her. In 1863 she wrote: "I hope you will not think any more about me; for I am afraid you will be deceived. I want to be seen before people talk about me." At another time she said: "When I read your letter last Monday I could not help crying; for it expressed just my feelings. O that we may be found in the right way! It is worth more than all the world to be found in the footsteps of the flock; but I feel so cold and dark I do not know what to make of myself. I go to hear, but do not seem as though I could feel anything, and yet when the time comes I cannot keep away." At another time she said, "To be like you is what I want; with all your trials to have your joys." Again, "I felt full of fears yesterday morning; but Mr. Russell was speaking of the power of God, which I thought I had felt, but thought it could not be right, as there were no words came; but he said it was not words but power which humbled any one. It is as you say, I am afraid I have not had trouble enough, or not of the right sort. I fear I have had no beginning of a real genuine religion, though that is what I have long wanted; but I seem farther off than ever. I cannot bear the thought of a religion that will not do to die with. O! Methinks if I could but get the least grain of real religion I should then be happy; but no, I cannot be satisfied. Sometimes I think I will give up, and sometimes I think I must have life, I so desire it; but I cannot get it. I used to think and wish I could do something to get it, and then I thought I would have a good try; but it is of no use my trying; for

"Every soul that gains salvation
Must and shall be born again;"

and so I believe. In this way I have gone to hear, wishing that life might enter my soul. Sometimes I think, 'Who can tell but I shall be saved after all?' But then again another thought comes over me, 'What presumption to ever think of such a thing!'

"May I never, never dare
What I'm not to say I am."

She waited six days before finishing this letter, and then she added, "It really is no use my ever thinking of being made right, for I feel farther off than ever! O what presumption! O that I had never been born! I feel that I can do nothing but sin. I have not the least power to think a good thought; I am so destitute."

It appears that about this time she came to hear me, very poorly in body and sick in soul. She said, "When Mr. Page gave out his text, 'Poor and needy,' and began to speak, I felt quite overcome,—poor and

needy; and as he went on I thought, 'Man, is it really true what you are saying? For I have felt so destitute lately; I have gone to chapel and come home again like a door on its hinges!' But when I got home I thought, 'These are the people that he spoke of that I want to live and die with, and a little love was mixed with it;' but what is so strange to me is, that I cannot remember a dozen words that he said, and I have thought that perhaps I went to sleep, as the service seemed so short; and yet I cannot believe I did. Is it that I am nothing but a wayside hearer?" In 1868 she wrote, "I seem as though I have nothing worth writing about. I do not want a religion in my head, but I should like a little real in my heart. If ever I have had anything, it has been so short that I doubt the reality of it. The last time Mr. Hatton was at Rotherfield in the morning, his preaching so got into my heart I could not help weeping. I thought of what Mr. Huntington says in the September 'Standard.' How glad should I have been that morning if I could have been in some corner where none could have seen me; but before service in the afternoon I was almost in the old place again. O that I could feel as I did that morning! But I want to be able to go a little farther; to be really able to say, 'Thou art mine and I am thine.'"

The reader will see in these few extracts the breathing of an honest heart. The writer never intended the letters to be seen.

After the Lord set her soul at happy liberty, she remarked to a friend, "Only think what a little religion I have gone in and out with, and now it has proved to be enough."

But we must come to the closing scene of her life. She was taken worse a few months before her death with that fatal disease, decline, and for some time could not find what she had so long been seeking, yet could not give up her hope. A few weeks before she was quite laid aside, one Lord's day the word was so blessed to her that she went on purpose after chapel time to see me at a friend's house where she expected I should be; but I was not; at which she was much disappointed; for she said she could have talked to me then.

As she came more nearly in contact with death, her trials became more intense. A friend of whom she was very fond says, "Having been sorely tempted during one night, in speaking out the sore temptation she was in, she said, 'Blackness, and darkness, and tempest, weeping and gnashing of teeth;' but soon became a little calm, and said, 'I think I am the Magdalene;' but very soon exclaimed, 'Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy.' She then made a little pause, and said, 'Did he die for my sins? Was it for me? Yes, for *my* sins; yes, for *my* sins.' Go and

"Tell to sinners round

What a dear Saviour I have found.'

And she said, 'Now I know who my people are; a change of place but not of company.'

"After taking her medicine, and having rested well, she said in the morning, 'I cannot help blessing and praising the Lord for blessing the means. Blessed are the poor in spirit, for they shall see God. This is not our rest; it is polluted. Give my love to all that love and fear God.' She was so blessed, at times, with portions of hymns that she said she thought her religion was all hymns. Once she exclaimed, 'Victory! Victory! through the blood of the Lamb! Do help me to bless and praise his name.' A short time before she departed she had another struggle with the powers of darkness, but soon repeated those words:

"Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long,

And then O how pleasant the conqueror's song.'"

It appears on the Tuesday before her death she was taken much worse, and asked if they thought she was dying; and, being answered in the

affirmative, she exclaimed, "And can't feel the Lord's presence." She began to beg very earnestly for an assurance of the Saviour's love in her dying hour, which was quickly given and most fully and blessedly; and she said, "O that I had more strength to praise him." She looked round on those about her with a sweet smile, and said, "I am going, and know no will but his."

I should have liked to have given a more full account of her, for she was such a genuine character, but so fearful of coming short at last. I never saw so fully that scripture fulfilled as in her: "Except ye become as a little child," &c., nor did I ever see before such tenderness in my life as she manifested after the Lord blessed her with pardon and peace. It was good to be with her, her countenance was truly an index of her heart.

ELI PAGE.

RACHAEL JOHNSON.—Our dear friend and sister in the Lord fell asleep in Jesus on Wednesday evening, June 11th, aged 50.

She joined our church on Sept. 19th, 1869, and conducted herself honourably and consistently ever since she was united to us. She had, I believe, a sincere fervent love to Christ and his people, which was manifested in her zealous diligent attention to the duties of chapel keeper committed to her trust, and in various acts of self-denial, as well as in testifying to others of the preciousness of his name. She could never be prevailed upon to receive coals during the winter, when they were distributed through the kindness of friends to the more needy of the church and congregation, always saying there were others who wanted them more than herself. She did not serve the Lord for a piece of bread, or attend to our chapel for what she could make by it.

She was convinced of sin twenty years before joining our church, and went on from that time still seeking the Lord, sometimes blessed in her soul's feelings, sometimes cast down. She heard a sermon in the chapel about the year 1867 from the words: "Purge me with hyssop and I shall be clean," &c. She felt as if she was quite cut off by it, and as though she was merely a hypocrite; but she cried to the Lord; and after some days of deep distress these words were applied to her mind with power: "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth from all sin." She felt cleansed from all her sins, and that a new and clean heart was given her. Her sin of hypocrisy, as well as all others, was gone, and she could rejoice in the pardon of all her sins. When assured in this manner that she was a true believer, she longed to be baptized, and obey Christ, walking in his ordinances.

On the 7th of this month I was led to preach from 1 Cor. xv. 55-57, a sort of funeral sermon for my late dear and very esteemed friend Mrs. Benson. After the service, our sister, Mrs. Johnson, said to some of the friends, "This sermon was for me; it was my funeral sermon which was preached; and the sting of death in my case is quite taken away." I give not her exact words, but the tenor of them. She evidently had a strong persuasion that her own end was near, and felt to even rejoice in the prospect, death having, through the blood of Christ applied to her conscience, lost its sting to her, and the grave, through his resurrection, all its victory.

On the Monday following she went into a neighbour's house, and said to her, "I am come to give you my dying testimony; it is this: 'Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it. If a man would give all the substance of his house for love it would utterly be contemned.'" Thus her dying testimony, as it really proved to be, was to the free undying love of the Lord Jesus Christ to her, a sinner. Next day her husband heard what seemed to him a sort of scuffling in their

yard; but when he came down it was his wife who had fallen against the wall through a stroke. He kept her from quite falling, and they took her up stairs, and having placed her on the bed, she just lifted up her hands and said, "Precious, precious Jesus!" and sank into unconsciousness, not speaking again, at least coherently; and on the following evening she breathed her last, and fell asleep in the Lord Jesus.

She was our chapel keeper since the opening of the chapel in April, and we feel to have sustained a great loss. She attended so quietly, disinterestedly, and conscientiously to her duties, serving the Lord. But his ways are not our ways, his footsteps are in the deep waters. He depends not on his creatures, and he who provided for us, for a short time, our friend Mrs. Johnson can raise up some other equally loving, zealous, and disinterested one to take her place.

June, 1873.

G. HAZLERIGG.

REUBEN THOMSON.—On June 5th, aged 71, Reuben Thomson, of Mayfield, Sussex.

He was called by grace many years ago, under the late Mr. Crouch, of Wadhurst. When a young man, he worked for a master at Ticehurst, of infidel principles, who was ever ready to instil the same into the minds of his workmen. I have often heard our friend say what he had to endure from his shopmates after the Lord gave him his precious fear.

The way in which the Lord met with him was rather singular. When a young man, and whilst working at Ticehurst, he became acquainted with his first wife, the daughter of a good and gracious man, who for many years attended the ministry of Mr. Crouch. His first wife did not live many years. When she was buried, the next Lord's day he was asked, I believe, by her father, to go with the rest of the family to chapel, and not liking to give offence just at that time, he consented, and there the Lord met with him and spoiled all his infidelity and carnal pleasure; and a heavy work he had before the Lord spoke peace and pardon into his soul, which I have heard him relate in a most clear manner, and the many trials and temptations he afterwards was called to pass through; but having such a treacherous memory I cannot give the particulars. He was a constant friend. We knew each other for nearly 30 years, and intimately walked in friendship for 26 or 27 years. A more constant earthly friend I never had, and I feel myself and the little cause at Mayfield have lost a real friend.

He removed from Ticehurst to Mayfield about two years since for the sake of hearing the truth, he being unable to attend at the places of truth where he had gone, not being able to walk so far. He did not keep his bed many weeks.

When I first saw him, after he took to his bed, he said he was come to bed for the last time; but I did not want to think so, and cherished a hope that he might again recover. He had suffered much with his breathing for many years, and it was then very bad. He was very troubled to keep about for a long time, but would get into the chapel if possible. He did not say anything fresh during his illness, only this, that he had many years begged of the Lord that when he came on his death-bed the devil might not be suffered to distress him; which I feel was truly answered; so much so that he would, at times, ask me what I thought of it. He was afraid it could not be right to have so little anxious care about dying, and often said he wished the Lord would give him one more token that it was all right. He was hanging on the faithfulness of God in the Person of the dear Redeemer. He had spoken enough during life, in his walk and profession. It needed not a great death-bed testimony.

ELI PAGE.

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

SEPTEMBER, 1873.

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

RECOLLECTIONS, &c., OF A SERMON

PREACHED AT GALEED CHAPEL, BRIGHTON, BY MR. HULL, MONDAY
EVENING, DEC. 18TH, 1871.

“Sit still, my daughter, until thou know how the matter will fall; for the man will not be in rest until he have finished the thing this day.”—
RUTH III. 18.

“How can two walk together except they be agreed?” God asks in his word. And living, God-taught, exercised souls prove that it is not every one who is in a profession of religion they can feel a soul-union with; for such as have everything ready at hand and such as have to pass through fire and water to what they get of true enjoyment and knowledge of the Lord will not find they are meet companions. And it is by exercising his people in providence and grace, so as to try their faith, purge their dross, and bring them experimentally to prove that all their help and life are in him, that the Lord separates his chosen from the professing world in general. They come into peculiar places and circumstances that they may prove his peculiar and special grace. “He brings the blind by a way they know not, and leads them in paths they have not known; makes crooked things straight, and darkness light before them. These things he will do unto them, and not forsake them,” though they may often have to wait, amidst much anxiety and many fears, to see how the matter will fall.

How the children of God, like the children of Israel, often get hedged up and hemmed in,—the mountains on either hand, the sea before them, and the Egyptians behind them. And what was the word spoken to still their murmurings and fears? “Fear not. Stand still, and see the salvation of God.” How often we come into trouble and trial and think we must give up, that we have now got to the land’s end, and we think it is time for the Lord to work now. He *must* come now, as we can get no farther; yet instead of receiving the blessing or the answer we expected, we have to be led still farther on, and sink deeper into the trial, till perhaps we feel if we had known beforehand what would have befallen us we should have begged of the Lord to take away our life. “Well,” says some one, “I have never felt like that. If anything has befallen me, I could go and cast my

burden on the Lord. My trouble was never so great but I could trust him and cast all my care upon him. I have never sunk so deep as you speak of." Well, then, I have; and how can two walk together except they be agreed? But some may say, "Shall you not distress the minds of some of God's little ones?" This I never wish to do unnecessarily. Some of the children of God, I know, are greatly distressed because they cannot go so deep or rise so high as the minister or other Christians in the things they have experienced; but this is often a great mistake. You must remember the Lord leads and instructs his ministers so as to qualify them to feed both the lambs and the sheep; and you will find that God's word is not to be wholly comprehended in one individual's experience; for there is sufficient in the word of God, with the blessed Spirit's grace, to suit all the varied cases of the whole family of God; and the Lord will not let you have another person's experience; it is vain for you to expect it. Religion is a personal thing, and you must have an experience of your own in these things. In my younger days, I used to beg of God to deepen his work in my soul, that I might have such an experience as So-and-So had, sink as deep and rise as high as this one, and be able to pray like that one. "Well," say you, "was there anything wrong in that? Are we not told to covet earnestly the best gifts?" But it was the motive. There was pride at the bottom of it, and the Lord was determined not to feed it. So he answered me in a crosshanded way. And O, friends, I was brought so low as to be glad of a crumb.

"A crumb of mercy, Lord, I crave,
Unworthy to be fed
With dainties such as angels have,
Or with the children's bread."

Other people's experience would not do here. I had to come like the psalmist: "For thy name's sake, lead me and guide me. Guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory." O, how confused, how confounded and broken up in self I felt to be! How earnestly I used to beg of God to quicken my feelingly-dead and stupid soul, and to bring me to the light and into the right way; for I could not tell where I was nor what to make of myself, in spiritual things; and my cry frequently was, "I have gone astray like a lost sheep. Seek thy servant;" for I could not see nor find my way. And this was how the Lord taught me as a lost, blind, and needy sinner in myself; instead of praying for other people's experience *to beg of him* to send his mercy and blessing to my case.

You must not expect to come just in every spot the servants of God speak of. God's ministers have to go down into the depths and up into the heights to find out his people; and they go on, at times, in the pulpit very differently from what their thoughts have been; and they cannot help it, but wonder what it is all for; when, perhaps, it is for the good of some individual in the chapel, and perhaps for that one alone. Well, is there anything

wrong in God's doing that? Just look at Philip, how he was taken away from Samaria, where the Lord by his grace and power had caused such a blessed revival of his work. "What a pity," some of our zealous revivalists would say, "to take him away just when such multitudes were being converted to God. Why, he perhaps might have converted all Samaria." Ah, but you see the Lord takes him into a desert. What for? Why, there is a poor Ethiopian black slave, whom the Lord has drawn from the world, and put something into his heart. He has been up to Jerusalem to worship, and has come away without getting what he wanted in his soul. Like some of you have, perhaps, many times. The Lord says to Philip, "Go; join thyself to the chariot." He went near and found the man reading Isa. liii.: "He was led as a lamb to the slaughter," &c. And Philip said, "Understandest thou what thou readest?" And the poor slave replied, "How can I, except some man teach me?" You see he had got on a good bit farther than many people; for some will affirm that they have sufficient light to sit down and understand the scriptures of themselves; but the poor slave was brought to feel he had no power nor wisdom in spiritual things of his own; and so he said, "How can I, except some man teach me?" You see he wanted a teacher. "Then Philip opened his mouth, and began at the same scripture, and preached unto him Jesus; and faith was given the poor slave to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ; and the effect was he obeyed the Lord his God and was baptized, and then went on his way rejoicing. So the Lord took Philip into the desert to preach to this one solitary individual; for we do not read that any of those with him were called; but he was a chosen vessel.

Now the Lord is pleased sometimes so to work by his servants in the ministry of the word that a poor sinner may think some one has been telling the minister all about his case. I have had people come to me and say, "Why, I thought surely some one must have told you such things concerning me;" and had the matter not been cleared up they would have gone away with the impression that I had given ear to tale-bearers. This is how the Lord often works in his ministers and among his people. He hedges them up and hems them in, to display his wisdom, power, and grace. And thus a living minister, who has to meet a great variety of cases among the flock of God, finds he is not his own master in the pulpit. He has to run on his Master's errand and do his Master's bidding.

The Lord will so lead and exercise his servants as to fit them, in their measure, for his great work; and I can assure you, friends, they learn things very differently from what college and men-made parsons do. I know the Lord brought me down into a very low place indeed before he sent me. I was tried on all hands, tried in soul, tried in Providence, and deeply tried respecting the ministry. The Lord said, "Go," and I seemed bereft of all spiritual experience and understanding; and one day at my

loom I said, "Lord, how *can* I go? I've got nothing to go with. My religion appears to be all dried up, and I am become a fool; I cannot go. I *once* thought I had a little experience in divine things; but now all seems to be swept away; and, Lord, I have nothing to tell the people; and it is of no use my trying to preach." But the Lord dropped this word so quietly yet effectually into my heart: "When I sent you out without purse and scrip, lacked ye *anything*? And they said, *Nothing*." I said, "Well, Lord, that must be the case with *me*, if I am to go. Thou must be my all-sufficiency, and furnish me with all needful supplies of grace, wisdom, and matter to make me of use to thy people." Yet I felt to sink deeper in soul-poverty still, and these huge difficulties in myself increased. But though it seemed to get darker and darker, and my way more and more hedged up, till I thought the exercise could not be of the Lord, because everything appeared, so far as I was concerned, so crooked and so contrary; yet the dear Lord, in his own good time and way, set before me an open door, and brought me through all this to prove that his fulness is more than my emptiness, that his riches swallow up all my poverty, and his sufficiency is eternally beyond all my insufficiencies; so that out of this strait place the Lord brought me into a wealthy one, and gave me to prove something of that rich mercy and great grace in Christ Jesus which exceedingly outspread all the poverty and need of a poor sensibly-ruined and helpless sinner. O how blessedly the Lord gave me to feel this one day, when walking along one of the streets of Leicester, by dropping the words of the poet with power and sweetness into my soul:

"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.

"Awake, our hearts, adore the grace
That buries all our faults,
And pardoning blood that swells above
Our follies and our thoughts."

I could indeed sing with my heart and soul: "Awake, *my* heart, adore the grace," &c.; for O, what a blessed overspreading and overtopping of all my sins, follies, and shortcomings by the precious love, blood, and righteousness of the dear Lamb of God I then enjoyed!

"Ah!" says some one, "I never could come so high as that!" But it is where you want and long to come; and, poor sinner, it is a mercy even to have a spiritual desire; for if the Lord the Spirit has made thee to hunger and thirst after Jesus Christ, thou shalt surely be filled. Thou mayest have to wait, like the poor sick folk of old, for the moving of the waters; and you know there was one poor man who had waited for a cure thirty-six years. And once, when I was trying to encourage a poor man, one of the seeking souls who "long to lay hold, but fear to pre-

sume," he said, "Well; I have nearly come up to that; for, if I am not deceived, I have been waiting more than thirty years for the blessing, and often fear I shall never obtain it." Now it was a long time for that poor man at the pool to be in that case; and yet when the angel came down and troubled the water, and whosoever first stepped in was made whole of whatsoever disease he had, he could see others step in and obtain health and cure, but he was still left behind; for, being such a poor helpless thing, while he was coming another stepped in before him, and he began to feel quite discouraged; but before he could quite give it up, the Lord Jesus, who came to seek and to save the lost, like the good Samaritan, came to the place where he lay, and he brought the help and blessing he had been so long and anxiously waiting for, though not in the way he had expected. He was looking for health and cure by means of the water; but the Lord himself brought the blessing in a sovereign way. See how *he* was, as the Lord's people often are, looking to the means. Some are looking for it under such and such a minister, or by the reading of God's word, or prayer, or in some other special way; but the Lord takes his own way. There is a set time to favour Zion, and the means by which the favour shall be conferred are also appointed, and the Lord teaches his children that in all these things he has a sovereign right to do as he will; and they sooner or later are brought to approve and admire his way. When, like the poor woman in the gospels, we are brought so low and to such an extremity as with her to cry, "Have mercy on me, O Lord, thou Son of David," there is no dictating to him as to how he shall bestow it. There is a pressing need, an urgent cry, an anxious waiting for his help; and though he may delay, yet there is a following on after him. In this poor woman's case we are told that at her first cry he answered her not a word; and the disciples said, "Send her away, for she crieth after us." How trying, when you want in a time of trial to gain the ear of a person, when you want to plead with him for sympathy and help, and he busies himself in talking to some one else, or attending to some other matter, so that he seems to take no notice of your request. O how you long to gain his attention, to get his ear; but if you meet with a repulse, how that increases your trial. So in this woman's case, the Lord not only answered her not a word, but the disciples said, "Send her away, for she crieth after us." What a great *us* was here. She is making such a noise she is causing the people to look on *us*. Send her away; and then, as if she must be sunk down still lower, he said, "I am not sent but to the lost sheep of the house of Israel." O what a seeming rebuff! She was not an Israelite after the flesh, but a poor Gentile, one of those who were esteemed as dogs by the Jews. But faith in her heart fights through all, and falling at his feet she worshipped him, saying, "Lord, help me!" What will he say to this? Why she meets with a still further rebuff: "It is not meet to take the children's bread and cast it to dogs." Here's an answer to her

urgent cry. What will she do now? Ah! You see he held her with one hand while he tried her, so to speak, with the other, so that she did not turn away and say, "What a nasty mean fellow he is! He will not give me a civil answer." No, no. But she fell under it, and said, "It is the truth, Lord; yet the dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from their master's table. O that I may have a crumb!" Then he said, "O woman, great is thy faith. Be it unto thee even as thou wilt." Thus you see this poor woman came with her urgent case, through much opposition, to see how the matter would fall, and it was not in vain, for the Lord granted her that which she requested.

Then poor Mary, who came into Simon's house, washing the Lord's feet with her tears, and wiping them with the hair of her head. Poor Simon seemed quite galled at seeing such a woman in his house, and said, "If this man were a prophet he would have known who and what manner of woman this is which toucheth him; for she is a sinner." Ah, bless you, the Lord knew more of this poor sinner than Simon was aware of. He knew her as written in the Lamb's Book of Life; and he said, "Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee. And he said, Master, say on. There was a certain creditor which had two debtors," &c. And when he asked, "Simon, which of the two loved most?" he replied, "I suppose that he to whom he forgave most." Mark you, it was only an *I suppose*. If he had ever been in the place he would have been able to speak of it experimentally; but not having been in that case he could only guess at it. Then the Lord said, "Seest thou this woman? I entered into thine house; thou gavest me no water for my feet; but she hath washed my feet with tears," tears of godly sorrow and repentance, "and wiped them with the hair of her head. Wherefore I say unto thee, her sins, which are many, are all forgiven." Well now, could she not go? No, she sits still to see how the matter will fall. The Lord had told Simon that her sins were forgiven. Ah, but she could not take things so easily and readily as the bulk of modern professors do; she wanted the word for herself. It must come from his own lips to her heart. Nothing less than a special application of forgiving love and atoning blood will fully satisfy a living soul of the forgiveness of sins. "Let my sentence come forth from thy presence." O! How will the matter fall? Well, he turned to the poor woman, and said, "Thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee." That's enough! The desire is accomplished, and it is sweet to the soul.

Then there was the poor woman taken in adultery. The Pharisees brought her to the Lord, saying that she was taken in the very act. "And Moses said that such should be stoned to death. But what sayest thou?" "Now," they thought, "we shall have him. If he forgive her, he will set aside the law of Moses; and if he shall condemn her, he will take the law into his own hands by making himself a judge. One way or the other he must be entangled. "But the Lord shall have them in derision." "The

wise shall be taken in their own craftiness." And when they pressed him for an answer, he said, "Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone at her." That did not seem much for him to say, did it? But he understood well how to answer them; for he both knew their heart and life, and they, being convicted by their own conscience went out one by one, until the Lord and the poor woman were left alone. How will the matter fall? He then said, "Woman, where are those thine accusers? Hath no man condemned thee?" And she said, "No man, Lord." O! What will he *now* say? How will the matter fall? He has read the heart of the Pharisees, and they have fled, and the poor woman feels that he reads her heart; but she waits her sentence while the Pharisees were merely convicted in their own conscience and fled. The light he wrought in the poor woman's heart caused her to cleave unto him for the issue, and she at last realized it; for he said, "Neither do I condemn thee. Go and sin no more." Now she could depart, her accusers having been silenced, and the Lord having spoken comfortably to her heart.

O, poor sinner, are you waiting like some of these I have just alluded to, laden with sin, oppressed by Satan and many fears, and anxious to see how the matter will fall? Wait on; hang on; cry on; hope on; for God *will* avenge his own elect. The Lord Jesus will open his mouth for the dumb, and plead the cause of the poor and needy.

But I am rambling on, dealing out things just as they flow in, for I am not my own master in this respect. I cannot always take a text and go straight through with it from beginning to end. I have not said much about the text, but I hope I have not wandered wide of the subject-matter of it.

It gives another instance in the result of the success of a waiting, seeking soul. The words were spoken to Ruth, a highly-favoured character. Naomi and her husband had some time previously been beset with trouble by reason of a famine which prevailed in their own land; and, like many others, they sought to escape it by removing to a place where they thought the prospect of things was brighter; but they found they could not run away from trouble, though they might change their place of abode; for, like many of the Lord's family, by trying to run away from it they only seemed to get deeper into it; and if you are called to bear the cross and suffer trouble, you may try to get from it, but the Lord will hedge you up and hem you in; and though you may try to flee hither and thither to escape it, he will follow you up, and with trial upon trial will beset you round until your strength fails and your beauty consumes away like the moth; and, in spite of all your labour and diligence, he can blast your gourds and lay you low, and give you, even in providence, to prove that you may rise early and sit up late, and eat the bread of carefulness, but after all, without his blessing, nothing will truly prosper. You may bring and gather together, but the Lord

can blow upon it and cause it to melt away, until you stand astonished and confounded. And you thus find it is not in your power to get away from crosses and troubles even in providence.

Some people do not understand these providential trials; but I know there are many of the Lord's saints who do. Ah! And they know the other side of the subject, too. You have seen, poor soul, how wonderfully the Lord can bless and multiply a little, and make a few shillings go a long way. Yea, how far he has, with his rich blessing upon it, sometimes made even a shilling to go in supplying your needs. O poor sinner, have you not had his wonder-working blessing on the cruse of oil and barrel of meal, and felt thankful that your God is the God of providence?

How much better it is when we are enabled to leave our cares with the Lord, and wait for him to choose our way, instead of trying, in our own wisdom and strength, to manage for ourselves; for, while it becomes us to be diligent in the affairs of this life, according to the station in which we are placed, it is a good thing to be preserved from that over-anxious feeling of mind which so often proves a great cankerworm. Naomi went into the land of Moab to escape famine; but the Lord followed her there, and troubles rolled in upon her thick and fast. First, her husband dies, then her two sons; and she, bereaved and emptied in providence, hears that the Lord had visited his people in giving them bread, and she resolves to return to her own land. Her two daughters-in-law set out with her, but she tries to dissuade them, seeing she had nothing of a cheering or promising nature to hold out as an inducement for them to go. So she begs them to return to their homes, saying it grieved her much for their sakes that the hand of the Lord had so gone out against her. Orpah kissed her mother-in-law and returned; but Ruth clave unto her. "And Naomi said, Behold thy sister-in-law is gone back unto her people and unto her gods. Return thou. But Ruth said, No. Entreat me not to leave thee," &c. "My mind is fixed; the matter is settled; therefore say no more about it; for, though there may be nothing but poverty and trouble before you, still I will go and share it with you." Thus, like Moses, she chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. Now, when they came back to Bethlehem-Judah there were no full vineyards nor richly-clothed harvest fields for them to take possession of; but Ruth must go out into the fields of others in order to supply the wants of herself and mother-in-law, and her hap was to light on a part of the field belonging to Boaz. Now, there was no *chance* in that; for the Lord had evidently so ordered it. And when Boaz saw her he inquired of his servant, "Whose damsel is this? And the servant replied, It is the Moabitish damsel that came back with Naomi." Then Boaz desired her not to go into another field to glean, but to abide fast by his handmaidens; the young men were not to molest her, and when she was thirsty she was to drink of that which they had drawn. Poor Ruth was quite overcome with

this unexpected kindness, and fell to the ground, saying, "Why have I found grace in thine eyes, that thou shouldst take knowledge of me, seeing I am a stranger?" O, poor sinner, have you ever been humbled and broken thus at the feet of the Lord Jesus, under a word of mercy and a look of love from him as your spiritual Boaz? For sure I am that where his sweet grace comes into the breast it will melt the sinner down, not puff him up with pride and vain confidence, but make him sing with dear old Daniel Herbert:

"Why me, why me, O blessed God?
 Why such a wretch as me,
 Who must for ever lie in hell,
 Were not salvation free?"

Then Boaz tells her that he has heard of the kindness she had shown to her mother-in-law in leaving her father and mother and the land of her nativity to dwell with her among a people whom she had not known heretofore, and he desires that the blessing of the God of Israel, under whose wings she had come to trust, may rest upon her. Then she said, "Let me find grace in thy sight, for that thou hast comforted me, and hast spoken friendly unto thine handmaid, and though I be not like unto one of thine handmaidens." Here is a sweet feature of grace. Again the poor sinner, when it comes, will take the background, and, while admiring the grace of Christ in his saints, cannot see that he is like unto them; nay, often feels many fears that his spot is not the spot of his children. Well, now, the kindness of Boaz seems to vent itself afresh, and he wishes her to come at the meal-time and eat of the bread and dip her morsel in the vinegar; and not only commands his young men not to reproach her for gleaning among the sheaves, but they are to let fall some handfuls on purpose for her.

Thus the Lord, at the very first of her going forth to seek bread for herself and her mother-in-law kindly ordered her steps and prospered her way, insomuch that poor Naomi was astonished at her success when she saw what she had gleaned, and in this she had an evidence of that blessed truth: "The Lord will provide." She had left, or gone out from her own land full, and had returned empty, and so bowed down with grief that she exclaimed to her friends, "Call me not Naomi, but Marah; for the Lord hath dealt bitterly with me." But he had not forsaken her, as Ruth's success on this first day proved.

And now just one word by the way. Should you be tempted for the sake of worldly advantage and by pleasing temporal prospects to remove from one place to another, it will be well to consider what too many pass over: How do matters stand in a spiritual point of view? If you remove away from your present place of worship and circle of Christian friends, who and what shall you be likely to find to supply their place where you propose to go? Is it a barren place, so far as the truth and people of God are concerned? If so, your soul must be in a bad state to think

that temporal advantages will make up for the lack of these things. Many have proved, like Naomi, that the Lord can empty and spoil of all these, however bright the prospects may appear, when the cause, truth, people, and glory of God are outweighed in their reckoning by the prospect of worldly good. The Lord's own injunction is, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

Now, when Naomi heard what Ruth had to relate, her heart was moved; for she believed the hand of God was in it; and she said in her heart, "There is something to come out of all this. Why, the man is of near kin unto us,—one who hath *right* to redeem," as the margin reads. "Shall I not seek rest for thee, my daughter?" And she instructed Ruth to go and make him acquainted with this; which she did according to her mother's desire; and when Ruth made this next request, that he would redeem for them their inheritance, he blessed her in the Lord, and said, "I am thy near kinsman, but there is one nearer than I; and if he will not perform the part of a kinsman, then I will, as the Lord liveth;" and when Ruth returned and told Naomi, she said, in the words of the text, "Sit still, my daughter, until thou know how the matter will fall; for the man will not be in rest until he hath finished the thing this day." And he did finish it. He performed the kinsman's part in redeeming the inheritance and taking Ruth to be his wife.

Thus Boaz, the son of Rahab the harlot, married this Moabish damsel; and of this very family, according to the flesh, Christ came. (Matt. i. 5.)

O how wonderfully God works to perform his great and eternal purpose! Here, then, I say, is another encouraging circumstance in this narrative for poor waiting souls. Jesus Christ is the spiritual Boaz, or near kinsman to his people; for, "As the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same, that he might deliver or redeem them from death;" and as he perfectly finished the redemption work which the Father gave him to do, so he will finish it experimentally in the case of every one of his elect.

"Ah," says some poor soul, "it is how the matter will fall with *me*, and whether he will finish the thing concerning *me*? Am I his, or am I not?" Poor sinner, has he ever given thee one favour, has he granted thee the favour of life? And do you go out after him in sighs, cries, groanings, hungerings, and thirstings for his love? If so, it is a manifest evidence to me that you belong to him, and he will *not* cast you away. He suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God. O how wonderful that love which caused him to come down to earth to suffer, bleed, and die, in order that his chosen might be redeemed from the hand of the enemy! O what willingness he manifested: "Lo, I come. In the volume of the book it is written of me. I delight to do thy will, O my God; yea, thy law is within my heart." And, knowing what he must suffer, he said to his dis-

ciples, "I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I straitened till it be accomplished." And when the sad hour drew nigh, in the midst of his agony and bloody sweat in Gethsemane's garden, he cried, "Father, not my will, but thine be done." He undertook and must go through. As the God-man, he fought and conquered, atoned, and redeemed. Divinity sustained humanity, and he triumphantly cried, "It is finished!" And all *that* he did for his bride, the church. He did it for thee, poor trembling, waiting sinner. "Ah," say you, "I can't say that." Well, I am satisfied, if he has given thee life to feel, long, and desire after him, thou belongest to him as much as the whole church, and thou canst no more miss heaven than the whole church. But some may say, "Is not that saying a great deal?" Yes, it is; but not more than I can prove from the word of God. One may think that by speaking so I may encourage seeking souls to rest upon their present desires and feelings, and so come short of Jesus Christ. Well, hypocrites and mere natural religionists may and will; but not a living, seeking soul. Would a poor, needy, hungry, starving man be satisfied and content with my telling him there is food in store? No; it might encourage him to hope and expect; but nothing less than partaking thereof will satisfy his hunger and relieve his need. So when I speak after this manner to seeking souls, it is not an endeavour to make them content with their present state, but to encourage them to follow on to know the Lord; for the promise is: "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they *shall* be filled."

Some poor waiting, fearing soul may think the language I have used with respect to his case is too strong. But I say I can prove it from the word of God. The Lord Jesus, in that wonderful prayer, just before he died, said, "Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory," &c.; and he declared, "This is the Father's will, that of all which he hath given me I should lose nothing, but should raise it up again at the last day."

"But," say some, "how are we to sit still when we feel such an anxiety to know how the matter will fall?" Ah! These things are altogether contrary to sense and reason. David says, "I waited patiently for the Lord, and he inclined unto me and heard my cry." It does not mean that there was no anxiety or concern; but he steadfastly and perseveringly waited. Feeling that none but the Lord could help him, he sought it from no other source, but said, "My soul, wait thou only upon God; for my expectation is from him."

And then he, in another place, describes his waiting thus: "My soul doth wait for the Lord, and in his word do I hope. My soul waiteth for the Lord, more than they that watch for the morning; I say, more than they that watch for the morning." So you see it is not an idle, careless, Antinomian spirit, but a steadfast waiting upon and for the Lord; and this is

what the child of God finds to be such a difficult business, and often has to beg for a single eye and constant heart to be given that he may look alone to the Lord, and wait his appointed time. The Lord says in Isaiah, "Their strength is to sit still;" for this waiting, this sitting still is where a poor sinner is frequently tried to the very quick.

Poor sinner, have you a case for the Lord? Are you trying to take it to him, to put it in his hand? Is it your desire to cast your burden upon the Lord, to commit your way unto him? Like that poor woman with the unjust judge, are you going again and again, trying your utmost to leave it entirely with him? And notwithstanding the many doubts and fears that torment and distress you, are you still waiting and anxious to know how the matter will fall? Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him. That is, wait on him; press toward him; for, blessed be his name, he has declared, "They shall not be ashamed that wait for me." If you cannot be in rest until the thing which concerns you be finished, no more will he; for the Man Christ Jesus will not be in rest until he have finished the thing this day. If thou art pained, troubled, and anxious, Jesus feels for thy distress; for he is "touched with the feeling of our infirmities," and he will as surely finish the work in every elect soul as he finished for the whole church of God; and though often, poor soul, according to thy feelings, "the victory hangs in doubtful scale;" yet "he will regard the prayer of the destitute."

Thus, poor and needy sinner, he proves that he bears the same love and favour towards the weakest, the least, and the *last*. "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."

The Lord add his blessing, and he shall have the glory.

ETERNAL LIFE IN CHRIST.

THE life I now enjoy
 Is in the Son of God;
 I'm made alive by sov'reign grace,
 And wash'd in precious blood.
 In Christ I am complete,—
 Free, without guilt or stain;
 God in the Surety is well pleased,
 And he for me was slain.
 Jesus, my Lord, will live;
 By grace I live in him;
 God for his sake does me forgive,
 And pardon all my sin.
 'Tis true my flesh must die,
 My breath must pass away;
 My spirit soon shall mount on high
 To an eternal day.

Dartmouth, April 25, 1871.

J. W.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Dear Mr. Editor,—May wisdom from above be given you to fill the office to which you are called, or in which the Lord in his providence has mercifully placed you to conduct the "Gospel Standard," that it may be continued clear and sound in advocating the truths of the gospel in all its varied branches; and long may it be made a blessing to the church of the living God as in the past it has been.

I was quite surprised, on reading a piece this month, written by an American Baptist, on the means of grace, stating, in the first place, that such expressions are the language of Babylon. I thought that such things sounded strange in the "Gospel Standard;" but when I came to read your note at the foot I was glad. I frequently make use of the expression, and by it would wish to convey the appointments or means that God has ordained in opposition to the inventions of man in the worship of the living God; and thousands can testify to the means, and grace being conveyed through the means, to the strengthening of the new man. How many of the children of God have gone up to a prayer meeting, which is of divine appointment, with their spirits overwhelmed within them, and their countenances sad, like Jehoshaphat and the children of Judah, when invaded by combined adversaries, not knowing what to do; but they went up to the house of the Lord and spread their trouble before him who appointed the means; and was not grace conveyed to their spirits while in the means, so that there was a word from the Lord given: "Be not dismayed; fear not; for the Lord will be with you?" That was enough for them. What a change while in the house of God! They went up full of trouble and mourning in spirit, but had joy for mourning, and stood up to praise the Lord God of Israel with a loud voice on high. And how many of us in England have experienced the same, having gone up with trembling knee and spread our cases before the Lord, and, while speaking, have had the word dropped into our souls: "Fear not; be not dismayed, I am thy God. I will help thee." And we have returned from the house of prayer like a giant refreshed. We could run through a troop, or leap over a wall. Such souls as these will love, prize, and value the means of grace. They will not call the expression "the language of Babylon." There is no confusion here; but that peace which passeth understanding. And so with all the means that God has appointed.

Dear Sir, hundreds of us English have learnt to distinguish between the means of grace and grace itself. Means are one thing, grace another. But may we not expect that what God has appointed he will own?

Then there is the preached word that God has appointed. Sometimes we may sit under it as dead in feeling as the seat we occupy, and we mourn our deadness, hardness, and barrenness;

but does this lead the partaker of grace to say, "I will use the means no more?" No. Prompted by the Spirit of the living God, he goes again with a "Who can tell?" waiting and watching in the means. Anon the word drops into his soul, breaks his hard heart, drowns his eyes in tears of gratitude, and his heart is filled with love. He solemnly in faith says,

"Here to these hills my soul would come,
Till my Beloved leads me home."

Look again. Is not reading the scriptures a means of divine appointment? "Search the scriptures; for they are they which testify of me." Do not hundreds of the English know it to the joy of their hearts? They testify of Christ as being the eternal God; testify of him as being very man; testify of him as being our righteousness, law-fulfiller, and glorious Redeemer from wrath, curse, death, and hell; testify of his love as being as ancient as eternity, and that can never end. O! How many times could I testify of the word by the blessed Spirit; when perusing the sacred oracles they have been blessed to my soul.

Again. Is not the ordinance of believers' baptism of divine appointment and a means of grace? And can we not with authority ask the Lord's blessing upon it? And has he not often blessed it? But have the advocates of infant sprinkling any scriptural authority to ask or expect the Lord's blessing, or did we ever hear of it being made a spiritual blessing to any one individual?

How many now in our churches have gone to make sport of and ridicule the ordinance? But grace has been given, and they have had to withdraw to give vent to their feelings in tears of bitter anguish, and eventually constrained to follow the Lamb in the way they once despised and abhorred. And how many have come to that ordinance filled with fear and trembling, afraid they were not the proper subjects for it, filled with fears and despondency. But the Lord has met their feelings, either with a blessed faith's view of himself in Jordan, or sent to their hearts a portion of the word or the verse of a hymn; so that their strength has been renewed, their fears taken away, and they have been enabled to go forth with holy boldness to attend to what Jesus has commanded, saying, in their feelings:

"His institutions would I prize;
Take up my cross, the shame despise;
Dare to defend his noble cause,
And yield obedience to his laws."

Dear Sir, although we prize and would wish to value the means of grace, yet I never knew one to believe or preach in the Strict Baptist churches that we must attend to the means to be saved; but, being saved, we attend to the means of grace and love the same, and the expression, too, whatever our American brethren may think of us. My prayer is, dear Mr. Editor, that your valuable life may long be spared to carry on that work in which you are engaged, and that the pages of the "Gospel Standard"

may be preserved from Arminianism and human inventions on the one hand, and Antinomianism, a loose and careless living, on the other; and that what you head the "Gospel Standard" with may be contended for in its pages, namely, 2 Tim. i. 9: "Who hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."

Yours, in the Bonds of Love,
Pewhill, Chippenham, Dec. 9, 1872.

D. KEVILL.

Dear Sir,—We have had another New Year's Address; and what a mercy it is that from the commencement of the "G. S.," until now, there has been sound doctrine, genuine experience, and clean practice maintained in its pages. What changes have come over many periodicals! How some have declined in doctrine and others in precept; and truth with them has fallen in the streets, and equity has been excluded from their pages; while new ones are springing up, countenancing erroneous men, or any one, if they can only secure circulation.

At this startling epoch of the world's history, when the love of many is waxen cold, and strife and division even in churches of truth are the dreadful rule, and peace, truth, and love seem on the wing, and in some cases already fled, what a blessing it is to turn to the word of God, and find all predicted, and the characters all drawn by the Holy Ghost. The Pope, Mahomet, Demas, Diotrephes, Demetrius, Balaam, Judas, Simon Magus, Alexander, Hymeneus, and Philetus, which exactly answers to the present time, and the whole conspiring against him of whom it is written: "He must reign until all enemies are put under his feet," whilst the "G. S." is still showing the same love to sovereign election, predestinating love, and the dear imputed righteousness of the darling co-essential, co-eternal Son of God, a precious Jesus and the blessed Spirit of all truth, quickening, reminding, comforting, reproving, and guiding poor sinners into the glorious mysteries and sublime doctrines, and establishing the fear of the Lord in the conscience, and imparting a cleanliness and tenderness thereto; to qualify us for fellowship with the Father and his Son, Jesus Christ. It is the "G. S." alone, of all the periodicals professing to be conveyers of truth, that is most acceptable to me and most deeply exercised people. I find it has been and is made a blessing to many poor souls. People who have been Arminians, Wesleyans, Churchmen, and Churchwomen, Independents, and General Baptists, have been led to read its pages, and God the eternal Spirit has by it shown them the precious Lamb of God in the perfection of his love,—eternal, unchanging, and distinguishing, his perfect atonement, and the unceasing union with his whole church. This has led them to search the scriptures by earnest prayer, and the Lord has confirmed them in the whole truth of the gospel, in which they are now rejoicing, and steadfast. They have

found that Rock beneath the shadow of which their poor souls rest in perfect safety from law, sin, conscience, Satan, and an ungodly world.

The readers of the "G. S.," I believe, had many fears, when its late editor died, that we should not have it in future so sound, savoury, or spiritual; but what a mercy it is that many feel no lack in these things in its pages; such is the kindness of a most gracious God. The present Address is a faithful, able, and affectionate one. Every part of the gospel is maintained therein, and a spirit of fervent love to vital godliness pervades the whole. God bless the writer, and every reader of it.

What a needs-be for faithful dealing in this awful day! The men who are opposed to salvation by grace, and faith being the free gift and of the operation of God are legion; and error and infidelity are strangely complacent with each other, but gnash their teeth at God's sovereign election; nay indeed, against the whole truth; but the Lord hath promised "the gates of hell shall not prevail against it," and that "no weapon formed against thee shall prosper." The prayers, tears, sighs, and groans from prisons, racks, and fires drew down from heaven pity and compassion, and on the enemies of the church wrath and destruction, and on error and infidelity a withering blast. The Sun of Righteousness arose, and wolves, foxes, dogs, and serpents crept into the darkness of continental night. But now, alas! alas! We need to be clothed in sackcloth and ashes, for the sun is going down in England, and arising on the long-benighted Continent; and it is to be lamented how few even of the very best of men and women feel the awful state we are in. O that the dear Lord may grant us a spirit of prayer, and the grace of supplication, and also repentance not to be repented of. What a lack in the ministry of the power of a Gadsby, the unction of a Warburton, the searching of a Tiptaft, and the ability of opening the word like a Philpot! Still let us be thankful for the blessed men we have left us, and pray the Lord to make them useful this year, and faithful too; for this is a trying day for ministers; also that the "G. S." may this year be more useful than it ever has been, and that God would appear for his poor churches that are torn with Satan and sin, and bless them with peace, truth, love, zeal, and uprightness, and that Christ Jesus, the King immortal, invisible, the only wise God, would bless his dear church with an increase in grace and numbers, and thereby strengthen her, and bring glory to his own dear name.

This is the desire and prayer of

Yours in the Truth of the Gospel,

13, Lofthouse Terrace, Leeds, Jan. 31, 1873.

THE COLLIER.

[The above was marked for insertion some months ago, but got immured in a mass of other papers.]

THAT the Lord hath taken occasion from our misery to magnify his mercy is true; but then his mercy was *before* our misery.—*Hawker.*

THOUGHTS ON THE SONG OF SOLOMON.

(Continued from page 312.)

CHAPTER IV.

"*A flock of sheep.*" Here again we have the saint's cleanness as seen in Christ, and in respect of the work of his Spirit, set before us, as well as the docility and harmlessness characteristic of God's true people. These qualities, too, are supposed at this time to be in the ascendant; for the saints are represented as in church membership, and in their assemblies hearing God's word or attending to his ordinances, and renewed in the spirit of their minds in thus waiting upon God. At such times and under such circumstances "a little child shall lead them." Reflecting upon this, we see what are gospel characteristics and accompaniments of true spirituality. Not a party fierceness, not a scorning the word of instruction or reproof, not boldness, levity, or censorious pride, but the meekness and gentleness of true wisdom.

"*A flock of sheep.*" Flocks may, of course, be greater or smaller, but certainly the idea is given of a goodly number, and children of God may lawfully pray for a godly increase, that the flocks may not only be in a good condition, but well filled up as to numbers. "I will yet for this," says God, "be inquired of by the house of Israel to do it for them."

But observe, again, the flock is said to be *shorn*. This immediately leads us to James's discovery of true godliness. He not only exhorts God's people to receive with meekness the engrafted word, being swift to hear, but also to lay aside "all superfluity of naughtiness." This naughtiness is the ragged, dirty, natural growth of the flesh, whether of a profane or more religious nature, and it is here represented as shorn off from the sheep of Jesus. Their sensuality, worldliness, covetousness, pride, slothfulness, self-seeking, and self-indulgence; their abuse of the creatures in a way of inordinate affection, or of the world in a way of too eager pursuit after its advantages; their immoderate joys and sorrows; their undue carnal anxieties, are here spoken of as shorn off. We notice, too, the *propriety* of the figure. The old wool, so to speak, is there, but it is shorn down; the fleece is removed, but the roots remain; so the old man continues in the children of God during this life, with all its deceitful lusts; but then grace teaches them to put it off as to the former vain conversation. The body of sin has been judicially crucified with Christ on his cross, that it might be mortified in God's saints, and not have its former dominion over them. It died when he died, that by faith in his death it might in them undergo a continual dying. They thus are putting off the old man with his deeds.

These same children of God are further compared to sheep which have *come up from the washing*. They have been blessed with true living faith in Christ; and thus the virtue of his death has been experienced in their consciences. They have been washed experimentally from their sins in his blood. A sense of

God's pardoning love and mercy, as manifested in and through a bleeding Christ, has been felt in their hearts. They have been taught the truth as it is in Jesus. They have fled to Christ as lost and ruined sinners; in chains have they gone over to him (Is. xlv. 45); they have found him merciful and gracious to them, and have been enabled to hope in his mercy. Thus they have found some degree of sweet peace with God. They fear the Lord and hope in his mercy. (Ps. xlvii.) And he has pleasure in them. They dare not, cannot trust in their own righteousness, wisdom, or strength. Christ must be all to them. Without him they know they must be lost; in him they hope to find mercy. They may not be young men or fathers, but only little children in divine things; they may have much legality still infesting and troubling them through the flesh; they may have a comparatively small acquaintanceship with the unsearchable love and fulness of grace in Christ; still they have tasted that he is gracious, and long to taste more, and, as new-born babes, desire the sincere milk of the word that they may grow thereby. Thus they have spiritually come up from the washing.

And as the Song has a special adaptation to gospel times, there may be in this representation a prophetic allusion to literal baptism. But however this may be, the essential washing is that of faith in the Lord Jesus. "Purifying," says Peter, "their hearts by faith." "Now are ye clean," says Christ, "through the word which I have spoken to you."

By the way, we have sometimes smiled at the rather feeble witticism with which the practice of believers' baptism has been assailed. "O," says one, "it put me in mind of a sheep washing." Why, that is just the very thing that it really does resemble. It represents the sheep of Christ, his believers, going down by faith into the death and grave of Christ as to the old man, and by the same faith being brought forth out of those waters of death into an eternal newness of life in fellowship with Christ in his resurrection.

"Theirs the cross, the grave, the skies."

Baptism by immersion gives, in fact, an exact representation of the truth of the case, and illustrates our text, showing the true members of a church to resemble sheep which have been even shorn, having renounced rash and hasty speeches against God's truths as well as other things, and come up from the washing.

We have one thought more. The flocks of Christ are represented as spiritually fruitful: "*Every one bear twins, and none is barren amongst them.*" Where the word of God is received in the truth of it into the heart, and is there meditated upon and digested, it will bring forth fruits. (Col. i. 6.) And where superfluities are shorn off, or things which impede this fruitfulness removed, it will be more and more abundant. "Thy Maker is thy Husband," says Christ to his church. Therefore, "Sing, O barren; thou that didst not bear." This fruitfulness, too, will be both inward and outward. The word of God dwelling richly in the heart in all wisdom will

make it fruitful in all those graces of the Spirit mentioned by Paul and Peter. And these things abounding in the heart will have their fruits and effects in the outward walk likewise. Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance within, and the manifestations of these things adorning the profession of Christianity without. As Erskine writes in his Sonnets :

"All divine graces in a comely route,
Burning within, and shining bright without."

We do not understand the word twins to be taken in a literal or exact sense, as merely signifying two; but the propriety of the figure had to be considered; the meaning being great fertility. The dear children of God united together in church fellowship, not forsaking the assemblies of the saints, but attending diligently upon means and ordinances, trusting in the blood of Christ alone to wash them, and his righteousness, not the old fleece as it were, but a new one, to clothe them, renouncing fleshly lusts, putting off the old man, and meditating, in a mind renewed by the Holy Ghost, upon divine truths, are made by these truths spiritually fruitful, and adorn their Christian profession by every good word and work. Such is the representation of our text, and such the divine picture of the members of a church of Jesus.

A part of this fruitfulness being in speech, our attention is next directed to the spouse's lips: "Thy lips are like a thread of scarlet, and thy speech is comely." The lips refer, as we understand it, to the words uttered by the children of God, or to the saints as speaking. The church speaks in her assemblies by divinely-qualified ministers, or men enabled by the Holy Spirit to speak to edification in prayer. She speaks in private to the Lord in a way of holy reverential intercourse.

"Talk with him one never sees."

God says, "I will commune with thee from off the mercy-seat." The saints, enabled by the Holy Spirit, open their hearts to the Lord :

"I tell him all my grief and pain,
And he reveals his love to me."

The Spirit helps their infirmities, sometimes in the way of suitable expressions, sometimes with groanings which cannot be uttered. In addition to these things the children of God speak often one to another. They will tell each other of their exercises, trials, temptations, and deliverances. "Come and hear all ye that fear God; I will declare what he hath done for my soul." Moreover, they are God's witnesses to the world round about them; and when in their right minds are ready to give to every one that asketh a reason of the hope that is in them. They use, indeed, due discretion, not casting pearls before swine, or giving that which is holy to the dogs. Still they cannot altogether keep silence; but will warn and admonish, and sometimes testify of the mercy they have experienced, that others may profit thereby. They answer to the poet's words :

“Nor were it wise, nor should I choose
 Such secrets to declare;
 Like precious wines their taste they love,
 Exposed to open air.”

They learn, often by a good deal of bitter experience, to be cautious in opening up their hearts to others: “Trust ye not in a friend” is too often by sad experience found, even in gospel days, to be a seasonable word of counsel. The Philistines will plough with any heifer to search out a Samson’s secrets. But still they cannot altogether keep silence. The Lord said to the poor saved demoniac, “Go and return to thy house, and tell them what great things God has done for thee.” He says again, “If these held their peace the very stones would cry out.” The spouse has lips, and the gift of utterance is to profit withal. But what stammering lips God’s people often seem to themselves to have. Moses begged to be excused from going before Pharaoh because he was not eloquent; and not only is this the case, but the Lord’s people feel with Isaiah that they are persons of unclean lips. Well might one minister want his lips touched with a whole globe of fire! What a poverty, what a pollutedness there is in the best speech! Of course there is a great difference in the gifts of utterance as bestowed upon different individuals. Some are much more eloquent than others; some feel as if they can hardly put two sentences together in a proper orderly manner. Well, the comparison used is to encourage the Lord’s ministers and children in this matter, and he who needs encouraging most should remember that, according to the gospel rule, to him more particularly is the encouragement given: “Thy lips are as a thread of scarlet.” Doubtless, somewhat thin well-coloured lips are naturally comely; but this would be a poor carnal conception of the words. If our minds were merely taken to bodily beauty, what good would the tried, exercised person derive from it? We understand the comparison to refer to spiritual things, and to be designed for spiritual encouragement. We have seen how the saints of God complain that in prayer as well as other things they are slow of speech, hardly able to express themselves, often venting their feelings in poor, discontented, almost incoherent expressions. This will be peculiarly the case in private before God. Now, how condescending of the Lord to tell them that their lips are as a thread of scarlet; that is, the utterances which appear to them so broken are well connected in his estimate of them. He can weave, if we may use the expression, into a coherent thread what to us seems made up of fragments of words, mixed with sighs and groans:

“He understands a sigh divine,
 And marks a secret groan.”

Further. All is seen by him as dipped in that blood which alone is the poor soul’s confidence in approaching to God. So the prayer or speech is as a thread, and a thread of scarlet,—all the

sin and pollution removed by the blood of Christ. Hence it is that the speech is comely. All of self merely and the old corrupt nature about it is purged by Christ's blood; all of the Spirit viewed as one coherent thread of divine desire; all is perfumed with the righteousness of Christ, presented to the Father by him, and thus made perfectly comely, being acceptable through the Beloved. These are sweet encouragements to go to God in prayer, to speak in his holy name, not carelessly, thoughtlessly, foolishly, but still with a holy boldness, because God sees not as man sees, and therefore says, "Thy lips are as a thread of scarlet, and thy speech is comely."

Paul says, "I will pray with the spirit and with the understanding also." Now, when we say the saints of God often feel how poor, stammering, incoherent, and defiled their speech is, we do not, of course, mean that they rush ignorantly and unthinkingly into God's presence in prayer or praise, or speak merely in a foolish manner. Paul says of the Romans that they were full of knowledge, and the promise declares, "They shall all know me from the least of them to the greatest." The little children are represented by John as knowing the Father. The members of a Christian church are supposed to be well instructed in the grand essential truths of the gospel,—concerning God in his Trinity of Persons in the Unity of the Godhead; concerning the Person, work, and mediatorial offices of Christ; concerning the operations of the Holy Spirit, the resurrection of the dead, and eternal judgment. They have been instructed concerning repentance towards God, and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ, and the remission of sins and acceptance bestowed upon those who turn to God from idols to serve the living and true God, and to wait for his Son from heaven. Such fundamental truths as these they have been experimentally instructed in, and have understood them and embraced them in their hearts. Moreover, as they have gone forward, further truths have been unfolded to them, so that they have grown in grace and the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ. Some have become young men with the word of God more richly abiding in them, some fathers with a ripened knowledge of him who is from the beginning bestowed upon them. This seems intended by the next words: "Thy temples are like a piece of a pomegranate within thy locks." The temples seem intended here to represent to us the seat, as it were, of thought, and of living thought, too; it is not a mere abundance of dry or dead notions with which the minds of God's saints are enriched, but living notions; there is, so to speak, the pulsation of life about them.

"For notions resting in the head
Will only feed the flesh."

The saints' minds are enriched with knowledge, as Paul tells us; and this knowledge is living, sweet, and refreshing, and has a principal reference to the blood of Christ. As Paul again writes: "For I determined not to know anything amongst you save Jesus

Christ and him crucified." Hence the comparison to the piece of a pomegranate, with its ruddy seeds, and sweet, yet refreshing, juices. Here, then, we see the thoughts and the speech are in harmony. The mind endued with knowledge inspires the speech with its utterances. The speech comely, the lips like a thread of scarlet, the temples like a piece of a pomegranate within thy locks. Not naked knowledge, but a knowledge sweetly clothing itself in a godly life, and veiling itself with humility.

FAITH.

THE same use the hand is to the body, so faith is to the soul. The hand of the body lays hold of the things of time, and handles them, and has power over them to a limited extent. By faith, which is the gift of God, the *convinced* sinner is enabled to say from the heart that Jesus is the Christ the sent of God. The *believer* by faith grasps the promises of God, and they are sealed by the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of promise; yes, the blessed Jesus said: "I will send you the Comforter;" and we which believe know that he has come, for we have felt his power in our hearts; and this earnest which he has given us is the earnest of our inheritance until the redemption of the purchased possession unto the praise of his glory. (Eph. i. 13, 14.) Yes, the believer, the taught of God, holds the promises, as they are applied one by one to the comforting of their souls, as very precious, and will, at times, cry out, "Stir not up my Beloved until he please;" for he feels and is sure that the Three-One God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, is on his side; and "if God be for us, who can be against us?" Then it is that we feel and realize that we also have obtained like precious faith; and as the hand of the body cannot lay hold unless there is a substance to lay hold of, likewise faith must have a substance. Dear child of God, hast not thou got a substance,—Christ Jesus formed in thy heart the hope of glory. On his love, power, goodness, and immutability thou contemplatest; so that by faith thou feelest the blessedness of those words which our Lord spoke when on this earth: "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

Now unto him who is able to do far more abundantly more than we can ask or think, be all honour, power, and glory. Amen.

E. B. M.

I HAVE been just a-dying for more than a week, and all around me have thought so. But in this time I have had clear views of eternity, have seen the blessedness of the godly, and have longed to share their happy state, as well as have been comfortably assured I shall do so. But O! What anguish is raised in my mind to think of an eternity for those who are Christless, for those who take their false hopes to the grave with them. The sight was so dreadful I could by no means bear it. My mind recoiled, and I said, "Who can dwell with everlasting burnings?"—*A Dying Saint.*

LETTER BY THE LATE MR. VORLEY.

Dear Friends,—Yours I received, and was very glad to hear from you, as I was long expecting it, and often mentioned you, thinking you might have a preacher, and so were supplied. I wish God may grant you the soul-enriching blessings of his covenant love in Christ Jesus. All the changing things of time are of little weight if favoured to look at them as in the Lord's hands, and being ordered by unerring love and wisdom. Nothing could be better than it is. Could God err in his dealings with us, we could have no ground for comfort. But as all the hairs of our head are numbered by God, every other thing must be, however great or small. He sent the disciples to sea; he raised the storm; he walked in the same to them; he spake and all was calm. He knew Lazarus was dying; he would not go till he was dead. Thus he tries faith to keep us looking to him. All these things are done in love to keep us from self-dependence. God, knowing every motion of our mind before we know it, can thus be beforehand with us to keep us back from those evils we should naturally fall into if left to our own wills.

Dear brethren, we cannot be in better hands than we are. Let what will come or take place, the will and power of God overrule all for good. With the woman we may say, when her child was dead, "All is well." I wish you may feel the soul-melting presence of God in your own bosoms, and you will not fret if God yet add to your family, or if he take away. "It is the Lord!" "Be still, and know that I am God!" It is a very desirable frame of mind to give up calmly to him who gives us all we have.

I am sorry, yet not sorry, to hear friend Knight is dead; sorry we can have no more fellowship with him in this world or the church; not sorry for him, for he is no doubt gone to be free from sin and sorrow with his beloved and ever-loving Lord and Master. Better is the day of death to a child of God than the day of his birth. "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise."

But as, God willing, I intend coming to see you soon, according to your request, I shall beg to be excused writing more. You may, if God please, expect me at Grove the first and second Sabbaths in June, as I think of having our ordinance on the last of this month to make way for you, for I have a desire to see you again in the body. Farewell till I see you.

Leicester, May 21, 1829.

ED. VORLEY.

[The late Mr. Gadsby was greatly attached to the writer of the above letter. He was one of the earliest Gospel ministers Mr. G. ever heard preach. When he was called home, Mr. G. went from Manchester to Leicester to bury him.]

I WOULD not scare you with needless jealousies; but I would fain prevent fatal mistakes. Do not you find your hearts deceitful in many things? Do not you shuffle over secret duties? Do not you censure the same evils in others which you scarce reprove in yourselves?—*Flavel.*

E'EN DOWN TO OLD AGE.

Beloved Friend in the Lord,—May grace, mercy, and peace from the blessed Trinity be sweetly realized and enjoyed in your soul.

A few poor pilgrims on their way to Zion found themselves much cheered and blessed in the past week on hearing from you in the way we did; therefore we truly desire, as the heart of one man (and he under the sacred influence of the fear and love of God), to present our most sincere and heartfelt thanks and grateful acknowledgments; first to the God of all our mercies, who has so graciously given you both the mind and the means and caused you to feel a sacred pleasure in administering to the needs of Zion's travellers; and we unitedly and sincerely hope the dear Lord may return it to you in gospel order, good measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over,

“Till your full soul can hold no more
Of everlasting love.”

I am thankful to inform you, beloved Sir, that a piece in the “Standard” for Nov., entitled, “Translation of an Arabian's Prayer,” was made a special blessing to my soul. The Lord was pleased so to let the anointings of his Spirit rest upon it that, although I have taken the “Standard” from its commencement, I never remember being so highly favoured before. If my means would allow, I would have a thousand copies printed and circulated east, west, north, and south. I can tell you honestly, as before the Lord, if you wish to know the breathings of my inmost soul, there you have them.

The Lord has been pleased to sustain me on my journey through life up to my 82nd year. I entered it on the 5th of Oct. last; and it is now more than threescore years since his dear Majesty implanted his fear and shed abroad his love in my heart; and to his honour I speak it that he has kept the spark alive and burning to this day, although in such an ocean of corruption, and he has also kept me close to his maidens, and not suffered me to go in another field.

I must also take the liberty to inform you how I was favoured last Sabbath morning. I begged of the Lord before service that he would be pleased to relieve me as to my deafness; and bless his dear name he did so.

Our beloved pastor was led to speak from the first paragraph of Deut. xx., but more from the 2nd verse. I heard so distinctly that I really thought he was exerting himself beyond his usual manner. Many sweet and precious things he advanced which I much enjoyed; but my sweetest morsel was from the last hymn, commencing:

“In every believer two armies are seen.”

The last verse was so blessed to my soul I could not sing for tears. (I think it is the late Mr. Gadsby's.) The earnest inquiry of my

soul was, "Lord, is it I? Can it be possible that one so vile and polluted as I feel myself to be shall be exalted to such dignity?" It seemed too much for poor me to believe.

Yours in the best of Bonds,

Tetbury, Dec. 22, 1872.

J. C.

A SWEET AND SURE PROMISE.

"I will not leave thee comfortless."—JNO. XIV. 18.

WILT thou not leave me? Jesus, speak
Those precious words to one so weak!
So full of doubts and unbelief,
So full of sin and deep-felt grief.
Wilt thou not leave me? O! Repeat
Words so consoling and so sweet.

Wilt thou not leave me? Cares abound;
Spontaneous briars fill the ground;
Sharp, thorny trials pierce me through;
The world attacks,—yea, tempts me too.
Wilt thou not leave me? Once again
Repeat the same delightful strain!

Wilt thou not leave me? Who but Thou
Can break the battle-axe or bow?
Who, who give strength, endure with might
The feeble arm and nerve for fight?
Wilt thou not leave me? Then thy strength
Shall make me conqueror at length.

Wilt thou not leave me, Lord, through all
The cares and trials which befall?
With *Thee* for my unerring guide,
My steps are safe, nor can they slide.
Wilt thou not leave me? Hills shall be,
When thou art present, plains to me!

Wilt thou not leave me? Then, I know,
Through all my chequer'd path below,
Thou well art able to sustain,—
Wilt make each poison'd cup of pain
Undeviating pledge to me,
That thou wilt not abandon me.

Wilt thou not leave me? Lord, once more
Redouble the assurance o'er;
Apply its force in every hour
Of darkness or temptation's power;
The voice of solace telling me,
"I never, never will leave thee!"

ANN HENNAH.

BE it remembered that in the parable of the sower it is the ministry of the word, and not the grace of the Lord Jesus, which is there rendered unprofitable.—*Hawker.*

JOHN RUSK'S DIARY.

(Continued from page 318.)

Sunday, Nov. 3rd, 1816.—Went out to chapel with such a firm trust and confidence in God that I was sure I had real faith, and thought it is better to have faith than to have an income of £10,000 a year; for there is not a promise in all the word of God to secure the standing of an unbeliever a moment. I heard Mr. Robins from Jno. i. 12, and felt very comfortable and a love to him. Mr. Richards (he is since dead) asked me to dine with him, telling me he had a few friends. We spent the afternoon in spiritual conversation, and I heard Robins again very well at night,—the same text with the next verse. I came home in peace and quietness. I lifted up the latch of the door to enter, when my mother asked, "Who's there?" "I," said I. "You, indeed," she said; and before I could get the door open she cried out in desperation, "Here's one of my enemies coming; and she raved again, and called me a brute, and said I had no fear of God before my eyes; when would I take the crew out of the house; and a deal more that I can't recollect. She'd see about it to-morrow; she'd have me out. This threw me into a trembling and confusion, but did not hurt my conscience. It will come home to her, sooner or later. I never saw such a character before. I can see nothing in her but a self-righteous Pharisee, though telling professors she is a great sinner. Christ's name is in her mouth continually, but she is an enemy to his truth, and to all that love him in truth; turning everything upside down, and yet talking of her honesty and uprightness. The people of the world are her best friends, and she rejects the counsel of God against herself. I have put up many petitions to God for her; but she gets worse and worse. Lord, have mercy on her soul, if it be thy will.

Monday, Nov. 4th.—My birthday. I went out with many troubles, though they did not at first sink me much. I called at Mr. Heath's, and went over the water to Seavill's and Coffee's, but to no purpose. I then went to my sister's, and told her about our moving, which she thinks is right; so does Mr. Seavill; and indeed every one that hears it. I had tea, and called at Sally's, and we are to go to-morrow to look everywhere; but I came home very dull, cast down, and greatly tired; and I thought, "What ground have you for trusting in God? Abraham, Jacob, David, Paul, and others, had a promise to go on, but you have none, and, therefore, you have no warrant to trust in God." And I could not answer this. When I came home, I went to prayer and found sweet access to God as my covenant God and Father in Christ Jesus, and got up from my knees delivered in soul from all trouble, with a sweet peace, and talked to my wife very comfortably till I went to sleep. O what a blessed privilege is a throne of grace! Before this, my wife gave me an account of a conversation between my mother and a Mrs. B., stating that I

and Mr. Huntington said almost everybody was to be damned. And Mrs. B. said, "Don't value anything they say. If a child of mine had told me so I should have taken the poker and knocked his brains out. Let him take care he is not damned himself; he goes a ready way for it. But what can we expect from a coal-heaver?" My mother answered, "Ah! They make a God of him." Mrs. B. replied, "More like a devil, for he's black enough," &c.

I went with Sally to look for a house, and we pitched upon one in Gold Street, near Stepney Green, and intend to go to-morrow. But O the difficulties that stare me in the face! Where is the money to come from to clear our debts at Bow? And the landlord wants a pound in hand for the use of two stoves, which, though, we shall have again; but it will lie dead; and we have not a sixpence, except an eighteenpenny piece which Sally lent me, till Saturday. And then how are we to live when we get there, in a strange place,—no work and no prospect of getting it? But as I was going to Sally's I felt a confidence in God, though I had an unpleasant address from my mother without my opening my mouth.

Nov. 6th.—We removed into our new house, and just got all in before it poured with hail and rain; and though I was very low, yet I found good in family prayer the first night.

I cannot but remark the goodness of God in some things relating to our taking the house. The landlord wanted a pound for the stoves; but the man that we took the house of, being employed by him, proposed to us 10s., saying he would agree to it; which he did, and also fixed the time from Monday, the 11th, which was giving us five days. But now the difficulty was to raise the money. We therefore took my great-coat and watch, and got £1 17s. 9d. on them, paid 10s. to the landlord, and the rest to the three places at Bow, leaving a shilling or two, which was all we had to go into our new house with, and all amongst strangers. Our money being gone, my wife took another coat, and got 4s. on it, to get coals, bread, &c.

I went over the water, but got no work (Thursday afternoon), and recrossed the water with a heavy heart. I called at Humphrey's, and supped with Mr. Simpson, and he came part of the way with me, and gave me three shillings. I refused it at first, telling him I did not come for that. He said he believed it, but that he could spare it. I returned him many thanks, telling him I greatly needed it; so I came home a little encouraged.

Friday, 8th.—I went out to six places, and gathered a heavy load; for I feel as if I was resisted in it, and my soul hates it altogether, God knows. O what a painful path is mine! I am greatly discouraged, and walked, thinking to go to B.; but, not having courage, I returned home, and I am so low, so disheartened, sorely burdened. O! It was a cruel thing in my mother to drive us out of the house.

Mr. Robins made the following distinction on Sunday night respecting regeneration, effectual calling, and conversion: 1, That

regeneration was grace implanted in the soul by God the Spirit; 2, Effectual calling is calling this grace into exercise; 3. Conversion is the exercise of that grace. Another remark of Mr. Robins was this: 1, That God's children are made manifest to others of God's family before they are capable of claiming God as their Father, and that is when they can see a separation from the world, a cleaving in heart to God's children, and when they hear them sincerely complain of the plague of the heart; 2, They are manifest to themselves when the spirit of adoption enables them to call God Father; and 3, They are all manifest to all the world (or will be) in the great day; for then the Lord will say to his people, "Come, ye blessed," and to the rest, "Go, ye cursed." Then shall ye return and discern between the righteous and the wicked, between him that serveth God and him that serveth him not. I thought of the words, "Serveth him not," and turned them over and over, and thought that I never served Christ, that I could not bear my cross, that I had brought all this affliction upon myself, and pretended to trust in God, and was not half enough enterprising after the world. God knows how this tried me and how my soul sank; for it appeared all truth, and a heavy heart I had all the evening.

CONWAY STREET CHAPEL.

To the Committee of Conway Street Chapel.

Beloved of the Lord,—Your last I received, and was very glad to hear that Mr. Robins was better, and with you I hope the Lord will spare him for further usefulness. It is all in the Lord's hands, and he is sure to do right; but we are such poor blind mortals that we can seldom see what is right, and seldomer still feel satisfied with what is right; but, thanks be unto God, he will not let our blindness, stupidity, hardness, nor rebellion cause him to err. In spite of all our wretchedness, he still goes on in his own way, determined to be glorified in and by his dear, blood-bought family; and though, as a kind and merciful Father, he in great love chastens us for our sins, and appears to frown upon us while he lays upon us his rod, he never will go farther in chastising us than what shall issue in our real welfare and his glory. But such creatures are we that, though we know this in our judgments, we often fight against the Lord's dealings, and are very much dissatisfied with his ways; at least it is so with me. Nevertheless, when he pays me a fresh love visit, it sets all right, and I can bless his holy name that whatever devices there are in the heart of man, his counsel shall stand, and he will do all his pleasure, and from my very soul can at such times say, "Amen! So be it! For it ever was, is now, ever shall be best for thee to do thy own will!"

But I have no time to say more at present, only to inform you what conclusion our friends have come to. No doubt you are well acquainted with the nature of Brother Warburton's pro-

posals; viz., that he, brother Robins, and I should make two changes in the year, six weeks at a time, and that I should go to London one six weeks and to Trowbridge the other; and that Mr. Robins should come to Manchester one six weeks and Mr. Warburton the other, &c. Last Lord's day I called the church together, and gave them Mr. W.'s letter; and, in order that they might act for themselves, I withdrew while they talked about and decided upon it; and they wish me to inform you and Mr. W. that they shall always feel happy to hear either Mr. W. or Mr. R. whenever the Lord's providence opens a way for them to come this way; for they highly esteem them both for their works' sake; and they further give me full liberty to have four or five weeks in the year to go to London or anywhere else the Lord may call me; but they cannot think of letting me go twice in the year, and this for the following reasons: First, it appears to them I shall be out of the path of duty, both as a pastor of the church and the head of the family, to leave my family and flock twice in the year for so long a time; and secondly, as I am often called from home to preach on a Lord's day to some little churches nearer home, which the Lord has made me instrumental in raising, they consider that if they were to agree to the proposal I should be out a third part of my time from home, or totally neglect the churches nearer home, which they cannot see it right for me to do; so that they are quite unwilling to comply.

Thus I have given you the decision of the church, and, as I am their servant for Christ's sake, I consider it my duty to comply with what they have done. They have now granted me a kind of charter which I before could not claim; viz., to go once in the year a month or five weeks anywhere wherever the Lord may call me, and at any part of the year I please; but more than this they will not grant me.

Give my love to Mr. Robins and all friends.

May the dear Master of the house be with you all, and direct you in all things. This is the prayer of

Yours in the Truth,

Manchester, March 13, 1818.

W. GADSBY.

SWEETS AND BITTERS.

My very dear Friend,—From some cause or other I feel induced to write to you. The first thing I have to tell you you already know by experience; that is, it is of the Lord's mercy we are not consumed; that in this tabernacle we do groan, being burdened, burdened with sins, with afflictions, with cares, with trials, with temptations, with enemies, and, shall I say it, with false friends; also many, many other things that you know something about. And yet what a mercy even to have a good hope, and a much greater one to have the witness in our hearts that Christ is our burden-bearer, that he hath borne all for us, and hath raised us to be heirs together with him to an inheritance that is incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for us,

who are kept by the power of God. It is not in our own strength we stand, neither can I at all times feel that assurance in my own heart that I am one of the standing ones; yet, bless his precious name, he hath again this day, by his preached word, borne that sweet witness to my soul that he hath saved me, that I am in that narrow way that his people travel, in that he hath given me some of the children's blessings, both the sweets and the bitters. They are both necessary in life. It has been a good day to my soul, and I believe it has to my dear pastor. It seemed to-night almost as though he had left the earth and was telling us what he was realizing of the everlasting kingdom where God shall wipe the tears from off all faces, and we shall cast our crowns at the feet of the Lamb, giving him all praise. O, my dear friend, what indeed will it be to be there? Well might the poet say:

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

The text in the morning was 1 Cor. xiii. 8: “Charity never faileth;” and in the evening, 2 Pet. i. 10, 11.

51, King Street, Southsea, Oct. 28, 1872.

M. A. S.

LETTER BY MR. HUNTINGTON.

To the chosen of God and espoused to Christ, the Church at Margaret Street Chapel.

Hon. Madam,—It is now between four and five years since I first entered into your ladyship's service in the capacity of a footman, and I must confess I have often been delighted when I have walked before your grace's chair to the King's palace with the lamp of salvation in my hand; but more delighted to see your ladyship make a good hearty meal of a dish of unbegotten and eternal divinity. I mean God the Father's endless love. And as I know your constitution to be delicate, I hope at my return to bring your ladyship a little savoury meat, such as your soul loveth, that you may bless me before I die. Indeed, Madam, we live in a day wherein many servants occasion the death of their mistresses by secret and slow poison, infecting the waters of life so that many die of them, because they are made bitter. This bane is wrapped up in an infernal plant, which some years ago fell from heaven, and now is spreading its baneful influences upon the rivers of life; it likewise falls upon the fountains of waters—the fountain of the Father's Deity (Jer. ii. 13), and on the glorious well of salvation, the infinite divinity of Christ. (Jno. iv. 14.) The Atheist denies the fountain, the Arian the well, and the Antinomian denies the rivers. The Lord deliver your souls from this gall of bitterness and bond of iniquity. It is true, bread eaten in secret is pleasant, and stolen waters are sweet, even to those from whom Heaven withholds its bounty. But the wise know the dead are there, and that all who attend the banquet are in the depths of hell. (Prov. ix. 18.)

— I hope God will enable me to partake of every dish before it comes upon your ladyship's table, that you may see me stagger

before you swoon in the streets. These gentlemen are preludes to a spiritual famine; they will make empty the soul of the hungry, and cause the drink of the thirsty to fail. (Isa. xxxii. 6.) And I have further to tell your grace that I have had an opportunity of speaking to and seeing your Royal Husband since I came here. He has taken his stately steps to Gainsborough. He was clad in crimson, and his sword by his side, going forth conquering and to conquer. I petitioned his most excellent Majesty on behalf of your grace, and obtained leave to send you the following particulars.

First, that you often speak to him in private; for it is in secret that he will give his love. Secondly, he desires you will be constantly at the head of the table, which is your proper place, and not let your seat be empty, nor yet come tumbling in when others have half supped. Thirdly, he desires you will not gad abroad to see the concubines of the land, lest some of the enemies of your husband defile you; for, he said, it was she who tarried at home that should divide the spoil. Fourthly, he desires you will always appear in your wedding garment, and with the ring with the white stone in it, and a little ointment on your head, and some of the powder of the merchants in your hair, together with a little frankincense and myrrh, for he said he was fond of odours. (Song iii. 6.) So I found he would have his homely dame dressed queen fashion at last. Fifthly, he bids me tell you not to go to bed at night and shut the door till you have kindly invited him in, lest he be forced to walk without till his locks are wet with the dew and his head with the drops of the night; for, he said, if his love be not in the heart, and his arm under the head, there is no beloved sleep. Sixthly, he told me he never slumbers nor sleeps, nor is he fond of a sleepy wife; but he said he had ere now been forced to speak to you in your sleep, because he could not find you so often awake as he desired; and, further, he told me that he had commanded your chamber door, by turning on its hinges, to reprove you for turning so long on your bed; but, notwithstanding all this, he said it was seldom he could find you awake or hear your voice before the morning watch; you still were guilty of slumber, and you know I could not contradict it. Seventhly, he told me to inform you to set all your debts down to his account, because no receipt with a woman's hand is to be available by the laws of God. Eighthly, he said he would allow a penny daily for pin-money, but no purse independent of him. And, lastly, that he had prepared a mansion house for you, which you shall surely possess, if you faint not.

And now, my dear Mistress, I beseech you to accept of these lines from the hand of your servant, and when it is well with thee, remember Joseph, while I remain,

Your dutiful Servant to command,

W. HUNTINGTON.

THE WORK OF GOD.

"Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will tell you what he hath done for my soul."

My object in writing this is, I trust, for the glory of God and the encouragement of his dear people, his little ones, who are so often cast down.

The Lord called me by his grace, as I hope and trust, in 1838. I was then about 18, and in the year following I was baptized; but it was amongst the Arminians. I continued amongst them for about six years, and then I began to feel that I wanted something that was not to be found there. I began to sink down in my feelings, and seemed as though I lost all hope. I found, if their preaching was right, I was wrong. All my religion seemed smashed to pieces. All false hopes and sandy foundations being swept away, what to do I did not know; but still the Lord enabled me to pour out my complaints at his feet, and to call upon him for mercy. But such darkness covered me, and so much sin boiled and bubbled up within as made me groan, sigh, and cry.

About this time I was led to hear the truth preached, and then I seemed to sink lower and lower; but still there was something which kept me from sinking into despair. In this state I had to walk for about three years, going to hear the truth when I could; for I could not hear it constantly, for it was too far off, being about ten miles, and I had a complaint in my feet. But the Lord was pleased in mercy to raise me up a little by dropping these words into my heart: "Until the day dawn, and the day star arise in your hearts." From that time the dear Lord has been pleased to grant me some blessed words; but O the doubts and fears I have had, being often afraid I was deceived. O the distress I have been in, and how I have begged of the Holy Spirit to show me where I was and what I was, and how matters stood between God and my soul! I have asked the Lord to search me and try me, and lead me in the way everlasting, and I have cried to have the pardon of my sins sealed on my heart with the witness and power of God the Holy Spirit. O how I have longed to say with Paul, "He loved me, and gave himself for me." And in the midst of all this sighing, crying, and longing, I have been filled with doubts and fears, being often afraid that the root of the matter was not within, and all the way through I felt myself a helpless wretch. I have felt and still feel myself to be a poor sinful worm. But the Lord will take his own way to bring about his own work. He has been, indeed, good and kind to me, and he has promised that all things shall work together for good to them that love God, and are the called according to his purpose.

I have been able, through the goodness and mercy of God, to hear the gospel constantly for the last twelve months, and I trust my soul has been fed; and I have had my heart cheered and drawn forth in love to the dear children of God and the cause of God, and to the Lord, so as to bow at his feet in humility and love, and often I have felt that I could say with Watts:

“ My willing soul would stay
 In such a frame as this,
 And sit and sing herself away
 To everlasting bliss.”

And then I have been tried about these things, tried about all my profession, and sometimes thought I never was right, nor knew anything right. And one thing I have been tried about is that I could not open my mind and speak of the things that I have felt, and of the dealings of God with me. I have been one slow of speech, often having felt a desire to have a little conversation on the best things; but there has appeared to be a barrier that I could not break through. This has tried me very much. Then Satan would come in and say, “ You are a hypocrite, and the people begin to see it, and you’ll see it and know it, too, before long.”

Then again with regard to my poor prayers. I have been tried; and often when I have risen from my knees the thought has darted into my mind, “ This is not prayer.”

But, dear friends, I must come to what I have to say on the other side, the bright side; and that is the reason why I have tried to write these few lines. About a month ago I sank very low. Sin was the cause—not outward sin, but sin boiling up within; and I felt rebellious and peevish, and full of self-pity. I was in a sad state, and what to do I did not know; but something said within, “ This is what you have been praying for. You asked God to search you, and to try you;” and this thought seemed to bring a little relief, and then the week after I was saying to myself, “ I have had my heart drawn out in love to the Lord, and to his people sometimes, and yet I do not seem to have any more assurance of an interest in the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ and his salvation than I had before.” Soon after it was as though I heard these words spoken to my heart: “ Your sins are all forgiven you by the blood of Christ.” They came with such power that my heart was overwhelmed, my eyes were drowned in tears, and such feelings were produced in my soul that I cannot tell,—such as I never had before. This was on Feb. 26th. O that the Lord should thus look in mercy upon such a wretch as I, and by the riches of his grace should proclaim the forgiveness of all my sins to my heart and upon my conscience.

This killed me to the world; and O how dead are the things of the world to me now. O to see and feel how grace picked me up and planted the fear of God in my heart, and how grace has brought me through up to this time, and that the blessed Spirit should proclaim pardon and peace to my poor soul!

O, dear tried children of God, magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together. I cannot compare my feelings to anything but as lying at the dear Saviour’s feet, his love and blood dropping into my heart; for my heart is so broken, so melted down in humility, that I feel as though I could weep myself away to bliss everlasting. No fears and doubts now! O,

what I have felt and what I do feel, at times, is worth living for and dying for. I know a little of what Newton says in his hymn:

"A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,
A sense of pardoning love,
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like those above."

If you look at hymn 268 in Gadsby's Selection you will see a little of what I see and feel; and if you look in the July number of the "Gospel Standard," 1867, you will see what dear Mr. Philpot says about the forgiveness of sins; and O how confirming it was to my soul the other evening when I read what he there says. I have indeed to exclaim and say,

"O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I am constrain'd to be."

On the Sunday after I had this blessed visit I felt as though I wanted to be by myself, that I might give vent to my feelings; for in the afternoon sermon the minister set forth the feelings I was passing through. I felt as though my heart would break to pieces, and that was the best Lord's day I ever knew. O what wonders the Lord has wrought and done for his children! How sweet to view him coming into this world to assume human nature, in order to suffer, bleed, and die for them that he might put away their sins. O what love to such sinful worms! O that I could praise him more, and O that I could exalt him more! I have to call upon all that is within, and say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul. Bless and praise his holy name."

Dear tried, tempted, doubting and fearing children of God, I wish to say to you, creep to the feet of Jesus whenever you can, and watch and wait and pray for the blessing of forgiveness. It is as much yours as it is the poor worm's that is now writing these few lines; only you want the blessed Spirit to tell you so.

But I must conclude. May grace, mercy, and peace be with you; and to the Three-One God be all the glory. Amen.

March 20, 1873.

R. S.

REVIEW.

Death in Adam and Life in Christ. Being the Substance of a Sermon Preached on the Lord's Day Morning, March 9, 1873, by John Turner, Pastor of the Particular Baptist Church, Lonsdale Street, Melbourne, Victoria.

THE blessed Spirit is the Spirit of truth, and it is by truth he works upon the minds of God's people. "When he is come," says Christ, "he shall guide you into all truth." When that blessed Spirit enters the elect sinner's heart, in order to bring him to Jesus, he comes as an enlightening and enlivening Spirit to show him the real state of the case, and make him feel in accordance with it. He necessarily then commences by giving him to see and feel his danger. He shows him what a great and eternal God he has to do with, how holy, just, and good is that

law which he has broken, and how fearful is the punishment God has attached to sin; and he makes him justify God in all this terrible severity against sin. "Dost thou not fear God?" says the awakened, awe-struck thief upon the cross, "seeing thou art in the same condemnation, and we indeed justly?" Now the sinner trembles:

"But when the Spirit of truth is come,
The sinner trembles at his doom."

Now he puts "his mouth in the dust, if so be there may be hope;" now he stands guilty, and lost, and liable to eternal punishment before the throne of God. But now the blessed Spirit also works as the God of hope. This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God, that the Son of God may be glorified. The blessed Spirit gives the poor lost creature some views of mercy in a Mediator; now, like the publican, he stands with downcast eyes, and cries for that mercy which he perceives there is with God in Christ. Then at length the time of love comes, and the mercy desired and prayed for is revealed, and

"The prisoner then goes forth,
The lame man leaps for joy;
He feels the Saviour's worth,
And lifts his name on high."

This is in substance a brief description of the Spirit's work as the Spirit of Truth, of living truth, upon the sinner's heart. Now how fearfully must those persons be in opposition to the Spirit of God, and the true interests of God's elect, how awfully fighting against Christ, who propagate doctrines against the eternal punishment of the wicked. Two classes of truths combine in the conversion of every true child of God,—the truths concerning his lost condition by nature, his liability to suffer the pangs of the lost to eternity in hell, the dreadfulness of the eternal wrath of God as poured out for ever on those remaining under the curse of the law. These are in the order of nature the first truths the sinner is made to feel in his conscience and heart; these make him, as an awakened man, look about for a remedy; but these by themselves would drive him into despair. "When I suffer thy terrors," says holy, God-taught Heman, "I am distracted." Talk to this man about no eternal punishment, the annihilation of the wicked, how the man would scorn and abhor such impious befooling of men's souls, such trifling with a God terrible to sin and unpardoned sinners, as consuming fire, such perversion of God's word, such playing with an endless eternity. No; to such a man only one thing can give relief, and this is the other class of truth which the blessed Spirit unfolds to the convinced sinner's mind and heart concerning God's free love, and sweet full mercy to sinners in a bleeding risen Christ. These things cheer his soul, rejoice his spirit; are balm to his wounds, and cordials as from the hand of God into his heart. These things fill his mouth with laughter and his tongue with singing. O the blessedness of pardon of sins in the blood of Christ to him who has

been sinking as into a horrible and bottomless pit, who feared eternal wrath, whose soul had died away as to all hope or joy beneath, the sense of God's just displeasure against his sin, and fears, terrible fears, that that wrath would be eternal. The truth is, ignorance of the God of the Bible in his majesty, justice, holiness, and truth, of the law of God in its extensiveness, excellence, and severity, and therefore of sin in its due deserts and demerits, lie at the root of these doctrines of annihilation and non-punishment of the wicked in hell to eternity. If men were under the teachings of the blessed eternal Spirit, who was making God's truths as contained in his word living and effectual in their hearts, they could not entertain such soul-destroying, God and Christ dishonouring and denying opinions, or fight in this way against the plain simple testimonies of God's word, wresting the "scriptures to their own damnation."

The sermon at the head of this article is written against these dreadful opinions, and to maintain the scripture truth of God concerning the eternal punishment of the wicked in hell, the real torment of the lost to eternity. We cannot help feeling glad when any man lifts up his voice against the dreadful errors of the day, and we can only wish the author of the above sermon had been clearer upon some points; and had not, as we fear, himself stumbled, and fallen into some mistakes. We believe that controversial writers or speakers should be very much upon their guard lest their proper zeal for God's glory should lead them, when maintaining some blessed truth of God, to fall into opposite forms of error. This has frequently been the case, but no lie is of the truth, and the grand thing is to

"Take the whole truth and not a part,
And hold the fear of God."

We do not wonder at our author's desire to lift up his voice against the pernicious teaching of those who believe in the annihilation, or bringing into original nothingness, of the wicked, when he can say of himself as follows:

"I do not know whether any who are present this morning, whilst suffering under conviction of sin by the Holy Spirit, realized fearful apprehensions of judgment and of a never-ending eternity. I can truly say for myself that such was my case for a considerable time." That which a man has himself experienced of the word of God, he can properly and boldly testify of to others.

We believe he has also hit the mark when, in page 5 of his sermon, he traces these delusive opinions to the ignorance of spiritual things common to all natural men, and manifested in the preaching of natural men when they attempt the work of the ministry without being sent:

"These take upon themselves to form an estimate of God's character and perfections from common sense and human reason, and persuade themselves that he can be compared to a creature of love, mercy, and kindness, who is so beneficent that he could not inflict pain or punishment, losing sight of his revealed character as the just God who will not clear the guilty, who is angry with the wicked every day."

Thus our author. Again, he writes, properly:

"None can know that all by nature are dead but those who have spiritual life. * * * 'The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God because they are spiritually discerned.'"

Again:

"I feel sure the majority of the teachers in the present day are in ignorance in regard to the natural state of man; * * * these seek to gather grapes of thorns, and figs of thistles," &c.

All this is perfectly true, and hits home. The grand mischief-makers and error-founders in all ages are natural men, who, being destitute of the life and grace and Spirit of God, will foolishly, wickedly, and presumptuously meddle with matters which are too high for them. But he that defiles the temple of God, him will God destroy; and these must bring upon themselves "swift destruction."

The sermon generally sets forth with a certain amount of clearness the two covenant heads,—Adam and Christ, and shows how from Adam is derived to all his posterity naturally, death of body and soul; that death not being annihilation in either case, but the suffering in union to all eternity, the just punishment of sin,—the torments of a never-ending hell. But from Christ, through his obedience, is derived to all his spiritual seed not only an exemption from this natural misery in which Adam's fall involved all the human race, but a properly eternal life in union to Christ, who says of all his people: "Because I live, ye shall live also."

We most heartily wish we could mete out nothing but praise. We are so glad to find men rising up as witnesses to the truth, that it is with a sense of pain we have to notice their mistakes.

In the first place, we cannot agree with our author's view on page 2, that the image of God can have any reference to the incarnation of the Son of God, but believe it signifies that Adam was created at first perfectly upright. The moral image of God is principally meant; as the wise man puts it: "I know that God made man upright." He was created at first in exact harmony with that holy, just, and good law under which he was placed, his understanding could apprehend it and his relationship to it as the creature of God, and his obligation to fulfil it as such; his judgment could approve the will of God in this and all other matters; his affections could delight in God's holy law; his will choose the paths it indicated; and his conscience rightly bear testimony to his obedience to it whilst innocent, and his continuance in the favour of the Almighty. All this image of God in holiness and uprightness was lost by the fall, and the soul became dead in trespasses and sins.

We are afraid our author has plunged into greater mistakes than this, though this we believe to be a step in a wrong direction, and one which may very easily lead a man forward into Pre-existerianism.

On page 4 our author sadly goes out, through his zeal, as we suspect, against a false materialism, against the Lord Jesus

Christ having taken the same body into heaven in which he suffered upon the cross; but we have so largely dealt with this point in a late answer to an inquiry that it will be quite unnecessary here to say more than that we most thoroughly reprobate our author's views upon it, believing with Paul, in Eph. iv., "That he who descended is the same as he who also ascended far above all heavens," and that the Son of God in human flesh does now in heaven appear for his people at the right hand of God, as Erskine so beautifully expresses it:

"Angelic armies who in glory crown'd,
With joyful harps his awful throne surround,
Down to the crystal frontier of the sky
To see the Saviour born did eager fly,
And ever since behold with wonder fresh,
Their Sovereign and our Saviour wrapt in flesh."

We should like to know also what authority our author has for limiting the fire mentioned in scripture to simply the sense of the wrath of God in the conscience. We fully believe that that will be to the soul as fire in its everlasting tormenting power, the soul justly enduring its terrible outpouring to eternity; but, then, the material body of the wicked man, scripture tells us, will also rise again, and be qualified to undergo with the soul the pains of hell. Thus we read in Revelation of the second death, when body and soul, reunited at the resurrection, having stood before God in the eternal judgment, are sentenced to participate, as in sin so in misery, and the lost sinner is cast into the lake of fire which burneth for ever.

We are sorry to have to find these faults with a sermon preached and published in maintenance of a great and awfully solemn truth of God, clearly revealed in scripture, and having a most important bearing upon the work of the Spirit and salvation of the soul in Christ.

We could also wish that, instead of diverging from the main thing in hand, he had more fully brought forth those scriptures and scriptural arguments whereby the doctrine of the eternal punishment in hell of the wicked must be maintained as a scriptural doctrine, and the contrary sentiment overthrown, not on the ground of its being subversive of human morality and social restraints, but because of its opposition to the revealed truth of God, the Spirit's teachings and work in the hearts of God's children, and the real glories of Christ. Can any one with an uncorrupted mind read Matt. xxv. and believe in the annihilation of the wicked, especially when informed that in the original the words everlasting and eternal are precisely the same? Can any one read about a bottomless pit in Rev. xix. and believe in annihilation, which would provide a bottom to that pit the lost would gladly arrive at, however revolting in itself to the human mind? "Without are dogs, and sorcerers, and whoremongers, and murderers, and idolaters, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie." (Rev. xxii. 15.) Is this annihilation? "But the fearful, and unbelieving, and abominable, and murderers, and whore-

mongers, and soecrers, and idolaters, and all liars shall have their part in the lake that *burneth* with fire and brimstone." Is this annihilation! How can the annihilated have their part in a lake that *burneth*, ever *burneth*? O! God does not trifle thus when he speaks to men, or play with language. Is the undying worm one that feedeth upon nothing, a thing annihilated? Is an unquenched fire kept burning for nothing but to show that God made an empty threat of sending the wicked for ever into it? Go to those who, like Francis Spira, have died in despair, and ask them, withering under the anticipations of eternal wrath, about annihilation; go to the dear saints of God who have tasted these torments, and, warned by God, and led by the Spirit, have, from fear, fled to take refuge in Jesus, the hope set before them, about annihilation. These will, alike, tell you that hell has no relief, the lost no such covering; there are no such drops of water to soothe a Dives, no such refuges of lies for the damned. No! God is an infinite Being; sin against God, as infinite in his holiness and majesty, an infinite evil. And, as the wicked shall find no relief in that human invention of annihilation, so the saints want none. No! They have a refuge in Christ. There they find an infinite atonement and righteousness to save them from the wrath of God and the fire that never shall be quenched. They stand above that (Rev. xv.) sea of glass mingled with fire, having overcome the world in all its false opinions as well as in other things, and sing to harps of gold the song of Moses and the Lamb, having escaped from eternal punishment through the blood of Jesus.

Obituary.

Mrs. FOSTER.—On Feb. 16th, aged 48, Mrs. Foster, of Mayfield. She was the daughter of a good man, Jonathan Lusted, well known by some of the readers of the "Gospel Standard." It appears that this daughter was called when about nineteen years of age, under the late Mr. Pitcher, of Hellingly. It much rejoiced the poor father's heart, and he spoke of it very freely to his friends.

I would gladly draw a veil over the next part, but the Holy Ghost has given the black side of his children as well as the bright; and who can tell but this may meet the eye of some poor fallen saint. But if any take license therefrom to sin, let them remember they are in a fearful state, and the Lord will avenge himself on all such. How long she was kept walking in a right way I do not know; but the older brethren told me that after she got out to service, she became acquainted with the man who was afterwards her husband. He was an ungodly man, and it appears she had some heavy work about it; but the man and her sinful flesh prevailed, and she was led astray by him, which was a dreadful blow to her dear father; and she herself, when she found out the state she was in, made up her mind never to have the man, but to drown herself in a pond, and she went to the pond with that intention; but just as she was about to take the fatal plunge, the Lord sent some portion of his word into her heart which prevented her; but the brother who told me forgets the exact portion. It was as though she heard a powerful voice

shout, "Mercy!" She afterwards married the man, which greatly embittered her days, for he was a drunken, worthless character; but about seven years ago, he was standing talking to another man who had a colt in a halter in Mayfield town, when the colt suddenly turned round and kicked out, killing Foster on the spot, leaving her with four or five children. Consequently, she was ever after very poor, and, at times, deeply tried as to the things of this life.

About this time I was directed to Mayfield to speak in the name of the Lord, and she came to hear, but for a long time could get nothing but condemnation; until at last she made up her mind to go once more, and then if there was nothing for her, to give it all up. But the Lord truly showed her the blackness of her state, and then raised her to such a sweet and blessed hope of mercy as she had not felt for a very long season. Still she had to return again into much darkness; for I am persuaded the Lord made her feel painfully the evil of departing from him and walking contrary to his word. He did not show her much of his pardoning love until the last few days of her life.

She was not confined to her bed many weeks; but in the first part she was very dark and much distressed in her mind. The first time I visited her I could not get from her what I wanted to hear; but a few days before her death the Lord began to turn her captivity. She felt sweetly persuaded we should meet again in heaven; and I can truly say my heart was comforted.

A few days before her death, the following hymns were blessed to her:

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

but especially this one:

"Did Christ my Lord suffer, and shall I repine?"

On the Saturday night before she departed she said to her eldest daughter, Mercy, who attended on her, "Mercy, I must soon leave you all, with all my brothers and sisters." Her daughter said to her, "Do you feel you are going?" She said, "Yes." Then her daughter asked her if she felt quite happy, and she replied, "Yes; I long to be gone, to be with the Saviour, for it is as though I see him standing with outstretched arms ready to receive me. Good-bye, dear Mercy. All is well." And she spoke no more.

ELI PAGE.

The following are fragments of the experience of Mrs. George Freeman, late Miss Lincoln, of Norwich:

Her death was quite unexpected, although she had been very unwell several months, and for some years previously had been subject to severe spasmodic pains.

Throughout her increased illness, which was only of a week's duration, she was not suffered to fall into any particular temptation, but a sweet calm pervaded her spirit and filled her with solid peace. On the evening of the day before she died, after a few friends who had been to see her had gone, she called me to her, and in the most affectionate manner told me she had no fear, but felt quite safe in the Lord's hands, and was persuaded he would not forsake her, but if it was his will to remove her she felt so sure we should meet again. The friend who was staying with her found her at one time in the day out of bed and sitting on a chair, singing the hymn:

"Yes, I shall soon be landed."

On the following morning she was seized with another dreadful paroxysm of pain, under which she gradually sank till about 4.30 on Thursday morning, when she quietly breathed her last.

The following is her own account of the early part of her experience written a few years since and intended for the friend who was her chief

companion the last few years she was at home. It shows the deep waters she passed through at that time, and how immediately and wonderfully the Lord wrought in her heart and brought down her soul to the gates of death:

"Into your hands, my most precious and worthy friend, I desire to commit these fragments of my unworthy history. It is impressed on my mind that the great things the Lord has done for me ought not to be buried with me; the way and manner how the Lord translated me out of the kingdom of darkness (O! may I say) into the kingdom of his dear Son. In his temple doth every one speak of his glory; then let us speak of the things we met with in the way. He brought us into darkness and into light.

"You, my sweet friend, are a witness to many things, and the rest my heart has been opened to tell you. Our souls have been melted together and been as the soul of one. Indeed, I may say our souls have been melted because of trouble, and, at times, at the goodness of the Lord in bringing us out again, and our tongues have talked of his power.

"It is the earnest of heaven in the soul to have fellowship with the saints below; then we may see the grace shine in them through the Lord Jesus Christ.

"I desire to begin where the Lord began with me, as I lived entirely destitute of the knowledge of God, heaven, hell, and even the knowledge that I was a rational being. I never knew what fear was, as regards future punishment, until the Lord sent his word with power into my mind. This was in April, 1857, when Mr. B. came to Norwich to preach on the Easter Monday evening. Being holiday time, I had invited a cousin to come and spend the evening with me to do some fancy work, as father and mother were to be out; but my plan was overturned. Just as father was going, he called to me to ask about something; when he said, 'Will you go with me to chapel?' In a moment I was dreadfully confused, but dare not say 'No.' I thought it very strange, as it was arranged for mother to go. So I went to mother, full of anger, and said: 'Do not let cousin touch my work; father wishes me to go with him.' Thus I went to chapel, full of anger, and not one thought about eternal things; and in this manner I remained until about half the service was over; when these words came with such power as I cannot describe: 'God is in one mind, and none can turn him.' And as it was repeated there came such a solemn feeling over my whole body, and a weight I can never tell, that I was an accountable being and had a soul that must live for ever. In this state I continued until the service was nearly over, without hearing one word outwardly, until Mr. P. gave out the last hymn:

"Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God,' &c.

These words went through me. It seemed that they were given out on purpose to quite crush me. I thought, 'No; I shall never sing again.' Then I began to wonder how I might get out of the chapel without being remarked. I did solemnly wish the boards of the floor would open and let me in that I might be out of sight of every one. I dreaded to go home for fear of being asked what was the matter, and I did not know what to say; so I thought I would follow father at a distance, as he walked home with some of the friends; and after he had left them I went to him and told him I could not go home till 11 o'clock, when I thought the children would be in bed and my cousin gone home. Father seemed frightened, and asked the reason; but I could tell him nothing but that I was lost, and told him the words that came to my mind in the chapel. Father began to talk to me, but I do not remember anything he said; so I went home and got up stairs as quickly as possible without seeing any one that night. The first thing next morning I took my fancy work and put it at the back of a drawer where I might never see it again, and all the superfluities of dress, which I thought was sinful. The next thing I thought of was taking just sufficient food to keep life in me, and by this means I thought to bring my body down, and keep very quiet from all company; and I began to read the Bible, which was quite new to me, as I remember taking it up a few months before and looking at the first chapter of Genesis; could not read it all, as it seemed so much re-

petition of words. I thought it the most stupid book, and wondered how people could read it; but now I read it as a duty, and went on so for about three months in darkness and confusion, not knowing anything about religion. All I could make out was that I was lost and it was no use trying, for God was in one mind and none could turn him; but I could not help trying. I used to take a little Testament with me to read in the street to keep my eyes from beholding any object, and be ready to stop my ears at anything that was lively.

"About this time a person came to our house on business. I did not think her a religious woman, so dared not be in her company lest I might hear something that was not good, and as I was wondering what was the matter with me, these words came to me like some one speaking them: 'The wind bloweth where it listeth; 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.' This was the first scripture light that broke into my mind, and it explained a little to me. As the words repeated so distinctly, I seemed to understand them. I had never heard the words before, and from this time the scriptures opened up in my mind. Just after this these words came to me: 'The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin.' This seemed to open up a great deal of the mystery, and now I began to understand the Bible a little more. This was the first idea I ever had of salvation; still I remained in confusion.

"The first words that gave me any hope were these:

"All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him."

I was in great distress at the time, and the words sweetly answered the objections I was raising against myself. After this little hope had got in I began to pray and beg day and night. I seemed as if I could pour out my whole heart to the Lord. This only lasted a day or two, and I began to sink again, and in proportion as the gospel opened up, so did my vileness appear, and the more reason why the Lord should not save me.

"The next help was: 'In this shall every one that is godly pray unto thee in a time when thou mayest be found.' O! That was a great help indeed. It raised that feeling, 'Who can tell but there may be hope after all?' But this soon wore off, and my old feelings returned again and sank me lower than before. One night I was going to bed full of trouble and saying to myself, 'The Lord will never save me; I am too great a sinner for him to look upon;' and this feeling so overwhelmed me that I thought it was no use reading or praying any more; and before I lay down to rest I looked at the Bible as it lay by my side, and said, 'I can never read any more; it is no use. There is nothing for such sinners as I.' Still I feared to go to sleep without looking once more; so I took it up and opened it, and it opened on these words: 'The Lord God did not set his love upon you because ye were more in number than other nations, for ye were the fewest of all people.' O! This did melt my heart so much that I cried and prayed, and prayed and cried myself to sleep. The sweetness of it lasted nearly a week, but I sank again. Thus I was lifted up and cast down for nearly two years.

"All this time I did not know there was an elect people. I saw the invitations, and thought they were for those who were good enough, and in time I thought I should be good too; when I saw these words: 'Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters,' &c., and all such passages as these did make my heart glad. Still I could only see the promises in a general way. At last all this sandy foundation was swept away by these words: 'He is not a Jew that is one outwardly.' This was the first time I saw there was an elect people to be saved; and from that followed other separating passages. And now my real trouble began, for I feared there was not a chance given me, that I was condemned before I was born, and it was no use trying. The covenant was made before I had a being, and all the good works that I could do would not avail anything now. Now I began to raise hard thoughts of God by the scriptures that came to my mind: 'Many are called, but few chosen.' O! This was a hard thing to me that I was called with an outward call but must come no farther. Then these words followed: 'If I had not

come, they had not known sin; but now they have no cloak for their sin.' Thus I was beaten off from hope by such words. O the sorrow that filled my heart at this time I can never describe. The promises now mocked at me, for my way was hedged up with hewn stones. But O! Strange to tell, he sent his angel to this prison to talk with me, at times, although I could not believe it. I was exceedingly low in mind one morning, and saying to myself, 'O what a fool I am. Even my own heart condemns me, and that is enough;' when these words spoke plainly, as though one had spoken aloud to me: 'If our heart condemn us, God is greater.' It was like an answer to me. I did not know what to do for a minute, it seemed so strange. I had never seen or heard the words before that I knew of. Now this melted my poor heart that I seemed that I could weep my life away. All the hard thoughts were gone in a moment; and this kept me a day or two with a little hope; but this also was taken away, and I had no hope, and was bemoaning my sad condition, when these words spoke so plainly to me: 'Woman, where are thine accusers? Hath no man condemned thee? Neither do I.' I did not know what to do for a few minutes. It was as though some one had spoken aloud to me."

Here her own account ends, and, as space will not permit, I shall not attempt to follow her experience farther, only to say that she was kept in this state, sometimes on the very borders of despair, and then as signally comforted, for about ten years; till at length she was brought to cast in her lot with the friends meeting at Jireh Chapel, and was baptized by Mr. Markwell. But it was not till after this that she was fully delivered from her fears; and as that deliverance was complete and full of glory at the time, so in its effects it was lasting, as from that day till the day of her death the acuteness of fear was removed, and though she sought for her sins they could not be found. It was during the last few years she was at home that she wrote the following scraps to the same dear friend, in which she expresses the strong exercises of her soul, and it will be perceived they were not in vain; for what she learnt through these means was well worth the suffering:

"A natural man may pray earnestly for faith and for grace; not out of any beauty that he sees in them, not out of any taste or relish that he has for them, but because he thinks them a bridge to lead him to heaven, and that he cannot come thither without them."

"Dear Emily, how far does this resemble me? I fear altogether. I saw it in one of my new books that I brought home with me—one of dear old Preston's. The subject is, 'What is Prayer?' I did not look into it until I came up stairs after I left you. Dear Emily, how shall I answer these things? Who knows whether I am deceived or not? Who can tell me? I can find no place to rest, as Esau found no place of repentance. Who can tell me whether I am in the covenant or not?"

"Nothing particular in my mind this day. I greatly fear a calm, lest it should be a dead one. I want to feel in an earnest frame, seeking to know more of the Lord Jesus. I want to know him savingly and feelingly. Unless the Lord drops with some life into my heart, I have no hope. I know that salvation does not depend on frames and feelings, but that is all I have to keep me up. My soul seems to hang in doubt from morning to night."

"O my dear Emily, these words are like flaming swords to keep me from the tree of life: 'Ye believe in God, believe also in me.' I cannot pray, but only say, 'Lord, thou knowest that I cannot believe.' Wherever I see these 'Believes,' it only seems like taunting me. What shall I do?"

"Nov. 20th, 1867.—O my dearest Emily, I believe I have got faith now. Not a joyous frame, no; but a stayed feeling; so that I believe I shall tell the devil I don't mind what he may tell me. I believe in God that he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and that there is a fountain opened for the house of David for sin and transgression, although my house be not as I would have it. I have thought much on these words, 'He that cometh unto God must believe that he is, and is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him.' Now if you look at these words there is a great deal in them.

Also in these: 'If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins.' I do not feel that done for me that I want; but I can see that if we had all these things we desire, where would the faith be? I think I can see, yea feel, the need of the Three blessed Persons, God the Father in choosing, God the Son in redeeming, and God the Holy Ghost in sanctifying and carrying on the work in the soul. Now the business with us is to know what faith is and to know what faith can do. Faith brings home a good report of God, and not hard thoughts of him. No, dear Emily; I think I can never have such thoughts of him again, but I may expect trouble another way. I believe the devil will try and oppose me another way altogether, and I shall look out for it. I know he is an opposer of God's work, and will try to keep souls from trusting in him."

"August 5th.—'Every branch in me that beareth not fruit shall be taken away.' My dear Emily, I have been allowed to stand one year to see, and behold no fruit appeareth, but barrenness. I certainly am worse rather than better. I can plainly see that one thing I yet lack. Rom. viii. 30 sums up all: 'Whom he called, them he also justified.' When God begins a work, he always finishes. I feel like something begun and left to drop all to pieces. This afternoon these words keep running in my mind, but I don't know what they have to do with me:

"When thou dost give a heart to pray,
Thou wilt incline thine ear;
From me turn not thy face away,
But my petition hear."

I do believe this with all my heart, but I cannot feel that God has given me a heart to pray."

"How desolate and lonely I do feel now. I can get nothing from the ministry or reading, and what is worse, I cannot pour out my heart unto the Lord. It does not seem full enough; and yet there is a deep felt want of something, I scarcely know what. The Lord seems to have left me, and no one calls for me. You will tell me to look on the past; but that is only like looking on pictures; they cannot fill the hungry man. It is daily bread I want. O, I know respectable beggars do not get much pity. O dear Emily, I seem to know no one that knows me; I cannot make my case known to every one. You may as easily starve in a well-furnished house as in a poor cottage. It is bread which is the staff of life. The famine is very sore; it reacheth unto my soul. All the dainties of the past will not keep me alive now."

"'They shall not be ashamed that wait for me!' These words came very sweet to me, because there was a secret persuasion. I did seek the Lord, though I cannot seek him as I would. These words came to my mind today: 'He seeketh such to worship him.' How holy are the ways of God; how very little do I know of the ways of holiness; God is light, and I am darkness; God is holy, I am sinful; God is pure, I am polluted. How can I worship him in spirit and in truth? Yet he says, he 'seeketh such to worship him.' How can these things be reconciled? I seem to lie at the threshold of the door, and cannot get in, because no unclean beast shall be there."

"O my dear Emily, my mind has been so foolish and vain and lighter than vanity this whole day, yet I have scarcely spoken a word to any one. This is a sample of my mind. I feel ready to beat my head against the wall. The feelings I have had are of no use *now*; I am afraid that time is gone never to return. O! I wish I could use these words: 'My soul cleaveth to the dust. Quicken thou me.' There is nothing will grow in the dust; this does seem such an emblem of me; I seem to be turned into dust again. That little root which I thought would be ever green is withered and gone. I thought it would never decay, I thought faith was an evergreen, which is green in winter as well as in summer, and feelings and good frames were like flowers and fruit which only last a little time while the sun shines; but to be sure we are right is to have fellowship with God."

[We had more extracts in type, but our printers, in making up the pages, was compelled to omit them.]

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

OCTOBER, 1873.

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

OUR GOD IS THE GOD OF SALVATION.

A SERMON BY MR. GARNER, PREACHED AT COVENTRY, ON LORD'S DAY,
JULY 20TH, 1873.

"He that is our God is the God of salvation; and unto God the Lord belong the issues from death."—Ps. LXVIII. 20.

My friends, it has been my lot during the last 24 hours to pass through some very trying things, to witness the death of one of our members. I attended upon her the greater part of yesterday, and at 20 minutes to 11 last evening her immortal spirit departed. During the day my mind was much exercised through not having a text; but in the night this portion (as above) of the word of God was brought to me. Truly, my dear friends, death is a solemn circumstance. Death it is that awaits you and me; and however kind friends or physicians may try to ward off the blow, fall it will upon us. As the word of God declares, so shall we experience it, however reluctant we may be to submit to it or acknowledge the truth. Depend upon this, as it is written in this book, so it will be with each one of us: "And as it is appointed unto men once to die, and after this the judgment," so we shall find this is what awaits us. The question then is, "Are we prepared for it?" It is a solemn question. May it fall sharp upon us; may it, under the teaching of the blessed Spirit, have its due effect upon each of us. Are we prepared for death, for a final separation of body and soul, the body to the earth and the soul to God, into an awful solemn eternity? What is our feeling before the Lord regarding the dreadful malady, the dire contagion of sin? What do we know of the remedy God has provided for that malady, the malady of sin? Are we so acquainted with the precious Person, blood, and obedience of the Lord Jesus Christ that we can say with the apostle, "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain?"

It would appear that the psalmist was in a blessed state of mind when he uttered the language of the text. In the verse before the text he says, "Blessed be the Lord who daily loadeth us with benefits, even the God of our salvation." In the verse preceding that, he shows us whence the church looked for and expected salvation. The church never has had but one object upon which her faith has been fixed; it is bent on one glorious object,

the Person of the Lord Jesus Christ, what has been revealed, and what is to come. While the church in her day rejoiced in the prospect of a crucified Christ and an ascended Christ, a risen Christ, her faith, her hope, her love, were yet on a Christ that is to come, who would restore all things. We shall find the church looked forward, had a faith that was genuine. My friends, is your faith and mine genuine? If so, we have no occasion to care for fancies. If our faith is genuine, it will look to and embrace the Person of a precious Christ. Christ the object, Christ the subject, Christ the sum and substance of our faith. Faith is the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen.

In the 18th verse of this psalm the church is looking forward to the precious truth of a risen Saviour, an ascended Christ. Mark you, in the day in which it hath pleased God that we should live, there is a great declension from the faith, the faith of God's elect. But the church in the psalmist's day was so strengthened that she looked forward and grasped the precious truth of her risen Christ, though Christ was not then revealed in the flesh; Christ was not manifested as he was afterwards, yet she embraces him as her risen Christ. She says, "Thou hast ascended up on high, thou hast led captivity captive, thou hast received gifts for men; yea, for the rebellious also, that the Lord God might dwell among them." While she views the Person and glorious work of the glorious Mediator, Christ, she cannot but be joyful and rejoice; therefore she breaks out into the language: "Blessed be the Lord, who daily loadeth us with benefits, even the God of our salvation." Then, referring to the God of her salvation, she says, "He that is our God is the God of salvation." Who is *our* God? We have had gods many, and lords many; but who is now the God we worship? Who is the God our souls adore? Who is the God our souls trust in, believe in, fear, and reverence? Who is the God our souls desire to obey? The church here speaks in the language of confidence, and says, "He that is our God is the God of salvation." The church had a knowledge of God as her covenant God: "*Our* God." Who is this God, the church's God? How is he the God of the church, but by an everlasting covenant? Has he not in his precious word declared, "I will be their God, and they shall be my people?" According to the covenant of his love and grace, he declares, "I will be unto them a God, and they shall be to me a people." No less a covenant will ever satisfy an immortal soul that is brought solemnly and sensibly in feeling to know the real state and condition in which he stands towards God, one who has a view of an awful eternity before him.

He that is the God of salvation is *our* God. There is the covenant relationship. Here it is made known and revealed through the Person of the eternal Son of God, the glorious Messiah, the Mediator Christ. Because, being taught by the Spirit of God, we

are led to the word of God, and there we are, by the Holy Ghost, led to understand the matter. We read our God and Father, in, through, and by the Lord Jesus Christ, has made himself known. Here is the ground of the covenant relationship, here, wherein and whereby God has made himself known as he really stands in relationship to his dear people in the Person of his dear Son; so that without Christ, my dear friends, there is no manifested union.

Upon what are your hopes, thoughts, feelings, and faith fixed? Is it on the Person of the Lord Jesus? Because without faith in the Person of the Lord Jesus Christ you have no manifested union to him. Is it not said, "Ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus?" So, where there is a knowledge of this relationship, there is a knowledge of Christ, and a knowledge of Christ is by a manifestation of his mercy to the soul in the forgiveness of sin. Do you not think this morning or labour under the mistake that I am treating of anything non-essential. If we are not interested in these things, if this God is not our God, we must be damned to all eternity. No salvation out of Christ, no salvation out of God in Christ, no salvation out of God in an everlasting covenant, God, in his glorious relationship in and through a precious Christ. You and I will soon have done with all things here below. Mark you, since the last day's sun went down, the last act of kindness has been done for a dear sister of this church. Her eyes have been closed in death. Therefore, let this remind us that we are travelling to a solemn eternity. Where shall we appear? I shall be glad to meet you again, all at the right of God; but it must be through a relationship to a covenant God, through a knowledge of a precious Christ, as the God of our salvation. Where God is, if you and I be mistaken upon this solemn matter,—where God is we never can come; and if we cannot go where God is, where must we go? If not to heaven, where? Why, to hell. My fellow-sinners, my fellow-travellers to an eternal world, it is a solemn thought that heaven or hell will be the eternal destiny of every precious immortal soul.

Now what hope have you of meeting in endless glory? What hope of salvation have you? Have you been brought into this solemn position before God, to feel your lost state and condition by nature, that as to obtaining salvation by anything you can do you are utterly powerless? Depend upon this, that the church in her confession experienced this solemn feeling of her lost state and condition; therefore she says, "He that is our God is the God of salvation." Never is one soul raised to salvation until he is brought to feel his lost state and condition.

I shall never forget one circumstance; it is very vivid before my eyes. I was entering a cottage; the husband was in conversation with his wife; the subject was religion. His talk did not appear agreeable to her. She said, "You know nothing about the matter. I am lost, lost!" The words fell on my mind with

pleasure. "With pleasure?" you say. Yes, they fell on my very heart and soul with pleasure. I said to the poor woman, "I am glad to hear you say that." "What do you mean, man? Do you mean to mock me in my misery?" "Not for a moment. If you truly and sincerely feel you are lost, I have a precious message for you. I can declare unto you, in the name of the Lord, that 'Jesus Christ came to seek and save that which was lost.' I shall never forget the poor woman. She clung to my arm, and would not let me go till I had preached a sermon about Jesus Christ. The last time I saw her she was happy in the enjoyment of the love of God. She could rejoice in a precious Christ. I visited her several times, and she could rejoice in her soul's salvation, adopting the language of the text as hers: "He that is our God is the God of salvation."

What an amazing word! Heaven rings with the sound, the glorious sound of salvation. Not only heaven rings with the sound, but such is the everlasting bliss and the profound depth of the wisdom, love, and grace of God in the salvation in which a Triune Jehovah is everlastingly concerned, that the redeemed on earth are obliged to confess that it is so wonderful that it passeth all created knowledge. Sinner, can you believe it? Can you receive it? Whether you believe it or receive it, this is as great a fact as that the sun is now in the heavens, or that you and I are here present, that God from everlasting was concerned in the salvation of his church and people. He that is brought solemnly to receive this glorious truth, as the church here receives and understands it, is led by the Spirit in some measure to receive this solemn mystery; the more he is led into it, the more glorious it appears; so that it is too profound a mystery for carnal reason or your finite mind to comprehend. Have you more wisdom than Paul, who was brought up at the feet of Gamaliel,—more knowledge of philosophy and science than he had? He tells us that, "without controversy, great is the mystery of godliness." Bow down, carnal reason! Be still; do not rise. Some people think a great deal of the great *I*, and the little *you*. They will not say with Paul, "Not I, but the gracious power of God to salvation." It was in this his precious soul delighted. Here it is. This God, *our* God, is the God of salvation.

Salvation *from what?* From that which our sin deserved,—eternal banishment from his presence and the glory of his power. Reconciled to him, we who were sometimes afar off, enemies by wicked works, in a state of enmity to God, neither loving nor fearing him, rebelling against his word, were brought nigh by the blood of his cross. But such was the fearful, awful picture of our character, as it is drawn by the eternal pen of inspiration: "The carnal mind is enmity against God. It is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be."

Sinner, exercised, trembling, anxious, fearing believer, redeemed child of God, who has been on your knees at the throne of grace this morning, supplicating for mercy and favour on

your precious soul, how different to what you once were. There was a time you neither loved nor feared him. Like Gallio, you cared for none of these things. But he hath saved you from a careless, prayerless, indifferent, unconcerned, sinful state. He hath saved you by communicating light and life by his Spirit to your soul; so that you cannot sin as you once did, not go on as you once could. What a mercy! What a salvation! No thanks to you, not one of you. No thanks to the man that stands in the pulpit, that we ever had a love for God or his precious word. "Not unto us, not unto us, O Lord, but unto thy name, for thy mercy and truth's sake, be all the glory."

"He that is our God is the God of salvation." Who hath saved us from that state in which we were born, the state into which sin had plunged us? What would have been the consequences of dying in that state, my friends? How fearfully solemn. What a fearful curse is denounced against Adam and his posterity: "In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." There has never been since that day one of the posterity of Adam who ever had a desire to return to seek God till the Lord the Spirit wrought that desire in his soul. What, then, I ask you, and every free-willer, or every one that contends for works of creature righteousness, every one who thinks there is some power in the creature to do something to merit God's mercy, what, I would ask you, did your father or mother for you? Your father Adam and your mother Eve, what did they themselves? After eating the forbidden fruit, they found out that they were naked, and made themselves fig-leaved aprons; yet they were not satisfied. They heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day, and they were afraid, and hid themselves among the trees. Now, who was it went after them? Did they first go after God, or God go after them? Let us think. Do not let us be deceived in such a solemn, momentous thing as eternity. It is an awfully solemn thing to be deceived in things connected with soul matters. Better be a poor bankrupt, a pauper, a beggar, be stripped of all your worldly substance, than be deceived in this, in matters connected with eternity; you had better become an inmate of a workhouse or gaol than be deceived in soul matters. I ask you, then, how it was when man fell, whether he first went after God, or God searched him out. My friends, look at these matters. They are what you are deeply interested in. You will either be saved or lost. We cannot speak too solemnly, or too frequently. You and I must meet either in heaven or in hell, or there will be a separation between us. It will be an eternal one. Therefore look at it.

"He that is our God is the God of salvation." He saves from all the fearful consequences of sin. What these fearful consequences are we cannot fully tell. Though we have known somewhat what it is to be under the cursing, condemning power of God's righteous law, from that he saves us; yea, from all the awful, fearful, tremendous curse and wrath due to sin. From the

power of sin he saves us. He it is, our God, who is the God of salvation,—salvation from sin, salvation from the penal consequences, salvation from the curse of sin and wrath of the law, salvation from the power of inbeing sin. Bless his precious name! My friend on the verge of Jordan said, "Praise him! Praise him! Shout! You do not shout loud enough!" Then shout forth the praises of him who hath saved us from wrath, curse, and condemnation, from death, from an everlasting, never-ending eternity of punishment, of torment under the wrath and curse of a holy and righteous God.

"He that is our God is the God of salvation." As we have spoken of a salvation *from*, we will now speak of a salvation *to*. May the holy and blessed Spirit enable us to show not only what we have been saved *from*, but what we are saved *to*. What is it? What it is, I cannot fully describe. You must help me to explain the matter. You have, at times, in your experience, known what it is to feel your heart and soul blessedly melted down, under the power of the precious blood of sprinkling applied to your heart and conscience. You have sweetly felt the cleansing efficacy of that blood. It made you feel you were healed, and you have blessedly had this promise fulfilled in your soul's experience: "I have seen his ways and will heal him." O to feel the healing power of Jesu's precious blood! Has it not made your heart dance? I was conversing with a man last Saturday, and I asked him if he ever danced. Not he! Why, man, did you never go forth in the dances of them that make merry? Yes, many times. When the Lord blessed his soul, it caused his heart to dance. Could he have had his will, he would never have been without a solemn sense of God's love and mercy, and a sweet foretaste of heaven, and a manifestation of Christ the hope of glory. That hymn of Toplady's is suited to us. I wish we could more frequently enjoy the language:

"If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from thee?"

Do you not want to get there? I do. So that we prove the truth of the word of God: "There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God." That river is full, ever flowing from the fulness, the ocean of God's everlasting love. Where the poor weary soul can bathe in seas of heavenly rest. No more storms, no more trials, no more troubles, no more pains, no more disappointments. Saved *to what*? Stop a moment. Just hearken to the song of the redeemed, to the glorified ones, as expressed by Watts:

"Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears."

What, then, is the song? "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his blood, to him be glory for ever and ever." "Who hath redeemed us to God;" not only redeemed us from wrath, sin, law, the world, death, and hell; but to God. The God of salvation saves *from*, saves *to*.

Then *how* were they saved? As he is the God of salvation, the church's God, she is saved by the wonderful condescension of the glorious Person of a precious Redeemer, the God of our salvation, and not only in the purpose, grace, and covenant through and by the glorious condescension of a precious Christ. Thank, bless, and praise him. O for grace to trust in him, hope in him, rejoice in him! He is worthy of confidence. They sing in heaven, "Worthy is the Lamb!" They place the crown upon his head; so will every poor convinced, pardoned sinner. Our friend who departed last evening, a poor doubting, fearing thing all her life, when it came to the last conflict with the last enemy, she said, "Praise him! Worthy is the Lamb!" She seemed to be brought into that state of harmony with the very glorified spirits before the throne; so that in the swellings of Jordan this poor feeble-minded one was enabled by the blessed Spirit of God to shout, "Worthy is the Lamb!"

Then this God is our God, the God of salvation. How, then, is the sinner saved? He is saved by grace, through the amazing, everlasting, rich, free, and condescending love of God. How is it? Through the glorious Person and precious work of a dear Redeemer. How is it? By the illuminating power of God the eternal Spirit making you and me sensible of our need of salvation. He brings us to feel that we are under the condemning power of God's holy and righteous law. By his teachings we are brought to see how we are delivered by the blood and obedience of a precious Christ, through the glorious finished work of Immanuel, who from everlasting determined to save, everlastingly prepared to save his people. God set up his eternal Son to be the Saviour of his church. The church was given to Christ and Christ to the church in the bonds of the everlasting covenant; not for anything we can do on our part, but it is according to his mercy; and the mercy of the Lord is, we read, from everlasting to everlasting on them that fear him.

"He that is our God is the God of salvation." *Why* does he save us? I asked you these questions, *From what* we are saved, *to what* we are saved, *how* we are saved. Now, *why* are we saved? I will just refer you to one portion in Ps. cvii.: "Nevertheless, he saved them for his name's sake." *Why*, then, are we saved? We must ascribe it to the Lord. Bless him, it is all for his name's sake. Whatever he has done, it is for his name and mercy's sake. Turn to Eph. i. There you will see that whatever has been done was done to the praise and glory of his grace, being done for his name's sake. Therefore he that is our God by covenant, by gift, by revelation, is the God of salvation. From what? From hell, wrath, and death, to heaven, Christ, and

everlasting glory. How? Through him, the glorious Person of a precious Immanuel.

Is it right? Is it true? Yea, this will blessedly and everlastingly do for poor lost sinners who feel their need of salvation; no peradventure of sinking to hell. "He that is our God is the God of *salvation*." It is such a blessed and glorious truth that we may stake our soul's eternal all upon it. Stand it will when the world is in a blaze. I would not wish to bring any superficial or airy flights before you. You and I may never meet again, or look one another in the face. Now can you go away and say, "All that the man has been talking about is all foolishness?" I would appeal to your conscience that it is true, that you and I shall there stand or fall at the bar of God according to our standing and faith in Christ, in the truth of God, and in the salvation of God. "To God the Lord belong the issues from death." It was said to our father Adam, "In the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." Adam died, for he transgressed the command. What death was it? Spiritual death. The consequence of that was eternal death, as to himself and his posterity, without a Saviour,—death and endless misery. "Dying, thou shalt die." We have sometimes seen people as it were by the troubles and trials of this life driven to desperation, the thought that has made life miserable. If I should die out of Christ,—a death to be dreaded. What! To be damned, to die and for ever remain under the curse of God, ever remain under the wrath, under the vengeance of eternal fire? Know that this is called eternal death, eternal condemnation, according to the righteous ordination of a holy God, in his divine appointment. You are fearful you shall go to hell; you know you deserve it. "Yes," say you; "I know hell is my just desert; but can you give me any hope, any word of encouragement? I want to be saved from that guilt, curse, and condemnation." Do you? Then attend to what I say. Where are you looking for salvation? How do you expect to be saved? You cannot save yourself. "That," say you, "I am fully persuaded of; yet if the Lord Jesus Christ will but have mercy on my precious soul, save me, pardon me, and take me to heaven, then I shall be happy." My friends, if God has brought you solemnly to feel and desire these things, you must know that it is by his power that he will finish and perform the good work he has begun, that you shall be delivered from the issues of death through his precious blood.

If thou callest in question his power, what is there in thy case that can baffle Omnipotence? If thou art discouraged on account of thy own weakness, know that the weaker thou art in thyself the stronger thou shalt be in him, and that "he will perfect his own strength in thy weakness." If thou fearest on account of the strength and number of thine enemies, he meets thy fears with this salutary admonition: "Say ye not, 'A confederacy, a confederacy,' but sanctify the Lord of Hosts himself, and let him be your fear, and let him be your dread."—*Simeon*.

THE OBEDIENCE OF FAITH.

My dear Brother,—Your kind letter came to hand, with copy of Mr. P.'s enclosed; the which I now return.

It is a great mercy to be enabled to receive the truth in the love of it, and in meekness and the fear of God to render obedience in the same; first, by the actings of faith in our souls, discovering the glory, power, and love of God to us in the Lord Jesus, whereby peace is proclaimed in the conscience, and all the dreadful fears of death and judgment are hushed, and joy attends peace in believing. The soul now renders the obedience of the heart by believing the testimony God gave of his Son. This unites the soul to the Lord, and such find that he that is joined to the Lord is one spirit with him. It is from this fountain the obedience of faith proceeds; nor can our obedience to any precept in the gospel be acceptable before God without this true and saving faith any more than the legal obedience to the killing letter of the law can work out our righteousness therein.

The act of the obedience of faith to the precept is the open or public walk in the paths of gospel truth before the church and the world. Believe, then obey; receive the love of the truth, then show forth his praise in the same. It is here the power is required: "In demonstration of the Spirit and of power."

Where the King's word hath been attended with power to believe, if external obedience does not follow the obedience of the heart, then there is a stumbling-block somewhere that entangles the feet, and prevents them running in the way of his commands. I know of none more common than for Satan to take advantage of our sincerity, and, in too many cases, in the lack of a spiritual understanding and sanctified judgment in the truth. A certain sign or a wonder is considered necessary to induce us to an obedience of a plain precept. Thus a stumbling is laid where the Lord hath not laid one. Nothing can be plainer than this, the readiness and freedom in which New Testament believers obeyed the ordinances and walked in the ways of the Lord. There was no halting for another revelation. They saw Jesus by faith, and felt the power of his love and the constraint of a willing mind; and in this their obedience was acceptable to the Lord, and tended much to the increase of love and union in the churches of God. On the other hand, many of the Lord's people are so tried about the ordinance, because they have never felt the power of a living faith applying the word of truth to their hearts to testify their interest in the great atonement of Jesus. Now, if a soul hath come here, and fears to presume, not being at all satisfied of his standing in the gospel of the grace of God, but is seeking an obedience to witness his heart and quell the doubts arising, for the want of the Lord's seal on his conscience, then I say leave that soul in the Lord's hands. If he fears to go without a full assurance, the Lord will make it plain to him in due time. But where a soul is raised to hope in the Lord, and hath tasted

of his mercy, if he does not stand in the strength of the full assurance of faith, yet, if it is laid on his heart, and love is discovered in his soul to the Lord in his precepts and to walk in his ways, then we dare not on scripture grounds refuse such, but rather teach, instruct, and show unto them the way of the Lord more perfectly.

I should say if our Brother — has been blessed with the power of believing and saving faith in his soul, his non-obedience arises from a stumbling-block in his soul, of which he is not fully aware; and to attach a condition of ours, to constrain the Lord to comply with our terms, before we obey that which is clearly set before us in his revealed will, discovers in us more perverseness than we at first are willing to own to. I do most sincerely hope the Lord will show him where he is and at what it is he stumbles. This is my feeling and prayer for him, for I received him as a brother indeed on the day I heard him.

I shall be glad to know a little further how you fared last Sabbath day. I thought of you, and hope you were favoured with the Lord's approbation.

Yours sincerely in the Truth,

Feb. 2, 1870.

W. FREEMAN.

IS THERE HOPE?

JESUS, I would feel thee near,
My desponding heart to cheer;
Feel thee ever at my side,
My uncertain steps to guide.

Jesus, I am black as hell;
That my soul doth know full well.
Wash me in thy cleansing blood,
Lest I meet an angry God.

Jesus, I am blind and dark,
Cannot trace life's feeblest spark;
Do thou from the gates of death
Raise me with thy quickening breath.

Jesus, I am faint and weak,
Yet thy face I fain would seek;
Hearts that seek thee, thou hast said,
Such shall live, though they were dead.

Jesus, I am cold and hard,
From all feeling seem debarr'd;
Yet with heavenly love, I know,
Thou canst make my bosom glow.

Blind and sinful, cold and weak,
Cannot grieve, nor pray, nor speak;
Jesus, thou my heart canst see.

Is there hope for one like me?

Brighton.

VERA.

THOUGHTS ON THE SONG OF SOLOMON.

(Continued from page 362.)

CHAPTER IV.

Verse 4. "Thy neck is like the tower of David builded for an armoury, whereon there hang a thousand bucklers, all shields of mighty men."

By the church's neck we understand the faith of the elect family of God,—that blessed living spiritual faith which experimentally unites the church, as upon earth, to the Head in heaven, Christ Jesus. This faith is produced in the heart as a new creation by the Holy Spirit of God, and cannot possibly exist in any person in whom the Spirit does not produce it, as the spirit of life in Christ Jesus. This faith overcomes the world, works by love, believes things beyond the discovering power of sense and reason; does things which nature in Adam was never called to do, and which nature in fallen man would find the most perfect impossibilities. It bears God's will also as well as does it, bringing the strength of Christ into the midst of weakness, and thus saving the soul as well as justifying it, through its laying hold of the strength as well as the righteousness of Jesus. This faith owes its birth to sovereign grace. For it is of faith, that it might be by grace, which it could not be if the law, not grace, was the source of a true believing. He who believes truly believes in the law, but the faith whereby he believes is from grace, the new covenant, and is a part of the fulness of Christ Jesus. Hence the believer, who has the principle of faith in him, can never rest until he comes to Jesus, and finds in him the rest and the refreshing; and then can never rest unless as abiding in Jesus, and never shall be satisfied until he awakes in Christ's likeness in heaven. This faith is always one in its nature. *It is spirit*, though varying in its degree. Now abideth faith, hope, love.

On the first day God said, "Let light be, and light was;" on the fourth, light was centred in the sun. So in the grace creation. God says, "Let the new eternal life be;" or, rather, God himself shines into the heart, as Paul puts it. But then at first ordinarily there are no clear views of Jesus; but on the fourth day, or at the time appointed, the soul finds Jesus, the Sun of righteousness, shining in the firmament of grace. That Day Star arises in the heart. The light may at first rather discover the darkness than be itself discerned, or make other things very visible; but in due season the light becomes stronger and clearer. The day breaks and the shadows flee away; or, in other words, *Christ is all*. O how different to this divinely-produced grace of faith is that which human ingenuity invents, and human power accomplishes. There is a faith which stands in the inventive wisdom of man, and is self-wrought; but it is a dead thing, and unholy; lives not beneath the throne of God, adheres not to the Son of God; but, being born of the flesh, ends as its parent.

Corruption cannot bring forth incorruption, and a corruptible human faith can never inherit glory. The faith of the church is a pure and holy thing; it is *fair*. How uncomely to our ideas would be a fair form and dark neck. God makes all things beautiful and harmonious.

The faith of God's elect, then, is a most holy faith; holy in its origin, holy in its Author, holy in its effects. Its source is the Eternal Covenant; its Author is Christ by his Spirit; its effects are inward purifying, and outward conformity to the divine will. By faith God purifies the heart, and by faith a child of God serves God, as well as loves him, in his day and generation. O! This sweet, holy, living principle of a true believing. Faith crowns Christ, and Christ crowns this believing. Faith adores sovereign grace, and grace decks faith with heavenly ornaments. Faith looks to Christ, cleaves to Christ, owns Christ, obeys Christ, makes his cross sweet and his heaven precious, and faith draws out of his fulness all its supplies, lives upon this fulness, walks in his new and living commandments, triumphs in his finished work, and rejoices in his love. Such, then, is the church's *neck*.

But the excellences of faith, as glorifying Jesus, are also set forth by a similitude: "*Thy neck is like the tower of David builded for an armoury,*" &c. Let us just go through the terms of this similitude in order.

I. "*The tower of David.*" This is to show us royal strength, and indeed a certain kind of impregnability. A mere human faith may be broken into, and all its fancied possessions carried off. It is not like the tower of David, but the rock of the Kenites. "And he looked on the Kenites, and took up his parable, and said, Strong is thy dwelling-place, and *thou puttest thy nest in a rock*. Nevertheless, Asshur shall carry thee away captive." Such is the faith that stands in the power and wisdom of the flesh. One day a mere intellectual believer may be a professor of Christianity, preach it, and contend for it. Then comes some new discovery of science, and this human faith is forced by the hand of human reason, and the person becomes an infidel. This is no tower of David. But the child of God from the first believes in a different way. He has a divine inwrought evidence of the truth and divinity of God's word and the things therein declared; and though he may be assailed by all the forces of human reason, and, what is far more forcible, the powers of darkness, he cannot truly become an unbeliever; for his faith is of God, and therefore, so far as itself goes, like an impregnable tower. Why, many a dear child of God has had to undergo assaults upon his faith of an inward kind, the devil plying his mind with arguments forged in hell and sent home with the force of a devil, such as no man ever yet wrote in books; yet it is impossible to destroy his faith. He may himself be shaken, tossed about, almost distracted, but his new created faith remains still impregnable, and will assuredly

"Stand every storm and live at last."

We must here fairly warn our dear spiritual readers of the dangers of this day, and urge them to look well to that wherewith they will alone be able to conquer every enemy,—*their heaven-born faith*. Let them stand here, and maintain this against all arguments, all scientific reasoning, all the forces of fleshly wisdom and satanic power, that they have a divine evidence in themselves of the truth and divine nature of God's word; for in and by their most precious Bible God has himself spoken to their hearts, and shone into their minds, to give them that light which is far above and beyond any light of mere natural wisdom, being the certain knowledge of God in the face of his own Son, Christ Jesus. This is their tower of David; this is their impregnable fortress. Never let them give place to science for one moment when it would contradict their Bibles. The veriest fool naturally, when supernaturally enlightened by God himself in his word and by his Spirit, has a wisdom beyond that of the wisest human reasoner. "We have the mind of Christ." Saints are complete in him who is the wisdom of God, and the source of all intelligence to all intellectual beings. Let them then not suffer as fools, either sorrowingly or gladly. John writes that the children of God have no need of any man to teach them; they possess an unction from the Holy One which gives them a power of discerning things in a new and true light. He who has the light of the sun were foolish if he wanted to add to it the light of a candle. Christ receives not testimony or honour from man. He shines by the word into the heart in his own light, and this light, being divine, is self-evidencing and altogether satisfying. As the poet writes concerning the Bible, that best of books:

"It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none."

The fact is, without this peculiar self-evidencing light of the Holy Spirit shining in the word, and by the word into the heart, no man has that true, proper, and infallible evidence of the truth of the Bible which the child of God possesses. He "has the witness in himself." Nay, without this living light of the Spirit's new-creating work upon the heart, a man is not really capable of either understanding the scriptures or appreciating the external evidences of their being the word of God.

To one man a miracle is only a wonder; but the Bible miracles are not merely this, but wonders full of God and his dear Son Jesus; not the meaningless fables of Popery, but the manifestations of the glory of God. "Ye seek me, not because ye saw the miracles." They had seen the things performed, but not perceived their meaning, or seen Christ in them. "This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth his glory." "Our fathers," says David, "understood not thy wonders in Egypt." They saw the wonders wrought, but discerned not the grace and glory of God in them. So it is with prophecy. The prophecy came not in old time by the will of man,

but holy men spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. Therefore the testimony to Jesus is the spirit of prophecy. But to appreciate the testimony of the prophets, a man must have the Spirit of Christ. Then, in the prophetic word, as in all other scriptures, he sees a glory above the brightness of any mere human light. In fact, he has a discovery immediately from God himself of his divine glory, as manifested in Christ Jesus.

Such a light, then, as this is special, infallible, and sufficing. It is not dependent upon the arguments of modern science for its convincing power, nor can it really be affected by human oppositions, or what Paul styles oppositions of science, falsely so called. Now when a man has this light, this evidence which comes with a true faith, let him cleave to it, knowing of whom he has learned the Bible, and still maintain this his proper ground for believing against all human reasoners and infernal opponents.

Mind, I do not say misinterpret the Bible, make it say things it never says, or suppose it to teach what was never intended, and thus bring the words of God unnecessarily, ignorantly, and unwisely into collision with true science or real knowledge. This is mere Popish folly. But let the child of God maintain this against all comers,—that he has a certain peculiar divine and infallible evidence of the truth of the Bible generally as the word of God; for in it and by it God has shone with a divine self-evidencing light, and wrought with an almightiness of power into and upon his own soul. (1 Cor. ii.; 2 Cor. iv.) Maintaining this, let him in every case seek to know, by looking to the same divine Teacher, what the mind of God and his testimony in his word really is; then, having learnt of God, let him intrench himself in the tower of a spiritual divinely-wrought believing against all the assaults of foolish and ignorant, because merely natural men and fierce devils; triumphing with Isaiah in his holy though scornful song: “The virgin, the daughter of Zion, hath despised thee, and laughed thee to scorn. The daughter of Jerusalem hath shaken her head at thee.” (Isa. xxxvii. 22.)

We have written thus fully about the faith of a child of God, and the peculiar evidence he has that the Bible is the word of God, because of the importance of the subject. At the risk, too, of being tedious, we must say a few more words, because we think they will prove words in season.

Now remember that the simple, intelligible truth of the matter is this: Every true child of God and spiritual believer has an evidence in himself of the divine inspiration of the Bible, which properly makes it independent of the changing opinions of men and science, whether these opinions, formed to-day and reformed or altered to-morrow, appear to bear witness to that infallible inspiration, or the reverse. And from this it follows that the faith of a child of God rises into a region above that of mere natural reason, discovering a divine glory in the word of God, and seeing in a light which unassisted, uninspired reason is en-

tirely unacquainted with, and can no more entertain or appreciate than a blind man naturally can see the light of the sun, or admire the beautiful colours produced by it. It is a blessed thing for a man when he is enabled by a divine power to set to his seal that the word of God is his word in truth and reality; but this does not alter the facts of the case. The Bible is not dependent upon the votes of science; and whether human reason approve or disapprove, it will still speak to the hearts of God's children with a divine authority.

That the heathen in days of old should dispute upon the point of the existence of God does not alter the truth contained in God's word, that the visible things of him from the foundation of the world do clearly testify of his eternal power and Godhead. That Pharaoh said, "Who is the Lord?" did not make the words of Moses less authoritatively and evidently divine in their own nature. We believe that the heavens plainly declare the glory of God, their voice being sufficiently distinct, were man not fallen, to convince him of the glory of his Maker. We believe, too, that there is sufficient evidence of God speaking in the Bible, if man was not blinded by sin and Satan. But then man is a poor fallen creature, crippled as to his intellect, depraved in his heart, and under the influence of Satan. The science of Adam in innocency would be true, because he would begin and end with God; his faculties unimpaired, his heart innocent, and all subjected to his Creator. But the science of fallen man is fallible. He begins too often to investigate without reverence and any respect to God. He leans upon his own understanding, is proud and self-reliant, though fallen and enfeebled. Hence he is liable to be in his discoveries and conclusions the dupe of Satan, that great deceiver. Shall God's people, then, lean upon such blind guides, or make their precious Bible the sport of such very vain men? Is it not their wisdom to pray to God that they may not improperly be influenced by that wisdom of the flesh of which Paul writes: "The world by wisdom knew not God?" Shall they allow the testimonies of their Bibles to be overturned to them by the shifting opinions of an uncertain science? The word of God itself tells us that in the last days many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased. We may expect, then, continually, fresh discoveries, some apparently bearing witness to the truth of the Bible, some denying it. Nay, more; the word of God reveals to us not only the infidelity, but the atheism which is to prevail in the last days: "Denying the only Lord God (*i. e.*, the Creator) as well as our Lord Jesus Christ." How necessary, then, to have a faith as the tower of David; a royal faith, such as God himself will crown with approbation, because divinely produced, and loyal to the truth as it is in Jesus; a faith that hears God himself speaking in his word; a faith in which Christ himself dwells; a faith that is impregnable to all the assaults of a mere ungodly science and un sanctified reason,—a divine faith which is unconquerable.

THE INWARD WITNESS.

My dear Friend,—No doubt you will think I have quite forgotten you in not answering your letter before. Such has not been the case; but my backwardness in writing is from feeling my insufficiency to write anything to profit.

I was glad to find that the Lord is leading you to seek for truth in the inward parts; for it is not receiving truth in the judgment that will save us; but if we are saved we must believe to the saving of our souls; and believing is receiving into the soul the truth in the love of it with the unctuous power of God the Holy Ghost bearing witness to the divine truth of God upon the soul of the believer. "He that believeth hath the witness in himself;" and this Witness teacheth him all things that are necessary for him to know, and brings to light the hidden things of darkness of his fallen nature which lay hidden from his view before, discovering to him the awful state he is in by nature; and this causeth him to groan under the evils of his heart, and to hate himself as a true disciple of Christ. Then this blessed Witness convinces him of the truth of the fall; and he does not believe it from observation but from feeling, and the painful discoveries he has of his own evil nature. He sees, and feels, and knows, from a deep feeling sense of it, that rottenness has entered his bones, that he stinks and is corrupt because of his foolishness, that all his righteousnesses are as filthy rags and as an unclean thing, and that his iniquities, like the wind, have taken him away from all that is good. Thus this blessed Witness bears testimony in his heart that without the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost he can never enter heaven. He believes that man is lost, because he himself feels it. He believes in the awful depravity of fallen nature, because he feels his own heart to be deceitful above all things and desperately wicked. He believes that justification is not by the works of the law, because that is holy and he is carnal, sold under sin. He believes that if any man be in Christ he is a new creature, because he feels the old is corrupt in every part; as one says, "No part is sound or healthy." Thus he is led to put no confidence in the flesh, being solemnly convinced by this heavenly Witness that there is nothing there can please God. "So then they that are in the flesh cannot please God."

This is one part of the witness that believers have within them, and a very necessary part in order to prize the great Physician. Now my friend will find many whose knowledge of this comes from observation, and not from an inward witness; but the Spirit of the Lord is like a candle that searches the inward parts of the heart; for he has said he will search Jerusalem with candles. And sure I am that when the blessed Spirit begins to search the heart he will make such discoveries that the believer will say,

"Shock'd at the sight, I straight cry out,
Can ever God dwell here?"

Thus the new man, which is created in righteousness and true holiness, strives against the flesh, because it is corrupt, filthy, and unholy.

But he that believeth hath not only the witness of sin and evil that his corrupt nature is composed of; he has also the witness of a good conscience, and of the precious blood of Christ cleansing from all sin, and that he is a child of and a joint-heir with the Lord Jesus Christ; and this he believes by the Holy Spirit bearing witness in his heart, whereby he cries, "Abba, Father." He believes that righteousness delivers from death, because by believing in that he has the witness that his soul is delivered from death, his eyes from tears, and an assurance that his feet will never eternally fall. He knows that a lively hope emboldens the soul, that a living faith triumphs over death and hell, and that perfect love casteth out all fear, because he hath the witness of it within. He has the spirit of prophecy, that brings distant things near, reveals his blessed abode in the land that is afar off; for "the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy."

And what shall I more say to him who I hope is amongst them that are my glory and crown of rejoicing? Why, let me admonish thee and earnestly entreat thee to seek for this inward witness, which is the earnest of inheritance that is reserved in heaven for us; and that you may abundantly prosper in this, and be kept in all your ways, is the desire of

Yours in the Lord,

Rotherfield, Nov. 29, 1864.

THOMAS RUSSELL.

HE BEING DEAD YET SPEAKETH.

My dear Brother and Sister,—I thought I would enclose a scrap with dear Maria's, to express my gratitude for the excellent memoir of dear Philpot. My heart responds with him in his experience as I read on. What a burning and shining light was he! How essentially deep and encouraging are his remarks! As I read the contents they make me fall into nothing in my own sight. How few there are left like him to show forth the Lord's praise. Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. There is a remnant according to the election of grace, and the point lies heavy upon my soul to know whether I am one or not. The workings of my mind now in my old age are very mysterious, even so that I feel a loss to describe them. They are mostly dark and intricate on account of the indwelling of my base and sinful heart and the hidings of God's countenance, so that I can only see my true character in Ps. li. Yet I must say, to the glory of God's precious love and grace, beams of light sometimes enter my poor soul; I mean the light of the knowledge and glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ; so that I feel, at times, his strength made perfect in my extreme weakness. How suitable are dear Hart's words:

“Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
 Weak and wounded, sick, and sore;
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity, join'd with power.
 He is able;
 He is willing; doubt no more.”

Ah! Nothing will give the guilty conscience ease but a sense of blood-bought pardon, which only can dissolve this heart of stone.

I understand that dear brother — is coming to Temple St. to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ. May the Lord bless him with mouth and wisdom to proclaim the riches of his grace to poor hell-deserving sinners. I am fully assured that he will stand in need of the blessed Spirit to enable him to speak of the glories of the kingdom and talk of his power. My deafness deprives me of going to hear him. I never before was so deaf as at this time. I can scarcely hear with my trumpet close to the mouths of any that I hold conversation with. This is my lot. May the Lord enable me to bear it with resignation to his blessed will, and to forbear with them that surround me.

I conclude with fervent desire that the Lord will bless you all with a happy new year, and render the Lord Jesus very precious to all who love him in godly sincerity.

Your unworthy Brother,

Dec. 28, 1871.

BENJAMIN.

POOR, YET RICH.

Dear Friend,—I herewith enclose P.O.O. for my annual subscription to “Gospel Standard” Aid Society.

How true it is that not many rich or mighty, not many noble of this world, but the poor, are God's choice, in revealing the grand secret of making them that are really poor in spirit rich in faith, and at last in causing them to possess an eternal inheritance. Therefore, though they may be very poor, they (the Lord's poor) would not with the world exchange, even if they could possess the whole; and when under the sweet anointings of the Holy Ghost, they are quite content with their present pilgrims' lot, knowing that, whatever trial they may have, it cometh from the Lord for their good and his glory; and they can, at times, when thus favoured, sing, “'Tis well,” like the dear woman who lost her son by death. Dear old Job, too, could say the same when property and children were at a stroke, as it were, taken away; at any rate, in rapid succession. The dear man could then say, “The Lord hath taken away as well as hath given; yet I will bless him.” But how soon he fell into fretfulness. Ah! No doubt he pitied himself, like perhaps you and I have sometimes done, till the heart has heaved with rebellion against our God. And O what darkness, what death, what a distance from him has it driven our poor souls! No sweet bowing down before his sacred feet, telling him we are the clay and he our potter, we the

work of his hands, &c., let him do as seemeth him good. O no, not for the time. But afterwards the Lord brings us to feel the peaceful fruits of righteousness when we have been thoroughly exercised; so that we are made very humble and meek, and feel it is through rich mercy we are still out of hell, and not only out of a deserved hell, but favoured after all. It is wonderful that the Lord bears with such. How many things drag the vessel of mercy from real joy. The dreadful cravings of an unclean nature, working with awful spite and craft, sometimes draw the heart from God, as dear Hart says:

"The dungeon, opening foul as hell,
Its loathsome stench emits."

Ah! This will cause the child of God much hanging down of both head and hands, so that the Lord will be sought after again, and very earnestly too, when thus aroused to see something of our sad state.

The Lord is determined to bring down high looks that no flesh shall glory in his presence, but that his people shall glory in his dear Son and his great salvation, and it becomes exceedingly precious to them.

I hope you are favoured with much real intercourse with his sacred Majesty, the glorious Immanuel, the real Man, the real God. That was a stoop indeed for the eternal I AM to take the nature of his people in such a mysterious manner and in such a way that he enables worms to draw near and adore him for what he has done, and what he still does in them, in causing his Person, decrees, love, grace, incarnation, righteousness, his sorrows, and ignominious death, *all* to become, at times, exceedingly precious to their souls, and, at times, with that late man of God, Mr. Gadsby, to sing,

"O that my soul could love and praise him more," &c.

He is able to love him now, view his scars of honour which he wears, and which he won in the dread battle on the behalf of poor Zion, when he hung upon the tree, I hope for worthless you and me; for I sincerely believe this is the case, though of all creation I feel the most undeserving to be favoured by the great Three-One Lord God, whom though we cannot see yet we love.

Ah! Dear friend, the wondrous mystery of love rests not in the dear church's unworthiness, but in the fount Himself, though the church must and will be brought to feel this in the Lord's time, and to hate the cursed hateful deceit, craft,—yea, every abomination which dwells within. The dear church can give the enemies of God the lie about their living in sin. The carnal, dead Antinomian may live in sin; but though sin lives in the saint, it is death to his soul's comfort to feel its dreadful workings in opposition to the God he desires to love above everything else.

May the mighty God bless you in your labour of love, keep you in all his ways, and give you many times of refreshing in your soul. This is the sincere desire of a poor worm,

Sheerness.

J. BENNETT.

PAINFUL EXPERIENCE.

To the Editor of the "Gospel Standard."

Dear Sir,—I have for a long time felt a desire to write to you a few lines to inform you of the very deep trials which my soul has passed through of late, and of the goodness of the Lord who sustained me, and ultimately brought me out of them all. However, I could never resolve on doing so until now; and this resolve has been brought to this issue by reading again the letter of Mr. Deacon, of Abingdon, which is in the Feb. No. of the "Gospel Standard." In that letter he (the writer) has so accurately described many of the painful exercises of my own soul, that when I read it I felt deeply moved; and most assuredly I found the truth of that portion of the word of God,—*i.e.*, "As face answereth to face in water, so doth the heart of man to man."

But to begin my relation, I may just say I have been a sufferer from a "feeble heart" and shattered nerves for more than twenty years; the nervelessness brought on chiefly, I believe, through trials in the family, in the ministry, and circumstances connected with a "deceitful heart, which is desperately wicked," the exercises of which have often brought me into a desperate state, and, but for the power of the Highest preventing, would have brought me to destruction long before this; but the Lord hath not given me over to the will of my enemy, and I feel a persuasion within that he never will. O that I could praise him more heartily for his preventing, influential, and preserving grace; and so live to the honour of his most worthy name, and thereby prove I am not mine own, but am bought with a price, even by the most precious blood of the Son of God.

It is now near three years since it pleased the Lord to remove from me a son, near seventeen years of age, who left such a testimony behind him as assured me he is with the Lord,

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

Just before this I had been passing through a very trying place in my pathway, and was brought to feel much distress from my nerveless state, so that I could take but little rest night or day; indeed, I may say, "Sorrowful days and nights were appointed unto me." Just then it came to my mind that a professor of godliness, whom I knew in the early part of my making a profession, and who suffered from shattered nerves, had been in the habit of taking *opium*; and feeling, as I then did, so restless, I resolved to take some myself, not in the slightest degree regarding it as a pernicious drug, but as a medicine to relieve from nerveless sufferings. I therefore began taking it, and I found it so quieting and soothing that I really often felt gratitude arising from my heart to the Lord for providing such a relief for such poor sufferers as I was myself. I speak the truth, God bearing me witness, that I had not the slightest thought that it was in any way wrong to take it. (I would warn and persuade any poor

creature who may be in the habit of taking it to leave it off as soon as possible.) However, I soon found that though I have since read of great and strong-minded men taking it their lives long,—as, for instance, Wilberforce, the slave emancipator; Milner, the writer of Church History; and the Dean of Carlisle; I proved that my constitution could not bear it. And, to be short, the skill of the doctor was called for, and he did what he could, but with no beneficial effect. No; for I got worse and worse, and seemed fast approaching my end. This the doctor informed me. But, alas! Wave upon wave began to flow in upon my soul, which proved far more distressing than any bodily affliction or pains that ever I have borne; for now the Lord began to hide his face; and though I had been favoured with much access to the throne of grace and some sweetness from assurance that the Holy Ghost helped my infirmities, and that the dear Mediator heard and would in his own time answer my petitions; yet now, though I lost not the spirit of prayer, no, nor did I through all the painful succession of miseries which followed; but though crying almost incessantly I began to find those impressions of a comforting character that I was heard and should be answered in the Lord's time, greatly decreasing, and a horror of darkness came over me; nor could I, in looking at the way by which the Lord had been leading me, gather any relief, and that because of the prevalence of unbelief, which ushered in a great crowd of doubts and fears; and at last despondency took full possession of me, as I thought. In fact, it was then a despairing of the mercy of the Lord; and notwithstanding all, I kept on, as well as I could, preaching the word, that part of it in particular which describes the tribulations of God's family. But I could not continue at it long; for I found such condemnation within, as well as weakness of body, that I found it impossible to continue. But now the thoughts thickened, and pressed heavily on my mind that I had preached the gospel to others, but I myself was quite rejected; and though I tried to take some encouragement from certain persons who had professed that their call by grace was through my instrumentality, and though they had left this world under the light of the Lord's countenance, one or two triumphantly, yet no comfort could I now gather from these displays of the Lord's mercy through me the instrument. Moreover, I was now brought to reflect on the end of one who appears to have drowned himself, and I had brought before me how he went about in the most perfect wretchedness before he committed the rash act; and on the back of this, "You are just like him. God hath given you up as he did him; and why should you not finish your miserable existence here, for you will never be of any use to your family? And as to preaching again, you know yourself that that is impossible; for if you live you will become a parish charge as a maniac." And O, how the old fiend laid at me for some days and nights; but that which is wonderful to me is, that never in my life did I so earnestly cry to God to rebuke the enemy, and pre-

vent my doing as he laboured to get me to do. Indeed it was a sharp hand-to-hand engagement, for by my so incessantly crying to the Lord, my spirit was wearied out, and my body was weakened; but in all this, though my sins were set before me in the multitude and aggravating character of them, how wondrously did the Holy Spirit bring forth such passages as: "O Israel, thou hast ruined thyself; but in me is thy help found;" "Come and let us reason together; for though your sins be as scarlet," &c.; "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins," &c.; "Whosoever *will*" (the will was mine here), "let him come;" "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden," &c.; "He that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out," &c. &c. I was enabled to use these to some little effect, though not for my complete deliverance, or even much comfort, only I was in some degree helped by them, and praise my merciful Redeemer for them.

Well, how surprised was I to find myself at once delivered from this temptation to self-destruction; for it was as it were in a moment taken away; nor was I ever assailed with it any more. But though thus mercifully delivered from this sore trial, I nevertheless found I sank deeper and deeper; ay, and this I found was impairing my faculties; for my mind was so enfeebled that I might have been trampled under foot. I had no power even to plead my own cause, and therefore I became as the outcast, and felt as though no man cared for my soul.

Well do I remember, on a certain day, being almost maddened and bereft of my rationality. A godly lady called to see me, and she seeing me in such a deplorable state, began to try to comfort me by setting forth the promises of God, and telling me that the Lord would appear in his own time. All she said, however, to encourage and comfort me added to my misery, and in the bitterness and desperation of my spirit I cried out (rudely it would seem), "Desist, for 'tis no use to use words with one that is desperate; you increase my misery." O the inexpressible distress I felt no pen can describe, at least I am sure mine cannot; but though it was so, I still had such a spirit of importunity that I was almost incessantly, with short ejaculatory prayer, pouring out my soul unto God, but with no realized hope that he heard me, only I was forced to continue this crying; and sometimes thought, "Well, if I must go to hell, as, for aught I see to the contrary, I must, I will go into hell crying for mercy." O these were terrible days!

On the 3rd of November last, a day to be remembered by me, I was to have been at Hope Chapel, Rochdale, to preach the gospel to the dear people who were formerly under the pastoral care of the beloved Kershaw, and had engaged a minister (Mr. Markwell) for my own pulpit. I had the sentence of death temporal (and as I then felt, eternal death too), fixed within my inmost soul, and felt as sure that in a few hours, perhaps, I should be no more in the land of the living; but the dear Lord

had not willed it so, and I know his counsel shall stand, and he will do all his pleasure. It was decreed that I should still be kept in the conflict. After this my doctor left me as an incurable, and in the most cool manner said I was in a sad, or shocking state, and advised me very strongly to go to some watering-place, and by degrees leave off the opium, &c.; but this I saw no possibility of doing; for first, I was so weak in body and feeble in mind that I appeared affrighted at the thought of travelling alone. And, secondly, my income was so limited that I knew I had not the means to defray the expenses of lodgings, a doctor, and a nurse, and I dreaded the idea of plunging into debt. This then decided me. I must take things as they come; and in a desperate mood I thought, "Let come what will, so it must, for aught I can do to prevent it." But now I can, and do heartily, join with the poet, and say,

"Wonders of grace to God belong;"

and I will, he helping me, repeat his praises in my song; for he saw my state, and opened a way, and led me in a way I knew not.

Just at this time a friend, living at Lowestoft, but with whom I had had no correspondence for many months, sent a letter to me to go and spend a week or fortnight at her house; and, though she knew nothing about the state I was in, yet her mind had been so impressed to write to me that she felt a kind of necessity was laid upon her to do so. This she did, and as soon as I received it, notwithstanding all my despairing as regards the Lord's care of me, I could do no other than avow that it was of the Lord. The day but one after receiving the letter, a gentleman, a very kind friend of mine, sent his groom with his horse and trap to carry me to Ely Railway Station, there to take the train for Lowestoft. I arrived there, and went into the waiting-room till the train started. But O what a miserable man did I feel myself to be! And now I counted myself a great fool for ever attempting such a journey; and it was suggested that I certainly should never reach Lowestoft, and I had begun to think of hiring a conveyance to take me home again, as the groom had gone, leaving me there, when a lady, Mrs. H., of Lowestoft, at whose house I had made my home when preaching at Lowestoft, came into the waiting-room: She soon inquired where I was going, and, to her surprise, found I was going to within a door or two of her own home. She at once informed me that Mr. W., a minister living at Market Downham, was also going to Lowestoft that evening to preach there, and presently he appeared, and after hearing the state I was in, kindly took charge of me. And thus my blessed Lord provided me with helpers and companions whose sympathy and kindness were great. We all arrived safely at Lowestoft in due time, and though I was very tired and very ill, and my mind tortured, yea racked to an almost unbearable degree, yet I determined to hear Mr. W. preach; and never shall I forget the terrible effect it had on my mind. The word of God as a hammer broke

me to pieces, and as a sword it pierced me through and through, and as a candle searched the innermost parts of the belly. His discourse was founded on several verses in Lam. iii., and he gave a relation of the Lord's dealings with his soul. He had been killed and made alive. The killing I could understand, for that I was then experiencing; the making alive I felt was as far from me as from the devil, as to any confidence felt by me that it would ever be my experience. I managed to sit it out, but how I know not. When I came out Mr. W. gave me an account of how amazingly all his sufferings were intimated to him as coming upon him, and the following dream presented all to him. He dreamed he was going over a plain, and at a certain place he saw a bottomless pit before him, and there appeared an evil spirit, who seized him and forced him along towards the pit; but just before he was put in as he expected, another person appeared, and delivered him from going into the pit. Now, this dream, with the exception that no persons or spirits appeared to me, was the exact realization of a dream which I had had about a fortnight before that time. Mr. W. named several other things relating to the deep sufferings he endured in his soul, body, and circumstances, and then said he was nine months in that condition before he was delivered. Now this proved a snare to me, for I at once concluded, if even the Lord did deliver me, I quite expected to be in that state nine months; nor could I remove the impression or abate the misery it occasioned. But I must go down deeper still, and I began to feel that I should never be delivered; and, besides, I should not only be lost for ever, but that before I was taken away I should lose my reason entirely, and end my existence in either a madhouse or a workhouse; and so much was this impression realized that I already felt as though my rationality was leaving me, and I mused on what I should be likely to utter when quite from myself. I could not help roaring out in the anguish of my soul, and which I had done at home; nor could I forbear, though I tried not to do so. However, such was my state the next evening that Mr. Worthington, a very skilful doctor, was sent for, and on coming and examining me, though he knew not what mental sufferings I was enduring, he soon found I was in a very precarious state as to my bodily health. But I must here add that God inclined this gentleman to be exceedingly kind to me. He mixed a sort of sedative which I took for about a fortnight, or nearly so, and this, under God's blessing, with kind nursing, had a beneficial effect on my body; but O the poor soul. What distress it endured, and yet still was I kept begging and entreating the Lord to have mercy, to save, &c.; but it was some days before either sun, or moon, or stars appeared; it was darkness that *was* felt indeed.

I continued at Lowestoft a little longer, and then Mr. W. came to the place to preach again. I went to hear him, and though I could receive no comfort for myself, I appeared less distressed. All this while, or now and then during this time, those passages

of scripture were frequently as though they were a sort of stay that kept my soul from sinking quite into hell, only I could get no sensible comfort from them, but it appeared as though the devil could not master them, nor drive them quite away. Well, Mr. W. took me, as it were, under his care in my homeward journey, where I arrived safely, though shattered and distressed amazingly.

Now, while I was suffering so dreadfully in my mind, I used to be thinking sometimes about my people, and wondering how they would manage; but as to my ever preaching to them again, I thought it equally impossible as that I could create a world.

But to draw to a conclusion, I may add that by degrees the Lord began to make my heart soft. By reading Ps. cxliii. I was helped a great deal; for the dear Lord seemed to show me myself in it, and other psalms began to take me up in such a manner, so that hope began to take possession; and I found, as my daily companion, Hart's Hymns amazingly helpful. The Lord gradually drew my soul to himself, and I most sweetly held communion with him, and he enabled me to declare that I knew he had done all things well, and that in faithfulness he had afflicted me; and I could say, "He hath delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling." And, blessed be his most holy name, he now gives me a measure of persuasion that,

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

He enables me to say not one trouble too many or pain too much has been experienced. No. And though I am a great coward at suffering, and find myself often fretful, repining, and rebellious, and have a shockingly depraved heart and nature, yet at present he enables me to say,

"Choose thou the way, but still lead on."

During my captivity and sore distress the enemy was very active in forging and getting uttered his lies. Astonishing statements were made; but how marvellously has the Lord confounded such who were so used by Satan, and now they are quiet because he maketh the waves of ungodly ones to be quiet, as well as stills the madness of the people; and my soul now saith, "Let them curse, but bless thou;" for "The blessing of the Lord it maketh rich," and with it is no sorrow added. "O taste that the Lord is gracious; blessed is the man that trusteth in him." When my captivity began to be turned, I felt great comfort from the knowledge that many godly persons, both ministers and private Christians, had felt a spirit of prayer for me, and had been assured that the Lord would deliver me, and that I should not then die, but live to declare the Lord's goodness in the land of the living; but more especially did I feel this from Mr. S., of B. He proved one of the Lord's Barnabases. The Lord's name be praised for

help given through his servant. I proved great kindness from Mr. W., who preached to my people, and he also said his prayer had been to God in the time of my calamity, that he would sanctify the trial, and in due time deliver; nor was the Lord's goodness less shown in causing his people to minister to my need in temporals, but he put it into the hearts of my dear friends at Rochdale, at Lowestoft, and from some I never knew, to send me help; and here also efforts were made to assist, so that in some degree I experienced something like Job, that friends brought me pieces of gold, and silver too; and though great expenses were incurred, he did help, he does help, and in him I hope that he will yet help; so that I now set to my seal that he is a faithful God, and is a strong tower, and the righteous runneth in and is safe.

"A few more sighs, a few more tears,
And then adieu to doubts and fears;
I hope to be where sorrows cease,
For ever bless'd with joy and peace."

Downham, Ely, Cambs, March 31, 1873.

D. PEGG.

[We have inserted the foregoing letter with some hesitation. Had the distress of mind commenced with the use of opium and passed away when the noxious drug was cast aside, we should have felt persuaded that it was not genuine soul trouble at all, but only such anguish and horror of mind as might, according to the confessions of some, be experienced by any opium eater, and that the restoration of peace was little more than a return to a sound state of mind when the source of a kind of insanity was removed. But as we found that the trouble preceded the use of opium, we were inclined to think that it was a case of real soul trouble, removed in due season by the word of God, after being greatly aggravated by the use of improper means when those false refuges were abandoned. We cannot too strongly reprobate such a use of opium, and would earnestly pray the Lord to keep his dear children from such evil and dangerous practices. We even feel pained when opiates to a great extent are ordered by medical men, and taken by godly persons in cases of severe bodily suffering, knowing as we do the exceedingly delusive state of mind and feeling necessarily produced. In these cases, however, we desire to speak very tenderly; but we unhesitatingly reprobate such practices as prevailed for a time with the writer of the letter.]

CONWAY STREET CHAPEL.

The Committee of Conway Street Chapel to our beloved Brother and Friend, J. Warburton,

Sendeth greeting, wishing all prosperity in Mount Zion, the city of the great King. God is known in her palaces for a refuge.

We received your kind epistle, and rejoice to hear you are still travelling on in the narrow way; and really your letter puts a poor body in mind of old times, when the temple was building, and, by God's particular order, there was to be certain chequer-work therein; and so it is now with the poor Christian's path; they must go in and out, up and down, in the name of the Lord, so that his path is all complete chequer-work, from the dawn of day in the soul until he yields up the ghost in death.

In the day of prosperity we are to be joyful, but in the day of adversity to consider God hath set the one against the other, so that a man shall find nothing after him to lift him up with pride. As poor old Jacob said, "Few and evil have the days of my pilgrimage been," and yet, at times, and under divine influence in the sweet exercise of faith, could say, "The angel that fed me all my life long, and redeemed me from all evil, bless the lads."

As it was with our glorious Head and Forerunner, so it is, more or less, with every member of his mystical body, oftentimes in much tribulation, because of the roughness of the way; yet, in the midst thereof, at times, the poor drooping soul is so sweetly led forth in the exercise of faith as to enter into the very heart of a bleeding, suffering Saviour, and to refetch a little of the joys of heaven here below, and to receive a fresh unction from the Holy One. Thus doth he, at times, drink of the brook by the way, and so lift up his drooping head again. But, alas! He goes not on long before a fresh cloud or storm arises again, either from a tempting devil, or his own corrupt, wicked heart, or a frowning providence, or from a wicked, sin-disordered, God-dishonouring world; sometimes having afflictions in the poor body, and, what is worst of all, the hidings of God's face, so that neither sun, nor moon, nor stars appear visible for many days. So saith the prophet: "Verily, thou art a God that hidest thyself, O God of Israel, the Saviour." Then all is gloom, fears, and dismay, and the Comforter that should relieve the poor soul appears afar off, fresh-contracted guilt lying on the conscience, no heart to pray, covered with shame and confusion of face, sensibly shut up in prison, and, like poor Samson, forced to grind in the prison-house of unbelief, with both his eyes out, stone blind, and cannot see what the Lord is doing or about to do with him; and what the end will be he knows not. All he can do is, at times, to groan, sigh, and cry, "O that it was with me as in months past, when the candle of the Lord shone brightly on my head, and when by his light I walked through darkness." But unbelief, that spawn of the devil, says, "I shall one day perish by the hand of Saul." And thus it is the poor child of God is the greatest fool and puzzle to himself as well as to all around him. He is full of tossings to and fro and self-contradictions. Zion saith, "The Lord hath forsaken me, and my God (mark that) hath forgotten me;" and how to make out various parts of God's book he knows not. He is so blind at such times that he cannot see how they can harmonize with his experience.

He that treads the path of the just shall shine more and more unto perfect day, and he feels and finds he gets more dead, cold, lifeless, and barren; full of peevishness, fretfulness, murmuring, and rebellion; so that he cries out with one of old, "I am more brutish than any man, and have not the knowledge of the holy;" and with another, "So foolish and ignorant was I that I was like a beast before him;" yet after a little emptying of self, and some sharp furnace work, and the good name, fame, and reputa-

tion is all crumbled to ashes, he is brought to confess, "Behold, I am vile;" and feeling a little softness and relenting within, the good Lord draws forth his own grace in exercise again; then he is melted down to nothing, and breaks forth, "It is of the Lord's mercy we are not consumed, because his compassions fail not; they are new every morning. Great is the Lord's faithfulness. The Lord is the portion of my soul; therefore will I hope in him;" and thus it is a kind of chequer-work all the way, and through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom prepared for all the blood-bought seed from before the foundation of the world.

And now, our beloved brother, we have to inform you our pastor, Mr. Robins, still continues very seriously ill indeed, and brother Gadsby is with us, as no doubt you know. He came up to preach on Sunday, the 17th inst., and is engaged five Lord's days, which time expires on the 21st of June; so that on Sunday, the 28th, we sadly fear we shall want a supply, as we have little or no hope Mr. Robins will be able to resume his labours at any rate by that time; so that if you could possibly make it convenient to come up at that period and pay us another visit, the brethren would be very glad, as you well know it is a very trying time with us; and how or what the Lord is about to do with us and for us we know not, but do most humbly hope our eyes and hearts may be kept looking to him with a single eye to his honour and glory, and be enabled to stand and see his salvation. But unbelief, and his own kinsman, carnal reason, will be very busy you may be sure, and say all these things are against us; yet in the issue we shall have to say, to the immortal honour of our great Captain and Leader, it was a right way the good Lord hath led us through this waste, howling wilderness. We know infinite wisdom can never err. "I will work," says God, "and none shall let (that is, hinder) my all-wise purposes, or stay my councils," for he worketh all things after the counsel of his own will, and for his own immortal honour and his children's good; and it is a sweet thought that the honour and glory of a Triune Jehovah, the everlasting salvation and glorification of his blood-bought seed, are inseparably connected together. "I will," says God, "place salvation in Zion, for Israel my glory."

We need not say that our dear brother Gadsby has been well received by all the friends. He joins with us in his kind love to you, and Mr. Robins also. Mr. Gadsby desired us to inform you that his time was so taken up the last week before he left Manchester he had not time to write to you, and since he has been in London he has not been able, from his many engagements.

And now may the God of all comfort and peace be with you, and sweetly shine upon you and yours, and upon the whole Israel of God, that we may feelingly and sensibly live under his healing wings and unctuous grace, in the rich enjoyment thereof in our hearts, for Christ Jesu's sake. Amen. In the name of the committee, for whom I am,
 Yours truly, but unworthy,
 London, May 28, 1818.

W. LEYKAUFF.

THE DEAD IN CHRIST SHALL RISE.

THE dead in Christ shall rise,
 In that tremendous day;
 When he, the Lord, shall come,
 Who put their sins away.
 Then shall his chosen ones be known,
 And what almighty love has done.

The powers that are must bow,
 To own him King and Lord;
 No more shall then arise
 Disputers of his word.
 The righteous then shall know and prove
 The depths and heights of saving love.

In bliss that is replete
 They ever then shall shine;
 Nor will their sun go down;
 The scene is all divine.
 A Saviour's praise they ever sing,
 And every one fresh tributes bring.

No foe disturbs their peace,
 No sin to mar their joy,
 No troubles fill their breast,
 But God is ever nigh.
 In all their thoughts his name prevails;
 No boisterous wind their souls assails.

In one grand burst they join,
 While Jesus does unfold
 What God has treasured up,
 As in the scriptures told.
 There every harp in tune will be,
 And every voice in harmony.

But shall I be a guest,
 One ransom'd from the fall;
 Clothed in Christ's righteousness,
 With an unspotted soul;
 Cleansed by his blood from every stain,
 For ever live and with him reign?

The evidence within
 Confirms the royal seed;
 Such as the Spirit guides,
 He makes them know their need;
 'Then fills them by a power divine,
 Which makes them say, "The Lord is mine."

W. WESTLAKE.

TARES with the wheat, goats with the sheep, are nevertheless
 as distinguishable and separate as though they had never come together.
 —*Hawker*.

JOINT HEIRS.

My dear Friend and Brother,—I can through rich grace call you a brother now, as I am as a bird escaped from the snare of the fowler. The devil has again missed his mark. His artillery has made a great rattle, but it has done me no injury. I am still sailing in the ocean of God's eternal love, nothing doubting; but I shall, in his due time, arrive safe at the desired haven. My sins, though great and weighty, cannot sink me down to the bottom, neither can the floods deluge me. My head is high; it is above the heavens. O that soul-ravishing word: "We have redemption in him through his blood, even the pardon of all our sins." "Not according to works, but according to the riches of his grace, wherein he hath made me accepted in the Beloved." O what a precious word was this to me: "The Spirit beareth witness with our spirits that we are the children of God; and if children, then heirs, and joint heirs with Jesus Christ." O what a glorious light shone upon these words: "Joint heirs with Jesus Christ; flesh of his flesh, and bone of his bone." What then can separate us from him who is one with us? He died that we might live; he rose that we might rise. Yea, more, when he died we died; when he arose we rose; and because he lives we live, and shall live also. He is, dear friend, a Friend that loveth at all times, and sticketh closer than a brother. He is of one mind concerning his people. This we prove, time after time, notwithstanding the ruggedness of our way. Though we walk, at times, as it were upon fire and glass, dogged continually at the heels, beset and waylaid in every step, judged and condemned in all we do, accused in all we think or say, mocked and scoffed at within and without, hooted and set at nought, esteemed as the offscouring and refuse of all things, burdensome stones, troublers of the house of Israel, or rather of Ishmael; yet, through grace, we come off conquerors, and more, through Jesus Christ who hath loved us and given himself for us.

Well, dear friend, it is well, and well it must be, as we are joint heirs with Jesus Christ. May the Lord give you a Pisgah view of the promised land, and a little cluster of the grapes that grow in Eshcol. Their juice is most sweet; yea, it is sweeter than honey or the honeycomb. Jonathan's eyes were enlightened by the honey. The juice of the grapes of Eshcol is a precious cordial for sinking spirits. It arouses the careless; it awakens the sleepy; it eradicates all complaining, murmuring, and rebelling; it animates the valiant; it removes all impediments; in a word, it heals all diseases. The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth from all sin. O what a field is open! But I must for want of time shut the gate. Yours sincerely,
P. REED.

THE compassions of Jesus were the compassions of God and man, the divine and human nature blended.—*Hawker.*

REMARKABLE LETTER OF MR. HUNTINGTON'S.

[This singular epistle by the celebrated Coalheaver was kindly forwarded, by an Independent Minister in Cambridgeshire, to some ancestors of whom it was originally addressed to, and in whose family it has been so long and carefully preserved till now. Though manifesting more of his native humour than was usual in his correspondence, it contains matter which will not fail to interest his admirers, and is the more valuable as being the only instance that is known among his numerous published letters of the same rhyming style of composition. E. H.]

Reverend Ladies,—I received your in and out, round about, up and down, to and again,—what shall I call it? Why, a medley of faith and unbelief, darkness and light, fire and water, smoke and heat, good sense and nonsense, simplicity and incoherency, some divinity but no affinity, a wild decoction but no connection, well meant and quickly sent, honest fragments and broken sentiments, a little joy and some sadness, some composure and great madness, expressive of grief but asking relief, talking of liberality yet complaining of indigence, expressing of another's woes and begging for a suit of clothes.

Ask what you will, ladies, and I will not say, "Nay." I have sent the clothes, and the old divine is to appear at Shiloh with them next Lord's day, and to minister in them before the Lord, as Samuel once did.

At present I have hardly time to send you either prose or rhyme. I have a deal of work in hand, and scarce a moment to command. I have carried on the begging trade, and spent three days in this parade; and having travelled London round, I gathered five-and-thirty pound, which gave the priest so much content that he is now set off for Kent. Last night I preached at Silver Street, and 'twas a time both choice and sweet; and as I saw so great a throng, I made a speech *two hours long*. Mrs. Sanctus came to me, and said, "The Lord had set her free; in all her life that she could find, she never found the Lord so kind."

I wish your sister Baldock health, and more in love with Christ than wealth; and when from Mary I am free, she may expect to hear from me. Remember me to sister Bid, and thank her for the deed she did. With my request she did comply, nor did she fail to bring the pie. Pray give my love to all at large; my debts of love do thou discharge. Let Mr. Holden have his share, and Mr. Gilbert, if he's there.

I wish you all the best of joys, and happiness that never cloy; and as I cannot see their face, I'll meet them at a throne of grace.

Your humble Servant I remain,
Until I see you all again,

WILLIAM HUNTINGTON,
Dwells at Paddington.

[Without date, as usual; but the ill-spelling of the original, and the reference to his collecting, with the amount received, would indicate the *earlier period* of his ministry in London, and for the *first* Providence Chapel; probably about 1790-1794.—E. H.]

JOHN RUSK'S DIARY.

(Continued from page 368.)

Nov. 11th.—My wife took the children's two white frocks this morning to get a loaf, and we have now 6½d. for the week. I feel a little quietness, though things look so black. It is a hard frosty morning. After breakfast I went out, intending to go to many places, but went only to three, for I am so weak I cannot go on as I could wish in this respect. I saw a young man on London Bridge and had some sweet talk with him. He is a hatter by trade, and it was the first day of his being out of work. I went to Mr. B.'s, and he said, "I'm glad you are come; I was wishing you might." Here was an answer to my prayer while going; for I prayed as follows: "Lord, if it is thy will, and I am doing right, grant that he may receive me; and if not, grant that he may look cool." In asking a blessing at dinner I felt liberty, and my mouth and heart went together. I dined off a large piece of bacon and two fowls. O how good is God! In the afternoon he spoke to me about my trials. I told him about my mother and leaving Bow; and he said, "I can let you have a pound note, Mr. Rusk." I said, "You cannot spare it;" but he said, "Yes, I can, for I am not as I was when you were here before." I thanked him, and he gave it me at night. I heard Mr. Robins,—a choice sermon and very suitable indeed, but very searching, from, "Now the just shall live by faith," &c.

Thus God has appeared wonderfully for me; and to him be all the glory of everything, both in providence and grace.

Nov. 13th.—I went out to look for work, begging God to direct my every step. I went to six places, with my heart sinking in me like a stone. There was another man with me, and I said, "Shall we go over the water?" And he said, "Yes;" for he had heard there was work at Nicholl's; and we walked down the Causeway to cross; but I altered my mind, telling him we had better go further upwards; so we went back, and as we were going past Gillespy's, Mr. Storah was coming out, and I asked him, and he said there would be a job at Heath's after dinner. Thus "A man's heart directeth his way (to go over the water), but the Lord directeth his steps (in answer to my prayer)," that I should go to work at Mr. Heath's. Bless the Lord for this, though but a small job. Mrs. F. sent us a piece of beef, 7½lbs. How good God is to us, but how slow are we to believe, and how hard it is to trust in him, though we have such repeated proofs of his tender care, both in providence and in grace.

Nov. 15th.—I awoke under sore alarms, from a discovery I had of my own heart and life, which terrified me; and the more I turned my thoughts within, the more I sank. I therefore tried to look to Jesus, but it was hard work; yet I think in pleading the promises I felt a little better, so that the temptation weakened. I went to Heath's, got in some old sails, and then came home. After dinner I went again to Heath's and got to work at two

o'clock; but having sprained my little finger I have worked in great pain.

Nov. 16th.—When I awoke my enemies began to show their heads, and I am fully persuaded that it must be so, that we may well understand faith's victory continually all our life long; and this is living by faith. Faith is to fight its way through numberless difficulties; and yet it never can be overcome, because it is of divine origin, and we are to know by experience those things which we cannot know to purpose any other way; for how can we tell what faith will cope with only by going into fresh trials, and being brought out again? And though it is represented to us, when God is chastising us, that it is God's judgments coming on us, yet even this turns to good account in God's time, for it makes us tremble and examine ourselves closely, and many a fervent petition goes up from the heart, which never would go up if our case and state did not appear very perilous; and when we are well pulled down and humbled in the dust, then honest confessions will go up; and the more we can believe our interest in Jesus the better we can confess and plead the promises.

I received 10s. on account. Bless the Lord, what mercies have we received this week! O for a heart full of gratitude to the Bestower of them.

Nov. 18th.—At night I read a little in the Bible, but was very low; for I considered how we were entangled in debt, and what a deal of money we were continually paying for interest to the pawnbrokers; and being poorly in body and my hand so bad, and I very low in soul, all these things set in together. But this I know, that I have procured all this to myself if I look back; for I was very hard-hearted and very unfeeling for others, and also have slipped into many things contrary to God's word, through the fear of man, by which I have wounded conscience; and God will take vengeance of our inventions; but after all God has not dealt with me after my sins in judgment, but in chastisements and in tender mercy. I went to prayer very dull, and gained but little ground.

Nov. 20th.—My strength has been equal to my day, and always is, though I am so slow of heart to believe. My hand is much better; but Mary has come home from her place with a sore throat. This, however, gave my wife the second opportunity to hear Mr. Robins. I feel a good hope to-night, bless God. I thought of these words as I came home to-night: "Comparing spiritual things with spiritual;" which certainly is comparing God's work in our hearts, which is the work of God's Spirit, with God's word written by holy men, inspired by the same Spirit. Afterwards I heard my wife tell a little of Mr. Robins's sermon, and I feel encouraged, believing I was in the footsteps of the flock. O! To be sure that God is on our side is everything. Bless God, he has given me wonderful strength, seeing I have not had much to eat and drink; and I am kept on at Heath's while the other man is discharged.

Nov. 23rd.—At night I came home with £1 19s. 2½d. Bless the Lord for his mercies.

Nov. 24th.—I heard Mr. Robins. Text: "Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness like pillars of smoke?" &c. I heard very well. Mr. D. Robins asked me to dinner, and I went; dined, drank tea, and heard Mr. R. at night. Text: "In the last day, that great day of the feast," &c.

The next day, when I awoke, I was accused for going to D. R.'s to dinner, and that I was a covetous, selfish, mumping hypocrite, that it was for all I could get, and many other charges; which made me cry to the Lord Jesus; for that is the only relief I have. When I came home to dinner, Ellen was ill. This, and being sure that a scene of suffering awaited me, and that it was God's will I should go continually amongst the trade and endure persecution,—these things, and the debts, and altogether, greatly sank me; and though I tried to pray, yet I gained but little ground. I felt hardness of heart, and cried to the Lord Jesus a good while; and I certainly felt as if it was going away; but O! It still continues, and it frightens me much, for fear that I should be given up to it. It has continued all day, and I was sore burdened, thinking about Ellen and about my being out of work soon,—about my debts, and that I must seek work amongst them that I hate to be with, and that they certainly would overcome me. These things burden me sore. I feel this hard heart deeply. Mr. Heath is very ill. I tried to pray for him, but I felt no pity for him, my heart is so hard. I often seem as if I felt no pity for any of God's children when I hear of their troubles! O! My heart is so *very* hard. This hard heart makes prayer a burden, there is such pride mixed with it. I cannot bear to be so poor; I want to be better off. O what a wretched nature this is, far from submitting to God's will!

"O for a glance of heavenly day,
To take this stubborn stone away."

I pray that the Lord would take away this heart of stone, and give me a heart of flesh. O that he would be pleased to do this! I prayed again for Mr. Heath, and felt my heart a little in it. But O this *hard* heart! After dinner I think I felt a small change for the better, and on coming home I felt a little confidence in the Saviour, thinking what a blessed thing it is that God was a God pardoning iniquity, &c., and that he passeth by the transgression of the remnant of his heritage; that he says, "Return, ye backsliding children," &c.; and that he will not impute sin, having imputed it to the Lord Jesus Christ. I am much better to-night; not so hardened, bless God.

Mary is gone back to her place. O what a blessed thing faith is. O when I can believe my interest in Jesus, all is well! The mercies of the Lord are new every morning, but I am unworthy of the least of them, even of his providential mercies. Every day I have something to record of the goodness of God to me and mine. But O what little gratitude for God's mercies! O what

a sweet life the life of faith is, if it was not for our wretched, corrupt hearts, which pervert everything of God's works; whereas, how can we prove the faithfulness of God, if he deals with us as we would wish according to the flesh? But when God suffers things to get worse and worse, and appears a Friend when every refuge fails, then we prove the faithfulness, the love, the pity, the mercy, and the compassion of God towards us. Temptations, chastisements, afflictions, God's speaking against us, and discovering to us our ignorance,—all these things are uncomfortable and painful feelings; but when these five things are experienced, it is intended to pave the way for the other five which I have mentioned, and the longer the trial the sweeter the deliverance will always be all through our life.

Now let me prove from scripture that these five painful things go first: 1, *Temptation*: "God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able." But if I never was tempted, how could I prove the faithfulness of God? 2, *His love*: "As many as I love I rebuke and chasten." If, therefore, God hated me, he would never chasten me. Thus chastisements prove God's love. 3, *Afflictions*: "In all their afflictions he is afflicted, and the angel of his presence saved them. In his love and his pity he redeemed them, and carried them all the days of old." 4, *His mercy*: "For since I spake against Ephraim I do earnestly remember him still. I will surely have mercy on him." 5, *His compassion*: "Who can have compassion on the ignorant and on them that are out of the way." Now what may we gather from all this? Why, it is as though God should say, I will now show my faithfulness, love, pity, mercy, and compassion to you, and therefore you shall be tempted, chastised, afflicted. I'll speak against you, and will show you your blindness and ignorance, and this shall be a preparatory work to the other. But, alas! What dull scholars we are!

REVIEW.

Naaman the Syrian. A Discourse Preached by J. R. Respass, Ellaville, Schley County, Ga.—New York: John Axford, 337, West 16th Street.

THE writer of the above discourse goes far beyond the mere historical facts as recorded of Naaman the Syrian. He enters into the figurative and spiritual meaning of the case, and handles his subject in a way to make the reading of it really profitable.

Naaman is represented as a sinner whose spiritual malady renders him as corrupt before God as Naaman's leprosy made him unclean according to the law of Israel. But not only is Naaman figuratively set forth as a sinner, but he is represented as a sinner chosen of God to salvation, and, says the author, "Herein is taught the doctrine of Election,—a doctrine very repulsive to the carnal mind, but one which abases man, exalts Christ, and glorifies God." Again, he says,

“We often hear the saying that it would be unjust in God to save one sinner, and not to save all sinners or to give them all a chance to be saved; and yet those who talk in that way profess to believe the scriptures; and, with ten thousand chances of salvation, they would never embrace the first one until they are changed.”

Sure we are, with this writer, that our ruin by sin is so complete, so dark and ignorant of God and his ways are we by nature, and so full of enmity is the carnal mind to the truth of salvation alone by grace, that were we left of God with nothing better than a mere chance in our hands, not a single sinner would ever be saved. Even when quickened into life and brought into deep spiritual concern about our souls, we fall back on our own wisdom, try to make use of our own strength in order to help ourselves; and in this way most go on, till the Lord, by much stripping, emptying, and begging, brings us to see and *feel*, in our own experience, that all our help must come alone from him,—that our ruin calls not for human help, but divine; not for an arm of flesh to rescue us, but the Omnipotent arm of the Lord. We are brought, like Naaman the Syrian, to know “that there is no God in all the earth but in Israel,” and that there is no salvation in a *mere chance*, even if it were offered and accepted, but that salvation is of the Lord, and that in him shall all the seed of Israel be justified and shall glory.

According to the figurative mode as adopted by the writer of the tract, or sermon, Naaman's master, who was a great man and honourable, represents the flesh, and Naaman's going out of his own country for cleansing sets forth the way in which the spiritually-convicted sinner is led by the Spirit of God out of the flesh, and made to know that as long as he is in the flesh he cannot please God. (Rom. viii. 8.)

“He now, for the first time, begins to see that he must go out of Syria (the flesh) to be healed, to realize that his good morals will not cleanse him of that wretched disorder. Syria was his native land; it is the home of the flesh; in it there dwells no good thing; and for it there is no promise but death. In that land all is gross darkness, spiritually; no sun shines there, with his healing beams; no balm grows there, to cure the sick. There is no stream flowing in Syria whose waters will cleanse the leper; there is not even a fountain of that sort of water there. Syria is not a land of that sort of rain, the former rain and latter rain. There are streams in Syria, but they flow from corrupt fountains, and the waters are muddy and bitter. There are doctors there; but under their treatment the patient grows worse. The herbs of that country are no better than wild gourds. But there is a balm for the sick and a physician to cure them, but they are in another country; and there is a healing stream, but it flows in the land of promise, or faith. And to that land the leper must go to be cleansed of his leprosy. In other words, we must go out of the flesh and the works of the flesh, out of our own efforts and righteousness, before we shall realize Christ or the healing. We must go, like Abraham, from our native land to the land of promise, and there must be a great necessity to move us to this course. Our healing, or salvation, being appointed, the means to

bring us to the place of healing is also appointed. As before said, God had chosen Abraham, and therefore sent his word to him: 'Get thee out of thy father's house, and from thy country and thy kindred, into a land that I will show thee.' And the word was effectual. Abraham went out from his native land. And for like reasons Ruth was separated from the polluted land of Moab, and brought to Bethlehem, to the feet and bed of Boaz. And it was also the election of God that caused the word of the *Jewish* maid to reach the ears of the suffering leper, Naaman, in the land of Syria. It reached him in spiritual darkness, ignorance, and helplessness; and it enlightened him, and turned his face towards Israel."

The writer is what some would term a High Calvinist, yet he is no Antinomian, nor a contemner of good morality. He vigorously contends for morality, and excels in his clear way of defining between moral works and spiritual acts, and cuts up, root and branch, that religion which substitutes the best moral works of the flesh for the righteousness of Christ as the ground of a sinner's acceptance before God, "Many have thought," he says, "that because we reprobate the law in the salvation of the soul, we are, in consequence thereof, licensed to immorality, that our doctrine is pernicious, and ought to be suppressed."

"But we contend that, whilst none can nor will be saved by any works of righteousness which they have done, nevertheless those who are born of the Spirit of Christ walk as he walked in their spiritual man. In their walk and in their heart they magnify the law and make it honourable, but not under the spirit of the flesh (king of Syria), but under the Spirit of Christ; and against such there is therefore no law. Therefore our doctrine is no cloak for murder, adultery, lying, fraud, extortion, and the like; for he who should glory in the doctrine of grace, because he supposed it delivered him to do such abominations as the above, would be fully as far from the kingdom of heaven as publicans and harlots. Whilst, therefore, Christianity will beget morality of the highest type, the highest type of morality will not beget the least spiritual emotion. But, as said before to the individual, there is no more help for him in his fleshly works than there was help for Naaman in Syria; but, on the contrary, if he should trust in his good works for the salvation of his soul, he is that much the worse off by them; worse even and farther from Christ than publicans and harlots that have no such fleshly righteousness to mislead them. For this confidence in the flesh is that from which we must be converted before we feel the cleansing of our leprosy. And that doctrine which teaches you or your children to trust in the works of the flesh is injurious to you and to them. Though it be taught you by popes, cardinals, bishops, elders, circuit-riders, doctors of divinity, editors, by the learned or unlearned, by your parents, or by any other person, fly from it as you would from the edge of the sword and from the pestilence, because it sets Christ aside, and rivets your bondage to the flesh, and delivers you over into the service of Satan. When such religion as that prospers, transgressions are increased amongst men, and they wax worse and worse, deceiving and being deceived. The outside is made clean, hypocrites are honoured, folly is set in great dignity, servants are upon horses (servants of sin), and princes (the best men) are walking as servants upon the earth. Pride, covetousness, envy, deceit, fraud, selfishness, disobedience to parents, oppression of the poor, false swearing, and ungodliness of all sorts, spring up and are nurtured by it. The simplicity of the gospel is ridiculed, pulpits are converted into stages, upon which pedants, with affected twaddle, deliver themselves

of their vomit, to the high entertainment of appreciating audiences. Under the influence of such religion, even the children are not what they seem to be. It is sowing to the flesh, and we shall reap corruption; it is 'sowing dragons' teeth, and armed men shall spring up.' No blight, frost, rust, or mildew shall cut off that harvest. It will spring forth, and mature a hundredfold in wars and in individual and national calamities; and the innocent will suffer with the guilty. Look at the late war in this country, and the moral and physical desolation that has followed in its track. And it may be traced back to a false religion. Houses have been plundered, women dishonoured, harvest-fields laid waste, cities burned and sacked, and the Government overturned. These things take place when this sort of religion is in the zenith of its glory. 'It riots in corruption,' 'and judgment is turned away backward, and justice standeth afar off. For truth has fallen in the street, and equity cannot enter.'

He then passes on to speak of the mission of the little Israelitish maid, and shows how no Syrian maid (or fleshly helper) could have performed her work. Salvation is of the Jews. "There shall come out of Zion the deliverer, and shall turn ungodliness from Jacob." That is, the Deliverer

"Shall not come out of Syria, or out of the flesh, or of our own works of righteousness; nor even out of our faith, if it were possible that faith should be the product of Syrian soil. But Syrian soil does not grow such fruits as faith; for instead of faith being an effort of the flesh, it is, in its effects at least, a triumph over nature. Faith comes from the same country that the little maid came from, and when it takes up its abode in the flesh, it is ever pointing as the little maid to the Prophet in Israel,—the Lord Jesus Christ."

Through the instrumentality of this little maid, Naaman goes out of Syria with his talents of silver, pieces of gold, and changes of raiment; but, instead of going to the prophet of Israel, as the maid directed him, he goes to the king of Israel, hoping to merit his cleansing by his proffered gifts.

"But this extra labour the Syrian had in going to the king of Israel was under the prompting of the flesh (king of Syria). Nor is the extra labour that convicted sinners now have in coming to Christ prompted by the spirit of the gospel; it is a distrust of it. The gospel directs us to trust in Christ, but our fleshly spirit (the king of Syria) says that we must do some good thing before Christ will receive us; and also, to take all our Syrian riches,—bags of gold, and talents of silver, and changes of raiment; but they were an incumbrance to Naaman, and will always be, when they are perverted to such a use. They are useful and profitable to men in Syria (this life), but they are worthless in the spiritual land,—the kingdom of Faith. I have frequently felt unfit to say grace at my table,—was not good enough! What folly, and seeking to set it in dignity. But we are told to come boldly—matters not how unworthy we are or ignorant, how poor or despised—to 'Him who hath saved us and called us, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, given us in Christ Jesus before the world began.'

"Naaman found that the king of Israel was not God, to kill and to make alive, that he had no power to cleanse a leper, a Syrian leper, any more than the law and Christian duties can give a sinner a new heart. I heard once of a minister who set a number of people on a bench, at a meeting of some sort, to praying, 'Lord, have mercy upon me!' 'Lord, have mercy upon me!' And in a little while he went to them and asked

them if they felt any better, and they replied that they did not; but after awhile he asked them, and they said they felt better, and better, and better, until they were converted. The people never got poorer and poorer, and more and more helpless, until they became destitute, but richer and richer, better and better, until they were perfectly pleased with themselves, and had got religion by their own efforts. But the widow, before the prophet came to her, got lower and lower in her meal barrel, poorer and poorer, until her own stores were exhausted; *then* the prophet came to her, and brought the word,—the meal that could never fail, the righteousness of Christ."

Naaman, now being cut off from all hope of cleansing by price, or for the reward of good deeds done in the flesh, Syria (the flesh) not being able to help him, and the king of Israel (the law) having no power to heal, he (Naaman) must either submit to the prophet of the Lord, who alone could teach him God's way of healing a leper, or he must perish under his deadly malady. But as all whom God has sovereignly purposed to heal *are brought* in the Lord's own time to Christ, the true Priest, whose blood cleanses from all sin, so neither was it left to Naaman to submit to the prophet of Israel, or refuse; but he was made willing by a higher power than his own. All doors being closed against him but one, all fleshly means having failed, Syrian streams being all dried up, even the high-reputed waters of Abana and Pharpar lacking that virtue which so foul a disease as Naaman's required that he might be healed thereby, and there being but one Jordan whose waters were alone curative, the poor leper comes at last to Jordan's healing stream; and, like another leper we read of in the gospel, who came to Jesus and said, "I know thou canst, wilt thou make me clean?" And Jesus said, "I will; be thou clean," so in the stream of Jordan (in God's way) did Naaman obtain health and cure.

"Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?" How natural, fleshly, and Syrian-like, because at war with the word of the prophet of Israel! The *word* said Jordan; and why not Jordan before Abana and Pharpar? Because the word cuts us off from the fleshly waters of Syria, that we may be the 'circumcision who worship God in the Spirit (Zion), rejoice in Christ Jesus; and not in our gold and silver (fleshly righteousness), and have no confidence in the flesh (Syria). Naaman's heart was at war with the word; but the word must triumph ere he is cleansed. There was a congenial way to his flesh, in Abana and Pharpar, that seemed right to him; but the word of the prophet of Israel was not there. He had ceased to trust in his king or in the king of Israel; but he was still holding on to Syria, to Abana and Pharpar; yet these must be given up before he is cleansed. Those streams might and would honour the flesh, but they would not honour the word and cleanse the leper. 'But Jordan,' it might be objected, 'is but water, as Abana and Pharpar are water.' True, but in Jordan the word has the victory, whilst in Abana and Pharpar the flesh has the victory. One might pray the publican's prayer, and say, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner,' with the spirit of the Pharisee who boasted of his righteousness; and suppose you that the words would make a difference between him and the Pharisee? Of course none would, in these days, use the Pharisee's words in prayer, because his prayer was condemned; but there are, no doubt, thousands who have confessed with

their lips, and said, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner,' with impenitent hearts, thinking the mere confession meritorious in the sight of God, which was but offering the sacrifice of the wicked, and was an abomination in the sight of God, and which was washing in Abana and Pharpar, —a coming in the flesh (Syria), under which influence the cleansing can never come, because it is not coming to Christ away from the flesh. So if Naaman had gone down into Abana and Pharpar seven times,—and the word said *seven* (but it was to be seven in Jordan,)—or even if he, to make up for his lack in going to Jordan, had gone down into Abana and Pharpar both, seven times seven, it would never have cleansed him; for he could never have done it with the spirit of the word in his heart.

"Let not those who have, in a practical sense, gone into Abana and Pharpar (it may have the *seeming* of going down, but it is flesh-exalting), let them not suppose that by doing more to put away their sins and hide them from God; for God knows what it takes to cleanse you, and the prophet knew what it would take to cleanse Naaman; and nothing else would do it, for *nothing else would humble the proud heart*; and until that is humbled the leprosy reigns. For every thing you do in Abana and Pharpar is a sin,—a sin, and must be atoned for from the first to the last.

"Why do men spend so much time and labour to convince their fellows that it will do as well to go to Abana and Pharpar as to Jordan? How can a Christian rest short of the truth? How strange it is that men can be so easily convinced in regard to the concerns of eternity, and yet are so particular and watchful in regard to the things of time! Christian, pause! See if you are honouring the word in all you do, in your doctrine, order, and self-denial. Search the word, and be not led about by those who make merchandise of you. I care not if you be great in this world; Naaman was great. And what is your greatness, to be accounted of in the presence of Him before whom all nations are but a drop in the bucket. Nothing; yea, less than nothing, and vanity. Be more solicitous to see your name inscribed in Christ than in Syrian marble, for in him is durable riches and honour; the other is but the corrupt breath of time, and soon vanishes away for ever. And beware of that popular phrase, 'Religious liberty, religious charity.' Don't be afraid of being called a bigot, because you contend earnestly for the truth as it is in Christ. There are no two right ways; there are no two churches of Christ; it is impossible. There may be two or more wrong ways, as Abana and Pharpar; but there is but one Jordan. And worldly respectability is no test of the church of Christ; in fact, it is evidence against her. That doctrine and order which the world loves, you may set it down that God hates it. And never conform to error, in religion above all things. A man who contends that he is right, and who will not admit that any who differ with him can be right, is, in these days of false and fashionable religion, called a bigot; and those who call him so are as tenacious of their opinion that any way will do, as Abana and Pharpar, as he is that none will do but Jordan, the way that is pointed out in the word. It is a shrewd device of Satan to throw dust into the eyes of Christians; and when I hear a man talking that way, I think that he either has no religious convictions or that he has suppressed them for love of the world, or has been deceived by Satan and his ministers."

We consider this tract well written and well worth reading. It contains much that is as applicable to the state of things in England as in America. If it can be had through a London agent the cost will no doubt be trifling, and its price will not be thrown away in obtaining it.

Obituary.

DAVID PEGG.—On May 17th, aged 54, Mr. Pegg, minister of the gospel, Downham, and for many years pastor over the Particular Baptist church at Claxton, Norfolk.

I send a few particulars of this man of God, not from a long personal acquaintance with him, but from a long correspondence with him in a deep distressing affliction. It was laid on his mind to write to me, and to ask my prayers to God for him; if, after stating the distress of body and mind he was in, indeed on the borders of black despair, I could find it in my heart to pray for him, and to write a line to him by way of sympathy or counsel. After I had read his deep and doleful wailings, he and his case were so laid upon my mind, and so deeply affected my heart, that I felt I could pour out my soul's feelings for him before the Lord; and having passed through the same fiery trials and soul and bodily afflictions myself, I could write to him from the feelings of my own soul; and I so entered into his present state of distress that the Lord made my letter a great help to him; so I had soon another letter, saying that of all his correspondents none had entered into his case as the Lord had enabled me to do; and in his sharpest conflicts, Satan thrusting sore that he might fall, and his distress being unbearable, he would cry out, "Read Skipworth's letters to me. No man can enter into my state as he does." The temptation was that he had committed the unpardonable sin, and that he must die by his own hand, for there was no hope or help for him. I know by painful experience what the feelings of my own soul were under that temptation, how I cursed the day of my birth and the sin that brought me into that state, and how I sat upon the ground and wept as if my heart would break. I was an outcast among men. Go with the wicked I could not; go with the righteous I dared not. There was not one on earth like me, nor one in the Bible that I knew of. I was like as expressed in Job: "To which of the saints wilt thou turn?" I desired death, yet dreaded to die. I knew sin "killed beyond the tomb." I felt more distress than I knew how to bear. Then it would come burning hot to my mind: "How can you endure eternal burnings?" So I was not then tempted to murder myself. I had read the "Pilgrim's Progress," and Hopeful's speech to Christian when in Doubting Castle, under the monster's hand, Giant Despair. Hopeful said, "Hast thou forgotten the hell where for certain the self-murderer goeth? I have also read that the common damned shun their society, and look upon themselves as fiends less foul."

Having passed through these things in my youth, when first called by grace, I was able to enter into my brother Pegg's case feelingly, which no man can do but those who have trodden this dreary road; for all saints in this path think that none in heaven or any on earth who shall ever reach the realms of bliss ever were

or ever can be in a dreadful state like this. As I kept answering him, he kept sending by return of post fresh hard knots; and my heart so melted with him, and I was so helped in private prayer for him, that I knew the Lord heard me on his behalf. So off I went again by letter, telling him how the Lord helped me in pleading for him, and how I did really believe the Lord would deliver him in his own time; which he did.

The spirit, substance, and drift of all I have said of Mr. Pegg is in his letters to me. I do not know exactly the Lord's beginning with him, nor of his call to the ministry; but I feel sure he had a solid gift that he did not bring into the world with him. I believe his first convictions were not so deep, and that the curse of the law did not enter so deeply into his soul as is the case with some of the Lord's saints; neither from his own account was his deliverance so marked and clear as that of some of the Lord's people. And this was a great trial to him. He appears to be one of those Mr. Hart describes:

"Some their pardon first receive,
And then, compell'd to fight,
They find their latter stages worse,
And travel much by night."

He got the clearest evidence of his sonship and adoption by his deliverance out of this dark night, and I have been told by his hearers at Downham that he and they were much favoured under the word, and that he was near to heaven in his soul's feeling. They felt the hot fire had refined the gold, and only burnt up the dross and filth of the flesh. It is good for some that they have been afflicted. Sanctified affliction does good to those who are exorcised thoroughly. Many can say, "Before I was afflicted I went astray;" and if they can add the other part, "But now I have kept thy law," they are truly favoured.

As stated on the wrapper of the "Gospel Standard" for June, Mr. Pegg died suddenly.

Our brother Pegg has left a poor afflicted widow to mourn her loss. She has been the mother of 12 children.

JOHN SKIPWORTH.

ANN MOSS.—Dear Friend, I send you a short account of the death of one of our much-respected members, Ann Moss, of Penwortham, near Preston, who died on July 30th, aged 44.

She was baptized and joined the church in Vauxhall Road in Oct., 1861, but had long attended the place before that time. She was brought up to attend the parish church and school at Penwortham till she became a woman. But I have heard her say she attended till nothing about the place did her any good but a verse on a gravestone:

"Bold shall I stand in that great day," &c.;

and she said she had read it hundreds of times.

She had deep, very deep, thoughts of herself as a sinner when very young; so deep that she often thought she could not possibly be saved; but, notwithstanding, she must be at the means,

for, wet or dry, rough, dark, or cold, Ann Moss was sure to be there.

She was a woman of few words,—short, clear, and to the point—“Yes,” or “No,” or total silence. Law and gospel she could discover and distinguish in a moment. At prayer meetings, if there had been only four present, Ann Moss would be one of them, while she could hobble to the place, even when she was worn to little more than a skeleton. Her complaint was diabetes.

She was 19 months off work. She told me one day she used to fear being unable to work, lest she and her old mother should either want or go to the workhouse. “But,” said she, “I have been off work all this time, and we have more coming in than when I was working. O how kind and faithful is our God.”

The last time but one that the doctor called he expressed an idea that she would not be long here. She said it rather took hold of her for a minute or so; but, as he closed the door, these words came to her so sweetly:

“The joy prepared for suffering saints
Will make amends for all.”

Her death was sudden at last. I saw her a few days before, and we had a sweet time together. We got on to the subject of salvation wholly by grace and the communion of saints. As I repeated these words:

“Then let us all rejoice and sing
The praises of free grace;
That soul that longs to see him now
Shall surely see his face,”

her poor, thin face beamed with delight. We took one another's hands, and I said, in effect, “Ann, God's people love to see one another; and that is not all, they love to feel they are united to one another in joint experience.” She broke out with a smile, and said, “Yes, yes; I perfectly understand you. Yes, yes; it is so.” I left her smiling. I saw her no more till she lay a silent corpse. Thus ended the honourable profession of Ann Moss.

Yours in Love of the Truth and of good Men,

29, Knowsley Street, Preston, Aug. 8, 1873. THOS. HAWORTH.

THOMAS BISHOP.—On Sept. 24th, aged 79, Thomas Bishop, of Southsea. How true it is that many of the Lord's hidden ones are born, as was our deceased brother, like the wild ass's colt; and yet how often, like him, are they the subjects of the quickening influences of the Holy Spirit in very early life. Taught by the Spirit to feel the plague of his own heart, and afterwards the application of the blood of Christ to his wounded conscience, he was constrained to join in church fellowship. At first he joined the Independents; but the blessed Spirit led him to the Baptist chapel, Landport, and there the first free-grace sermon he had ever heard sank deep into his heart, and soon produced the fruit of loving obedience to the commands of the gospel; for he arose and was baptized.

It may truly be said of him, both as member and deacon, that he adorned the doctrine he professed by a thoroughly-consistent walk and conversation. He was indeed a highly-favoured disciple of the meek

and lowly Jesus, walking very much in the light of his countenance. In fact, he knew but little of dark days or Satan's dark temptations until his last few days on earth, when he found in deed and truth that it really was through much tribulation; so that what others had recorded he had to experience in having a fellowship with Christ in his sufferings ere he was made partaker of his glory. But he was favoured with many solemn love visits, even in his sick chamber. On one occasion, a friend inquiring how he felt, he exclaimed,

“More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heaven.”

On another occasion he said he had such a precious feeling of love and praise, and the consolations of the gospel had been so full and free, that he could cover the walls of his room with the many precious promises that were blessed to his soul; so much so that he really thought his dear Lord was immediately going to take him to himself. Shortly afterwards, however, his faculties failed him very much; so that the only sensible answer we could get from him was when talking of divine things; for that immortal principle implanted in his soul by the Holy Ghost could not, did not decay. When able to speak, it often rushed forth in praise or in ejaculations of thankfulness. But he is gone, and it may be said of him,

“Array'd in garments bright and glorious,
Palm in hand, mid marshall'd throng,
Through the slain Lamb now victorious,
Thou canst sing the conqueror's song.”

Southsea.

F. H.

MARY HARVEY.—On May 29th, 1873, at Cambridge, Mary Harvey, aged 78.

She was a woman of a meek and quiet spirit, a lowly follower of the Lamb, and one who spoke very little of her religion. On one occasion I remember her telling me how very sweet that hymn (766) was to her:

“Sovereign grace o'er sin abounding,” &c.

But during her last illness she was left to much darkness, doubt, and dependency, until within a short time of her death, when the Lord was pleased to communicate strength to her fainting spirit, so that death and its terrors were removed, and she exclaimed:

“Death is no more a frightful foe,
Since I with Christ shall reign;
With joy I leave this world of woe;
For me to die is gain!”

And on being asked if she felt that her sorrows would soon for ever be terminated, she said, “O, yes;” and repeated the whole of hymn 483, which she said was the very language of her soul:

“Yes, I shall soon be landed,” &c.

May this encourage those of the Lord's family who, through fear of death, are all their lifetime subject to bondage. “At eventime it shall be light.” “Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.”

Cambridge.

DUMAH.

O WHAT a life have you in comparison of other men. Some have two hells, one present, another coming; you have two heavens, one in hand, the other in hope. Some of your own brethren in Christ, who have been, it may be, many years panting after assurance, are still denied it; but God hath indulged so peculiar a favour to you. Bless ye the Lord, and make his praise glorious.—*Flavel*,

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

NOVEMBER, 1873.

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

CHRIST THE POWER OF GOD.

A SERMON BY THE LATE MR. COWPER, OF THE DICKER, PREACHED
AT EDEN STREET CHAPEL, HAMPSTEAD ROAD, LONDON.

“But we preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness; but unto them which are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God.”—1 COR. I. 23, 24.

You find, my friends, that the apostle, under divine inspiration, had taken up his pen in a way of reproof to the church which he had been instrumental in planting. His ministry had been accompanied with power to them, and during his absence they had not fallen from grace, but into a party spirit, and in that party spirit had run to very great lengths; so that rather than prayerful they had become speculative hearers. I think most of the Lord's people know the difference between the two,—the difference between sitting in judgment on a man's ministry and that ministry being brought home to the conscience by the Holy Ghost, thereby bringing them to sit in judgment on their own state rather than on the minister's. Many sad seasons have these speculative hearers, and find, sooner or later, great barrenness of soul. But I would not lead you astray. It is proper and right that we should be very particular as to what we hear.

There are two things for your edification. One is, to be particular *what* we hear, to mind that it squares with the Word; and the other is, take heed *how* we hear it, whether the preacher delivers it with any power accompanying it, or we fancy it; whether we hear it so that the Lord blesses it, or we have it only in our judgment.

The Corinthian church had got into a sad state of declension. The apostle appears anxious to look into their circumstances, and particularly to point out a good state from a bad one. When a church gets into a bad state, it behoves the minister to stand up and declare what really constitutes characters fit for church membership; likewise, in so doing, to act according to the word of God, that he should not fail to separate the church from the world, and show who is on the Lord's side.

The chapter out of which the text is taken has been the cause of a good deal of vain jangling, or rather I should say the devil has been the cause of vain jangling, and referred to this chapter

to confirm individuals therein. It is one thing for a person to be stripped of creature opinions and being brought to the word of God to know his mind and will, and another thing to form their own opinions and then twist the Word to suit them. We hear the Arian, the Socinian, the Arminian, and the mere doctrinalist say, "O! Is it not according to scripture? Is it not in the Bible?" You find men of erroneous opinions come to the Bible and turn and twist it round to make it speak such things as God the Holy Ghost never intended it should. I have heard, at times, of the twisting of the word of God to suit creature purposes; I may say, I believe to suit the devil's purpose. Such things brought forth enough to make one shudder; and what the apostle principally touches on is this. In reproving the people for their party spirit, he asks them if Paul was crucified for them, if Christ was divided, so that one man had a portion of Christ to preach and a second another portion, that there was not a whole or perfect Christ preached in any one man's ministry. Therefore he asks them if Christ was divided, if they were baptized in the name of Paul, whether or not they had been his disciples, his converts, or the converts of God, the disciples of Christ. Would to God that all baptized persons really knew that difference.

But the particular points which have been so much referred to are these. When the apostle says, "Christ sent me not to baptize, but to preach the gospel," great stress is laid on these words by men who have formed their opinion beforehand, instead of first coming to the Word to form it. They come, and turn and twist this text to suit their own views. Being opponents of baptism, they say Paul was not sent to baptize, but to preach; plainly showing they have not come to the Word to have their opinion formed, but, having an erroneous one of their own, come to the Bible to confirm it. That Paul did baptize is evident; and the conclusion to be drawn therefrom must be this, either that he baptized presumptuously and without a commission, or that he baptized prudently and according to his commission. Baptize he did. The individuals he baptized he names; and as he names them he makes this distinction: "Thank God, I baptized none of you but So-and-so." As though he had said, "There are a few that I baptized; they acknowledge their baptism; *they* have not disgraced *their* profession, sad as is the state into which *you* have tumbled." Therefore, you see, my friends, this handle that has been made of this portion of the word, that as Paul was not sent to baptize, therefore baptism is not according to the Word. The passage has no such meaning. But the apostle evidently points out that Christ did not send him to *make disciples* by baptism, but by preaching the gospel. The fact is, he baptized Stephanus and two other families, Crispus and Gaius; and whether he had baptized any others he could not say. He stands up and reproves their fleshly-mindedness, to shake them off. As though he had said, "Thank God, I had nothing to do with you. How you became members I know not;

how you had your entrance into the church I cannot tell." This is rather the point of separation than otherwise.

But after this he tells us he was not sent to preach the gospel with the wisdom of words. He gives as his reason that he was sent forth in great simplicity, not in abstract folly, but in great simplicity, that their faith should not stand in the wisdom of man; evidently hinting to them the faith of many was in them by the wisdom of the creature; nothing but a piece of human criticism and human wisdom. How many are preached into a profession by the eloquence, talent, and taste of man? Do away with this, come to the power of God on the soul, and such will give way directly, and wish to get out of your company. Where the power of God is not, there is nothing to support us in the hour of death. All religion beside this will give way in the day of trial and trouble, leaving the soul just where it was found.

The apostle says, "That your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God." "Howbeit, we speak wisdom among them that are perfect; yet not the wisdom of this world, nor of the princes of this world, that comes to nought." How particular he is in ignoring and setting aside the preaching of the gospel by human wisdom. But the power of God, taking the simple, faithful word which comes home with power to the heart, doing the Lord's errand to the man's soul. Thus the apostle aims to separate them, particularly on that point. He tells us it pleased God to work in that way.

I shall make one more observation, and then come to the text. He tells them, "The Jews require a sign, and the Greeks wisdom; but," says he, "we preach Christ crucified." And "it hath pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe." It is by God's pleasure. Now, mind, it is not through foolish preaching. Paul never had such an idea as foolish preaching. The Lord knows there is enough of it on every hand to make us ashamed in our very hearts with nine-tenths of those who are called gospel preachers. I have years gone by ransacked this town from one end to the other, and could hear little else but foolish preaching. The creature first, and God afterwards; that people have the ability to come, and then the Spirit would help them. If they did not come, they would deceive themselves. If this is not foolish preaching, I know not what is. Between preaching foolishness and "by the foolishness of preaching," the apostle makes a wide distinction. He points out the foolishness of preaching in this way,—that preaching appears a very foolish thing, and not likely to accomplish much in the world. To hear a man get up and tell a simple tale about another who lived and did good, who died to save, to worldly-minded people it did not appear likely to do good. But the apostle declares it will accomplish all the end the Lord has purposed. He has promised to set his hand to the work, so as to make it bud, and bring forth fruit; so that where there is nothing but the wisdom of the natural man it will come to nought. Where it is made

effectual is by the power of God plainly proving his purpose; and his counsel shall stand, and he will do all his pleasure.

Now mind, while the apostle points out this simple, foolish, insignificant work, which unprofitable means would never accomplish any purpose or thing in point of salvation without the power of God; yet, when we see there the mighty power of God, it leads to the glory of God; it does not lead to the glory of the creature. Therefore, it is proper there should be this difference made. He says, "The Jews desired a sign, and the Greeks sought after wisdom;" but he was brought to lay all by, and preach Christ. It is a stumbling-block to the Jews, and to the Greeks foolishness; but where there are any cut down under the ministry of the word, it is the power of God; Christ the wisdom and the power of God; so that this preaching Christ appears to be the little simple means the Lord has appointed and purposed to bless.

One thing more. Many persons may be pre-eminent in judgment, and have the people of God sit to hear; which many times has made me wonder how men of contrary opinion and sentiment could have any of the people of God to hear them. Some have been useful in sounding an alarm in a sinner's conscience, and he being the subject of the grace of God, the recipient of his favour and mercy, becomes wiser than his teacher, and is obliged to leave his ministry. "How, then," say you, "has this man become of use to him?" It is not the man, but the word of God. It is the Lord who speaks. He never blesses any man's line who is in an erroneous system. He puts a word in, and he will bring it out; the same as he put a word in Baalam's mouth, though it never reached Baalam's heart. He appeared to act as a machine. The Lord must carry it home to the heart. He never blesses any thing but his own truth. A man may go and hear; as an individual told me a short time before leaving home, he once went to hear an Arminian, and the very first word the man spoke was sealed home upon his conscience. It was a portion of the word of God in the Revelation: "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still." It was sealed home upon his heart, though we have no hope that the man who spoke it knew anything for himself. The poor creature heard it, and gave a very sweet testimony of what followed. At the time appointed, he received a furtherance of the work. Then the Arminian minister would not do; the man was obliged to seek instruction in another quarter. The Lord knows by what means he shall gather his people to himself; he will search and seek out his sheep in the cloudy and dark day.

Mind you, while the apostle tells us he preached Christ crucified, he says, "To them who are called, Christ the wisdom of God, and Christ the power of God."

Just observe one thing more. There is a class of men who appear to glory in preaching dry doctrine, and who call everything else legal preaching. I do not stand up to condemn my fellow-men; it is not for me to condemn. I should say, I love

an Arminian as a man; but I cannot agree with his sentiments or his glorying. It cannot but be loathsome to a heart that is made alive, a conscience quickened and made tender by the Lord the Spirit. Though a poor corrupt creature, I can stand up, and, as the Lord enables me, speak those words he has dropped into my mind. May God the Holy Ghost accompany the work with savour, unction, and power, rendering Christ sweet and precious to your hearts.

Preaching Jesus Christ is the ministration of the Holy Ghost; preaching Jesus Christ without the Holy Ghost is only a speculative thing. But we must expect men of genius and talent to speculate. The subject before us is this. That blessed minister of God, the eternal Spirit, so preaches Christ as to bring him home to the heart, so teaching as to make the work effectual. So Christ becomes the Saviour of sinners. The apostle here alludes to the Lord Jesus Christ. He is most glorious, most gracious, and most blessed. However much we may vary in our feelings as poor sinners, Jesus Christ is the same. That is our blessedness. What he is, that he is; what he was, that he is, he was, and is, and will be everlastingly. What he is in his mediatorial Person and work here on earth to the people and church of God, while they are on earth, that he will be as the glorious Head, according to the ancient settlements, to all eternity, as one with the Father and the eternal Spirit in the essence of Jehovah. What God the Father knows, that God the Spirit knows, and what God the Spirit knows, so doth God the Son. He is equal with the Father and eternal Spirit. The Son knows the Father as the Father knows him. He is God, blessed for ever, He is from eternity to eternity, God in his most blessed Trinity of Persons. There is a complexity of character in the Lord Jesus; God and man in one Person. I think it is as well, at times, to try, as the Lord may help you, to meditate on the blessedness of God in himself. How he loves himself with the love of God, in himself, and the same is in his Trinity of Persons. I tell you what; if, while meditating rightly on these things, the Lord is pleased to help us, we shall discover this,—that in which one Person delights, each Person delights in. Jesus Christ loves the church no less than God the Father; God the Father loves the church no less than God the Son; God the Father and God the Son love the church neither less nor more than God the Holy Ghost. Christ loved the church, and gave himself for it. He is the Head of his dear church and people, and received them as loved in the Father. Christ, viewed in all his suretyship engagements, appeared in the fulness of time; he did everything; he was not slack with his work till everything was accomplished which he undertook and engaged in as the Second Person in the covenant. All was sealed with his precious blood. He made peace as regards his people. He was equal with the Father, and set forth as Jesus Christ, the anointed Saviour, the appointed Saviour, a full, free, living, everlasting, eternal Saviour; the church's Refuge, her Head, her Husband,

her Foundation, her Strength, her Rock, her Portion, and her everlasting All. You find the apostle preached these things of the Lord Jesus Christ. He ceased not to teach and preach Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, without the shadow of a turn.

O! Come and look a little closer into the Person of the Lord Jesus Christ. See him, in the greatness of his grace and mercy, taking the creature-nature into union with the divine; a complex Person, God and man, which comprises and composes the great subject of the apostle's ministry. He declares unto them the everlasting gospel of the blessed God. He became incarnate and dwelt among us. He was equal with the Father, the brightness of his glory, and the express image of his Person; yet, veiled in human nature, Jesus Christ appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself. He came down to the sinner's condition. Here the apostle bears a grand testimony to what he was apprehended of God. He goes forth in the name of this adorable Person. He preached and spoke of the blood of the everlasting covenant that was shed. He opens up the efficacy of that blood to poor perishing sinners,—guilty, filthy, and heavy-laden sinners, showing the worst cases, the saddest condition, as curable. There is pardon for the guilty. Those who are afar off are made nigh by the precious blood of Christ. Therefore he goes forth preaching the blood of Christ, God's Son. See how he traces the subject up,—Jesus Christ as man's Mediator; traces him as the Son of the Father, equal with the Father in glory and power, equal with the Father in essence, Jehovah. Here every attribute meets and harmonizes. Here Unity in Trinity and Trinity in Unity. He expresses it as a precious complexity, precious heights, immortal, unfathomable depths. He preached him as not comprehensible by the creature, not in the reach of human reason to describe, not within the reach of mortal intellect to set forth what he is. But that we may understand him he declares himself the God-man Mediator. Perfect God and eternal life; perfect man, and precious blood; Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

Well; we pass by human reason, as the apostle did; for "the Jews," says he, "require a sign, and the Greeks seek after wisdom." We pass all that by. As the Lord directs us, we go on and shall prosper. We must wait for his blessing. It is by that only the word is made effectual.

To be concluded in our next.

WE must be united to Christ, engrafted upon another stock, and partake of the power of his resurrection; for without this we may bring forth fruit, but not fruit to God. There is as utter an impossibility in a man to answer the end of his creation without righteousness as for a man to act without life, or act strongly without health and strength. It is a contradiction to think a man can act righteously without righteousness. For without it he hath not the being of a man; that is, man in such a capacity for those ends for which his creation intended them.—*Charnock.*

THOUGHTS ON THE SONG OF SOLOMON.

(Continued from page 399.)

CHAPTER IV.

II. "*Builde*d for an armoury." The faith that is thus impregnable as a tower, as we have shown, through the strength of God, who maintains what he has thus anew created, and may defy all assailants, likewise equips the soul for offensive warfare. The child of God is not always to be merely on the defensive. No; he must go forth to the battle,

"Led forth by the Spirit to fight."

But then he needs weapons for this warfare, and faith furnishes him out of the word of God and fulness of Jesus. We read of the whole armour of God, and this is really whole Christ, as he is set forth in his fulness and completeness in the scriptures. Going forth thus equipped, the child of God must be victorious. Before the weapons of our warfare the mightiest foes must fall. David ran to the battle with Goliath, but not in Saul's armour. This was cumbrous and useless. No; he took a sling and a stone. So the child of God, if he goes forth to fight the divine battle, furnished "with arguments and pride," leaning upon an arm of flesh, instead of putting on by a true faith the whole armour of God, is sure to get the worst of it, as Mr. Newton records in his own case:

"Furnish'd with books and notions,
And arguments and pride,
I practis'd all my motions,
And Satan's power defied;
But soon perceived with trouble
That these would be no good;
Iron to him is stubble,
And brass like rotten wood."

Our own experience has answered to this. Assaulted with infidel objections, we tried to overcome Satan by Paley's "Evidences," &c., but soon found ourselves completely worsted in the battle. At length the Lord led us to duly and spiritually consider what is written in Ezek. xxxviii. about Gog and Magog coming against the *unwalled villages*, and being *there* defeated. And this also came in: "Salvation will God appoint for walls and bulwarks." Then we saw the true way of victory was to trust in God, and to renounce the mudwalls of human arguments as not sufficient to face Satanic floods of blasphemies; and when we were brought to this place we conquered Satan. Our faith was as the tower of David, "*builde*d for an armoury." The sword of the Spirit is the word of God.

III. "*Whereon there hang a thousand bucklers.*" We suppose these bucklers may all really be reduced to one, and that the one given by Paul, "the shield of the faith" (*original Greek*), which, in reality, is God himself, as revealed in the word of God, and made known to sinners as a God of all grace in Jesus. God's truth as in Jesus is the only shield. But still we may, of course, break up

this precious truth into various parts, and faith now equips itself with one suitable word or promise, now another, and uses it as a buckler against this or that dart of the mighty spiritual adversary. And it is very encouraging to find that there are all sorts of suitable words and promises for faith to array itself with, and shield itself under, in the day of battle. And, by means of these blessed words and promises, the bosom may be covered over and shielded from all the fiery darts of the devil, which, without these bucklers, would come with almost overwhelming power into the heart. These bucklers, too, have been proved; they are not untried pieces of armour, like Saul's was to David; so that the child of God need not say, "I cannot go with thee." For they are

IV. "*All shields of mighty men.*" That is to say, they have been used generation after generation by the saints of God; and by means of these shields those who have done exploits in the divine warfare have been sheltered and gained victories. Such was the shield of Abraham. "I am thy shield," says God. Such were the shields of all those mighty men of valour we read of in Heb. xi. Such was the shield of the apostles. Such of Luther, Calvin, and other grand and dear Reformers. Such is the shield of the conquering saint and Christian hero now. He stands behind the buckler of the truth as it is in Jesus, goes forth to the battle, endures the assaults of men and devils, gains the victory, and at length, by a living or dying testimony to the faithfulness of God, on which his faith rested, and under which it triumphed, he hangs, as it were, his shield up amongst the thousand bucklers of the tower of David, for the instruction and encouragement of other soldiers of Jesus.

Verse 5. "*Thy two breasts are like two young roes that are twins, which feed among the lilies.*" That faith which is not based upon the word of God is fancied faith, not real. True faith is the word of God, the truth as it is in Jesus, living by the power of the Holy Ghost in a sinner's heart. The faith that merely stands in the wisdom of man, even if it acknowledges the word of God, is dead. He that believes rightly, believes by a divine power. The Spirit of God creates him anew in Christ unto this true believing. "We having the same spirit of faith." These are the true believers and real children of God.

Having noticed this great glory of a church of God, the true living faith of its members, the Song goes on to speak of that which originated and nourishes this faith,—the ministry of the word, or the word of the ministry.

"*Thy two breasts.*" Zion's breasts are all those precious words of truth and promise which God himself has given her in his precious Bible. (2 Tim. iii. 16.) And further, the ministers of God, who are sent and enabled by him to preach his truth, are breasts, as holding forth in a spiritual manner these blessed truths for the consolation of God's people. Thus Isaiah writes: "That ye may suck, and be satisfied with the breasts of her consolations." (Isa. lxvi. 11.) And again (lxvi. 12): "Then shall ye suck;

ye shall be borne upon her sides, and be dandled upon her knees." And Peter uses a similar figure, calling the children of God newborn babes. He stirs them up to desire the sincere milk of the word, that they may grow thereby. But if all God's most precious gospel words are these breasts, why say "thy *two* breasts?" We must here repeat a former observation, that the propriety of the figuration must be observed. God would not paint out his church as a monster, and as she is called his spouse so it was necessary to write, "thy *two* breasts," though these breasts of Zion really comprehend numberless gracious promises, and all sorts of sweet words of grace and love. This thought we believe may save us from taxing our ingenuity to exactly find out what can be signified by *two* breasts. Some have said the precepts and the promises; others might say doctrines and precepts, and so on; but after all, though these thoughts are not despicable, the better view seems to be the one we have given, and to include under this expression all God's blessed words of grace and truth in Christ, and all God's true ministers as holding them forth for the nourishment and consolation of his people.

But now for the similitude.

"*Thy two breasts are like two young roes that are twins, which feed among the lilies.*" The roe is often used in scripture as the emblem of agility, swiftness, and gracefulness. Thus Asahel was light of foot as a wild roe, and Christ in this Song is represented as coming like a roe or young hart, leaping over hills of difficulty when visiting his people. This, then, is the characteristic of the word of God's grace when it comes in divine power into the heart; it is a lovely, gracious word. It comes to the heart in this lively sort of way; it is quick, living, and lively, as well as powerful. In fact, where his word truly comes, Christ himself comes also. And if his ministers have a real entrance, when they preach his word, into the consciences of his people, it is Christ enters by them. Thus Paul could say, "Our entrance in amongst you was not in vain." No; Christ came with Paul, and entered with Paul's words into their hearts. Then Christ's kingdom came to them not only in word but in power, and they received his words in the castings down of nature, but the demonstration of the Spirit. The word, in spite of all the oppositions of the flesh, had a living, gracious entrance into their hearts. Moreover, when the word entered, there was an entertaining of it in its integrity. All Christ's words, whether doctrinal, preceptive, or practical, whether historical or prophetic, whether of reproof or consolation, have a unity about them; therefore the roes are two, but twins,—unity and variety; agreement, and yet a sweet diversity. Moreover, there is a perpetual freshness about Christ's words when they really come from his own lips, as they do when the Holy Spirit accompanies them; therefore the roes in the similitude are said to be young. It is perfectly true that the blessed words of God may be like a sort of old tale, at times, to us through our miserable carnality; and ministers, if they decline or die out of the

power of things; may, whilst giving forth a correct form of words with much human ability, only preach a set of dry doctrines, dry precepts, and equally dry experiences. As Job says, "Your remembrances are like unto ashes, your bodies (of divinity) to bodies of clay," without a vestige of life about them. But all this is through the carnality of hearers or preachers. The words of Christ are in reality always answerable to the figure of the text: "Two young roes that are twins." Moreover, these roes are said to feed amongst the lilies. To feed amongst is to enter, abide, and hold communion with. Christ's words never enter any hearts but those of the elect, and never abide in any hearts but those that are regenerated by them. They find no home, no resting-place, in mere nature. Christ upon earth had not where to lay his head. Christ's words in natural hearts can find nothing to entertain them. Where there is only nature, or the carnal mind, there is not even a Rahab to receive the spies with peace. God's words are like Noah's dove. They can find no place for the sole of the foot where all is merely natural, and therefore without God, and will bring the olive branch of peace into no hearts but those into which Christ himself enters. "If the Son of Peace be there, your peace shall rest upon it." There is a sympathy between the words of God and the work and graces of the Holy Spirit in the children of God. Thus the word of faith agrees with the faith of God's elect; they can feed together, can hold a blessed intercourse or communion. "When thou awakest, it shall talk with thee." The word of hope agrees with the hope produced by the God of hope. The word of love with love in the Spirit, the word of purity with the principle of purity answerable to that word implanted in the heart at regeneration. Thus David writes: "Thy word is very pure; therefore thy servant loveth it." So also the word of consolation makes itself at home in the heart of trouble, the word of healing in the heart broken and plagued with sin. Christ's heavenly peace, as declared in the Word, comes into the heart that feels it stands in need of it through the convincing power of the Holy Spirit. In this way, then, the two young roes feed amongst the lilies. On the other hand, we see that God's words can have no abiding or sympathy with what is of the flesh, and mere nature, unsanctified, unsubdued nature, even in God's children. The child of God indulging in fleshly things can never at the same time feel a sweet complacency in the words of God. Fleshly Asa was angry with the prophet, though he was in the main a good man, and his heart generally was right with God. The word of meekness cannot be at home in an angry heart, though it may come into the heart that feels pained with its proneness to irritability, and subdue its angry tempers, turning the lion into a lamb. The word of purity cannot rest amidst a crowd of impure thoughts, or of wisdom amidst a host of vain ones. The words of self-denial, crucifixion, and an active life towards God, must be estranged from the heart indulging in selfishness, sensuality, and fleshly ease. Mr. Godspeace laid down

his office when Mansoul feasted in the house of Mr. Carnal Security.

God's words are at home amongst the lilies. Ministers and members of churches may alike obtain instruction from these words. The saints of God as after the Spirit, the words of God, and things of the Spirit generally, are as lilies in their purity and sweetness. With these things, then, ministers should be familiar. With the saints of God, especially with the more spiritual, should they hold companionship. They should not needlessly and inordinately interest themselves and be immersed in worldly things and business, or be principally conversant with matters and persons of a carnal nature. This cannot possibly be styled feeding amongst the lilies. The world should not be their feeding-place. Paul says to Timothy, concerning the things of God, "Give thyself wholly to them;" "Pay attention to reading," &c.; "Take heed to thyself and to the doctrine. Continue in them; for in doing *this* thou shalt both save thyself and them that hear thee." Those ministers will not be very likely to lead others amongst the lilies to feed in pure, divine, and holy places, who themselves choose for a feeding-ground the worldly places of brambles, thorns, and thistles. But not only ministers should take heed to these things, but members of churches and Christians generally. Where Christ feeds his people they should seek to find him (Song i. 9 and vi. 2, 3); where his words really are they should seek for them. Christ and his words are alike amongst the lilies.

To sum up. We see (1) that the ministry of the word, in the truth, spirit, and grace of it, is sweetly congenial to the new and inner man; to all that is of God in his people. (2) If ministers would be useful, they must attend to divine things, beware of vain companions and fleshly pursuits and pleasures. Their proper place is amongst the lilies. Their conversation and citizenship should be in heaven, amongst the saints of God, and with the words and things of the Spirit of God. (3) Members, too, of churches, if they would profit by the means of grace, and be comforted by God's words, and be useful in their day and generation, and a strength not a burden to the ministers, must come out and be separate, as saith the Lord, "Israel shall dwell in safety alone;" not amidst the thorns, but the lilies. "Finally, brethren," writes Paul, "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things, and the God of peace shall be with you." This is to feed amongst the lilies.

To live by faith is a strange, mysterious, and supernatural life, that no creature in the universe knows anything of but the believer; and it is not without the greatest difficulty that he is brought to make any proficiency in it.—*Charles.*

SPIRITUAL AFFECTION.

Dear Mr. Editor,—I send you the enclosed letter from Mr. W. Hall, minister at West Hartlepool, whom I have known for twenty years as a godly, upright man and a tender-hearted Christian, and with whom I have carried on a correspondence in the *spirit* for fifteen years. I fear its contents may be too personal in some parts; but it is a good one, on the whole, and shows the work of God in the heart of a poor sinner.

The dear Lord guide you and lead us, in the fear of God and the love of his precious truth, to love pureness of heart more than gold or silver, and the smile of a precious Jesus more than the smiles of women.

Yours affectionately, for the Truth's Sake,

THE COLLIER.

Dear Father in the Gospel of the Grace of God,—Grace, mercy, and peace be with thee.

I am in the receipt of thy last, and was much surprised at its contents, both with the proceedings at — and also what has been said about me; but the tongue of slander spares no one. All that I said was that it was a pity that things were going on as they were. I said nothing, as I thought my words would be made something of. These people surely do not know the tie betwixt a spiritual father and a son. The foundation of our friendship was laid under peculiar circumstances. I was in soul trouble, you in temporal, and labouring night and day to impart to me the knowledge of the gospel; and if it had been possible you would have given your life that I might be saved, you travelling in birth until I was brought forth. I cannot remember these days without shedding tears. They were days of distress; and, without one idle moment, how anxiously I searched the scriptures to see if these things were so. I remember, on one occasion, going into one of the cabins that were being built; and O how I poured out my soul to the Lord! I often think about it now when I go into the same cabin, and often wish for one of those days of the Son of Man; and when the dear Lord received me, a poor guilty sinner, how solemnly I committed all into his blessed hands, both soul and body. My heart was open to the Lord's people, neither thought I anything that I had was my own. I became separated from all the earthly schemes of men that they fall back upon when health fails them; but I felt God was my Father, and that he would provide, and I was enabled to put my trust in him. But

“Many days have pass'd since then;
Many changes I have seen;”

much sickness in this poor body and in family, pressed with trials; and yet I do not regret the way I was led, but believe it was of the Lord.

These were summer days with me, and the singing of birds was come; but, alas! It is winter now. I did live upon Christ

then; I did eat him, and drink him, and wear him, and walked with him, and talked with him. He has been with me in the ship's hold, when I have been black with dust and wet with sweat, and without light except the glimmering of a candle through the dust; but I have had light. The Sun of righteousness had risen upon me. This you know was a little of my beginning; you had the secrets of my soul; but they were hid from all the world beside.

This was the commencement of our friendship, and it will take a heavy blow to kill it. These men have not known you under such circumstances as these. It is one thing to be charmed with a man's abilities, and another for that man to live in your heart.

Give my love to all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth. There are a few in — who are in my heart.

Thine unworthy Son,

West Hartlepool, Oct. 7.

W. HALL.

PRECIOUS THINGS.

O how precious was the Saviour
 In the hour I first believed,
 When I felt his love and favour,
 And full pardon I received.

When I sang of free salvation,
 What a precious theme was this!
 Christ was all my consolation.
 He was mine and I was his.

When the yoke of sin was broken,
 And I heard my Saviour say,—
 Precious was the word when spoken,—
 "Rise, my love, and come away."

When the Lord first brought me near him,
 Gave me precious faith to pray,
 Precious grace to love and fear him,
 Christ was precious night and day.

All the promises were precious;
 Precious his atoning blood.
 Precious streams of grace refresh us
 As we travel home to God.

Precious are the sons of Zion;
 Precious was the price they cost;
 Precious Christ they all rely on;
 He redeemed them when lost.

Condescend, thou blessed Spirit,
 To reveal my Saviour's will;
 Show me more of Jesu's merit,

Devonport.

And make him more precious still.

W. D.

A BRIEF MEMOIR OF MR. ISAAC BEEMAN,

PENNED FROM THE RECOLLECTION OF ONE WHO HAD IT FROM HIS
OWN LIPS.

I was born in 1764, at Seberton Green, Boughton Malherbe, near Ashford, in Kent. My father was bailiff to Dr. Briton, rector of —, in that vicinity. About 1778 I was apprenticed to Mr. Clifford, draper and general shopkeeper, at Cranbrook, in the same county, and attended with my master's family at a Particular Baptist chapel; but, like other youths, I walked after the vanity of my own mind.

When I was about 16 or 17 years of age, as I was going down to my master's stable, this scripture very powerfully seized my heart: "Now, consider this, ye that forget God, lest I tear you in pieces, and there be none to deliver." The sins of my past life were set before my eyes, and, in the light of God's countenance, the eye of his justice was opened upon and pursued me. From that moment the scrutiny was carried on for a considerable time, till I was brought almost to despair. While under this severe chastening for my sins, the customers who came to the shop used to say they could not think what was the matter with Beeman; he used to be very clever, but now he could not tell six pennyworth of halfpence; and verily my thoughts were so swallowed up with the state of my soul that if an article was asked for by a customer, before I could get it from the shelf I had quite forgotten what had been inquired for. But the deepest trouble I had to endure was at a shop in the parish of Sandhurst, of my master's, which I had to attend twice a week. There the guilt of my sin and the anger of God against me were so heavy that I paced the shop to and fro, thinking I was as sure to be damned as I was born; but while in this distress of soul, I felt in my heart an inclination to go once more into a little room behind the shop, and pray to God to have mercy upon me, a miserable sinner; and while thus engaged, these words dropped into my mind: "And we know that all things work together for good," which brought hope for the first time into my heart, and, as Mr. Huntington expresses it, turned my mind from looking backward to looking forward and hope for better days.

At another time, when ruminating on the dangers I was exposed to by my sin, and swallowed up with the thoughts of the eternity of that state of misery which after death I must be in if I died unforgiven of God, these words were applied to my sinking soul: "Thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy, I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble and the heart of the contrite ones; for I will not contend for ever, neither will I be always wroth; for the spirit should fail before me, and the souls which I have made." The help, the good that I found from these words, so exactly suited to my troubled mind, was more than could be expressed.

At another time, when sorely pressed with the spirit of bondage, not knowing what I could do or how I could be saved, near Benenden Gate, on my road home from Sandhurst, these words were "powerfully applied, with light and comfort attending: "Look unto me, and be ye saved." They struck me so forcibly that I literally lifted my bodily eyes to the heavens, though it was the spiritual light and comfort that did me good. Another help I obtained from this scripture: "He spake a parable unto them to this end, that men ought always to pray, and not to faint." In another case, this word was a great blessing: "Behold, I lay in Zion a stone, a tried stone, elect and precious, a sure foundation; and whosoever believeth on him shall never be confounded."

At another time, when sorely pressed again with a legal spirit, these words absolutely broke it down: "I will have *mercy*, and not sacrifice." Another text was a wonderful help to me: "It is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul, and without shedding of blood there is no remission." This text was of great use and instruction to me; it showed me the divinity of the Saviour. "No *man* can redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him." Notwithstanding these helps, the power of unbelief was so strong upon me, at times, that although I knew I was a sinner and God had provided a Saviour for sinners, and God had "so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life," yet I could not believe; and so great were my fears that I should perish as an unbeliever that my bones were literally pained within me, and these words of Mr. Hart, "that repentance without faith is a sore, that, never healing, frets and rankles unto death," was what I thought would be my lot; and, to add to the distress of my heart, and to make it as though quite complete, there was one sin I had been guilty of, for which I thought there was no forgiveness. (What that particular sin was I never heard him say, though he said he never found but one person who had committed the same.) But while I was thus fearing and trembling under the fear that this one sin must sink me for ever, this word was applied to my sinking spirit: "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from *all* sin." O! This word *all* took in this one sin which I verily feared could not be pardoned. Now I hoped that some day I should, notwithstanding all my guilt and all my fear, find the mercy of God in Christ to heal my sin-sick soul. How I did long for an interest in the Saviour's merits, and to know he had put away my sin by the sacrifice of himself. He was so precious to me in the sight of his worth, and in the sense of my want of him, that I longed to know my interest in him; for nothing less would satisfy my heart; and thus it was, with these strong desires in my soul, I left the shop, and went up into my bedroom, and there poured out my soul in prayer that God would show me my interest in his dear Son. I came down again, and a few minutes

after, while I was in the act of striking with a hammer to break some pitch, God sent this word into my soul: "You were once darkness, but now are ye light in the Lord." The Saviour and my interest in him were made known to my heart; so that I cried out, in the words of good old Jacob, "It is enough; it is enough." Then was fulfilled in me this scripture: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, soul, mind, and strength;" and now, as Mrs. Row says, the very being of God was a recreation to my spirit. And this song of Mr. Newton's was the happiness of my new-born soul:

"Lord, we return thee what we can;
Our hearts shall sound abroad
Salvation to the dying Man,
And to the rising God.

"And while thy bleeding glories here
Engage our wond'ring eyes,
We learn the lighter cross to bear,
And hasten to the skies."

And in this enjoyment of God's peace and rest I lived for about twelve months, dead to all earthly charms, my affections risen to the right hand of God, where Christ sitteth. I had now found the place where God rested pacified towards me, and there was the resting-place of my troubled and afflicted mind, according as it is written: "Being justified freely by his grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus, whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God; to declare, I say, at this time his righteousness, that he might be just and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus." This divine peace, rest, comfort, and happiness continued with me for about twelve months; and then, as Mr. H. says, the heavenly vision began to wear off, and the enjoyment of the divine favour and presence became less and less frequent, and a coldness and lifelessness gradually succeeded.

About this period, the term of my apprenticeship having expired, I went up to London, seeking for a situation, and no more expecting to come back to Cranbrook than to go to the West Indies. For several weeks I continued there, using every effort in my power to procure a situation; but every step I took proved useless. My utmost endeavours totally failed, and I became much bowed down, wondering what I should do. But in the midst of my heavy cogitations on this business, in reading my Bible, this word made a considerable impression upon my mind: "I will plant them again in their own land," &c. Not many days after, a friend from Cranbrook came to town, and seeing me still out of and seeking for a situation, said, "Why do you not come back again and open a shop, for So-and-so is going to leave?" I fell in with the proposition; he went back, hired a place, and in a few days I returned, and commenced on my own account. Shortly after this, I purchased more premises, and after some time had

elapsed I recollected the word that came to my mind: "I will plant thee again," &c.; and I hope Providence had a hand in this affair.

Some time having passed over, the world, with its profits, appeared to be worth my notice and attention, and my house and premises being mortgaged, I thought it very desirable to get that rubbed off. To effect this I embarked in the hop-buying business, and the better I succeeded in it the more eagerly I pursued it; and, in fact, my Saviour became neglected and but very little enjoyed or thought of; yet the fear of the Almighty abode with me, so as to keep me from anything outwardly base, or to bring any scandal upon my profession before the eyes of the world, though I was sensible in my heart, all the while I thus hunted after what the worldling calls gain, that I was not walking in the enjoyment of my best and greatest Friend. Yet the sense of this was not strong enough to stop my anxious pursuit after it. In fact, I had purposed (O, what a fool I was!) to go on till I had gained the sum of £20,000, thinking that would be sufficient to make me independent; but it happened, as I was going to Maidstone, passing along near Stile Bridge, these words sounded in my heart: "What *doest* thou here, Elijah?" repeated three times, louder each time. Nevertheless, I went on my way, but filled with much thoughtfulness. My worldly pursuits were struck at, I knew.

Not a great while after this, being in London, I purposed to hear Mr. Huntington. He had been at Cranbrook two or three times, and I had heard him preach at a chapel on the hill; but I could not then see anything in him superior to those I had been in the habit of hearing in the Baptist connexion. However, having many workings in my mind, I went to hear him, and in the course of the sermon he made the following remarks: "There is among some professors a kind of religion *my soul hates*. They will tell you of the word of God being made of use to them, both in conviction and comfort, years ago; but now there is nothing of the kind going on in their hearts, nor has for years, perhaps. And now I *tell you*,—I say, I *tell you*, *if ever God brings you out of that lifeless and barren state, he will shake you to purpose*." And these words of Mr. H. fixed themselves like a barbed arrow in my soul, and verily, in about three months after, the shaking,—the shaking to purpose, came upon my soul indeed; for I was made to feel, to the breaking of my heart, the jealous reproofs and rebukes of the Almighty for neglecting and forsaking him to follow after the empty but glittering gains of this vain world. O! How was I made to see my folly and sin, and to see that it was an evil and bitter thing that his fear was not exercised by me when he led me by the way. Now I found the truth of Paul's words: "But they that *will* be rich fall into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition; *for the love of money* is the root of all evil, which, while some coveted after, have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with

many sorrows." And for the idolatry of my foolish heart God rendered to me his anger in fury, and his rebukes like flames of fire, till my frame so withered under his chastening hand that one might have told all my bones, and my flesh literally failed of fatness. O! How did I rue this my heart-departure from him. It was as if he would consume me by his anger and by his wrath. Then was I troubled so that I forgot to eat my bread; for I reckoned from morning till night, "Thou wilt make an end of me, and as a lion thou wilt break all my bones." And yet, what was remarkable to me, the old score of my transgressions that I was first charged with under my first work was not brought into this account.

But during this period of trouble, Mr. Huntington having been to Cranbrook two or three times, as mentioned above, some four or five of the friends who used to attend with me at the Baptist chapel withdrew, and met together to read Mr. H.'s and others' writings, in which they found more edification than in the ministry; but as yet I could not go with them, and they used to accuse me to Mr. H. of still sticking to the old place. I had, I confess, fears and obstacles that lay in my way of leaving. My mind went one way, and these pulled the other; but being in London on business, I went, as was now my fixed plan, to hear Mr. H., and I felt a desire to speak to him. After the sermon, accordingly, I went into the vestry, and offered him my hand; but, after his manner, he spake to me thus: "Why, surely you must be as hard as iron to offer to shake hands with me." All the reply I made was, "Sir, time will tell." Harsh as this may seem, it did not lessen him in my esteem one tittle. I knew it arose from a misrepresentation of my conduct by some friends who did not thoroughly understand all my case. However, I travelled on as well as I could, and, labouring under guilty terrors for my backsliding, these words were sent one day with great power, and gave me much direction and encouragement: "Go and proclaim these words towards the north, and say, *Return*, thou *backsliding Israel*, saith the Lord, and I will not cause mine anger to fall upon you; for I am merciful, saith the Lord, and will not keep anger for ever. Only acknowledge thine iniquity, that thou hast transgressed against the Lord thy God, and scattered thy ways to strangers under every green tree, and hast not obeyed my voice." O! What encouragement did I find here. How suited to my mind were such words as these, that the God I had sinned against should say so-and-so, and to such a sorry creature as I. Who but such as I can tell the worth thereof?

Again, at another time, when sinking in my mind, and bowed down with fears, this word of his grace gave me a wonderful lift: "The Lord, the God of Israel, saith he *hateth* putting away." How much good this did me I shall never be able to tell. It so suited my case and my needs, it was a word in due season indeed.

(To be continued.)

LETTER BY THE LATE MR. ABBOTT,
OF MAYFIELD.

Dear Friend and Brother in Christ Jesus,—I was glad to hear from you, and found my spirit refreshed in reading your account of the Lord's dealings with you. It came at a time when I was much cast down on account of my wife's affliction, and was just about to leave home for Eastbourne and Hailsham, with doubts whether leaving my wife and going to preach three evenings would be to any good purpose. I considered it of the Lord that your letter should come to me that morning; and as Paul, after seeing the brethren, thanked God and took courage, so your letter was an encouragement to me in my journey. We read that men do not gather grapes of thorns, nor figs of thistles; but something is to be gathered among the family of heaven one from another, though some may think nothing good can be gathered from them.

I was at Rochester this autumn, where I met with a young man who had been a zealous professor under Mr. S., of Chatham, and was considered a proper person to be sent out as a village missionary; but the Lord was pleased to throw him down into the depths of distress, when he found his minister a physician of no value. He appeared to me to have been in deeper waters than any one I have met with for some years; but is now raised to hope, which first took place in reading Mr. Hart's preface to his hymns, and increased in reading Mr. Jenkins's letters to Mr. Huntington; and although he labours under much hardness, enmity, and unbelief, I gathered something from him expressive of a sense of the Lord's goodness in calling and separating here and there one to show forth his praise.

I met with a lady at Eastbourne who gave me a sweet account of the Lord's dealings with her. She lived at Mayfield when I first came into these parts; and she told me of the Lord blessing the word from my mouth to her soul; so that I gathered something there. This was as bread cast upon the waters, found after many days.

You say that you have heard that I have been much tried of late, and you have a wish to know the particulars. It is true I certainly have experienced a considerable shaking, but am not moved from the hope of the gospel. This onset took place about three months ago, about two or three o'clock on the Lord's day morning. I was aroused from sleep in a dark confused state, as though I was about to leave the body. It was some time before I could collect myself or find out where I was, and was low and uncomfortable the next day. I had been meditating the day before on the words: "Who is among you that feareth the Lord?" I spoke in the morning from the beginning of the verse, and found liberty in speech for about an hour, and then concluded in much bondage and darkness of mind. I was too much distressed and perplexed to eat any dinner; but finding a little springing up of faith and hope, attended with peace, I was encouraged to go

again in the afternoon, when I spoke from the middle part on darkness (Isa. l. 10), and intended to go on, but was so weak and low I concluded. Satan thrust sorely at me, and a sharp combat I had most of the week following. On the Saturday I went to Maresfield. When bed time came, having much heaviness, and unbelief being very prevalent, I had but little hope of sleep. I was much exercised with the fiery darts of Satan, and rolled in bed from side to side, full of tossings to and fro. At length I found myself very faint; my heart panted, my spirits sank. Away from home, with none to speak to, earnest cries went forth for deliverance; and the Lord was pleased to appear my helper and my friend. Several suitable passages of scripture came to my mind and encouraged me to look up; when all at once peace flowed into my soul like a river. I had the sweetest satisfaction in my mind that the God of love and peace was with me, and I lay meditating upon his goodness, and inwardly singing Mr. Hart's hymn upon judgment and mercy, until about 4 o'clock. I then fell asleep, and sweet sleep it was. I preached at Five Ash Down next morning; but being weak in body I did not preach an hour; but at Rotherfield, in the afternoon, I was stronger, and had a good time from these words: "I know that the Lord will maintain the cause of the afflicted and the right of the poor." This battle was not only a means of reviving the good work in my own soul, but I conversed with several to whom I have reason to believe the word was made a blessing. T. L., whom you know, told me the Lord brought him out of a wretched state under the first sermon I preached afterwards at Five Ash Down, and another enjoyed it greatly. The next time after that a woman waited on the Down to inform me of the consolation she had received that morning under the word. It was but little she could say; but she had that sense of the goodness of God that she was dissolved in tears of love and gratitude. Thus, as says the apostle, "Whether we are afflicted or comforted, it is for your consolation;" so that I think my motto must still be, "Conflicts and Conquests," however contested.

I cannot but wonder that the Lord should make use of one so insignificant and unworthy; but he will do as he will, let who may disapprove. I enjoyed much peace for several weeks; but have since had my changes again as formerly. My chief concern is to live under a continual sense of interest in the blood and righteousness of Christ, and to be favoured with a firm confidence in the love of God and the testimony of the Spirit of adoption, crying, "Abba, Father!"

I am glad that you are enabled to commit your way unto the Lord, and above all that spiritual things are, at times, uppermost, and have reason to believe the Lord will appear further in your behalf, and will lead you on in a growth in grace and the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

My wife has been much afflicted, and is in a very weak condition. We have our trials and burdens; but the Lord still

appears our helper and our friend. His kind hand is with us, and his goodness daily passes before us. So there is none like unto the God of Jeshurun. Who can be so safe and happy as those who put their trust in him? The Lord bless you.

Yours affectionately, in the Bonds of Christian Charity,
Mayfield, Oct. 21, 1822.

WILLIAM ABBOTT.

A PASTORAL LETTER.

*To the Saints and Faithful in Christ Jesus who meet for Worship at
George Street, Fitzroy.*

Beloved,—Grace be to you and peace from God the Father and from our Lord Jesus Christ, who gave himself for our sins, that he might deliver us from this present evil world, according to the will of God and our Father, to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.

I am thankful to be able to say that I have hope of being restored to you again very shortly. I have not been so well since my arrival here this time, owing to a severe cold; but this is now wearing off, and the Lord, the healer, is granting to me renewed strength. I will not undertake to promise which day I shall be with you, as I wish to act upon the medical advice given; and as soon as the Lord in this way shall say, "Go forth," I shall not delay to see you. My banishment, for I can call it nothing else, has been somewhat of a trouble to me this time. With a very sorrowful heart I left my home, and I felt, indeed, as I journeyed along, a wicked spirit of repining, which soon brought me into darkness and trouble of soul, for the Lord hid his dear face from me, and when he hideth himself, like dear David, I am troubled. But, thanks, ten thousand thanks, to his dear name, he hath again appeared and led me [to say with meekness, "The cup which my Father giveth me shall I not drink it?"] What a mercy, dear friends, that there are no dregs of condemnation in any of the sufferings or afflictions of the Lord's people. No; our precious Jesus drank all that, and hence we have the sweet words: "There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." And what sweet meltings of soul we do experience when our beloved Lord comes and puts his hand in the hole of the door which he hath made in our hearts. Truly I can say:

"In darkest shades, if he appear,
My dawning is begun.
He is my soul's bright Morning Star,
And he my rising Sun."

In spirit I am ever with you at George Street. It is so long since I have had the privilege of meeting with the Lord's dear people for worship that I have had to exclaim, "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts. My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth, for the courts of the Lord's house." Still the everlasting

covenant, ordered in all things and sure, is my resting-place and my hope, and my Lord doth not fail in my solitude to place his left arm beneath my head, while his right arm doth embrace me. O what a wonder of love! Help me to praise him, ye saints, that he should condescend to embrace with his everlasting arms such a vile wretch as I am. Ah! Satan, my great enemy, how art thou fallen! How thou dost flee away when my Lord is near; and when I hear the sound of those golden bells which adorn the garments of my great High Priest within the veil, my heart doth leap for joy, and the word of my sweet Saviour doth seem to be verily fulfilled: "I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you."

I trust and pray that the Great Shepherd of the sheep hath been mindful of you, my beloved; that he hath not left you to feed on the common, but led you into green pastures, given you some droppings of honey from the rock, some of the old corn of the kingdom, some of the choice wine of his covenant love. I often think of the message which the Lord sent us on the first Lord's day of the year: "Fear thou not, for I am with thee. I am thy God, I will help thee; yea, I will strengthen thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness;" and though he hath soon brought us into the pathway of trial, yet we are assured it is right, and he will in his own good time surely bring us through. In olden times it was the lot of the Lord's dear people, called Baptists, to be persecuted, to have their ministers shut up in prison for months together; but the cause prospered, and the truth triumphed, and though we have no such trials now, yet the faithful of the Lord must and will be tried in some shape or form. Let us, therefore, be patient, for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh.

I beseech you, my brethren, by the mercies of God, continue in prayer, and watch in the same with thanksgiving. Strive after those things which make for peace, and wherewith one may edify another. For your sakes, doubtless, the Lord has seen fit in his all-wise providence to lay me aside for a season, and when he hath completed the trial which his love designed, we shall come forth as gold.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you. Amen.

I remain, dear Brethren, Yours ever in Jesus,

Phillip Island, Victoria, March 2, 1871.

WILLIAM BRYANT.

[See "G. S." for July, 1872.]

WHAT a vital, ravishing, overpowering efficacy is in that voice of faith! Let it but look back a few years, and compare what it was with what it is now. It was far off; it is now made nigh. (Eph. ii. 12, 13.) It was not [sensibly] beloved, but is now beloved. (Rom. ix. 25, 26.) It had not obtained mercy, but now hath obtained mercy. (1 Pet. ii. 10.) Or let the assured soul look forward, and compare what it now is and hath with what it shortly shall be made and put in possession of. We know that when he shall appear we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is. (1 Jno. iii. 2.)—*Flevel.*

JOHN RUSK'S DIARY.

(Continued from page 419.)

Sunday, Dec. 1st, 1816.—After I came home last night, having a little time, I took up an old book that we used to let the children play with, not thinking it was a good book. I read a little in it, and felt good in reading it and a little of one of my own writing. I certainly found a sweet revival of the work, and felt liberty in prayer; and I cannot help thinking this was an answer to prayer; for I went up stairs in the dark to prayer by myself; and after this it was that I felt that sweet time at night. O what reluctance there is to attend to our greatest privilege; I mean a throne of grace! When I awoke I lay meditating on these words: "Thy Maker is thy Husband." The book I had been reading is "The Soul's Espousals to Christ." After I got up, and when going to chapel, I felt the work clearly revived again. I heard Mr. Robins very well. Text: "The secret of the Lord," &c. In the afternoon I went to Eagle Street meeting, and read a little more of the same book, in hope of getting more good. It was bitterly cold. I warmed myself, had a good tea at Mr. S.'s, and went to chapel. Text: "The root of the righteous," &c.

Monday, Dec. 2nd.—I am not greatly cast down, though I've no prospect of work; but am going out, please God. I went to three places. After dinner I went out to go to Mr. Southwell's. But O, what confusion there was all the way, occasioned by the riots; people shutting up their shops and taking in their goods, for fear of the rioters. We certainly live in a calamitous day; for there are thousands starving for want of work and for want of bread, and I wonder not at the disturbance, though it is grievous to see such things. I hope the Lord will appear for the poor. For my own part, things look very dark,—my wife drawing near her confinement, one pound to pay this month for rent, all our things nearly in pledge, nearly three pounds in debt at Bow, and many more; no work hardly in the trade, and but few will employ me on account of my religion. As for my friend, I am ashamed to go burdening him. These things stick *close*. Five to provide for, and all looking to me; but it would not do to pore over these things, though, at times, I cannot help it. I went to chapel. Text: "For me to live is Christ," &c. A choice sermon; but I was heavy, and troubled about worldly things. When I came home, all the troops had mustered at the Mansion House. I found a little good in prayer.

Dec. 3rd.—I was very much discontented and rebellious; yet I am not despairing; for I feel hope, bless God. I went to look for work at six places, and should have gone to more, but knew it was of no use, for there is very little work, and but few who will employ me. I went along Thames Street, intending to go either to Mr. B. or to Mr. P., yet hated the thoughts of going to either. But I saw Mr. Simpson standing at the gate. He is gatekeeper of the new Custom House. He asked me in, and we

had some conversation. I was coming away, but he insisted on my having some dinner; and though I refused it very much, yet he would not let me go without. I then went to Mr. Perry's, and never was more struck; for when I went in, Mrs. P. was in deep black, and she told me Mr. P. was dead. She told me he made a good end; and from several things she said I was well satisfied. He said he was going to that Jesus he had long sought, and not sought in vain; and sang:

"Guide me, O thou great Jehovah!"

I felt very comfortable while she was telling me. I drank tea there, and found liberty in asking a blessing. I stayed till past seven o'clock, and came home, but was very miserable, looking at things which are seen, that appeared very gloomy. I went to prayer, and felt a little better. O, how good it is to struggle hard after Jesus; for the devil trembles at his name. But many ups and downs we shall have to bring us to this experience. I now feel peace again.

Dec. 4th.—At 10 o'clock I went out, not knowing which way to turn, nor what to do for the best. I went up to C.'s, where there is plenty of work, but got the usual answer, "No!" I then was much discouraged. I saw an old woman who carries water down Limehouse. She is one of the poorest and yet liveliest Christians I ever knew. I said, "How do you do?" "Why, very well; never better in health, in soul, and in circumstances. When there was plenty of work for others," said she, "and they were getting on, I was starving for a bit of bread; and now that there is no work for them and they are starving, God wonderfully appears for me, and I see his kind providence." I was astonished to hear her go on. I walked away to go to Mr. B.'s, but had no heart to do it. My back was in such pain that I went up the Minories and then home. I was very dull, and much discouraged at the roughness of the way, and yet not so bowed down as formerly, though everything, according to reason, makes against me. Lord, do thou undertake my cause thy own self. After this I went with Ellen Sutherland to Bow, and God only knows what I've suffered since from the bitter spirit of my mother, which Ellen communicated to me. O! Such bondage, such hardness of heart, so shut up fast in prison, such unbelief, rebellious murmuring, and discontent, that I have been a burden to myself. My wife went to hear Mr. Robins, and a miserable night it was to me, God knoweth. In family prayer I was never more straitened and shut up in my life. I hated to pray. Such pride and wretched rebellion that I was afraid I should break through all bounds. In this state I went to bed, and awoke before five o'clock. And now the enemy set in and struggled hard to sink me in despair. He told me I did not look properly for work, and that it was my pride and the fear of persecution and reproach; that I lived on other people, and in time they would find me out; that I was cruel to my family, and that we should all come to the workhouse. I trembled with fear,

but was helped to cry mightily to the Lord Jesus, and plead a great many suitable promises which were brought so well to my mind by the blessed Spirit. Fellow-traveller, never attempt to answer the devil any other way than by looking to Jesus. He trembles at him, but laughs at us; and, though we may seem only faintly to make the attempt to look to Jesus, yet faith will gain ground: "Whom resist, steadfast in the faith." "But," say you, "I am not sure it is the devil, but think it is really true." I do not doubt that; but whether it is true or false, try this way and you will find relief; for we are exhorted to "resist the devil, and he will flee from us;" and you see I have proved this again and again. I therefore found the temptation abate, and am much better; but it was a sore engagement with the devil. After this, in asking a blessing, I found a good time, and that confirmed me that it was the right faith, because it endured the storm. I thanked God for it, and was sure I was in the right path. I then went out, and took, according to promise, one of my writing books to Mr. Simpson, upon "Who maketh thee to differ?" &c. Then I walked on, one time thinking I would go to Mr. B., then again I would not; and so I kept on, up and down, still walking that way, and praying God to direct me, and not suffer me to do wrong. O, how I hated to go, and yet I knew not what else to do. I therefore, sorely against my will, went to Mr. B.'s, and he kindly received me. After dinner, in our conversation, it came out how tried we were, for I said we had not a bit of bread in the house. This was not to be wondered at, seeing that I had no work, and that bread, cheap bread, was 1s. 3½d. per quarter.* He studied awhile, and then spoke about representing my case to the charitable institution for God's poor at Conway Street. At this I felt very backward, but could not say to the contrary. After tea I went with him to chapel, and as we were walking there he gave me 4s. 6d., and said there was the balance of a bill I might have if I would call for it over the water. After service I saw him and Mr. Robins, and they spoke to Mr. Smith, who gave Mr. B. 2s., which he gave to me, and told me I must attend the committee on Monday night before service began.

Dec. 7th.—I have been to-day to 15 places, but got no work, and have been greatly cast down all the afternoon. I cannot bear the thought of going to meet the friends on Monday night;

* The best bread in London now is 9½d. per quarter. This is dear compared with what it was a few months ago; but it is amazingly cheap compared with the price named by Rusk. Taking into account the abundance of money now in the country over and above half a century ago, the price is not half now what it then was. Thousands of poor people rarely tasted wheaten bread, living principally upon oatmeal, especially in the north of England. Making the same allowance for the difference in the value of money, animal food, though now 11d. and 1s. per lb., is not much, if any, dearer than it was in 1816. But the consumption is enormously greater. Even the poor in our unions have, we believe, at least double the quantity that was formerly allowed.

yet we are reduced to three farthings. Lord, help us, for we want almost everything.

Sunday, Dec. 8th.—Went to chapel and felt very comfortable; for though when I awoke at half-past three o'clock I had a clear view of suffering times fast approaching, yet not in that despair as these feelings often bring. Now, in this light, I could see that I should get poorer and poorer in providence, but that my path would shine more and more agreeably to these words: "Though the Lord give thee the bread of adversity and the waters of affliction, yet thy teachers shall not be moved into a corner any more, but thine eyes shall see thy teachers." I also viewed wife and children, and felt natural affections struggling against these suffering; but I cannot describe as I could wish the light I saw the church of God in as it respects a suffering state, and that it was fast approaching, and, I believe, nearer than many good people are aware of; neither can I tell the awful light that the professors of our day appeared in, for the thing is gone from me as it respects the discernment I then had, so that I can only hint at it.

I heard Mr. Robins very well. Text: Ecc. viii. 1. Dined and drank tea with Mr. D. Robins, having been invited last Thursday night, and we spent a comfortable afternoon. I believe the Lord was with us. Text at night: Isa. xl. 1, 2. Heard very well, for I was not tormented with cares.

And now I must ascribe the glory of all to God; first, in providing for me and mine this day; for when I went out I had not a single halfpenny, and only left a farthing at home,—no potatoes, no butter, no meat; but Sally brought my wife two pork chops, and lent her a little money. And as for me, I was well provided for. Secondly, in grace. Comfortable all day, heard well, and had a good afternoon. This is the way to glorify that God that says the silver and gold is his and the cattle on a thousand hills. I found a good time in prayer at night.

Dec. 9th.—When I awoke I could see the propriety of God's dealings with me in order to keep me in my proper place, and to keep under the abominations of my wicked heart, which otherwise would work in all directions. I feel the deceit of it, the pride, the hypocrisy, the uncleanness, the enmity, the hardness, the unbelief, the rebellion, the murmuring of it, and many more of these things which these crosses discover; and when sanctified I can feel them all removed, and their opposites, or a better crop, raised up instead of them. These things will go on till death. I went over the water to get the balance of Mr. B.'s bill, and got the money, 7s. 6d.; dined at Mr. Standen's, called at several places, then crossed the water, but got no work. I then went home, fetched a bushel of coals, drank tea, and set off for Conway Street, remarkably tired. I tried at first setting off to pray; but unbelief got the upper hand, and a wretched crop followed. O, it was a miserable walk. "All these things," said Jacob, "are against me." And indeed so it appeared to me. I got there in good time; but not knowing rightly how to act, for I did not like

to go into the vestry, I went into my seat, and partly gave it up. Text: "O, my dove," &c. After service Mr. Robins touched me on the arm, and said, "I say, if you think proper, we are going to give you a trifle out of the poor-fund." I thanked him, and they gave me 3s., and Mr. G. gave me secretly 1s. Mr. B. asked me to stop all night, which I was thankful for, and continued there till Tuesday evening, doing things about the shop, and then came home; but on the road home was sorely tempted that I was in a dangerous path, and that God would make me manifest to be in presumption, and taking advantage of God's children. These things, with my debts, being out of work, the malice of the world, the fear of the cross, &c., all bolted in more and more upon me, and my extreme weakness to stand in the fiery trial that was coming on. O, how cast down I felt! Such fear, such despondency! I tried to plead the promises, and struggled hard; but found no relief; and when I got home I felt as if I should be upset altogether. I read Isa. liv., but could not lay hold of the promises, so as to get relief. We sang:

"Ye tempted souls, reflect," &c.

And then I went to prayer, but was much disturbed, through the children awaking and crying up stairs; yet I think I felt a small relief just to keep me from quite sinking. I then went up stairs and thought of a threefold witness of the Trinity that, at times, is clearly manifested in a weak believer.

Mr. Huntington says that God's love shed abroad in the heart is a proof of the Father; peace felt and enjoyed is a proof of the Son; and the cry of "Abba, Father," in the heart is a proof of the Holy Ghost. Now all this is grand and glorious truth, but there are but few that rise so high as this; many go halting, fearing, doubting, and trembling; and therefore I was led in meditation to a threefold witness of the Trinity that is to be found in the weak of God's family, and is as true in them as the other is in a strong, established believer.

1. Let me ask thee, poor, weak, despised, afflicted soul, that feels the hardness of thy heart, the powerful unbelief, the bondage, the prison thou art in, the pride, the despair, the uncleanness, rebellion, enmity, and great distance thou art in, how is it that sometimes thou art so troubled thou canst not speak, and at other times, notwithstanding all this and much more, thou canst pour out thy soul before God, and show him all thy trouble? I answer, it is the Spirit that helpeth thy infirmities, which he never does in a hypocrite, as you may see in Cain, Judas, Saul, Pharaoh, and many others; and it is a proof that the Holy Ghost, the Third Person in the Trinity, dwells in thy heart. Yes; he dwelleth with thee in this way, and shall be within thee in time, crying, "Abba, Father!" and never shall leave thee to all eternity.

2. Let me ask thee another question. How is it that thou art, at times, under sore temptations from Satan, accusing thee, shooting out his fiery darts at thee, bringing every text against

thee which belongs to hypocrites; and all this from morning to night, till thou appearest to be almost gone, and expectest nothing but to fall under God's vindictive wrath, that thou wilt break out in open blasphemy, that thou wilt go mad, or else be a fugitive and vagabond on the earth, and that thy family will come to the workhouse? I say, how is it that when the blast of these terrible ones is as a storm against the wall, these things never have come to pass, but you, after all this, have been supported and encouraged, the storm has abated, and your hope has gathered a little strength? I answer, it is the Lord Jesus Christ, the Second Person in the ever-blessed Trinity, that is succouring you under it all. Did you never take notice of this text: "For in that he suffered, being tempted, he is able to succour them that are tempted?" This shows the very tender love of his heart towards us; for in all our afflictions he is afflicted, and can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, being tempted in all points like unto us, yet without sin. Now, these things prove that to the weak and tempted God the Son dwells in them; and when they are brought to feel sweet peace established in their souls they will enjoy these things.

3. God the Father is in all the weak, or such characters as I have been describing. How came you, poor soul, to know yourself, and to find out all these abominations which are in your heart as before mentioned? I answer, it is the teaching of God the Father out of his law, showing you that by the fall you have lost the image of God, and that you are opposite in everything to his law, which is holy, just, and good; and these lessons you have learnt, not in the head, but by bitter experience from the deep impression of the perfections of God, which has made you tremble, feeling yourself such a monster in iniquity, lest he should impute sin to you. O, these are hard but profitable lessons to learn; and no hypocrites ever came here, let their pretensions be whatever they may. It is a teaching which none know but God's elect; and it is that we may feel our real need of Jesus Christ in all his finished work, and is intended to bring us in guilty and stop all boasting. And the more we are thus taught the more precious Christ will be to such when God the Father reveals him and the blessed Spirit testifies of him as an able, willing, suitable, and all-sufficient Saviour, able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him; one who will not break the bruised reed nor quench the smoking flax, but bring forth judgment unto victory. And when faith comes we then lay fast hold of him with all his saving benefits; and such are the people whom God forms for himself, to show forth his praise. Then God the Father is in the very weakest of his family in teaching them to know themselves in the fall, the unlimited demands of his law, its spirituality, their awful apostasy and distance from him, the power that Satan, in consequence of this, has over them, what they, as well as others, are exposed to, and at last they fully expect the dreadful execution

of the sentence and know nothing to the contrary. They have tried all they could to help themselves, and have proved that they are extreme weakness; and thus they die to all hope in themselves, from others, from reading, hearing, working, or striving, and are sure that it must be a miracle of mercy indeed if ever they are saved, which they neither expect nor believe. This is the way I have come; this is the painful path I have walked in, and, at times, have, painful as it is, blessed God for; not at the time, not while under it, but when the Lord has brought me out, and faith has been given me to lay hold of the Lord Jesus as my God and Saviour for time and to all eternity.

"IF EVER I LOVED THEE, DEAR JESUS, 'TIS NOW!"

Dear Sir,—Although I have never met with the hymn, a line of which forms the basis for the few subjoined thoughts below, yet, having heard the line quoted not long ago by a child of God, now in glory, and again a fortnight since that it was almost the last utterance of a young mother dying of small-pox a week after her confinement, I am sure anything which tends to prove the reality of the apostle's words: "To you that believe he is precious," will, in these Christ-despising days, find a place in the "Gospel Standard." Hoping that a responsive echo will arise in the hearts of God's family through the testimony of the Holy Ghost to that simple, yet beautiful line.—I remain, dear Sir, yours in Christian fellowship,

ANN HENNAH.

MY friend, my companion, my Saviour, my God,
Thy name is as sweet-smelling spice shed abroad!
Whilst thousands reject thee, I gladly avow,
"If ever I loved thee, dear Jesus, 'tis now."

Though chief-priests and rulers thy Person despise;
Though Satan stalks forth in angelic disguise,
Deceived and deceivers idolatrous bow,
"If ever I loved thee, dear Jesus, 'tis now."

Ah! Why do I love thee? Praise, praise to thy name,
The life-giving Spirit enkindled the flame!
He show'd me salvation accomplish'd, and how.
"If ever I loved thee, dear Jesus, 'tis now."

I love thee through evil; I love thee through good;
I love thy obedience, thy merits, thy blood.
Sin, sin is mine only; my All in All Thou!
"If ever I loved thee, dear Jesus, 'tis now."

Soon, there in yon goodly land, unseen though nigh;
With earth's sorrows ended, with earth's tear-drops dry;
Enraptured with glory, before thee I'll bow,
And love thee, dear Jesus, e'en better than now.

April 22, 1873.

LEARN, like the apostles, to make special and glorious views of Jesus the groundwork of assurance against those seasons which may be dark and discouraging. Peter never lost sight of the transfiguration to his dying day. (2 Pet. i. 16, 17, 18.) And John makes his knowledge of Jesus the argument of comforting the whole church. (1 Jno. i. 1, 2, 3.)—*Hawker.*

CONWAY STREET CHAPEL.

To the Committee of Conway Street Chapel.

Beloved of the Lord,—I received yours, and was glad to hear from you, and to hear of your welfare; but was sorry to learn from Mr. Robins that he is so unwell. I want very much to hear whether he is better or not, and hope that you or he will let me know soon. If it be the Lord's will, I hope he will be restored, and be made a lasting blessing unto you and many more. Give my love to him, and tell him I hope and pray that the Lord will be his staff and support, whether he lives or dies.

I hope the Lord is with Mr. Warburton, and is blessing his ministry to the souls of the people. Give my love to him, and tell him Mr. G., of Miles Platting, died last Wednesday; and a female by the name of Hops, who was baptized at the same time that he was, is now dying. I expect to hear of her death every hour; so that they joined the church on earth at the same time and there will not be much difference in the time of their joining the church above. I hope and believe they are amongst the blessed number of God's chosen and called. It will be but a little time before we must all drop this earthly tabernacle, and wing our way to a world of spirits; and happy, thrice happy, will it be for those whose God is the Lord.

Many of the Lord's ways are truly mysterious, and, as I have often said, contrary to human reason. Were they not so, we might take the pen and strike out a great part of the word of God as useless. Where would be the real utility of such blessed portions of truth as this? "I will bring the blind by a way they know not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known. I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them." Precious truths! And God's dear people shall most of them be brought into such circumstances as to prove the blessed nature of them; but that could never be if we never were at a loss to know which way to go, or what paths to take, nor how to steer our course. Both the self-righteous Pharisee and the presumptuous Antinomian are total strangers to a life of faith in the Son of God. The trials, conflicts, victories, and triumphs of faith are all hid from their view. These things are only known to the Lord's tried family; and they can only know them in truth as the Holy Ghost leads them in real feeling to experience them; for whatever superficial knowledge we may obtain of any one branch of the work of faith, whether by reading God's word, hearing or reading the experience of others, hearing the truth preached, or by whatever means we may have obtained it, such knowledge, if not taught us in real experience by the blessed Spirit, is sure to fail us in the furnace; for every man (of God) shall have his work tried by fire.

My dear friends, let it be your great concern to keep at the feet of the dear Redeemer, and learn of him, for he is meek and

lowly; and all who are taught of God shall, in the end, bless his precious name for every lesson he has taught them; for, though he sometimes teaches them terrible things, it is all in righteousness. Blessed be the name of our God for the great love wherewith he hath loved us, as manifested in all his works and ways. Are we, at times, in great heaviness through manifold temptations or trials of all sorts, from the hidings of God's countenance, from the frowns of his providence, from trying dispensations in the family, in temporal circumstances, in poverty, afflictions in body, or great disappointments, from the church of Christ, from each other, from our own evil hearts, from a tempting devil, or from profane or professing men? Is unbelief, carnal reason, pride, lust, envy, malice, wrath, and every evil stirred up within, so that we appear neither to feel nor see anything but deadness, darkness, coldness, lies, deceit, and errors, both within and without? Let us not despair, beloved. Christ is a safe retreat for the sensibly vilest of the vile. He is God's precious sanctuary. To him may we look; and if we cannot look, may we cry unto him; and if we cannot cry, let us sigh; and in every flood, and all the floods of temptations or trials, God help us to keep this in view, that the trial of our faith is much more precious than gold that perisheth, though it be tried by fire, and that, though trying, very trying, it may be, it shall at last "be found unto praise, and honour, and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ."

O what a God has poor Zion! Who is a God like unto him that rules and overrules all circumstances and events for his own glory and the real good and immortal bliss of all whom his grace enables to trust in him. Here is a Friend which loveth at all times, and sticketh closer than a brother. "Trust in the Lord for ever; for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength." Wisdom is and shall be justified of all her children.

Give my love to Mr. Robins and to all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth, both male and female, rich and poor. The Master of the house bless you all with the unction of his love, and the sweet enjoyment of his divine presence, both in and out of court.

This is the prayer of

Your real Friend and Well-wisher and loving Brother in
the Lord and for the Lord's Sake,

Manchester, Feb. 3, 1818.

W. GADSBY.

[In the above, there are parts of two letters.]

ALL believers, from the bruised reed to the tallest cedar; from the smoking flax on earth to the flaming lamp in heaven; from Thomas, who said he would not believe without seeing, to Abraham, who believed without staggering; all are in a state of life. And all, from the most beautiful moralist to the most venomous toad in nature's field; from the young man in the gospel, who was not far from the kingdom of heaven, to Judas, who was in the very bottom of hell; all are in a state of death.

— *Charnock.*

TO THE EDITORS.

Dear Friends,—I feel a desire to drop a note to you, not for publication, but, if the Lord will, to give a little encouragement to you as the editors of the "Gospel Standard," together with your contributors. I am sensible and sure that all encouragement, as well as all help, must alone come from the great Fountain; yet the Lord does, at times, make use of small streams to accomplish his purposes. I know you have great need, apart from natural abilities, of much zeal for the glory of God and the spiritual welfare of his people; also great wisdom and light to discern between things that differ, as well as much life and power. But what need have I to enumerate all these things and many more that might be named, seeing you know far better than I can tell, by experience, by feeling the want of them, at times?

Therefore to the point. Now what I speak I desire to speak it all to the glory of God, for he has added his blessing to the reading of the "Gospel Standard" many scores of times since the year 1839. I have read them all over up to the present month, and not only once, but three and four times. But I must come nearer home. In 1868 I said to my dear wife, who was also a lover of God and the writings in the "Standard," that if she departed leaving no dying testimony behind I should be perfectly satisfied of her safety. She was then in health, but a few months afterwards was taken down and so prostrated that she was unable to speak or be spoken to; and so died. It was a painful stroke to me. After a month or so, something appeared to whisper to me, day after day, "Why, your wife died leaving no testimony behind her;" which almost overwhelmed me with trouble. At length the October "Standard" came. I took it and scanned it over, and saw the piece on Mount Pisgah. I read it. The snare was broken, and I rejoiced, and saw that it had been Satan's work.

Seeing the piece in this month's No. by the same author has brought this note to you.

But once more, and I have done. I have read with much profit and pleasure those pieces on the Song of Solomon, and can speak with confidence that they were from the Lord, as they invariably drew me to himself to praise and glorify him for putting his treasure in earthen vessels, that he might have more glory. Were it expedient, I might refer to a great many instances in which the "Standard" has been made instrumental, by the good hand of the Lord, in instructing and consoling, reproving and building up; therefore it is my desire to be enabled to give the Lord all the praise and glory while I stand on the brink of time, till he shall say, "Come up higher."

Devonport, Oct. 19, 1872.

E. M.

JESUS cried aloud that all on earth, and all in heaven, and all in hell might hear, "It is finished!"—*Hawker*.

REVIEW.

Footsteps of Mercy. An Account of some of the Lord's Dealings with P. Benson.—London: Gadsby, 18, Bouverie Street.

It was not without considerable hesitation that we decided upon noticing this little work. We knew well that if we spoke the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, we should offend some of our brethren who are not Baptists, and that if we did not, we should offend others of our brethren who are. Why, then, did we decide upon putting our pen to paper in the matter? Simply from a sense of duty. We believe the book to be one of the very few published which bear the stamp of the Royal Mint, and that it must and will, therefore, be made a blessing to the living family.

Mrs. Benson's father, the late justly-esteemed Mr. James Bourne, was not a Baptist; and it may, therefore, be naturally inferred that Mrs. B. originally was not one either. Indeed, she was not only not a Baptist, but was strongly opposed to that ordinance; that is, we mean, of course, the ordinance of the baptism of believers by immersion, nor did her marriage in any way lessen her antagonism. But, after she had experienced the pardon of her sins and a recovery from great depths of trouble, her eyes were opened to see that truly-scriptural ordinance, as we believe it to be, and she felt constrained, so to speak, to leave father and mother, husband and friends, and to follow her Lord.

There are some who profess to be followers of dear William Huntington who can hardly even speak of believers' baptism without a very unseemly bitterness; whereas they are no more followers of that dear man in that respect than they are of the Arminians as to doctrine; for we defy them to bring forward a single proof of Mr. H.'s ever having written anything against that ordinance, much less of having ridiculed it. And we think they would search our pages in vain to find so bitter a spirit manifested in us as is too often in them. Leaders amongst them may get upon a platform and call us popes and our conscientious principles popery, or lose their temper in the pulpit and drive away the most spiritual of their congregation if they please, and others may style "baptism an invention of the devil and a device of Satan;" but such expressions only show their own weakness and conscious inability to bring scripture against us. We respect every man's honest convictions, and we trust we shall never be left to speak or write such unbecoming sentiments as some that have come under our notice. We freely and with pleasure admit the names amongst our supplies of all, whether Baptists or not, who are commended to us as sound in doctrine and experience, though some, if we are rightly informed, take advantage of our catholicism to recommend other magazines in preference to our own; but we can afford to smile at the futility of their efforts; for, with the blessing of God, we hold our own, and, with the same blessing, hope to do so against every opposition, open or

covert, whilst we contend earnestly for the truth *once* delivered to the saints, and minister, to the best of the ability God has given us, to their spiritual requirements.

Now to the work before us.

The characteristics of the writer's experience appear to us to be a remarkable degree of the power of the divine life, continued exercise of mind, and corresponding depth. What a reality pervades the whole! How many there are who bear the name of Christians in whom we can perceive but little of the life and essence of Christianity. They may profess orthodox opinions, have a certain degree of propriety of conduct, and even a formulary of tolerably correct experience; but where is that living power so conspicuous in "The Footsteps?"

In making these remarks we do not want to exalt the creature. What makes one to differ from another but the grace of God? Who has more of the divine life than he has freely received? Power belongs only unto God; he by his strength setteth fast the mountains, and he works with greater or less degrees of power in the hearts of different saints of God as it seems good unto him. But it is right to notice and admire his workings. "Remember that thou magnify his works which men behold," says Elihu. The manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal. When we admire anything in God's saints we only admire the grace of God, and if faithful to our principles glorify the Giver. Christ is to be glorified in his saints and admired in all them that believe. The meekness of a Moses, and the wisdom of a Solomon, the grace of a Paul, are only a part of Christ's fulness. These drops of dew reflect but the sun's rays which fell upon them. So in the case of Mrs. Benson, it was the grace of God which gave a power and reality to her religion which we may be unable to discern in that of many in whose hearts we nevertheless believe is the life of God. From this degree of the divine life in her soul, this powerful working of the Holy Spirit, proceeded a daily exercise of mind in the things of God. It is said of some, "Because they have no changes, therefore they fear not God." Our sister, though well instructed from her early youth in divine truth, was one who passed through continual changes. Her faith and assurance were no dead-letter things, remaining unalterably at one level. She could not throw off her doubts and fears, arising from an exercised conscience and a knowledge of God in his holiness and self in its sinfulness, by a mere doctrinal assurance, or intellectual process of unsanctified reasoning upon her past experiences. In Christ's light only could she see light. When he upheld her faith it was strong; when he enabled her to remember all the way which the Lord her God had led her she could see her path, and rejoice in the divine leadings and in an assured hope of the glory of God. But when he hid his face she was troubled, and when he withdrew, in order to show her what was in her own heart and the insufficiency of any inherent grace without present and continuous supplies, she sank beneath the

sense of her own sin and helplessness. Hers was Mr. Hart's experience:

"Thou hid'st thy face, my sins abound;
World, flesh, and Satan all surround."

She was, in fact, one of the flock of slaughter, passing through a daily dying for Christ's sake, that the life also of Jesus might be manifested in the midst of that dying. She was kept in the furnace that the Son of God might appear to be with her and bless her there. The same dear saint of God who, at one time, passively and sweetly resting in God, could lie down with a degree of Christian heroism almost wonderful to be operated upon for cancer, was, at another time, almost ready to sink and faint beneath far lighter trials, and to cast away her confidence through the workings of her own heart and the assaults and fiery darts of Satan.

Referring to this operation (p. 50), she says she was willing to lie down in the arms of everlasting love which she felt to be underneath her, and felt secretly a desire to depart. Read also the following letter, which she wrote with her left hand after the operation:

"Dear Friend,—Deep spiritual conflict—buried in baptism *with my Lord*, having fellowship with him in his sufferings. The weight of my affliction has been only fully known to God. I have sought to him to lead me thus, but knew not what I asked for. I now say, 'Choose thou the way.' For days in bitterness of soul, saying, 'If it be possible, let this cup pass from me.' But just before your letter came could say, 'Not my will but thine be done.' The fire did not consume, but melt. I only tasted the bitter cup, and to my amazement found no wrath. I cried, 'Accomplish in me thy most holy will.' O that garden of Gethsemane! The operation took place at three o'clock on Monday, and here was the wonderful display of his mercy. My Saviour was brought to be forsaken of God, and at my extremity he said to me, 'I will be with thee in trouble;' and he died that I might live, and my heart was fixed, trusting in him. All fear was taken away. I had kept it a secret from my husband and James, and met the three surgeons and a strange nurse alone, and lay down on the table, secretly desiring to depart. This has been a solemn and blessed affliction. He had gained the victory, and I had only to receive of his dying love; as if he said, 'Come apart, and see, and taste what I suffered for you; but I will go with you into the fire.' . . . O! It is better to go through fire and water with him and his almighty strength, than to be like a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke.

"Regent's Park Terrace, Dec. 8, 1866."

About an experience so full of the divine life and such powerful workings of the Spirit of God, we might expect to find depth; and this certainly was the character of Mrs. Benson. Hers was no superficial religion, no mere surface Christianity. There was a depth about both her joys and sorrows.

In 1846 the ordinance of the Lord's supper was much upon her mind, and she joined Mr. Burrell's church. (Mr. Burrell married one of Mr. Huntington's daughters. She also speaks of the late Mr. Vinall's ministry being blessed to her.)

Our sister was deeply taught and deeply acquainted with the plague of her own heart, and daily exercised in making her calling and election sure. She studied, too, to have always a conscience void of offence towards God and towards man, and these things brought upon her great trials, deep sorrows, and, at times, corresponding joys. She dearly loved the Lord Jesus, his people, and his ways. Her pleasure was greatly placed in hearing his voice and holding sweet and secret communion with him, and also in trying to do good to his people. But her religion was too deep to be reached by anything but God's own divine power. She greatly loved the true ministers of God, but always wanted to hear something for herself. If there was no divine communication to her own soul, no living power in the word to reach home to her own case, the ministry was a burden and a bonding thing to her, and it would naturally become impossible to her to continue under it. Living, as she did, on the brink of the grave, she wanted in the ministry living bread, a word with power to support and comfort her soul. This, which to some might appear of little consequence, was to her of vital importance. She therefore naturally and properly sought after and placed herself under that ministry which went livingly and powerfully into the depths and intricacies of her soul's experience, and was in harmony with the life and work of God in her own heart. Finding this ministry, after a time, more especially amongst the Baptists, she became attracted to that body, and attended for a time in Gower Street, where, as the account shows, the Lord met with and blessed her soul. She mentions particularly how blessed she was in hearing Mr. Hazlerigg and the late Mr. Dangerfield:

"I went to Gower Street chapel, and with the publican could not so much as lift up my eyes unto heaven, but smote upon my breast, crying, 'Lord, I am guilty of every sin recorded in the Bible.' I felt like Joshua, standing *silent* before the angel, clothed in filthy garments. My tongue failed for thirst. Mr. Hazlerigg took Jer. ii. 1, 2, for his text, and the Lord spoke it home to me with divine power, as if there had been no one there but God and my soul. Could any scripture be found more tender toward some who had done evil things as he could; but he said he remembered his covenant, and the more I brought up my black sins against him the more his grace abounded. He told me the only thing worth his regarding was his own Spirit's work in my heart. He remembered the groanings that could not be uttered, the intense desire of my soul after him. He remembered he had manifested his love towards one whom he knew would deal very treacherously, that he had entered into a covenant with me, that I was his, and that he hated putting away."

Again:

"On Sunday, Dec. 2nd, I heard Mr. Dangerfield from 'When the enemy comes in like a flood.' My heart went up to the Lord. 'Wilt thou go with me into the fire?' I looked for no answer, but it came: 'I will be with him in trouble.' The sermon exactly suited my exercises, and the remembrance of it greatly helped me afterwards."

Being also instructed in the truth of believers' baptism as an institution of Christ, she walked in the paths indicated in his

blessed Word, complying with his expressed will as a part of her living and loving spiritual obedience:

"1868. I had long been greatly exercised on the subject of baptism. 'That which I know not, teach thou me.' The Lord instructed me with a strong hand, that I should sanctify him in my heart, and let him be my dread, and he would be a sanctuary. I told the Lord I was a perfect fool in divine things; but he assured my heart that 'the wayfaring man, though a fool, should not err;' and many nights needy cries were going up to the Lord: 'Lord, help me!' 'Defer not.'"

She was baptized in Gower Street chapel by Mr. Hazlerigg, in March, 1868. She was in such a poor state of health at the time that her medical attendant tried to dissuade her from going through the ordinance, saying it would be almost death to her; but she felt constrained to obey Christ, and received no hurt. Mr. H. preached from: "This is the law of the house. * * * Behold, this is the law of the house."

Of this step she never repented; for, though not resting upon this or any other obedience of her own as any ground of confidence in respect to salvation or acceptance with God, and though it brought many trials upon her, she never to the end repented of that any more than of any other act of spiritual obedience to him who lived and died and rose again for her.

The "Footsteps" show how great and prolonged were her sufferings of body, how many were her exercises and trials of mind, what sorrows arose from her ardent desire to benefit the Lord's people, and the oppositions she met with in obeying the dictates of her own conscience as in the sight of God. But they also show the triumph she at length obtained, and how she got the final victory, entering into her rest through the blood of that Lamb whom, by his grace, she determinedly followed. Now she rests in him from all her labours.

Though some portions of these records of God's merciful and gracious dealings with Mrs. Benson may appear tame to those who are in the habit of using strong language, we firmly believe they will prove a real blessing to many of the tried, tempted, and afflicted children of God. They were providentially narrowly snatched from probable oblivion, and, which is worthy of remark, were first published on the day of the writer's decease. Though past speaking, she manifested her pleasure when told that the little work was advertised in the "Gospel Standard;" for she had an earnest desire the MS. might not fall into wrong hands, but that it might be made a blessing to those who were travelling, or might have to travel, in the same path.

Known sin indulged in *any* degree will infallibly interrupt our communion with God. It brings guilt on the soul, and, till removed by the blood of Christ, damps and chills it, and renders the heart callous and insensible. This is the case with my soul at this present time. O Lord, return again, I beseech thee, according to the multitude of thy tender mercies. Keep me in future in thy fear all the day long.—
Charles.

Obituary.

ANN SUTTON SHARP.—On July 3rd, aged 63, Mrs. Ann Sutton Sharp, of Brighton.

Her early days were attended with many peculiar trials, which is frequently the case with the Lord's chosen ones while in the dark state of nature. She was left fatherless, when about the age of eight years, to grapple with a wide world and adverse circumstances, amid the most alluring and subtle temptations; but she was "preserved in Christ Jesus" from falling, though not without experiencing the frailty of human nature, and in God's gracious time was "called" with an effectual call, which will be seen by her happy death. But the call was such as many of the Lord's dear children are greatly tried about, because there was no date nor circumstance which marked the first and important change. But as the exact moment, or period, is not known by the farmer of the quickening of the grain he has sown in his ground, so it was with her. But there could be no blade, ear, nor full corn in the ear, if there had not first been the grain of corn in the earth. Neither could there be any fruits of the Spirit in the heart, if there was not first the Spirit of life there, producing the fear of God; hungerings and thirstings after righteousness; a real love to God, his word, and his people; a tender observance of his word; an utter abhorrence of and resentment against sin, yet groaning under the burden and guilt of it, a continual cry to be delivered from its power, and sincere prayer for the forgiveness of it.

Now these things my dear wife told me were working in her a long time before she had any understanding of what the real work of God in the heart was; till at length, in the providence of God, we were led to London, and found a little chapel in the Borough, where Mr. Gunner preached. In him she found a minister of the Spirit, and under his ministry she was led to see and feel the difference between the letter and the power of truth. But these things she kept close, and pondered them in her heart, until the Lord brought her into deep soul trouble, arising from a sense of her condition before God; both originally, practically, and internally, which made her to feel herself as vile a sinner as any out of hell, when the Lord was pleased to apply these words with sweetness and efficacy to her soul: "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." And these words followed: "I have cast all thy sins into the depths of the sea." But she afterwards told me, in referring to this, that before she felt her sins to be removed from her they were brought before her, and she was made to feel the evil of them, and to repent of them before God.

At another time, when her soul was much tried as to whether it was the work of God, these words were applied to her soul with power: "I am the resurrection and the life. Whosoever be-

lieveth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." These things appeared to stay by her as her daily support through a series of deep and heavy trials for about 30 years, being the mother of eight children, and having a weakly body.

At length her time of departure drew nigh. When her health failed, extreme weakness set in, and an internal consumption followed, which terminated her days on earth after 18 months' gradual sinking and great sufferings.

But this was not without many blessings. The Lord was pleased to send her many showers of the latter rain, and frequently brought her into his banqueting house. The first of these showers was one Lord's day morning while she was in bed. Being very low and depressed on account of some peculiar trials which pressed heavily on her mind, this verse came softly and quieted her:

"Sweet the moments, rich in blessing," &c.

She asked her daughter to find the hymn, and when she read it, it so broke her down into such compunction and love, and so prostrated her body that she was not able to get up until noon. The effects of this lasted several days. After this she got much weaker, and it was deemed necessary to have medical advice, which she had for twelve months. One night (in the middle of the night) the Lord dropped another shower into her soul from this hymn:

"My soul, with joy attend," &c.

And she exclaimed with great fervour:

"My soul can on this promise live,
Can on this promise die."

About this time she appeared as though her end was near, and one evening, on my returning home, she said, "I have had such a sweet communication from the Lord by these words: 'Cry unto her that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned; for she hath received at the Lord's hands double for all her sins.'" This, she said, was repeated three times with such personal application that it made her rejoice indeed. I said, "I think you will not be long before you depart." She replied, "I long to go." But shortly after this some verses of Mr. Hart's came to her:

"Return, and work awhile; believe,
And do your Father's will."

I said, "It reads,

"Wait the welcome hour."

She replied, "I must have it as it came to me. There is a something for me to do, which is according to 'my Father's will.'" And the result proved there was, which made that sweet hymn so very precious to her soul:

"Dear Refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise," &c.

A few days previous to her death she said, "I think I have nothing more to do. I long to depart and to be with Jesus. I

have committed you all into his hands, and I feel it is all right with me, and 'all things will work together for good.'" I said, "To those who love God." She replied, "Yes; and I love him, because he first loved me."

At another time, after a severe struggle and conflict, she said, "I feel my faith firm and my hope steadfast. I have perfect peace with God." She then referred to those several portions she had formerly found comfort from, and said, "It is not the text that can do me good, but it is the substance the texts contain; and this I feel I have."

The last morning arrived when death came to release her happy spirit. After six hours' constant struggling for breath, she opened her long-closed eyes, kissed me and all her children who were present, lifted up her hands and arms and waved them, and fixed her eyes, which grew brighter and brighter, on one corner of the room, as though she beheld some object unseen by us, till her countenance glowed with admiration and happiness, and, with a sweet smile, her eyelids closed for ever to all below. "So he brought her to her desired haven."

The Lord gave her to me for 38 years, and the Lord hath taken her to himself for ever. And blessed be the name of the Lord.

August, 1873.

CORNELIUS SHARP.

M. R. CHANDLER.—On July 4th, aged 64, Mary Russell Chandler, of Woolwich.

My dear aunt was born at Hawkhurst, of God-fearing parents. This, in the hands of God, was the means of keeping her from many snares. I never heard her say what were the means God used in calling her out of darkness into his most glorious light; but she was truly sensible that she was not naturally born a *sensible* sinner, and she often complained of her state.

In the providence of God, I went to live with her and my uncle nearly 16 years ago. My uncle died in 1863, and some account was given of him in the "Gospel Standard."

My aunt was one of those weak ones who could not get beyond a hope, but she had a hope to support her. She loved the Lord's house and his servants, and was particular as to whom she heard. She was baptized about 11 years ago. When our minister spoke of the Lord Jesus and his salvation, she seemed always to shut herself out, saying it was not for her. Sometimes she got a lift by the way; but we never could get anything out of her about her interest in the Saviour's love. A few years ago, our pastor said to her, "Come, now; can't you tell me of some promise that the Lord has given you? Suppose you should be called home, is there nothing that I could say about you?" "Well," she replied; "one promise the Lord gave me was this: 'I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go; I will guide thee with mine eye!'" And these words her dear pastor spoke from the Lord's day after her burial.

On one occasion I told her I had heard a sermon from the words, "Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation;" when she said, "That is what I want the Lord to say to me." She was a seeking soul, though a weak one.

On June 4th she went into Guy's Hospital, never to come out again alive. The last time I saw her, in answer to a question from me, she said, "The Lord's will be done." I have no doubt she has gone to be with her Lord.

E. T.

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

DECEMBER, 1873.

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

CHRIST THE POWER OF GOD.

A SERMON BY THE LATE MR. COWPER, OF THE DICKER, PREACHED
AT EDEN STREET CHAPEL, HAMPSTEAD ROAD, LONDON.

(Concluded from page 434.)

“But we preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness; but unto them which are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God.”—1 COR. I. 23, 24.

THE apostle says he ceased not to teach and warn every man. It is clear there are in the gospel many invitations. The gospel is of an inviting nature; and I know these things are turned to a very different account to what the apostle meant. He did not preach these things because they could accomplish anything in the creature of themselves, or that the creature had the power of performing, or making a bad or good use of them; but that the people of God, who had experience of them, would find the Scripture confirmed his assertions. You find he says to Timothy, “I endure all things for the elect’s sake.” The Lord knows who they are; but I go forth, quite certain God has got something for me to do. Christ set me about it, and he will accomplish something by me. If you read the apostle with this in view, it will open up many mysterious passages which men turn to creature doings, and set up man in the place of God. This the apostle never did. That man must be devilishly set to work that makes more of man than God makes of him. What does the Lord make of him? That he has a poor, helpless, blind, miserable, naked, dead, weak, wicked, deceitful heart, a froward mind, a perverse will, and carnal affections. His wisdom is foolishness, his strength is weakness, his light is darkness; and if he is made any better, the Lord must do it for him. If we come closely to observe what God makes of man, he comes and gives him a new heart, makes him know what he is, that everything he says of him in his word is true, that all the Lord says he will perform, that his works and word harmonize. He says the heart is wicked, and runs away from God and his Christ; and he makes the man feel it. The reason men know so little of the plague of the heart is because it has never been opened up to them. Those men who have had the law brought home to their conscience feel sin as a heavy burden, and want to find relief. When a man taught of God, who has been led into these things, gets up to speak of

them, and the Lord brings it to a sinner's conscience, this man will be made manifest to such a soul, and he will be sure to follow him, let men call him a corruption preacher as long as they choose, for the poor soul knows he preaches what he has experienced of the condemnation of the law in his conscience, and of pardon and forgiveness being let in. He, therefore, gives such a man his ear, heart, and affections.

“We preach Christ;” the sum and substance of the ministry. He who said, “My word shall not return unto me void,” and, “Lo, I am with you alway,” “You shall not stand up in my name alone,” said also, “I will furnish you with mouth, matter, and wisdom.” Paul did address sinners, describing the state of an ungodly man, and leaving the Lord to bless his own word, well knowing he will bless nothing but his own truth. He therefore points out the beauty, harmony, and preciousness of preaching Christ to the very end of time, that it stands in the power of God. He said, “I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.” There is not one on the face of the earth who believes till God has made him; and without the work of God in the heart he cannot be saved. But it is the power of God to every one that believeth; and the apostle says, “For therein the righteousness of God is revealed from faith to faith; as it is written, The just shall live by faith.” Therein this very thing makes a believer, clothes the gospel with power, accomplisheth the design of God, and showeth the sinner his condition, working saving faith in his heart. “Therein is the righteousness of God revealed; as it is written, The just shall live by faith.” There you find this believing is set down to God's account. It is a great pity a great many persons do not sit down and count the cost, who is to pay for it all, before they begin to build, lest when they begin they be unable to finish. Paul said, “We preach Christ crucified.” The Jews stumble thereat, and the Greeks laugh at it; but to those who are called and saved it is the power of God. It is the calling of poor sinners to a great and precious Saviour and Friend. Jesus Christ is the sum and substance of it, the work was finished by him, which the apostle so blessedly alludes to. This is to bring you to this inquiry: Do you know anything of the power of God accompanying the gospel to your heart? Have you heard your condition described as a poor fallen, ruined creature? Here I must be very close; the Lord keep me from being closer than the truth. I think the first Sabbath I was with you, speaking of preachers, I said a man may hear a man preach corruption, may gloat over the corruptions of his own heart, and live and die in corruption. Say you, “I fear I am nothing else but a mass of corruption.” Well, but let us come to the next particular: Have you felt an abhorrence of yourself, been truly grieved at your hardness of heart, anxious to know if your heart was right in the sight of God? Has it been a trial to you to know whether God the Holy Ghost has regene-

rated you, whether you have a new heart in God's sight that liveth and abideth for ever?" Here some of the Lord's people are much tried about being called, whether it is the work of the flesh, or whether they have been listening to the joyful sound of the gospel carried on in them by little and little. Here many a poor soul has been wonderfully and sorely tried; being brought up by religious parents, of necessity they heard the gospel, and, perhaps, if it had not been for that, they would never have heard of it. Some have heard it all their life, being carried even from infancy. Going to chapel, they have become enamoured therewith; they are tried, and conclude it is all creature worship. But do you listen to the description given by the apostle: "The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth and in thy heart; that if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and believe in thy heart that God raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." Now, I ask you, Have you known sin, feeling it to be a grief and burden to your soul? If you have, your earthly father or mother did not make you feel this. If you know what it is, and have been on that account obliged to cry out, "O, wretched man! The Lord knows what I feel within; every particular set forth tonight, every description the preacher has given of the corruption of the heart, falls very far short of mine." Ah, my friend, the heart knoweth its own bitterness. So, I may just observe, such things have passed through my heart, at times, that I never could open them to any friend on earth; many things it would be improper and imprudent to open to a fellow-creature's ear. I have thought, at times, what a mercy it is I can carry my condition before God, who will help me and support me in the worst estate. He knows what I am, that I am nothing but as a beast before him. Thus, when the Lord opens up to us our sinnership, we do not want to be told there is salvation in these things. No. When the poor creature finds his case described, and his condition disclosed, he is brought to such a hatred of himself and these abominations of his flesh that he is obliged to cry out to God. God makes him a penitent sinner, confessing his abominable sin. Loathing and hating sin, he is a crying sinner from day to day. This man finds he is in no need of free-will preaching, for he knows all that is natural will die away and come to nought. He knows he can do nothing while he lives but his own heart, from day to day, condemns him for it, and without the mercy of God extended to his soul he must perish for ever. Can you lay your hand on your heart and say the Lord has done this for you? I hope I can say the Lord has done this for me many years ago.

When the Lord makes sin to be seen, what pain and distress it is to a child of God. When the Lord opens up our vile nature to ourselves, we have no need to buckle Moses's yoke about the disciples' necks. No. The Lord knows the poor soul has not a trifling load. We feel very bad without and within. The outgoings of my nature are bad, and the incomings are as bad as the

out; the poor soul has as much as he can bear. Sins, not one, but many, rise up in the heart. The devil sets upon him while the poor creature is under convictions, and he, not being aware of this, fears he is given up by God. The devil follows up these things on purpose to sink the soul into despair, saying to him, "Your state is unpardonable. You have sinned as never man has. You are, indeed, a vile wretch." Then he sets on him another way, and he is fearful he shall be left to utter abominable things with his tongue; and Satan then says, "You a child of God! You have sinned the unpardonable sin. There is no forgiveness in this world nor in the world to come." "O," says the poor soul, "I wish I had never been born. Who can stand in the judgment?" Here is the character, "To them which are called." Can you measure yourself by this standard of calling grace? The soul is called to know something of his condition. The Lord calls a man, not in a fleshly way, as one man calls another. He never calls him into self, but away therefrom, and will do so to the end of time. Where Adam placed the man, there Moses finds him.

A man knows nothing truly of his Adam-fall sin and transgression, what a lost, ruined sinner he is, till he is truly called to a knowledge of and abhorrence of himself. While he is in this state you may try to comfort him, but he will say, "It is useless. Labour not to comfort me." Here he has hard work. Should he come under the ministry, and the minister descends a little, comes down to his case, he cannot believe he is a pardoned sinner. Being a pardoned sinner is one thing, and a guilty sinner another. He sees the thing afar off, and wishes it was nigh. The poor sinner stands condemned; judgment is passed in the court of conscience. What would he give if the Lord would speak pardon in his soul? He could bear anything if he had but that. These are his thoughts, and so thought I. Instead of taking the promises, as some tell him, he is afraid of them. Instead of believing and sitting down very comfortable about his salvation, the poor creature has no place to rest upon. A poor countryman told me one time, being among some moderate Calvinists, they told him he must be baptized and join the church, and then he would be right. This he did; but instead of getting better, he thought he was a great deal worse, that what was going on in his heart made him much worse. The devil followed him, telling him he had eaten and drunk his own damnation; it was all over with him. When he told his condition to the minister, the minister said he must believe. "Why, Sir, I do not know what to believe," was his reply. This is just the case of a child of God. He well knows the Lord will do all his will, that if he cannot believe it is all over with him. What is he to do, or where shall he go? When all appears gloomy and dark, his soul is naked and bare. He is led into straits and difficulties. His language is, "Will the Lord relieve me or no? Will he appear for me?"

Were you ever here? Were you ever called before God, a poor guilty creature, that you must have the witness in your heart, which only would satisfy your conscience? Remember what John says: "If we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater." Your friends will tell you the Lord will appear for you, that they have been brought as low as you, and the Lord has appeared for them; but this poor soul wants this witness of God. This is the Lord Jesus Christ, who is the sum and substance of the gospel, and whose voice makes the heart rejoice. This precious Christ we preach, says Paul. He who came to save the lost speaks words in dead sinners' hearts and clothes them with power. While we labour in the ministry to comfort those who are cast down, we depend upon Jesus Christ to seal forgiveness and pardon home upon the heart. It is a mercy to know this, to know Jesus Christ and the power of his resurrection. Wait on him continually. What a mercy that he blesses waiting souls. What a mercy that a poor creature is brought nigh to God! The Lord has told him his sins are forgiven, pardon is brought into his soul, all his sins are put away.

I received a letter from home, giving a sweet account of one of my members, called into another world since I left. I was very anxious to have some account of her. She was baptized the other day, and was very much tried about one thing and another, concluding she should never be able to go through; but immediately her feet touched the water, the Lord broke in upon her soul, and she appeared filled with this precious enjoyment. The individual who wrote to me makes this remark: "She was just so in death as when she was baptized, as soon as her feet touched the water. So when her feet touched the waters of Jordan she broke out with, 'I shall soon be at home, be with God and his Christ. I have been looking for my sins and cannot find them.' She then closed her eyes and went home." What a mercy it is to preach Christ! What a mercy it is when Jesus Christ comes and blesses the preaching,—when the Son of God comes in and seals home the word of pardoning mercy in the power thereof and softness of it. He has hid these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes. This is according to the will of the Father. Therefore the apostle says, "To them that are called, Christ the power of God, and Christ the wisdom of God." Everything to the poor guilty soul; Jesus Christ the All in all to poor guilty sinners.

How sweetly the apostle brings a guilty soul and the Saviour together. "Them that are called, both Jews and Greeks." The work of the eternal Spirit upon the heart is the same now as when Christ was on the earth, the same in every sinner's heart. How is it that we have not better walking, closer living, more humble and godly confession of Jesus Christ? Because the Spirit is grieved. The work of the Spirit is just the same in the heart.

And this brings me to another point, namely, when the soul is eventually called by God's grace, called to come after him, to

take up the cross, to put off the old man with his deeds; called to live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present evil world; called to die daily. Now, my friends, is thus your life a witness for God? Has he separated you from and led you to hate the ways of the world? Is the world irksome? To a child of God the world is an irksome thing. I believe the very devil himself tries to make human life burdensome, stirring up worldly people, who are continually laying on all sorts of impositions, on purpose that a man should be engaged from youth to age, continually employed and can hardly keep on his legs; an honest man can hardly do it. What a trial is this to a called soul, fearful, at times, you will never pay your way, and that you will bring reproach upon the cause, that you will become a scandal to your profession, that you will never hold out to the end. Such feelings as these are great obstacles to a called soul, whose conscience is tender. The soul is truly called to follow Christ, to leave a vain world, hate the flesh, renounce the things of time and sense, and have his affections set on things above. He is called to know his nature will not let him feel and do what he would, called to know his weakness, called to know where his strength lies. The strength of a poor soul that is called to know his weakness lies in God, and he is called to call on God that he will make his strength perfect in weakness.

The poor soul is truly called of God to die daily. The Spirit strengthens the man, so that while God calls the man, the man calls upon God, and he is obliged to cry, "Hold thou me up that my footsteps slip not!" He is called to cast all his dependence on the Lord; called to implore the power of God to help him; called to call upon God to search him and try him, if he gets in a bad condition. It appears to me that in this state a poor sinner who has experienced what it is to be truly called by grace, when he gets into a bad condition, a bad state, the law is brought home to his conscience. The Lord brings him with sore judgment, to see what a terrible state his soul is in before God. His language is, "Do not try me more than I am able to bear. It is a dreadful thing to fall into the hand of God. Suppose I should not endure the chastisement? Suppose I should go back when the trial comes?" The poor soul is called to know he can do nothing but as the Lord is pleased to help him; that his whole dependence must be placed upon God who hath called him.

As it regards this precious calling, where is the sinner called to? He is not only called to know his heart, his weakness, his insufficiency, that he cannot do anything of himself, without the Lord helping him; he is also called to know he wants the Lord to do all for him. By prayer and supplication he makes his requests known unto God. He desires the Lord to take hold of his condition, as David says, "Plead my cause, O Lord, with them that strive with me. Fight against them that fight against me. Take hold of shield and buckler, and stand up for my help." As though David could not fight without the Lord fighting for him.

Neither could you nor I. We should turn cowards, and not be able to stand our ground, unless upheld by an almighty arm. Poor Peter let his tongue run too fast; therefore the Lord called him to know his weakness.

Well, while the poor sinner is thus called to know his weakness, called into difficulties, the Spirit sweetly and powerfully supports him under it all. Here the sinner is called to a sense of his need of Christ. The poor creature who is thus called thinks he shall never hold out; but the way will be made plain. He will be led to see that the blood of Christ is between him and condemnation; that there is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus. He is called to press onward towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus; called to a sweet revelation of Christ by the Holy Spirit.

May the Lord help me to-night rightly to divide his word, that I may give to each a right portion; that I may neither set up a standard above nor below the truth. The Lord does his own work in his own way. The Lord the Spirit sweetly and powerfully clothes his word with power in the poor sinner's heart, sending it home, so that the poor sinner is satisfied. When his sins are removed, he is brought to rejoice in Christ. He is obliged to speak of what the Lord has done for him. He must give vent to his feelings; he is made to bless him. His language is, "He has put away all my transgressions. He is my Lord and my God." That poor sinner that is truly called of God, in his heart Christ Jesus is made manifest by the Holy Ghost. He wants, he longs to have this made manifest that he may truly, feelingly, and without a single doubt, be able to call Christ his.

The Lord will satisfy every longing soul, will satiate every weary soul. The Lord will never forsake him; he may keep him waiting and longing, but he will never forsake him. He will take his own time. Then, poor longing soul, what a mercy it is he will take thee home to rest in the enjoyment of his love. As soon as you feel your feet come into the waters of Jordan, you will have his supporting hand, that he is your God and guide till death. "Thy God, thy glory!" Blessed be his precious name!

To them which are called, Christ the anointed of God, the appointed of God, God's salvation, and the soul's all; God's righteousness to the church, and the church's righteousness before God. That poor sinner that is called into the stripping and weeping room, he will take him from the stripping and weeping room into the robing room, so that he shall know what it is to know God in Christ Jesus. Bless God for sending him under the law, and then working out a righteousness in which the soul can stand before him. While the poor soul is led to see the most blessed Person and work of Christ, that he is the way to the Father, he feels, while the Lord helps him, that in himself he has no hope; nothing short of Christ will do. He has taken the prey from the mighty, and delivered the lawful captive. Here the soul rejoices in Christ, while he has no confidence in the flesh.

“Christ the wisdom of God, and Christ the power of God.” As it regards the wisdom of God, what a most blessed mystery is the incarnation; what a blessed provision in his name. This righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ makes a poor sinner fit for heaven. “Christ the power of God.” Have you not found, when sin has hardened your heart, you have sunk so low that you have not cared what became of you,—no heart for God, no use praying? But a soft word has come in, a gentle feeling, a softening melting down, that instead of the rod you have been melted down with love and mercy. What a loving Lord Jesus, what a loving Saviour! We preach the grace, the power, the sweetness, the mercy, and the glory of Christ, manifested to the conscience by the Holy Ghost drawing the heart to himself, covering the poor naked soul before God. We preach Christ the church’s Head; we preach his glorious resurrection, his ascension, his intercession at God’s right hand, ever living to make intercession for us.

Time would fail me to tell of what Christ did and is still doing for his people in glory. O the love of his heart, the power of his arm, that where he is his children shall be also!

“Well he remembers Calvary;
Nor lets his saints forget.”

That poor creature that says, “Out of the depths have I cried to thee, O Lord,” the Lord Jesus, who rose from the depths, has put in, that you may learn a little what depths he went into, and sweetly overrules all for you, that you should feel blessedly going out to the Lord Jesus, and have a solemn sympathy with him in his sufferings, being made conformable to his death, that you may enjoy the fruits of a precious risen Saviour, who says, “Because I live, ye shall live also.”

May the Lord, in the riches of his mercy, seal these things home upon your heart, raising you up, so that you may be able to look with thankfulness at what the Lord has done for you. These things would at one time have not been understood by you. There was a time when you did not know these blessed truths. But the Lord has had mercy on you, changed your heart, the current of your feelings, the bent of your mind.

Thus I have, in a brief manner, endeavoured to say a little upon the preaching of Christ crucified, to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness. Also a little of his calling, what the soul is called from and what called to; what this preaching Christ has accomplished by the Holy Ghost, that it is the way of salvation. These things God has done, is doing, and will do, until he has separated his church from the world. You that have the Spirit bearing witness in your heart that you are born of God, bless his name for this favour.

“’Tis grateful, ’tis pleasant, to sing and adore;
Be thankful for present, and then ask for more.”

May he command his blessing, for his name and mercy’s sake.

A BRIEF EPISTLE.

My dear Sir,—Your invitation to Northampton was duly received. At present I cannot comply with your request to come for a Lord's day. I scarcely know what answer to send further. At present I can make no promise for a week evening. I am unfit and unworthy to stand up in the Lord's name. I wish that I could love Christ more, and could exalt him more on the gospel pole.

What a very great mercy to have a religion of the right sort.

May the Lord bless those who love and fear his name in your large town.

Yours in the Truth,

April 1, 1863.

WM. TIPTAFT.

"E'EN TO OLD AGE WILL I CARRY YOU."

O MAY my soul to-day record
 'The goodness of my blessed Lord;
 He hath for fourscore years and three
 Upheld and bless'd poor worthless me.

My youthful days in sin were spent;
 O that I could but more repent,
 And look on Him who bled and died,
 And think on Jesus crucified.

Look back, my soul, to that blest year
 When Jesus stopp'd thy wild career,
 And kindly led thee on apace
 In his appointed means of grace.

I thought all things were going right,
 And in the means I took delight,
 Till brought to feel that dreadful smart,
 The hidden evils of my heart.

Then all my former hopes were fled;
 My soul was fill'd with fear and dread;
 I strove in vain some rest to find,
 Some comfort for my troubled mind.

In midst of all my pain and grief,
 At Jesu's feet I sought relief;
 "O keep me, Lord, in this dark hour;
 Defend my soul from Satan's power."

My Ebenezer here I raise,
 And to my Lord give all the praise;
 He stood my friend in trials past;
 Uphold me, Lord, till life shall last.

And then give me to feel thee near,
 And let me read my title clear;
 With my last breath thy praise record,
 Then be for ever with my Lord.

Manchester.

W. WILSON.

THOUGHTS ON THE SONG OF SOLOMON.

(Continued from page 439)

CHAPTER IV.

Verse 6. "Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, I will get me to the mountain of myrrh, and to the hill of frankincense."

It is a great thing to know where Christ is to be found, that we his people may seek him there and, by his grace, find him. "Whither is thy Beloved gone," say some, "that we may seek him with thee?" Here the Lord Jesus gives the answer:

"I will get me to the mountain of myrrh, and to the hill of frankincense." Under the Old Testament dispensation this would signify Mount Moriah, where the temple was built, the sacrifices offered, and the pure incense burnt. In this divinely-instituted worship Christ met with his dear people. They saw his power and glory in the sanctuary. But in a gospel signification these words point to the true church of God as the place where the death of the Lord Jesus Christ is set forth in the preaching of the word and administration of the ordinances, and from which prayer continually ascends to God. To the Old Testament saints they would be words to encourage them to a constant attendance upon the sanctuary services, as representing typically the death of Christ, and his intercession, and their acceptance both as to their persons and prayers in and through him. To New Testament saints they are words to encourage in a due and diligent attendance upon all public means of grace. To such places Christ bids his people go, alluring them by the declaration of the text: "I will get me to the mountain of myrrh, and to the hill of frankincense." As though he said, "Seek me in all these things, for in them I will be present, and meet with and bless your souls." Here then is a sweet word for faith; and when this is properly understood, the dear children of God wait eagerly, diligently, and hopefully upon Jesus in the appointed means. They do not find him to be a barren wilderness. He does meet with them; and, though not always giving them the same degree of sweetness or sensible apprehension of his presence, he cannot deny himself, but is with them in his Christlike character to carry on, as a gracious Sovereign, his work upon their souls. This also is to continue until he comes again:

"Until the day break, and the shadows flee away." The time of the law was the time of darkness and shadows to the Old Testament saints; but Christ, in due time, came and dispersed those legal shades. To us the whole of this present life is a night season, a shadowy time, compared with the day which will break when Christ comes again, and saints will behold his glory, see him even as he is, and be with him for ever. Moreover, there are special seasons of gloom and times of a sort of midnight darkness. Well, what says the word of our text? In spite of everything of sin and Satan, law and terrors, discouragements from within and hindrances from without, desert not the means of grace, "forsake

not the assembling of yourselves together," cleave to the word of God, attempt to pray, go to the place of worship, turn not aside to those who speak lies, go not after vain things, listen not to self-indulgence, sloth, and love of ease, listen not to the discouragements arising from times of dryness and deadness attending the use of means, wait for Christ, remember he is true, and he has said, "I will get me to the mountain of myrrh, and to the hill of frankincense."

We see, then, the general signification of the text: Christ having, in the previous verses, commended his people collectively as united according to his expressed will in church fellowship, now calls them to a diligent persevering attendance upon all the means of grace and ordinances of his house, signifying to them that during this dispensation he will meet with them in these various means, and be present in their assemblies as the Christ of God, to carry on his work of grace, and build them up in their most holy faith.

But we observe that he divides these means of grace into two, answerable to the two institutions under the law,—the offering of sacrifices and burning the pure incense in the temple worship. We will first consider, then, reversing the order, what may be more especially meant by the hill of frankincense, and then what by the mountain of myrrh.

"*The hill of frankincense.*" The literal hill of frankincense was, as we have seen, Mount Moriah, where the incense was burnt on the golden altar morning and evening, typical of the prayers of the people ascending up to God, perfumed with Christ's intercession, and offered in his name. This answers, of course, to the church, and more especially has respect to it as the place of true prayer; for we are the circumcision who worship God in the spirit. But in a more peculiar manner it may lead us to the prayer-meeting, where the dear children of God assemble together for the especial object of pouring out their supplications unitedly to the Lord. O what a delightful thing is the union of many hearts in prayer!

"Whilst one is wrestling with our God,"

in a way of vocal utterance, for

"* * * Each one to wrestle too."

This is sweet; this is heavenly; this often brings all heaven before the eyes and into the hearts of God's people. Neglecting prayer, churches cease to thrive; the ministry grows feeble, barren, and inoperative; the graces of the saints languish; the increase of God seems withheld; all things go into decay. When God intends a revival, he usually pours upon the people the spirit of grace and supplication. Then mourning takes place of carelessness; then the voice of the turtle, being heard in the land, the time of the singing of birds draws nigh. O sweet renewings of the blessed Spirit! He comes to revive, restore, increase, and bless. Now, if the prayer-meeting of the saints is such an important thing, how sad it is to hear the Lord's people say, "It is

only a prayer-meeting!" Only a prayer-meeting! Is that nothing? Is the united approach of God's saints to his blessed footstool nothing? Does not Christ, too, say here, "I will get ME to the * * * hill of frankincense?" Did not the united prayers of saints bring Peter out of prison, and smite the persecutor? Have not the prayers of saints overthrown kingdoms? (Rev. viii.) Do they not still bring blessings on a land, and prosperity to his churches? Surely there must be something very wrong when people say, "It is only a prayer-meeting!" But we know what may here be said, "If prayer-meetings were really as you represent them, O how gladly we should attend them! But what with the tedious length of the prayers, and other unedifying accompaniments, all spiritual profit is entirely done away, and we go to the prayer-meeting only for the worse instead of the better." We confess there is something in all this; but not sufficient to cause a Christian to neglect the assembling of himself together with God's people at the time of prayer. Sometimes people look for too much, make no allowances for human infirmity, and despise the day of small things. Sometimes they neglect to seek that they may go to the prayer-meeting in such a way as to add their mite to the general spirituality of the meeting. No man can pray out the feelings of carnal hearts. We must tell our readers that both in the preaching and prayer-meeting much may depend on the state of those who take no open part in the services. Depend upon it, earnest, exercised, desirous, and therefore praying hearts, usually make a prayer-meeting.

But having given this general hint to those who attend these meetings, that they may be stirred up to desire and seek to come to them in a more earnest, exercised state, we must now say a word to those who take a part in them of a more public nature, or who engage in prayer. In the first place, much will depend upon the general state of these persons' souls, and whether they are living before God, and daily exercised, studying to have always a conscience void of offence towards God and towards man. A person who is not thus daily living a Christian life may, as to the form of words, speak well in prayer; but he will generally be dry, tedious, and unedifying to God's people. But supposing those who take a part in these services to be spiritually-minded, exercised men, we would say, if possible, let them devote a few minutes to private waiting upon God about the prayer-meeting before they go to it, and let them also, if again possible, be in good time. A man bustling from the shop to the prayer-meeting will seldom be in a posture of mind to approach wisely unto God. Now suppose this, so far as practicable, to have been attended to, when the man rises to pray, if he would pray properly, he must, of course, be brought to look to and depend upon the influence of the Holy Spirit, who is called the Spirit of supplication; which shows us that supplication, in the spirit of it, cannot exist without his divine aid. But then let us always remember that the Spirit does not work upon God's people in a

way of impulse, but by bringing into exercise the renewed faculties of their souls. These he stirs up to spiritual and gracious exercises; thus he animates and enlightens their understandings, brings into exercise their judgments, stirs up their wills and affections in a spiritual way, and brings their consciences into a proper exercise. Thus he is to them a Spirit of understanding, of judgment, of faith, of love, of a sound mind. From this we see that persons who depend upon the Spirit, and are led by him, will be spiritually judicious; for the Lord is a God of judgment; and there will be order and edification in what they do; for God is a God of order, and all the Spirit's operations are for the edification of the body of Christ.

From these simple principles of truth will follow such things as these. In the first place, the man led by the Spirit will be judicious as to quantity. "The spirits of the prophets are subject to the prophets." A man led by the Spirit is not forced by him to go on praying till all edification ceases and everybody is wondering when it will all come to an end. Where two or three will engage it cannot be necessary for each to range over the whole field of subjects, as if afraid that he who follows shall be shut up and have nothing to say. Certainly moderation in quantity is very desirable.

Then, again, prayers should be prayers, and not sermons, elaborate expositions, perhaps, of a text felt that day. How admirable is that model of prayer, commonly called the Lord's Prayer! How brief, how full, how petitionary its sentences!

Then, again, persons who pray in public should remember that unless their voices are heard they may pray exceedingly well, but others are not edified. We have heard some in prayer who have spoken no louder than if they were in family worship; and, indeed, their voices have been so inward that it was impossible for those even near to them to hear more than a word here and there.

It is astonishing what habits men will contract in public worship, and sometimes such as greatly mar edification. Incessant repetitions of particular words, or of the Lord's name, almost to a breaking of the third commandment, a habit of coughing in the midst of the sentences, an apparent coming to a conclusion, and then a breaking forth into some new vein of prayer, which often is exceedingly vexing to the hearers. These after-thoughts and after-prayers are very little from the Lord, and sadly annoying to the hearers. The prayer was a good and edifying one so far, but the good man had, perhaps, thought it too short, or had some new set of ideas come into his mind, and forthwith he breaks forth afresh, and the hearers lose all the former benefit, and retain nothing besides a sense of weariness and disappointment.

We have written all this with an earnest desire that our prayer-meetings may be more edifying, more like "the hill of frankincense."

Christ then encourages his dear people to attend the prayer-meetings, and indeed incites to all prayer and supplication, pri-

vate as well as public, in all things and for all saints in these words: "I will get me to the hill of frankincense." But there are other meetings of the saints, and as to all these meetings appointed by him, and agreeable to his word, he says, "Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world." The dear children of God say:

"O, what shall we do our dear Saviour to praise?"

They find that it was Christ's expressed will that his people should be baptized into his name, and in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, as one God of love to them in Jesus. They comply graciously with his expressed and holy will. The church meets to attend to this ordinance of Christ's house. He says, "Lo, I am with you." He meets with them in this "mountain of myrrh," this divine and sweet institution, this spiritual ordinance, in which his death, burial, and eternal resurrection are set forth, and the believer's death, burial, and resurrection to eternal life and glory in and with him. Here the saints often blessedly meet their Lord. He comes to the "mountain of myrrh;" and in all those sublime truths set forth by this ordinance they hold communion with their Lord, and rejoice in him. They afterwards, according to the expressed order of his house, partake together of the ordinance of the supper. Here the death of Christ is the principal thing brought before their minds, represented as it is in the broken bread and poured-out wine. In baptism it was death, burial, and resurrection; here it is more peculiarly death; not, of course, as excluding the other truths of God, but as the principal thing to be contemplated at this time.

So here we have again the "mountain of myrrh;" the place of the bitter sweet; of Christ's atonement, that sweet-smelling myrrh. But the meetings for the preaching of the word are of the same nature. Though in them, of course, the whole body of the truth of God has to be exhibited, and the ministry has the wide range of the whole word of God to expatiate in. Still even here Christ and his cross is the essence of the preaching. The testimony to Jesus is the spirit of prophecy. Christ is the Rose of that Sharon, the ministry of the word, which would be a barren, scentless wilderness without him. "Hereby know we the Spirit of God," the ministry of the Spirit. "Every spirit," any kind of preaching, "that confesseth not Jesus Christ come in the flesh, is not of God." Christ is the Alpha and Omega of everything in the church. Hence it is called "a vineyard of red wine." Christ and him crucified is all in all. Christless experiences, Christless doctrines, Christless performances, all these things are as so much dross and dung. If anything have not Christ in it, it is not of God. The Spirit of God is not in it, and God himself is not there. Elijah might have supposed God to be in the earthquake, wind, and fire; but no! Christ and God were in "the still small voice" which brought him out of his cave to stand before God.

Well, then, here is sweet encouragement to the saints to go to prayer and preaching meetings, to "assemble themselves together," to attend to the ordinances of Christ's house; for he cries as from the heavenly place to them, "Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, I will get me to the mountain of myrrh and the hill of frankincense."

Sweet too is his voice upon these hills of love.

Verse 7. "Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee." Is there any hesitation as to coming to these hills arising from a sense of unworthiness, past sins, and present corruptions? Does the poor soul stand, as it were, at a distance because of these things? Here is a word at once suitable and full. The poor sinner seems to himself unworthy to be numbered amongst the dear children of God, though he loves to be with them, and desires earnestly their portion. He feels unworthy to partake of the blessed ordinance of believers' baptism, fearful to take this step of boldly professing Jesus, though longing to do it, and fearing to deny him by neglecting compliance with his holy revealed will. He feels unworthy to partake of the children's bread, and dreads to go presumptuously to the Lord's table as an unfit character, though longing to sit down, and share even the crumbs from the Master's table. The poor convinced sinner feels so vile, so sinful, so empty, destitute, and helpless in himself that he fears lest he should eat and drink condemnation to himself rather than find any blessing at the ordinance. Did Jesus say to such a one, as to Jacob of old, "What is thy name?" He feels his only answer must be, "Sinner, Lord! Sinner! Vile, lost, helpless, undone sinner!" Now, then, let such a one hear what Christ says to him upon the "mountain of myrrh and hill of frankincense," and surely it is enough to draw his feet to Christ, to his house, and to his ordinances: "Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee." Is the poor sinner consciously worthless? Still he is Christ's love, and was so from and will be to eternity. Is he guilty? Still he is fair, all fair in Christ's fairness put upon him. Is not this fair enough? Wouldst thou, poor soul, be fairer than Jesus, fairer than the pearl of price,

"That fairest of ten thousand fairs,
That Sun amidst ten thousand stars;"

fairer than him before whose fairness angels veil their faces? Why, in Jesus thou art, as is said of Moses, "exceeding fair,"—fair to God, divinely fair. Surely this is enough. Besides, the poor believer in Jesus is not only perfectly fair in Christ's comeliness put upon him, but Jesus says, "There is no spot in thee." He sees no spots of inbred corruption to charge thee with them, rebuke thee for them, or cast thee out.

The Lord, then, help thee to listen, poor soul, to this voice of love. Christ says to thee on the "mountains of myrrh and the hill of frankincense," thou art welcome to his heart, his house, his table, to all he is or has. He loves thy soul, adorns thee in robes fairer than the light, the robe of righteousness. He imputes not to

thee the inbred corruptious which thou dost see and feel, but cries from these mountains to allure thee to them, "Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee."

POETICAL REPLIES BY THE LATE MR. MEDLEY.

In the month of June, 1793, printed queries were sent from a board of ministers in London, addressed to most of the popular preachers in England, containing the following queries; to which answers were requested on or before the 15th of July following. The several answers of Mr. Medley are annexed:

Query 1. In what county is your place of worship situated?

Answer. In one that's sea-wash'd all the year,
Yclept by authors Lancashire.

2. In what town, parish, or village?

In one where sin makes many a fool,
Known by the name of Liverpool.

3. Is it a church, chapel, or meeting?

Why, my good friend, 'tis very true
'Tis chapel, church, and meeting too;
And in it things both old and new.

4. By what denomination of professing Christians are you distinguished?

By one that's most despised of all,
Which folks in general Baptists call.

5. Will you favour us with your Christian and surname at full length, as the minister of the place; with your degree, or any other collateral circumstance?

My Christian name is called saint,
My surname rather odd and quaint;
And to explain the whole with ease,
Saint Samuel Medley, if you please;
And you from hence may plainly see
That I have taken my degree.

6. Have you an assistant in the ministry? If so, please to subjoin his name.

O yes! I've one of whom I boast;
His name is call'd the Holy Ghost.

7. When are your stated times of worship?

On Sabbaths thrice,
On week days twice.

8. What number of people generally attend your ministry?

A many *come*, my worthy friend,
I dare not say they all *attend*;
But though they're many, great and small,
I never number them at all,
For that was once poor David's fall.

9. By what means was the gospel first introduced? And what particular providence attended its introduction?

'Twas the good hand of God, no doubt,
That brought this blest event about;
But it took place so long ago
That what then happen'd I don't know.

10. What places in your neighbourhood do you supply that have no stated minister?

Indeed, good Sir, I seldom roam,
For I have full employ at home.

11. Is your neighbourhood favourable to the reception of the gospel? What obstructs its progress? And can you suggest any method for spreading it more effectually?

Our neighbourhood, as I suppose,
But little of the gospel knows,
And less of love unto it shows;
And for obstructions, why the chief
Are ignorance and unbelief.

12. What success has the gospel had, and what opposition has it met with?

All the success that God design'd
On deaf and dumb, and dead and blind;
And though opposed by Satan, still
It works the purpose of his will.

13. What is the present state of your church, and what prospect have you of future usefulness?

The church is in the wilderness;
And as for future usefulness,
The pleasing prospect is free grace.

14. If a meeting or chapel, when and by whom was it built?

'Twas built and finish'd where it stands,
Like other places, by men's hands;
And as upon the wall you find,
In seventeen hundred—eighty-nine.

15. Is it encumbered with debt?

Encumbered with debt it is certainly yet,
Though I at the present don't state it;
But if ever from home, I a begging should come,
I'll certainly to you relate it.

16. Who is your bookseller?

The bookseller whom I retain,
Is called Mr. Samuel Crane.

17. What are the names of the stated ministers who have laboured in your place since its commencement?

Why, as far back as I can see,
The only one has been poor me.

And thus to your questions, the great and the small,
To the best of my knowledge, I've answered them all;
And lay down my pen—I need not say why.

I dare say you are tired; so am I, Sirs. Good-bye.

S—L M—V.

A BRIEF MEMOIR OF MR. ISAAC BEEMAN, OF CRANBROOK.

(Concluded from page 446.)

At length the time was at hand that my backsliding was to be healed, and thus it was: I was brought into very trying and peculiar circumstances of a temporal kind, and filled with very heavy grief and sorrow, which caused me to entreat the interposition of God's providential hand towards me, though I had acted so base a part towards him; and I knew and felt it too, and while seeking his help, these words dropped upon my spirit: "And no manner of hurt was found upon Daniel, because he believed in his God" (vi. 23); and directly on the back of them these of Paul: "And I believed God that it should be even as it was told me." But still I again sank in my mind, and found sorrow and grief press down my spirit to a very great degree; and while musing and pondering over my trouble with grief and sorrow, it was as though these words were spoken to me: "When did you so grieve for a suffering Saviour as you now do over these worldly matters?" And immediately the Saviour in all the circumstances of his wonderful sufferings and death for sin and sinners, together with my interest in them, was set before the eyes of my understanding so powerfully that I instantly ceased to grieve over my lot, and was constrained by the force of his dying love to weep and mourn over him. Ah! His love, his dying love to me, swallowed up all; yea, the world and all its profits, gains, and wealth were utterly eclipsed and lost to me; and glad indeed was I to find it so, the precious Saviour taking the place thereof; and though, as Mr. H. says, a second lying-in is worse than the first, yet, as with Job, my first deliverance was but hearing of him by the ear, now mine eye seeth him; therefore I repent and abhor myself in dust and ashes. This scripture also was sealed upon my spirit: "I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for my own sake, and I will not remember thy sins." It was as life to the dead, and how clearly I saw myself described in the three preceding verses: "But thou hast not called upon me, O Jacob, thou hast been weary of me, O Israel. Thou hast not brought me the cattle of thy burnt-offerings, neither hast thou honoured me with thy sacrifices. I have not caused thee to serve with an offering, nor wearied thee with incense. Thou hast bought me no sweet cane with money, neither hast thou filled me with the fat of thy sacrifices; but thou hast made me to serve with thy sins, thou hast wearied me with thine iniquities." To all this I was obliged to say, "True;" but when he was pleased to say, "I, even I, am he," &c., O! I did love much; for I had had much forgiven.

Again. This also was sealed home upon my heart at this time: "Thus saith thy Lord the Lord, and thy God that pleadeth the cause of his people, Behold, I have taken out of thy hand the cup of trembling, even the dregs of the cup of my

fury; thou shalt no more drink it again." And thus I found that the love of Christ made known to the soul would do for me what, to use a homely expression, a team of four horses would not do, namely, pull me out of, and deliver me from, the spirit of this world. Now my soul did again magnify the Lord, and my spirit rejoiced in God my Saviour; for he that was mighty hath done to me great things, and I cried, "Holy is his name!" These days of spiritual prosperity continued for nearly eighteen months, and this scripture was very sweet to me: "Rejoice ye with Jerusalem, and be glad with her, all ye that love her; rejoice for joy all ye that mourn for her; that ye may suck, and be satisfied with the breasts of her consolation; that ye may milk out, and be delighted with the abundance of her glory; for thus saith the Lord, I will extend peace to her like a river, and the glory of the Gentiles like a flowing stream. Then shall ye suck; ye shall be borne upon her sides, and dandled upon her knees. As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you; and ye shall be comforted in Jerusalem." This also was made very special and very sweet to me indeed one day: "My beloved spake, and said to me, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away; for lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land; arise, my love, my fair one, and come away." To find all this verified and fulfilled in my soul, I did say, "Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust, and not be afraid. For the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song; he also is become my salvation."

I used, in these days, to sit up in my bedroom for half the night for months together, reading the Word, without the least wearisomeness, and felt a kind of reluctance to leave it, and, if ever so cold, found no inconvenience; and when my candle was burnt out, I sat in the dark to contemplate and meditate, and thus had fellowship with the Old Testament saints,—Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, my spirit and views mingling with theirs, both in faith and love; and thus I found that we were all baptized into one body, and all made to drink into one spirit, and for which concordance, as Luther says, "I would not take the whole Turkish Empire." To hope I knew, loved, and worshipped the same God that they did was pleasant to my spirit indeed.

But now I was about to enter a path I had little thought of. I sat down to my Bible as usual, but could neither feel nor find so much warmth imparted to my spirit as heretofore. The power I formerly enjoyed in reading the Word grew less and less. O! How reluctantly I used to rise from this exercise of reading to go to my bed, if I had found no fresh savour thereby. I longed, I pined for the comforts I had found aforesaid. At length I was obliged to retire without any fresh dew distilling upon my spirit. I felt I wanted the breasts of Zion's consolations to be continued to be drawn out, that I might always be

satisfied; but I did not find it so, and what to think of this mighty change I could not tell. I longed, I sought, I exercised diligence in the use of the means of grace; but still I could not obtain that flowing of divine pleasure and comfort as formerly. I wondered, but could not tell why; but, in time, I found, by what Mr. H. had written, that I was still in the footsteps of the flock; "for it is a terrible thing," he says, "for the heirs of promise to find the breasts of Zion's consolations put up, for Little Faith to be made to go behind, and only now and then to hear the Shepherd's voice;" and so I found it. Once, when Mr. H. had been down, I was pondering over what a miss we should find in the next Sabbath, and feeling a great degree of regret and sorrow thereat, this word was dropped upon my heart, and gave me a gleam of comfort in a twofold sense: "The more feeble members of the body are necessary." It did me much good. But O! What jealous fears would sometimes come over my mind, if my foolish and deceitful heart should again wander after vanity, and again lightly esteem the Rock of my salvation. I was afraid to trust myself, for I knew I was not to be trusted; for once, when under these fears, I heartily groaned in my spirit to him who was able to keep me from falling. He graciously and kindly sent this word into my heart, and enabled me to trust him through it: "Neither shall they defile themselves any more with their idols, nor with their detestable things, nor with any of their transgressions; but I will save them out of all their dwelling-places wherein they have sinned, and will cleanse them; so shall they be my people, and I will be their God." And this set my soul at rest, and gave me much peace and comfort on this matter.

About this time I again went to London, and heard Mr. H., and had an interview with him. He was about to take his breakfast. I began to relate what God had done for my soul, and I could not help noticing that while I was giving the relation he ate nothing. When I had concluded, he rose from his seat, and retired for about a quarter of an hour, when he addressed me in these words: "Now, Isaac, now, Isaac, the people at Cranbrook will have a minister." This was in the year 1800, and from that time by entreaties, by reproofs, by scoldings, by threatenings,—for he once said, "Isaac, damned you never will be; but I should not wonder, for your refusing to preach the gospel of God's grace, to see you in a workhouse,"—all kinds of arguments did he use to make me speak to the people the things concerning the kingdom of God; but, after all, would say, "But nothing moves Isaac." Nor could I help it, the sense of the greatness and nature of the work, together with my inability and unbelief, kept me back from daring to attempt it. My friends also earnestly desired and wished it.

Now, upon this union of hearts being formed with Mr. H., I, with others, was desirous to get him to come to Cranbrook occasionally; and having, at the back of my premises, an old build-

ing, it was fitted up for a place to meet in on the Sabbath day, and at this place he preached a few times. The love of Christ being, as I hope, in my heart, I was desirous to see poor sinners flee from the wrath to come; and as the old place was very in-commodious, I felt many workings of mind to have a better, and once, when in London, pondering and thinking these things over, with some affections to the church and cause of Christ, these words came into my heart with great power and light: "Go up to the mountain, and bring wood, and build the house, and I will take pleasure in it, and I will be glorified, saith the Lord." (Hag. i. 8.) And subsequently verses 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 10, and 11; and again, the 2nd chapter of the same, 18th and 19th verses; and again, the 5th verse of the 2nd chapter was of great comfort and establishment to me in this work, being applied with much power under peculiar exercises on these things: "According to the word that I covenanted with you when ye came out of Egypt, so my Spirit remaineth among you; fear ye not." These things were the delight of my soul, and having a desire reigning in my heart to seek the good of the children of Israel, I purposed building a chapel at my expense. Accordingly I communicated my intentions to Mr. H.; but he said, "No, Isaac; you shall not do so. There is no need for you to be at the cost yourself. We will see to that." But now a difficulty arose, which for a time became a let. I could not feel disposed to sell the site on which the chapel was to stand. The London friends did not choose to build upon my ground, but wished it to be sold off, and the chapel to be vested in trustees, to which proposition I could not comply, the premises being so peculiarly situated; in consequence of which the contention between us rose so high that Mr. H. ordered G. Lansdell to look out a piece of ground wherever he could purchase it, and they would build a chapel, and desired him to signify the same to me. The reply I made was this: "You may do so, if you please; but I tell you one thing, I shall never enter it, and I know if I do not the people will not."

At length a letter came to me from Mr. H., saying, in reference to this matter, "Any how, Isaac; any how, so we do but have a place." So then Mr. H. and the friends in London framed and prepared it, sent it to Cranbrook, and it was put up according to my wish. He, with several of his substantial friends, came to the opening of it, in 1803; but he would be every now and then urging me to speak to the people. Once, when he had finished his discourse, he gave out this notice, that next Sabbath Mr. Beeman would preach to them, if the devil and unbelief did not stop his mouth. And who can tell what I felt at this unexpected notice? I knew not where to put my head. Though he continued his solicitations, I, through fear, was obliged to hold back; for I felt so strongly, like Moses, that I was not eloquent hitherto, nor since thou hast spoken unto thy servant; and once, as I was objecting thus against myself, these words were made to sound in my heart: "Who made man's mouth, the seeing and the

blind?" At another time, when the same subject was pressing upon my thoughts, this word: "I will be with thy mouth, and teach thee what thou shalt say," was sent into my heart, and gave my fears a jostle; and though these good scriptures, with many more of the like kind, used to afford me some help, strength, and encouragement against my fears on this head, yet I had not strength enough to come forth in so important a work, but still kept saying, "Send, Lord, by whom thou wilt send; for I am a child." And thus I went on until the last month of the year in which Mr. H. died.

(But here it will not be out of place to state that Mr. B. took the lead in the worship, both as to reading to the people and speaking in prayer, from the year 1800 to 1813, and his Master gave him a gradual increase of hearers, and added many to the church such as should be saved; for, be it observed, when the usual service was concluded, he used to come down from the pulpit and sit upon one of the seats, and speak to those who chose to stop (and mostly all did) of the things that he had found touching the King; and much good was done, by his instrumentality, in the name of the holy child Jesus.)

But at the close of 1813, or the first Sabbath of 1814, unthought of by myself, that is to say, I had not previously determined thus to do, I awoke early, and this text flowed into my mind with very sweet light and power: "My doctrine is not mine, but his that sent me; and if any man will do his will he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself. He that speaketh of himself seeketh his own glory; but he that seeketh his glory that sent him, the same is true, and no unrighteousness is in him." The text opened itself in its meaning so to my mind that the thought of speaking to the people without the usual reading occurred to me, and I purposed so to do. The service was begun as usual. I ascended the pulpit, read the chapter, and spoke in prayer; and while they were singing the second time I was much beset with this fear, that if I attempted to deliver my thoughts and views from the pulpit, I should fall down (literally) before the people. This remedy occurred to me: If I go down and sit upon the seat, I cannot fall much lower. Accordingly I adopted this method, and it was five or six Sabbaths before I was delivered from this fear.

And thus was this dear man and servant of our Lord Jesus Christ "set as a candle upon a candlestick," that all who came into the house might see the light of God's truth, and the light of his salvation, to the increase and edification in the love of God of the members of the mystical body of Christ, which, by his ministry, were made partakers of the salvation which is in Christ Jesus. Hallelujah! Amen.

In the spring of 1838, he was taken with that illness which terminated his valuable life, at the commencement of which I called one morning, and found him in a very sweet and comfortable frame of spirit under the melting power of grace of this por-

tion of the word of his Master, which had just before been sent into his heart: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord;" to which promise he came the August following, when he departed this life, passed over Jordan, rested from his labours, and took possession of the promised land, to go no more out for ever. Then was fulfilled also this scripture, which some years before was made of great comfort and establishment to his own soul, and on which he preached the following Sabbath: "And the angel of the Lord protested unto Joshua, saying, If thou wilt walk in my ways, and wilt keep my charge, then thou shalt also judge my house, and shalt also keep my courts; and I will give thee places among those that stand by;" having fought a good fight, kept the faith, and finished their course; and having received that crown of righteousness, crown of life, and crown of glory which are promised to all those that love the Saviour's name. Amen.

Aug. 15, 1844.

FREDERICK SIGGS.

HALLELUJAH!

SING to Christ, exalt him high,
 Who to our relief came nigh;
 When we all in ruin lay,
 Then from hell he took the prey.

Sing how he on earth was born,
 Took on him a servant's form,
 That the law he might fulfil,
 And for us to suffer still.

Then he stood at Pilate's bar,
 Faultless, though condemn'd he were;
 With the cross the mount he rose,
 There to suffer for his foes.

Then a soldier pierced his side,
 "It is finish'd!" Jesus cried;
 Love's redeeming work's complete;
 Lo, in heaven we take our seat.

Then to death he fell a prey,
 Till the third blest rising day;
 Then he as a Conqueror rose,
 Captive led what did oppose.

Then to glory he did rise;
 There he interceding cries,
 Till his church is gather'd in,
 Till they all shall glory win.

WHAT will be the communications of glory, if such are now the communications of grace?—*Hawker.*

ALL FAVOURS UNDESERVED.

My dear Friend,—All the favours of God, temporal and spiritual, are quite undeserved, and how dependent he has made us upon himself for every good thing. Since my business closed, nearly six years ago, I have gradually become more and more feelingly dependent, and have had to watch the good hand of God in many things, and have, like many before me, been astonished at his goodness and faithfulness. That same God who supplied the Israelites in the wilderness, Elijah by the brook Cherith, the Lord's prophets in the cave, and Paul by the Philippians; he who gave honey, oil, and water out of the rock, and afforded Samson refreshment out of the jaw-bone of an ass, turned water into wine, and did many other things for the good of his children, still regards a poor, sinful, unworthy creature, and lends a gracious ear to his feeble cry. Your very unexpected kindness to me last Tuesday night, after preaching at —, is another token of mercy in answer to petitions put up at the throne of grace, though I feel at a loss to know why you should have done so, and I venture to predict that the Lord will repay you with good interest.

Sometimes I have fretted and rebelled against the dealings of the Lord; but his thoughts are not our thoughts. God's ways are generally contrary to our ways; and I am sure I need a constant supply of grace as well as trial to keep my mind anything like near to God; and I feel more and more the need of divine help to enable me to seek his glory in all things; for I find, when I can seek his glory before my own personal comfort or advancement, a blessing either attends or succeeds it. At such times as these I would turn self out of doors. But self is such a changeable, nimble fellow, wears so many changes of apparel, and puts on such a variety of countenances, being sometimes good and sometimes bad, black and white, religious and profane, that I scarcely know how to deal with him. Still I am persuaded that it is a blessed thing to be able to seek the glory of God. Several times within the last four months I have been enabled to do this, and twice I felt the special blessing of God in it. My heart was dissolved, my spirit broken, my mind spiritualized, and my soul strengthened; sin was confessed, my transgressions acknowledged, and God was honoured. These times are very precious, and if they were more known in the church of God in the present day there would be more solid godly conversation and much less that is frivolous, selfish, and vain. As is the spring, so will be the water; as is the seed, so will be the fruit; like priest like people; all which shows me the great need of grace to keep my spirit in check, lest I become like the horse or the mule, which have no understanding, whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle.

Human nature is like a feather before the wind, easily carried away. In prosperity it can become like a balloon, in trial like a

piece of lead; so that the Lord, who is infinite in wisdom, orders weights to be put upon me that I should not run into evil, to which he knows I am so prone. If God's dear people, with all their trials, are barely grave, what would they be without them? It makes me say, "Give me understanding, and I shall live."

I conclude by desiring that God would grant you much grace and kindly remind you that those are your best friends who truly pray for you in secret that the blessing of God may attend your labours.

Yours in truth,

16, Albion Street, Birmingham, April 24, 1873.

J. DENNETT.

JOHN RUSK'S DIARY.

(Continued from page 457.)

But there is another way that God the Father dwells in the weak in faith, and that is as follows: Under all these afflictions already mentioned, both within and without, there are many lifts, and, at times, encouraging promises, which such for a few minutes are helped to take a little hold of; sometimes under the word preached, sometimes when speaking to a friend, sometimes in confession to God, sometimes in prayer, and sometimes in meditation.

Now I often found all this years ago, though I afterwards called it in question; yet while it lasted, though but for a short time, I was sure for that time I was right. At such seasons there is a love to the Saviour, though such cannot say he loves them; but he says he does, for he says, "I love them that love me," &c. And do you know, poor afflicted soul, that this little love you feel to the Saviour proves that God the Father is in you; yea, and loves you? Yes, he really does. Hear what the Lord Jesus, the lip of truth, says: "My Father himself loveth you because you have loved me;" and you know he told the Pharisees' as follows: "If God were your Father, you would" (prove your relationship to him—how? Why) "you would love me." What! Cannot a person love the Lord Jesus Christ and yet God not be their Father? No; not in the very smallest measure, nor if it be only for a few minutes at a time. It is impossible. Hence Christ told the Pharisees, "You have seen and hated both me and my Father." And do you know that I can go a step lower than this, and with truth on my side, too, and say that none but God's elect, under divine teaching, can ever love a saint as a saint, or God's word as it really is; and that wherever there is the smallest love and affection goes out either to God's word or his family in simplicity, I say it proves, though it may be only for a short time at once, that God is their Father. Now to the law and to the testimony, and if that does not bear me out, give no credit to it. Then observe. John says, "He that loveth dwelleth in God and God dwelleth in him." But John does not say, "He that loveth God" merely. Mind that; but, "He that loveth." Then how is this to be cleared up? I answer, 1, He that loveth God's children, God dwelleth in him and he in God; 2, He that loveth God's

word dwelleth in God and God in him; 3, He that loveth Jesus dwelleth in God and God in him; 4, He that loveth the blessed Spirit dwelleth in God and God in him; and also, 5, He that loveth the Father. I believe I have waded through deep waters to teach me to be tender over the weak and the lambs of Christ's fold, and nothing is so cruel as to try to stagger or stumble such. O! If you did but know what they go through! Well; weak and helpless as they are, God is their Father, and dwells in them too. Ah! He really does. Hence Christ says, "He that hath my word and keepeth it, he it is that loveth me, and he shall be loved" (that is, he shall in time know it for himself) "of my Father, and we will come unto him and make our abode with him." As though he should say, Our visits shall not be so short as formerly, but shall be of longer duration, for we will make our abode (mark that) with such characters.

But what shall we say of such as deny a Trinity of Persons in God? Say? Why, we must say that they are strangers to all I have written and to all Christian experience; for if they felt they could not cry to God they would never deny the Spirit if he helped their infirmities. Again, they know nothing about temptation and of being succoured, or they would never deny the Lord Jesus; and if they do not acknowledge the Son they cannot have the Father, nor can they know anything about him; for John says, "Whosoever denieth the Son hath not the Father." From all which we may draw this conclusion that such are in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity, being without God and without any knowledge of him; and, living and dying so, they will know it to their sorrow; for they are without hope and without God in this world.

Wednesday, 11th.—After dinner went to Prattent's, Lyney's, Heath's, and Tidy's, and saw several men that were lately discharged from different places. I therefore came home as I went, and a miserable evening it was; for all that I found in writing in the morning was gone, and the old wretched crop arose. My wife went to hear Robins. I went to bed in much fear.

Thursday, 12th.—When I awoke at four o'clock, it was set before me that God was giving me up to hardness of heart, spiritual pride, disobedience, and self-will, that I aimed at things of a spiritual nature contrary to God's will, and was not so diligent after the world; consequently, did not get work, lived upon other people, and at last I should come to the workhouse. All my debts, &c., were set before me; but I certainly, more urgently than ever, was led to cry to the Lord Jesus as the Searcher of hearts, and also to confess my weakness, plead many promises, and entreat him not to give me up to these wretched things, and I was a good while at it, wrestling hard, and think I felt a little better. After this I went out and called at Turner's, but went to no other place, for I had no faith in it. I called at Southwell's and dined there, but felt very shut up. I then went to my sister's, as I wanted to know how she was and how my

mother was. I drank tea there, and she gave me a shilling. I then went to chapel rather better, and hoping that God would appear for me in his own time. Text: "Awake, O north wind," &c.; in which verse he showed there were two speakers, and the first was Christ, the second was the church, which appears very clear. As I was coming away, Mr. B. asked me if I had got any work. I answered, "No." He said, "Are you going home?" I said, "Yes, Sir." He said, "You had better go with me." I rather objected, but he urged it, and I was very glad afterwards; for it was a very windy, stormy night, and had rained all day. He told me, as we walked along, that I was to have 4s. a week from the chapel, and that if I liked I could have the next week's money from him, to which I agreed. Supped, breakfasted, and came away at half-past nine o'clock, and went to twelve places to look for work; but where there was work they denied me, though at one place they had set down about six men. I am greatly hated by them. But, in my walking, I saw Spicer, a fellow-workman, and a man that I hope is under some of the teachings of God's Spirit, and really I felt very happy and much liberty in trying to encourage him and also to draw him on, for there appeared honesty in the man. He told me his weakness in looking for work, and that it appeared his own fault, and the fear of man kept him back, for he felt afraid of the reproach of man. Many things he said that I liked much. I then went home, fearing they wanted bread, which they did; then went to my sister's to dine, and to see about her clock by her desire. Drank tea and went to Lant Street. Text: "As the body without the spirit is dead," &c. Came home encouraged; bought three pounds of beef in Whitechapel for 9d.; found liberty in prayer, but remarkably stiff and tired indeed.

Saturday, Dec. 14th.—I felt very poorly this morning through such a deal of walking this week. I have not been out to-day, and a wretched day I have had, particularly in the afternoon, for Satan has made me like Asaph, that my feet have been almost gone. O, what unbelief and rebellion working in my heart! I rejected prayer, and felt as if I would pray no more, and also felt such rebellion and pride that I could submit to nothing. Yet I hated the thoughts of living as I do upon other people, and wanted to have things of my own. I hated also the trade, and all that belonged to it. Then the rent, which ought to be paid on Monday next, was set before me, as also other debts. I tried again to pray, but was just the same. This continued with me all the evening, and my soul sank greatly.

Sunday, Dec. 15th.—I went to bed in much terror and slavish fear of God. A violent storm of wind and rain made it worse. I was awake many times in the night, crying to God for mercy and to keep me from despair, and that the house might not be blown down and we all be buried in the ruins, as was powerfully suggested to me that it would be. However, God preserved us, and as it got light the temptation abated. I then lay thinking

on these words: "They shall come (to the feast) which are ready to perish;" and certainly I had no right to expect anything but to perish for my wretched rebellion and feelings. Yet I thought the feast was for such as I. The feast is Jesus Christ: "Christ, our passover, was sacrificed for us; therefore let us keep the feast." I went to chapel, but still felt the old wretched crop working all the way; and when I got there I seated myself near the door that no one should ask me to dinner, and walked out looking the contrary way, for I hated to be such a burden to people; but when I was almost out Mr. B. touched me on the arm and asked me if I had got work. I said, "No." "Where do you dine?" said he. I said, "I cannot tell." He said, "Go to Daniel's. He will be very angry if you don't," and he put 5s. 6d. into my hand. I returned him many thanks, went there, and spent a comfortable afternoon. Atride came and Mrs. Wilkinson, and I felt liberty of soul and speech, and there was a sweet union amongst us. Text in the morning: "And Manoah said, We shall surely die." Text at night: "Behold his bed, which is Solomon's," &c. I heard sweetly both times, and with power in the morning, but was much straitened after prayer in telling something of the evening's discourse.

Monday 15th.—After breakfast my wife went to Mr. F., to see if he would buy our Concordance, that we might pay our rent; but he was out. She went also to get a ticket for the Stepney parish midwife to attend, as she had her before; but as we are now in Mile End Old Town it was refused; so she came home very dull. Yesterday her aunt brought a quartern loaf and 2lbs. of salt, and her sister brought on Saturday some little old shoes for the children. Thus, though we are poor and needy, yet the Lord (in this sense) thinketh on us. I went out to Prattent's and to nine more places to look for work, but it was useless. It was suggested to me that I only liked people for what I could get, and had no real love; that I should not go to Conway Street, where I was going in the evening, only because I thought I should get something, and that I was walking in a snare. These things made me cry to the Lord; but I could not feel my heart as I could wish, for it appeared mere praying from my judgment. I had much difficulty to get to the chapel, being so very tired, and it was so muddy, and there were so many people. Mr. R.'s text was: "The way of the Lord is strength to the upright," &c. When he said, "An upright man would have a holy jealousy over himself," I could come in there, and also in a temptation he mentioned. I found it was a good deal like my temptations, which are many. I came home very dull, but much better in mind than I went, and found myself a little better after prayer, in acknowledging past mercies.

Tuesday.—The landlord called to-day for his rent, and I promised to take it him in a few days; but have no expectation except I sell the Concordance. After breakfast I went to Mr. F., to have an answer about the book, but he could not afford to buy

it; so that I'm just where I was. I then thought to go over the water, but met Spicer on the bridge, and found it was of no use; and as he was going to hear Mr. W., I turned back and went with him, but found no good, for my mind was ruminating as to what I should do, as we are so tried in providence. Mr. W. preaches the truth; but I want an experimental preacher, one who, when he has had one meal, is tried how he shall get the next; one who is tormented with devils fit to tear him limb from limb; one who feels hell inside himself and every corruption in his nature stirred up to oppose God's work; one who feels so weak that every day he gets over he views it next to a miracle; one who is hated with perfect hatred by the flying troop of hypocrites in our day. This is the preacher that my soul loves. I then went to the soup-shop and had some soup, and then to Southwell's and read a book to the old woman and came away. But O, how I sunk all the evening! How very low I was! These violent temptations worked so that I was afraid in the night I should really see the devil, and kept crying mightily to the Lord. I once fancied the devil lifted up the bed-clothes at the foot of the bed. O what a violent thing temptation is! But God kept me, bless his name!

Wednesday.—We know not how to get a loaf this morning. Butter we do not have at all. We really have nothing of the kind. As for the trade, I am nearly shut out of that. Lord, do thou appear to the confusion of my enemies! I walked about looking for work and praying God that I might meet a friend, so that I might get a loaf, but did not. So I came home, and my wife took the last little thing and got 2s.; so we got a loaf and had 8½d. left; but I was not so cast down as might have been expected. But O how I sank after I had put the children to bed! I gathered such a load—that all I had was light and knowledge, and that I presumed upon God, like Balaam. I kneeled down and prayed to the Lord Jesus, pleading those promises respecting what he should do for us, such as he would succour the tempted and make a way for their escape, deliver them out of temptation and lift up a standard against Satan, and that we should overcome him by his blood, and that he would give us power to tread on serpents, scorpions, and over all the power of the enemy; and I was strengthened to bear my cross, though the temptation still remained and remained all night.

After this, it appears the good man, having failed to find a purchaser of his Concordance (Concordances were more costly in those days than now), went again, though most reluctantly, to his friend Mr. B., who lent him 20s., and with that the rent was paid. Mr. B. also gave him a shilling, and Mrs. B. 1½ lb. of suet. Subsequently, as his case became more generally known, several other friends sent him money, which relieved him and his family up to Christmas day.

THE touch of faith, the trust in Christ, will find virtue from Christ.—*Hawker.*

CONWAY STREET CHAPEL.

The Committee of Conway Street Chapel to our beloved Friend Mr. Warburton, wishing grace, mercy, and peace to be multiplied, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Beloved,—We received yours, and are greatly obliged to you and the friends at Trowbridge for their compliance with our request, and hope to see you at the appointed time, God willing.

Mr. Robins, in many respects, is much better, and there is hope of his recovery. Through the long and heavy affliction laid upon him we have been obliged to get such supplies as the people can hear to profit their souls. In doing that we have a double expense upon us, so that we are not like the shepherds literally who shear their sheep once a year only, for we are obliged to do it every few weeks, in order to meet the extra expenses occasioned thereby. And, poor things, they have taken it very patiently, and have come forward very liberally hitherto. Besides these difficulties, you know how very much we are in want of a better place to worship in, and should be glad if it pleased God to give us one, the present one being so ill adapted for the congregation. The friends have consulted together, and drawn up a new prospectus for a chapel to go on immediately. This being our case and situation, we humbly hope, after feelingly considering our situation and circumstances, you will not expect any great things from us; yet, as the good Lord has not suffered us hitherto to receive the benefit of any of his sent servants' labours spiritually without their receiving of our carnal things, so do we hope that, after a collection as usual and your expenses paid, something may be left towards your chapel.

I am, dear Friend, yours for the Committee,

JOHN GAUTREY.

[There is no date to this letter. It appears to have been in reply to one, also without date, from the church at Trowbridge, consenting for Mr. Warburton to supply at Conway Street, providing they might have a collection towards their chapel at Trowbridge. The "prospectus" referred to in Mr. Gautrey's letter was the first step towards the erection of Gower Street chapel. O that the Lord would keep that place as free from error as its founders were, and grant that its leaders may discountenance all errors and erroneous men, maintaining zealously the purity and power of truth.]

It would be a violent oppression to free a creditor from the hands of a debtor by force; it is righteous only when it is by legal payment. Well, then, "Christ was made sin for us" (2 Cor. v. 21), and that in his death upon the cross. To what end? That sin might remain in its guilt upon us? No; for him to be made sin, and that by God, without respect to the taking away of sin, had been inconsistent with the wisdom and righteousness of God. The justice of God would not permit him to take our debt of another, and yet to charge it upon ourselves. "He was therefore made sin for us, that we might become the righteousness of God in or by him." He was made sin that we might be counted without sin by the imputation of the righteousness of the Mediator to us, as if it were our own.—*Charnock.*

LOVE TO JESUS.

My very dear Friend,—You will, I presume, be expecting me to fulfil my promise, though really my mind seems very barren and unfit for letter writing just now. We are the subjects of a variety of changes in our feeling; sometimes so stupid and dull, the mind so dark and bewildered, that it seems as if we knew nothing of the truth of God in its saving effects upon the heart; and yet we cannot give up longing and desiring to enjoy the presence of God. It is well we have something better to rest upon than our feelings. Our salvation rests upon an immovable foundation.

I have had, amidst darkness of mind, some sweet moments in reading the book of Ezekiel this week, to see the peculiar care the Lord takes of his people, and the certainty of his seeking out his poor outcasts wherever they may be driven; also the manner of his feeding them; for the pasture is indeed abundant and fruitful, as he has set up one Shepherd over them, and raised him up for a plant of renown, and assured us that the flock of his pasture are men and that he is our God. These are felt to be gracious truths when spoken home to the heart by God the Holy Ghost. And what are they without? Our religion is a feeling religion. The poor child is not satisfied without some love tokens. "Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth." Daily do we want manifestations of his love and mercy to our poor souls. Then we can, as the church of old did, "go forth in the dances of them that make merry."

May the dear Lord shine upon you and me, embitter sin to us, yea the very appearance of evil, reveal Christ to our souls in all his fulness, in all his suitableness, in all his sufficiency, in all his greatness, in all his power, to save us from the love, power, and dominion of sin, from going down to the pit, and reveal him so to us that we may say, "*My Lord and my God. He was wounded for my transgressions, he died for my sins, he rose for my justification, he pleads for me in the court of heaven.*" Happy indeed shall we be realizing, by precious faith, our interest in his high relationship. Here is a union which nothing can dissolve, nothing alter or disturb; not even as the apostle, after enumerating many things, says, not even death, that last of foes. However, we have our dark as well as light seasons, when we are called to pass through trying dispensations; and sometimes these continue for years and we begin to stagger at them; but God supports us under our burden; and while he tries he sustains.

Dear friend, the Lord is with you. Do bear this in mind under your trials. May this truth be impressed more and more upon your mind.

I hope you are well. What a family there will be when we all get home above.

Yours in a precious Christ,

60, Paternoster Row, Nov. 5, 1844.

E. BUTT.

REVIEW.

Sketch of the Life and Ministry of Pastor Daniel Allen, Sydney.
An Address by Pastor Daniel Allen to the Baptist Church and Congregation, Castlereagh Street, Sydney, New South Wales.—Sydney: Lee and Ross.

It always more or less rejoices our hearts when we hear of the gospel being preached in foreign lands. That the harvest in various parts is plenteous we firmly believe, but truly-qualified labourers are few. Never was there a time more than the present when the dear Saviour's injunction, "Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest that he will send forth labourers into his harvest," was needed. We say, and say truly, the Lord will have his own; but it is a bad sign when the church is in so cold a state as not to be praying mightily that the Lord will make manifest his own work. When a spirit of prayer was poured upon the churches, great and blessed results invariably followed.

The Lord has his people in every land. We have accounts from Australia, the United States, Canada, New Zealand, &c.; and here is before us a pleasing testimony from New South Wales.

Mr. Allen was born in Suffolk in 1824. At the age of nine years he was left without any earthly friend.

"It was at this early age that he was first led to call upon the Lord for help and mercy in the time of need; and in thus seeking the Lord for help and succour in temporal things, he was brought both to see and feel very deeply that he was a lost and ruined sinner in the eyes of a holy God, and that unless the Lord had mercy upon him for Jesus's sake, he would be for ever undone, without hope. Having struggled on in this state of mind (with, however, a gradual increase in temporal advantages) up to the age of 19, under circumstances of great affliction, he came to New South Wales in the year 1845, and shortly afterwards removed to Tasmania. Shortly after his arrival in that colony the Lord was pleased to bless him with a full realization of pardon and peace, by the very powerful application of the following well-known passage of Holy Writ: 'Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.'"

In 1849 he removed to Victoria, and two years afterwards he preached the gospel to the diggers at Ballarat, &c., the gold-fields having been discovered there. He subsequently for some years was pastor over a church at Melbourne, then removed to Tasmania, and ultimately to Sydney. The account before us states that when he was invited to take the pastorate at Sydney, two churches in Tasmania and two in Victoria wished him to settle amongst them. May we venture to hope that in all these churches the pure gospel is upheld? Besides these, we are told Mr. A. has been instrumental in forming various churches in country districts.

So far as we can see, Mr. A.'s main drift is the doctrines of grace; but he does not preach them in that dry, systematic way which was formerly, more so, we firmly believe, than now, so common in England, but in a *feeling* manner.

"Grace, or the free unmerited favour of the God of all grace, not only provides a Saviour, and that a great one, *but it brings the poor, lost sinner to that Saviour or the Saviour to him.* The idolatry of the priests and the Levites of the modern temples teach that the poor robbed, stripped, wounded, half dead, and wholly dead sinner must arise from the Jericho road and return to Jerusalem, and *so keep his charge and save his soul.* Thus, God is insulted, the Saviour disregarded, and the deceived lost. For Jesus has taught that Jehovah brings his salvation nigh, and ministers it to the dying sinner; and he will surely have the glory of it from the sinner saved."

From the "Address" it appears that before Mr. A. was invited to settle over the people at Sydney he had appeared before them publicly about 400 times, and with them in their houses about 1000 times. This certainly was giving both sides a fair trial. Of the duties and privileges of a pastor he seems to have a high sense: 1, As a *nurse*; he should, therefore, be gentle, tender, and loving. 2, As a *steward*; he must regard his Lord's authority, and not alter his institutions, even to please the queen. 3, As a *shepherd*; the sheep must be fed; the "sick must be attended to; that which strays brought back; that which is wounded bound up; that which is fearful emboldened; and that which is bound loosed. These must be led into green pastures, beside the still waters, under the shadow of the great Rock, and into the fold of the one Shepherd." 4, As an *overseer*; not by constraint, but of a ready mind. "Love must preserve us from lording it over you, for love makes a man humble; pride alone is lordly; love will produce a careful looking after your *ways and works*, and I must compare them with God's plans, specifications, and instructions." 5, As an *elder*; this implies gravity and wisdom, and both are in love. There is nothing that gives gravity, solemnity, courtesy, and tenderness like love. 6, As a *father*; a father must love, provide for, clothe, shelter, correct, and educate his children. 7, As the *friend of the Bridegroom*; to bear his messages of love to his people; and "this seems the sweetest part of the office of a pastor in the dear church of God, to tell to poor perishing sinners the wondrous love of Jesus to them, in his very being, in his life, death, resurrection, and ever living intercession for them." "Now, beloved in the Lord, to fill out these seven features of a pastor's official labours in your midst, I need the constant flow of divine love from the Lord of Hosts, ministered by the Holy Spirit into my heart; without this all will be a blank, an outward sham, without a reality; but, with this, I shall be sufficient for the position to which you now call me." "Let us, then, as pastor and people, ever seek to demonstrate to each other, to the world, devils, and angels, that we possess this 'root of divine love' in our hearts by the Holy Ghost manifested in us. By suffering long, by kindness, by bearing all things, by believing all things, by hoping all things, by enduring all things, by not envying, by not vaunting, by no pride, by no bad behaviour, by not seeking our own, by not being provoked, by not thinking evil, by not rejoicing in sin, but by rejoicing in the

truth. It is only by the clear manifestations of these things that we can give proof that we are born of God, and shall assure our hearts before him. It is only thus that we shall bear a practical witness against the show and sham of a canting profession, which everywhere abounds in this age, wherein they 'have a name to live whilst they are dead.' God give us grace to live, act, and speak thus to his glory and praise."

Mr. A. does not appear to go very deeply into the trials and exercises of the Lord's people; but we accept of these two little works as a testimony, as far as they go, of a faithful ministry.

Obituary.

MRS. WIGMORE.—On Sept. 16th, aged 76, Mrs. Wigmore, of Crowborough, Rotherfield.

Our dear sister was one who well knew the vileness of her own heart, and what it was to be in the iron furnace. She felt, as she often said, that God could not be just and save her. She thought there might be hope for others, but none for her; and she would frequently say, "I wonder if there is another creature like me."

About three months before her death I visited her, when she said, "What a poor thing I feel within; yet I have inward pinings after the Lord Jesus Christ and his comforting, soul-refreshing presence. How long, O Lord, how long? When wilt thou come and remove the stone from this poor burdened heart?"

"Of feeling all things show some sign

But this unfeeling heart of mine!"

My corrupt flesh seems such a clog to my poor soul. Rom. vii. seems to speak the very feelings of my heart: 'When I would do good, evil is present with me.' O! How little of the true spirit of prayer I have! This makes me mourn over my sad state. O! What quagmires, and what dark and desolate places is my soul in! What the end will be I know not; for all my religion seems dried up and gone. O, Mr. W., Jesus says, 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Can any one be blessed and yet not find rest?" I said, "Yes; for the Word declares, 'Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted;' and mourning souls are Christ-blessed souls." "O, Mr. W.," she replied, "I have so many things to mourn over in myself,—a hard heart, a stubborn will, fretfulness, coldness, want of love to Jesus; so prayerless, so earthly-minded. I seem more ready to believe the devil's lies than God's truth. O! What a riddle is my life! Can you make me out?" I said, "Thy glorious Samson will make the riddle plain in his own time."

She had a great desire that, if the Lord would permit, she might come once more to the ordinance of the Lord's supper. The Lord graciously granted her that request, and she said, "This will be the last time;" and it was the last time. The Lord made the ordinance a great blessing that day to her soul. How sweetly she spoke afterwards of the sufferings of Christ and the glory that should follow.

After this time our dear friend continued to get weaker and weaker; her disease was in the spine, from which she had suffered for many years. At length she was obliged to keep her bed, but it was not long before the final struggle was over. She had up to this time been in great darkness of soul, and had been severely tried by Satan; but the last three days before her

spirit took its flight he was not permitted to harass her. She was calm; and the long looked-for time came. The friends who stood round her thought she was dying, and sent for me. When I entered the room she held out her hand and sweetly said,

“The Lord my Shepherd is!
Now shall my wants be well supplied.
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?”

The Lord blessed her with sweet assurance that she was a vessel of mercy. I said to her, “You no longer fear that the beginning was not right?” Her answer was, “No. Jesus is mine. He died for me. He loved, me and gave himself for me.” She continued for some time saying, “Precious Jesus! Precious Jesus!” I had no need to speak; I could only listen to the sweet words of calm, full assurance which from time to time dropped from her lips. She continued, “My Beloved is mine and I am his.” “He will have mercy upon whom he will have mercy.” “How beautiful, and how pure!” “O! Sing! Do help me to sing!” “O praise him! O praise him!” “I will sing! O God, my God, my King!” “It is all well. He is a faithful covenant-keeping God. He is my All and in all.” “O! How fearful I have often been that all my religion would be found at last without a foundation; but the foundation of the Lord standeth sure. The Lord knoweth them that are his.”

After I had been about three hours by her bedside, listening to the sweet and blessed testimony she gave, I took her hand in mine and said, “I must leave you. Farewell!” She looked up into my face with a sweet smile, and said, “We shall meet in our Father’s home on high.”

Soon after this she sweetly fell asleep in Jesus. Truly her end was peace.

We can truly say of her in the words of the poet:

“Now, saved from all the pains of death,
She, with her last expiring breath,
Exclaim’d, in language so divine,
‘O Lord, thou art for ever mine.’”

“Deep, deep was the river, its swellings were high,
But she fear’d not the tempest, for Jesus was nigh.
By faith she beheld him; and why should we weep?
Her spirit’s in heaven, her dust will but sleep.”

JOHN WHATFORD.

W. HERINGTON.—On July 22nd, 1873, aged 67, William Herington, of Barton, near Amptill, Beds, deacon of the Strict Baptist church.

Up to 1845 he was a member of the Established Church and teacher in the Sunday school. He might well be called a pillar, believing he and the Church would never be separated. But our gracious God was pleased about this time to bring him to the knowledge of himself as a lost and helpless sinner; and finding no such poor things amongst his companions in the church he attended, he was obliged to seek company at last amongst the Baptists; and there he could find as face answered to face in water, so did this people to what he felt. In June, 1849, after stating what the Lord had done for his soul, he was baptized, and the next year he was chosen deacon, and a more consistent member could not be.

In 1866, when employed in gathering some fruit, he fell from the tree, breaking his leg and injuring his chest. Here the enemy sorely tried him about his interest in the Lord Jesus Christ; and being only a labourer, he could not provide against such times temporally; so that the enemy had a double advantage; yet he experienced the promise good:

"When the enemy comes in like a flood," &c. After some months he was able to walk by the help of crutches, but in March, 1867, coming into his house upon his crutches, he fell and broke his thigh. His mind at this time was very dark, with only a little hope, at times, that the dear Lord would appear again. Speaking of his sufferings, he said, "What are mine compared with the sufferings of the Lord for such worthless beings as myself?" Still, being very dark in mind, he would say, "My sufferings of body are nothing to the sufferings of my mind." He could say with one of old, "He is clean gone! O that I knew where I might find him. Will he be favourable no more?" This state of mind lasted till the following September, when the Lord was pleased so to bless him with light and peace that he could say, "My cup runneth over. Bless the Lord! How good it is that I have been afflicted." He was once more raised so as to walk with crutch and stick, and come into the house of God, though with great difficulty.

In Dec., 1872, he was afflicted with paralysis of the right side, which rendered him in some degree helpless. His brother deacon calling one evening, he said the fear of death was taken away, and he could see his relationship to his spiritual Head very clearly. Soon after this he awoke his wife, and told her of the distress of his mind, for he feared they would be starved to death. After this sharp trial was over he said he believed it was the enemy suggested this; for the Lord had been pleased to raise up many friends, both from the church and the world, with a little help from the parish, so that he wanted for nothing.

Soon after this he was blessed with these words: "Christ in you the hope of glory," which filled his eyes with tears, his heart with love, and his tongue with praise. And afterwards, "He will rest in his love;" also Rom. viii. 38, 39.

When I went that way to supply, I invariably went to see him. On one occasion, when entering the room, I found him in tears, saying, "These words have been so on my mind, 'I shall see thy face no more,' fearing they would be true." He spoke of the goodness of the Lord, referring to various portions that had been sweet to him; so that instead of it being like a chamber of sickness it was a Bethel.

One of the aged members calling to see him the day before he died, he inquired the state of his mind. He said, "I am still longing to be gone." Another said, "You have lasted longer than was expected." The answer was, "All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come;" and to his sorrowing partner he said, "Wife, sing Zeph. iii. 14: 'Sing, O daughter of Zion! Shout, O Israel! Be glad and rejoice with all the heart, O daughter of Jerusalem.'" Soon after this his happy spirit fled.

Chesterton, Cambridge.

JOSEPH LEVETT.

HENRY BROWN.—On July 8th, aged 33, Henry Brown, deacon of the church at Bethel, Hitchin.

He was a man of few words; but his walk and conversation bore testimony that he was born of God; and what one of our hymns expresses may be truly said of him:

"Trials may press of every sort;
They may be sore, they must be short."

The last Sunday in June I heard he was not well, and went to see him. I did not think him worse than I had seen him before in a previous illness, which was last summer. I did not ask the state of his mind, as I knew for some time past he had felt very low, and it was my impression he was so then. Mr. Barringer was supplying for us on that Sabbath. Our friend desired to be remembered to him, and said he had

counted upon hearing him. He also referred to the sermon preached on the last Wednesday evening by Mr. Morris, from Tit. ii. 14. This was the last sermon he heard.

The time of his departure being at hand, the following Tuesday I saw him again. I said, "You are no better?" He replied, "No, and all is dark within. It must be all of grace." On the Wednesday he was worse, and spoke to his wife about several things, and said he felt his end was very near. He desired Mr. Morris to be sent for. On Thursday morning I saw him again. I said, "Do you feel any break of light in your mind?" He replied, "I think I do; but I have been trying to pray for three or four hours during the night, but could not feel that access I wanted to do. I do not like talking about religion when I do not feel it. This has sometimes prevented me meeting with the Lord's people privately; but perhaps in this I have done wrong."

The following evening I was sent for. As soon as I saw him I perceived a great change for the worse, but thought he appeared more quiet and peaceful; and so it proved to be. I sat down by his bedside in silence. He looked at me, and said, "I am going to leave you in the midst of many sorrows and miseries; but the Lord must be your support. It must be as the Lord pleases. I do desire to submit to his will." A little while afterwards, he said, "I do feel comfortable. I never thought I should feel like this." I said, "The Lord is good." He replied, "Yes, to the soul that seeketh him. My last days are my best days. Against hope I think I have hope; and so would you have, could you see what I do. It seems all light, but you cannot see it." On being asked if he would have a mustard plaister, to see if it would relieve him, he said, "I am relieved. I want no other relief." Being much pressed to take some beef tea, he smiled, and said, "Do you think that supports me? Ah, no!" I said, "You have something to eat we know not of." He said, "Yes; Christ told his disciples he had meat to eat that they knew not of; and so have I. I have no power to ask the Lord for anything, but he gives me everything."

A little after this he spoke in a solemn manner concerning the awful state of the ungodly, all those out of Christ, and of the sad state of things in general. After that he was silent for a short time, then sent his love to some friends, and said, "The Lord has favoured me in my last moments. I do not know why the Lord keeps me here now. I am quite ready to go." After this he appeared in the attitude of prayer for some time, and a little afterwards he prayed audibly. He then had a sore conflict, and feared it was all a delusion. He said, "Satan is a great foe to the Lord and to his people." After this he became very restless and was unconscious, and remained so most of the time; so that little could be gathered.

After the night above named, which is a memorable night to me, the day before he departed this life, he was offered some wine and water, which he refused, saying, "I am going home to have something better." At another time he was heard to say, "I belong to Christ's church."

The last words he was heard distinctly to say were, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." Shortly after this he gently breathed his last.

E. HOLLOWAY.

Hitehin, Herts.

EDWARD MEERING.—On Sept. 27th, at Southampton, aged 54, Edward Meering, a man deeply taught by God the Holy Spirit to feel himself a poor vile sinner, and to highly value the precious blood and righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ. He was much afflicted in body for ten years or thereabouts, and often lacked the necessaries of life to a very great extent.

The ministry and conversation of the late Mr. Whiting, whose obituary appeared in the "G. S.," was much blessed to him. On one occasion in particular, when in great distress of soul, he said, "Do send for Mr. Whiting," although he was then a stranger to him. When Mr. W. came, Mr. Meering said, "I am lost! I am lost!" Mr. Whiting said, "Who told thee, my friend, thou wast lost? Thou art just found." And added, "Put away that book." This was the "Whole Duty of Man," which he was reading. The Lord soon afterwards removed his burden and gave him a hope in his mercy, and he was subsequently baptized; but, though the Lord had removed his burden of guilt, and had given him a good hope through grace, he was often the subject of doubts and fears; and once, when two friends were at his house, he sat up in bed, and, looking most earnestly at them, he said, "My dear friends, if you see anything amiss in me, do tell me of it." At another time Satan sorely tempted him "to give up," when this passage was sweetly applied, and met his case, too: "For ever, O Lord, thy word is settled in heaven."

For some time past several friends were in the habit of meeting at his house, as often as possible, for spiritual conversation, reading, and prayer; and very blessed opportunities have we sometimes had, our theme being the blood and righteousness of Christ. And sometimes Mr. M.'s tongue was unloosed, and he was enabled to speak sweetly and feelingly of the Lord's goodness to his soul.

The Lord often supplied his temporal wants in a wonderful manner, as one instance will show. A friend, Mr. F., was coming out of Ebenezer Chapel one Sunday evening, when Mr. L. said, "How is Meering getting on?" and gave him a shilling, which was made up by others to 5s., which Mr. F. immediately took to his house. This broke poor Meering down; and he then told him they had not a farthing in the house, and owed 5s. 3d. for rent, and the landlord was coming early on Monday morning for it.

A few days before he died, Mr. F. called to see him, and Meering told him he had been in a sad state. Everything seemed against him. He could not realize the Lord's presence at all, and poverty so stared him in the face he was afraid they would have to go into the union. One morning he felt pressed beyond measure, when he took up Gadsby's Hymns, and opened at that sweet hymn:

"What cheering words are these," &c.

This broke the snare. He read the hymn to Mr. F., repeating the last line of each verse with a very sweet assurance; and he said his trouble was all gone, and he could in reality read his title clear; which were almost, or quite, the last words he spoke to Mr. F.

A few nights afterwards the summons came while he was asleep. His wife saw the change, but before she could call any one, except the children, his ransomed spirit had taken its flight,

"Far from this world of grief and sin,
With God eternally shut in,"

"Methinks I see him now at rest,
In the bright mansion love ordain'd;
His head reclined on Jesu's breast,
No more by sin or sorrow pain'd."

A.

BECAUSE another professeth what he hath not, must you therefore hide or deny what you have? It is true the possession of grace and truth in your own souls is that which saves you, but the profession or confession of it is that which honours God and edifies.—*Parv.*