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THE

GOSPEL STANDARD.

VOL. XL., 1874.

LONDON:
JOHN GADSBY, 18, BOUVERIE STREET.
1874.

LONDON:
CLAYTON AND CO., TEMPLE PRINTING WORKS,
BOUVERIE STREET, WHITEFRIARS, E.C.

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THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

JANUARY, 1874.

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

ADDRESS TO OUR SPIRITUAL READERS.

“Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They die forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.”

EVER faithful to her mission, time will not allow herself to be trifled with. She will neither be persuaded to hasten her speed, in order to accomplish her great work a day sooner than the Divine decree has fixed for its accomplishment, nor will she be bribed to procrastination, in order to delay her work an hour to suit man's convenience. From the very beginning, when God said, “Let there be light, and there was light,” all things in nature have steadily and with marked precision continued to obey the great law as prescribed by the God of the universe. The sun, the moon, the stars, and the earth have kept to their proper spheres of motion; the seasons have followed in regular and orderly succession; and time, by all its revolutions and its ages that are past, is every year becoming less and less, shorter and shorter, and must, ere long, empty itself to its very last moment in the vast and boundless sea of eternity. Then shall the Angel stand upon the sea and upon the earth; and shall lift up his hand to heaven, and swear by Him that liveth for ever and ever, that there shall be time no longer. How solemn the thought! How soon shall *we* have done with time! How much nearer than we think may the scythe of death be sweeping about our heels! Like the mower's scythe in the standing grass, or the reaper's sickle in the field of corn, as both scythe and sickle move onward, cutting down the crops as they go, so a few more years and the present generation will be laid low by Death's relentless stroke like swathes of grass. Both writer and reader of this “Address” will have run their course. Our fleeting years will have been spent like a tale that is told, and we shall be numbered with the things that are past.

Through the tender mercy of God, we have been upheld, amidst much storm and tempest, trial and affliction, of the past year, and if spared but a little while from the time these remarks drop from our pen, we shall set our foot upon the threshold of 1874. And O what abundant cause we have to thank and bless our gra-

cious God for all his mercies in the past, which have followed us like a stream from the smitten Rock. How multiplied and various have those mercies been; but how truly great has been our undeservedness of the very least among them! What cold, hard, barren, and unthankful hearts have we often carried beneath the descending shower of heaven's blessings! What murmuring and rebellion have we often felt stirred up in our minds when our stubborn flesh has been a little chafed and our own ways a little thwarted! And how little real submission have we sometimes manifested under the sovereign ways and dealings of the Lord with us! Surely we have as much cause as David had to say, "Enter not into judgment with thy servant; for in thy sight shall no man living be justified," and, "If thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand?" O what a mercy it is that our salvation is, from first to last, all of grace; that

"'Tis not for good deeds, good tempers, nor frames;
From grace it proceeds, and all is the Lamb's."

Were our cause in no better hands than our own, perish we certainly should for the want of wisdom to manage it aright; but, blessed be Jehovah, the God of our salvation, it is Jesus who "lives to carry on his people's cause above;" and it is our mercy that it is what Christ is, as before God in our behalf, and not according to our poor varying frames, that prevails with God to continue his patience and long-suffering towards us,—to be kind, pitiful, and merciful in forgiving us all our iniquities, and redeeming our life from destruction. O that the Lord would make and keep us more humble; for

"He that is down need fear no fall,
He that is low no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide."

We enter upon the new year in a somewhat similar way to the merchant's ship being towed out of dock to proceed on her voyage to her destined port. The storms, tempests, dangers, and perils attending her passage are unknown at her time of starting; all in the future is hidden and concealed. What emergencies may transpire, such as contrary gales, a rolling sea, grating on rocks, and leaks being sprung, only become known as they come to pass. So, much in this way of uncertainty, as it respects the future, do we embark and set sail on life's troubled sea, with the year's voyage before us. We cannot see or know an atom of what is in the womb of the future. What particular trials and afflictions, what chequered experiences of sorrow and joy, what irreparable breaches death may inflict in our churches and our families, what commotions, shakings, and tossings may take place in the affairs of the nation, all lie behind that veil of secrecy that no mortal eye, or even gaze of faith, can penetrate. Still, let us not despond.

Be our way, through the outspread waters before us, rough or smooth, painful or otherwise, Christ our Pilot has promised to

bring his poor blind ones *through* every storm, to lead them in every unknown, untrodden way, to make darkness light before them and crooked things straight, and never, *no never*, to forsake them. With such a promise, may the Lord, who is our strength and shield, enable us to go forward, giving us faith to believe that

“All must come and last and end,
As shall please our heavenly Friend.”

With these few remarks, by way of introduction, we proceed, according to the general practice, in the writing of these yearly Addresses, to refer a little to a few matters of solemn importance, as more or less affecting the state and condition of the church of God at the present time, though in doing this we must confess how deeply we feel our lack of both gift and grace to write in a way that will meet with only a moderate amount of satisfaction among the many by whom our remarks will be read. What gifts we do not possess we cannot use, what ability we have not at command we cannot exercise; yet we are willing, as by the Lord's help, to do our best, in this little work and labour, to serve the churches with which we stand identified; and beyond this we cannot go. If then, our friends, one and all, and especially our brethren in the ministry, will kindly bear with the weakness of our service rather than criticize the defects of our work, this is all we ask at their hands. The rest we desire to leave with the Lord, knowing that the acceptance of any work and the blessing upon it, be it little or much, must come from him and him alone.

In referring, then, to two or three matters which most press themselves upon our consideration at the present season, we say in the first place, that there is very much reason to fear that the most trying and solemn times are about to pass over both the English nation and the church of God within her shores. The storm-clouds seem to be thickening over us very fast, and the most gloomy prognostications of evil, as predicted to take place towards the last days (2 Tim. iii. 1), seem to be hanging like a thick mist about us on all sides. The rapid and aggressive advancement of Popery in our long-favoured country,—a nation which for so many years has stood renowned among the nations of Europe for her Protestant faith and principles, and the marked inertness and apathy which the nation is manifesting towards such bold, daring encroachments as the Papacy is even *now* making upon us, and such a full-faced, audacious tampering with the laws and institutions, both civil and religious, of our country, as the present proceedings of Popery display before our eyes, only show too unmistakably how beguiled our poor country is becoming by the sophistry and machinations of that wicked and designing system or hierarchy that God has cursed as an abomination of abominations, and has moreover forewarned the nations of what a blighting and blasting of all national prosperity would come upon any nation that would lend it support, favour its intrigues, and so partake of its evil deeds. How well does Mr. Huntington describe this monstrous evil of evils when he says

it is "a compound of civil power, and in pretence of spiritual power; in heart most irreligious, in show all religion; a tyrant over emperors and kings, and yet the Pope styles himself a servant of servants when he washes his cardinals' feet; who are all saints, and yet murder the saints of God." Again: "Our clergy, by their blindness and ignorance, their dissipation and oppression, are becoming despicable. Their churches are becoming deserted; and all that lack knowledge are obliged to leave them and go over to the Dissenters for it. This makes them as desperate against the Dissenters as the Papists. However, their day is coming on, as well as that of the Catholics, for the 'Lord' 'shall judge the poor of his people; he shall save the children of the needy, and break in pieces the oppressor.'"

If the clergy were becoming despicable in Mr. Huntington's day, we wonder what the present race would be in his eyes, if he were alive now. What would he say of all their awful Ritualistic practices, their sacerdotalism, their wafer-gods, their sensuous worship, and above all their filthy, polluting, devilish confessional? Would he not think that the Church to which they profess to belong was become a hot-bed of vice, a very pest-house of iniquity in the land, and a den of thieves and robbers? A Church professing to be Protestant, deriving all its support from a nation whose very constitution is Protestantism, and the emolument of whose clergy is every atom of it Protestant pay, and yet many or most of them in heart and principle as much real Romanists as the men who walk our streets in monkish costume, and as undisguised priests of Rome, surely no longer deserves to be called a Protestant Church. When the Lord and Master of the old Jewish temple detected, with his omniscient eye, the hidden motives that took the carnal traffickers within its walls, and drove them out with whip and cord, he was only purging the real house of God, his Father's house of prayer,—as such the material temple was in those days; but such it is not now.

They must be very blind to the real state of things who cannot see that the Nonconformists of the present day are by hundreds, and hundreds more, fast drifting in the same direction. What mean all the architectural display, the partial adopting of liturgies, the Popish music, the intonation of service, and all the wretched stuff that passes for religious worship in many of the Congregational chapels? Does it not too plainly testify how woefully little real spiritual worship there is in the nation, despite all its noisy profession? And is there not much reason to fear that, with a little more advancement in this downward way of priestcraft and idolatry, we shall see "Ichabod" appearing more visibly on the nation's walls, and the glory of God more manifestly departing from us?

Just what course things will take, in reference to both Popery and Infidelity, before better and brighter days than may be expected for some time to come shall dawn upon the real and true church of God, must be left until the stream of time shall bring

hidden events before our eyes. For the present, our forebodings are very gloomy for our country; and, *for the church of God*, we cannot but apprehend a most solemn time, a time of fiery trial, and an ordeal which will so test the faith of the saints as to call for great steadfastness in the truth,—*that truth* which will alone prove a girdle around their loins in the day of battle.

Neither is it the present rapid advancement of Popery in the country that alone strengthens our apprehension of a fast-approaching day of evil. There are other turbid waves of error rolling over the nation, besides those of priestcraft and Popish idolatry. In fact, there is little real, pure gospel truth in the land, but an immense deal of error in doctrine and an incalculable amount of horrible infidelity. A gigantic system of godless, infidel, latitudinarianism has for some time past been rising up, and spreading itself over the country like a foul vapour from the bog; and whether this God-defying spirit will not, by and by, prove a greater enemy to the truth of God and a greater source of terror to God's people than is by many apprehended at the present time, is, to say the least, a question for grave consideration. It may be that Popery, Infidelity, and other evils which are becoming so rampant, will eventually become headed up into a combined and unprecedented form of iniquity, so as to have much to do in directing the Governmental powers of the nation,—commercial power, monetary power, ecclesiastical power, and every other power as by law established; and in this way may affect our national relations, our State policy, our dear-bought religious liberty, and our gospel privileges. May the Lord, who has promised never to forsake his saints, pour out upon his people much of the spirit of prayer, and the grace of true supplication! And if, during this New Year, the various churches holding and maintaining the pure truth of God should have it laid on their minds, at their public gatherings *for prayer*, to bring before the Lord, in a more special manner than perhaps they have been wont to do, the dangers which threaten the nation and the time of trial which seems to be hanging over the church of God, this would be one blessed means, if only the Lord himself would bring it about, of keeping us as churches from the evils and errors of whatever "hour of temptation" may come upon us in our own time to try our faith. "Because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation, which shall come on all the world, to try them that dwell on the earth."

But it will be expected that something should appear in this Address as more immediately referring to matters nearer home,—to the various churches among which our magazine still meets, through the mercy of God, with a large and not decreasing circulation; and we may ask, "Why should it not continue to do so? What is there to hinder?" If God be for it, if the tried and afflicted of God's family continue to find it a medium used by the Lord to impart spiritual instruction to their minds and comfort

to their souls in their sorrow and tribulation, as many acknowledge to be the case, then, we ask again, "What other inducement need our spiritual readers than this for their continued appreciation of a periodical which, for nearly forty years, has come monthly to their hands, abiding through all those years steadfast to its faith and principles, as professed at its commencement?" And what greater encouragement need those who, by the help of God, write from time to time for its pages, than to know that their efforts to promote Zion's welfare are owned and blessed of the Lord? So long as God's children are more or less comforted and built up in the *true faith*, by the contents of the magazine; and so long as God is in any measure glorified thereby, we may certainly say so far, "It is well." And if occasionally any part of the magazine should be thought somewhat more poor than usual, and somewhat lacking of thought, savour, and power, and should meet with less approval on that account, we can only say it would be a wonder if sometimes it were not so. We quite feel that it may be so with this Address.

And now if we take a moment's survey of the Strict Baptist churches, and consider them with their congregations as forming a large body numerically, and as regularly meeting for worship in their respective chapels, we are not left without some rule of judgment as to what *appearance* so mixed an assemblage presents unto the omniscient eye of Him who walks in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks, and looks around him with eyes as a flame of fire. And what does he see? We are sure that he sees many, very many gracious godly souls, many real spiritual hearers of the word and truth of the gospel; but with these he sees many hearers of the word only. With the wheat, he sees the tares; with the wise virgins he no doubt sees the foolish; and with the good fish to be preserved he sees the bad to be cast away. And will not such as hear the gospel and despise it find the Word to judge them another day? They certainly will. Christ says, "He that rejecteth me and receiveth not my words hath One that judgeth him. The *word* that I have spoken, the same shall judge him in the last day." So that, according to their moral responsibility to the law and the greater light they receive by hearing the gospel to enable them the more clearly to understand what that responsibility is and what their *duty* is, as men under law to God, and according as they come short of being in life and conduct what it is their *duty to be*, so will they be judged. Not judged for not having a vital, saving, spiritual faith in Christ, because that is a special gift of the new covenant, which God bestows on none but his people whom he has chosen in Christ unto salvation; but judged *on law ground*, judged for all sins as breaches of the law, and for sins against greater light and knowledge, as received by hearing the gospel. If men were to be judged at last for not being the subjects of a spiritual, saving faith, then, as quickening, as spiritual life, *must precede* a spiritual faith, we

can see no difference between men being condemned for not having believed spiritually and their being condemned for not having quickened their own souls, and made themselves new creatures in Christ.

In a sermon entitled the "Signs of the Times," preached in London last October by a popular minister, to whom certain remarks, as published on the fly-leaf of the "Standard" for November, refer, we meet with the following remarks as being part of an appeal to the unconverted: "Why does the Lord commission ministers without number to proclaim his mercy to sinners, *if he does not wish to save them?* Come to Jesus, sinner. By the love that spared you, I entreat you, come to Jesus. Perhaps at this moment you feel some quickening of your conscience, sinner! You say, 'I wish I were saved!' Take these desires as marks of favour to you. *Yield to the mysterious impulse; quench not the Spirit of God! Bow down now while yet there is some life in you, ere evil days of hardness come.*" Again, on the last page: "Ye will wait in this world, and linger among its dying joys till ye die, and perish for ever. O that *you would take* the wings of faith, and fly where the Sun of Righteousness points out the way."

Now we consider the preacher of this sermon to be the cleverest and ablest preacher of the duty-faith system of this day; and yet, with eternity before us, and sincerely desiring that our views of God's truth should be right, we must say that the preacher's remarks to us are a regular jumble, a flat contradiction, too, of many of his own statements, as put forth in some of his better sermons; and no less subversive of the gospel of the Son of God. The exhortation, for example, "Quench not the Spirit of God," was never intended for dead sinners. We meet with it in the epistle to the Thessalonians, and hence, like the whole epistle, the exhortation was addressed to believers in Christ; and to *believers alone* does it belong. Again, when the preacher says, "Bow down while yet there is *some life* in you," we should wish to ask him what life he means. If the natural life, then, with that life only the sinner is dead; and how as a dead sinner he can perform the spiritually-living act of bowing down before God, we cannot understand. But if it be the spiritual life that is meant, then we ask once more, how, according to the truth of God, can days of impenitent hardness come, and perishing come, upon that soul which is already a partaker of spiritual life?

Here, then, we have two sides, and a people standing on either side according to their creed,—those holding with duty-faith occupying the one side, those who oppose that view standing on the side directly opposite; and so long as every man will keep to his proper side, he deserves credit from all for honesty of action.

But suppose any of our brethren who labour among the Strict Baptist churches were to thrust themselves upon any churches on the opposite side to which they profess to belong, in order to

gain admission into their pulpits contrary to the wish of the people, might they not expect to be thrust back with a charge of unfairness and want of candour? Certainly they might. And if any duty-faith preachers should, in a similar way, try to push themselves into the pulpits of the Strict Baptist churches, it would be no less wanting of honesty and candour on their part to do so. There may be some who may think that because the Strict Baptist churches reject the duty-faith doctrine they are very contracted and *one-sided*; and they would, on this account, be glad to see those churches willing to be pioneered out of their contracted and narrow views into things a little more broad and a little more general. If the churches thought the same, then we should say the best Leader they could pitch upon would be the preacher to whom we have referred. But Article XXVI. in the "Articles of Faith," published for the use of the Strict Baptist churches, is as much the faith of those churches to-day as it was when those gracious, faithful men of God, Gadsby, M'Kenzie, and Philpot first put pen to paper to write for the "Standard" in its infant and youthful days; therefore any offer of help from the opposite side, in order to conduct us into another line of things, would be as sternly refused now as then. We say, then, let every man speak out according to his own honest convictions of truth. If any in all good conscience believe the duty-faith scheme to be in harmony with the doctrines of grace and the revealed will of God, let them believe it, and let them hold it fast and proclaim it on the housetop; but let them be as honest as the preacher who has told us plainly that he is "far removed from us," and, like him, let them be kind enough to keep their right side, and thereby prevent unpleasant collision. We can say, Would that there were not two sides at all. Would that the "one Lord, one faith, one baptism," was the one and only faith professed by every church, and that all who really belong, through grace, to God's true and spiritual "household" were of "the same mind," with "no divisions" among them, but scripturally bound together by the glorious ties of the unity of the Spirit and the bonds of peace. May the Lord hasten the time when all his people shall see eye to eye, and when duty-faith, like Popery and every other error, shall come to its end, and none shall help it. For the present we dare not say less than, Woe betide any poor sinners who are finally entangled in its net, and whose conversion (as professed) is more by their own free will than by God's free grace.

O that God would infuse more spiritual life and power into the ministry of his servants, and cause, by the breath of his Spirit coming from the four winds of heaven upon the slain, a greater shaking among the dry bones of the valley! God has pledged his own word that "as many as were ordained unto eternal life" shall believe; but, if the will of God, we should rejoice to see more genuine conversion work than appears to be manifest in the present day. Mr. Huntington, in his "Bank of Faith," says,

“I have generally found God to kindle a desire in my heart after that which he intended to bring to pass.” We believe that the true spirit of supplication invariably precedes any particular work that God does among his people, and as conversion work is wholly God’s work and not man’s, may the Lord condescend to pour out more abundantly upon our churches the Spirit of supplication; and in answer to that Spirit, quicken many of his uncalled elect, and thereby make manifest that he has yet a greater work of conversion to accomplish in our own day and generation.

But a word or two, as being more particularly applicable to such as are *members* of the churches. What Christ said to the seven churches of Asia applies as much, no doubt, to his various local churches on earth now as to those seven churches at the time of their existence. The Lord said, “He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches.” Now, that which the Spirit spake was in the way of both commendation and reproof; and even in those churches in which there was much to commend, there was a something to call forth the solemn reproving word: “Nevertheless, I have somewhat against thee.” So it is now. Whilst in every gathering of real spiritual worshippers there would be more or less to commend, as being the fruit and effects of grace bestowed, yet there would be more or less, and perhaps in some churches *a good deal*, to condemn. Whatever of worldliness, of spiritual pride, of looseness of walk, of restraining of prayer, of neglecting the means of grace, of time-serving and self-pleasing, and of other defects, failures, and shortcomings the Lord might see, it would call forth the same solemn word of reproof: “I have somewhat against thee.”

How far, we might ask, has the much that has been contributed to the pages of the “Standard,” from the commencement of the past year to its close, including doctrine, experience, and practice, exhortation and precept, been made a means, in the hands of God, of causing searchings of heart, sanctified exercises of soul, more spirituality of life, more deadness to the world, and more serving the Lord in the liberty of the Spirit? With the more spiritual, no doubt this has sometimes been the effect which any profitable readings of God’s own word, or of the “Standard,” or of truth in any other channel, has, through the Spirit’s power, had upon them. The effect has been to humble, to purge, and prune them as branches in the true vine, and to cause them to bring forth fruit. But with others, not so spiritually minded, who may have read much, and profited little,—who in spirit and conduct may be too much in the world, though not of it, and to whom such a portion as the following might be particularly applicable: “Be watchful, and strengthen the things which remain that are ready to die,”—no doubt it is *reproof* that such need; and if the above portion or any similar word of reproof were to be spoken from the Lord’s own mouth with power on their consciences, then whatever is wrong in life, walk, and profession would be felt in a right and proper way, and would be prayed

against. As the *legal* whip has never made us better for its lash, we care not to use it on the backs of others; but would rather pray that every child of God, whose walk is contrary to the precepts of the gospel, may have grace given to bow to the reproofs of scripture, and thereby be brought to say, "What have I to do any more with idols?" It is a blessed thing to fall under the hand of God, to see our many failings, to have grace to confess them, and to be *put* right and *kept* right by the Lord himself.

Holding the truths we do,—the doctrines of free and sovereign grace, doctrines so hated and contemned by most professors in the present day, and doctrines so nullified by the Free-Willers and Mongrel-Calvinists, we need grace to enable us to stand clear of all charges of Antinomianism. It may be a matter of small account with any of the people of God to have such a charge laid against them, so long as their life and walk be, through grace, a practical refutation of the charge; but to be charged with any positive evil,—with downright inconsistencies in practice, and for such a charge to receive support from the truth of its being proved against us, not only affects the character of the accused, but gives the enemies of God a greater occasion to blaspheme and to speak the more evil of the doctrines we profess.

But we must bring our remarks to a close; and in doing so we say, May the Lord help us to hold fast his truth, and so make his grace to abound towards his people, that they may manifest their love of the truth by a life and walk becoming the gospel of Jesus Christ.

For ourselves, we are quite satisfied that if the doctrines of grace, and those doctrines experienced in the soul in the power of the Spirit, do not lead to a godly life and walk, no other system of doctrine ever will, be it the free-will, or the duty-faith system, or any other. Neither Hart, Huntington, Gill, Vinall, Gadsby, Warburton, Philpot, or any others that we have ever heard of, who, as men taught of God, professed and preached the doctrines of free and sovereign grace, and contemned and rejected free-will and duty-faith, were heard to utter a single word in their dying moments expressive of the slightest misgiving of mind as to whether the doctrines they had preached were or were not the real truth of God. They died in the *firm* and *full belief* that the truths they had believed, professed, and preached in their lives were the real truths of God, and they found those truths to prove a comfort and solace to their souls when the cold sweat of death had set upon their brow. No man in his day was, perhaps, more opposed and his character more slanderously reported for preaching "Free Grace" than Dr. Tobias Crisp; but just before his departure out of the world, he said to his friends by his bedside, "*Where are all those that dispute against the free grace of God, and what I have taught thereof? I am now ready to answer them all!*" And so he fell asleep. Mr. Thomas Cole, who wrote an excellent work on "Regeneration," was asked in his dying moments if he had no kind of repenting that he had given occasion to a good deal of

contention against the truths of the gospel. Mr. Cole replied, "Repenting? No!" I repent I have been no more vigorous and active in defending those truths, *in the confidence of which I die.*" In the same sweet confidence died that blessed man Mr. A. M. Toplady. He said, "With respect to my principles, those blessed truths which I have been enabled in my poor measure to maintain appear to me *more than ever* most gloriously indubitable. *My own existence* is not, to my apprehension, a *greater certainty.*"

"They therefore preach'd the gospel fix'd and free;
Not 'Yea and Nay!'—it may or may not be!
Such gospel God had taught them to detest,
And in the certain gospel gave them rest."

Now, can an indefinite redemption, or what is the same thing, the duty-faith system, yield such strong consolation as this? The dying confession of Mr. Fuller, the great advocate of that system, is a striking proof that it cannot. His last moments were not bright. He laboured under much darkness and depression of mind; and even if his depression had been caused exclusively by his bodily sufferings it was not his bodily sufferings which made him speak as he did of the much he had written, published, and preached against what *he* called the abuse of the doctrine of grace. With Mr. Rushton, in his work on "Particular Redemption," a book favourably reviewed by our late esteemed Editor, we think there is little, if any, doubt that some of the last sentences which fell from Mr. Fuller's lips, discovered "a secret suspicion, if not a persuasion, that what he had written against the abuse of sovereign grace *had a tendency to subvert sovereign grace itself.*" Mr. Fuller, as we are informed, lifted up his hands just before his departure, and exclaimed, "I am a great sinner, and if I am saved it must be by great and sovereign grace,—*by great and sovereign grace.*" By great and sovereign grace, then, without any mixture of free-will, may we, Christian reader, live, and may we die. Mr. Richard Baxter, against whose mongrel views Dr. Owen wrote a large treatise, when on his death bed, was visited by a friend, who reminded him of the glory to which he was going, and that his many good works would attend him into a better state. The old gentleman, lifting up his dying hand, waving it, replied, "Do not talk to me about works! Alas! *I have dealt too much in them already.*" (Toplady's Works, vol. iv., 172.) O what a proof is such a confession of the truth of Mr. Rushton's remarks, that "indefinite redemption is too weak to support the mind in the solemn hour of dissolution. To die joyfully, we must possess the assurance that Christ hath loved *us* and given himself for *us*; but this assurance we cannot have, if Christ died only for *sin*, and not for *particular persons.*" Whilst, then, we have reason to bless God we are not left, through our own blindness and ignorance by nature, as thousands in our beloved country are, to bear the mark of the Popish Beast, nor to be led away by the meretricious display of Popish forms and ceremonies,—the bowing and crossing of the neck

worshippers in either Protestant church or chapel, where the truth of God is neither known nor preached,—may it, at the same time, be as much the concern of every church of Truth to keep by the grace of God, its own faith pure, and watch against the insidious encroachments of either the duty-faith system or any other; which, if once admitted among us, would aim to obliterate every distinctive landmark of doctrine, and sow the seed of discord on every hand.

To Zion, and all that love her gates, we sincerely desire every new covenant blessing.

“AND I WILL FILL THEIR TREASURES.”

O THOU whose promise never
 Fail'd him who lean'd thereon,
 Inspire my weak endeavour
 To plead it at thy throne.
 Thy boundless grace is suited
 To make me truly blest;
 Earth's pleasures are polluted,
 For this is not my rest.
 Unless thy love possessing,
 My labour is in vain;
 While Abel had thy blessing,
 Thy curse was given to Cain.
 Lord, with thy precious ointment
 Anoint my darken'd eyes,
 To see that disappointment
 Is favour in disguise.
 The sun, when it disperses
 The morning mists away,
 Reveals a thousand mercies
 Around the pilgrim's way.
 So may thy favour, shining
 Upon my worthless head,
 Rebuke my heart's repining,
 And kindle praise instead.
 Be thou my only pleasure,
 First object of my love,
 A never-failing treasure
 To draw my heart above.
 With all thy heavenly graces
 Make thy abode within;
 The world the *shadow* chases;
 May I the *substance* win.
 Thus bless my store and basket
 Through my remaining days;
 For Jesu's sake I ask it,
 And thou shalt have the praise.

W. W.

NOTES FROM MEMORY OF AN EXPOSITION OF ISA. LXVI. 1-3.

BY MR. PHILPOT, AT OAKHAM, ON LORD'S DAY MORNING, FEB. 24TH, 1861.

"*Thus saith the Lord, The heaven is my throne and the earth is my footstool. Where is the house ye build me? And where is the place of my rest?*"—The Lord, by the mouth of the prophet, is here addressing characters who were endeavouring to please him by their own religious performances and fleshly doings; and in thus addressing them he declares that heaven is his throne,—the place where he dwells surrounded by angels and archangels with flaming seraphs in glory inexpressible and unapproachable, which no man hath seen or can see, nor can heart conceive. The earth is but my footstool, to use or not to use at pleasure. Just as we might a footstool, either by setting our feet upon it, or kick it to the other end of the room, so the Lord might, and will one day, crush the earth into nothing. What is earth, with all its inhabitants, to this great and glorious Being? A mere drop in a bucket. But how poor blind mortals think and measure the Lord by themselves, only admitting that he is somewhat higher in power and glory, and therefore think to gain his approbation by things with which they themselves are pleased; which seems to elicit or provoke from him this pointed interrogation: "Where is the house ye build me?" As if he should say, I am *not* pleased with your bricks and mortar, priestly consecration, church and chapel going; for it is all in the flesh; no faith, or love, or anything of my own work or production in the soul. And he adds: "*And where is the place of my rest?*" As if the glorious Lord could rest in those things poor deluded mortals take shelter in, as alms deeds, moral conduct, and their "most beautiful service," as they are continually speaking of. The world is full of such people. How almost all professors are trying to do something *for God*, and but a very few caring about the Lord doing anything *for them*, but merely pleasing themselves with painted windows, or fine places of worship, so called, to assemble in; building a tabernacle to cost tens of thousands of pounds; as if the Lord required this costly display, wrought and decorated by the hand of man. So that he further says,

"*For all these things hath mine hand made.*"—In men's great doings for the Lord, as they say, they seldom think of the power and glory of the Creator, but their wonderful exertion is all a sacrifice to the creature and an arm of flesh.

"*And all those things have been, saith the Lord.*"—I have seen the works of the creature, and perishing indeed they are, crushed before the moth. Vanity indeed!

"*But to this man will I look, even to him that is of a poor and contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word.*"—The glorious Lord here says what he does delight in, and with what sacrifices he is well pleased,—something of his own work in the soul, his own regeneration. This is the house where he dwells; this is the place

of his rest, his temples wherein he resides and walks, even in the dwellings of the humble and contrite heart, in the broken in spirit, causing them to tremble at his word, who feel that heaven and earth may pass away before his word can fail, which word endureth for ever.

How many of my hearers this morning have been brought in guilty at God's righteous bar, which he is pleased to set up in the conscience of those he quickens? Has there never at any time been a word fastened in your conscience either from the pulpit, or in your own private dwellings, or even when about your daily avocations, that has shaken you to the very centre, and made you tremble like a poor condemned criminal at the bar? If so, it has, according to its weight and power, made you contrite. You can no longer boast of your own goodness, either in words, works, or ways; but have to stand side by side with the publican, not daring to look up to heaven, but to beg for mercy, knowing well that mercy, free and sovereign, is the thing, and the only thing, that you now feelingly need.

"He that killeth an ox is as if he slew a man."—In those days sacrifices were the great mode of worship; and when a man could bring a bullock for a sacrifice, it was considered a great thing, and would meet with undoubted acceptance. So how cutting to their self-righteous hearts to be told that in the eyes of the Lord it was no better than murder; that they might as well murder a man on the high road for acceptance with the Lord as to sacrifice this ox; for the sacrifice of the wicked is an abomination to the Lord, their hearts being all the time full of malice (which is murder in God's sight) against the poor and contrite broken-hearted family of God. It was just the same when the Lord Jesus came to sojourn with men upon earth, his own nation, the Jews, making their boast of the law, Moses, and the Prophets, and eventually slaying him who was the true and great Prophet.

"He that sacrificeth a lamb, as if he cut off a dog's neck."—Those who could not bring or afford a bullock would bring a lamb as a trespass offering. The Lord here tells them that they might as well cut off a dog's neck and offer that in sacrifice, which to them would be a most detestable idea even to think of such a thing, dogs in those countries being a poor, wretched, mangy sort of creature, wandering about the streets and lanes of the city, howling and living upon any offal they may light upon.

"He that offereth an oblation, as if he offered swine's blood."—Another mode of trying to gain the approbation of heaven! To bring something in our hands, however small, is the religion of nature. Man cannot think of going to his Creator empty handed, the only way he must go. If it is only like the poor widow's two mites, he will scrape all together to the small amount, not being brought experimentally to feel with the poet:

"Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress;
Helpless, look to thee for grace."

But to come with some oblation, a present in their hands, a cake, or some sweetmeat, being too poor, not having perhaps in their possession either a bullock or a lamb, yet with no greater success than those who brought the larger offering; the Lord telling them they might as well bring swine's blood,—a thing under the law most strictly forbidden, and in their own eyes most abominable.

“And he that burneth incense, as if he blessed an idol.”—As if the Lord should say, “You might as well fall down and worship the stock of a tree, or any idol your carnal fancy could invent, as to burn this incense; it is as a smoke in my nose, a fire that burneth all the day. Nothing in that ascends with a sweet savour in the nostrils of the Lord of Sabbath. No humility, no contrition, no trembling awe of his dread Majesty, no faith in his justice and holiness, causing the soul to feel his righteous displeasure against all hypocrisy and will-worship, no love to him or his saints; but all a work of the flesh, beginning, middle, and end, the sum and substance being only a fair show in the flesh, by which they are excited, and others constrained, their sacrificing and building labour lost, and base idolatry, sparks of their own kindling.

And, my dear friends, is it not the same now? It is the same. Though the customs vary, man is the same fallen creature and God is the same jealous God, the same self-existent, unchangeable, and glorious Jehovah, yesterday, to-day, and for ever. His jealousy still burns like fire; for he is terrible in his doings among the children of men.

May it be our happy portion to be amongst those in whom he is pleased to work all those things which are pleasing and acceptable in his sight, all in and for the sake of the Son of his love.

CONWAY STREET CHAPEL.

To the Committee of Conway Street Chapel, with all the dear Blood-bought and Heaven-taught Family of God, who meet with them for the Worship of the adorable Three-One God!

Dear Brethren,—Through mercy I arrived safe home on Saturday evening, about 9 o'clock, and found family and friends much as usual.

I hope the dear Lord is with you all of a truth; for, if the Lord be with us, as a covenant God and Father, it matters but little where we are, or what we are exposed to. The sweet sensible presence of the Lord will support the mind under and reconcile it to the greatest trials; so that with Paul we can say, “I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.” But when he hides his face, we scarcely know how to surmount the difficulty of getting over a mole-hill, or even getting over a straw. Well may the great Master of the house call us worms; and, indeed, if the figure be deficient in setting forth our real character, considered in ourselves, its deficiency is in making us appear more honourable and strong than we are; for, as Mr.

Hervey justly observes, by nature and practice we are no better than insects, a mass of putrefaction; and yet man, vain man, fain would be thought wise and great too. A real feeling sense of our own true character in and of ourselves is sure to make us cry out in wonder and astonishment, "Behold, I am vile! Yea, more brutish than any man; the vilest of the vile!" But O the aboundings, the matchless aboundings of rich, free, sovereign, eternal, immutable, and immortal grace! Yes; vile as we are, our God, the infinitely glorious God of heaven and earth, has conferred upon us the greatest dignity which can possibly be conferred upon created beings, and has taken us into the closest union and intercourse with himself; and he, at times, raiseth our hearts to a degree of that bliss and blessedness contained therein. The endearing language of God to his people, when the Holy Ghost speaks it to the conscience, is inexpressible. "Sons and daughters," "kings and queens," "spouse," "love," "dove," "undefiled," "all fair," &c. &c. Who can help being astonished when they are enabled to hear and feel such sweet expressions spoken from the loving heart of infallible holiness and beauty to the vilest reptiles under heaven? Well may it be said, "What hath God wrought!" May our souls for ever adore him, and perfectly abhor everything which stands opposed to his honour! O thou lovely and loving Jehovah, lay thy honour constantly upon our hearts, and unctuously influence us to pursue it through evil and through good report.

Dear friends, I hope by this time you can send me word that Mr. Robins is getting well apace, and that you are going on well in subscriptions for the new meeting house;* and if so, I hope and pray that it may evidently appear to be of God. I can truly say I wish you well, and pray you may be of one heart and soul, striving together for the faith of the gospel, and endeavouring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. Be concerned to bear one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ. Remember, the great enemy is busy, and will use all his art to disunite you, if possible. You have great need of watchfulness, and prayer too. Give my love to all friends, and thank them for all favours. Should we never see each other again in the flesh, I hope we shall meet "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." Write soon, and let me know how you go on in every respect. Be sure and give my love to Mr. Robins and Mr. Warburton. Pray for me, that the word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified, and that I may constantly go before the people as a ship richly laden with the fulness of the blessings of the gospel of peace.

God grant you all an abundance of love, and keep you all, both minister and people, at his lovely feet, bless you with daily intercourse with himself, and a sweet confidence in him. This is the prayer of Yours in the Truth, and for the Truth's Sake,
 Manchester. W. GADSBY.

* Gower Street chapel.

THOUGHTS ON THE SONG OF SOLOMON.

(Continued from page 484, 1873.)

CHAPTER IV.

"*The hill of frankincense.*" We want to detain our readers a little longer on this holy and blessed hill. We have, indeed, passed a little beyond the above words in order to encourage the hearts of God's people by considering the voice of Christ as sounding in such sweet accents of love upon these hills; but still we must return again, as we consider the subject one of such great importance as well as so full of sweetness. We have hitherto confined our remarks upon the hill of frankincense to the public meetings of saints for prayer, because we believe that this is the principal intention of the words; the Lord's design, as we understand it, being in this place to encourage his people to a diligent attendance upon the public means, and to united prayer. We shall now endeavour to look at the words in a more enlarged view of them, and consider this hill of frankincense in reference to prayer generally.

What a blessed and, at times, delightful thing is prayer! How great the privilege of being allowed to come boldly to a throne of grace! How sweet to be enabled by the Holy Spirit to give a free vent to our feelings, and to pour out our complaint before God! What a dignity, too, this puts upon the creature; and the idea of a hill conveys this, as well as indicates the elevation of mind and heart which should be in prayer. (Ps. xxv. 1.) Prayer should, indeed, as one has well expressed it, ascend up to God as the pillar of smoke from the altar of incense, perfumed with the sweet spices of the intercession of Jesus; and this it assuredly does when it is true. Christ offers the prayers of all saints, both small and great, to God, and all alike perfumed with his blood and righteousness, and sweet intercession. In prayer a man holds communion with God, tells him his case, and wants, and woes, and God helps him to do this, and even by this very help is indicating to the man his mind and will, and readiness to answer. What great things prayer, according to God's methods of working, has done the word of God testifies. Prayer has shut and opened heaven, prayer has overthrown the armies of persecutors, prayer has restored the sick to health, and the dead to life, prayer has opened prison doors and the gates of heaven, prayer has brought pardon and peace into the conscience, and raised the soul out of the depths of hell into the joys of heaven. All these things and thousands more prayer has done, and is doing, according to the word of God and the testimonies of God's children. Christ himself walked in this path of prayer. At his baptism, he prayed, and the heavens were opened, and the Holy Ghost in bodily appearance like a dove came visibly upon him, and the Father's voice was heard saying, "This is my beloved Son." Before he chose his apostles he spent the night in prayer. When they were toiling on the waters he was praying on the mountain.

He prayed at the raising of Lazarus; he prayed at the institution of the ordinance of the Lord's supper: he prayed in the Garden of Gethsemane, and was heard in that he feared; he prayed on the cross: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do;" and he prays in heaven, ever living to make intercession for his people.

"The path of prayer thyself hast trod.

Lord, teach us how to pray."

We have said the Lord prays for his people in heaven as the great High Priest of Israel. He bears their names before the Father on his breast as well as their burden on his shoulders. The jewels are on the heart and on the arm.

"On hills of light in worlds unknown"

the Lord Jesus remembers his people and intercedes for them.

"With cries and tears he offered up His humble suit below;

But with authority he asks, Enthroned in glory now."

This, then, will lead us to a more extensive and sublime view of the hill of frankincense. Where Jesus is, as the great Intercessor, the hill must be. We may view him by faith with his people in their prayer-meetings upon earth, turning the church below in its assemblies into a hill of frankincense; but we may also lift up our eyes still higher, and see his saints, one and all, with him, upon his holy hill up in heaven, where he ever lives to plead their cause, and carry on their Father's good pleasure. Now, then, we have ascended in our minds into those heavenly places, and come to the throne of grace, where Jesus is.

But let us descend again, and behold the feeblest, meanest of his saints upon earth approaching even with trembling to that throne; and what do we see? A poor child of God coming to the heavenly hill of frankincense, where Jesus, the great High Priest of Israel, stands for and represents him. The meanest, poorest prayer of a sincere, that is, really needy, heart is as sweet odours there; the perfume of the hill envelopes it. Therefore the prayers of saints, and saints' hearts in prayer, are represented by golden vials full of odours. God on that heavenly hill where Jesus is sees nothing but the gold, smells nothing but the sweet odours; or, in other words, sees nothing but the new creature, the work of his grace within, and regards nothing but the desires and prayers of the man as seen in Christ Jesus; all that is of the flesh being as dead, and buried in the sepulchre of Jesus. Sweet, then, is the saint's voice, as well as his countenance comely.

What encouragement there is in all these blessed truths to pray! But, then, what difficulties we find in this matter. Well may saints then begin their prayers with the request of one in days of old, "Lord, teach us to pray."

Let us now, whilst dwelling upon this matter of prayer, consider what is implied in being taught to pray,—taught to come, whether publicly or privately, whether in the family or the closet, to the hill of frankincense. Now we observe the request is not merely, "Teach us how to pray," but, "Teach us to pray," which is a great deal more; and, therefore, the Lord, in his answer to

the request, not only gives a model, but encouragements and promises, and leads to the Author of all real acceptable prayer, the Holy Spirit. In teaching to pray, three things seem more especially necessary:

1. To be taught what to pray for; or prayer as to the *matter*.
2. To be taught how to pray; or prayer as to the *manner*,
3. To have *ability* given us.

1. As to the *matter* of prayer. The apostle John says, "If we ask anything according to God's will, he heareth us." Now this cannot refer to his will as altogether undeclared, but that will as it may be discovered by his saints. If otherwise, they could not pray with the spirit and understanding also. The question then arises, How does God discover his will to his people, in an ordinary manner, so that they may understand and pray with a sweetly-assured confidence in accordance with it? In answering this we must first observe that we have no firm foundation for faith in prayer but the known will of God; and this in various things may be discovered with more or less certainty, according to the degree of the divine revelation and the spirituality bestowed upon us; but as there is always much of the darkness and obscurity of the flesh about us, it ever becomes us to pray with humility and a childlike deference to God's infinite wisdom. The following seem, then, the principal ways in which we may discover God's will as a foundation for prayer:

- i. By his blessed Word. Well may we say,
" Precious Bible. What a treasure
Does the Word of God afford."

In this blessed Word we have the fullest, sweetest discovery of what is the good and acceptable and perfect will of God in Christ to direct us in prayer. The instructions of that Word unfold to us the riches of God's grace, and inform our hearts that God, unto those who come to him in Jesus, is love; nothing else, in reality, but love,—love always, love in all things, love in his purpose, love in his words, love in his actions, love in his rods and crossing dispensations, love not only in his smiles but in his frowns. Here, then, we see a blessed light to direct us in prayer. Whatever is in harmony with love, mercy, and grace, whatever is therefore truly good and beneficial to us, temporal or spiritual, we may ask with assured confidence for ourselves and all God's people. The same blessed Word discovers to us the Lord Jesus, as the Christ of God, in all his Christlike excellence and fulness. As he is the Christ, he is nothing else but grace. "Full of grace are thy lips." "Yea, he is altogether lovely," all grace. He is, therefore, emblemed by those things which have goodness and sweetness attached to them. "He is rivers of water in a dry place." "He is a sun and shield." He is a great High Priest ordained for men, he is a good Physician to heal, a Prophet to teach, a King to rule in and for. Here, then, we have a sweet full directory in prayer. John and James lost sight of this when they wanted to call fire from heaven; the Pharisees made a mistake when

they brought the woman to Christ to condemn her. "I" (that is, in his proper character as a Christ), said Jesus, "judge no man." He came to save, not to destroy; so then we may freely pray for ourselves and needy persons all prayers that seek from Jesus what he is and has, namely, everything pertaining to salvation. The promises of the Word made over to God's people all things that are for his glory and their advantage, for body and for soul, for time and for eternity. "The Lord will give grace," all grace, sufficient grace, abundant grace, grace according to necessity. He will give glory, and no good thing, nothing really for their advantage, will God withhold from those who walk uprightly. The precepts of the Word indicate what God designs to work in and by his people; they are all in harmony with his eternal purpose and covenant of grace; they answer to the work of his Spirit in their hearts; they are the proper actings of the new creature; they agree with the promises, and obedience to them is itself one of the promises; for this obedience is for their own advantage. Here then, again, what a field for sweet, enlarged, and intelligent prayer. To say no more, all God's judgments or declared methods of dealing, as found in the word of God, are instructions in this matter of prayer, seeing he is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, and the God who in all cases exercises loving-kindness, and judgment, and righteousness upon earth.

We see, then, the importance of having the eyes and heart much in the word of God, that we may be guided aright in prayer. Therefore Paul says, "Let the word of God dwell in you richly in all wisdom." And Christ declares, "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." We then have the prayer-book and directory within.

ii. We may also learn the mind of God and his will by a close spiritual intelligent observation of his leadings and dealings with us. And our judgment in this, as in other things, may be instructed and confirmed by the immediate application to our minds of some portion of the word of God in its true and proper signification, as bearing either directly or by analogy upon the particular case. We can illustrate this from the history of the children of Israel. God had brought them forth from the land of Egypt into the wilderness. They had not gone there of their own accord; his own will had been obeyed in this matter. Now the proper conclusion to be drawn from this was that he would provide. Had they been out of his way, following their own counsels in opposition to his word and will, then they could not by any means have concluded on just grounds that he would be with them to sustain. But having been led by him, this inference was proper. Therefore, instead of murmuring, which was a virtual saying, "Is God with us or not?" they might have prayed with the greatest confidence, had they been a wise and believing people, that God would supply their real necessities. So God's people now in all his ways are perfectly warranted to assuredly believe, and therefore pray that he will supply all their needs, temporal and

spiritual, out of his riches in glory, or glorious riches, by Christ Jesus. And Paul, seeing the liberality of the Philippians, which might have appeared to impoverish them, writes the above words. And to the Corinthians, when inciting them to liberality, he says, "And God is able to make all grace, in temporal as well as spiritual things, abound towards you, that ye, having always all sufficiency in all things, may abound unto every good work." "Dwell in the land," says God, "and verily thou shalt be fed. Bread shall be given and water shall be sure."

iii. The circumstances of the case, any case, may be an indication of the Lord's mind, and the foundation for a very assured though reverential, childlike prayer. Let us again explain this by illustrations. Herod had slain James, one of the apostles, with the sword. He had also laid his hand upon Peter, and was fully determined to put him to death. Now this seemed clearly, at this period of the church, when it was yet in its infancy, greatly detrimental to the cause of God. The saints then would properly argue, this death of Peter cannot be for God's glory, the good of his people, and the furtherance of the cause and kingdom of Jesus. Here, then, is ground for intelligent, persevering prayer; and accordingly we have prayer made to God continually for Peter, and the prison doors are burst open in answer to the prayer of faith, and Peter restored to the church, and the determined opponent of the church made a monument of divine displeasure. In later days we have the instance of Luther and Melancthon. Melancthon was sick, apparently unto death. Luther felt persuaded that in the present state of the Reformation his life was of importance to the church and cause of God. Hence he had a holy boldness with God, and Melancthon was raised as from the dead in answer to prayer.

iv. God has himself given us certain models of prayer, and these may very clearly show us what it is right to pray for. In Hosea he says, "Take with you words and return unto the Lord, and say unto him, Take away all iniquity and receive us graciously; so will we render the calves of our lips," or praise thy holy name. And the Lord Jesus, in answer to the request of his apostles, gave them the exceedingly full, sweet, and blessed model commonly called the Lord's prayer. There we see plainly what it is right to pray for as to matter,—that God himself first of all should be glorified in the sanctification of his name as a Father, and the setting up of his kingdom of grace in the hearts of his children, and the complete accomplishment of all the good pleasure of his holy and gracious will; that our sins should be pardoned, our wants supplied, our spiritual adversaries defeated, and that all sorts of blessings might come on all his people, for time and for eternity.

These seem to us the four principal ways in which we may gather the mind of God, and thus pray for those things which are in accordance with his holy and good will. We have only sketched the subject, leaving our spiritual readers to fill up the outlines.

JOHN RUSK'S DIARY.

(Continued from page 497, 1873.)

Wednesday, Dec. 25th, Christmas, 1816.—I awoke early, and felt much better in meditating on Jacob's life as I lay, and that his path was very painful; but the Lord stood by him; and I felt a love to him, and considered that this was coming to the spirits of just men made perfect. I went to chapel pretty comfortable, pleased with the thoughts of hearing Mr. Robins three times. Text: "Glory to God in the highest." When it was done, Mr. B. told me that Mr. Gell wished me to dine with him; and though I wished not to go, yet, not wishing to offend the gentleman, as it was the first invitation, I went. Mr. B. paid me 4s. from the fund, which I did not expect. At night he said I was to receive 20s. from the fund, which Mr. Gell paid me; but though my mercies were so great this day, yet I came home very cast down. In family prayer, however, the Lord visited me, and I felt a grateful heart to the Lord and a love to his family, and felt the whole church of God in my heart, and earnest prayer for those who had been so kind to me, and went to bed comfortable.

The next day, after dinner, I went to Bow to pay a little off that we owe. I paid 19s. 10½d. out of the pound, and had 1½d. left. I called at my mother's, and came home dripping wet.

Dec. 27th.—What disheartens me in looking out for work is this. There are a good many that would not give me work if they had it; and the chiefest part have not any to give. The world loves its own; but all this will not keep off the temptations and accusations of Satan. He is like his children, and they like him. I found good in prayer with my wife, and considered as follows after prayer: "People are much mistaken in prayer. Now suppose that I, as a natural man, am loaded with temporal troubles every way, and I have a friend that I believe can liberate me out of them. To go to my friend and take a book with me wherein was recorded the trials and troubles of another man, and read it over to my friend, what would you think of that? 'Think,' say you, 'why, I should think you were out of your mind.' Well; but suppose I tell him by word of mouth my whole trouble, and keep nothing back? 'Why, I should think you acted wisely, particularly if you gained the point.' Well; it is just the same with God. Reading over prayers to God is not my praying. They are the person's prayers who made them, if they come from his heart, and not my prayers. Then how absurd to go to the Searcher of all hearts with another man's complaints, when we should be counted madmen to do the like with a friend! Prayer to God is to get rid of some trouble and to receive some good that we need; so that it is just the same as the man going to his friend. And we have the advantage with God; for if we go to a friend, if we are dumb and cannot write, and have not an interpreter, the

man can only guess at our trouble; but God hears the desires, the groans and sighs, and can tell us what we want better than we can tell ourselves."

Monday, 30th.—I awoke early, and was under many alarms about my state, which terrified me; but I was helped greatly to confess the worst to God, and implore his mercy from my heart with much fervour and weight for a good while as I lay; and truly I found the blessed effects of it. I addressed the Lord Jesus, and am sure the blessed Spirit helped my infirmities. It poured with rain all day, so that I stayed at home, but in the evening I was compelled to go to chapel, wet as it was; for we could not get a loaf, and we owed one. I therefore went; and here Satan worked and told me I went for the loaves and fishes, and was taking advantage of God's children. O how these things distress me, and how glad I should be to go on as I formerly did, to work for my bread. I expected to hear Mr. Burgwin, but Mr. Robins preached; and glad I was I went; for truly it was suitable to me. His text was Heb. xi. 1, and his description of faith was wonderful. He showed all my exercises so clearly, and I found it really good. I received my 4s. from the fund. O what a blessed provider is God! As Moses said, "Where is there a nation or where a people that hath a God so near unto them as the Lord our God is to us in all things that we call upon him for?" This is a life of faith, and it is opposed to sense. Sense must see how to go on, but faith wades through all difficulties, all clouds, all troubles, all afflictions, all temptations, all tribulations, eyeing only the promises of God, resting on them, and waiting for God to fulfil them, as the poet beautifully sets it forth in these words:

"Almighty faith the promise sees,
And trusts to Christ alone;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And says it shall be done."

Then what shall we say? Say? Why, Lord, increase our faith and subdue our unbelief, and grant that we may be strong in faith, giving glory to thy name. Amen and Amen.

The children, Ann and Ellen, are bad, and my wife appears to be in a bad state. I am now going to look for work. Lord, go with me, and direct my every step this day. After dinner I went to pay 8d. interest to the pawnbroker; but O what rebellion and murmuring I felt, and my tongue muttered perverseness; and all because I could not get an answer to my prayer, and because of this unprofitable job of looking for work. Were I to stay at home, that would be wrong; and if I go out, though fully determined to go to all places, yet I have not power to do it, let people think of me that read this whatever they may. I have no power to go everywhere; and I am sure "if the Lord shuts there can be no opening." It terrifies me many times that I am so; but help it I cannot; for I believe if I were to suffer death I could not do otherwise than I do. And that is this: I first commit my way to the Lord, and beg him to direct my every step. I then

go out with some degree of courage; but shortly after my heart is so shut and barred against it all that I cannot go to every place; and then I sometimes go to see a friend, and then (if chapel night) go to chapel; and though I find no condemnation of conscience for thus acting, yet as I have found, these five weeks that I have been out of work, many friends, it gives room for such thoughts as these: "You are walking in a snare. This is not God's way. This is disobedience. You cannot take up your cross. You are no disciple. God intends you to go to all places, and you shrink back; but 'the righteous are bold as a lion!' You are taking advantage of God's children in taking money, and God will make you manifest ere long. You are of the number of those that go about from house to house." But what often puzzles me is that I often find access to God and peace in my soul after earnest cries to the Lord, and he says that they which make to themselves crooked paths shall not know peace. I know this, that it is weakness in me and not being determined to resist God's will; but it is a sore exercise and I get worse and worse. Sometimes I think perhaps God is bringing me from the trade; but then no other door appears to open. Sometimes I have thought he intended me for the ministry, and have, when comfortable, prayed earnestly for it, and found nothing condemn me; and yet I do not see myself capable at all for such a work; by no means; for though I have found the presence of God and a gift in writing, yet preaching is very different.* And yet God's children are very fond of my company, and I often wonder at it; for I appear truly hateful to myself.

Saturday, Jan. 4th, 1817.—I have been greatly distressed in soul this afternoon. O what temptations! How low I have sunk; neither can I tell what the end of these feelings will be. All my past experience appears to be presumption, that I have always sought my own honour, and that God is resisting me and will resist me; and I am terrified at the uncommon hardness of heart I feel; and such slavish fear also. All my writings appear to be the "one talent," that God is angry with me, and that what I think is God's appearing in providence is displeasing to God and the wages of unrighteousness. Also that I am disobedient, and cannot endure the cross, that I shall wither away and be made manifest to be a hypocrite. After all this, the Lord Jesus did visit my soul in family prayer, bless his dear name. I knew his voice, for there is none like his; and he is sure to bring peace. O what a blessed Friend he is to poor sinners! No one living knows my great distress but himself, and none could deliver if they did; but Jesus speaks a word in season, and succours the tempted. He says, "Fear not; I will give you rest." He speaks peace; he speaks in righteousness, mighty to save. He speaks life. In short, he is all and in all. When we have him we want nothing more,

* The good man never preached; but his gift for writing was wonderful. He is not the only one with a gift for *writing*, but none for *speaking*.

and without him we want everything. This revival, or visit from Jesus Christ, makes devils fly, and all their reproach, condemnation, and accusation. (See Joshua, the high priest.) It removes slavish fear of God, men, devils, and death eternal: "It is I. Be not afraid." It fires the heart with a firm persuasion that we are God's children, and that all will end well at last, however dark the path may be. "My heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord;" which means Jesus Christ: "Blessed are all they that put their trust in him." It removes guilt from the conscience: "Now ye are clean, through the word I have spoken unto you." "Abide in me." There is more in these words than we can believe. It is the foundation of all our happiness, and the highest act of real wisdom. It is true, we are chosen in him, and in this sense never can be out of him; but this is not what the Saviour means, but, "Abide in me as your righteousness, strength, salvation, peace, rest, consolation, life, love, hope, &c.; for as I am all this to you, and ten thousand times more, you never will enjoy anything of it but by sensible union manifestively maintained and kept up by a living faith. But when your eye is taken from me, you will find all your enemies just the same as ever treading on your heels." I was helped to speak about these things to my wife as we were going to bed.

MY FATHER'S WILL.

A CHILD of Jehovah, a subject of grace,
 I'm of the seed royal,—a dignified race.
 An heir of salvation, redeemed with blood,
 I'll own my relation,—my Father is God,
 He loved me of old, and he loveth me still,
 Before the creation he gave me his will,—
 A pardon worth more than the Indies of gold,
 Which cannot be wasted, nor mortgaged, nor sold.
 He gave me a Surety, a covenant Head,
 To live in my room, and to die in my stead.
 He gave me his righteousness, wholly divine,
 And received all the merit of Jesus as mine.
 He gave me a Preceptor infallibly wise,
 And treasures of grace, to be sent in supplies;
 Yea, all I can ask for my Father hath given,
 To bless me on earth and crown me in heaven.
 He gave me a will to accept what he gave,
 Though I was adverse to his purpose to save.
 He wrote in his will my repentance and faith,
 And all my enjoyments, for life and for death.
 My trials and sorrows, my conflicts and cares,
 The spirit of prayer and the answer of prayer;
 The steps that I tread and the station I fill,
 My Father determined, and wrote in his will.
 My cross and my crown are both will'd by my God,
 He swore to his will, and then sealed it with blood;
 'Tis proved by his Spirit, the Witness within,
 'Tis mine to inherit, and I'll glory therein.

A GRACIOUS EXPERIENCE.

My dear Sir,—In reply to your request as to the Lord's dealings with my soul, I must begin from the time when I was only a boy. I always believed in the doctrines of free grace, and that not one of those chosen by God the Father, and redeemed by God the Son, could ever die until quickened into life and born again. I believed in their final perseverance, and that they would be brought through all their trials, and if left to backslide would be brought back by the Lord with weeping and supplications, and finally come home to glory. Now all this I believed from my boyhood with all my heart.

In April, 1841, the Lord was pleased to lay his afflicting hand upon me, and it was thought I should not recover. Not that this was the first time I had been afflicted, for I had been given up by the doctors three different times before, and was not then at all concerned about death or eternity; but on this occasion it was different, as the Lord brought me to see myself a sinner, and that I stood in need of a Saviour. Then I thought, "Why need I trouble myself? The Lord knows where I am, and if I am one of his he can send some one that should be his instrument to make reconciliation." But things did not last long in this way; for the Lord opened up more and more the depravity of my heart, and I began to feel that God required perfect obedience. And now the pains of hell got hold of me; I found trouble and sorrow; and I dare not attempt to pray, as the enemy used to say if I did I should sink into the place of torment for ever. This lasted some weeks, and the Lord was pleased to raise me up again from the bed of sickness. Then I thought I would go to chapel, and I left off taking the newspaper, and became reformed in other ways also.

In this way I went on until October, when the Lord was pleased to take my child at three years of age, who was only ill three days. As I stood looking upon the poor little body, it struck me, "Well, it might have been you; and if it had you would be lifting up your eyes in hell, calling for a drop of water." Whilst looking and thus thinking, the Lord with divine majesty spoke these words into my very inmost soul: "Be ye also ready, for the Son of man cometh at an hour ye think not of." O! It was like a thunder-clap. I trembled and shook from head to foot, and I thought he was then and there going to cut me down and send me into the bottomless pit. O the sight and sense of my sinnership before a holy God! This I can never describe. Then it was suggested to me that I had done despite to the Holy Ghost, because I had sinned against light and knowledge, having known the doctrines of free grace. O the hell I felt in my poor soul for weeks. I wished I had never been born. I wished I had been a free-willer, or a beast, or anything rather than what I was. All this time, though in this sad state, I dare not ask God to pardon my sins; nor dare I speak to any one.

Thus it went on for some weeks, and I got worse and worse, until I was on the borders of despair. Then I thought that by reading the Word I might meet with some passage to help me, and I thought I would attempt to ask God to forgive my sins; but I was so tempted to think that I should sink into hell if I did this. Well, one night this word came to me:

“Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish I must pray,
And perish only there.”

And O, he poured out such a spirit of prayer into my poor heart, it was broken all to pieces; and he was pleased to drop this blessed scripture into my poor heart: “But now, thus saith the Lord that created thee, O Jacob, and he that formed thee, O Israel, Fear not; for I have redeemed thee; I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine.” (Isa. xliii. 1.) O how I blessed his holy name, and longed to be freed from this vile tenement of clay; but it was not so to be.

I went on rejoicing for some time. The Lord kept dropping promise after promise into my heart, such as: “Your sins, which are many, are all forgiven you;” “I have loved thee with an everlasting love;” and others of the same kind.

This continued for some weeks; but soon the scene was changed, for I was called to do battle with the enemy of my soul who brought all into question. “You believed,” he suggested, “the doctrines before, and now it is nothing more than natural excitement; and after all you will die, and go to hell.” Thus I had to go on for some time; sometimes up, and sometimes down, stripping, emptying, and laying in the dust of self-abasement for my ingratitude to a good and gracious God who had brought me through many trying providences and afflictions of body, soul, and circumstances. Not long ago I was so tried that I appeared forsaken and alone; but the blessed Lord of life and glory dropped this word into my poor heart:

“Forsake thee I will not, I cannot! Thy name
Engraved on my heart does for ever remain.”

And I have proved him to be a kind and gracious Father, and he has now stood by me for thirty-two years, and I hope he will not
“Leave me at last in trouble to sink.”

That the Lord may bless you and the friends with much of his presence is the prayer of a poor and afflicted sinner; and as I feel very ill I must leave it in your hands, and in the hands of Him who cannot but do right, even God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, unto whom belongs all the glory for ever. Amen.

Yours in the Love of the Truth,
Cambridge, April 2, 1873.

T. PORTER.

ALL (in grace) is of the same *quality*, though not of the same *quantity*. The drop of dew on the blade of grass is as truly water as the ocean.—*Hawker*.

EFFECTS OF THE HOLY SPIRIT'S WORK IN THE HEART.

My very dear Friend and Brother in our Lord Jesus Christ, —I received your kind letter long ago, and I suppose my long silence has caused you to suspect I had really forgotten you; but it is not so; for what God hath joined together in unity of the Spirit, it is not a little that can put asunder. Friends in Christ are friends for ever; and love will reach a great many miles distance. I have often thought of you this Christmas, beholding your order in your public meetings; I mean at Titchfield Street, where my soul hath been sweetly banqueted times without number. My heart is often with you, though my body so far distant. In the perusal of your last, I found many things suitable to my own experience. It certainly is a truth, my brother, that we must be exercised with some trouble, to keep us low and humble, though we know that that alone is of no avail, except the blessed Holy Spirit operates. There are no spices blow out, no fruit brought forth acceptable to God, for his design is to be admired in all his children who are brought to love him; that is, that we should praise, and glorify, and honour, and worship, and trust in him for all things we need. Neither is God to be limited nor his time prescribed by us unto him.

We know our way to the end of our journey that it is through much tribulation; but as to our various exercises while passing through this wilderness, we must watch and wait. When David comes to speak to God in his great distress he says unto him, "O Lord, thou art my God; my times are in thy hand." That is, his times of trouble and of peace, of darkness and light, he acknowledged to be in the hand of his God, and at his disposal; so that it is good for us when we can wait his time and season for our share in them. But you will be ready to say, "But hope being deferred maketh the heart sick, and our spirits to faint." So David said, "I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living." But he adds, "Wait on the Lord; be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart. Wait, I say, on the Lord." I cannot but admire the words; David seems to force them so strongly, which is often very sweet to me. "Wait," says he, "with courage, that you faint not." The psalmist says in another place, when he is speaking of our dear Redeemer, "Thou art my strong refuge, where I may continually resort." In every trouble and distress, whatever may ail, I may resort thither; and the apostle Paul says, writing to the Galatians, "We shall reap, if we faint not." I know if we have been long under darkness and hardness of heart there will be rebelling, murmuring, and complaining. We begin to say in ourselves, "I have looked for light, and behold darkness; for peace, and yet trouble cometh." But when those sweet refreshings come from the presence of the Lord, then there is a revival of the work upon the soul. Though you call it but

little, my brother, despise not the day of small things; for these are all foretastes of his everlasting love; and when the blessed Holy Spirit is pleased to give us a feeling sense of our utter unworthiness and the Almighty's everlasting love, with a believing view of the death and sufferings of a dear Redeemer in our behalf, then what meekness, submission, and thankfulness are produced in the soul by the Holy Spirit. Then take the exhortation: "Be patient, therefore; the coming of the Lord draweth nigh." Let not the prosperity of the wicked, nor the daily chastisements of the children of God, cause you to be offended; for there will be a reckoning some time, when those who have lived in pleasure will wish that their souls had been in your soul's stead, under all its troubles. It will be no grief of heart to you to call to mind your daily sufferings when you experience those peaceable fruits of righteousness brought forth thereby. "Happy art thou, O Israel. Who is like unto thee, O people saved by the Lord, who is the shield of thy help and the sword of thine excellency? All thine enemies shall be found liars unto thee, and thou shalt tread upon their high places." You may be sure of this, that the same hands that laid the foundation will also lay the top stone, and that with shoutings, "Grace, grace, unto it."

I add no more at present, but my wife's affectionate love to you both, in which I join her, with the most sincere wishes for your peace and happiness.

Your affectionate,

Oxford, Jan. 6, 1809.

T. Toms.

[Mr. Toms was a hearer of Mr. Huntington's. A letter of his will be found in the "G. S.," 1844.]

MOUNT PISGAH.

BY THOMAS CASE.

(Continued from page 321, 1873.)

THE next word of comfort is, that saints sleep in Jesus. The first word of comfort in this model was, that our Christian relations who have departed this life are not dead but fallen asleep. Here follows a word of comfort, of a richer import, which tells us that as they do but sleep, so they sleep in Jesus.

This expression notes to us that blessed and admirable union (1 Cor. xv. 18) which is between Jesus Christ and his saints, a union frequently set out to us in scripture under a twofold notion: 1, Christ in the believer; 2, The believer in Christ. 1, Christ in the believer: "If Christ be in you the body is dead," &c. (Rom. viii. 10); "Christ in you the hope of glory." (Col. i. 27.) 2, The believer in Christ: "Of him are ye in Christ Jesus," &c. (1 Cor. i. 30); "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature" (2 Cor. v. 17); "The saints in Christ." (Col. i. 2.) See both together: "You in me and I in you" (Jno. xiv. 20); "Abide in me and I in you" (xv. 4); "He that abideth in me and I in him." (Ver. 5.) These expressions are the same

for substance, both setting forth to us the union itself; a mutual, intimate indwelling, or inbeing, between Christ and his saints; he in them and they in him, so making one. They differ somewhat in the import of the phrase, hinting to us a different mode and fruit of this mutual inbeing; namely, Christ is in the believer, by his Spirit. (1 Jno. iv. 13; 1 Cor. xii. 13.) The believer in Christ, by faith. (Jno. i. 12.) Christ in the believer, by inhabitation. (Eph. iii. 17.) The believer in Christ, by implantation. (Jno. xv. 2; Rom. vi. 3, 5.) Christ in the believer, as the head in the body (Col. i. 18), as the root in the branches. (Jno. xv. 5.) Believers are in Christ, as the members are in the head (Eph. i. 23), as the branches in the root. (Jno. xv. 1, 7.) Christ in the believer implies life and influence from Christ. (Col. iii. 4; 1 Pet. ii. 5.) The believer in Christ implies communion and fellowship with Christ. When Christ is said to be in the believer, we are to understand it in reference to sanctification. When the believer is said to be in Christ, it is in order to justification. (1 Cor. i. 30.) It is Christ without us that justifieth; it is Christ within us that sanctifieth. Grace, in the apostle's phrase, is Christ formed in the heart. (Gal. iv. 19.) These and the like expressions hold forth that transcendent and mysterious union which is between Christ and the believing soul, whereby they are not only joined together, but in a sober gospel sense united, made one, as it were. Christ becomes one with them, and they one with Christ.

This union with Christ, for the clearer and safer understanding of so great and precious a mystery, I shall endeavour more fully to open in these six distinguishing properties. It is a union—1, *Spiritual*; 2, *Real*; 3, *Operative*; 4, *Enriching*; 5, *Intimate*; 6, *Indissoluble*.

1. It is a *spiritual* union. When we speak of this union we must abstract it from all that is gross and fleshly. There is nothing in it obvious to sense, perceptible by the eye, or by the ear, or by the touch or taste. It is not effected by any corporeal contact: Christ and the believer are not tied together by any material bonds and fleshly sinews, but their union is a pure, immaterial, sublime union, altogether spiritual. It is so partly, inasmuch as by this union Christ and the believer are made one spirit: "He that is joined unto the Lord is one spirit" (1 Cor. vi. 17); not only one spiritually, but one spirit; not as exclusive to the body itself, "For we are members of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones" (Eph. v. 30); but expressing to us the top and perfection of this union. He that is joined to a harlot is one flesh, in an impure and carnal sense. Man and wife, though their conjunction be more honourable, yet are but one flesh also in a conjugal sense: "For two," saith he, "shall be one flesh: and he that is joined to the Lord is one spirit" (1 Cor. vi. 16, 17), a union infinitely more honourable than that of marriage. The believer is joined to Christ, into one and the same spirit; he is animated and acted by one and the same

spirit with Christ, though in a different degree and measure, "For God giveth not the Spirit by measure unto him." (Jno. iii. 34.) Christ as Mediator, for in that capacity believers are united unto him, received the Spirit without measure. Believers have their stinted measure and proportion, and yet the Spirit of God dwells as truly in them as he did in Christ himself; they thereby become one spirit with Christ.

Also, it is a spiritual union, partly because the bonds and ligaments of this union are not carnal but spiritual. The bond of this union on the part of Christ is the Spirit, whereby he unites himself to the believer. The presence of the Spirit makes this union, by virtue of which God communicates with us as with his sons, and we communicate with God as with our heavenly Father. And the bond of this union on the part of the believer is faith, whereby the believer is united to Christ. As the scion is engrafted into the stock, and thereby grows up to be one with the stock, so is the believer implanted into Christ by faith (Eph. iii. 17); grows up in him, receives life and nourishment from him, and is preserved in him to life eternal: "Kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation." (1 Pet. i. 5.)

2. It is a *real* union, and that in a tenfold distinction. (1.) In opposition to an imaginary union; it is no metaphysical notion, nor is it like those things which have their existence only in the understanding and fancy. (2.) Nor is it relative only, as father and child, master and servant, are united. Such a union there is between Christ and believers; but that is not all. (3.) Neither is it legal only. Christ and the believers are not one only as the debtor and surety are one in law, in the interpretation and judgment of the court. In this sense they are one indeed, namely, in the judgment of God as a judge; but not only so. (4.) Nor is it a union only of assent in point of doctrine and judgment, though so much it is; for, saith the apostle, in the name of all believers, "We have the mind of Christ." (1 Cor. ii. 16.) The believer, so far as he is a believer, is of the same mind, judgment, and opinion with Jesus Christ in all things. And this truly gives them a kind of oneness; hence a firm and steadfast continuance in the faith, that is, in the doctrine of Jesus Christ, is called an inbeing in Christ (Jno. xv. 4-6), and an abiding in Christ. This the saints of God have; but neither is this all. (5.) Nor yet is it merely a union of consent. The believer is not one with Christ only by consent of wills. The Arians, while they blasphemously deny the deity of the Son, betray a double ignorance; and if but ignorance, their sin is the less; the one in the doctrine or assertion itself, the other in the ground they allege for it, which is Christ's own words, praying to his Father for believers, "that they may be one, even as we are one" (Jno. xvii. 22); whence they, supposing believers to be one with the Father and the Son only by consent of wills, do infer neither are the Father and the Son one in any other sense. But, say we, they err in

the very foundation. We acknowledge, indeed, believers to be so far one with Christ, and that is a very sweet and precious union. To will and will the same things is a high degree of love and oneness; but to say no more of the union betwixt Christ and his saints is to say too little.

A SWEET CALM.

My dear Sister in the Lord,—I cannot help thinking of the dream you mentioned on your bed. Just at that time I had a remarkable circumstance happened to me. I was in trouble, under an affliction in my body, which medicine did not remove. I awoke one morning very uneasy, and felt that perhaps it was the Lord's will to take me out of the body by this affliction. I all at once felt great liberty in prayer, in addressing the throne, and asked our heavenly Father to fit and prepare me for all his will, whether for life or death. I felt a most blessed calm come over me; and after breakfast I still had much liberty in prayer, and begged of the dear Lord that he would make it more and more manifest to me that I am his. On the following Sabbath we had a deeply-taught minister. The portion he read was Rev. vii., on the leadings of the twelve tribes of Israel; and he then preached from Eph. i. 13 on our full assurance; for such, said he, was the meaning of the sealing. Well, it seemed a pentecostal feast. There were several, I among them, who had indeed a feast. We felt a hope that we were amongst the number whom no man can number.

O that I could write as formerly to tell you more; but is not even this cheering in this day of rebuke and blasphemy, and while God's judgments are so evidently abroad in the earth.

"O for a thousand tongues to sing," &c.

May God's blessing rest upon you and me, dear sister. Amen.
So prays Yours in the best of Bonds,

Bath, Dec. 13, 1872.

ALICIA HINES.

[See "G. S." for May, p. 212.]

INQUIRY AND ANSWER.

Dear Mr. Editor,—I now take the liberty of asking you if, through the columns of that valuable periodical, the "Gospel Standard," you would do me the favour of explaining Melchisedec,—who you think him to have been, or if you think him a type of Christ. By so doing you will tend to enlighten one who is in the dark on that point. Yours respectfully,

W. P.

1. Melchisedec was certainly a real person; but yet a person of whom nothing can be known but what is recorded of him in the scriptures. More than this is mere speculation, which ought to be avoided, as it leads the mind into the region of fancy, and generally stands opposed to other parts of God's word. He is abruptly introduced without specified parentage, and his pedigree

is hidden from the keen searching of human minds, for the wise purpose of God. Keeping close, then, to what is revealed of him, it will be found to be sufficiently plain and definite to identify *him* as a real man, who met Abraham on his return from the pursuit of Chedorlaomer and his allies, and gave him bread and wine. For what is written of him is,—First, his name and its signification, “King of righteousness.” (Heb. vii. 2.) Secondly, his title, “King of Salem, which is King of peace.” Thirdly, Jerusalem is determined as the site of Salem by the following psalm: “In Salem also is his tabernacle.” (Ps. lxxvi. 2.) Fourthly, As a regal High Priest, his priesthood was higher than that of Aaron. (Ps. cx. 4; Heb. vii. 1-10.)

The inferences deducible from the above scriptures are that Melchisedec was a man eminent for justice and truth, discharging the functions of the regal and priestly offices so as to obtain this honourable name and title. For we have a king of righteousness, reigning in a city of peace, being likewise “the priest of the most high God.”

The name, title, and offices of Melchisedec suggest the idea of a community of God-fearing persons, over whom he reigned, and on whose behalf he was “the priest of the most high God.” There would be an asylum for all who desired to escape from the idolatrous neighbouring nations, or cities, and where they could be free from the broils and corruptions of the Canaanitish tribes.

2. The union of the royal and priestly offices in him renders him an appropriate type of Christ, and as both type and antitype had no predecessors or successors to their offices, the one was “made *like* unto the Son of God” (Heb. vii. 3), and the other is “a Priest for ever, after the *order* of Melchisedec.” (Ps. cx. 4.) Hence it follows that they could not be the same person, once in a visionary form; nor yet an angel, as has been asserted by some; but two real human persons, differing in this, that Christ *assumed* his human nature. As a type of the high priesthood of the Son of God, Melchisedec is said to be without father, without mother, without descent (*margin*, “pedigree”), “having neither beginning of days nor end of life, but made like unto the Son of God, abideth a priest continually.” This refers exclusively to Melchisedec as “the priest of the most high God,” and not to himself as an individual, or else he would not answer to his antitype as a man whose pedigree and mother are known; but it stands more especially in contrast with the Levitical high priest, who had a beginning of days and an ending of life. Amram was one of the heads of the fathers of the tribe of Levi, and Aaron was his first-born son and the beginning of the Aaronic priesthood, and it was his issue that constituted the priestly order. These were arranged according to their several appointments: “These are the heads of the fathers of the Levites according to their families.” (Exod. vi. 25.) Hence the priests were required to prove and produce their descent from Aaron, or be rejected if this could not be done: “These

sought their register among those that were reckoned by genealogy, but they were not found; therefore were they, as polluted, put from the priesthood." (Ezra ii. 62.) As they were not priests in their own right, like Melchisedec and Christ, but in that of the Aaronic family, the loss of the knowledge of their descent brought their priesthood to an end; whilst, at the same time, if the priesthood could be proved to be by descent from either father or mother, it would prove also that it was a changing priesthood, and inferior to that of Christ. This appears to be the reason of the silence relative to the birth and death of Melchisedec, that he might be a true type of the high priesthood of Christ in an unbroken line,—“a priest for ever.” Some suppose that, *literally* “without father,” &c., means his pedigree could not be found in any of the books of register invariably kept in those days.

This we think is sufficiently conclusive as to what is meant by “without father, without mother, without descent,” evidently proving that the high priesthood of Melchisedec was not obtained by primogenitureship from an hereditary priesthood in the family; but that it was without beginning of days, contrary to the Levitical priesthood which had a beginning. The qualification for active service by the priests was also limited to mature age, from thirty to fifty. (Num. iv. 3.) So that it had a beginning of days and an ending of life; and by the termination of the life of the priest his priesthood was likewise terminated; he was no longer a priest.

This appears to us to be the point at which Paul is aiming, that Christ, like Melchisedec, having no predecessor, nor successor, in his office, “abideth a priest for ever.” As he was a priest while on earth, so was he also in death, and remains one now he has risen for ever. He “hath an unchanging priesthood.” We therefore conclude that Melchisedec was most certainly a real man, an actual king and priest, and a type of the high priesthood of the Lord Jesus Christ of a very high order.

Obituary.

EMMA WINGROVE.—On Oct. 12th, 1878, aged 48, Emma Wingrove, a member of the church at Gower Street. She was born at Amersham, Bucks, and fell asleep in Jesus at Alfred Place, London, after an illness of about two years.

During the many years I have been a reader of the “Gospel Standard,” I trust I have been many times refreshed while reading the obituaries of one and another of the Lord’s dear tried ones; therefore I would try and give some little account of dear Emma, who, as a friend said of her, ran behind, yet her thousands passed. I might truly say of her that though she was a humble walker, she was no great talker. Did vital godliness consist in the talk of the lip, we should say of her she had very little. Nevertheless, she was enabled to say enough to commend herself to the consciences of those who knew most of her.

From a child she was the subject of convictions, which I should say were not altogether natural, seeing how gradually yet surely the Lord wrought in her, until he prepared and made her meet for the inheritance of the saints in light, and finally taking her to himself. She was brought up amongst the General Dissenters, and in her youthful days met in a Bible class with them. She saw the doctrine of election to be a Bible truth, but could not love it, though she was called the young Predestinarian. But the Lord wrought in her soul in a very gradual manner. With her it was "line upon line, precept upon precept; here a little and there a little;" stripping her of all her creature merit, laying her low in the dust, constraining her to confess with Job, "Behold, I am vile!"

She was never very strong, being of a delicate constitution. When quite young she went on one occasion to the Royal Sea Bathing Infirmary at Margate, where she was much tried, feeling she could not kneel down to pray before all those people. While thus exercised in her mind, it pleased the Lord to remind her that whosoever was ashamed of him, of such would he be ashamed before his Father which is in heaven.

Shortly after this she was baptized, and united with the people with whom she was brought up. She believed that the Lord quickened and kept alive her soul amongst this people for some time. Her health being somewhat improved, the Lord in his providence led her to London, where she took a light situation; and I think we may say of her as was said of Joseph; for she found favour in the sight of both her master and mistress, and they were kind to her to the last.

She united with a church in London; but somehow her case was not met. She was not satisfied, yet scarcely knew why or wherefore, and much cast down and deeply tried in her mind; when these words were applied with power to her soul: "Though ye have lien among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold;" and also the verse:

"He sees me often overcome,
And pities my distress;
And bids affliction drive me home,
To anchor on his grace."

In 1851 the Lord in his providence gave her a friend in the person of a fellow-servant who came to live with the same family. This friend knew the Lord, and would often converse with her and read from the "Gospel Standard" to her. She said her nature used to rebel against the doctrine of election. She could not bear to think of some being chosen and others left; and determined not to have any more to do with them. Then she could not rest, believing her friend was right and she wrong, secretly wishing she was like her. Then she would get the "Standard" unknown to any one, and read for herself. There she would read the exercises of her own heart, and wondered what it could all

mean. Sometimes she was comforted, at others tormented, praying and crying, day and night, unto Him that was able to save, yet walking in much darkness and fear, lest after all she was not in the way that leadeth unto everlasting life.

Her friend got her to accompany her to Eden Street chapel to hear the late Mr. Philpot, who preached on that to her memorable occasion from Rom. v. 3, 4. This was, indeed, a time long remembered by her. She referred to it not long before her death. She told her friend she could scarcely believe what she heard. Mr. P. seemed to know all she had been passing through, all the exercises of her mind, and traced out her path in such a wonderful way that she was truly astonished; and though she could scarcely believe, yet she was constrained to believe that even she was one of the blessed characters Mr. P. had been describing, and freely confessed that she had never heard the gospel in its purity before. And here she was constrained to make the blessed resolve: "This people shall be my people, and their God my God."

But a cross lay between her and uniting with the people at Eden Street. Still, love to her Lord enabled her to take it up, to leave the people with whom she had been worshipping, and with whom the family she lived with worshipped. It was, indeed, a hard struggle for her. She might very much more easily have done this could she always have felt she was right, could she always have enjoyed the presence of her Lord; but she sank again very low, fearing all was wrong, doubting all she had experienced, the Lord seeming to shut out her prayers, Satan tempting her to believe that the Lord was weary of her, because she had to go again and again asking the same things of the Lord. But after much distress of mind the Lord broke the snare with the application of these words to her drooping heart: "Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary?" Thus the Lord rebuked the devourer, and comforted his poor child once more.

Some years after this she was much encouraged whilst hearing Mr. Hazlerigg, as he was led in the course of his sermon to speak of passing through the same temptation; but she said she felt too fearful to speak before him, even when in his company; neither did she feel herself worthy to be in his company or in that of any of the Lord's people.

She became united with us at Eden Street in the early part of 1853, and remained a consistent member with us there and afterwards at Gower Street till it pleased the Lord to say, "Come up higher."

Here I give an extract from a letter by a dear friend of hers in the Lord:

"It is about 14 years since I first knew Emma Wingrove. She was then very ill at Hastings. As I was staying there, Mr. L. wrote and asked me if I would go and see her. I found her very ill of rheumatic

fever. I visited her several times. One Lord's day evening when I went to see her we had some profitable conversation. I proposed to read the word of God and to have prayer; at which she was very pleased. We were before quite strangers to each other; but I believe we both proved that they that are joined to the Lord are of one spirit. In prayer I reminded the Lord of his pardoning mercy to our souls. I said, 'Who is a God like unto thee, pardoning iniquity, transgression, and sin?' Then picading on that ground that the Lord would be with her in her affliction. What I said in prayer brought to her mind a dream she had a few days before she was taken ill, in which she appeared in great trouble; when a man appeared in her dream and helped her out of her difficulty, which caused her to make use of the same words as I had done in prayer. This led her to believe that I should be a help and comfort to her; which she realized, as the Lord appeared for her and raised her up again to health, and granted her favour in providence and grace. From that time she was pleased to meet with me. As I stood over her grave I was much struck with the verse:

"O sacred hour! O blest abode!"

"And I said,

"She is now near and like her God;
And flesh and sense no more control
The sacred pleasures of her soul."

"E. W."

But I must now come to her last illness. In the summer of 1871 she caught a severe cold, which settled on her lungs, though she dragged on in her situation till near the end of the year, when an eminent physician was consulted, who at once ordered her to Hastings. Here she remained during the remainder of the winter, and was much helped and favoured under the ministry of Mr. Hull.

She subsequently returned to London, then spent the summer with a God-fearing friend near Aylesbury, and in the autumn again returned to London, very weak and delicate, feeling persuaded she should not be very long in this world. She often complained of the hardness of her heart, of the darkness of her mind, and of the little life and love she seemed to possess, and was always willing to take a low place. She would willingly sit at the feet of any of the Lord's people, and hear them talk of him. She was kept remarkably free from repining or murmuring, and would often say to me, "O that the Lord would but grant me another token and take me home!" She felt it a great privilege that she was with us and so well provided for in her illness.

She was not able to get out to hear the word at all during the last twelve months. The Bible and her hymn-book, with Mr. Philpot's Letters, were her principal books; and living near the chapel she had often friends call to see her; for which she felt very thankful.

I here give a short extract of an account I received from another friend who visited her shortly before her death:

"It is but little I can remember of dear Emma's conversation, though she said a great deal. I felt surprised and glad that her mouth was so opened to tell of the wonderful things God had done for her soul. She spoke clearly and freely, and I felt throughout there was a manifestation of the

Spirit's work upon her soul. She seemed from the first to be reaching after Christ as her salvation, turning neither to the right nor to the left, but walking right on with her mind fixed on the one object, even after the sweet experience of the psalmist, when he said, 'O God, my heart is fixed. I will sing and give praise!' I said to her, 'I am not tired of hearing you; but I think you had better leave off speaking. It will do you harm!' She replied, 'O! Don't say so. It will not hurt me. I like to talk when I feel at liberty, and that is so seldom.'

On Oct. 7th she ruptured a blood-vessel, and vomited a large quantity of blood. She knew that her end was near, and when a little recovered, said to her sister, who had come from the country to be with her, "Read me that beautiful hymn:

"How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord," &c.

Her old friend came to see her, and said to her, "Your end is fast approaching.

"He takes to glory all
Who meet for glory are!"

And you know, Emma, what that meetness for glory is." "O, yes," she replied; "the blood and righteousness of Jesus."

One of the deacons called to see her the evening before she died; but she was too weak to say much to him. Amongst other things, he said, "Job could say, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth!' and the apostle Paul could say, 'I know whom I have believed!'" "Yes," she replied; and added she felt she could say so too.

On Lord's day morning, Oct. 12th, whilst I was in my room alone, I thought of her and her approaching end, and that I would go into her room and spend a little time with her instead of going to the prayer-meeting. When I got to her room, she told me that the Lord had given her that promise: "When thou passest through the waters," &c. She said, "The Lord is a faithful God. He has not left me nor forsaken me; neither do I believe he will. But I have need of patience." I replied, "Patience is the Lord's gift, and he has given you a goodly measure." She replied, "Perhaps he has; but I feel as if I shall repine." She said more, which I do not remember; but knowing how extremely ill she was, I rather checked her, fearing what might be the consequence. I read hymn 483, Gadsby's Selection, to her:

"Yes, I shall soon be landed," &c.

Also a few verses from Isa. xxv., and spent a little time in prayer with her. After which she said, "O Mr. Gray! I shall never be able to repay you for all your kindness to me; but I hope the Lord will."

I would just observe that after this I was thinking of these almost her last words to me, and thinking of the amazing contrast between my little acts of kindness to her and of the dear Lord's great loving-kindness to me. Why, the Lord had already repaid me a thousand times ten thousandfold, for all I had done for her. O what a soft heart I felt, what brokenness of spirit! I was again well repaid for any little act of kindness done to his afflicted child,

It was now near chapel time. We bade each other good-bye, wishing one another the Lord's presence and blessing. So we parted. Little did I think her ransomed spirit would wing its way to mansions near the throne before my return; but so it was. Solemn thoughts pervaded my mind. Before I went out we were communing together; on my return she was before the throne, communing with Jesus.

"She's gone in endless bliss to dwell,
And I am left below,
To struggle with the powers of hell
"Till Jesus bids me go."

On the following Saturday her sleeping dust was carried to the Finchley cemetery, and there committed to its mother earth, there to await the resurrection morn, when it shall be raised a glorious body like unto her Lord, our brother Garner kindly performing this last office for her. I believe he was helped in speaking. We sang at the grave. Altogether it was a solemn and I trust to some of us a refreshing season, both at the cemetery and at the house.

J. GRAY.

ELIZABETH HARDY.—On Oct. 1st, 1873, aged 80, Mrs. Elizabeth Hardy, of Thoroton, Nottinghamshire.

She was born at Ratcliffe, a village eight miles from Thoroton. She was one of ten children. Her mother died when Elizabeth was only four years old, and Elizabeth went out to service very young. Through the goodness of God, she was kept very moral, but could not say that she ever had a serious thought about her soul until after her marriage. My father going to live at the same place as man-servant, after living there about a year they were married, and came to live with his parents, whose mother was a very godly woman, a hearer of Mr. Huntington's, and who died in peace nine years after. Thus did the dear departed come amongst the lovers of the truth. At first she could not do with the doctrine of election, neither could my father prevail upon her to go to the meeting, the nearest place being four miles, viz., Bottesford. After Mr. Huntington's death, the late Mr. Chamberlain, of Leicester, came occasionally to Grantham, Bottesford, and Newark; and though her father had removed to Grantham to live, and she would go to see him, yet when my father went to hear preaching, he could not prevail upon dear mother to go with him to chapel till the set time arrived.

When they had been married about three years, one morning in bed these words came to her mind with power: "Awake, thou that sleepest, arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." She asked her mother-in-law if the words were in the scriptures, and she told her they were. These words had great weight upon her mind, and she began to be in trouble about her immortal soul, and to go regularly to the reading meeting at B., in Mr. Pickering's room, where the works of dear Huntington used to be read; and though four miles to walk, and mostly tired with her house-work before starting, she was sweetly refreshed, both in soul and body, many, many times, and ever afterwards she cleaved to God's people, like Ruth to Naomi. Many times has she walked to Grantham and Newark, eleven and nine miles, to hear dear Mr. Chamberlain. It was in hearing Mr. C. from Isa. xlii. 3 she was first enabled to lay hold on the hope set before her in the gospel.

Here I will relate a good time or two of hearing she told me of.

Not long since I wrote it down, and give it in her own words: "Once in particular I recollect going to Grantham. I felt very low in my mind before I went, and all the way there; also in the chapel, till Mr. Chamberlain began his first prayer with these words: 'Him that is weak in the faith receive ye, but not to doubtful disputations.' I was greatly blessed in my soul and much blessed through the discourse; but I now forget the words Mr. C. preached from that day. Another time, when Mr. C. was praying at the conclusion of the service, I thought we were all going to be again separated, and I felt such a comfortable feeling in my soul and hope that the time would come when we should meet again to part no more for ever."

One morning in February she told me that 2 Tim. iv. 6-8 came with power to her mind on first awaking, saying, "The same words came with power once as I stood in the garden, when I first had palpitation of the heart; and I was so happy that I felt as if I should like to die there."

On March 2nd dear mother told me, "When I awoke this morning I felt very ill in body, but was comforted by this coming with power:

"And this, O Christian, is thy lot,
Who cleavest to the Lord by faith.
He'll never leave thee; doubt it not,
In pain, in sickness, nor in death."

Another morning, upon awaking, she said, "I hope I shall not be lost at last. Job says, 'When he hath tried me I shall come forth as gold! What the Lord has once done is done for ever.'" I asked her if she could remember that sweet hymn:

"His love in times past forbids me to think," &c.

At which she repeated the three following lines, and seemed happy.

She was afflicted with palpitation of the heart for over 30 years, and having other heavy afflictions the last 12 years, she was not able to go from home, excepting once to B. to hear Mr. Garner. She was a most humble, meek, and quiet Christian, living the gospel as well as professing it, and did indeed belong to them whom the dear Saviour called "blessed" in Matt. v. 1-10. Dear Mr. Philpot's sermons were greatly blessed to her soul. She valued them next to the word of God. Also the "Gospel Standard" she read and highly prized for more than 30 years

Our dear mother was very ill, in Dec. 1871, with bronchitis, from which she never quite recovered, but gradually became weaker. In the night of Sept. 2 she was very ill, and could not take her breath in bed. I made her a cup of tea, and she seemed rather better. She went to bed the next night, but was obliged to get up again, and was never able to lie down in bed again many minutes. She was obliged to sit in a chair day and night. It was indeed very wearying to her poor body. Often would she exclaim with Job, "Wearisome nights are appointed to me;" but she never murmured. She said many times, "I shall be better soon, but I must be worse before I am better;" and she repeated many sweet portions of scripture and hymns descriptive of the happy state she was in at the thought of being near to the river Jordan, and the blessed prospect of glory which awaited her. She often repeated this verse in hymn 826, Gadsby's:

"O how good our gracious God is," &c.

Many a time did she tell me not to grieve, but to be very thankful to the Lord for taking her home, expressing great thankfulness to the Lord for sparing me and my sister to wait upon her. She said, "O how good the Lord has been to me all the way through my long life! How he has supported me and brought me through with this poor afflicted tabernacle, which I have had so long.

“A few more rolling suns at most
Will land me on fair Canaan's coast.”
“My time with patience I can stay,
Since all my sin's forgiven,” &c.

“I hope my sins are all forgiven; they are many through all my long life; but I shall not be lost. I hope I can say with Job, ‘My witness is in heaven, and my record is on high.’ My hope has been centred in *him* for many years—above 50 years. I think I shall not be long. ‘I love the Lord because he hath heard my voice; because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon him as long as I live.’” Upon our looking at her feet, which were much swollen, she said, “They look nice. They look as if they were getting ready for eternity.

“He'll give me power till light return is seen,
To trust him with the cloud between.”

My dear mother read the account of Mr. Warburton's death, and enjoyed it much, saying, “He might well want to be in heaven.” She said, “O how I love thy law. It is my meditation all the day, and that means every day.”

The book of psalms was a choice treasure to her soul. When she felt her weariness very much she would say, “I hope it won't be long. I hope he will never leave me nor forsake me.” I told her the Lord never would. She said, “We want the Lord's presence to help us through. It may not be long now.” “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, that where I am there ye may be also. I think it long.” She said, “I fear a murmuring word should come.” I said, “It is not the desire of your soul to murmur.” She said, “No; it is the weakness of the flesh.” She asked me to give her her book of psalms and Mr. J. Gadsby's “Lives of Hymn Writers,” saying, “There are some nice pieces in it.” She read Ps. lxxviii., and spoke sweetly of a sermon she heard Mr. Chamberlain preach from verses 38, 39. I said, “The Lord has long been your Friend. Can you remember when first you could trust in him as your Friend?” She said, “Yes, I can. It was when I heard Mr. C. from ‘the bruised reed’ that I was first enabled to lay hold; and many times have I been blessed in my soul under Mr. C.'s preaching.” She said, “Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation.’ I want to be led right; I want to be led by Him; I want to be with him. I shall be satisfied when I awake with *him*.” Seeing her wipe her eyes, she saw me looking, and said, “These are tears of joy, not of sorrow. No, no! the Lord knows all things. The Lord is a stronghold. The Lord will help you through. He has helped me thus far, and he will you. Do not grieve, but be thankful to the Lord. I want to see him as he is, and I shall be satisfied. Don't fret for me; I rejoice when I see any symptoms that I am going soon. What the Lord has once done, it is done for ever. There is my hope. I felt last night so low that I could not tell where the scene would end; but dear Mr. C. used to say, ‘Where the Lord has once been, there he will come again;’ and I know what I have had many times in hearing him. Into thy hands I commit my spirit; for thou hast redeemed me; redeemed me from the hand of the enemy.”

On Sept. 11, a dear friend came from B. to see her. She felt truly glad to see him, and expressed great thankfulness to the Lord for inclining him to come, and enabling him to say such sweet things as he said. He read and spoke upon Ps. eviii. He said it was the first verse he had had upon his mind, when thinking of our dear parent; and he said, “Though a child of God had to pass through many troubles and afflictions, and under the hidings of God's countenance, and might often fear that all would come to nothing at last, yet, through the many blessings that poor soul had been favoured with in times past, it was able

to say, 'O God, my heart is fixed;'" and he showed what a soul-cheering doctrine the final perseverance of the saints is, to know that the Lord loves his sheep even to the end, and what he has once done, is done for ever. Our dear parent was very much refreshed in her mind by this dear man's visit; for she had been in a poor, low way, a day or two before. She said, "How glad I am Mr. L. came; for I am delivered from all my fears. I had been thinking I was close upon the borders of eternity and had nothing to look back upon but all my sins, not only outward sins, but the sins of my thoughts."

After Mr. L. had engaged in prayer and left, my dear mother referred to several sweet passages of scripture and hymns in Gadsby's selection; and said, "Dear Mr. Philpot said it was better to die than to live. I shall be satisfied soon." Feeling very acutely her weariness, she said, "I am better off than my Jesus was. He had not where to lay his head. I want to be blessed indeed. I want to love him more; I want to go to him; I know what I want. There are many precious promises in the Bible, if we could appropriate them more. God be merciful to me, a sinner." Mr. Smith said he could use the words to his dying day; they suited him well.

At another time she said, "O how good the Lord is to me in bringing me down so gently. He has been good to me all the way through, and I think he will not leave me at last. I have felt sometimes to-night as if I did not know how it would be; but I shall be better soon. How good the Lord is. He has let me know before I die, that he has paid all for me."

I believe the last time she asked for a book was for my hymn book (Gadsby's). She opened it at hymn 616, and read it aloud with deep feeling.

Our dear parent was often unconscious, through extreme weakness.

On Saturday, Sept. 27th, she was very ill indeed. She said, "To live is Christ, to die is gain! Dear Mr. Philpot, when dying, said it was 'beautiful.' I wish I may find it so." On Monday, when greatly suffering, she said, "Why are his chariot wheels so long coming? Tell me,

"Shall it ever be,

A mortal man ashamed of thee?"

On Tuesday morning her eyes were shut for a long time, and we thought she was unconscious; but she looked upon me, and said, "Thy bread shall be given thee, and thy water sure." I shall not soon forget that look and my feelings. I felt it was from the Lord. I took the opportunity to read some sweet hymns, which she heard with gladness. In the afternoon she spoke very sweetly about waiting to enter into her everlasting rest.

On Wednesday morning, about four o'clock, it was as if she could see her dear Saviour. She put forth her arms three times, saying, "I cannot reach thee yet! I cannot reach my Jesus yet! I want to reach thee, my Jesus!" When I thought she was going, she once more said, "What are you crying for? Bless the Lord! Sing, 'God is love!'" She asked if all her children were present. We told her they were. I held a pillow for her to rest her head upon. She said, "I am very happy!" And in about five minutes she gently breathed out her ransomed spirit into the bosom of her dear Saviour, without moving hand or foot; so gently we could scarcely perceive the last breath.

She was indeed a good loving wife, an affectionate mother, and kind to all around her.

May the blessing of the Lord attend the reading of this to many poor fearing souls, and he shall have all the glory, now and evermore.

M. S.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

The year is gone! How quickly past!
 And peradventure 'tis the last
 That I shall spend on earth.
 With swift-wing'd flight time flies away;
 And shall I spend a new year's day
 In empty sensual mirth?

The year is gone! My soul, reflect
 On numerous sins and sad neglect,
 Which in each day appear;
 How rich the grace thy God has shown,
 Such a vile sinner not cut down,
 But spared another year!

The year is gone! Just like a dream,
 Or as some rapid-flowing stream,
 That suffers no delay.
 New year is come! Lord give me grace
 To run anew the Christian race,
 And reach eternal day.

IRONS.

LUTHER'S SNOW STORM.

Most of our readers probably do not know that Martin Luther, one of the greatest and best men that ever lived, was in his boyhood so poor that he went about the streets of the city singing songs for a little money to buy food to keep him from starving. But he was a faithful student, and God raised up friends for him, and made him, at last, the great and useful man that he was.

On a cold, dark night, when the wind was blowing hard, Conrad, a worthy citizen of a little town in Germany, sat playing his flute, while Ursula, his wife, was preparing supper. They heard a sweet voice singing outside:

"Foxes to their holes have gone,
 Every bird into its nest;
 But I wander here alone,
 And for me there is no rest."

Tears filled the good man's eyes as he said, "What a pity that voice should be spoiled by being tried in such weather!"

"I think it is the voice of a child. Let us open the door and see," said his wife, who had lost a little boy not long before, and whose heart was opened to take pity on the little wanderer.

Conrad opened the door, and saw a ragged child, who said,

"Charity, good Sir, for Christ's sake."

"Come in, my little one," said he. "You shall rest with me for the night."

The boy said, "Thank God!" and entered. The heat of the room made him faint, but Ursula's kind care soon restored him. They gave him some supper, and then he told them that he was the son of a poor miner and wanted to be a priest. He wandered about and sang, and lived on the money people gave him. His kind friends would not let him talk much, but sent him to bed. When he was asleep they looked in upon him, and were so pleased with his pleasant countenance that they determined to keep him if he was willing. In the morning they found that he was only too glad to remain. They sent him to school, and afterwards he entered a monastery. There he found the Bible, which he read, and from which he learned the way of life. The sweet voice of

the little singer became the strong echo of the good news, "Justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ." Conrad and Ursula, when they took that little street-singer into their house, little thought that they were nourishing the great champion of the Reformation. The poor child was Martin Luther! "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers."

The following is the whole of the song which Luther sang on that memorable night:

"Lord of heaven! Lone and sad,
I would lift my soul to thee;
Pilgrim in a foreign land,
Gracious Father, look on me.
I shall neither faint nor die
While I walk beneath thine eye.

"I will stay my faith on thee,
And will never fear to tread
Where the Saviour-Master leads;
He will give me daily bread.
Christ was hungry, Christ was poor;
He will feed me with his store.

"Foxes to their holes have gone,
Every bird into its nest;
But I wander here alone,
And for me there is no rest;
Yet I neither faint nor fear,
For the Saviour-Christ is near.

"If I live he'll near me be;
If I die to him I go.
He'll not leave me, I will trust him,
And my heart no fear shall know.
Sin and sorrow I defy;
For on Jesus I rely."

[It would be almost too much to hope that the poor boy really felt the force and sweetness of what he was singing. Yet why not? The blessed Spirit can in the heart of a child work faith as strong as in an adult.]

DAN. VIII. 25.—By pence; *i.e.*, in times of peace. Dr. Zouch and others think this was prophetic of the wanton and cruel waste of lives by the Roman exhibitions of gladiators and the exposure of criminals to wild beasts. Lipsius calculated that in one month no less than 20,000 or 30,000 lives were thus sacrificed in the different nations of Europe. During war, the people had other matters to attend to; therefore these exhibitions occurred during the times of peace.

LUKE XXIII. 43.—Speaking of Christ in his sufferings, that dear man of God, Hart, says,

"The strength of God is own'd by all;
But who his weakness knows?"

As God-Man, his strength was such that even in the midst of his sufferings his mere word sent his persecutors back, and they fell to the ground. As God-Man, he gave up his life. As man, as the substitute for his people, he had no power to save his life. Yet even in his weakness, even in the extremity of his weakness, just before he gave up the ghost, he rescued a bandit,—a murderer, from hell. "This day," said he to him, in answer to his prayer, "shalt thou be with me in paradise." O! Wonderful mystery!

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

FEBRUARY, 1874.

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

THE TRUE VINE.

OUTLINE OF A SERMON PREACHED BY MR. TRYON, AT DEEPING,
OCT. 14TH, 1873.

"I am the true vine."—JNO. XV. 1.

IT struck my mind to-day, when opening on this passage, that the Lord Jesus Christ in the word "true" had a special reference to himself as being the antitype and substance of the figure and illustration of the vine and vineyard, which had been so often used in the scriptures at previous dates. In former times the Lord had spoken of his people as a vineyard which he had planted with "the choicest vine," and he looked that it should bring forth grapes, "and it brought forth wild grapes." In another place he asks, "Why art thou turned into the degenerate plant of a strange vine unto me?" The Lord Jesus Christ in the text takes up, as he often did, what had been previously revealed, and simply says, "I am the true vine."

Abraham, in his day, had been as a true vine in his own person, and a partaker of the grace of God in truth, and yet he had not power to transmit what he was made possessor of to his descendants. His children were in very many cases only children after the flesh. They were under a covenant, of which the Lord said, "They continued not in my covenant, and I regarded them not;" but he speaks of a better covenant, of better promises, and of a better mediator. Abraham could not even give of his grace to Isaac. He was not a quickening spirit, he was not the Lord of life and glory; but he was the father of the faithful, and the friend of God; for all that are of faith are the children of faithful Abraham. They are partakers of the same quality of faith as Abraham, but not derived from Abraham. They have to receive it from God as Abraham had in his day, when God called him alone.

But as regards *this* vine, it never can degenerate, it never can cease to be the true vine. The Lord Jesus Christ is indeed the quickening and life-giving Spirit. He that is joined to that Lord is one spirit; we cannot be partakers of the grace of Christ without being partakers of life.

As regards being children of Abraham, it is as if the Lord said, "Do not think that that is of any distinctive value; for 'God is
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able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham.'" How the Lord speaks of breaking off the original branches, and grafting in wild branches instead. But in the case of the true vine and its branches, "I am the true vine." We cannot be in living union to Christ, we cannot live on Christ and feed on him by faith of the operation of the Spirit, and perish. "Your fathers did eat manna and are dead; he that eateth of this bread shall live for ever." And he that hath the sap of this vine shall live for ever. "Every one which seeth the Son, and believeth on him, may have everlasting life."

Before leaving you, when necessity caused me to go from you; I used to say what I now repeat and confess. I find in my own case, and I doubt not you in yours, that my natural mind will cause me to be exercised about religion of some kind and character every day; but it has no aptness for the gospel of the grace of God. It would make you religious as Cain was, or Saul of Tarsus before born of God, or as thousands of Papists and professors are religious. The natural reasoning mind has no bias towards the grace of God. There is no receiving anything of spiritual value but from above. Step by step as you travel on you will find religion has to be brought unto you.

I lately heard of an afflicted person who had been favoured, saying, "I had nothing to fetch; it was all brought to me." I liked the remark; it conveyed a great deal. At times we seek to fetch water. "The poor and needy seek water and there is none;" but when God commands the clouds to yield the rain, they tarry not for man, but are poured down of God's pleasure. You have nothing to fetch; it is all from above. "I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground." It comes flowing from the richness and grace of God; there is no straitness with the Lord; with us is the straitness.

"I am the true vine." It is a mercy when we feel what this nature would lead us to, to be religious apart from the gospel of the grace of God. How some people say it is of no great importance what people profess, if they be but sincere. If you are sincere in the world's religion, how can it tend to your coming near to God? If you are sincere in travelling to Babylon, how can you expect to reach Jerusalem? What a mercy that the Lord, who knows our nature, if we wander out of the way, if we are of the Lord's wondrous choice, is sure to come to fetch us back. If you have that stirring in your heart that you want to live in an actual nearness to the Lord, how we see, when we cannot attain to what we reach after, the Father is pleased again and again to give us fresh discoveries of his dear Son. When we find nature's root cannot bear fruit, how he will turn the heart, and mind, and affection to his dear Son. What ways he has of bringing before us the gospel of God's grace, and what ways he has of bringing poor people to feel their need of the particulars of it; not merely of the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, as it were, a whole loaf, but broken up into mouthfuls for us as we need this or that part.

What a variety of offices there are in the Lord Jesus Christ, and what a variety of ways to set him forth. Thus he says, as in the text, "I am the true vine."

One of the thoughts that began to work on my heart this morning was this: "Then all wide of him, apart from him, separate from him, is of no use." Christ must be the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last. Every branch not in me can do nothing; and yet every child of God is to bring forth fruit to redound to the glory of God, and without union to Christ no such fruit can be brought forth. Gracious affections do not produce grace, but are from the effects of grace. When the heart begins to go out towards God, when poor people hunger and thirst after righteousness, it is not that they may have life, though it is so to their feelings, but because they are already in possession of the grace of life, and, being in possession of life, they have senses that want supplying. There is an appetite for that which God designs should satisfy it, and he gives a desire for that which God designs should be enjoyed; there is a feeling after God that God only can supply, and where this is found, it is not that after all it should come to derision and mockery.

"I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman." It seems a great help to me, in looking at the next verse, that as Christ was taking these illustrations which had been previously used by God, and was applying them to himself, showing the superiority of the substance over the shadow, he could say, "Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away." It is as if the Lord said, "Because you are by nature descendants of Abraham, you think you have a title to eternal life. 'Search the scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life.' Then, when you read such passages as about the vineyard, you claim them in your favour. If it is written, 'A vineyard in a very fruitful field,' you claim that; and that you have Abraham for your father, you claim that. You look upon it that that is all you need. But 'every branch that beareth not fruit he taketh away!'" These were the natural branches, branches only by birth, being Abraham's descendants, but not with any vital union to the Lord Jesus Christ, and not with any knowledge of what those beautified types and shadows were intended to set forth. They were under a covenant of works; they preferred Moses to Christ. "We are Moses's disciples; but as for this fellow, we know not from whence he is!" All of that character were never led to see that these former things were weak and beggarly elements. The blood of bulls and goats was sufficient to pacify their minds, never having been wounded to purpose. Saul was an instance of this. Touching the righteousness which was in the ceremonial law, he was in his own eyes blameless; he needed not regeneration; he needed not to be born of the Spirit of God; all the advantages he had had were sufficient for a title to heaven; but all this he had without any knowledge of Christ. Saul was to be a

witness that Stephen's was not to be accounted a foul murder, but a just putting of that man to death. "They laid down their clothes at a young man's feet whose name was Saul." So that it is not speaking wide of the truth to say that numbers of these people, in addition to Saul of Tarsus, claimed the possession of eternal life, and looked upon God as their Father, and upon themselves as fairly bound for heaven, though they had no union to the Lord Jesus Christ. "Search the scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me." You think your title to eternal life is clearly proved by the scriptures, but you leave me out altogether.

Now, my dear friends, how is it with you and me? Do you look at a variety of secondary evidences, your reformation from a profane to professing life? Do you remember the time when these things of God were a weariness to you, but you say it is all different now? But what is there beyond such profession? What going out of the heart to the Lord Jesus Christ? What receiving out of Christ any drops of grace? "Out of his fulness have all we received, and grace for grace." Has the Lord given you a distaste for the spirit of the world? And can you find happiness in any society but that of gracious people when in a gracious frame of mind? The spirit of the world is as a spirit of death, but life and life can flow together. What a mercy to be powerfully dealt with at any time from the Lord.

The Lord says, "I am the vine; ye are the branches." If we are so in spirit, as we are not forced, as we are not mere machines, there will be inward exercises, inward teaching; there will be drawing virtue from the Lord Jesus Christ, brought about by the Lord's way of dealing with the heart, mind, spirit, and conscience; so that the Lord will use every sense, sanctifying it to himself; eyes within, a heart within; not a bodily heart, but those affections which are expressed in scripture by the heart, giving us a living and spiritually-enlightened conscience, and causing it from time to time to speak out.

"I am the true vine." Has God been dealing with us thus that we shall not receive that which will satisfy our spirits from any other quarter, that, if not feelingly in the vine, you will be a miserable creature, and you will have no enjoyment of life but in connexion with his dear Son? Does God, as a Father, so deal with us? I trust he does, at times, in measure in my poor soul; and I am sure if God does not do it, I could not myself,—a heart so bent on backsliding from God, and so entangled with sinful curiosity, and so caught away with trifles. How we have to suffer from that again and again, and how lost in it if God did not recover, which he does not do as an absolute God, but only in connexion with his dear Son, only in gracious discoveries of himself as made known in the ever-blessed Trinity. God was in Christ reconciling the world to himself. All reconciled to God in their Spirit are so by gracious discoveries of Christ. Christ said, "No man cometh to the Father but by me." He is not brought to

Christ as a dead thing carried on a railroad; but there is a coming in desire, in a sense of want, and in affection. How soon the new-born child wants the breast; so "every man that hath heard and hath learned of the Father cometh unto me." There are no breasts of consolation, no milk of the gospel, but in connexion with the virtue of Christ and discoveries of Christ's death.

One point I see more and more,—the importance of having seasonable views of the Lord Jesus Christ suitable to and seasonable for the stage in which we are. If I were to preach Christ in all his intense purity, and coming to judge the world on his great white throne, it would not attract a really convinced sinner. Would it not rather strike the dying dead? Would it not rather swallow them up? Would they not rather be ready to call on the rocks and the mountains to cover them? When we have a troubled, burdened conscience, such a view of Christ as on his great white throne could never heal a wounded spirit, not even a whole Christ in all that he had manifested before his death would meet our needs; but it must be Christ wounded, Christ bruised, Christ with stripes inflicted on him and shedding his life's blood, before any healing balm can reach the soul. "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." No such drawing power as flows from a crucified Christ. "I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ and him crucified."

My dear friends, we have never seen a branch grafted without the tree being wounded. It never could receive the sap without, at least, the bark being wounded.

Without that how can the sap flow? "They shall look on him whom they have pierced." Without that piercing it is like a rock without a cleft, no entering in. I might follow Christ, I might hear what fell from his lips; but what avail except he was bruised? "Except ye eat the flesh and drink the blood of the Son of man, ye have no life in you." Do we ask, "How can this man give us his flesh to eat?" Only in this way. If he give it he must die. Christ had a life wherewith to give away a life: "Therefore doth my Father love me, because I lay down my life, that I might take it again. No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again." All our salvation is connected with that wonderful grace and power. "The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." Through his death, and nothing short of it.

"I am the true vine." If ever the Lord has given you a taste of the virtue that is in Christ, and if ever you have received out of his fulness the grace of faith, you are in union to the true vine that never can be liable to degenerate; not as Abraham's descendants, who were children after the flesh but had not his grace. O to come to the spirits of just men made perfect, who were in union to Christ the Son of God, and now manifesting themselves as parts of his own mystical body in the presence of God, where

there is not one false part, not one deceitful part, not one of such as many of Abraham's children were. O to be in union to Christ, to eat of his flesh and to drink of his blood, and to become of one spirit with him; to be bound up in that bundle where Christ is the fountain of life. "He that hath the Son hath life." "I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman."

My dear friends, when we look on a tree and see it beautifully pruned, how sure we are that it sets forth the skill and care of some one. Christ never sought his own glory, but always that of his Father; and when he sets himself forth as the true vine, it is of the Father's own planting, giving, tending, and nourishing. "As the living Father hath sent me, and I live by the Father, so he that eateth me, even he shall live by me." "I am the true vine." He did not speak this for self-exaltation, not to disparage his Father's glory; but immediately adds, "and my Father is the husbandman." O how the very ordering of the tree and grafting and pruning of these branches shows the care, skill, and tenderness of the husbandman.

The Father says, "Behold my servant whom I uphold." If Christ "learned obedience," who laid on him the very sufferings through which he learnt it? How he brought the message where the Father would have him deliver it; how he was held in his Father's hand while delivering it; how wonderful was the grace and mercy of the Father in all this.

"Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away." This is just similar to the case of the scribes, Pharisees, and others who were at one time offended, when, instead of the Lord Jesus Christ seeming surprised, he only said, "Every plant which my heavenly Father has not planted shall be rooted up." The Jews had said they were Abraham's seed; but every branch that has no relationship higher than that is one that "beareth not fruit." No such branches ever did bear fruit at any time; there was no living fruit. Every one must know severally and separately of the work of Christ in their own soul who truly knows him. When Peter confessed his knowledge of Christ, Christ pronounced him "blessed;" but though a descendant of Abraham, it was not his natural birth that enabled him to receive him; for Christ said, "Flesh and blood hath not revealed this unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven." My dear friends, all we know to purpose must be in the same way, how the salvation of every sinner is only and wholly of the Lord. You cannot have too poor an opinion of self. If the Lord enables you to see yourself, and at the same time to see what is in Christ, and to receive virtue from him, you may bear to be nothing.

I would thank God for that sweet word "dead." "Ye are dead." Dead means dead. "Ye are dead." What a mercy to be able to see that. Then all struggling to make the corpse a living body is of no avail. It feigns to be able to put forth the actions of life; it is always desiring to have honour put upon it; but "ye are dead." Paul said, "God forbid that I should glory

save in the cross of Christ,"—Christ's cross and Christ crucified. It was not glorying in having a cross that was similar to the cross of Christ, but in the cross which Christ bore. "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." Not glorying in some sort of sufferings that were similar to his, though he did glory in sufferings: "I glory in infirmities also, that the power of Christ may rest on me." But here he gloried in Christ crucified, who was all his salvation and all his desire; to know him, to win him, to be found in him.

"He taketh away." His providence will, sooner or later, make plain that these branches had no root of the matter in them, that they were not born of the Spirit, and that they had no union to Christ; yet the profession of these branches may be carried on through life, and they may die without its being manifestly taken away. The Bible plainly says so. "Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name, and in thy name have cast out devils, and in thy name done many wonderful works?" Now, mind, my dear friends, these persons laid stress on what they had done in the Lord's name, and their complaint was that they were not rewarded for what they had done; their aim was to be esteemed God's children. Have not we done this and that? There was nothing but self in their case; not what the Lord was to them, but what they had done for the Lord, and how they had succeeded? If we had this, we could not say, "I had nothing to fetch." But if the Lord has brought the food and set the table, if he has brought you into his banqueting-house, he has no heart to say, "I never knew you." If we lean on what we have done for the Lord, of what avail is it? All such are something in their own eyes, but God's people have to be taught that they are nothing, and that Christ is all.

My dear friends, now what will all this appear to our wretched reasoning minds but that it is something notional, and what any one can get into the habit of talking about? But this you must expect if you are on the right road; the flesh will lust against the Spirit, and your own natural mind will consider it all as foolishness. It will call it light food. Your reasoning mind will say that it is tired of the Lord and of the name of Christ, that it wants something more substantial. But O to grow up in the Lord Jesus Christ, to derive all from him, to cast all our care with singleness of purpose on him, and to know no name but the name of Christ! That is the great part of God's discipline with us, to keep killing us to ourselves, and causing Christ to become increasingly precious to us.

"He purgeth it that it may bring forth more fruit." If conscious of what I am conscious of, this wandering of mind from the spirit of the gospel, and dropping down into a mere natural exercise of the mind about religion, and not seeking the power of the gospel, then what purging we need; just as if we grafted a tree, every shoot below the graft we should want to purge or cut off. And how the Lord uses such a variety of means to set the

Lord Jesus Christ alone as the mark of the prize of the high calling. Not a dozen marks of the prize, but to win Christ himself, and to look for that glorious resurrection when Christ shall appear in glory, and to be able to say, in heart and spirit, "Even so come, Lord Jesus."

"Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you." The Lord had not so spoken to the natural branches; they had not heard his voice in a particular manner; they had never had a sense of forgiveness. His word had never been to them spirit and life; they were still in their first-born state, in a state of nature. Christ had said, "While ye have the light, walk in the light;" but they had no eyes for the true light; and he declared how soon darkness would come on them. They had no heart for the Son of God.

Then, my dear friends, we have to thank God for whatever we go through, for whatever trials we may have to endear the Lord Jesus, for whatever may make us conscious that there is no real enjoyment of life but what we derive from him.

When I was away, I was at first better in health; then how weak. How soon I thanked the Lord for that. He will not let you lean on outward means. When using a variety of providential means, as if this or that would surely give relief, how God may withdraw the relief already given, that you may prove that you are only dependent on the grace, goodness, and sovereign pleasure of the Lord. What a mercy this is; and all this discipline is not thrown away on us. So, also, if you have more of this world's goods, it cannot give satisfaction. You may have less comfort of your life with more outward means, and you will be brought to feel that "in his favour is life." I find it is not sweet feelings from an absolute God (if that were possible) that would satisfy the soul; but it is the Lord's design that all grace and mercy shall be connected with the gospel of his grace, to glorify his dear Son; that all shall be connected with the covenant of his grace, and with the Mediator of the new covenant. All his children must be as branches of a tree. "The righteous shall flourish as a branch," and in no other way. They may exist with a bare existence; but they shall only flourish as they realize their relationship to the true vine. As the virtue of Christ and the grace of Christ are communicated to us, so only do we enjoy our relationship. So poor people are made to cry, "Give me Christ, and make him all to me that God has declared him to be, for I need him in every character and in every office. Christ and Christ alone."

METHINKS we may contemplate Jesus on the cross, as we look up and behold him, with his arms extended, inviting his redeemed to come to him, as they are stretched forth to embrace them. And while his arms are thus open to receive, his feet are waiting for their coming; and, with his head reclining, he looks down with his eyes of love, as welcoming their approach.—*Hawker*.

A LETTER BY THE LATE MR. HENRY BIRCH, OF CRANBROOK.

Dear Friend,—I can assure you it is not a common thing to see me so free and lively as you felt I was when I was at Croydon. Blessed be the Lord, who anoints with fresh oil, because he is gracious, and can and will show mercy, because it flows in a channel of strict justice to us; so that he is righteous, and just, and holy in all his ways towards his elect, whom he has chosen, saved in the Lord, and sanctifies according to the tenor of that covenant which is so beautifully ordered in all things, “Excellent perfect in his way” (2 Sam. xxii. 31), as it may be fairly translated. And, therefore, you and I should look into this perfect law of liberty, as James calls it, until we are changed into the very image of Him who is “the brightness of the Father’s glory, and the express image of his person.”

If we are intent upon this, Satan will be intent on marring our path, entangling our affections, and causing a separation between us and the Lord; and then a Brother, as the Lord Jesus most truly is, is offended, and “a brother offended is harder to be won than a strong city, and their contentions are like the bars of a castle.” (Prov. xviii. 19.) It is our privilege to inquire of the Lord why he has brought us into darkness and not into light; why he turneth his hand against us all the day; why he has made us to err from his ways, and hardened our hearts from his fear.*

It is good, my dear friend, to judge ourselves, and thus to make straight paths for our feet. Be assured the Lord will not deviate from the rule of his word; we must bend to *him*. I know this; for I was inflexible for many a year, but never found rest till I was bended to his will and way.

Nov. 19th.—You will think that I am a long time answering your letter, and I think so too; but now, having a little leisure, I will send the above, with perhaps a few words more.

I have no doubt that you have made to yourself crooked paths; and if you have you will never know peace till God speaks it, and he will not before there is hearty confession. Naomi could say that the Lord’s hand had gone out against her; but, as good Mr. Huntington once observed, “she forgot to say that her feet had previously gone out against the Lord. No sin, no rod,” he used to say; “no iniquity, no stripes.” Remember, you are called to endure hardness. If Satan oppresses, you must remember that when the enemy comes in like a flood, none but the

* These are all scripture expressions, but we do not think they are here used in a scriptural way; that is, as they would be understood by the Jews. It is well known that the Jews were in the habit of expressing themselves in the *active* sense when the *passive* was intended; just as in the case of Pharaoh, whose heart, we are told, the Lord hardened. But this is the *literal* translation, and not, according to *our* mode of expression, the absolute meaning. The Jews well understood that it simply meant that the Lord left Pharaoh to act according to his own naturally hard heart.

Spirit of the Lord can lift up an effectual standard against him, and put him to flight. Feel for you I hope I do. We are to remember that "the same afflictions are accomplished in the brethren which are in the world (1 Pet. v. 9), and we are to be "grieved for the afflictions of Joseph" (Amos vi. 6), and to bear each other's burdens. (Gal. vi. 2.) Remember that the Holy Spirit is a Spirit of faith, a Spirit of grace and of supplications, a Spirit of power to wrestle with God, a Spirit of love to God and his truth and his people, and the Spirit of a sound mind; and the Spirit of adoption is from him. Pray to him. He can revive the expiring spark. Christ is Zion's holy flame, and Israel's refiner's fire. You will find both light and heat at this altar. Your name signifies one who has the charge of a treasure. Timothy had this treasure; therefore the Apostle Paul bid thus: "That good thing which was committed unto thee, keep by the Holy Ghost which dwelleth in us." It is in the original that good, or noble, or beautiful deposit, keep by the Holy Ghost. This beautiful deposit is the word and Spirit which is, according to the tenor of the better covenant, given to all the heirs of promise. Read Isa. lix. 21. To them are committed the oracles of God. May you show the genuineness of your faith by your prevalence in prayer. "I write unto you, young men, because ye are strong, and the word of God abideth in you, and ye have (by the prayer of faith) overcome the wicked one."

Days of adversity are apparently at hand; therefore obey God's word, Isa. xxvi. 20: "Come, my people, enter thou into thy chambers, and shut thy doors about thee. Hide thyself as it were for a little moment, until the indignation be overpast."

Wishing you and yours much peace through the blood of the Lamb, which alone cleanses from all sin,

Yours very affectionately in Christ Jesus,

Waterloo Place, Cranbrook, Oct. 9, 1851.

HENRY BIRCH.

OUR GOD AND HIS SALVATION.

My dear Brother,—May grace, mercy, and peace be with you in all its fulness; for I am sure you, as well as I, have much need of these blessings, because that in and of ourselves we are poor, lost, ruined sinners, and can of ourselves do nothing good; and therefore God must do all for us, and that according to his own grace, mercy, and truth as in his own dear Son. I ofttimes feel were it not for mercy, mercy that endureth for ever, there would be no hope for me; therefore I have to cry, in the language of the poor publican, "God be merciful to me, a sinner."

Dear brother, I do feel very deeply a sense of my vileness, as in the sight of God. Sometimes, in my feelings, I seem void of everything that belongs to a child of God, having no sensible hope, no light, no enjoyment of the fulfilment of the exceeding great and precious promises, no sweet communion with the Father, or with his Son Jesus Christ. I can truly say with Hart:

“Of feeling all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.”

I know full well that I cannot change this state of things, which is very trying to me; but again I do know with dear Hart that,

“Something yet can do the deed,
And that dear something much I need;
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And move and melt this heart of mine.”

Bless the Lord, then, that the power is his own, and that his dear Son is mighty to save. And when we feel the power of Jesus to save, what a change takes place in our feelings. Hope springs up in the heart, mercy is sweet, and Jesus Christ, in all that he is to his poor and afflicted people, is precious to our souls. O, what a blessed change! And all according to the riches of his grace. I do feel sometimes the power, the savour, the unction of these things in my own soul. Then I forget the wormwood and the gall, my trials, afflictions, sorrows, and temptations, and the dear Redeemer is my all and in all. But soon, very soon, (alas, it is so!) something comes and upsets me, and then again I am grovelling in the miry clay of thoughts which are too bad to name.

Truly my feelings are a riddle to myself. I am sometimes up with my precious Jesus in sweet communion, in which my soul delights, and sometimes down with the thoughts of my wicked and deceitful heart, which my soul hates.

Well, dear brother, perhaps I had better say no more about these things, lest I tire you; but one other thing I wish to tell you about myself. To-day I have felt a portion of God's word sweet to my soul; and it was truly refreshing to me. It was this: “And it shall be said in that day, Lo, this is our God; we have waited for him, and he will save us. This is the Lord; we have waited for him. We will be glad and rejoice in his salvation.” “*Our God*” was indeed precious to me, and I had to repeat the words several times: “*Our God!*” And even as I write I cannot describe the power of the words to my soul, “*Our God!*” Then again, “His salvation!” I can truly say I have waited for that for twelve years next August, and I am still waiting and begging, for I am a poor thing; “but they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength. They shall mount up with wings as eagles. They shall run and not be weary, and they shall walk and not faint.”

I hope you will excuse this long letter; for I have written more than I intended to do. I want you to come to Barrow, if God will, the first Lord's day you are at liberty. We have taken a nice room to meet in, and hope the Lord is with us. Please think of us when you make your arrangements.

Yours in Jesus,

Barrow-in-Furness, June 18, 1873.

F. LOWTHER.

**"I WILL REMEMBER THEE FROM THE LAND OF
JORDAN," &c.**

Ps. XLII. 6.

I REMEMBER thee from Jordan still,
From Hermon's mount and Mizar's hill;
My soul must still on thee depend,
The heavenly softening dew to send.

It well subdues and melts my heart,
And bids each murmuring thought depart;
Creates a hope in thy dear name
Worth more than all the worldling's fame.

It makes me on thee cast my care,
And seek to thee by fervent prayer;
Yea, soon it leads my mind above,
And fills my soul with hope and love.

It makes me search thy holy Word,
To see if thou wilt help afford
To one more helpless, vile, and base
Than any who have sought thy face.

And O, if thou shouldst deign to hear,
And quickly banish every fear,
Shouldst to my waiting soul exclaim,
"Thou shalt not seek my face in vain,"

How soon it calms my troubled breast,
Which flees to thee for peace and rest,
And seeks an interest in thy love,
And in the all-atoning blood.

It makes me love thy children dear.
And gladly seek thy house of prayer;
To hang upon thy preached word,
As being the mind of Christ, my Lord.

It warms my heart and makes me say,
"Thou art the truth, the life, the way."
Thy servant's word thou wilt perform,
And safely guide through every storm,

Until I reach that blest abode,
No more to mourn an absent God,
Through everlasting day to tell
Thy power to save from death and hell.

Rolvenden, Nov., 1873.

M. B.

My poor feeble heart droops when I think, write, or talk of anything but Jesus. O that I could get near him, and live believingly on him! I would walk, and talk, and sit, and eat, and rest with him. I would have my heart always doting on him, and find itself ever present with him.—*Berridge*.

SET FREE.

My very dear Friend,—Do forgive my long silence. I forget whether I have written since I received that very kind letter from Mr. Freeman. If not, I desire to thank him. I know it came very sweet at the time.

I hope you, my dear friend, are more and more realizing that this is not your rest, and that amidst all your tempest-tossings to and fro you can still cast anchor within the vail. O to feel that our hope centres in the mangled, crushed, torn, bleeding, dear Lamb of God!

My very dear friend, I can now say, from blessed experience in the Lord, I am sure you will rejoice with me to hear that I have had a deliverance from under that terrible sentence which I had been under for 18 years, which you may have forgotten: "Bind him hand and foot, and cast him into outer darkness." Why God should, in his tender compassion, show such love and pity to such a sinner of the deepest dye is a mystery which is unfathomable.

"Amazing grace, how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me."

I can only say a baser one never walked this earth than myself. I have done nothing but sin and rebel against him; so I can only say with the poet:

"But 'twas because he loved my soul,
Because *he died for me*;
Because that *nothing* could control
His great, his sweet *decrec*."

When I look back now to the time when I was in all that bondage and darkness, O what a mystery it seems to me that God should cause hope to spring up and keep it alive. But, my dear friends, it would take me a long time to tell you, and to write it would fill many sheets of paper; so I can but just touch on it. I have often said to my dear friend H. (who is still living here with me) that I thought it would be too much for the poor body to bear in this life; and yet I had felt to beg for it before a dying hour.

I was brought very low just before I was delivered, having more of those terrible sentences. O! How awfully solemn they are to bear. I felt sure of going to hell, that God's decrees were against me, that I was a reprobate, and that God could not save me. God knoweth; but I think I should soon have lost my reason had that sharp work continued long. But one day I was pleading God's word with him, such as his promises to those that seek him, and I waited still for him to answer me; and he did with these words: "And because he could swear by no greater, he sware by himself, that we might have strong consolation who have fled to *him* for refuge." I cannot tell what I saw in these words. They immediately removed the fear that I should go to hell, and I felt that there and then, as it were, I could die safe at the feet of Jesus, knowing that I had fled to him for refuge.

O the love of our dear blessed, compassionate Father, how by *degrees* he prepared me to receive the full blessing after that, by a promise, he gave me to feel I was an heir, and after that to feel that I was a son by chastisement. He then took me back to his promise to me in 1858: "I will correct thee in measure." Our people were all out, and I was just putting my poor little children to bed, and when I had done so I sat on a chair, overcome with the goodness of God to me; and I said, "Now, O Lord, do come, do come and bless me, even me." And he immediately drew nigh with these words: "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you. Ye shall suck the breasts of consolation." O the blessed feeling of adoption that I had, calling God my father in the most endearing language I could think of.

The next was God the dear blessed Spirit coming with these words: "And the Spirit *itself* maketh intercession for us, with *groanings* that cannot be uttered." The next was the coming of the dear Redeemer. The Father seemed to bring him with these words:

"Nor is the Surety short of love;
He loves beyond degree."

"To the praise of the glory of his grace, wherein he hath made us accepted in the Beloved." And then came these words:

"O, my Saviour, thou art mine,
With all thy grace and power;
And I am now and shall be thine,
When time shall be no more."

But, my dear friend, I cannot tell the rich full blessing. O the many blessed scriptures and verses of hymns that followed into my soul! And while I felt to be in the presence of the Sacred Three, I begged of the Lord to seal the visit with blood; and he brought me to the blood of sprinkling—O sacred, holy spot! with these words: "And when I see *the blood, I will pass over.*" I then asked my dear Redeemer to deliver me as a prey from the hands of the devil; *which he did.* O my deliverance has been very great, very grand, very holy!

Thus I, a poor worm, sat still. I saw this great salvation. It was on Tuesday night, May 15th. I can never describe it. I felt to be in the presence of the Sacred Three for nearly two hours, and all the time scriptures and hymns were coming into my mind; and the dear Redeemer kept up his visit till Thursday. I wanted not to part with his dear Sacred Majesty. No; I would have kept him if I could all my days.

Dear friend, I hope this will rejoice your heart. I have long thought of writing to you. O how safe are God's dear children with one promise pledged to them! God, in 1858, promised that he would restore health and heal my wound; but I never could have thought I could receive such a blessing till it came.

What a blessed privilege it is to sit under an experimental ministry! How I feel that the ministry that I hear is the truth.

O that you may long live yet to proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ to poor perishing sinners. I tremble to think of the many faithful servants of God who are being gathered in, while few seem left to care for the vineyard of God.

God Almighty bless you; and that you may receive much of the unction of the Holy One is the prayer of the most worthless of all God's children.

35, Conduit Street, Regent Street, April, 1867.

E. TAYLOR.

A SYMPATHIZING EPISTLE.

My dear Mrs. Gadsby,—We all desire much to sympathize with you in your present affliction, and sincerely hope that you may soon recover from the shock and suffering which must have been caused by your unhappy overturn.

I well remember what a sufferer you were, a year or two ago, from being knocked down in the street; and without sanctioning any such thought or expression as "fatality," it would almost seem as if it were your lot to get the heaviest part of such visitations.

I remember well, also, a few words which dropped from you in the vestry at Gower Street, when I expressed my sympathy with you in your long affliction and trial; and, indeed, it greatly rejoiced my heart to find that the sweetness of manifested mercy had so dropped into your cup as to reconcile you to its often bitter draught. O, what is this wretched world, and this poor vain life of ours, which every day is shortening and bringing to its appointed close? Surely, well has it been said of it that it is all "vanity and vexation of spirit." But to be able, in sweet hope and confidence, to look beyond this wretched life to a state of eternal bliss, where there is neither sin,—the greatest of all ills, nor sickness,—of which you have had a large portion, nor sorrow,—of which, no doubt, you have had your share, will not this make ample amends for all?

Salvation is for sinners; for "it is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." As such, therefore, and as such only, must we be saved.

We all unite in very kind regards and the best wishes of the season to Mr. Gadsby, Mrs. Wright Gee, and Mr. Alfred.

Yours very sincerely,

6, Sydenham Road, Croydon, Dec. 30, 1868. J. C. PHILPOT.

[The above was written to the late Mrs. John Gadsby. She was going, with her husband and daughter, to the Aged Pilgrims' Asylum, at Camberwell, to have tea with the old pilgrims, which Mrs. G. had provided for them, when the cab was overturned. Through mercy, however, though the windows were smashed, no one received serious injury. The other circumstance referred to was this: Mrs. G. was knocked down near Hyde Park Corner, when her face, &c., were much cut and bruised, and she had to be taken into St. George's Hospital, close by, to have her wounds dressed.]

CONWAY STREET CHAPEL.

MR. ROBINS TO MR. GADSBY.

Dear Friend,—We have received your letter, and thank you for it, though we clearly see from it that as it respects the plan brother Warburton proposed to you, it is frustrated. [See "G. S., Sept., 1873.] But it still gives us a solid ground to hope that we shall see you in London, because you inform us that you have four or five weeks in the year to go where the Lord directs you. We, therefore, the minister and committee, in perfect unison upon the point, earnestly request that you will pay us a visit at Conway Street chapel as soon as it is possible; for, be it known to my friend that my health is very middling, and the sooner he can come to us the sooner shall I be able to go into the country; and I hope the Lord will make the change a blessing to me. I think of going to Brighton during the time you are in London; and I hope you will be able to stop with us six weeks at the least. If you can come the last Lord's day in April, or the first Lord's day in May, we should be very glad; but we must leave it with you to determine the time; only the sooner the better.

I have heard that brother Warburton is going to Manchester. If so, you will not be put to it for a supply; but you are the best judge of this. When you come, may God come with you, and make your visit a blessing to the souls of his own people in London. For my own part, my friend, I can say that I am in the path of tribulation, and when I am in my right mind I have no desire to be in any other, knowing there is no other path to the kingdom. The flesh cannot endure such a path, but blessed be God for a good hope through grace; for the love of God, when enjoyed, sweetens all; and a faith's view of enjoying God for evermore satisfies the soul.

We all unite in wishing you the happy enjoyment of God's love, and that you may be kept at the feet of Jesus in a teachable, trustable frame of soul, and that he may bless you with all needed good. We hope also that your family and friends are all well. Things with us are much as usual. God for ever bless you. So prays

London, March 30, 1818.

Your unworthy friend,

EDMUND ROBINS.

JOHN RUSK'S DIARY.

(Continued from page 29.)

Sunday, Jan. 5th.—I heard Mr. Robins twice, but did not feel lively. I dined and drank tea with Mary, though I was asked by Mr. Robins, but I hated the thought of going there so often.

Monday, 6th.—I went out very cast down, and met a sail-maker who declared he and others had been all the way up and down the trade looking for work, but there was none. I went up to Tidy's, and found he had set down a man this morning;

but he refused me, telling me all must be done on Wednesday. I then thought, "It's your own fault, for if you had called up earlier you would have got the job." Now, this is our logic; and I don't doubt but Jacob reflected on himself for sending Joseph to seek his brethren, thinking he had been the indirect cause of his death, as it did appear to reason; but after many years and after many wretched conclusions, saying, "All these things are against me," when he saw the waggons, and heard that Joseph was lord over all the land of Egypt, he found that God had done this to preserve them alive, and he had a hearty invitation to go down, and even not to regard the stuff. He then could say with David, "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life;" and in the close of his days, he said, "The God that has fed me all my life long." O what a wretched thing is unbelief and carnal reason!

After some potatoes, which we had for dinner, about four o'clock I went with my shoes to Southwell's to mend, and was very cast down indeed. I drank tea there, went to chapel, and heard with much attention and satisfaction. I received my 4s. from the fund, and Mr. B. asked me if I wanted a night's lodging. I said, "Yes, if you please." I supped there, and slept with Mr. Buckland. We had some profitable conversation in bed till past one o'clock.

Tuesday, 7th.—Before I came away he gave me 3s. Bless the Lord for his mercies! I offered to take a dozen snuff-boxes with Mr. Huntington's bust on them to sell them to some of his followers; and I thought, "I'll take some to Mrs. Perry;" which I did, and she bought two, and gave me two old hats, which were very suitable to go to work in. I brought home three pounds of beefsteak, 1s. 1½d., and some tea and sugar, and am not so low, for I see God's hand, though I am not exempt from temptation; for I shall never, I believe, get clear of those suggestions that I am a hypocrite and sooner or later shall be discovered. After dinner, when I had committed my way to God, I read a chapter or two in Jeremiah, in which were two texts, one of which appeared against me and the other appeared for me. That which appeared against me was xxxviii., in Zedekiah's answer to Jeremiah, telling him that the Jews would mock him; and he was afraid of his enemies; and that which appeared for me was xxxix., God's promise to Ebed-melech that he should not be delivered into the hands of them he was afraid of, but have his life for a prey, because he had put his trust in the Lord. I then went out to look for work, and took a letter with me, an answer to one Jane sent, which, though it appeared to be very wrong in Jane, because my wife had to borrow twopence of a strange woman to pay the post, yet it turned out for the best in the end. I, therefore, went out, taking some of the snuff-boxes in my pocket; and I thought, "I'll ask Mrs. F.;" which I did, and she had one, and gave me 1s. 6d. for myself. I then walked on, and thought, "I'll call at Mr. Heath's, and ask him

if he'll have a box;" and it was so ordered that he was in bed, occasioned by a cold he had the day before, or he would have been out as usual. I saw him; and, though he refused to have a box, yet he gave me 5s., saying it was for my Christmas-box. I sat there till past four o'clock, and then went to Humphrey's, as I had promised to take two boxes, and it was the most convenient night. I drank tea and had some profitable discourse, and came away with Mr. Simpson, and he gave me 3s. There was 6d. change in Humphrey's box, which he would not take; so that in all I received 19s. to-day clear of the boxes. O what a precious life is a life of faith and dependence on God! No one can tell how sweet these blessings come at the nick of time! The poor widow was gathering two sticks to make a fire to bake a cake for her and her sons, that they might eat it and die; but the prophet came with a "Thus saith the Lord." But O I am a dull scholar. I came home very thankful to God and also to the instruments, and felt liberty in prayer.

Wednesday, 8th.—When I first awoke, Satan suggested this text as belonging to me: "Thine heart they have exercised with covetous practices; cursed children;" and another text: "And with feigned words will they make merchandise of you, whose judgment of a long time lingereth not, and their damnation slumbereth not." These texts, when I looked at them, appeared very awful, and very suitable to me; but yet my hope did not give way so much as I have found it before; and when I got up the storm was over, and I felt peace and a thankful heart to the Lord for his mercies. And in no other way do I find out that these terrible texts do not come from God, but by finding the same peace, rest, quietness, love, &c., to the Lord come again and again. When the storm is over, all is right. Whereas, if these texts came from God, and did in reality belong to me, I never should endure so many of them, but should have been in hell long ago; for in God's word we find that no hypocrite ever stood the second onset, but always went down in the first. See Saul, Balaam, Ahithophel, Cain, Judas, &c. But really it is painful work, and yet it is very profitable to the soul, and keeps us on the watch and from taking advantage of the kindness shown to us by God's children, so as not wilfully to slight the use of means, nor yet to live a mumping life, presumptuously saying we live by faith. All this is abominable; and if, through weakness and fear, we find charges from Satan or conscience brought against us on this head, yet we are far from doing it presumptuously, and it brings us to tremble at God's word. It causes honest confession of what is wrong; pleading the promises God has made to the weak, the needy, the destitute, and to those who are out of the way, imploring his merciful pardon for what is wrong, and entreating him to set us right, and not leave us to the corruption of our nature, which loves ease and hates the cross; and when we go this way, God will not let us err, but we shall make straight paths for our feet. And a blessed thing it is to be truly sensible

of our weakness and the need of momentary support. Such walk cautiously and tenderly, and are very jealous over themselves; for they feel they have a very deceitful heart, and they are afraid of being left to act according to the evil workings of it. I feel all I am writing. It is not head knowledge only, but heart experience; and I often wonder, from day to day, how I stand; but it is an imperceptible power that holds me up; and Peter says we are kept by that power. Yes, and there are many promises to the same effect.

I purpose this day to go to Coffee's, if God permit. I did not go there before, as I meant to do. "A man's heart deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps." I called on Newman, and felt very comfortable there for an hour or more; sold a box, and he gave me nearly a quire of writing paper. I drank tea and went to chapel. Text: "As for God, his way is perfect." But I had many suspicions about myself, for fear I had done wrong. Jane gave me a shilling.

Thursday, 9th.—I felt a spirit of prayer, when I awoke this morning, to the Lord to lead me right, and to keep me from every snare, and not suffer me to turn back in this day of battle, &c. I went over the water to Coffee's, but got no work. I dined there, and then called on Evans. I called for my shoes at Southwell's, and drank tea. Then went to chapel, but was cold and heartless to it all, though I felt a small change just before I got in chapel, thinking on these words: "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass." Take notice, it does not say, "And *you* shall bring it to pass," but "*he* shall." This encouraged me for a little while; but it was soon gone, and I was full of cares, concluding I ought to look out more than I do, and yet it appears of no use, for I see a good many who had been a good way up and down the trade, and could get nothing.

I came home all the way as cold in soul as possible, and cold in body; but in family prayer the Lord Jesus visited my poor soul, and set all to rights; and I went to bed with a full persuasion of my interest in his dying love; and it still abides with me.

Friday, 10th.—Bless the Lord I feel very comfortable this cold morning. Though I know not what to do for the best, yet I believe it will all end well. Ten thousand times ten thousand blessings on the precious name of the Lord Jesus, who has raised me up as a living witness of his faithfulness and truth. I feel my heart warm this morning with his love. O what wonderful love is the love of Christ! This proves that all is right between the Lord Jesus and my soul to the present moment.

After dinner I went to four places to look for work; but feeling my back bad, I returned home and got my tea; then called on Mr. Simpson, according to promise, and we both went to Lant Street. Mr. Robins's text was, "He that sanctifieth and they which are sanctified are all one," &c. It was a sweet discourse to me, and I never heard sanctification so plainly cleared up to my knowledge before. Mr. Simpson was very well satisfied,

and intends to go again; but though I feel comfortable, yet my path in providence appears mysterious, and Satan often worries me that I am walking on a snare. But according to the happiness I feel (though not without changes, for this has never been my experience), I really think I shall be brought from the trade; for though I do not go to every place to look for work, having proved that they will not give it to me, yet I feel my heart more and more shut against it all. Not that I wish to lead a lazy life, or live on others; but my heart is more and more shut against the trade; and let me be never so happy, it is at the expense of all my happiness that I go to seek it. In general I am stripped, and come home with a hard heart and at a distance from God; but if I attend to reading, writing, prayer, and hearing God's word, I feel his approbation,—no condemnation; but feel satisfied that he is with me. This is the truth; and really it is these things that dishearten me to going about the trade, and make me hate and abhor the trade; and I should rejoice if the Lord would deliver me from the pots, and bring me out of the iron furnace of Egypt; for my heart has been out a long time. I went to a good many places, but got no work, and walked over the bridge to Coffee's; but it was no use. I came home very tired; but my hope stands firm in God's promise, bless his name! S. Stirling brought a pair of shoes, pretty good, for Ann, a hat for the baby, and an old baby's frock, all of which came from a Jew's family where she sometimes works. Bless the Lord for every little, for we deserve nothing but destruction.

At night I was very comfortable when I went to bed, and was sure the Lord was with me, for I enjoyed a sweet peace in my soul.

[In Dec. the good man says he bought 3lbs. of beef for 9d., and here he gets 3lbs. of steak for 1s. 1½d. These must have been "odds and ends." Some butchers in London have two shops,—one in a wealthy district, say in or near the West End, and another in a poor district, say in Somers' Town or Whitechapel. To the latter all the commoner sorts of meat are sent. Now, as good John lived at this time in Gould Street, Stepney Green, his way into the town would be along Whitechapel; and it is well known what sort of butchers' shops abound there as well as those of the Jews. The house in Gould Street was about 4s. 6d. per week rent. Along with others in the street, it was pulled down some time ago, to be replaced by property of a superior kind.

The house in which he lived at Bow, from which his mother, after his father's death, expelled him and his family, was one of the sailmakers' almshouses, the widow being allowed to remain in it; so that she had no rent or taxes to pay when she made her son leave. This made the act the more unkind. Some of the almshouses have been removed by one of the railway companies.

Some have thought that the good man was a shoemaker; but he was a sailmaker, as was his father before him. The mistake has probably arisen from the fact that his son John, formerly of Holborn, but now of Hammersmith, is a shoemaker. One daughter, Jane, aged 78, is, as we think we stated some time ago, a pensioner in the A. P. Asylum, Camberwell¹

LOVE AND MERCY.

My dear Friend,—I have frequently thought of you and the friends who met together under your roof to partake of your hospitality when I came to Stamford. "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."

Yes, dear friend, love is of God; and "he that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God; for God is love." Even natural love is a sweet and valuable principle. Some one has said it is the best rag of fallen nature; and I think it is. I have sometimes thought how wise and wonderfully the great Creator has ordered this, that certain persons, male and female, should find their affections go out towards each, and that they love such as they love none other. Were it not so, those who are destitute of grace would not be very likely to be chaste towards each other, although married to one another. Even natural love cannot be bought for gold or silver. It is true, individuals have been induced to enter the marriage state only on account of wealth; but in most cases of this kind unhappiness has been the result. But spiritual love, the love of the children of God toward each other, is derived, and also maintained and perpetuated, from a higher source, taking its rise from the sovereign love of a covenant God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Did you and I love a person never so much, we could not impart a similar principle to them, and so make our love reciprocal. But our ever-blessed God can and does do this. Nay, he does what nature never can do,—love those who are enemies to him by wicked works, while they are unregenerate. And I have often thought that the chief cause of a *convinced* sinner not being able to give credit to God's love towards him is because the love of God is *in himself*, self-originating, self-moving, nothing apart from his own sovereign goodwill and pleasure. He loves because he will love. Were it not so, it could never have reached fallen man. And, my dear friend, see the wondrous way in which this love of God is manifested, and the blessed channel through which it flows to its object. The objects of God's love being sinners against him, transgressors of his laws, were exposed to the consequences of disobedience,—the curse. Love and wisdom divine find out a way in which the barrier can be removed; so that the law is honoured and justice satisfied. And love goes farther than this; for it not only finds out a way in which a sinner can be forgiven and saved from everlasting woe, which wondrous redemption is by the incarnation, life, sufferings, and death of the coequal, coeternal Son of God. When I say love goes farther than mere redemption from the curse, it is in this way. Suppose an atonement only had been made for our sins, although by that atonement we should have been freed from the curse of the law, yet we should not have had a just title to heaven. This was procured by the spotless *active* obedience of

the dear Son of God in our nature, and on our behalf, fulfilling every precept and command of that law; so that the Father, the great creditor, says he is well pleased for his righteousness's sake; for he will *magnify* the law and make it honourable (or give it the honour due to it); so that the glorious righteousness is imputed to a sinner, who has *none* of his own, for his justification. Hence, by the blood-shedding of the dear Redeemer, the sinners' sins are all forgiven; and by the meritorious obedience of our blessed Jesus, he becomes the Lord *our* righteousness. Now, a poor sinner viewed as washed from his sins in the blood of the Lamb, and clothed in that spotless wedding garment, has a free-grace right and title to mansions in the skies.

O what wonders love has already done! But the brightest saint that ever dwelt on earth, while in this world, could only have a glimpse, a drop, in comparison, of the unfathomable ocean. The desire of Paul for the church was that they might be able to comprehend somewhat of the height, depth, length, and breadth of that love which passeth knowledge, and be filled with all the fulness of God. John, in his epistle, says, "Beloved, *now* are we the sons of God, but it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when he shall appear we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." The beatific vision is reserved until we pass through this wilderness into the world of spirits, to join the spirits of the just made perfect; but the vision will not be fully known until our bodies are raised out of the dust, to be re-made or fashioned like unto Christ's glorious body,

O, who can conceive rightly of the glorified body of the great Head of the church? If even the appearance of an angel, when commissioned to reveal God's will, was so glorious, what must be that glorified humanity of Jesus, through which all the infinite perfections and attributes of Deity will be shining with ever-increasing glory for ever and ever?

O my dear friend, who can properly estimate the greatness of the mercy of having a good hope, through grace, of being predestinated to be conformed to the image of God's dear Son? "If children," says the apostle, "then heirs, heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ Jesus; if so be that we suffer with him, that we may be glorified together with him." Well may it be added, "For I reckon the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us." And again, "These light afflictions, which are but for a moment compared to eternity, work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things that are seen, but at the things that are not seen" (with the natural eye); "for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal."

O what poor earthly-minded, grovelling creatures are we, for the most part of our lives! How we cleave to the dust, not only before being made partakers of a spiritual nature, but, alas! afterwards, and that, too, after we may have been blessed with some

sweet transforming views of a precious Jesus, tasting that the Lord is gracious, receiving into our hearts some drops of honey from the honeycomb.

When first my soul got a sight of him by faith, hanging upon Calvary's cross, I could and did enter into the substance of Dr. Watts's hymn:

“When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.”

And also that of Toplady:

“Emptied of earth I fain would be,
The world, myself, and all but thee;
Reserved for Christ, who bled and died,
Surrender'd to the Crucified.”

This was about 42 years ago. Alas! When I take a retrospect of my life since then, shame and confusion of face well becomes me, on account of my base backslidings, and from the best of friends. Certain I am that nothing but interest in an everlasting covenant could have preserved me from becoming an apostate, which I have thousands of times feared would be the case.

“O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.”

O the long-suffering of God to his children, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance. What gracious words are these: “Return, ye backsliding children, for I am married unto you.” “I drew them,” says God, “with the cords of a man and with bands of love.” And if we look into the prophet Hosea, what a portrait we have of ourselves in the character of Ephraim. And yet the Lord says of him, “Is Ephraim my dear son, is he a pleasant child? For since I spake against him I do earnestly remember him still. My bowels are troubled for him. I will surely have mercy upon him.” And then in the last chapter of that book we find the dear Lord invites his disobedient child to return, and putting words into his mouth to plead: “Ephraim shall say, What have I to do any more with idols? I have heard him, and observed him. I am like a green fir tree. From me is thy fruit found.” How in these things we prove the aboundings and the super-abounding of grace over sin, “that as sin hath reigned unto death, even so shall grace reign, through righteousness, unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ our Lord.”

But perhaps you may be saying I am on too high ground for you to have fellowship with me in these things. If so, I must tell you that I am not always on the mount. I know what it is to have to feel the need of crying for quickening, renewing

grace,—that whilst, through mercy, ever since the Lord opened my prison doors last March, I have not got into that “black hole” where I was before, yet I am often feeling destitution and poverty; and not only that, but a good deal of “the abominations done in the land” (of my own heart). Still, I hope I have the mark that I sigh and cry on account of it. And I also find that the adversary is not wanting in injecting, as much as he is permitted, his fiery darts; so that I find myself still in the field of battle against the world, the flesh, and the devil; nor have I any expectation of being able to stand in this warfare but as upheld by the almighty hand of Him who hath destroyed death and him that hath the power of it, and also hath brought light and immortality to light through the gospel.

It is our mercy not to be called into such a warfare at our own charges; but that we have, in our most glorious Lord, a Captain who has engaged, and, single-handed, made a complete conquest over, all his and our enemies. So that, through interest in him, and by grace and strength given out from him, we shall be going on conquering and to conquer, until at last it shall be said, “They overcame him (the devil) by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of the saints’ testimony.” Will it not be a wonder of wonders for us to stand at last with those whom John saw in vision, clothed in white robes, with palms in their hands, and to join without ceasing in that glorious anthem, “Unto him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father?”

O that, through grace, we may be enabled, for the remainder of our mortal life, to live more “a life of faith upon the Son of God,” believing that he hath loved us, and given himself for us, and that closer we may cleave to his bleeding dying breast. There is no satisfaction in anything short of a precious Saviour, and the sweet visitations of his love. All, all in this world has stamped upon it, “*Vanity of vanities! All is vanity.*” It is a mercy to *know* this, not merely from the testimony of Solomon, but from our own experience. None but such ever aspire after those things which are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God.

I know my dear friend has necessarily much to do with the busy world, having a large young family dependent upon him, with large outgoings; but it is his mercy while in the vain world, not to be of it. Our blessed Lord supplicated his heavenly Father, *not* that his people might be taken out of the world, but that they *might be kept from the evil*. Indeed, did we rightly view things, that man, who, in the providence of God, has much to do with his fellow-creatures in the things of this life, has the greater opportunity given him to glorify his God, in his body and in his spirit, by a walk and conversation becoming the gospel. The Lord says, a candle is not lit to be put

under a bed, but on a candlestick, that it may give light to all that are in the house; and then adds, "Let *your light* so shine *before men*, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." Thus it is that the church is distinguished from the world. There is so much hypocrisy and deception amongst mere professors of Christianity. Like the Pharisees of old, "they say, and do not."

May it please the good Shepherd to watch over us by day and by night; and so be pleased to defend us from every beast of prey, and from the roaring lion of hell, who is still "going about seeking whom he may devour." Bless the Lord for that gracious promise that he will keep it night and day, and water it every moment. May we, therefore, ever be made and kept sensible of our need of the fulfilment of this and of every other precious promise. Where, my dear friend, should I have gone, and what should I have been in my unregenerate state, and where should I have wandered since the dear Shepherd sought me out and brought me to his sheepfold? He only knows. I am sure I have cause, if any poor sinner has, to say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name, for having forgiven all my iniquities, for healing all my diseases, redeeming my life from destruction, crowning me with loving-kindness and tender mercies, and for filling my mouth with good things, and thus renewing my youth like the eagle's."

But I must bring my long scribble to a close. I did not think I should write so much; as, when I took pen in hand, I did not know what to say, and I had to ask the Lord that, if it was in accordance with his will for me to write to you, he would be pleased to give me something by which he might be glorified, and your soul profited. How far this desire has been granted I must leave with you to determine.

I hope yourself, your partner, and your family are well; and, if the will of God, that it may be your happiness to witness the incorruptible seed of the truth sown in their youthful hearts; by which they would be taught to "remember their Creator in the days of their youth; while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when they shall say, I have no pleasure in them."

Will you be pleased to give my kind love to Mrs. D., and thank her for her kindness to me and mine? Also our united love to all those dear friends whom we saw when at Stamford, and to any others who love us for the truth's sake. I should be glad to have a letter at any time from yourself and from any of them.

I am sorry to say that my dear wife has been very ill indeed; that I have been quite apprehensive that I should lose her. I would, however, be thankful that there is a little improvement. The locality of Abingdon is not at all congenial to her constitution, which requires a dry, pure atmosphere, while this is quite the reverse. We are, therefore, desirous of finding a different part in which to pitch our tent; and we want the pillar of cloud

and the pillar of fire to go before us to the end of our journey. I should like the dear friends who love me for the truth's sake to see this letter, as I trust I can say I love all that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.

The furnace is for purifying the vessels afore prepared unto glory. The Lord says he will bring the third part *through* the fire; he will not leave them *in* it, but bring them *through* it; and adds, "They shall call upon my name, and I will hear them. I will say, It is my people, and they shall say, The Lord is my God."

Now, dear friend, I must, for the present, say Farewell. That the Lord may bless, keep, and uphold you with the right hand of his righteousness is the desire of

Yours very sincerely,

Abingdon, Sept. 5, 1873.

ROBERT KNILL.

LOVE.

'Twas love, the covenant once made
With Christ, the church's living Head;
'Twas love that gave each one a place
In the bless'd covenant of grace.

'Twas love engaged to mediate,
And save us from our lost estate;
To take our flesh, and bleed and die,
To raise us up to God on high.

'Twas love that took the curse away,
And paid the debt we could not pay;
'Twas love that magnified the law,
And it obey'd without a flaw.

'Twas love that quicken'd us when dead,
And join'd us to our living Head;
'Twas love that made us seek his face,
And crave salvation all of grace.

'Twas love renew'd our strength when faint,
And listen'd to our sad complaint;
'Twas love that could not let us sink
When we were on destruction's brink.

'Twas love that made us flee from wrath,
To Jesus, Lord of life and death;
'Twas love that gave our hearts to feel
We could not rest without the seal.

'Twas love that brought us health and cure,
And did our drooping hearts assure
That Christ, our best and dearest Friend,
Loved, and will love, us to the end.

July 13, 1873.

H.

THOUGHTS ON THE SONG OF SOLOMON.

(Continued from page 25.)

CHAPTER IV.

2. Let us now consider prayer as to the *manner* of it. That was a good and right question asked by one in days of old: "Wherewith shall I come before the Lord?" It is a great thing so to come unto God as to be accepted by him. When we are taught to pray, then, the Lord will teach us how to pray or approach to God; and in this teaching the following things will in substance be comprehended:

i. We must have a correct apprehension of what God is as he is revealed in his word; or, in other words, we must have right views about the object of prayer, or else we worship an idol, and like the Athenians erect an altar to an unknown God. The words of the Lord Jesus, in Mark xii. 29, set before us very simply the true object of worship: "The Lord thy God is one Lord." Here we have the Unity of the Essence, and the Trinity of Persons in that Essence, plainly set forth. There is but one self-existing Essence. This is expressed in the words: "One Lord;" the word Lord being here the same as Jehovah, and signifying the self-existence of the Deity. The plurality of Persons is shown in the expression, "The Lord thy God." So that here we have very briefly set before us as the one only object of worship, the Three blessed coequal coeternal Persons, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, in the Unity of the Godhead. Of course this short sentence is unfolded and explained and confirmed in the other scriptures; but these words are a brief expression of this deeply-important, yea essential, matter. This, then, is necessary instruction as it respects prayer, and in addition to this we must know and understand how that this one Jehovah is the Creator and Upholder of all the creatures which exist through his goodness and for his good pleasure, as is so beautifully expressed in Rev. iv: "For thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created." Here, then, we have a God of infinite majesty, wisdom, power, and glory set before us, and even the old creation declares this eternal power and godhead.

ii. To pray aright we must know what the Law of God says; or what God is to persons with whom he deals upon the footing of the covenant of works. All God's people and truly praying persons must learn of Moses the lawgiver the truth concerning the justice and holiness of God as in a covenant of works. This is necessary knowledge in order to prevent sinners attempting to approach him upon the foundation of any righteousness of their own. A flaming sword was placed at the garden of Eden to keep fallen man from approaching in a legal way to God, or attempting to eat, being fallen, of the tree of life. Set bounds, says God to Moses, about the mount, to keep the Israelites from touching it; and if so much as a beast touch the mountain it must be stoned or thrust through with a dart. All God's appearance on Mount

Sinai in blackness and terror was to strike an awe into the sinner's heart, and keep him from a presumptuous confidence and attempting to deal with God upon the footing of any righteousness of his own.

iii. To come to God aright in prayer, a man must know something of himself; that is, he must see and feel his state and condition as a sinner. His mouth must be stopped from all self-justification before God, and all vain pleas and excuses such as Adam and Saul offered, and he must be, in his conscience, brought in utterly guilty or liable to wrath as before God. Here he must stand in self, hopeless and helpless, without any resources in self or creatures, having nothing to pay, and no prospects of ever, so far as he is concerned, having anything.

iv. To pray aright, a man must discover in some good degree the vanity of the creatures. "Creatures no help can give," is a hard lesson to learn. There is so much idolatry about our hearts that it is absolutely necessary, in order that we may come in truth to Christ, that we should see and feel the utter inability of the creature to help us. "Cease ye from man," says God; and what he says he teaches. And again he cries, "Cursed is the man that trusteth in man;" and indeed to trust in the creature is idolatry.

v. But in order to pray aright, he must have also another kind of instruction given him. He must know something of Jesus Christ, and the blessed work which he has finished for lost sinners, and how freely gracious he is, and how welcome all poor and needy sinners are to come to him, and how the Father smiles propitious upon all sinners who come unto God by Christ, and hears their prayers and answers them. In other words, as the poor sinner, to pray aright, must know something of God in the law, so he must know something of Christ or God in the gospel. The former teaching beats a man down in self, and drives him from presumptuous approaches to God; the latter draws him to God, as on a mercy-seat in Christ. "O thou that hearest prayer, to thee shall all flesh come." So in Num. x. 7, when the congregation was to be assembled, the trumpets were to be blown, but no alarm sounded; showing that nothing but the voice of mercy, grace, and eternal love in the blood of Christ can draw a sinner in a proper manner unto God. The great trumpet must be blown, and then they come who were "ready to perish in the land of Assyria, and the outcasts in the land of Egypt."

vi. In order, lastly, to this praying aright, there is one more piece of teaching necessary; and that is, that a man cannot pray aright unless the Holy Spirit helps his infirmities. The blessed Spirit is the Author of all true prayer, and his glory he will not give unto another, or allow the children of God to vainly suppose that they can pray without his divine assistance. The psalmist David sweetly expresses his sense of the need of the divine help in prayer when he cries, "O send forth thy light

and thy truth; let them lead me; let them bring me unto thy holy hill and to thy tabernacles." He needed both light and power, light of life, truth in the power of it, to bring him unto God. Therefore, when a man has learnt these divine lessons concerning God, the law, himself, the creatures, Christ, and his need of the Holy Spirit,—and indeed the Holy Spirit alone effectually teaches all these things, he has been taught that which is essential to prayer as to the manner of it; but he still wants one thing more, and that is,

3. Power itself, or the actual *ability* to be given him, that he may pray. Paul, in Rom. viii., shows us that when a man prays aright this help is really bestowed upon him. "The Spirit helpeth our infirmities." He positively enables us to pray. We have already observed that it is only as the Holy Spirit himself instructs us that we can understand any of those things, as to matter and manner essential to true prayer. We cannot know one portion of God's word rightly, understand his leadings, or indeed in any divine matter think one thought aright, without the Spirit. But further than this, it is not merely past teaching which will do, we want a present divine light to direct us, a present divine influence to enable us. We must be strong in the Lord and the power of his might, if we are able to pray with all prayer and supplication; praying, not through some past instruction of, but in and by the Holy Spirit as a present source of light and power. In prayer, too, as in everything else, a child of God, though he has a divine principle of grace abiding always in his heart, meets with innumerable hindrances from within and without. He has darkness remaining in his understanding, the old nature being darkness itself, as Paul writes: "Ye were sometimes darkness;" and this old nature is always present in a child of God's heart, lusting, working, warring, hindering, deadening. He has corruption in his affections; so that his heart has present in it many vain desires and false feelings. He has obstinacy, stubbornness, and rebellion in his will.

"My stubborn will opposes still
Thy wise and holy hand."

He has hardness and stupidity in his conscience. In fact, he has in him an active, lively principle of enmity against all that is of God in his own soul. Then, again, he has all the forces of Satan to resist him, and Satan hates to see a child of God praying.

"For Satan trembles when he sees
The feeblest saint upon his knees."

Then there is the world, with all that is in it naturally, acting upon this universal enmity of his old nature. Then, again, there are the very dealings of God with the person, especially as it respects the way in which God answers prayers, to discourage the poor praying man. "By terrible things in righteousness wilt thou answer us, O God of our salvation." Sometimes God seems silent, as if he would pay no regard; sometimes as if he poured

contempt upon the praying man and his prayers by answering him in an opposite way to that which he expected.

This is only just a brief sketch, but sufficient to show the need of power, and this needed power God gives to his people. What enabled Jonah to pray at the bottom of the mountains? Divine power. His desperate feelings could not make him pray, but in his distress the Spirit helped his infirmities. Then he looked again towards God's holy temple. What enabled Elijah to keep on praying, though the sky, for all his prayers, at first seemed cloudless? The Spirit of God. What enabled the Syrophenician to persevere, though Jesus answered her not, and even spoke roughly? What made the blind man cry the more to Jesus of Nazareth, the more they bid him hold his tongue? What made Jacob wrestle on through a night season of trouble, and still wrestle when his thigh was out of joint? Why, in all these cases, it was the Spirit of God. When Israel is at the worst (Zech. xii.), then the spirit of grace and supplications is poured upon them. So, then, we see that the saint's helper in prayer is the Lord himself, who gives his Holy Spirit, and thus, when nature faints, enables him to pray. Many times the dear children of God, pressed down with sins and sorrow, sink as into deep waters; they cannot believe, or hope, or pray. The case is dreadful, but the heart is hard:

“Quite powerless to repent, believe, or pray.”

This represents their felt condition. All hope of relief seems quite taken away; they draw near unto the gates of the grave; they are at their wits' end; they have no creature resources left. Then they cry; but who makes them? Tell them they can pray if they like; their feeling cries out against the doctrine. Tell them troubles and temptations of themselves make people pray; they know the difference. But now, in their distress, and a powerlessness to pray is a great part of it, the blessed help of the Holy Spirit comes in. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he delivers them from their distresses. He puts prayer into their hearts, enables them to come even to God's seat, to order their speech before him, and fill their mouths with arguments. They hold the King in the galleries; they wrestle through grace with the Angel of the covenant, and prevail. They come to his blessed footstool, and pour out their complaint before the Lord, finding him to be what his name declares,—“the God that heareth prayer,” and answereth and blesseth poor sinners on the hill of frankincense.

ANSWER TO INQUIRY.

“DEATH reigned from Adam to Moses, even over them that had not sinned after the similitude of Adam's transgression.” (Rom. v. 14.) Now what was Adam's transgression? Sinning with his eyes open, against a positive law of God, formally promulgated, or given to him, with the condition of life and death

attached to it, and of which he had a clear knowledge as the will of God. There are millions who sin against God, and do not know that they *are* so sinning. Take the Hindoos, the Mahometans, and others. They are perfectly sincere in their worship, and believe that, in many things which they do contrary to the law of God, so far from sinning against God, they are doing his will. Are they the less under condemnation? Are they the less actual sinners? They are not; for "*all* have sinned" in these things. (Rom. iii. 23.) Does an infant know that in its pettishness it is sinning? It does not. Is it less an actual sinner? It is not. If it is not an actual sinner, it needs only a Saviour to save it from the effect of Adam's sin. And where is such a doctrine as this to be found in the Bible? Did Christ come into the world to save two kinds of sinners,—sinners in Adam only, on the one hand, and actual sinners on the other? Certainly not. He came to save his people from *their* sins; so that, if infants have no sins of their own they cannot be saved. Besides, will those persons who say that infants are not actual sinners tell us when they begin to be so? If Adam's sin did not make all his posterity actual sinners, what *did* it make them? At what point of *actual* did it stop short? When we read that we are conceived in sin, does that mean merely in Adam's sin? If we go astray from the womb, does that mean merely *passively*? What a perversion of the words! To meet the views of some, the passage should read, "We are *taken* astray." Does an infant do any *act* whatever? If it does, and if it were shapen in iniquity, can that *act* be anything but sinful? What are those acts of infants which some call *innocent*? Are they not such as make the parents' hearts ache as the children grow? Is there any difference in the act as to *quality*? What means that fighting at the breast, that striking by the hand, that pettish refusing to take the breast? God says it is going astray from the womb. It is as much actual sin as to *quality* as is that of the prize-fighter, though it may not be with the eyes open, "after the similitude of Adam's transgression."

How well Augustine writes when he says, "The imbecility of my infant limbs was innocent; not so the spirit of the infant. I have seen and observed an infant full of envy who could not yet speak. Pale with anger, he looked at his fellow-suckling with bitterness in his countenance. But as I was conceived in iniquity, and my mother nourished me in her womb in sin, where, Lord, where, or when was I innocent?"

We are firmly persuaded that a person who denies the actual sins of infants can know very little, if anything at all, of the nature and operation of the convictions of sin as effected by the Spirit of God; for the blessed Spirit invariably, so far as our knowledge extends, first convinces a sinner of his sins which are his own act and deed, and does not, at first, lead him into the nature of the imputation of the sin of Adam's transgression and its consequences on his whole posterity. Is it not rather the

sins which we ourselves have actually committed against a just and holy God that are charged upon the conscience? Is it not these actual sins which cause all the grief and felt condemnation in the soul? To which are added the sins of early childhood, even as far back as the memory can stretch its powers of recollection. All these are also brought up afresh, and added to the list of actual transgression. Even the very follies of childhood which had been forgotten swell the catalogue of crimes laid to the charge of the person under conviction. Must we say that there were no follies beyond where the memory ceases to serve? Does actual transgression begin with the power of recollection, and is all innocency which is previous to that stage of life? "The thought of foolishness is sin." (Prov. xxiv. 9.) Yes, *actual* sin. When does the thought of foolishness begin? What we know of our own children concerning their thoughts is, that they were the subjects of foolish thoughts long before they could have the power to retain such thoughts in their memory.

We have shown that, in the experience of every child of God, their actual sins are charged upon their conscience as far back as memory serves; that the actual sins of infants, as well as others, are included in "the thought of foolishness," and that this begins before the infant can possibly possess the power of recollection. Where does it, then, begin? Does it begin the first time the child is fretful? Or is fretfulness in a child a sin?

We might make some remarks upon original sin, and dwell upon the experience of God's children in after life, to prove further that original and actual sin co-exist. But we forbear. "That which is born of the flesh is flesh," and is no more flesh at a hundred years old than it was at birth.

We are quite aware that some who deny the actual sins of infants say they believe in the effects of Adam's fall; but this appears to us to be absolutely impossible; for the leading effect of Adam's sin was to make all *actual* sinners.

We are aware that some of the sound old authors, in order to make a just distinction between the unconscious sinnings of infancy and the sinnings against light of after years, use the term "actual" to express the latter; but not as in the least degree denying that infants come into the world as actual sinners in Adam, and do from the first moment of their existence personally and actually sin against God. We write not against these distinctions of grave godly men, but the errors of those who would deny that infants, through the workings of a corrupt nature, do from the first moment of their being sin actually against God. These old authors, being taught of God, held rightly as we do that the motions of sins in the heart are actual and damnable sins against God.

Without faith it is impossible to please God. Then all acts prior to faith must be displeasing. Do these objectors believe that any infants,—not to say *all* infants, but any,—do they

believe that *any* infants are saved? Then faith must be worked in the heart by the blessed Spirit. Faith in what, or in whom? In Christ as their Saviour. Their Saviour from what? From Adam's sin only? It must be so, if they have no other sins.

Let us sum up by a simple statement of the scriptural truth of this matter:

1. All mankind being summed up in Adam, actually sinned in his sin. They were counted to have done it. As Paul states (Rom. v. 12): "For that all have sinned;" or as it may be rendered, "In whom all have sinned."

2. All mankind are shapen in iniquity, inheriting from Adam a totally corrupted nature, called flesh, or a body of sin and death.

3. Through this corrupt nature, they always personally go astray, even from the womb; never for one moment pleasing God or obeying his holy law. The workings of an evil nature are and can be evil, and only evil, continually.

4. As men grow up, and come to years of reason, they attain, or may attain, by nature or revelation, to greater light; but this only increases condemnation unless grace interposes, as thus they sin more according to the similitude of Adam's transgression.

Obituary.

H. F. GREENOP.—On Sept. 23rd, 1873, in New York, aged 66, Mrs. Harriet Farris Greenop, of London, England.

She was awakened to a sense of her state by sin when about 15 years of age. Her mother was at that time in a decline. She said she had often heard her mother pray for her. At one time, she received from her the present of a book, but on finding it to be the "Pilgrim's Progress," she was so enraged that she threw it violently down. Shortly after this, she became greatly alarmed. Her sins were set in array before her in such a way that she thought there would be no escape for her, but that hell must be her portion. How long she continued under these convictions I do not know; but I remember more particularly that it was at a time of bereavement that she was blessed with a sense of pardoning love. She said it was joy unspeakable and full of glory.

Her mother died, leaving her with a stepfather, who shortly after married a most ungodly woman, who, on finding our friend to be religious, gave her no peace; so that she was glad when she could retire and be alone to read her Bible and the "Pilgrim's Progress," which were now her most delightful companions. But her stepmother became so violent that she was soon driven from home, and cast upon her own resources, and she had to pass through many hardships. At length, a way opened in providence for her to go to New York, in company with some friends, and with whom she arrived in safety in this country; and, after passing through many changing scenes, she finally engaged as stewardess on a packet for Liverpool. She followed the sea for a number of years. During this part of her life she was often filled with humiliation and grief, having been captivated by sinful companions, and for a time seemed left to her own ways.

She married a Mr. P., a seafaring man, who turned out to be a drinking blasphemer, ridiculing religion, telling her there was no here-

after, and that he would as soon be blown up and die, without a moment's warning, as in any other way. And this really took place on his next voyage. The boiler exploded, and he was killed instantly. Our friend crossed the ocean but once after the death of her husband. She had many times prayed to be delivered from a seafaring life, and at this time her desire was granted, but in a way she did not look for. It pleased the Almighty to lay his afflicting hand upon her, and she was brought very low, near unto death. I will send with this some extracts from one of her letters, that you may hear her own words. She spoke very highly of Mr. Vaughan and his wife, of Liverpool (now of Bradford). They showed her great kindness. As soon as she was able, she returned to New York, and not long after married Mr. Greenop, a god-fearing man. This was about 17 years ago, and since then she remained in New York. Five years ago her husband died, and, from that time, her temporal wants were abundantly supplied by one of her nephews.

For the last two years of her life she was almost blind, and she suffered much from an operation which was not successful. The last year she was confined to her room with cancer in the stomach, &c., which caused her great suffering. During this time I was much with her, and it was often a Bethel to my soul. She was always either in the enjoyment of the loving-kindness of a covenant-keeping God, or panting after it. She had a deep knowledge of her own unworthiness and of the vileness of a sin-defiled heart, which made her often cry out, "Can ever God dwell here?" She would say, "O what shall I do if I am sent to that place? Why, I must praise him even there." Though the adversary was permitted to harass her, at times, even to the end, she was much favoured with love-tokens and a peaceful trusting in that Arm that had supported her through all life's trials. She would often say, "What are my sufferings? They are nothing compared with His. He is taking my poor body down gently." "O, what mercy! I am astonished at his goodness to one so unworthy!" Many hymns from Gadsby's Selection were blessed to her, and many portions of scripture, upon which she had rested, were made very precious to her. She would talk of his goodness until she was exhausted through the weakness of her body.

The last few days she was too weak to speak much; and the Lord mercifully took her gently, and without a struggle, to himself.

ANN KIRKMAN.

MARY SYKES.—On Sept. 2nd, 1873, aged 50, Mrs. Mary Sykes, of Bury.

The family came to live in Bury in 1844. At that time, Mary had no concern about her never-dying soul; but some three years after this the Lord began a good work in her, and she became one of those of whom Paul speaks when he says, "And you hath he quickened," &c., for she began to feel as she had never felt before. She felt that she was a lost, helpless, undone sinner, in the sight of a righteous and sin-avenging God; and this brought her into great bondage of soul, for she felt sure she must be lost.

In this state she continued for some length of time, but kept it all to herself, not daring to speak to any one; but when the set time came, she was delivered out of this state of soul-trouble into the glorious liberty of the gospel of Christ. And this took place under a sermon preached in our chapel by Mr. Howarth, at that time of Accrington, but now of Preston. She came to my house after service to tell him what a blessed change had taken place with her that day, and they rejoiced together.

She was baptized and added to the church Dec. 29th, 1850, and remained a most honourable member to the time of her death.

She got to the chapel on Lord's day morning, Aug. 24th, to hear Mr. Vaughan, of Bradford; but her breathing was so bad that she could not get out in the afternoon. Mr. Vaughan saw her on the following morning in bed, when they had a little sweet conversation together. She told him she was sure her end was drawing near, and that she was quite reconciled, as she wished to lie passive in the hands of the Lord, and know no will but his. After this her chest filled very fast with water, and she sank rapidly. I saw her for the last time on Monday, Sept. 1st. As soon as I got to the bedside, she put out her hand, and said, with a smile on her face, "O, James, I want a living God now! A dead God will not do for me now!" I said, "The eternal God is your refuge, and he is the true God." She said, "Yes; I know whom I have believed. The struggle will soon be over, and I would not have it otherwise; for I feel quite reconciled. It is all for the best."

She lingered until a little after two p.m. the following day, when she breathed out her soul into the hands of that God who gave it, and entered into the joy of her Lord. She was interred the following Friday, by Mr. Chandler, and on the 21st of the same month he preached her funeral sermon from, "For this God is our God," &c.

Mrs. Sykes was not a woman of many words. She never had the ability to express her thoughts as some have; but she greatly loved that truth which had made her free, and she had that promise fulfilled in her: "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." The poor of the church have lost in her a very great friend, the husband has lost an invaluable wife, and the children have lost a good mother. Their loss is her eternal gain. J. K.

Bury, Dec., 1873.

CHARLES CHERRY.—On Oct. 9th, 1873, Charles Cherry, of Teddington, Oxon.

For 30 years he travelled to Stadhampton, a distance of five miles, to hear the gospel preached in its fulness and freeness. A friend with whom he communed supplies us with the following account of his call by grace, previous to which he lived according to the course of this world. As he was one day running after the hounds, such strong convictions entered his conscience that he thought to turn back; but at that moment a Church clergyman riding by forced him to conclude it could not be wrong, and so he proceeded the downward road, in spite of his convictions; but the Lord had marked him, and followed him:

"Still hard at heel, where'er they stray,
With pricking thorns to hedge their way."

As he was going to a feast, at a village near, on the Sabbath day, and attending with his relatives a service at the church, in which, at that time, there was a faithful minister named Tyndal, the word wrought so powerfully upon his soul that he could not go to the carnal festival, but returned home, according to his own account, a changed man. Henceforth he manifested a desire to seek and obtain the favour and mercy of the Lord; and, for this purpose, went to many places of worship in the neighbourhood. After having, as he thought, found "a people that were going to heaven," he joined them. This was in his young days.

About this time, the "Gospel Standard" began to be circulated in that part, and finding that the truth was preached at Stadhampton, in accordance with the contents of that publication, he determined to go; and hearing the present pastor, Mr. Doe, with great satisfaction, he went back something like the woman of Samaria, as in Jno. iv. 39, and,

through the good report he took back to those with whom he was friendly, a large number more, whose hearts were already circumcised by the grace of God, went to hear, and gladly received and fed on the ministry; and many of them joined the church at Stadhampton, and continued steadfastly in the apostle's doctrine and fellowship. He proved for many years the grace of God was sufficient for him; which promise the Lord applied to his heart when in deep trouble; also the lines of the hymn:

"As gold from the flame he'll bring thee at last," &c.

He had a deep knowledge of the depravity of the heart and of the infirmities of the flesh, under which he groaned. He had many outward trials, but the Lord brought him honourably through them. For many years, having an afflicted body, he was dependent on others for his daily bread; but the Lord gave him favour in the eyes of many. In his last illness, which was a very painful one, he was not able to swallow anything but liquids for months, and was almost blind; but many ministered to his necessities.

I visited him during his last sickness, and found him very passive and peaceful, expressing thankfulness that he had not been left to murmur at the Lord's dispensations. He could sometimes look back, and trace the mercies of a covenant God in Christ, and record many sweet helps and deliverances, saying,

"He who has help'd me hitherto
Will help me all my journey through," &c.

He was well established in the doctrines of the everlasting gospel, having felt in his own soul that "where sin abounded, grace did much more abound;" and the ministry under which he sat so confirmed him that he felt like Ruth: "This people shall be my people, and their God my God." A friend who often visited him in his last days said he never knew a person having a more earnest desire to be reconciled to all the will of God. The same friend, when with him once last winter, found him in trying circumstances, as he had house-rent to pay and firing to buy. His mind being exercised, he said, "I must sell some of my goods and purchase some firing." But before doing so, the Lord had put it into the hearts of his brethren at Stadhampton to send him help; which timely aid so moved his soul and melted his heart that he said with the psalmist, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits." He oftentimes said Watts's hymn, 761, Gadsby's Selection, commencing, "Show pity, Lord," was the very feeling of his soul.

As his end drew nigh, the Lord applied this portion to his soul: "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out;" which proved a great comfort to him; and soon after these words: "In whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace." Blessed with these precious promises, he could rest safely on the Rock of Ages. He said, "What will it do for me now to hear what man can say? Some may say 'He is a good man,' and perhaps some may say, 'He is a hypocrite;' but I can rest on the mercy, love, and truth of God. 'My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit rejoices in God'—shall I say 'My Saviour?' Yes; bless his name, I can now say, he is *my* Saviour. He has given me the sweet consolations of his Spirit." These are a *few* of the good things he uttered.

Nearly the last words he spoke, after being turned in bed, were, "Jesus, when on the cross, had no one to go to for ease." And shortly after this he fell asleep.

T.

JOSEPH BAKER.—On Oct. 17th, 1872, aged 77, Joseph Baker, for 40 years a deacon of the church at West Lavington, and a decided witness for the precious truths of the everlasting gospel.

Our departed friend was brought up in the Church of England, his father being for many years sexton of the parish church of the village where he lived.

It being reported that a great minister was preaching in the church at Tilshead, Joseph, with a number of other young men, went to hear one Lord's day morning. The minister read for his text Matt. xi. 25, and made the following remarks: "There are but two characters in this congregation. The one is set forth as heavy laden with the burden of sin on their conscience, and labouring after rest. To these characters I shall have to preach; but to the others I shall have but little to say, only remarking that all who live and die without feeling the burden of their sins laid on their conscience in this life will die and be lost." The Lord sent these latter solemn words with invincible power into the soul of our departed friend, and they sounded through and through: "Thou art the man." He left the church in his feelings a convinced lost sinner, with all his sins coming up before the eye of his understanding as a burden too heavy for him to bear. The holiness, justice, and purity of God shone forth in his righteous law, and condemned him in thought, word, and deed. On his way home he could not join with any of the company he went with, but was constrained to walk alone behind them, they often remarking, "What is the matter with you? Why walk behind us?" But a mighty change had taken place. His convictions became deeper and deeper, and for many months he felt himself a lost, ruined sinner, despairing of ever finding a Saviour. He had such awful fear and dismal forebodings of eternal death, that, at times, he would not go to bed. He felt constrained to leave many things, such as digging graves on a Lord's day for the burial of the dead, with much of the formal service of the Church. His father laboured with all his power to keep him in his place; but all was of no avail. The Lord having called another of his sons, they became one heart and soul in seeking the blessed things of the kingdom, and at last felt constrained to leave the Establishment. This so enraged their father that he felt determined to turn his son William out of doors; but Joseph replied, "If William goes, I will go too." This was the means of restraining the father from his design.

On leaving the Church, there was one gentleman in the village threatened them with a loss in their business; but the Lord took him by death; and amidst all opposition our dear friend was constrained to seek after the bread and water of life, often finding some crumbs under the ministry at Devizes, at the Old Baptist chapel, whither he would often travel to hear, both on the Lord's day and week evening; and after a time he was blessedly delivered there under a sermon by a minister from London. This never-to-be-forgotten time the Lord sweetly shined upon in his declining days. On his returning home he had left all his weight and burden behind, and his soul was sweetly set at liberty, drawn out into sweet thanksgiving and praise to his God and Saviour.

On speaking of these bygone days to me a few weeks before his death, he said, "I cannot tell you of the wonderful change that I felt on coming down the road from Devizes. I felt as if I must dance for joy. The journey seemed nothing; for my soul was so full that whether I shouted out aloud on the road I cannot tell."

After this blessed deliverance he attended the ministry of the late Mr. Green, in this town; and after his death various supplies occupied the pulpit, mostly Baptist ministers; and those he received in his house for many years, providing them a table and bed; and about the year 1832 the Lord sent his servant, the late Mr. Darke, amongst them; and on the 20th of July the same year the little church was formed as a Strict

Baptist church, at which time our departed friend came forward and was baptized with seven others by the late Mr. Dimond, of Hilperton.

For many years he highly prized the ministry of Mr. Darke, and was greatly blessed under the late Mr. Gadsby, at Devizes, during his last visits to that town. He many times spoke of hearing Mr. G. from the words, "He found thee in a desert land, and in a waste howling wilderness. He led thee about and instructed thee," &c. Much of this solemn, weighty sermon our friend had to learn in after years. The dear Lord having given him a wife, he was pleased to take away his three young children in less than a month; yet he was enabled to bow down in submission before the Lord. Indeed, he was a humble, godly, praying man. He was also a great lover of the servants of God. The late Mr. Warburton, Mr. Kershaw, Mr. Philpot, Mr. Tiptaft, and others gone home to glory, were some that he highly prized for their works' sake. The "Gospel Standard" he took in from its commencement. He had a daily share of the afflictions of the gospel, but he had also a share in its consolations, and daily felt that the way to heaven ever had been and must be a thorny path.

In the beginning of 1872 he felt his constitution gradually breaking up. I saw him many times during his illness, and for many weeks it was delightful to be with him. I said on one occasion, "Well, Joseph, we have walked together in the pathway to heaven for more than thirty years, and have never fallen out by the way, but have seen eye to eye in the blessed things of eternity. Do you now believe that those same truths that we have believed in and loved will carry your soul to heaven?" He replied, "O yes, I have no other hope! These words have been precious to my soul: 'For as I have sworn that the waters of Noah shall no more go over the earth, so have I sworn that I will not be wroth with thee nor rebuke thee.'" I answered, "Then you have the testimony of the Lord spoken to your heart that,

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

Here you have the seal of the blessed Spirit witnessing to your own soul of your personal interest of the everlasting unchanging love of God, and that his fierce wrath is for ever turned away from all his dear people." "Yes," he replied, "and they will all overcome through the blood of the Lamb. John saw a number that no man could number, out of all nations, people, and tongues, clothed in white robes, and with palms of victory in their hands; and they all put the crown on the Saviour, for he is worthy to be crowned. He is the foundation on which all the prophets and apostles built. 'There is no other name given under heaven or among men whereby we can be saved.'"

Thus was our departed friend, during the greater part of his illness, much favoured. And O, what love he felt to all the dear children of God who went to see him. To those he so often went with to the house of prayer he felt his soul so knit together that his desire was not to part until they had once more bowed together in prayer and praise before the Lord. And though the Lord suffered a cloud, at times, to come over his precious soul during his last few days on earth, he never suffered Satan to shake the foundation of his hope. That was firmly built upon the precious blood and righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ.

The last time I saw him on earth he said, "My hope is fixed upon the precious blood of Christ. He is my anchor, hope, and refuge; and into his hands I commit my helpless soul." And when his last moment came he fixed his eyes upon his beloved partner with heavenly brightness, and sweetly entered into his immortal rest.

Market Lavington, Dec. 19, 1873.

JOSEPH TOPP.

CHARLES ROGERS.—On Nov. 29th, 1873, aged 76, Charles Rogers, of Tisbury, Somersetshire.

I knew him for about 40 years, and for about 30 years of the time loved him in the Lord. I felt much spiritual union to him, and had much spiritual communion with him in days long gone by. He was the first person I told my bitter tale of distress to when the Lord laid righteousness to the line and judgment to the plummet in my conscience; and from that time there was a union kindled in our souls that was never severed.

Charles was a coal miner, and about 36 years ago was so injured in the mine as never to be able to do a day's work afterwards; and having a wife and large family depending upon him, and all means of support cut off at a stroke, he became the subject of much affliction and many privations; but was favoured to see the hand of God appear for him in a very marked manner many times. I have many of his letters, and will give a few extracts from them, if you will give them a place in the "G. S.," of which he was a reader and lover for many years.

In Nov., 1862, he writes: "My dear Friend in Jesus,—It is now 31 years this month since the Lord thundered into my guilty conscience the dreadful terrors of his holy law which I had broken. It made my flesh quiver on my bones, and my knees to shake under me. I felt quite sure my damnation was sealed, and I expected every day, nay, every hour, it would be executed; and what to do or where to flee I knew not. If I attempted to pray, I shook from head to foot, fearing God would then and there consume me as a daring rebel. But, glory be to his holy and glorious name; I looked for hell, he brought me heaven. In the January following, Christ was revealed to my soul as the chiefest among ten thousand and the altogether lovely. I could then say for the first time in my life unblushingly, 'Christ is mine, and I am his;' and what I then felt and enjoyed I can never describe with my pen nor utter with my tongue. I felt I was a new creature in a new world. Everything my eyes beheld appeared new and glorious.

"But ah! My dear brother, these never-to-be-forgotten feelings lasted but a few weeks, and then came on darkness and death. I began to think it was all a cheat, and that his mercy was clean gone for ever. At that time (nor yet now) did I know but very, very little of the unchanging character of God in Christ. But I can trust him, at times, where I cannot trace him, knowing he is of one mind and none can turn him, and what his soul desireth that he doeth; for he performeth the things appointed for his people. It is very evident that affliction, poverty, darkness, and death are among the things appointed for me, and that it is calculated to make my old crooked-grained flesh wince; but there are times and seasons when I can bless him from the bottom of my heart for all the way in which he has led me. But these precious seasons are very rare and very transient. I often think of Hart's lines:

"Some find their latter stages worst,

And travel much by night."

"C. R."

"Jer. xxxi. 20 I trust has been made very sweet and precious to my soul two or three times in the course of my poor moping pilgrimage: 'Is Ephraim my dear son?' &c. But what seemed to strike me most this morning was the two words earnestly and surely: 'I will earnestly remember him still. I will surely have mercy upon him, saith the Lord.' I thought those two little words stamped stability, everlasting stability, upon the whole verse.

"Ephraim's backslidings, waywardness, crookedness, &c., is a striking picture of myself; and when I can see, by divine manifestation to my soul, that his portion is mine, it makes me, like him, ashamed of myself. I smite upon my thigh, and am confounded. But ah! My dear

brother, these heart-cheering, soul-humblng, world-vanquishing sin-subduing, flesh-mortifying, devil-dismaying, God-honouring, and Christ-exalting seasons are very, very rare with me.

"I hope I can say I had quite a feast, on Monday last, in the sick-room of a poor child of God, who has been confined to her bed for years. I read to her Erskine's Peace, in this month's 'Standard.' The poor thing said she never heard anything so precious before; and sure I am it was sweet to me. She had been among the Wesleyans for about 28 years, but never met with any to enter into her soul's experience till the Lord sent me. She had been wanting to see me for years, and had sent for me; but they would not tell me, as I was counted by her friends an Antinomian. Thus, you see, my name does not only stink in the profane world, but in the professing world also. I verily believe that there are professors of godliness in Timsbury that my name is a greater nuisance to than the devil's; and I believe I should have more favour shown me by the gentry if I was the greatest reprobate in the parish. I suppose there is not a man in the county has suffered what I have, in temporal things, for conscience sake; but, blessed be God, he has kept me from sacrificing my conscience for a jug of soup or a blanket at Christmas. O that he may keep me to the end.

"Oct., 1848.

"C. R."

I confess I have written largely from his letters; but they have been very precious to my soul from time to time.* I trust others of the Lord's tried ones may be blessed with the perusal of them. This dear tried saint is gone safely home, far out of the reach of sin, sorrow, and affliction of every kind. There were few, if any, that I felt more spiritual union to than I did to him; and there is something very sweet in the thought respecting our dear departed friends, whom we loved and communed with on earth, that they are gone before to commune with our Jesus in heaven. I have not heard much of him the last few years, as he has not been able to write to me. But his daughter Charity, who has been home with him ever since her mother's death, writes to inform me of his death. She told me he was a very great sufferer for some time before his death, but was quite resigned and submissive, and told them he was upon the Rock of Ages, where he had been for many years.

Thus died this afflicted saint, though poor as it regards this world, yet rich in faith and an heir of the kingdom.

J. GRAY.

WILLIAM ERREY.—On Nov. 20th, 1873, aged 69, William Errey. He was a deacon of the church at Ebenezer chapel, Heathfield, Sussex, and the last of the seven members by which the church was formed in the year 1850. The church and the little cause have sustained a great loss in his removal from them. When asked sometimes by friends, "How did you get on hearing to-day?" "Ah!" he would say, "it is very well to hear with approbation; but I want *application*." He was not a man of many words; but in what he did say there was weight and solemnity; and whether he spoke by way of encouragement or reproof, it was generally done in scripture language, and in a very tender and faithful manner.

At what date or by what means the Lord began the good work of grace upon his soul I know not; but it was in a very gradual, yet effectual way that he was brought to lose all his own strength, and to fall down and feel there was none to help; indeed, he feared he could not be saved as he could not see how God, who was just, could justify him; and he

* We reserve several of the letters for future numbers.

was brought to prove that by the deed of the law could no flesh be justified. Like Isaac, he saw the fire and the wood, but he could see no lamb for a burnt-offering.

He now could no longer sit under the ministry he had been accustomed to; so he began to wander in search of different food; and the Lord directed him into the field belonging to Boaz, and under his reaper he began to find some handfuls on purpose for him; and gradually he was raised to a sweet hope in the mercy of God through Jesus Christ. And in 1843 a Mr. Norman came to a little place at Hareham to preach, and our dear friend went to hear, when the Lord so blessed the testimony to his soul that he felt sure that Mr. N. was a man anointed of God to preach good tidings unto the meek, and to bind up the broken-hearted, &c., as it had that effect in his own soul. He, therefore, invited Mr. N. to come to Heathfield and preach; which he did; and there were such signs following that his steps had been ordered thither by the Lord that a small place was hired, and Mr. N. settled among them. A church was formed in 1850, Mr. N. accepting the pastorate, and our dear friend was chosen deacon.

Now things went on well for a time, and our friend knew what it was to have his soul led into green pastures and beside the still waters, under Mr. N.'s ministry; but this state of things lasted but for a short time, as the Lord saw good to remove their beloved pastor from the church militant unto the church triumphant in 1853. Now our dear friend's trials began in church matters, as some wanted to preach, whom he and some others could not receive. Then some left, and prophesied that the cause would come to nought. But the captivity of the little cause was turned. The word preached ran, had free course, and was glorified. Many flocked to hear, so that the place they met in for worship was too small. Again they sought the Lord and he heard them. A new chapel was built, and our friend was spared to see it cleared of debt, to the joy of his heart. The Lord also gave another pastor, with whom our dear friend walked in closest union down to his death. He was also very much endeared to the church and congregation in the honourable way in which he filled the office of clerk; but he was prevented for the last few years of his life from filling this office by reason of severe affliction, and for a long time was prevented from getting to the house of God. His affliction was chronic rheumatism. It was distressing to witness his sufferings; yet he was preserved from murmuring though he greatly feared he should be left to do so. He would sometimes repeat the hymn:

“And must it, Lord, be so?” &c.,

especially the last verse.

Being a poor man, he was led to watch the Lord's hand in providence, which the Lord in a very marked way opened to supply his needs again and again. But of his trials he scarcely ever would speak to man, but made known his wants and requests to God. He said afterwards, “I often feared I should worry the Lord by going to him so often with my old tale;” and on one occasion the Lord sweetly relieved his fear by applying these words to his spirit: “And he left them, and went away again, and prayed the third time, saying the same words.” At another time: “Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things.” “O!” he would exclaim, “how I am blessed! Why should I be so favoured?”

“‘Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God hath given me more.’

Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all my life long.” As I have gone into his bed-room, in which he was confined for a long time before

he died, he would say, "The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble; and I hope I prove him as such."

The symptoms of bronchitis having set in, we felt his end was fast approaching; and so it proved. But he was kept in a very quiet, submissive state of mind in the prospect of the change. "I do not know," he said, "if this is to bring me home; but the will of the Lord be done. I feel a comfortable hope that all will be well; but I should like, dear Lord, if thy will, for the sun to shine a little brighter. I do want to be assured that it is well." At another time, when I asked him how he felt, whether on the Rock, he said, "Ah! There is all my hope and trust." He could not converse much, but enough for us to gather that his heart was fixed, trusting in the blood and righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ; and also that the welfare of the little cause lay near his heart.

Ps. xxiii. was blessed to his soul, and he wanted me to read it to him. "Yes," he said, "he is *my* Shepherd, I shall not want." And on his daughter asking what she should tell her sister concerning him, "Tell her," he said, "I am on the Rock. Tell her the religion I have lived by will do to die by." He asked his wife to put her arm under his head. She said, "Mine is a feeble arm; you want a strong one." "Yes," he said, "I have that." She said, "Do you feel it will be well?" "Yes, it is well; and it will be well."

He was a constant reader and a lover of the truths in the "Gospel Standard;" they proved precious morsels to his soul during his long affliction, as also were many of the hymns, 143, 482, &c.

About a week before he died, his fellow-deacon called to see him, and it was thought that he was too exhausted to speak; but on his friend saying, "How stands your hope beyond the grave?" He said, "In the Lord have I righteousness and strength, and he is become my salvation. Yes, 'tis he." And he conversed sweetly on the things of God and church matters for a long time, to the astonishment of those around him. He requested Jno. xiv. to be read, which our friend did, and engaged in prayer; and our dear departed friend blessed him in the name of the Lord in a very solemn and affectionate manner. On the Tuesday before he died, early in the morning, he sang the first verse of hymn 379:

"Come, my soul, thy suit prepare," &c.

It appears that Satan was permitted to harass him, for it was evident his soul was in conflict. At last he said, "He is a liar! He is a liar!" "Find," he said, "the hymn:"

"Crown the Mighty Conqueror, crown him!"

The hymn (982) was read to him, which he much enjoyed.

On the morning of the day he died, when I went into the room, he was scarcely able to speak to be understood. He put his hands together, and said to me, "Once more;" meaning, try to pray. I found him stayed in his soul on the Lord, and quite sensible that he was very near his end.

A little before he died he wished to be turned in bed a little. This having been done, he said, "Now let me die!" And soon his ransomed spirit left the clay tabernacle to inherit the mansion prepared for him from before the foundation of the world.

Heathfield.

G. M.

NONE but Jesus can cure. Twelve years as with the diseased woman; or eighteen, as with the woman in the synagogue; or thirty-eight, as with the man at the pool of Bethesda, are all the same until Christ be found.—*Hawker*.

THE OTHER SIDE THE OCEAN.

My dear Friend,—It affords us much pleasure to have an opportunity to present you two bottles of wine, through the kindness of Mr. C. J. P., of Canada. He is an Englishman, with whom we very recently became acquainted, in consequence of the publication of my letter in the "Standard;" and, from the perusal of his experience written to us, together with communications during a fortnight's visit at our house, we are satisfied that he is divinely taught, and truly fears God.

We greatly lament that we had not an opportunity during your visit to drive around the country, and show you the surroundings of Tarry Town, as we have had the pleasure of doing in the case of Mr. C. J. P. I assure you I was very much surprised to see my letter in the "Standard." "The Other Side the Ocean" attracted my attention, and I was going to have a feast. I began to read, and thought, as my eyes glanced over one or two paragraphs, that it was very familiar; but I did not at first sight fully recognize that it was mine. We were then as low as we could well be, in consequence of financial difficulties, threatening the loss by fraud of a portion of our income. I took up the "Standard" in the midst of my domestic duties, to see if I could obtain from it a crumb of consolation. The words at the commencement, "Cut Off from Creature Help," were a reviving cordial, and I resolved to read it during our lonely morning exercises. This occurred on Sunday; and the sermon, together with the acceptability of my letter in your sight, and the hope that it might have a tendency to promote the cause of Zion, much comforted us. However, the Lord, who is our refuge in distress, came eventually to our help, and unexpectedly raised up an instrument to extricate us out of the hands of the fowler. To God be all the praise.

A few months ago we received from Mr. T. E., of Salem, a number of pamphlets, one of which was on baptism. In this treatise he seems to approve of receiving and admitting to the Lord's table any who are divinely taught without baptism. I cannot imagine how he found his way to Tarry Town; but if his object was to promote error in our family he has mistaken his mission. We have no desire to enter the sheepfold by any other way than by the door, Christ.

I have received a number of very acceptable letters from several individuals since the publication of my letter; hence I rejoice and hope that it was not written in vain. They all complain that they have neither church nor society such as their soul loveth.

Elder E. H. Burnam expresses fears that his magazine will not be sustained; and in that case he says he shall visit the churches eastward, and thence to England. I think he is a very humble man, having at heart the welfare of Zion. There are many similar, though smaller, periodicals now established in the different States, but nearly all manifest fears that they will not be supported.

I sincerely hope you will kindly inform us if sickness or any other circumstance on your side of the Atlantic should in the least degree render it inconvenient for you to receive us next May or June; I assure you we will cheerfully submit to whatever God appoints in that respect. We are not aware that anything on our side of the ocean will prevent. We can scarcely realize, however, that our eyes will ever behold our native land, or our ears be blessed with the sound of the voice of them whose feet are beautiful upon the mountains. I really do not know whether it will be best to go direct to London or to Liverpool,

Yours, I trust, in the Truth,

Tarry Town, N. Y., Sept. 19, 1873.

ANN COPCUTT.

"SAVED TO SIN NO MORE."

The salvation of the gospel is a glorious salvation. It is perfect and complete; all that could be desired. It saves from misery. It comes in between the guilty offender and the dreadful penalty due to his sins, and delivers him for ever from all its power. It does more than this; were it to leave him here, it would be only a half salvation. It saves not only from misery, the desert of sin, but also from sin itself, the source of all our wretchedness. "Thou shalt call his name Jesus," said the angel, unto Joseph, "for he shall save his people from their sins." His blood is cleansing blood, washing away every guilty stain. By its shedding, there is a fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness, in which our polluted souls are made pure. To John, as he gazed upon the glorified church in heaven, it was said, "These are they that have come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." "He gave himself for it, that he might sanctify and cleanse it, that he might present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish."

The believer in Christ hungers and thirsts after righteousness. He longs to be freed from all the taint and power of sin. He wants that every bias and inclination of his soul should be holy. His whole heart responds to the command, "Be ye holy, for I the Lord your God am holy." It is just what, above all things else, he wants; nothing else will satisfy him. Most gladly would he plunge his sin-polluted soul in some cleansing fount, and come forth pure, in the likeness of God. It is his most fervent and oft-repeated prayer, "Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin." And this desire of his soul shall ere long be granted. All the ransomed church of God shall be saved, *saved to sin no more*. Sin shall have no more dominion over them. Safe within the gates of that city, "into which there shall in no wise enter anything that defileth;" they shall dwell for ever, beyond the reach of this their great enemy. There they shall be like unto their Saviour and the holy angels. The eye of the heart-searching God shall discern in them no impurity. Perfectly restored to the image of their Creator, all their thoughts and feelings, all their desires and emotions, shall be holy; and the blessedness of the "pure in heart" shall be theirs.—*American Paper*.

EXOD. XXIX. 20.—The blood was to be put upon the priest's right ear, to show that he was to be diligent in listening to and observing God's commands; upon the right thumb, to show that he must employ his hands in every good work; and upon the great toe of the right foot, to show that he must walk only in a right path and not go astray. He must, in fact, be an example to the people.

JUDG. V. 19-22.—What an utter rout is here forcibly described! So great was the terror that even the horses, yea, the *mighty* horses (as "ones" means),—the best horses, well trained for battle, pranced, or *plunged*, as the margin reads, or kicked, until their very hoofs were torn." "They took no gain of money;" *i.e.*, the kings did not fight for money, or plunder, but for victory, and were determined to gain it; but they were defeated, despite all their efforts and valour. Many of them, in their hasty flight, were drowned in the river Kishon. But how did the stars fight against them? By their clear shining after the sun went down. That is, even by starlight, the Israelites pursued their enemies, which was a very unusual thing, and which they could not have done had not the stars thus, as it were, lent their aid.

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

MARCH, 1874.

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

SLEEPING IN JESUS.

PORTIONS OF A SERMON PREACHED AT JIREH CHAPEL, LEWES, SUSSEX,
DEC. 9TH, 1823, ON THE DEATH OF MRS. VINALL, WIFE OF MR. VINALL,
MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL, BY MR. OXENHAM, OF WELWYN, HERTS.

"But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him."—1 THESS. IV. 13, 14.

In addressing you this morning, I shall not divide my text into heads, but will endeavour, as God shall be pleased to help me, to speak from the words as they lay before us; and the first thing I shall notice is, to whom the apostle addresses these words. They are not written to the ungodly, who have no fear of God before their eyes, but to the church of the living God, whose names are written in heaven; and therefore Paul addresses them as brethren. Now, the word or term "brethren" may be considered in a natural or spiritual sense. The children of the same parents are called brethren, and sometimes the people of the same nation are so called. (Acts vii. 23.) Here the whole of the Israelites are called brethren; but these Thessalonians were brethren in a better sense. They were the children of God through faith in Christ Jesus. They were born again of the Spirit of God, and were adopted into God's family, and, by the Spirit's influence and grace, were really united to Christ as a branch in that living Vine. Death dissolves all unions but this. The union between man and wife, parent and children, or whatever bonds may unite men together that are natural, are all dissolved by death. But the union of the church with Christ is an eternal union; and so it is with the members of his body. God loved them with an everlasting love; they were 'given to Christ by his Father from all eternity; in his book were all his members written. Jesus redeemed them all by his death on the cross; in the fulness of time they are called to the fellowship of Christ by God the Spirit's quickening influence; as Jesus saith, "All that the Father giveth me shall come to me." It is not written *may* come, but Jesus saith they *shall* come; for thy people shall be a willing people in the day of thy power; "and he that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

Here is encouragement for every poor sensible sinner. Dost thou feel thy lost estate, and thy want of a Saviour? Art thou convinced there is salvation in no other name? And dost thou call upon him for the manifestations of his mercy to thee, like the poor publican who put up that earnest cry, when he smote upon his breast and said, "God be merciful to me a sinner," and yet feel something within thy mind objecting, and saying, "I am too vile, I shall never obtain that forgiveness which others have obtained; Christ will not accept, or receive, or pardon such a sinner as I am?" Hear what he saith, "I will in no wise cast out." O the largeness of the promise! May God enable you and me more firmly to believe what the Lord our God hath spoken.

But to return. Paul was so sweetly established in the truth that he declares, writing to the church, that neither life nor death, things present nor things to come, should ever be able to separate us (that is, believing sinners, who are brethren) from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. And the dear Redeemer himself calls the church his brethren. (Mark iii. 32-35. See also Heb. ii. 11.) And although it hath pleased God to call home our departed sister, our union with her as a member of the body of Christ is not dissolved, nor ever shall be; nor is her union with her God and Saviour dissolved. The spirit returns to God that gave it, and the body returns to dust, as God declared: "Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return." And in this state the body must remain until the resurrection, when, although now sown in weakness, it shall be raised in power, fashioned like unto the glorious body of Christ, and, reunited to the glorified spirit, for ever be with the Lord. O what a glorious day will that be when all the saints who have fallen asleep shall rise and worship their God in endless glory, casting their crowns at the feet of Jehovah Jesus, and ascribing all the glory of their salvation to him who redeemed them by his blood! Now, saith the apostle, I would not that you, as brethren in Christ Jesus, be ignorant concerning them that are asleep; that is, of the state of the departed spirit, for although the fool has said in his heart there is no God, and many in our day, like the Sadducees of old, deny the immortality of the soul and its existing in a separate state from the body, yet divine revelation plainly sets it forth. I believe the moment the spirit quits this house of clay it is conveyed to God and glory by the elect angels, and ranked among what the apostle calls "the spirits of just men made perfect" now with God. Mark this, my brethren,—now with God, in the sweetest enjoyment of God's love and in his presence. So that we are not ignorant of the state of our departed sister; she is now with her God.

Nor, on the other hand, are we ignorant of the state of the departed souls of the ungodly. Christ says, "If you die in your sin, where I am ye cannot come." Now, when Jesus had finished the whole work of our redemption, he ascended to his God and

our God, to his Father and our Father; and it is declared that he is set down on the right hand of the Majesty on high, there to appear in the presence of God for us, as our Advocate and living Intercessor. So that it is plain from the word of God that Jesus is now in heaven above as our Immanuel.

"But," saith the apostle, "I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not even as others which have no hope." Here the apostle calls the death of a believing sinner a sleep; and Christ himself gives it the same name when he said to his disciples, "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth; but I go to awake him." As if Christ had said, "The death of my family is only a falling asleep."

Now, my brethren, let us consider what death is. The first account we have of it is in God's law, as given to Adam, when God declared that "in the day thou eatest of the tree which I have forbidden thou shalt surely die." Here is the sentence of God, and this sentence certainly includes death in its utmost latitude. Adam transgressed the law of his God, and the first part of the sentence he felt was a separation from God in heart and affections; so that when God came down Adam hid himself, or attempted so to do; and when God asked him the reason, he said he was afraid. Now, it is written, sin separates between God and the soul; and the sin of Adam cut off that sweet communion that Adam had with God before he sinned. Hence Paul saith, "Sin entered" (that is, by Adam's transgression), "and death by sin." Adam, by his sin, became alienated from God; and such a death he felt to all the enjoyments of peace and delight in God that in the very day he ate thereof he died as to all spiritual communion with God. In the next place, Adam's sin entailed temporal death on himself and his posterity. Temporal death is the separation of soul and body. "The body without the spirit is dead." The body cannot exist without the immortal spirit; yet the immortal soul can exist without the body. When God created man, he breathed into him the breath of life, and man became a living soul.

Furthermore, Adam's sin brought the sentence of eternal death, or a final separation from God, on himself and his posterity. This is the second death, and is the final and eternal separation of body and soul from God, which is the awful sentence that shall be passed on all the ungodly at the great day of God's judgment.

When Martha met our Lord, as he entered the village of Bethany, as recorded in the gospel by John, she saith to him, "Lord, if thou hadst been here my brother had not died." Jesus answered, "Thy brother shall rise again." She replied, "I know he shall rise again at the last day." Jesus answered and said unto her, "I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and he that liveth and believeth shall never die. Believest thou this?" Here, then, we have the promise of Christ that he that liveth and believeth shall never die; that is, never shall, as touching either

body or soul, be separated finally from God, or fall under the sentence or curse of a broken law.

And now, my brethren, only consider how this is brought to pass. The sentence in the law had gone forth: "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." Jesus, our blessed Redeemer, assumes our nature, becomes flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone, God our Father lays upon him the iniquity of all his chosen family. He was made sin for us; not a sinner; no; for guile was not found in his mouth; but in love to us he became our Surety, undertook to suffer all our sins deserved, to die for us, the just for the unjust, to fulfil every precept that we had broken, and, by his own obedience to the law, bring in everlasting righteousness. What Adam lost by his transgression, namely, communion, fellowship, and delight in God, is again enjoyed by the grace and renewing influence of God the Spirit, through faith in the all-atoning sacrifice of God our Saviour.

Again. The soul that is really and truly brought to believe in Jesus, and is a partaker of his Spirit, shall never be left or forsaken of his God. The God who hath bestowed on him his pardoning, justifying, and sanctifying grace will also give eternal glory; for "the redeemed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall for ever be done away." Therefore, although the body sleeps in death, the spirit is rejoicing in glory; so that the death of a child of God is no more than sleeping in Jesus. And further, there is not only a union between the Son of God and the souls which he has redeemed, which union can never be dissolved, but there is a union between the very body of Christ and the bodies of his saints. Hence he is called "flesh of our flesh, and bone of our bone." And again, saith the apostle, "We are members of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones." Nor is this union dissolved by death. Therefore sleeping in Christ is a beautiful emblem. For instance; we that have families, when our children take rest in sleep the union is not broken; in the morning they awake again. So the resurrection is called the morning.

The dead in Christ shall rise first, that is their bodies, for Christ is the Saviour of the bodies as well as souls of his family. Therefore Paul desired that his Thessalonian brethren might not be ignorant of the state of those that sleep in Jesus, that they should sorrow not when removed from the stage of life, as others that have no hope. Sorrow is not forbidden by God, when he is pleased to remove his children by death from us. When Moses died, all Israel mourned for him forty days; and when Josiah, that good king, died, the prophet Jeremiah wrote a lamentation for him; but excessive sorrow is forbidden. Hence God says, in his law, that they should make no cuttings for the dead, nor print their flesh for the dead. The heathen world, having no knowledge of God, nor of the resurrection, when they lost a friend or relative by death they sorrowed as those that have no

hope, and cut and wounded their bodies to cause pain, thereby to make a sore lamentation for the dead; and the reason was because they themselves were without hope, and had no hope of meeting their departed friends again. Hope sometimes means a grace of God's Holy Spirit. Hence the promise that the Lord will take pleasure in them that fear him, in all such as hope in his mercy. And David, speaking in soliloquy, saith, "Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him." Now the exercise of this grace is always for something promised, and not yet enjoyed; for that which is seen or enjoyed is not hope; but if a man hopeth for that which he seeth not, then doth he with patience wait for it.

Thus a poor sinner, who feels his need of the pardoning mercy of God through Christ, is brought to hope for it; yea, long, thirst, and hunger after it; and the ground of his hope is God's faithful promise and the power of God to fulfil what he hath promised. But when it pleases God to reveal and make known his great salvation, and the poor sinner sweetly enjoys the love, mercy, and goodness of his God, what he now has received he rejoices in and blesses God for; as Mary of old, who said, "My spirit rejoices in God my Saviour." The pardoned sinner's hope goes forward, and humbly expects, according to God's promise, in due time, to be brought to a state of endless glory. As saith the apostle, "We have a hope full of immortality and eternal glory." That is, he hoped and fully expected, in God's time, to be brought to the full enjoyment of all that God had promised; and so David speaks, "I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness."

But, in the word of my text, when the apostle saith that we sorrow not as others which have no hope, it regards the state of our departed brethren; and most certainly, as in the case of our departed sister, we confidently hope and firmly believe in her eternal happiness. It was but a few years that I was personally acquainted with her; yet many hours I agreeably spent with her in Christian conversation, and found such union in soul that although she is now removed from us, and we shall see her no more, yet the union of spirit is not dissolved. David saith, "Thy servants regard the dust of Zion." They have a respect, a love, for all the mystical body of Christ; and, therefore, we do not sorrow this day as others that have no hope; for I am as fully persuaded in my mind of the eternal happiness of our departed sister as I am of my present existence; and the goodness of God was clearly manifested towards her in her last affliction, so that she could and did rejoice in the God of her salvation.

When Pharaoh told Moses they might go and serve the Lord, Moses said not a hoof should be left behind in Egypt. This was typical of the deliverance of all God's family from bondage, whether old or young, strong or weak. All Israelites must go; and so they did. And every Israelite indeed shall be brought into the heavenly Canaan, whether their faith be strong or weak. Even a wicked man had light enough to see the eternal felicity of God's

people; therefore Balaam cried out, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

The death and resurrection of Christ is the ground or base on which all our hopes are founded. Christ is declared to have put away sin by the sacrifice of himself, and without shedding of blood there could be no remission of the same. In the day in which we live, my brethren, this great and grand truth is denied, and men say that Christ only died as an example of meekness and patience, and wholly deny the merit of his blood-shedding. They trample under foot the blood of Christ, and count it an unholy thing, or thing of no avail; as a Unitarian minister, some short time since, publicly declared, while administering the ordinance to his people, that he wished it was done away altogether, as he thought it a useless ceremony. But, my beloved, we have not so learned Christ. To you that believe he is precious, and we can, as asserted by the Divine Spirit, commemorate his dying love in the ordinance, and feel, at times, that sympathy and love to him, for his condescending to redeem us by his own blood, that we really have fellowship with him in his sufferings.

The lamb was to be roasted whole, with all its appurtenances, to show that Jesus should be a whole, full, and sufficient Saviour, that his redemption should be complete, nothing added to it nor anything taken from it; and the last words of the dear Redeemer on the cross were, "It is finished!"

Furthermore, the paschal lamb was eaten by the Israelites. To which Christ alludes when he says, "Except ye eat the flesh and drink the blood of the Son of Man, ye have no life in you; for my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood drink indeed." When death reigned through all the land of Egypt, where the blood was found not one died. No; they were preserved, and saved from temporal death by that typical blood. How much more, then, shall those be eternally saved who are sheltered under and partakers of the all-atoning sacrifice of the blessed Jesus, whose blood cleanseth from all sin!

This blessed Saviour was known and believed in by Abraham and all the ancient saints. Hence Christ told the Jews, "Your father Abraham rejoiced to see my day; he saw it, and was glad." When God called Abraham to offer up his son Isaac, Abraham clearly saw the death of Jesus, and believed in him and his atonement too; and it was this which made him glad; for it is written, God filleth our hearts with joy and peace in believing. Now, where this blessed and holy confidence is wrought in the soul, it will not lift it up in vain conceit; but it lays the believing sinner low before his God, under the sweet constraining power of unmerited favour. It is this goodness of God in pardoning our sins, justifying us by faith, blessing us with peace, that leads to that real evangelical repentance that needeth not to be repented of. These are some of the sweetest moments in a Christian's life. Christ is precious to him. He not only believes

in him, but enjoys that peace and pardoning love which are the sweet earnest of his future inheritance; and we may truly say, as Peter did on another occasion, "Master, it is good to be here." This sweet fellowship with Jesus, this brokenness of heart, this godly sorrow, this sweet contrition of spirit, this holy faith and love in our God, is but little known in this day of great profession, and is by many called fanaticism or enthusiasm; but what men who know not God and are strangers to a living faith may be pleased to call it, I believe it to be the very place where the favourite disciple reclined, namely, on the bosom of Jesus.

The resurrection from the dead appeared so wonderful that when Paul was preaching it they declared he was a setter-forth of new or strange gods, because Paul preached Jesus and the resurrection from the dead. And we find among the first disciples at Corinth that the blessed doctrine of the resurrection from the dead they could not comprehend; and therefore some said, "How are the dead raised up? And with what body do they come?" Paul answers them rather sharply, "Thou fool," &c. (1 Cor. xv.) Here the apostle clearly illustrates and sets forth the resurrection; and as he says in another place, "If the dead rise not, then is Christ not raised; and if Christ be not raised, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins, and they also which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished." Therefore the doctrine of the resurrection is a doctrine full of comfort and peace to all real believers. It is the sure pledge and earnest of our resurrection to life eternal. Christ is the first-fruits; and as the first-fruits, under the law, sanctified the whole harvest, so doth the death and blessed resurrection of the Lord Christ sanctify the whole body of his church; and where he is, there shall they be also. Therefore, we not only believe that Jesus died for us, but rose again for us, and that he ever liveth to make intercession for us, and he must and shall reign on his mediatorial throne until he hath put down all his enemies and gathered all his wheat into his garner.

Observe, it is them that sleep *in* Jesus; the emphasis is on the little word *in*. Therefore we must be in him before we can sleep in him. Let us, therefore, inquire what may be here meant by a being in him. The word most certainly implies a union with Christ; and this union between Christ and his church is an everlasting one. "From everlasting," saith Christ, "was I set up" as the covenant Head of my body, the church; and in the Person of Christ the whole mystical body had life, by virtue of this blessed covenant of God's grace. Now the knowledge of this choice of our God, and sensible union with God, is and shall be savingly made known by the effectual working and quickening power of God the eternal Spirit in the souls of the chosen of God. God, that cannot lie, gave them life in Christ before the foundation of the world; and this life which was given them in Christ was made manifest, or brought to light, by the gospel preached. The ordination and appointment of their God went

before, and was antecedent to their believing in Christ Jesus, and their being brought to believe in and receive Christ was the fruit and blessed effect of God's predestinating love to them in Christ Jesus before the world was. The very coming of a sinner in prayer, confession, and supplication to God, through Christ, proves he is not altogether destitute of the principle of faith. Christ himself, for the encouragement of every sensible sinner, saith, "Seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." The earnest desires, the holy longings of the soul going out after the saving knowledge of God and the forgiveness of sins, also prove there is a union of soul with the blessed Saviour, and are all produced by the life-giving influence of God the eternal Spirit; as the apostle saith, he maketh intercession for us with groanings that cannot be uttered. If there was no love in the heart (and love is of God and the fruit of his Spirit), there would not be these earnest desires going forth towards him. The language of the natural man is, "Depart from us, O God, we desire not the knowledge of thy ways;" whilst that of the awakened sinner, who is a partaker of divine life, is, "O that I knew where I might find him!" Or with the publican, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." Or like Peter, when sinking, "Lord, save, or I perish!" Jesus acknowledged that poor Peter had faith, although it was *little*; and "he that believeth shall be saved."

Now, as God hath declared he will give more grace, it pleaseth God, by the sweet answers to our petitions and by the manifestations of his goodness, from time to time, to encourage, strengthen, and confirm the souls of his children; so that, by the grace of their God, they are enabled to say with the spouse, "My beloved is mine, and I am his;" or with Paul, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that neither life nor death, things present nor things to come, shall ever separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." This was the state of our departed sister. She had a sweet, humble, holy assurance of her interest in Christ, and was persuaded she should never be separated from him. Thus she was, by her confidence in her God and Saviour, in the sweet enjoyment of his pardoning mercy.

Again. Our being really and truly in Christ is manifest by the love of the believing sinner to his God. The mind of man, through the fall of Adam and his own transgressions, is enmity itself against God. What are the blessed effects of love of God? We love him because he first loved us. And the apostle saith, by the Holy Ghost, that love is the bond of perfectness, or that perfect bond that unites the church to God, and can never be broken. And God, who is love, may as soon cease to exist as the eternal God as God cease to love his church. Now when it pleases God to manifest his goodness, mercy, and love to a poor sinner, it is the sweet enjoyment of the pardoning love of God that casts out and removes from the mind the slavish fear of death and judgment; for perfect love casts out fear and torment;

and it not only casts out fear, but it enables the believer to rejoice in the God of his salvation. The Spirit of God now bears witness that he is a child of God, and the holy humble cry of "Abba, Father," goes up. The peace that now reigns in the mind, the love that flows out to God at such times, is better felt than can be expressed; and the sweet delight in and holy fellowship of the soul with God would, if written, appear foolishness to the world; but the Song of Solomon abounds with it; there we have the Lord sweetly conversing with his spouse, and drawing forth her soul in love to him, whilst she sat down under his shadow with sweet delight, and the fruits or benefits of his salvation and redemption were sweet indeed to her taste. These are truly, my brethren, the days of our espousals. Jesus asked the Pharisees of old, "How can the children of the bridegroom fast while the bridegroom is with them?" No; these are not days of fasting, but of feasting on the dying love of God our Saviour; and he saith, "Eat, O friends, drink; yea, drink abundantly, O beloved." These are the days of the Son of Man indeed. But, alas! Alas! After these sweet foretastes of the powers of the world to come, like Peter, we must come down from the mount; but he that loveth is born of God, and dwelleth in God and God in him; and being in him, when called hence shall sleep in him; for, as I have observed before, the union between Christ and his church is an eternal union, and cannot be dissolved even by death; for them that sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.

But perhaps there may be some of God's own family who may be ready to say, "Ah, sir, I have never had these sweet manifestations of God's love to me; I would give ten thousand worlds if I had them in my possession,—the enjoyment of God's love, and the assurance that such a worthless sinner as I am was loved of God with an everlasting love, and never should be separated from him. True, I feel, at times, my heart going out in strong desires after him, and I seek him, and call upon him as well as I can; but I am afraid he has no love for such a poor, wretched, worthless sinner as I am. 'O that I knew where I might find him' is my prayer. Sometimes I feel a little encouraged. Then again I sink almost into despondency, and am ready to give up all for lost; so that I am full of tossings to and fro, and my life hangs in doubt; sometimes a little encouraged to hope in the mercy of God, and then again cast down through the slavish fear of death and wrath to come." To such poor trembling sinners the promise of your God is, he "will never quench the smoking flax nor break the bruised reed." Now the old proverb saith, "Where there is smoke there must be fire." God's love in the heart of a poor sinner is compared to fire. Many waters (that is, troubles, afflictions, temptations, or distresses) cannot quench love, neither can the floods (of persecution) drown it. The smoke is emblematical of the earnest desires, longings, and thirstings of the quickened soul after God; and as smoke ascends, so do these ascend to God; and Christ himself pronounces the hungry,

thirsty sinner under the blessing, "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." The reason why Jesus saith they are blessed is because they are partakers of the grace of life; from which principle of divine life, given unto them, proceed all their hungering and thirsting after the living God; and the promise to such is, they shall be filled; that is, satisfied; and this satisfaction is produced in the soul when Jesus sweetly assures their minds that he has in love to their souls cast all their sins behind his back. It is only for Jesus to say, "Son, or daughter, thy sins are forgiven thee, go in peace;" faith believes what Jesus declares, and being justified by faith we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ. If there was no love, my fellow-sinner, in thy heart to the Lord Jesus Christ, there would not be those earnest desires and longings of the soul going out to him, and fervent petitions for his mercy and forgiveness. It is quite contrary to the very nature and being of us, as rational creatures, to desire or long after the company of an object hated. I speak naturally as concerning man. We form in our minds, either from an injury received or supposed to have been received, a dislike to this or that person. Do we desire their company? No; we rather avoid them, and shun their company. So, on the other hand, there are certain persons in the world we are glad to see, and often wish for their company and conversation. And what is the reason? Because we feel a love and regard for them. So it is spiritually. The sinner that is dead in sin hates God, has no delight in God, nor desires the knowledge of his ways. He hates them that love and fear God, and in his heart despises them; while the sinner in whose heart God has begun the good work of grace has his enmity slain; he is made willing to forsake all, take up his cross, and follow Christ. He loves them that he believes are real partakers of his grace; and the love of God, although set forth by the similitude of smoke, arises to God in all the quickened sinner's longings and thirstings after the enjoyment of his favour and love; and it is only for God to fan the smoking flax, which he will do in his own time, and it will burst forth; and thou shalt, poor sinner, when this is thy happy case, say as others have done, "This is our God; we have waited for him; he will save us." Or with David, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name, who forgiveth all thine iniquities," &c. And the psalmist speaks to thy encouragement, "Wait on the Lord; be of good courage; God shall strengthen thy heart."

The last thing in my text is to consider what we are to understand by God's bringing with him all that sleep in Jesus. I have, in the preceding part of this discourse, endeavoured to show you that the spirit, at death, returns to God, and that the spirits of the just are made perfect in their enjoyment of God in a state of glory; consequently they are now with him; as Jesus sweetly expresses in his prayer to his Father, "Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am; that they may

behold my glory." Paul, writing to the church, saith, "Behold, I show you a mystery. We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye," &c. But who are those that the saints shall be caught up to meet but those whom God brings with him? And their meeting, Paul says, shall be in the clouds; for we shall be caught up together in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air, and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Therefore it is plain that those that come with the Lord are his saints, the saints then alive on earth. At his coming they shall be changed in a moment, and having put off this gross, mortal, sinful body, shall mount up and meet the Lord in the air.

It may naturally be expected that I should speak a few words respecting our departed sister, whose earthly remains we have this day deposited in the silent tomb; and as my memory cannot retain correctly the words of our sister in her last affliction, I will read a few of them as they were taken down at the time. A few days previous to her departure, she said, "What an unspeakable mercy, on the bed of languishing, to have a good hope through grace! O how precious is my dear Lord to me! He has killed me to all things but himself, and my heart is with him. I am enabled to leave my children and all with him, knowing that he will do much better for them than I could if I was spared! O that he would keep me from dishonouring his precious name!" By dishonouring the precious name of her Saviour she meant by murmuring or complaining; for, at times, the pain of her body was exceedingly great, and she was afraid lest, through the pain she felt, she might speak anything in a way of complaining at the dealings of her God; she was very tender of the honour of her God. O what sweet composure and blessed peace was our sister blessed with thus in faith to commit her family into the hands of her covenant God.

At another time she said, "I am ready. The blessed Jesus has done all for me. If he had left anything for me to do, I should never have been ready. I long to depart and be with Christ. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly! But I fear lest I am too selfish or over desirous to be with the Lord. Dear Lord, give me patience to wait, submission to thy will, and strength to endure, and keep me from fretfulness and from dishonouring thy dear name." How agreeable was the sweet frame of soul of our departed sister to the words of Christ, who said to his disciples, "Blessed is that servant whom, when his Lord cometh and knocketh (that is, by sickness), shall open to him immediately." (Luke xii. 36, 37.) In this waiting frame of soul was our sister. She could and did say, "Lord, I am ready." She was waiting for her Lord, sweetly relying on his finished salvation. The great apostle Paul could say no more: "I am ready to depart!" O what a blessing is this, my friends, that when we come to leave this world, we have only to yield up our souls into the hand of that God who hath redeemed us. O how sensibly was the good-

ness of God felt and enjoyed by our sister, that she could from her heart say, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!" And yet how tender lest she should be over anxious, and how earnest her supplication that she might not dishonour her God by any fretful repining words that might drop from her lips through the pain she felt.

But a few days before her departure, on our brother's hearing her voice as he was sitting by her bed, he asked her if she wanted anything. She said, "No; I was praying my dear Lord to come and not tarry." In the same morning she said, "The Lord is taking down my tabernacle; but what a blessing that I am not afraid with any amazement. He hath been my all for many years, and he will not leave the poor destitute sinner." How plainly, my brethren, was it seen that as the earthly house of our sister was decaying she was strengthened by the Spirit's might in her inward man. What a sweet confidence was this. "Jesus has been my all," said our sister, "for many years, and he will never leave the poor destitute sinner." How graciously did God fulfil his promise towards her. While passing through the valley of the shadow of death she feared no evil. And why? Her God was with her, and therefore she was not afraid of any amazement that it was possible the king of terrors could bring.

The very day previous to her departure, as her dear partner was going to engage in prayer by her, she said, "This has been a trying night to me, as it respects my poor body; but the Lord has comforted me much from these words: 'And being in an agony, he prayed more earnestly.' The blessed Samaritan came to the very place where I was, and poured in oil and wine. If he had but broken the silver cord, I could have fallen sweetly into his arms. I was ready to burst forth and sing that triumphant song, 'O death, where is thy sting?'"

Thus we see how gracious the Lord was to our departed sister. This inward peace in the midst of agonizing pain is God's gift, and may truly be said to pass all understanding. How did our sister rejoice in her God, and, like the apostle of old, was not only willing to depart and be with Christ, which is far better, but with him to sing also the song of triumph, through faith in her God and Saviour, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

In this sweet and holy confidence our departed sister fell asleep in Jesus, and is now singing his praise with all the glorified spirits around the throne.

[Mr. Oxenham was contemporary with Mr. Huntington. He built a chapel at Welwyn, and left it in perpetuity as a place of truth. It is called Bethel. An old friend residing at Welwyn says, "I believe many a poor sinner whose bodies are now mouldering in the dust around it found it to be a Bethel."]

A MONUMENT OF GRACE.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE LAST DAYS OF MRS. DIBLEY, SIDLESHAM, CHICHESTER,
WRITTEN BY THE LATE MR. PARSONS, MINISTER OF THAT PLACE.

It was about 70 years ago that the Almighty Lord, by his free grace, stopped her when she was dancing, so that she could not go one more step in the way of sin and death. She then fell into deep soul trouble, and continued so for a long time before the Lord made known himself to her as her Lord and great Saviour,—even for about 20 years; with sometimes a little hope to keep her from sinking, and a little strength to hold on in the way of the Lord until the set time to favour her was come. This was about 28 years ago. At that time she heard that dear man of God, the late Mr. Vinall, with great power and sweetness. When she got home and retired to bed, the Lord broke into her soul with his love, mercy, grace, and power in such a marvellous way she could no longer remain on her bed, but got out and fell on her knees with a heart full of love, gratitude, happiness, and praise to her dear almighty and precious Deliverer, the Lord Jesus Christ. Indeed, she said she could not praise him half enough for what he had done for her immortal soul.

In this happy moment she had a vision by faith of the Lord Jesus Christ coming to her with the banner of eternal truth and endless love in his hand; so that, seeing him and two companies of angels with him, she was quite swallowed up in love, wonder, and praise at the glorious vision.

Some time ago I was with her and the friends of the bridegroom. After speaking to them, she was as happy as she could be in the body, and sang this hymn of dear Mr. Hart's as long as she had strength to hold out:

“Once more, before we part,
We'll bless the Saviour's name,” &c.

The last time I saw her in the flesh I cannot forget; for as soon as she saw me enter the room she said, with a heart full of love and her countenance full of joy and peace, “Here comes that dear, that precious man of God. Set me up.” And when she sat up, she caught my hand and began to kiss it, and did so many times. Then she began to speak of what a vile sinner she was, and of the great and marvellous Person and boundless love of her altogether-lovely Jesus. I joined with my whole soul with her. The last words she said to me were, “We shall soon meet, never to part again.” I felt it hard work to leave her, as I found it good to be with her, and believing I should see her no more in this world.

After this visit she told her friends that she could have embraced me in her arms from the spiritual love she felt to me, and because I had been made a blessing to her so many times in preaching the ever-blessed gospel of the ever-blessed God. She was full, and her cup ran over with love, joy, peace, happiness, praise, and thanksgiving to her blessed Lord, for his matchless

love to her. She then sent for all her children and the Lord's family who lived about her, and, like good old Jacob, strengthened herself and pronounced a different blessing on each one in her dying chamber. Her eldest son then came in. She took him by the hand and solemnly said to him, "How does it stand between God and your soul? Remember that nothing short of a true and living faith will do to die with?" To which he could not reply. She then burst forth in strains almost more than mortal with, "O, happy, happy, happy me, that Christ should die on the tree to redeem such a wretch as I! O! Bless and praise his holy name; for I know that my Redeemer liveth;" and then she sang sweetly and triumphantly,

"This is faith, will conquer death
And overcome the devil."

She then said to her husband, "My dear, I shall step in before you; but never mind; you will soon come to me. The Lord will provide for you. Do not grieve for me. I shall be happy for ever. I have now got some of the good old wine on the lees well refined. It is sweeter than honey or the honeycomb."

After this the enemy was permitted to tempt and harass her much that all was not right and would not be. But she said the Lord had sent his angel to her to assure her that he would come again soon and take her to himself, and had powerfully brought those precious words to her heart: "I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee." And again: "I have been with thee in six troubles, and in the seventh no evil shall befall thee." She then sweetly sang:

"Faith in the bleeding Lamb,
O what a gift is this."

She also would often repeat these words:

"Musing on my habitation,
Musing on my heavenly home,
Fills my soul with holy longing;
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come.
Vanity is all I see;
Lord, I long to be with thee."

Then she said, with faith and fervour, "The blessed Lord has often promised me that he would never leave nor forsake me; so that I care not for the smiles or frowns of the world; for I am dead to it and all that is in it." Then she said,

"O come, Lord Jesus, quickly come,
And take thy wanderer home;

For there I long to be." Then, in the full tide of joy, she said, "O happy, blessed morning, when Jesus Christ was born in Bethlehem to redeem such a wretch as I. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his only name."

Wednesday was the last day she could speak. On that day she spoke freely to two of her friends of the things of her God, and being firmly on the Rock, Christ Jesus, she sang to them:

“How high a privilege 'tis to know
Our sins are all forgiven,” &c.

Her daughter then said to her,

“‘Heaven is that holy, happy place,
Where sin no more defiles.’”

She replied,

“‘Where God unveils his blissful face,
And looks, and loves, and smiles.’”

These were the last words she was ever heard to say in this vale of tears. Thus she fell asleep in the arms of eternal love, never more to sin or sorrow.

[J. Row is not aware that this memoir has ever been published, having had the original (in Mr. Parson's writing) some years in his possession. He can vouch for the truthfulness of it, and now sends it that the sweet account may not be hidden up.]

Tonbridge, Dec. 1873.

TO-MORROW.

“To-morrow is the rest of the holy Sabbath unto the Lord.”—Ex. xvi. 23.

A BLESSING for to-morrow, Lord,
I ask upon thy preached word.
Do let it prove to us, I pray,
A day of rest—a Sabbath day.
I know thou all-sufficient art,
And hast abundance to impart;
Let not my prayer thine ear offend,
But to the throne of grace ascend.
Give to thy children prayer for me,
That I my fresh anointed be
With holy oil; then shall my speech
Be unctuous, and the conscience reach.
Do this my prayer, dear Lord, regard;
With seals my ministry reward.
Not gold or silver I desire,
But souls (more precious) for my hire.
So teach me, Lord, to point the way,
From endless night to endless day;
That others may be gather'd in,
And life, eternal life, may win.
Prove my commission by the word;
Attend it with thy power, O Lord;
Let it be known that thou dost speak,
By making rocky hearts to break.
Bind up the broken, heal the sick,
Console the tried, support the weak,
Succour the tempted, bless the poor,
And feed the hungry from thy store.

CONWAY STREET CHAPEL.

The Committee of Conway Street Chapel to our well-beloved Brother in Christ Jesus, W. Gadsby, wishing Grace, Mercy, and Peace to be multiplied again and again through the Knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

Beloved,—We received your kind, affectionate letter, and are truly glad to hear of your welfare and safe arrival at home, and that you found your family and all friends well, as, through mercy, we (the committee) are at this time. Mr. Robins, to the astonishment of most, if not all, is so far recovered as to have been able to preach morning and evening for the last two Lord's days, and he stood up nearly as long as usual. The swelling is all gone down, but he is a little afflicted with the spasms and pain at the heart, though not so violently as before. On Tuesday last he set off for Brighton, and we are informed from thence he is mending very fast, so as to be able to walk without a stick, and is expected to preach there this day.

Friend Warburton has been these two Sabbaths in the country, but is now with us for this and the next Sabbath, and after that to return to the people of his care. He has been well received in his Master's name here, and the word was blessed to many. Although the weather has been and is so very hot, the place is as full as it well can hold. There has been a collection for the church at Trowbridge, and, by the attention and liberality of the people, it shows that they have an appetite and a love for and to the truth in the power of it, and where that is the case,—that the word reaches the conscience, and a little of the love of Christ is felt and enjoyed under the word,—it makes wisdom's ways pleasantness and all her paths peace. Indeed, when the heart is thus influenced with love, the hands will move cheerfully to the pocket to give liberally to the cause of Christ, which was the case with us, so that we had a very good collection. You may be ready to ask how much the collection amounted to—was it £20? Yes; nearly three times told; and we (the committee) had previously agreed and settled it amongst ourselves to keep back part to pay the expenses occasioned by an additional minister, as was the case on former occasions, seeing we are getting behind in our finances and our pastor ill, and so often calling on the people for assistance. Having so good a collection, we thought it might be very well done, and pay the visiting minister very handsomely, too. This was our fleshly scheme, and very pretty it indeed appeared to carnal reason, as you must needs think. But John was too far north for us—or, rather, John's Master. Wisdom would not have it so; for, before the collection, one of the committee informed him his case could not be sanctioned, so as to go from friend to friend, they not being personally acquainted with any that were likely to give. This had such a weight on poor John's mind that it drove him to prayer, and the next day he went into his friend, Mr. Poole's, chip house, and there asked his Lord, in

a few simple expressions, to work for him, and make the people give what his infinite wisdom pleased, but not less than £50; still, if he saw good, he could give him more. This, at the time, he believed came from God. Accordingly, he waited to see. After the collection at night, going into the vestry, a person gave him a note, which he put in his pocket and thanked the person. After returning home he asked his friend Poole what the collection was. He answered, "Upwards of £40." Then he began to think of his petition, and Satan set in with his temptation that if it had come from God he would have granted his request. However, going to bed and ruminating it over in his mind, he examined the note given to him by the gentleman, and, to his great surprise, found it to be a £10 one, which made the sum asked for. Then he could banter the devil, and bless and praise the Lord for so kindly appearing for him. And, on Monday night, after the service, he told the people the collection amounted to upwards of £50, and thanked the Lord, and them as instruments. This, of course, many who were ignorant of the £10 note were surprised at hearing, wondering who could have informed him what the collection was. Mr. Beasley and myself were in the vestry when he came out of the pulpit. Mr. B. wondered who could have told him, and said he never could have got it out of him. I answered I had told Mr. R. He said, very simply, to me, "Now, how much was the collection?" I answered, as simply, "£52." [This, with the £10, would make £62.] From my soul I am glad, and we are all glad it is so, believing it to be of the Lord and his will that our carnal schemes should be frustrated.

You request to know how we are getting on with subscriptions for a new meeting. We are truly sorry to say, after the labours of some of the most able of the committee in drawing up a prospectus, with the consent of Mr. Robins, a meeting being called on the occasion, and a great many people attending to hear the same read, and heartily consenting thereto, Mr. Robins wished the church to be formed first, and all power in secular as well as church concerns vested in the hands of minister and church, so that no subscriber whatever shall have any voice, but must be left to the faith of the minister and the church when formed; which alters the plan entirely, so that the committee cannot act upon the prospectus, and of course the business stands still until Mr. Robins returns from Brighton, when he is to set about forming a church, &c.

Friend Warburton desires his kind love to you and yours, and when he returns to Trowbridge he purposes writing to you. He is heartily sick of his Kentish journey.

The committee, with the friends, desire their love to you and yours, and hope to receive a letter from you when convenient. So we conclude, wishing you and every true sent servant of the Lord to be richly laden with the fulness of the blessings of the gospel of Christ, and that the Holy Ghost may be pleased to accompany the word to the souls of his poor and needy ones, to the

establishing, strengthening, and settling of them in Christ Jesus, our most blessed Lord and Redeemer. So prays the unworthiest of all.

For the Committee,

London, July, 1818.

J. GAUTREY.

TRY A MINISTER BY HIS PRAYER.

BY THE LATE HENRY FOWLER.

THAT you may judge of men in the ministry more accurately, I beg to suggest the following rules:

I. Whenever a man comes forth as a blazing light, look more to his prayer than to his preaching, for be assured if he hath a broken heart and a contrite spirit it will appear in the pulpit according as the man may have been exercised with sin, the devil, and temptation in private.

A few years since Mr. — started like a comet. Heaps ran after him, cried him up wonderfully! Nay, some of my then leading men said he was another Toplady, and entreated me to hear him; yea, to invite him to preach! Well, I went to hear him in Grub Street chapel. But, alas! Grieved was I that my first-rate men should display so much want of judgment. His prayer was everything but the breathings of a humble sinner. He could not distinguish the terror of a discovered hypocrite, nor the sinner under natural convictions, from the filial fear of a child of God who dreaded to sin against his heavenly Father. I said, "That man is a presumptuous, awful character, and will go from bad to worse, and die a Deist, if God's grace does not prevent. Where is he now? Why, got where I would not go after him for all this world. Brethren, try the spirits.

Anon starts Mr. Irving, as wandering a star as ever appeared in my time. He has lost himself in overstretching his strong powers.

My brethren, be not surprised at the multitudes of all grades that run after every new man. The religion of most stands in the flesh! That most important doctrine, the new birth, they are strangers to. Many change their religion ten times because God never changed their hearts.

II. Whenever you hear a minister speak lightly or contemptuously of Christian experience, rest assured there is something wrong in that man's doctrine, or life, or both; and if a man's doctrine be not sound, and his life and walk consistent, he is a stumbling-block to Zion. He is rather a curse than a blessing to the church of God. Zion is overrun at the present moment with some of the worst of characters as preachers. Beware of them, even though they come with some of Zion's language in their mouth.

GUILT is to be taken off (the conscience) now, as it was years ago; and whether thou seest it or not, thou sinnest in all thy works. How, then, canst thou stand clear from guilt in thy soul?—*Bunyan*.

THOUGHTS ON THE SONG OF SOLOMON.

(Continued from page 76.)

CHAPTER IV.

Verse 8. "Come with me from Lebanon, my spouse, with me from Lebanon. Look from the top of Amanah, from the top of Shenir and Hermon, from the lions' dens, from the mountains of the leopards."

"*My spouse.*" Let us first consider this expression. The church is the spouse of Jesus. This is the sweet relationship of the New Testament church to the Son of God. But not only is this true of the entire church, but of individual Christians, who are brought by the teachings of the Holy Spirit into the enjoyment of this conjugal relationship to Christ. But how is this, the best match, brought about? There are immense difficulties in the way, difficulties, indeed, in their fulness known only to God, but still in some degree apprehended by the children of God. In the first place, there is, as Paul shows us, a previous wedding. (Rom. vii.) The soul is, by its original creation in Adam, under a covenant of works, or wedded to the law, the same in substance as was given on Mount Sinai to Moses. Here, then, is a tremendous impediment, especially as this law is in its nature eternal. Moses's eye, typical of this, was as bright, and his natural force as little abated, at the time of his death, as in his youth. Indeed, here is not only one impediment but two. In the first place, how shall the original marriage be properly dissolved as in the sight of God? And, secondly, how shall the law-wedded heart be delivered from this its first love? Moses, we read, was exceeding fair; or fair to God; divinely fair. This shows what the law is in itself, and to the legal heart, which cleaves inveterately to a covenant of works until some power above that of nature comes in. The first of these impediments is removed by the finished work of Christ upon earth. He assumed human nature in union to his divine Person as the Son of God, and thus became a man for his people's sakes. Moreover, he was not only made of a woman, but made under the law (Luke ii. 21), entering into a voluntary obligation to fulfil it for his people. In life he obeyed its precepts, and this obedience is the righteousness of his people, being imputed to them as though fulfilled by them. Then he voluntarily was made sin for them and a curse on the cross of Calvary, and died the death as though he had been the vilest of malefactors, for their sakes.

Now, when he breathes his last upon Calvary we see a sweet mystery. There and then the law dies to God's people—to all in Christ; for it can have no farther being concerning them as they are made eternally sinless, and eternally righteous in Christ; and we know the law is not for a righteous man, for one who already is brought in the eye of law into a sinless, unchangeable state of eternal justification before God. Now, the law is at once magnified, made honourable, and abolished. Moses is gone up into the mount; but, blessed be God, it is to die to

God's people there. He retains his bright eye and natural force to his last moment, as is plainly seen by his bruising the holy, harmless Lamb and Son of God to death, never leaving him until he hangs dead between two thieves on Calvary. But yet he dies and is buried by God in the land of Moab; his sepulchre may now be found in the grave of Jesus. Into the land of Canaan he cannot come. In Christ there is no such law, no Moses, no sin, no condemnation; but righteousness, blessedness, joy, peace, and glory for ever and ever. Now then we see, to all in Christ, Moses dead and buried; or the first husband no more a husband, but the church, the poor sinner who is taught by God, made free to marry another, even the glorious and risen Jesus. This is what Paul means when he writes to believers that they are dead to the law by the body of Christ. There on Calvary, in the death of Christ, in his crucified body, they may see the law slain to them, and themselves therefore dead to the law, that they may be honourably married to Jesus. But the heart of man, his religious heart, mightily fights against this. Created under a covenant of works, it cleaves to it. To Moses it will adhere in hope until he rises to break it to pieces with his iron rod, and then, unless grace rescues, adheres to him in a way of desperation. The law lies hidden in men's hearts under the outward show of profanity; it appears as a ruling principle in self-righteous religionists; it also is present in the despair of a Judas or a Cain. Indeed, there is nothing but the grace of God in the gospel can properly free from it. Only through the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus we are freed from the law of sin and death. "For I, through the law" of liberty in Christ, am thoroughly dead to the law of Moses. There in Christ, and there only do I see that the law has nothing more to do with me or I with it, and so am dead to its hopes and its terrors likewise; for,

"The terrors of law and of God
With me can have nothing to do.
My Saviour's obedience and blood
Hide all my transgressions from view."

But it is no easy work to bring the soul here. Hence the work of the Spirit is convincing of sin. First, there is a needs-be to bring the soul off from legal hopes. Naturally, an awakened man sets himself to work at the law. If it is found too strict, he will lower it. If he cannot, as he thinks, keep it by himself, he will borrow grace from Christ, and then, by what he can thus do, try to establish a righteousness against the righteousness of God. Thus he goes on labouring. When hard pressed by a guilty conscience, at times, he cries, "Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all." If doings prove defective, he thinks to improve them, and add Christ to them, to make them go down with God and conscience.

"If doings prove rather too light,
A little they own they may fail,
They purpose to make up full weight
By casting Christ's name in the scale."

They will even call for more laws. Thus precept must be upon precept. But now, if the sinner is one whom God loves, he will hunt him out of all refuges of lies, and fill his conscience with the sense of guilt and terror from God. The law is seen to be exceedingly broad. Christ, as a sort of new lawgiver, is as dreadful as Moses himself. The soul lies bleeding at the foot of justice. The wound seems incurable, and the pain perpetual. Fears of hell are felt in the conscience. The heavens above become brass, the earth iron, and the curse of a broken law goes out against the man, and the wrath of God lies upon him. All nature is clothed in gloom to him. He trembles at the shaking of a leaf; can do nothing, not even feelingly sigh, or groan, or pray, to help himself. His heart is hard, unbelieving, impenitent, full of Atheism, enmity, and hell; and now hope in the law expires. As one says,

“All drown'd and swallow'd in a sea of dread.”

But fear of the law is not gone. The law kills the man here, but does not free him from itself. He is dying under the law, but far from dead to it, or blessedly alive to God. He cannot love God, delight in God, serve God, and feel his sweet peace. But now at length comes the espousing time, the time of love the set time to favour Zion. The blessed Spirit breathes a sweet gale of grace on the heart; he turns it to the Lord. Jesus appears in view in all his grace,—all grace; full of grace and truth; no mere lawgiver, but life, and peace, and joy, and liberty; the law fulfiller, the sinner's Saviour; a shadow of a great Rock in a weary land:

“O tidings sweet of peace,
To sinners lost and poor.”

Jesus enters the soul, casts out guilt, and sin, and Satan, and perfumes with his righteousness and grace each chamber of the heart, sprinkles the conscience with his blood, and sweetly reconciles the soul in him to God. Now the man believes indeed in Jesus. Now Christ is truly known. The Son of Righteousness arises with healing in his wings; and now the soul is dead indeed to the law by the body of Christ; sees the law as a covenant dead, buried, and ended to him in Jesus; and now he is wedded to another properly, even Christ who is risen from the dead. And now the voice of the Bridegroom and the voice of the bride are heard in our land, and the voice of the Bridegroom is, “My spouse.”

“Come with me from Lebanon.” It seems strange, at first sight, that the soul once brought to see the Lord Jesus in his grace and beauty, and delivered thereby from a covenant of works, should ever return at all to Mount Sinai; but experience proves that this is too often the case; and scripture shows us the same thing, and explains the matter. The legal spirit, through the workings of which we naturally cleave to a covenant of works, and expect God to deal with us according to our own doings and deservings, is a part of our natures; and in this life the

old nature, though mortified by grace, is not abolished. The old man is crucified on the cross of Christ, and mortified by his spirit, but never finally eradicated until death dismisses us from these mortal bodies. A part of this old man is the legal spirit; and nature will work, and be perpetually endeavouring to assert its power. Moreover, the legal spirit is very subtle in its workings. Hence frequently the children of God fall again to some extent under a spirit of bondage; as one writes:

“But, strange to say, my stubborn will
To Sinai feels a cleaving still.”

This will continue more or less during the whole of this life and thus, as Luther so well describes it, a child of God may be divided into two times, the time of the law (this is so far as the flesh is in him and prevails) and the time of grace (this is just so far as the gospel, and Christ, and liberty obtain the upper hand). When it goeth well with the righteous, the new man of grace, the city of Man-Soul rejoiceth; but when the wicked, the old man of legality and sin, arises, then the new man often hideth himself.

Besides this general reason, for all the children of God being more or less influenced by the legal spirit in this life, there are special reasons in particular cases. Thus some of the children of God have not a deep law work upon their consciences at first, and previous to obtaining some degree of liberty; they have come out of Egypt, but have carried a deal of Egypt into the wilderness with them. The consequence is, there is an after going to Babylon; or, in other words, a fresh, and deeper, and more distressing work of conviction and bondage upon their souls than at first. These have to be brought as those that are about to perish in the land of Assyria. These frequently are the poor backsliders and prodigals, and in their cases the Lord lays to his hand the second time to bring from Assyria, as he did from Egypt; and when brought back to Zion again, they sing there as in the days (Hos. ii. 15) of their youth; and according to the days of their coming out of the land of Egypt, God shows unto them marvellous things. (Micah vii. 15.) Some, indeed, of the Lord's people are greatly under the power of a legal bonding spirit all their days, and hardly to be distinguished from the sons of the bondwoman. Nevertheless, in the end, God shines upon their souls, and sometimes grants them the sweetest enjoyments on a death bed; for he died to conquer death and him who terrifies the conscience of a convinced sinner with the fears of it, and to give those who, all their lifetime, are subject to bondage a happy issue from all their misery. Christ loves all his people alike with an eternal love, but varies his dispensations towards them.

These reflections will show us what is meant by the invitation of our text, “Come from Lebanon.” Lebanon is, as we know, a high range of mountains on the north of Canaan, famed for its cedars, and very magnificent, and may, therefore, well represent

to us the law in its majesty, or even the majestic greatness of God, especially in the legal manifestation of it. Now, then, the invitation is to the poor soul, who has got entangled again with the yoke of bondage, who has been too much dwelling upon the majestic greatness of God as apart from Christ, who has lost sight for a time of the hills of grace, mercy, peace, and pardoning blood at Calvary, and of Christ as a lowly, meek, and gentle Saviour, to leave the lofty hills of legal conceptions, and come again to Jesus.

But there are other high places the soul may wander to. Therefore we read of the top of Amana, the top of Shenir and Hermon. These last two we know were parts of Lebanon. (Deut. iii. 9.) Amana may also have been another part, though more probably it signifies the mountains of Amanus, at the north of the land of Syria. The meaning seems to be plain,—that there are various heights the child of God may get to, yea, get upon, as to *the top* of Amana, Shenir, and Hermon, and thus get very far from Jesus Christ and that which profits the soul. Such are lofty speculative notions about divine things. Men may seem to mount wonderfully high in a mere intellectual way, and stand, in their own conceits, on the very top of the delectable mountains, and only have in reality got to the top of Amana, a range of mountains beyond the land of Caanan, or, at any rate, only a sort of border land. This is what David calls exercising himself in great matters, and things too high for him. And Paul styles it being vainly puffed up by the fleshly mind; and of some of these the poet aptly writes:

“And whilst they boast their light,
And seem to mount above the stars,
Are plunging into night.”

Others may become worldly ambitious, and rise for a time into great worldly prosperity, or perhaps act like Diotrephes (3 Jno.) in the church, pushed upwards by pride and self-seeking. Others may improperly indulge in scientific pursuits; and others may mount up into a vain admiration of their gifts, grace, or experience. Indeed, the heights the poor soul may get into and upon are numerous. Moreover, they appear for a time very captivating; but in the end these high places are found far off from Christ and God's people have to leave them and come down again in order to be with and enjoy the comforts of a lowly Saviour. Further, these legal heights, these lofty speculations, these high imaginings, these prosaic or poetic flights, these scientific pursuits unduly indulged, these worldly ambitions, these vain-glorious self-seekings, may very properly be styled “lions' dens and mountains of the leopards.” The soul that cleaves to a covenant of works and sees God only in his majestic greatness, having to do with abstract and absolute Deity, is sure to be sadly torn and mangled in the long run. Here sin and Satan, and terrors from God, will assault and make sad work with his soul. Nay, more: In convinced persons this cleaving to a covenant of works, this

setting up of high things, these lofty imaginings which exalt themselves against the true knowledge of a crucified Christ, are the secret sources of heart and life departures from the Lord of various secret and more obvious kinds. Hence weariness in divine things; hence prevalence of a worldly spirit; hence worldly indulgences, and sin seeming, at times, as if it would surely have the entire dominion; hence hanging down of hands in prayer, and numberless other evils inward and outward.

Here, then, the poor soul which, deceived by the subtlety of Satan, and the seductive nature of a covenant of works and high things to the fleshly mind, had wandered as to the glorious heights of Lebanon, expecting peace and sweetness amongst its cedars, has got far away from God to Amana, to places beyond fair Canaan's land, to the top of hills where are found lions' dens, and mountains of the leopards. But here the voice of the Bridegroom visits it. No wanderings of heart and life, not even this wretched conjugal infidelity through the flesh can alter Christ's love or Christ's voice. He hates putting away. He will bring his people down from their false heights, and back to himself. He, therefore, remonstrates sweetly, and calls as in the words, "Come from Lebanon," &c.

When the heart is awakened, and made conscious of its state and condition, and to what a distance it has wandered from God, what dangers surround, what impediments to getting back again; then it begins to be overwhelmed with fears and anxieties, and is ready to sink into despondency, and cry, "How shall I ever come down safely from these heights, and escape from these lions' dens, these mountains of the leopards?" We may let idols in; we cannot get them out. We may wander from Christ; we cannot of ourselves get back to him again. "Return unto thy rest, O my soul," says the psalmist; but how? Why, "The Lord has dealt bountifully with thee."

"He brings my wandering spirit back
When I forsake his ways,
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace."

So it is here. The word is not only, "Come from Lebanon," or the soul might say, "How can I come? I am torn and mangled; I am bruised and broken. My heart faints within me, and the evil extends, alas! to my very will. I have not the spiritual energy to stir myself up and lay hold of God; or if a momentary energy to rise up and attempt to return, not the spiritual constancy and vigour of soul to pass through such difficulties and thoroughly return to God. I am feeble and sore broken." So, then, the word is, "Come *with me*;" this is the *power*. The Lord comes where the poor soul is; finds it on the top of Shenir and Hermon, on the leopards' hills, and comes to recover it; gives it strength, gives it energy; renews a right, a steadfast spirit; gives a purpose of heart: "Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon her Beloved?" So here: "Who is this

that comes from these high and entangling and dangerous places?" Why, the poor sinner, to whom Jesus cries, "Come *with me* from Lebanon."

Now, then, we see what is meant. In verse 6 the Lord Jesus has told the child of God where he himself is: "On the mountain of myrrh, and the hills of frankincense;" in the appointed means of grace, in his word, in his ordinances, in his gospel, which is to the flesh foolishness; in the assemblies of his people, where two or three meet in his name; in the low places, as man counts them to be where there is not outward show, or that which captivates the flesh. On these spiritual mountains of myrrh and hills of frankincense will Christ be. Therefore he calls his people to leave the mountains of Lebanon and tops of Amara, Shenir, and Hermon. He draws his people from these fleshly high things to the sweet mountains of his grace, that there he may give them his blessing, and their hearts respond to his voice in some such words as these, simply and artlessly expressing the feelings of their souls:

"I will get me to the mountain
Where the dews of God descend,
Whither flows from God the fountain,
A life which cannot end.
This world's a dreary desert;
There streams of blessing flow;
There is sunshine on the mountain,
Thick darkness all below.

"From Sinai's fiery mountain
I'll return to Zion's hill;
There the lion shall not tear me,
Nor the leopards have their will.
The lawful prey delivered
Shall rest at Jesu's feet,
Nor sin nor Satan force me
From that calm and sweet retreat.

"O! I'll get me to the mountain
Till the shadows flee away,
Till there breaks the cloudless morning
Of an everlasting day.
And then upon the mountain,
My griefs and conflicts o'er,
I'll drink of joy's sweet fountain
And pleasures evermore."

A BROTHER'S EPISTLE.

To the Editor of the "Gospel Standard."

Dear Brother,—May grace, mercy, and peace abound unto you and your readers in the knowledge of God and of Jesus Christ our Saviour.

Noticing your recent kind reference to the "Regular Baptist Magazine," and your request for my address, a long contemplated purpose of sending you a token of my regard is hereby consummated.

For many years I have taken interest—I trust, fraternal interest—in the work you are conducting, believing that a desire to maintain gospel truth has characterized the efforts of its editors and helpers. Very soon after I had been received into the fellowship of God's people, in the year 1851, in the State of Kentucky, with a thirst for instruction in divine things, and a secret desire to speak to the Lord's poor concerning the riches of their inheritance, I became acquainted with the sermons of some English Baptists, of which number was the late Mr. Philpot. For two or three years prior to the fearful strife which raged in this country, and since that time more regularly, I have received numbers of the "Gospel Standard," and derived instruction and comfort from much of their contents,—the published letters from the living and the dead, and the Reviews and Meditations of the late editor. In Mr. P.'s writings, I thought I saw the lineaments of a regenerated soul, drawn by the hand of God, which, with his great ability, zeal, and humility in divine things, kept his memory dear to me until his decease in Dec., 1869. Since my connexion with the "Regular Baptist Magazine," I have testified from time to time my appreciation of the "Standard's" contents by selecting from its columns for the benefit of the Lord's people.

With you, in England, the opinion seems to prevail that gospel truth meets with but few advocates in America—empty profession, form, and ceremony constituting the chief part of religion. Doubtless this is true to a great extent; but while mere professors of Christianity may be numbered by tens of thousands in this widespread land, yet I believe there are many, many more perhaps than are known to you, who rejoice in those blessed truths which take their rise in God's everlasting love to his people. It cannot be denied, however, that even the true Israel of God in this country are, in many things, sadly deficient. Evidences of this are seen in all quarters and on every hand. Worldliness has entered many a home where we are not without hope the knowledge of God's truth is, and left the inhabitants feeble and sick; indifference to church obligations and privileges marks the lives of too many; and the complaint of coldness in many of the churches has become chronic. Yet with all that may be said on this hand, I trust I may say there are those who are grieved for the afflictions of Joseph, and sigh and cry for the abominations which have spread their blighting influence far and near. To all such, the person of our Lord Jesus Christ, his worth made experimental to the soul by the regenerating presence of the Holy Ghost, the narrations of God's afflicted people in their hopes and fears, their conflicts and triumphs, must at all times be welcome as confirming their own daily experience.

The Baptists of America have passed through many sore and bitter trials. Their history shows the apostle's words are true, "Of your own selves shall men arise, speaking perverse things to

draw away disciples after them." Without enlarging upon these occurrences, I would merely remark that from the extravagances which many called by our name have indulged in, the Regular or Primitive Baptists of America proper have kept aloof. They hold and teach the everlasting love of God to his people, and that all spiritual blessings were treasured up in Christ in their behalf from all eternity; but draw the necessary distinction between the foreknowledge and decrees of God and his works. That prior to the creation of man the saints had no existence except in the eternal choice and purpose of God, or in the sense that he calleth those things which be not although they were. That in the life, sufferings, and death of Christ the church were in him representatively or mystically, and that he did his work for them, and not they for themselves in him, either as principals or co-workers. That the believer is a militant subject of the King of kings, warring by divine grace against sin which dwells in all his members.

With respect to the humble work I have been engaged in, its principles have been made public, and for them its friends contend earnestly as for the truth. No "flowery beds of ease" have marked its pathway. Truly, there have been "many adversaries." Amidst the conflicts which have attended it, there have, however, been these consolatory reflections—viz., that if the testimony of its supporters may be credited, it has been blessed to their edification and encouragement, and that, so far as my desperately wicked and deceitful heart is known to me, no mercenary motive, but a desire to build up Zion, has been my guiding principle. I have often felt despondent, and tried to ask the Lord to put an end to its existence if any polluting purpose or object lay concealed in its origin. I am well satisfied that I cannot safely trust my heart, that its depths are unsearchable, and, therefore, the imperative necessity of praying the Holy One to deliver me from the snares of sin, to guide me with his own hand and counsel. Such, if I am not deceived, is my wish and prayer even now while I write. Whenever either the glory of God or the happiness of his people is left out of view, and any unholy purpose should succeed, my desire is that the work may cease.

I have written to you at some length in answer to your request for my address, and to inform you more perfectly of the principles which guide me. If they meet with your approval, I shall be glad; if unworthy, correct me in faithfulness.

With the best wishes for you and your readers,

Yours, I trust, in Gospel Bonds,

Columbia, Boone Co., Mo., U.S.,
Jan. 28, 1873.

E. H. BURNAM.

[From some unaccountable cause, the above letter has only recently come to our view. We found it in a heap of others. Our friend, in a P.S., asks for certain books. We have ordered them to be sent free of charge in every way.]

A LETTER BY THE LATE MR. MEDLEY.

To Mr. R——n, Pool Lane, Liverpool.

ACCEPT my sincere thanks, my dear brother R——n, for your very affectionate and sympathizing letter by Mr. Walley, jun., which I duly received. Respecting myself, I have, in general, only to say, as to my bodily illness, that as your kind letter found me, so, just so, this poor scrawl of mine to you leaves me, viz., very ill, and much reduced in strength. I have sometimes thought I was getting better, and on the mending hand. But in a day or two the symptoms of my disease have returned upon me as violently as ever. This is much of what I experience while now writing to you. How the Lord will be pleased to deal with me in the termination of my disorder, whether by removing it from me, or me from it, I know not; but this I know, that he doeth and will do all things well. I am happy, and desire to be very thankful to inform you that my mind is calm and serene, and I trust wholly resigned to the good will and pleasure of my most gracious God, so as to say, "Here I am, Lord; do with me as it seemeth good in thy sight." It is all well now, and will be better by and by. I know no other name, I want no other foundation for my hope and salvation, for time and eternity, but that of Jesus and his everlasting love. This has never failed any of God's called and chosen yet, and I am persuaded it never will.

I do not love trimming and half-way preaching, nor professing either you can or will. My dear brother, I trust, bears me witness that, ever since he has known and loved me in the bonds of the gospel and bowels of Christ, I have (as I trust by grace enabled) uniformly set my face against all such merit mangle. I know and daily feel I am a poor, dark, weak, and worthless creature; but I trust I would not walk willingly in craftiness, nor knowingly handle the word of God deceitfully, for all the world, or all the men in the world, whether professors or profane, whether they frown or smile; and these things I write not to aggrandise or set up myself; O no! God forbid; but to bear my sincere and humble testimony to the truth as it is in Jesus; and may that truth continue, and abide in and with you all whom I love in the truth and for the truth's sake.

I trust I am thankful and pleased to find the supplies during my absence have been agreeable and acceptable; the Lord the Spirit make them truly and indeed useful to the called and to the uncalled of his chosen and redeemed people; and then there will be unceasing occasion to praise and bless his most holy name. I have no doubt but my dear friends do, and as by grace enabled will continue in prayer to God, that we may all stand prepared, both habitually and actually, for doing, suffering, and submitting to his holy will and good pleasure in all things.

I cannot, at present, either see or say when I may be able to leave London on my return home; but in the state of bodily

weakness I am now in, by reason of disease and languor, I am quite unable to make such an attempt.

Both of you accept my dear love in the Lord Jesus. Present the same to any and every inquiring friend. May the rich mercy and everlasting love of God in Christ be with you both, my dear children. To the Lord, in whom I trust you have savingly believed, I do most cordially commend you, and remain ever and affectionately,

Yours, in the best of Bonds,

London, Nov. 26, 1798.

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

SIN.—PART I.

WHENCE art thou, O thou hideous monster, Sin?
 From what vile source didst thou at first begin?
 How didst thou creep into an angel's breast,
 And drive him from the land of heavenly rest?
 That is a mystery! We cannot trace
 Thy first appearance in that happy place,
 Where all was pure, where holiness divine
 With unveil'd rays on happy souls did shine.
 But we can read how first Satanic power
 Moved our first parents in that fatal hour
 To disobey the mandate of their God,
 And fall beneath his sin-avenging rod.
 Thy leprous stain diffused itself within.
 Each secret thought is tainted now with sin.
 The rankling poison ran through every vein;
 No part escaped the dark polluting stain.
 The human heart, where holiness once dwelt,
 As soon as it thy dire contagion felt,
 Became deceitful as the depths of hell,
 A cage where unclean birds and vipers dwell.
 The understanding, once the seat of light,
 Is darken'd now, like gloomy shades of night.
 The mind estranged from God is light and vain,
 And all its thoughts defiled by sin's foul stain.
 As various passions rage now in the soul,
 Reason dethroned quite loses her control;
 Conscience, benumb'd, lies dormant, sear'd, and dead,
 And the whole man by sin is captive led;
 Each member of the body yields its part,
 To work the evils gender'd in the heart.
 The thought of vanity is in the mind,
 And soon the nimble footsteps are inclined
 To run the downward way and swiftly go
 In paths which lead to everlasting woe.
 The thought of murder rises to the brain
 And soon the hands display the crimson stain.
 Out of the heart the murderous thoughts proceed;
 Though 'tis the hand performs the guilty deed.

The eyes are inlets, too, of many a sin,
 Which from the restless wanton look begin;
 What various vanities attract the mind,
 Which through the eyes a ready entrance find.
 The ears, though deaf to the sweet gospel's sound,
 Like the deaf adder to the charmer found,
 Are open wide to let all folly in
 And taint the soul with every sound of sin.
 The mouth, which should be used to praise the Lord,
 O what an instrument does this afford
 To give an outlet to the depths within,
 And belch out poison like the viper's skin.
 The unruly tongue, when set on fire of hell,
 Who can the extent of its mischief tell,
 When the vile heart upheaves its black deceit,
 And lies and oaths and blasphemies all meet?
 O what a monster is God's creature Man!
 Describe his awful wickedness who can?
 All language fails to tell the state he's in
 Or to describe the leprosy of sin.
 Defiled from head to foot, in every part,
 With black rebellion raging in his heart;
 At every view fresh evils come to light
 And new abominations meet the sight.
 Vile as man is, religious he must seem,
 And of his own perfections fondly dream;
 Thinks he can worship God in his *own* way,
 And all the precepts of the *law* obey.
 Hence base hypocrisy now rears its head
 With rounds of duties, while the soul is dead;
 Insults the Lord, and mocks him to his face;
 Yet calls this worship in the holy place.
 The only worship which the Lord will own,
 Which rises with acceptance to his throne,
 Is that perfumed in Jesu's precious blood
 (That sin-atonement, purifying flood),
 Arising from the heart renew'd by grace,
 And panting to behold the Saviour's face.
 While humble at his feet the sinner lies,
 And, "God be merciful to me," he cries,
 Abased and self-abhorr'd, polluted, vile,
 He feels how sin his nature doth defile,
 And, trembling, flies for refuge to his side,
 The smitten Rock, where he may safely hide.

C. SPIRE.

TEN thousand talents! which, counted in our English coin,
 would amount to no less a sum than fifty-four millions and upwards of
 our money,—a sum almost incredible. But what sum can represent the
 greatness of our mercies? What insolvency comes up to the insolvency of
 sin?—*Hawker*.

JOHN RUSK'S DIARY.

(Continued from page 66.)

Sunday, Jan. 12th, 1817.—When I awoke I had a view of the cause of my present trial in looking for work, and that the reason they were so set against me was, to bring me off and keep me from confidence in the flesh. After this, I found a strong cleaving to the Lord Jesus; and with this I went to chapel, meditating on 12 things that this peace proved me to be in possession of.

1. It proved that I am *adopted* into God's family. But why? Because such are called sons of peace: "Into whatsoever house ye enter, say, Peace be to this house; and if the Son of peace be there, your peace shall rest on it." Now, I never should have this blessed peace if I was not a son by predestination; for this peace does not make me a son, but proves that I am one.

2. Peace proves that I am *pardoned*,—all my sins, past, present, and to come; and this is fully believed at this time by me; and you know Christ always told such to go in peace. Now pardon is the fruit and effect of election, for Christ laid down his life for his sheep, and his blood cleanseth from all sin. No pardon to any but God's elect.

3. This peace proves that I am in a *justified* state. Hence you read that being "Justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ;" for he wrought this righteousness out that we are justified in. But all this is a manifest proof of our election; and so says Paul in that golden chain in Rom. viii.: "Whom he predestinated he called, justified," &c.

4. It is the last will and testament, gift or legacy, of the Lord Jesus, and proves that I was *interested* in it, when he said, "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you. Let not your hearts be troubled, neither be afraid."

5. It proves that *Satan's kingdom is dethroned*, and that *Christ's kingdom is set up*. But why? I answer, "The kingdom of God is righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." And, therefore, Paul says, "He hath translated us out of the kingdom of Satan into the kingdom of his dear Son;" and peace is a manifest proof of it.

6. It brings me on a *level with good old Jacob*. But why? I answer, Jacob got the name of Israel by his being prevalent with God in prayer; and this peace proves to a demonstration that I am an Israelite. Hence Paul says, "For in Christ Jesus neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision, but a new creature, and faith that works by love. And as many as walk according to this rule, peace on them and mercy;" and then, mind, "and upon the Israel of God." So that if this peace is on the Israel of God, and I enjoy this peace, then I am on a level with good old Israel.

7. This peace proves that I am a *happy partaker of God's Spirit*, because it is the fruit and effect of regeneration or a spiritual

birth. Hence you read: "The fruits of the Spirit are love, joy, peace." But this peace is never enjoyed where God's Spirit is not.

8. This peace proves that I am *blessed of God*, and at last shall stand at his right hand, when he will, before an assembled world, pronounce this blessing upon me which I receive in consequence of my election, and by virtue of my union with Christ Jesus; for, "We are blessed with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ Jesus." Now, "the Lord will bless his people with peace."

9. This peace proves that I am *in covenant with God*, because it is called a covenant of life and peace. And this is the new covenant; not of works, but of grace, made with Christ; and he having fulfilled all the conditions of it, it is an unconditional covenant to us, and we shall enjoy all the blessings of it to all eternity; as the prophet Isaiah tells us: "For the mountains shall depart and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, nor the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee."

10. This peace proves that I am *a real believer in Christ Jesus*, because there is joy and peace in believing; but this faith is the fruit of our election: "For as many as were ordained to eternal life believed." And peace is sweetly felt and enjoyed.

11. This peace proves that *a living union* has taken place between Christ and my soul, which never can be dissolved by all the trials, afflictions, temptations, persecutions, reproaches, cross providences, nor all the malice of devils, men, nor inbred corruptions. And for this reason, because the members can never be separated from the Head. And, therefore, Christ says, "In me" (mark the union) "in me you shall have peace." And who can contradict Christ, the lip of truth? Heaven and earth will pass away; but his word never shall.

12. I am *sure to make a good end*. "Sure?" say you. Yes, sure. But why? I answer, this peace proves that I am a believer, does it not? "Yes," say you. Well, "These all died in faith;" and what is the end of faith? Why, the salvation of the soul. Again. This peace proves me to be in Christ Jesus, does it not? "Yes, it does," say you. Well, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." And what is God's blessing? I answer, "Life for evermore." And, therefore, you read, "Mark the perfect man" (How is he perfect? I answer, in Christ Jesus: "Ye are complete, or perfect, in him")—well, mark him, "and behold the upright" (Who are they? Why, such as love Christ? "The upright love thee." Well, and what follows?) "For the end of that man is peace." And is that all? No. There is one thing more, and that I am not in possession of, but I shall be when I close my eyes in death. And what is that? Why, an enjoyment of uninterrupted peace to all eternity. Hence you read: "Merciful men are taken away, none considering that the righteous are taken from the evil to come.

He shall enter into peace; they shall rest in their beds," &c. Amen.

I heard Mr. Robins. Text: "Come, my people," &c. I might have gone to D. Robins's to dinner; but I hated waiting like a hypocrite; for my soul hates mumping. I therefore walked out, speaking to no one, and walked up one street and down another, and felt very hungry. It was a cold day. I got a pennyworth of bread, intending to make that answer for the day. I called at Mary's, and she happened to be at home. I had a bit of her steak and a good tea, and came away very comfortable in body and not cast down in soul. Heard Mr. R. very well indeed; for he traced the whole work and showed how we might know whether we were coming or had come to Christ; and I saw clearly that I had come to Christ, and was greatly pleased with the discovery, and felt sweet peace. This peace continued with me, and I felt sweet access to God in prayer, claiming through Christ all the blessings of the covenant as my own. I also found liberty in speaking to my wife about it.

Monday, 13th.—I awoke with this peace and a grateful heart to the Lord, blessing the Father for the gift of his Son, and the Son for giving himself, and the blessed Spirit for testifying of him; and though to reason everything appears to threaten my destruction, yet I can lay nothing to heart, but at present am carried above all my troubles: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee." "My heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord." Just as we were eating a mouthful of dinner Mr. Heath called, and asked me if I could make him two or three mats; and I am to go to-morrow to make them. He gave the children a shilling. Bless the Lord, he is very good to us. After tea I called at Southwell's and got my shoes, and told them how happy I felt; and I felt pride work in relating it, which I afterwards confessed to God, and could see the propriety of all his chastisements.

Heard Mr. R., but found my mind wander. Text: "Is there no balm," &c. Mr. D. Robins gave me 8s., which a woman gave him for me on Sunday, and was angry I did not go to dinner. I received 4s. from the fund, and went home with Mr. B., as it was a wet night. I supped and breakfasted, and Mr. D. R. gave me 8s. himself. Mr. B. gave me a bundle of linen and calico things, which he had looked up for my wife. I got ten more boxes; and as I came past Mr. Slee's I thought, "I'll ask him if he wants one." He took one, and gave me a glass of elder wine and a biscuit; which I felt very acceptable. And, blessed be God, the sweet peace still remains with me.—J. Rusk.

[Here, in the middle of his writing, the good man puts his signature, implying, as it seems to us, that he was really in earnest.]

Tuesday, 14th.—After dinner I went to Mr. Heath's and settled about making three mats, which I am to make at home, and they are to be done very particularly indeed, and are to be large.

He proposed to give me 20s. for making them, which will come in for the rent. They are to be lined, and there is a deal of work in them. There is much trouble and time in preparing the stuff. I brought the stuff, canvas, &c., home,—a very heavy load; so that I was all over in a dripping sweat. But my peace remains, bless the Lord.

My mother is in an awful state, and it appears as if she would go mad. Lord, prevent it. She is only in her senses at times, and has two of the neighbours with her, who do as they like with her money, coals, &c., that she was afraid to trust to us, insomuch as, after she had promised us coals, she locked them up, and I out of work without a halfpenny. But actions are weighed by the Almighty, and he says, "He that toucheth you toucheth the apple of my eye." God knows I have sought her soul's welfare, and if she perishes I am clear of her blood; for I have declared the whole counsel of God as far as I know. Lord, open her eyes, and lead her to thyself for mercy. I received a letter to-day from my sister, in which she tells me that she was at Bow on Sunday, and that my mother wishes not to see me.

I went to hear Mr. Robins, at Princes Street, and going there felt very comfortable; for I was sure I was a real believer; but I found nothing under the word. At night, after prayer, I felt very happy.

Thursday, 16th.—I spoke many things to my wife in showing the difference between the foolish and wise virgins, and am remarkably happy. I feel all right within, and blessed access to God. Lord, keep me very humble this day. I worked hard all day at the mats.

Friday, 17th.—I worked at the mats, felt very comfortable, and found an increase by calling upon God after breakfast; and I am sure it is right that we should follow it up. "Pray without ceasing." And the neglect of praying for mercies and acknowledging favours minutely will at length make us cry out, "My leanness, my leanness! Woe unto me!" Natural life is kept up by eating, &c., and spiritual life by prayer: "Ye have not because ye ask not."

At night I heard Mr. R. sweetly at Lant Street. Text: "When the strong man," &c. I felt liberty and freedom in prayer, and went to bed very happy, with peace, rest, comfort, and delight in God; no condemnation. But O, how very desperate Satan is against God's children; for he came, and I felt his wretched influence; but he did not succeed in the way he tried hard to do. And then he turned desperate, as if he would tear me limb from limb. I shook all over, as if I had the ague. I groaned, and after this dropped asleep for a few minutes. Then in my sleep I was like one distracted, and in my sleep seemed to be vomiting very much. I then awoke and felt the bed, expecting it was all filthy with my sickness; but it was not. I do not believe I got to sleep till half-past two o'clock.

Saturday, 18th.—When I awoke in the morning I lay medi-

tating on Peter, Job, David, &c., and above all the Lord Jesus, and thought a good deal of the Sonship of Christ. Now Satan tempted all these and many others; and after a very great testimony from God, too. But now I feel all right, to the full as much as when I went to bed. Bless the Lord, O my soul.

Before dinner, Mr. Heath called to give me some directions about the mats, and left 3s. in part of the money; which came at the nick of time, seeing we owe for one loaf, and did not like to ask to be trusted another. "He that will observe these things, even he shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord." Bless his name, I still feel a lively hope and a thankful heart. I worked hard at the mats till nine o'clock; and when in family prayer found much humility, and was as nothing in my own eyes; and I felt liberty of soul, and was helped greatly to acknowledge mercies and implore favours; for I felt access to God, and this is sweet work. I went to bed very happy.

Sunday, 19th.—Heard Mr. R., and was very comfortable all day; for just as I got to Mutton Lane I felt such a sweet and blessed influence of the full assurance of faith and love, which warmed my soul, and set me all on the stretch for glory. O the sweet delight I found in believing that God was my covenant God and Father! And such a sweet witness I enjoyed, and felt perfect peace and rest; not a tincture of a doubt; and so thankful and humble. O, it is impossible to describe what I felt of God's love to my poor soul! So thankful that he had not left me in the ruins of the fall, where we are all alike "children of wrath," one as well as another. O sovereign mercy and matchless grace! Mr. R.'s texts: "And now, little children," &c., and, "But the natural man," &c. I dined at Mr. D. R.'s by invitation, and drank tea; and Mr. B. stopped me at night, telling me that Mrs. P. had some cold meat for me for the children. So I went there, and she gave me the remains of a leg of pork, about 4 lbs., I suppose, and 1s. 9d., and some bread and cheese to eat. I came home very humble and thankful.

Monday, 20th.—I found the devil trying to raise doubts and fears; but, blessed be God, I still remain happy.

After this, in lining the mats, things went very crooked, and Satan got me into a hurrying spirit; so that I wanted to hurry them off, and to go and look for work; and then the landlord came for his rent; and I have fallen, in some measure, from that fixed trust in the Lord, and feel discouraged on account of the roughness of the way. I am so afraid of getting into my old wretched murmuring way. But, alas, this is not our rest. We must have changes, and go in and out till death comes; and then farewell all tribulations. My hope still remains, though I am not quite so happy.

After this, I got worse and worse, and unbelief gained ground upon me. I had a hard job to do in the house, in moving the bedsteads, which, with the cold I have, took a great hold of me; and my shoes being too short, and a sharp cutting wind, O what

misery did I walk to Conway Street in, and was so cast down. All my debts were set before me, and the state of my wife, and of her lying-in,—nothing ready, and not a soul to call in if she was bad, which may be very soon; and that all this was my own doing, for I had neglected this world for other things, and as we can hardly live now, how are we to do then? The landlord wanted his rent, and we had interest to pay at the pawn-brokers, or we must lose the things. Also a multiplicity of things that it is impossible to relate, and though I tried hard to pray, yet unbelief got the ascendancy.

INQUIRY AND ANSWER.

To the Editor of the "Gospel Standard."

Dear Sir,—In different papers and magazines I have seen long and abstruse disquisitions on the efficacy of prayer. "God has settled in every case," say infidel objectors, "what shall happen, and therefore prayer is useless or superfluous."

But, as his dear people are predestinated to eternal life through Jesus Christ his dear Son, what objection, I say, is there to believing that, as the prayers of his people are *inspired*, what objection, I say, is there to saying and believing that their *prayers were also predestinated*, and that God, in arranging his original plans and purposes, took the prayers of his people into consideration, and suited events in his predestinating counsels to bring gracious answers to their prayers? This seems to me an easy and natural solution, and thoroughly scriptural, of the alleged difficulty. I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully, W.

ANSWER.

God is not only the material, but intellectual and moral Governor of the universe. He not only rules the matter of which his creation is composed, and overrules the minds of his rational creatures, but rules all according to principles of divine justice and truth. Hence various operations of his hand, though all must ultimately be conformable to the eternal counsels of his own will, are made to depend upon the actings of responsible beings. Thus God is said to repent, not as changing the counsels of his eternal will, or altering his divine mind, but as changing his dealings with his creatures according to their serving him or disobeying his preceptive will. In like manner, God's actings are made dependent upon the prayers of saints; not as though their prayers changed the eternal good pleasure of his will, but that it is his will they should pray, desiring things agreeable to his mind, and that he should do these things in answer to their prayers: "Such honour have all his saints." God, as scripture shows us, determined from all eternity the whole course of events (Acts 15-18) and their issue. His providence carries out these counsels of his will, and God has at once subjected the works of his providence to the prayers of saints (Isa. xlv. 11), and their prayers to his own eternal counsels.

This the writer of the above letter, if we understand him, signifies, and his answer to the cavil noticed seems, in this sense, perfectly adequate.

But it may be profitable to look a little further into this matter. We have represented God as making his operations dependent upon prayer. Is this correct? We believe it is; for we firmly believe that all things are upheld and carried forward in accordance with the intercession of Christ (Zech. vi. 13; Rev. viii. 3; Heb. vii. 25). Says one:

“Nor prayer is made on earth alone,
The Holy Spirit pleads.”

God has an altar of true prayer always burning with a holy fire upon earth (Rom. viii.), and the really efficacious prayers of saints are but the breathings of the new creature's desires ascending to God in the power of his Spirit, and in harmony with Christ's intercession. (Rev. viii. 4.) Here, then, we see all creation, and all God's operations in the creation, subjected to the prayers of the family of God:

“For saints on earth and saints in heaven
But one communion make.”

This view shows us the incessant eternal efficacy of prayer.

Some natural men imagine a God who created the worlds and then receded from them, framing a sort of eternal self-acting machine which, left alone, shall go on working, self-adjusting and independent of its Maker. The created mind is allowed, indeed, to be ever moulding and modifying this creation, but the eternal mind of the Creator does nothing,—at the most an idle spectator. But this is not our idea of God. We believe him to be ever present in every part of his creation, upholding and governing all things by the present effectual operation of his almighty will and power; not giving to matter, which only exists by the continual operation of his will, a charge it was to keep, as a sort of law or talent entrusted to it in God's absence, but himself eternally and effectually working, by his will and power, as an almighty Creator. We believe that any other views than these scriptural ones must inevitably lead to an atheistic materialism, towards which we as firmly believe modern science to be rapidly hastening. Our idea of God is of one Almighty Eternal Being, creating all things by the word of his power, and upholding all things by the same infinite and present power of his will, and ever present with his entire creation as an infinitely wise, mighty, holy, gracious Being, who acts incessantly on behalf of those who know and fear him, and rules everything in harmony with his eternal counsels, and in answer to Christ's agreeing intercession.

We must also remember that sin has entirely altered the condition of this creation from its state of primitive goodness. Sin brought infinite disorder and ruin into God's works. The permitted entrance of disobedience to God's expressed and preceptive will rendered man and all pertaining to him liable to eternal

ruin. This first sin, too, and continued sinnings in God's creatures are perpetually calling down judgments and displays of the divine displeasure of God, the moral Governor of the universe. (Ps. cvii. 33-35.) But here comes in the ordained mediation of Christ, who bears up the pillars of the creation by his work and intercession as Mediator. (Ps. lxxv. 3.) So that all of good still present in this world, all deliverance from complete destruction, depends upon Christ's prayer as Intercessor. Innumerable deliverances from evil and bestowments of blessings being also given in answer to the prayers of saints in harmony therewith.

How little do those who cavil at the efficacy of prayer perceive their indebtedness to the intercessory work of Christ on behalf of his people, for even the temporary good they enjoy. Where would these persons themselves be if it were not for God's purposes in Christ as it respects the Elect, and Christ's eternal intercession on their behalf? These thoughts may tend to enlarge our views of the efficacy of prayer, but still we love to bring these things more into the region of practice and experience.

Now, the dear children of God in prayer are not governed by profound speculations, or God's secret decrees, but the simple truths of his word. There they find a God infinitely able and willing to help them as the object of their dependence and prayers. They are fully persuaded that the continuance of present blessings, the deliverance from dangers and troubles, and the supply of all their wants, must depend upon his good pleasure, and proceed from his bounty. They know he is the God that hears prayer in the name of his Son Jesus. They know that his sweet and precious promises declare him willing as well as able to give them all they need, and free them from all their evils. Therefore they pray to him, knowing this to be his will, and that he has said, "Come boldly to a throne of grace;" and "In everything let your requests be made known unto God." In experience, they constantly find him a God exceedingly nigh unto them in all they rightly call upon him for. By a great variety of dealings they obtain an infallible evidence of the truth of his special providence, and effectual workings in answer to their prayers. They have to contend against great inward incredulity; but God, by his ways in answering them, overpowers it, and all iniquity has to stop her mouth. They grow, at times, negligent in prayer; then, as a just reproof for their prayerless, careless, creature or self-dependent states, their mountain slips, and all goes wrong. They cry unto God in their trouble; he takes off their sackcloth, and girds them with gladness. (Ps. xxx.) They get into places of inextricable difficulty where there is no way, and they are at their wits' end. Then they pray, and a way is made in the wilderness, and a path in the mighty waters. The fear of God keeps them from presumptuously asking whether God would not carry out the definite purposes of his love all the same whether they neglected or obeyed his revealed will as to prayer. They see it is for them to walk in his appointed way of

prayer, and not vainly speculate upon the issue of disobedience. Indeed, they feel sure if they walked in such unholy paths, God would certainly chastise them for so doing.

And here we cannot help noticing the suggestion of a scientific person which probably led to the letter we are noticing being written. His idea was to have two hospitals, one carried on by prayer, the other by science,—medicinal skill being used in the one case, prayer in the other. This was to test the efficacy of prayer, putting skill against prayer. The absurdity, as well as profanity, of such a supposition is obvious. Who could try such an experiment? Not the ungodly, for God heareth not sinners. Not the godly, for men who fear God want a divine warrant for doing things, and they know that to put God vainly to the test is to tempt God and provoke his displeasure. Those who fear God walk, by his grace, in paths of sobriety. They use the means God puts into their hands, praying for his blessing, being fully persuaded that God in a thousand ways can baffle human skill, can give to his creatures healthgiving or killing properties, can make bread the staff of life or a deadly poison, can give wisdom to man's mind or blind him with folly, taking the wise in their own craftiness, and stultifying the highest created intelligence. Thus they use the means with prayer, and when all means fail, still pray, knowing that God, when all present and created means fail, can come in as an Almighty Creator. A deep, holy fear of God, as revealed in his word and by his Spirit, keeps his saints in right paths. "They fear to presume;" they "stand in awe and sin not." They deeply reverence the God they love; and it is because they perceive such a want of this fear in man's wisdom, and about much that is called science, that they so greatly and properly distrust them.

Obituary.

REBECCA HAMDORFF.—On July 2nd, 1873, aged 26, Rebecca Hamdorff, the beloved daughter of Mr. Cowley, minister of Gee Street chapel, London.

It was not until about two years ago that there appeared any concern in her about her state as a sinner in the sight of God. The means used were her bringing up blood soon after her confinement. Her babe died when six months old. These things, in the hands of the Spirit, caused her to feel her state as a sinner before God; but time passed on until the early part of this year before she was really brought to cry earnestly for mercy; and this continued and increased.

At this time she was in her father's house daily, and about the middle of May she was obliged to stay there altogether. Her weakness and suffering increased so much that it was thought by all she could not live through May; but the Lord had fixed otherwise; he meant her to show forth his praise. Her father had to go from home the two last Sundays in May. The parting was dreaded by her friends; but her life was spared till after his return. And then came the clear manifestation; for on June 1st, about midnight, her eldest sister, who was lying down a little

in the same room, was awoke by her noise. She was in hysterics; but after they were gone off her distress of mind was very great. She felt she should be lost, and with her hands clasped together she kept begging and crying for mercy, and seemed to have a very clear view of hell and of the lost spirits there. From this time she did not want any but the Lord's people near her. It was indeed a solemn time for all who saw her.

She continued in this state until the Wednesday, and then she had such a view of the Saviour and of heaven that her face quite shone; and when her sister spoke to her she said, "I wish you had not disturbed me; I was so happy." The change in her soul was very clear; for after this she was so quiet and contented, although naturally of a quick, irritable temper. She was truly thankful, and afraid of giving trouble. She also became as simple as a little child, and told her father things she had done wrong even to the most trivial thing. I mention this to show the sincerity of her conviction. It was a great pleasure to her for some one to read a chapter or hymn to her, as she had not strength to read herself. For the last week or two her weakness and pain were so great that she could not bear being read to; but now it was that her mouth was opened to speak; and although a person of very few words, as those who knew her can testify, it seemed that if she held her peace the very stones would cry out; and she was obliged to speak to all alike, whether they feared God or not, saying, "You must come where I am on a death bed. It is solemn; for it is hell down there," pointing down with her finger, and in the same manner said, "It is heaven up there." Adding, "You must feel your need of that blessed Jesus to save you; for it is those who feel they are lost, needy sinners that he will save, and none others." She would break out, at times, singing; and it was all about her blessed Jesus, and his precious blood and righteousness, and herself a needy sinner.

Her father said to her one day, "My dear, I did not know that you could sing." She replied, "No, father; but Jesus can make me sing." Once she was so happy that she said to her father, "I cannot pray; I have nothing to pray for. I must shout and praise." Still she was subject to changes, and Satan was permitted to torment her very much. At such times she would say to those around her, "Do you think I shall be saved? O! Satan does torment me so, and put such dreadful thoughts into my mind." After one of these assaults, the words, "Let not your heart be troubled," &c., gave her relief, and supported her mind for some time. At another time the words, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as wool," &c., were applied with power to her poor soul, and made her rejoice. One time she was in such distress of mind that they had to call her father up in the night. She wanted him to pray for her; which he did; and after he left off she said, "You must pray again;" which he did; and while he was praying the Saviour broke in upon her poor heart, and she exclaimed, "He is come! My blessed Saviour is come!"

Her pain and sufferings were so great that she often said, "It is torment here, but not up there." Poor dear, she longed to be gone, and would frequently say, "Do, blessed Jesus, come and take this breath." She begged of her dear father and mother not to grieve for her, adding, "Because I shall be happy."

On Tuesday, the enemy was suffered to torment her very much. She said, "He tries to make me call that blessed Jesus a devil." And O with what earnestness did she pray the Lord to drive him away. I was much struck at seeing in her case the Word carried out, "Your adversary, the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour;" and I said to her, "He will annoy those he cannot destroy." She said, "Yes, he will, and he is a tormentor."

After this she became quieter, although her poor body was restless and uneasy. At twelve o'clock at night there was a change, and she became convulsed; but once between the convulsions there was such a smile came over her as I shall never forget, for it seemed quite supernatural. She said nothing, but it was apparent her soul was enjoying a sight of heaven. About three o'clock she asked her father if there was not a river Jordan. Her father told her there was, and spoke to her upon it. Also that it was compared to the river of death, through which we all must pass. It was evident she was then passing through it, for she said in the midst of all her pain and distress, "It keeps sounding in my ears:

"I'll pass the river, telling
The triumphs of my King."

After which she said, "Hark! I can hear them singing, but you cannot hear them." And after a little time she said again, "It does keep sounding in my ears,

"I'll pass the river, telling
The triumphs of my King,"

which were her last words.

The convulsions continued; but she was sensible to the last moment; for just before she died she wished to kiss both her father and husband, as they were by her bedside. Thus ended a life of suffering and sorrow.

REBECCA LANE.

FRANCIS ENGLAND.—On Nov. 13th, 1873, aged 80, Francis England, of Trowbridge.

He was born at Batheaston, but when very young was brought to reside at Bradford-on-Avon. He was first brought under soul concern when about 24 or 25 years of age; but little is known of the early exercises of his mind, as he was rather reserved in his younger days. His wife observed a great change in his manner and conduct, which she—being at the time a stranger to vital godliness—could not account for, but supposed it to arise from difficulties in his employment. He could no longer allow things he formerly consented to; and, to show the state of his mind, on one occasion he reproached his wife for attending to some domestic work on the Lord's day, saying, in a manner she has never forgotten, "Don't pull the judgments of God down upon me."

He continued in much distress of soul for at least 12 months; until a certain Saturday in 1818, when he came home from his work very much cast down; from which his wife supposed he was out of employment. But he was so troubled he could not speak; and when spoken to, returned no answer. But the same evening, while in this distress, the verse commencing,

"Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood,"

came with such power to his soul that, turning to his wife, he exclaimed, "Out of hell, into heaven!" The effect upon him was such that he appeared another man, and his wife looked at him in astonishment.

In the year following, he was baptized at Bradford-on-Avon by Mr. Seymour, of that place. About 1822 he came to Trowbridge to hear Mr. Warburton; and, as he was entering the chapel, the following lines were being sung:

"We are travelling home to God," &c.,

which, with Mr. Warburton's sermon, were so blessed to him that ever after there was no keeping him away from the place.

Not long after this the Lord opened a way for him to remove to Trowbridge, where he was favoured to sit under the ministry of Mr. Warburton, and attend the chapel till within three weeks of his death;

and he always said and believed it was through the goodness of the Lord he was brought to Trowbridge.

He was generally favoured with good health, so that for many years his place was regularly occupied, and being favoured with a good gift in prayer, and blessed with a very affectionate spirit, his company was much prized by the people of God, who looked upon him as a pillar in the church; not for his riches, for he had none; but for the grace manifested in him. In his prayers he ever remembered Zion.

He was taken ill in October, and it was impressed upon his mind that his illness was unto death. He had no wish to return into the world, but, if the Lord's will, his desire was to be taken, that he might be with that Saviour who had led him all his journey through, and wonderfully provided for him in the wilderness; and upon whom his mind was now sweetly fixed. Just before his illness these words came to his mind, "O Israel, thou shalt not be forgotten of me;" and when on his death bed, referring to them, he said to his son, "Ah, Jacob! They are good now!" His pains of body was very great; so that he was not able to say much; but his mind was sweetly composed. He would say, "Dear Lord, come; but give me patience to bear my pain; I shall be glad to be gone. 'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord!'" His mind was often exercised about his children, for he had a large family; and to one of them, who asked if he knew her, he replied, "Ah, my child, I do! It is such a thing to have children, and to know that they have never-dying souls. We want them all to be saved. I may say I have put up thousands of prayers which none knew anything of; for I did not want to be seen of men; but Jesus said to Nathaniel, 'I saw thee when thou wast under the fig-tree;' and I do hope he will have mercy upon them in his own time." To his son Jacob he said, "Don't cry; for heaven will be sweet repose."

One night just before his death these words were a great comfort to him:

"Amazing pity, grace unknown,
And love beyond degree!"

Also,

"Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!"

He had a hard struggle with death; but just before the last his countenance changed, and he passed away with a smile.

He was for several years a pensioner of the A.P.F.S., for which few manifested a more grateful spirit. G. GORE.

DAVID BROOKS.—On July 13th, aged 52, David Brooks, of West Bromwich.

Our departed friend was called effectually by sovereign grace out of the kingdom of Satan into the kingdom of God's dear Son in early youth, but under what circumstances I am not able to tell, although I have so often heard him say many blessed things both of his own experience and of a precious Christ; but this one thing I have heard him say, that such an arrow was shot from heaven into his poor soul as no power was ever able to extract; so that he was thereby thoroughly convinced of his lost, ruined, and undone state as a hell-deserving sinner before a just and holy God. How long he remained in this state I cannot say; but while he was under these convictions, after his day's work was done, instead of going about with other youths of his age, he had to retire into secret places to pour out his poor troubled heart to that God who afterwards manifested himself to him as his God and Father in the Person of a precious Christ.

One morning, as he was going to his daily employment, all on a sudden he looked up, and, by the eye of precious faith, to his wonderful astonishment, he beheld the glorious Lamb of God in his agony and sufferings stretched upon Mount Calvary's tree; and O what glory filled his poor soul, even joy unspeakable and full of glory, to think that that one blessed sight should take his sins away. And that spot, from that day forward, became a precious hill Mizar to him all the days of his life; and many times have I heard him speak of that memorable sight with great warmth and power upon his soul; and I have heard him say that while he was beholding, with his eyes of precious faith, this glorious, spotless, harmless Lamb, he felt a great desire spring up in his soul, which ever after remained with him, to tell the grace and glory of this precious Redeemer. And most effectually and blessedly did the Lord enable him to do this; for, about two years before he left this vale of tears, the Lord gave him his heart's desire.

The next thing that I have heard him speak of was his baptism, at the early age of 16.

About 16 years before his death he was seized most violently with that painful disease, nervous debility. I have heard him say that when this stroke came upon him he went home very nearly deprived of all his reasonability, and he laboured under it more or less until the day of his death. During these years of deep and painful affliction the great enemy of his poor soul ceased not to hurl into his heart his fiery darts of temptation to blaspheme and rebel against his dear and much-loved Saviour; so that he well knew what it was for the floods to come and beat upon his poor house. Nevertheless, it fell not; for it was founded on a Rock. And this path of experience, with corresponding revelations of the Person and work of the blessed Son of God, well fitted him to speak a word in season to the afflicted, and made him acceptable to his brethren.

His latter end was brought on by the setting in of the dropsy. I visited him several times while he was confined to his house and to his bed; but not thinking him so near his end I did not make any memorandums; but his conversations were most heavenly. On one occasion he said, "Awful! Grand!" with his eyes closed. In a few minutes after he opened his eyes, and said, "The things of God are awful, grand!" And on another occasion he was speaking very sweetly of Simeon taking the Saviour up in his arms, and said, "Look at the words: 'Mine eyes have seen thy salvation;' and see what they say." In this frame of mind he continued, and often said, "What a blessed release it would be to close my eyes on all below." And in this peaceful state he did close his eyes.

JAMES FORREST.

MARIA GEARD.—On Sep. 30th, 1873, aged 64, Maria Geard, of Melbourne, Australia.

This is a short account of the death of my dear wife, one well known in the west of England, and in Australia for 22 years, amongst the friends of Mr. Charlwood, and since in connexion with the little church meeting in Prince's Street, Strict Baptist.

She was brought to see herself a sinner through the death of her father, and was led about and instructed for some years till, in the providence of God, she was led to hear Mr. Gay (?), of Kincanton, and the Lord the Spirit led her to see her interest in the blood of the Lamb. She was baptized, and remained a member there for five years.

We left England in 1851 for this colony. Her affliction was very great and painful—chronic asthma and cancer in the breast; but the Lord gave her wonderful patience under her great sufferings for eight

years. She was confined to her bed for five months, during which she experienced many sweet visits from the Shepherd of the sheep. That portion of hymn 232 she often repeated with much resignation:

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

And being asked how she felt in her mind, she asked me to sing hymn 376:

"Weary of earth, myself, and sin," &c.

This hymn just suited her state of mind, for she often said, "I long to be gone. I hoped the dear Lord would have taken me before the morning."

The disease grew rapidly upon her, and we saw a great change. The last words almost that she uttered were, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." After which mortification set in, which seemed to impair her mind for the last few days. The doctor gave her a composing draught, and she soon went to sleep, and sweetly fell asleep in the arms of her Beloved.

George Street, Fitzroy, Nov. 5, 1873.

JESSE GEARD.

THOMAS BATTLE.—On Nov. 25th, 1873, aged 76, Thomas Battle, of Blunham, Beds.

He was senior deacon of the Baptist church (Providence) at Blunham, and had been from the commencement of the church, which was formed about 1842, under the pastorate of Mr. Thompson, and after that continued under the pastorate of Mr. Fraser, and continued so until the time of his death.

When and how Mr. Battle's conversion took place I cannot say; but he was baptized and received a member of the church at the Old Meeting at Blunham in 1823; and about 1842, when Providence Chapel was built, he and a few more friends formed the church there. He was very firm on the great doctrines of God's distinguishing grace, and a lover of God's house and ordinances. He would never be absent if he could get there, Lord's day or week day. I never knew one so constant.

During the last few years of his life he was very afflicted, having been deprived of the use of one side; but he would still be at chapel. A few years ago he lost his wife, which left him very lonely and very helpless; but he bore it all with resignation; and in his last illness he was attended by kind friends, so that he was helped to the last.

His end was very peaceable. He retained his reason, and died with a beautiful smile on his countenance.

Tempsford Mill.

JOSEPH COLE.

E. F. YOUNG.—On Dec. 3rd, aged 39, E. F. Young, provision dealer, Stamford.

He was at chapel and heard Mr. De Fraine preach on Tuesday evening, Nov. 25th. He was seized next day, and lay for a week, enduring excruciating pain, having undergone an operation. He enjoyed much of the Lord's presence, and was very happy in the prospect of death. Mr. Darbyshire called to see him on the Saturday evening, and he said from the pulpit he never remembered witnessing such a happy and triumphant death bed. Mr. Young took from his mouth a piece of ice, and said the river was as *clear*, and the valley of death also, as the piece of ice he held in his hand. The consolations of the gospel were abundant. And, dear man, he needed them to enable him to bear the pain and suffering he had to undergo.

He was very highly esteemed as a man and a Christian, and his sudden removal will be deeply deplored by a large circle of friends. It is his gain, but our loss.

Stamford, Dec. 11, 1873.

R. M. ROBINSON.

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

APRIL, 1874.

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

JUSTIFICATION.

A SERMON BY MR. SHORTER, AT BEDWORTH, 1853.

"And by him all that believe are justified from all things from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses."—ACTS XIII. 39.

THIS part of the apostle's sermon, which was preached at Antioch, declares to us:

1. *Who they are* that are justified; that is, all that believe: "By him all that believe are justified."

2. It also shows us *by whom* they are justified; that is, the Lord Jesus Christ; for it was him the apostle was preaching to them: "By him all that believe."

3. It also shows us *the extent* of our justification: "Justified from all things."

4. It also shows us *how useless the law of Moses was* in this business; and so it is to the present moment: "From which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses."

1. It declares *who are justified* according to the scripture,—those that believe. All that believe are justified. One thing with regard to believing is certain,—that there are none other that believe truly so as to be justified, but only those ordained of God unto eternal life. So you find farther on in this chapter, referring to the Gentiles: "As many as were ordained to eternal life believed,"—were justified. It is impossible any man will ever truly believe so as to be justified but by the gift of God. Thus it is written: "By grace are ye saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast." The apostle says, "We believe according to the working of his mighty power which he wrought in Christ when he raised him from the dead." It is therefore, my hearers, the law of faith that excludes boasting in every sense of the word; as saith the apostle: "Where is boasting then? It is excluded. By what law, by the law of works? Nay, but by the law of faith." If I believe it is the gift of God, by his operating graciously upon me, without any work of mine. What then have I to boast of? I can boast of the free goodness of God manifested towards me, apart from my fellow-sinner, who, in point of morality, was every way better than I. He is left to perish in his sin. So that it is left thus on record: "You see your calling,

brethren. Not many wise men, not many mighty, not many noble are called; but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise—that no flesh should glory in his presence” —“according as it written, He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord.” It is evident that believing on Jesus Christ and receiving Christ into the heart are one and the same thing, as the apostle says, “As ye have received Jesus Christ, so walk ye in him, rooted and built up in him, established in the faith, abounding therein with thanksgiving.”

It is said of our Lord, in the first chapter of John, “He came to his own” (that is the Jews), “and his own received him not; but to as many as received him to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name, which were born not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God.”

No man ever did, nor ever will, heartily receive Christ Jesus into his heart, as set forth in the scriptures, without the blessed enlightening and teaching of God the Spirit; because all men by nature are ignorant of him, and every man's heart is enmity against him. The language of every natural man is, “We will not have this man to reign over us.” Wherefore the Spirit of the Lord is given to convince a man of sin, and show to him that he has broken the whole law of God; show to him how, in every respect, he stands exposed to the just vengeance of heaven, finding all his efforts are useless to screen him from the wrath of God. The Holy Ghost exhibits the only Saviour, and shows the sinner thus taught that there is an infinite sufficiency in Christ to save him. He also encourages him by portions of his blessed Word, by the gospel preached, by conversation, or by a gleam of light shining into his soul, some testimony concerning the willingness, as well as the all-sufficiency, of Christ to save him. This encourages the soul to come to him. Is he willing to have Christ, willing to receive Christ into his heart? Why, my friends, the soul is hungering after and longing for Jesus. He cannot rest for want of Jesus to save him. Hence it is he pours out his soul in sighs and groans. Sometimes he cries to the Saviour of sinners that he will have mercy upon him, and save him, for he feels utterly lost and undone. He knows that if the Lord does not undertake for him and save him he must be damned. Here the man's heart is open to Jesus. He longs for him. He is destitute of everything that is good, and he imagines the Lord Jesus Christ will not take any notice of him. His feelings seem to be all evil. His thoughts, desires, purposes, words, prayers, repentance, all are so full of sin, he is quite ashamed of himself. He hates and loathes himself. He cannot imagine that the Most High God will take any notice or knowledge of such a wretch as he. Yet his desire is to be saved by Christ, to have him for his counsellor, his wisdom, sanctification, and redemption. He would have him for his all. He cannot believe the Lord pronounces such a one blessed; yet when the Lord went

into a mountain and was set, his disciples came unto him, and this is the first character he began with: "Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." It is the poor man that is without any money, or any worth, or worthiness, that is invited. All that is necessary, Hart says,

"Is to feel our need of him."

So that he that thirsts after him receives Jesus into his heart; yet he cannot imagine he has received him, even while his heart and soul are thirsting after him.

My dear friends, what is all the world to such a man? If he had all the gold and silver, the honours and pleasures of this world, what would it all be to him? His language is, "Give me Christ; let me have Christ; let me feel that his precious blood was shed for me; let me know his righteousness is unto and upon me; let me know that he loved me, that he laid down his life for me; let me know I am one of those whose names are in the book of life; let him say, I am thy salvation. That is all I want to know. I want, as Hart says, to be no longer an enemy to the Lord Jesus. My only desire is to be found in him, and saved in him." Now, this desire and this feeling come from the teaching and divine influence of the Lord the Spirit.

This man, my friends, when he hears Christ preached or reads of him in his Bible, does not shut his eyes, his ears, or his heart against him. How is it with you? You know there was a time when you did not care about Christ. All your care was about the things of time and worldly pleasures, worldly companions, and worldly ways. As for Jesus Christ and his great salvation, you did not care at all about either. The world had your heart; the devil and sin had your heart. You were given up at the time to other gods, idols, foolishness, and wickedness. Now the Lord has taken you in hand, convinced you of your ways, and shown you the end of these things is death, made you to feel trembling in your heart for the consequences of sin, and that the way from the wrath to come is by that great Deliverer, the only Saviour. His name is welcomed in your soul. You say, "If this is believing, I seem to know something about it." Sometimes when believing is spoken of it appears to you such a very great and wonderful thing that you come to the conclusion it can never be one like you, as it seems so great, and you are such a little thing; it appears such a strong thing, and you are so weak; a believer appears so very wise, and you are so foolish; a believer appears to be so full of love, and you feel full of evil, so full of everything that is bad, and contrary to God's word. The Bible says, "Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." They are believers, poor in spirit, poor, blind, halt, and maimed in soul. These receive Jesus Christ into their heart. "He that believeth on me shall never thirst."

Now Christ invites all such poor weak things to go to him, For my part I have been going to him ever since I found I could

not do without him. I find to this day I cannot do without Jesus Christ. I am obliged to go to him for everything. I am obliged to cry to him for mercy as the poor publican did, that he would condescend to open my poor blind eyes, give me to see and know more of him and his truth, to see what I am, and where I am, how to act, what to do, and what to leave undone. I really feel myself to be such a downright know-nothing that I very often stand at a loss, not knowing which way to proceed,—like a man bereft of his senses, as the scripture says, at his wits' end; or as the margin says, all their wisdom swallowed up. When men come to feel themselves totally destitute of knowledge or wisdom about anything, both natural and spiritual wisdom, they are in such a condition they know not how to proceed in anything. They know the Lord has wisdom and understanding. They know the Word says, "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not;" but they want a spirit of prayer. David said, "Open thou mine eyes that I may see wondrous things out of thy law. Give me understanding; then shall I keep thy commandments."

We have to go to Jesus for wisdom to enlighten. He is a sun as well as a shield to his people. He will give you wisdom and understanding. You may read your Bibles; but unless Jesus by his Spirit shine upon it, you will have neither knowledge nor understanding. Can you pray without wisdom from above? Can you find your way to heaven without Jesus by his Spirit shining in and upon you? Therefore the Lord teaches us this lesson, that all wisdom is in himself; so you go to him; and this is believing. None that truly run to him, or flee to him for knowledge and understanding, shall ever be cast out.

We find such a running sore, such epidemical filth in our souls, that none can put our leprosy away and purify us but the Lord Jesus Christ. Therefore we are led to go to him, that he would condescend to wash us, purge us, and cleanse us from all unrighteousness. He has promised to cleanse us from all our filthiness and our idols. The Lord will have us waiting at his gates, watching at the posts of his doors. When we are left to neglect this, and do not cry to him to teach, lead, and cleanse us, to do everything in us and for us, he will let us see and feel we have been going astray.

However, there is another thing, my friends, which we are taught; that is falling down, as it were, casting ourselves at a venture on the Lord Jesus, casting ourselves on his fulness, his wisdom, his mercy, his fitness, his grace and favour. I have very often found that all my strength has been so exhausted that I have been obliged to fall down, venturing my soul upon him, upon his mercy; and this, although not so much like believing, yet it is believing. "Cast thy burden upon the Lord." Roll thy burden on the Lord. Roll thyself on the Lord.

I remember once I felt that every bit of strength was gone from me. I could go no farther. I was going to preach, and

what to do I did not know. These words of Berridge came into my mind; yea, into my heart, with such sweetness, light, and power that my soul was brought down at the feet of a precious Saviour:

“If unto Jesus thou art bound,
A crowd about him will be found,
Attending day and night;
A worldly crowd to din thy ears,
And crowds of unbelieving fears,
To hide him from thy sight.”

The whole of that hymn was made of use to me. I fell down, venturing on his fulness. I found I did not trust him in vain: “In whom also ye first trusted after ye heard the word of truth, the gospel of your salvation.” These poor empty know-nothings, these helpless things, lost, ruined, and miserable mourning things, who have got room in their heart for God’s Christ, who are led to Jesus Christ the Son of God for him to save them entirely, who have hope in no other but in him, these are believers.

I might say much more; but I would observe that this going onward is by the operation of the Spirit of God in us. In order to believe and trust in the Lord Jesus Christ alone, every other power must be taken out of the way. We cannot rest in him and receive of his fulness if we are trusting in and resting on something else. Wherefore I would observe, all that is continually going on is to cut us off from one confidence after another, to trust in Christ alone.

I can well remember into what a state of vain confidence I had wrought myself one time in particular. I had been exceedingly diligent all the week in reading my Bible, calling upon the Lord, expecting such a wonderful good day. On the following Sunday, I started off in full expectation that I was going to have an extraordinary time. The only foundation for this my expectation, when I came to examine matters, was because I had been so extraordinarily diligent that week, building on my own doings, my own performances. When I came to preach in the morning, I found all the matter gone. I had nothing to preach about; in the afternoon, a few empty things; and, to crown all, in the evening it was worse. I was so vexed and filled with such anger against my best Friend because I had nothing afforded me, I could have set all the world by the ears. I went to my little room where I slept, and got into bed like a beast too sullen to pray. Mark you, I am not speaking of this in a way of glorying in it. O no. I was ashamed of such conduct. I abhorred it; I hated it. Very soon I fell off into a sound sleep, and did not awake till the morning. When I awoke, the first thing in my mind was, “Surely how kind the Lord has been to me! What a sleep I have had! How refreshed I feel.” I then remembered what a state I was in when I went to bed; and then the Lord’s mercy to me through the night came into my mind. The mercy of the Lord, expressed in many passages of scripture,

came to my recollection. At length I was brought to see and feel that I must be brought to entirely trust in him to save me, or I should be lost. I had no strength of my own. His mercy and loving-kindness broke my heart. I blessed the Lord with all the powers of my soul for his goodness. After a short time these words of Mr. Hart came:

“’Tis not for good deeds, good tempers, nor frames;
From grace it proceeds, and all is the Lamb’s.”

My thoughts now went back to trace the grace and salvation of God to me. I had never before felt so fully how free the Lord’s grace and mercy were, never in my life before, as that morning. Therefore that taste of the Lord’s mercy to me was a downright knockdown blow to my legality. His love was so manifested, I was led into the free sovereign grace of God in Christ Jesus. All my works worked in me by him and for me, and the work of faith with power. He loved me and formed me, that I should show forth his praise.

I find now this legal spirit oftentimes working in me, when the Holy Spirit comes and takes of the things of Christ and reveals them to me. I can then say his grace is free, and can then trust to Christ alone. Then I can pray and praise aright, walk and sing, and glorify God. “But,” say you, “do you set at nought good works?” Why, my dear friends, all that I want is works that have a good root, works that spring out of faith in Jesus Christ. This brings the best sort of works. All the rest grow out of a legal feeling, a legal working. They are all evil works, and God rejects them. It is neither circumcision nor uncircumcision availeth anything, but faith which worketh by love.

These are the people that believe and trust in Jesus,—they who feel in themselves to be wretched miserable creatures. They are compelled to cast themselves on Christ alone to save them. That poor soul the Lord will never cast out or leave to perish who feels he is really lost. As sure as he lives, he will save all who are accepted to trust in him and rest on him entirely.

2. Such are justified. *By whom* are they justified? By the Lord Jesus Christ. He justifies them by his free grace, by his precious blood, by his glorious righteousness, by his holy and blessed Spirit. “Who hath justified us freely by his grace.” They are justified by his blood and righteousness. His righteousness is said to be on all them that believe.

Observe these precious words: “As by one man’s disobedience many were made sinners, so by the obedience of one shall many be made righteous.” When Jesus said, Thou art all fair; there is no spot in thee; I have loved thee and washed thee, and put away thy sin; there is righteousness enough in me; I am thy salvation, thy righteousness; he then justifies us by his word. The Holy Ghost interprets this matter, and enables the poor soul to understand what it means, and what is implied in these words, “The liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free.” “He

that heareth my words and believeth on him that sent me hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation."

Do you know what it is really to trust in the free grace of Christ, in the blood of the Lamb, to trust in his most glorious righteousness, looking entirely to him as pronouncing you just? Have you ever heard that voice that the man heard when he went to Christ, "Thy sins are forgiven thee?" Or as the woman to whom he said, "Thy sins are forgiven; go in peace?" That includes justification, and it is by faith in God's word.

"And by him all that believe are justified from all things from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses." If we then are justified, it must be by an act of sovereign grace entirely. I should like to have more of this in my own soul, and hear the voice of Christ saying to me, "Behold, thou art fair, my love." "Thou art comely through my comeliness put upon thee." I can then say as the church of old, "I am black, but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, as the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon." Though you cannot enjoy this to the full extent, or say as much, yet if you can say that you have been made to cast your soul entirely on Christ to save you, that, whether saved or lost, you will perish at his feet, you are one with him; his righteousness is yours before God. You cannot justify yourself by works in any way. Jesus Christ can justify you. He has righteousness enough to justify you.

3. The *extent* of this justification,—how far it reaches! It is from *all things*. It comes perfectly free; no charge whatsoever. It does not matter what sins you have committed, or how many soever they be. If you are made deeply to repent of them, forsake them, and cry to God for mercy, you shall be justified.

A precious word once came to me. It was heart cheering: "All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men." It matters not how black their cast. Some of the worst characters possible are summed up in that description in Corinthians: "Be not deceived; neither fornicators, &c., shall inherit the kingdom of God. And such were some of you; but ye are washed, ye are justified, ye are sanctified in the name of the Lord Jesus and by the Spirit of our God."

What a load of sin it was that fell on the body and soul of our Lord Jesus Christ when he was made sin for us, he who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him. So it takes in all past sins, those of which we have been guilty. It takes in all present sins, all you can name, the vilest, all hardness of heart, unbelief, and everything that is vile, filthy, and base within thee. More than that, it includes all that are to come. Thou art unacquainted with them; God is not. He knows the whole, and they were all *in toto* laid on the back of Christ. They were all enumerated and reckoned to him, the Surety, who gave satisfaction to divine justice. How true are the words of the poet:

“And O, my soul, with wonder view;
For sins to come there's pardon too.”

It may be said that pardoning and justifying are two things. It may be so with us, but if God forgive our sins he does it on account of the perfect satisfaction that Christ has given to justice and the law of God; so that we read: “He is just, and the justifier of all that believe in Jesus.” When I know he forgives my sin, and I find it all gone, that is very much like justification. I know it was so at first when he revealed pardoning love to my soul. I felt as released and clear from my sins as if I had never committed any. I could look up to him as if I had never offended him. I could feel in my heart that Jesus, my Surety, had made all matters straight for me.

What a mercy it is when a man is brought to feel something of this!

4. Again. Our text shows *how useless is the law of Moses*. Whether it means the moral or ceremonial, neither the one nor the other will do anything towards justifying the sinner before God. Therefore it is called the letter that killeth, the ministration of condemnation. It will neither justify the sinner nor put away his sins. Thus it is in vain to seek justification from the righteous law of God. Therefore, poor soul, the Lord enable thee to come and flee from any dependence on thy works, whatever they may be, and, in point of dependence, trust to Christ alone. Amen.

A LETTER TO MR. A. SMITH.

“Immortal honours rest on Jesu's head;
My God, my portion, and my living bread;
In him I live, upon him cast my care;
He saves from death, destruction, and despair.”

Beloved of God,—These lines have been and still are very sweet and precious to my soul. This morning I awoke very early. My heart and affections were sweetly led out in meditation, and I felt a sweet knitting of soul to you, and a sweet tie that will never be broken. You were led very blessedly yesterday into my path, and I believe it was a day that will be long remembered by many.

After many years of manifested tokens of the Lord's goodness and mercy to me, the most vile and base creature that ever crawled this earth, the wisdom of God saw fit to leave me, for a time, to feel the dreadful evils of a wicked heart, and a tempting devil. I believe all the evils that could be felt by the carnal mind I was the subject of; and many times, in a state of madness and despair, did I try hard to destroy my mortal life. But, after nearly five years, the desire of the righteous was granted. I went to bed the first Saturday in March, 1873, after having a miserable day, Satan pushing hard at me for the last time, before the Lord came. “Put an end,” said Satan, “to your life;” but

as I was going up stairs a cry was raised by a groan, "Lord, let the fleece be wet, and let it be dry, if I have ever known any thing of thee." When in bed I felt my weakness, and what a poor helpless worm I was. I went to sleep, and awoke with these words: "The desire of the righteous shall be granted." I said, "I am not righteous." It was said three times; and still I said, "I am not righteous." But the sweet Spirit said, "The righteous desire that the Lord has implanted in thy soul shall be granted." It was enough; it was done. I was full; my cup ran over, and for 17 days I was so taken up with eternal things that I forgot I was in the body.

I was now in my right mind, sitting at the feet of King Jesus; and if I could have desired anything more, it would have been to depart and be with him for ever, to crown him Lord of all. But even that was only if it had been his will; for my will was swallowed up in his.

I should very much like to see you to tell out more of the goodness of the Lord; and I hope, if spared to come amongst us again, you will have a mind and opportunity to come to see me, though I am unworthy. Out of the abundance of my heart I have written.

Excuse the freedom, my dear friend, I have taken, and excuse all imperfections. My poor head, at times, is very, very bad, and when I begin to tell out some of the Lord's mercies, my mind seems lost.

I have been very much tried not to send this; but I know it is for the glory of God; therefore immortal honours shall rest on Him whom I hope to crown Lord of all.

Yours in truth,

June 2, 1873.

S. GORTON.

A LETTER BY THE LATE MR. ROFF.

My dear young Friend,—Grace, mercy, and peace be with you, in you, and around you, from the God of peace, through our dear Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, as the Prince of peace, by the power of the Lord the Holy Ghost, as the Spirit of peace. Then you will prove truly, feelingly, richly, unctuously, and experimentally one of the most blessed doctrines of the holy and everlasting gospel, that of the holy Trinity in Unity, Three distinct Persons,—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,—as the One mysteriously glorious, as the One undivided Essence, Jehovah. And this not as a phantom of the brain or a mere speculative knowledge, but as a divine reality and glorious certainty, inasmuch as each and all of these glorious *Persons* is interested, and deeply so too, in the salvation of your precious soul, as a lost, ruined, undone, hopeless, helpless sinner, who lay deeply embedded in the lower stratum of the fall in such a depth that no eye could have seen you, no heart could have felt for your wretched and desperate condition, but the loving, living, tender

heart of your everlasting Father, who, from the pure moving of the bowels of his everlasting love to you, gave his only-begotten Son, who, in the burning, unquenchable love of his tender heart, plunged into the vast abyss of the fall of poor sinful and sinning man, and there grappling with all the *power* and *powers* of darkness, then groaning, grieving, agonizing in the most profuse manner, never coming from the dreadful gulf until he grasped *all his dear elect* in the hand and hold of his sovereign grace and mercy, rising triumphantly glorious over death, devils, hell, and sin, going up with a shout to his God and Father, with, "Here am I and the children thou hast given me, who shall all pass again under the hand of him that telleth them."

Among the wonders of mercy which "to God belong" will be this, that you and I have a gracious hope of an interest in these deeps of all depths.

I received yours, and was glad to know you were anxious to hear of me. In answer to your inquiries, I write to say we had not forgotten you. I am as I have been for some time, still poorly; but, through the Lord's mercy, I am better, confined at home among my own people, preaching to them that gospel I trust the Lord has made dear to your heart, and which I hope you will endeavour to adorn in all things, proving life within by your actions without; so that others may take knowledge of you that you have been with Jesus and have learnt of Him who was meek and lowly in heart. And that you may so spread the savour of his dear name and truth, is the desire and prayer of

Stow-on-the-Wold, March 17, 1862.

R. Roff.

CAST DOWN, BUT NOT DESTROYED!

"By this I know that thou favourest me," &c. &c.

"DESTROY'D not!" A great mercy this,
For which our souls would grateful be.
Though chasten'd sore (Heaven's favour this),
Not punish'd through eternity.
Here we are scourged, that with the world
We might not be to ruin hurl'd.

"Destroy'd not!" Sin, that monster foe,
Its thousands to perdition send!
We might not live as slaves below,
Born to a nobler, higher end.
'This world in wickedness may lie;
The godly man for sin will sigh.

"Destroy'd not!" Wrath which worketh ill,
And not the righteousness of God.
As sons of peace, we do his will;
As children bow unto his rod.
Let men and devils rise in rage,
In meekness we the war must wage.

"Destroy'd not!" By the worldling's charms,
 Nor moved by all their pomp and glare;
 Affrighted not by their alarms,
 Nor daunted by their scornful stare.
 Nor smiles, nor frowns, divert our course
 By grace from Jesus our blest source.

"Destroy'd not!" By the many cares
 And anxious workings of the mind;
 The trials of life have many snares,
 And oft we judge our God unkind;
 But he that trod this path below
 Gives grace to bear with want and woe.

"Destroy'd not!" By that arch old foe,
 The accuser of our brethren dear,
 We some of his devices know,
 His fierce temptations make us fear;
 But though "cast down," laid in the dust,
 We rise through faith,—Jesus our trust.

"Destroy'd not!" By cold, gloomy death,
 Whose spectre-like approach we dread;
 For though he stops our mortal breath,
 And lays us down among the dead,
 We live again. Our spirits rise
 To brighter worlds and brighter skies.

"Destroy'd not!" Then by foe or friend,
 By things on earth or things below,
 'Tis true they evil did intend,
 But nothing further could they go;
 Not death, nor life, nor depth, nor height,
 Can harm us 'neath our Father's sight.

His watchful eye, his special care,
 His everlasting truth and love,
 Are round about us everywhere,
 And none can his deep purpose move.
 High as the heavens his thoughts of peace
 Towards us as his mercy is.

O God! We praise thy matchless grace!
 Adore thy wisdom and thy power!
 We soon shall see thy lovely face,
 And long for the dissolving hour,
 When death itself can do no more
 Than land us on the immortal shore.

Ontario.

H. MACKENZIE.

Who hate the lovers of Jesus most? Not the openly profane, not the infidel of any profession or character, but the Pharisee, the self-righteous Pharisee. The same class as comprised the Lord's bitterest foes in the days of Christ's flesh are now the bitterest enemies to his followers in the day of Christ's power.—*Hawker*.

FROM AMERICA.

To the Editor of the "Gospel Standard," England.

Dear Sir,—I see in the "Gospel Standard" of September, 1873, a communication over the signature of D. Kevill, of Pewhill, Chippenham, bearing date Dec. 9, 1872, in reply to my letter to Mr. Axford, of New York, on the "Means of Grace." And as Mr. Kevill has altogether misapprehended my views on that subject, and says they lead to Antinomianism, I deem it but just and fair that I be heard by way of explanation through the same medium, for the information of my dear Christian friends in England.

I believe substantially with Mr. Kevill that reading the scriptures, attending on the preached gospel, singing and prayer, speaking often one to another concerning our soul troubles, our doubts, our sore trials, temptations and deliverances, and believers' baptism, are God's appointed channels through which he bestows his blessings on those who fear him. And I furthermore believe that the preaching of the gospel, either in the scriptures, or directly from the minister of truth, not as means of grace, but through grace, draws awakened sinners to the Lord Jesus Christ, and by faith they receive him as the only name given under heaven or among men whereby they must be saved, as the chiefest among ten thousand and altogether lovely; as in the case of Philip preaching Jesus to the eunuch, Peter preaching Jesus to Cornelius, his kinsmen, and near friends, &c. All these I readily admit to be truths. For Paul saith (Rom. x. 14): "How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? And how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher?" &c. But the question with me is, "Are they means of grace?" No, verily. Are they not rather the *effect of grace, the product of grace*? All who are the subjects of grace had grace given them in Christ Jesus before the world began. How, then, could these time things be the means of that which they possessed in Christ Jesus before time began? Grace is as eternal as the eternal God. Grace preceded calling. We might as well say that these things are the means of our eternal election.

Now, dear friends, how would that sound in your ears? I still insist that means of signifies cause of. To illustrate, suppose I say Mr. Kevill was the means of my obtaining a situation in London, would you not understand me to say Mr. Kevill was the *cause* of my obtaining a situation in London? Most assuredly you would; and so would every one else. Then I ask, in all candour, would it not follow, as a positive fact, that to say attending a prayer meeting is the *means* of grace, would be understood in like manner to say that attending a prayer meeting is the *cause* of grace? But this Mr. Kevill does not intend, I know he does not; but he says one thing and means another. Then grace is the means, or cause of works; but works are not the means or cause of grace. I do not undervalue good works, but I want them put in their proper place. The dead cannot work, can neither eat

nor drink as a means of obtaining life, and nothing short of the quickening power of the Holy Ghost can raise a dead sinner to spiritual life in Christ Jesus. And when this is once done, it is done for ever. He then, and not till then, becomes a subject of gospel address. It is then the duty of the faithful gospel minister to point him to Jesus, the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the (elect) world. Now he can work, the grace of God constraining him. He can now sit at the King's table, and eat of the living bread which came down from heaven, and drink of living water of salvation, even of that river the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacle of the Most High.

Now, in conclusion, I will say to my dear friend, Mr. Kevill, let you and me, and all God's ministers, both in England and America, take the admonition of the apostle to Timothy, to study to show ourselves approved unto God, workmen who need not be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth; not as the Arminians quote it, by adding, "Giving to each, both saint and sinner, their portion of meat in due season." I should be at a loss to know what portion of meat to give the dead, as they are incapable of eating either strong meat, or the sincere milk of the word; but the living child of God is exhorted by the apostle Peter, saying, "Add to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance, and to temperance patience, and to patience godliness, and to godliness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness charity; for if these things be in you, and abound, they make you that ye shall neither be barren (idle) nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ." Now these are not the means, or cause of grace, but the effect of grace, the product of grace, and but for grace they could not exist, grace preceding them.

"Grace first inscribed my name in God's eternal book," &c.

Yours, in Christian Love and Esteem,

JOHN STIPP.

Molalla, Clackamas County, Oregon, Nov. 20, 1873.

[We have inserted the preceding letter, as our friend has called upon us to do so in fairness. But he still stumbles over the meaning of the phrase, "means of grace." We showed some time ago that when we use the term we do not mean that it is the means of *procuring* grace, but the means which God, in his grace and mercy, has appointed for his people to use, in obedience to his commands, to show forth his praise, and for the *calling in* of his elect, for those who were pre-destinated to eternal life before the world began. And when our friend says he "still insists that *means* of signifies *cause* of," he really shows his want of knowledge of the English language. If a man purchase an article, is his money the *cause* of the purchase? Certainly not, but the *means* by which he purchases, the cause being in the purchaser. Had he not the money, he could not have purchased. So in a spiritual sense, as dear Gadsby sings:

"The cause of love is in himself; and in him we'll rejoice."

Again. "Would you not say Mr. Kevill was the cause of my obtaining a situation?" No, we should not. If we used the word *cause*,

we should say he was the cause of a situation being *lost*. It would be bad English to say he was the cause of one being obtained. But what has that to do with the "situation" which God has given his people in Christ, and the *means*, say the ministry of the word, he has appointed to call them together to tell them the situation is theirs, and was theirs in eternity?

"Also the *means* were fix'd upon
Through which his sov'reign love should run.
So time and place, yea, *means* and mode,
Were all determined by our God."

Dear friend, Mr. Kevill does *not* "say one thing and mean another." Your mistake arises from thinking that the meaning of the words *means* and *cause* is the same; whereas it is nothing of the kind on this side the Atlantic, whatever it may be over there.

Again. Grace is *not* the *means*, but it *is* the *cause* of works. Here, again, you confound the two words. By all means use your own mode of expressing your ideas, and leave us to use ours. It was, as you remember, a letter of yours, complaining of our expression "means of grace," which first caused us to notice the subject. But until you can show that the words *means* and *cause* are the same, it is useless saying more. Our pen is the *means* by which we write, not the *cause* of our writing. We love you in the Lord, firmly believing you mean right, though you express yourselves in a way different to ourselves.

We have only to add, our friend does not yet see the difference between the prepositions of and for,—the means of (belonging to) grace, and the means *for procuring* grace. It may be that Arminians use the term "means of grace" in a different sense to ourselves. They do the same with the words "free grace," asserting that they mean "free for all and free for each." But we have nothing to do with that. Shall we, therefore, cease to use them, as meaning a free gift, "without money and without price?" No, indeed! We bless God, and here our friend will agree with us, that God has "compassion on the ignorant and them that are *out of the way* as well as on those who are *in the way*."]

THE settling of a new covenant implies the dissolution of the old. That was nailed to his cross which was contrary to us, a law that was a charge against us, and by virtue whereof we are sued; and this was the law as sentencing us to death, which was pierced and torn by those nails, that did discover that debt, and denounce the sentence, which cannot be meant so properly of the ceremonial as the moral law. The ceremonial law of sacrifices was the gospel in shadows, and appointed for the relief of men and as a ground whereon to exercise their faith till the appearance of the substance, and therefore cannot be said to be contrary to us, but an amicable discovery that we were to have that relief in another which we wanted in ourselves, and that we were to be freed from the sentence of death by some grand sacrifice represented by those sacrifices of animals. Besides, the apostle writes this as a cordial, issuing out of the blood of Christ, to the Gentile Colossians, who never were under the obligation of the ceremonial law, that being appropriated to the Jews. The apostle brings it to back his assertion, that their trespasses were forgiven. The argument had been of no use to the Gentiles, who sinned not against the ceremonial law, but the moral law; and if one only had been cancelled, and not the other, the Jews themselves, whose offences were most against the moral law, had had little or no comfort in having the fewest of their sins forgiven.—*Charnock*.

CONWAY STREET CHAPEL.

The Committee of Conway Street Chapel to Mr. George Payton, of Edenbridge.

We, a few poor dissatisfied ones with every "Lo here," and "Lo there," but who love God's truth when faithfully preached and brought home in the unctuous power thereof, and by whatsoever instrument the good Lord is pleased to work, we who assemble at Conway Street chapel, under Mr. Robins's ministry, have during a part of his illness been favoured by the Lord with good supplies; and we are supplied until after the next Sabbath; then we shall be in want for two Sundays.

Dear friend, your book, published a few years back, was lent me to read. In reading it, I found great satisfaction, and could walk hand in hand with you in many particulars. So also some other of our friends have had great satisfaction in reading your experience, and have had a desire to hear you preach, if it pleased God that an opportunity offered to bring you any way near. These things have induced us to solicit your assistance. Being in want of a supply for the first two Lord's days in September, we shall be glad if you can aid us, and the Lord inclines your heart to come and preach at Conway Street chapel on those two Sabbaths, and Monday evenings. And if it please the good Lord to send you amongst us, may he be pleased to send you fully fraught with the blessings of the gospel of Christ Jesus.

For the Committee,

London, Aug. 18, 1818.

J. GAUTREY.

Dear Sir,—I received yours on August 30th, between morning and afternoon preaching. I could not answer it earlier, as our post goes no more out till Tuesday; therefore have written as soon as possible.

For the last six years I have supplied a place eleven miles from home, near Tunbridge Wells, and it is always the first Sabbath in the month; and be wherever I may, I always get there against that time, as there are a few discontented ones there also, and they have no preaching but when I go, and some of them come a long way. Therefore it would be unlawful to disappoint them. This renders it almost impossible with clean hands to be absent on that day. The next is, our place on that day is shut up; and as our hearers know the time of my return, they will be convened as usual on the second Sabbath; and some of these come a long way also. Therefore, I can hardly see it possible for me to be in London without I had a little more time to get a supply for Edenbridge on the second Sabbath in September; which I cannot do, for you to have an answer in good time. There is one thing may be done, if agreeable to you. Mr. Abbott has talked of coming our way soon. Now, if you could call on him or by any means send to him, to know if he could make it convenient to be at Edenbridge the second Sabbath in September, which you may

do much sooner than I can write to get an answer and write to you; if that can be done, I can be in London the second Sabbath, but the first I cannot. If he cannot come, I must decline seeing you at this time; but if he can, you may settle it for me, if God permit, to be at Conway Street the second Sabbath in September. Drop me a line as soon as you have an answer from him. He lives at No. 36, Little George Street, Hampstead Road.

The less time I am in London the better, as my poor blundering way of preaching will not suit you fine Londoners. I shall only show my ignorance, and give room for some to laugh at my folly; but this I find sometimes even in the country. Well, it must be through good report and evil report the children of God must get to glory, whether they are public or private persons. My little book has brought me both these reports. One great mercy is, God has in some measure given me to see my ignorance, and that there is no wisdom in myself. We are fools for Christ's sake; and blessed be God for being made such fools.

I shall now leave the whole business in the hand of the Lord, believing he will work all things after the counsel of his own will. If Mr. Abbott can come to Edenbridge, I go to London; if not, he stays where he is, and I where I am.

Yours to serve in the Gospel of Christ,
Edenbridge, Sept. 1, 1818. G. PAYTON.

GOOD WISHES FROM A GOOD FRIEND.

My dear Friend,—I just write you a line to wish Mrs. G. and yourself a very "Happy New Year" in a spiritual point of view. I sincerely hope you will both realize much of the sensible presence of the Lord, and be favoured with an occasional manifestation of his special favour. I trust you will have in every way a prosperous voyage, and not have to do much business in "deep waters," and that you will both be spared to return in the Lord's time to your native land, returning much better in health.

We have entered upon the new year, and I have for the past few days had some solemn reflections about it. Every fleeting year makes a great gap in our life. A single moment helps to diminish it, a day still more, and a month still more than that; but a year really makes a *great gap* in it. But this need not be a matter for sorrow or regret to either you or me; and when we are sensibly favoured of God we do not feel any sorrow particularly about it, knowing, in such favoured moments, that our death will be our gain.

I feel very much how unprofitable I have been as a servant of God, and have glorified him in so small a degree. I want to do more, and to love him more, and praise him more. I am certain of this, that if the blessed Lord had not first loved me, and sovereignly determined to save me, I must have perished for ever as a vile, guilty sinner; and, seeing that it is sovereign grace alone

that holds me fast, I do honestly desire to praise and love the Lord more for grace so rich and free.

Mrs. Hemington and children are pretty well, and send kind regards to Mrs. G. and yourself. And, with my best wishes for you both, believe me, with Christian love,

Yours very sincerely,

Devizes, Jan. 2, 1874.

C. HEMINGTON.

AFFLICTIONS ARE OUR LOT.

My dear Friend,—Your kind letter came to hand this morning. Many thanks for all your great kindness.

You say in yours that you heard at Croydon that I was ill. Well, dear friend, it was a true report; but, through much and undeserved mercy, I am now able to write you these few lines, though I am still weak and poorly. I have a very sore head, having had an attack of erysipelas in my head; and I was shut up in a warm room until Lord's day, when I was driven to the chapel. I spoke a little in the school-room; and when I stood up and read my text, I felt so overcome, my strength seemed all gone; but the Lord put fresh strength into my soul and body. We had a church meeting, and received one, but we lost a member on Sabbath morning who lived near the chapel. She came down stairs, kindled the fire, went up stairs again, prayed for her husband and family and then for her minister, came down and cut the bread and butter, kissed her husband, moved away, and dropped down dead. Sudden death, sudden glory! But still very solemn.

I have been compelled to give up some of my engagements. The doctor and all my friends told me that I must not think about travelling and exposing myself to the cold air this side of Christmas; and I begin to think that if the Lord spares my unprofitable life, with this complaint in my head I shall not be able to travel all the winter. I never had anything of the kind about me before, it is so near the brain. But still the Lord hath dealt graciously with me. I have had no will of my own. I felt that the truths I had preached for 39 years would do to die by; so that I had nothing to do but to live and die in the Lord Jesus Christ, who lived and died for me.

Writing tries me. When I began I only thought of just thanking you for yours. The dear friends here manifested great affection toward me. I must just tell you that our chapel is not finished yet. We have been shut out about six months. We have run up the expense to near £500, but we have over £400 towards it, and I hope if I live to enter the chapel I shall be able to tell the people all is paid. I never saw any people come forward so liberally,—poor and rich, old and young, even little children. You will not know the old chapel, if you should live to see it again.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

Godmanchester, Dec. 2, 1873.

THOUGHTS ON THE SONG OF SOLOMON.

(Continued from page 113.)

CHAPTER IV.

Verse 9. "Thou hast ravished my heart, my sister, my spouse; thou hast ravished my heart with one of thine eyes, with one chain of thy neck."

In this song of songs the Lord Jesus Christ, as we have seen, is set forth as the royal Bridegroom of the church, and the true church, with every espoused soul, is represented as the spouse of Christ. Now, marriage, and the lawful affections connected therewith, being holy things and of the Lord, are used as figures of this mysterious union of the Son of God with the church of God, and to illustrate the mutual affections between these different parties. But what lover is tired of dwelling, in his thoughts or words, upon the object of true and ardent love? Love, as a pure and holy flame, warms the heart, and gives rise naturally to thoughts and words of delight and fondness. Hence it is that in this song the Lord Jesus, that true and everlasting lover of his people, whose love to them has a perpetual youth and freshness, is introduced as speaking kind, and loving, and commending words to his spouse, and, when he seems to have ended them, breaking forth afresh into new expressions of delight. About this there is no weariness to the soul that can listen to his words. Thus, in Zeph. iii., the Lord is represented as rejoicing over his people with joy, resting in his love, and joying over them with singing. But further the Lord's people are, when duly and deeply convinced of sin, so exceedingly incredulous and diffident that the Lord multiplies kindly-gracious expressions to cheer their fainting hearts and give them holy boldness and proper familiarity, such as is suitable for the relationship into which he has taken them to himself. What loving husband would like his wife always to treat him with diffidence and reserve, as if too great to be approached with confidence and affection? Now the Lord, when he takes his people into any relationship to himself, and calls himself their Father, Brother, or Husband, undertakes to be to them, in love and all other respects, in accordance with the highest glories of such a relationship, and really loves them to consider him in such a point of view, and deal with him accordingly. But it takes a great deal of tender dealing with them, and kindly speaking, and effectual gracious power, to bring them into the right place. It is hard to call him *Ishi*, Husband, instead of *Baali*, Lord (Hos. ii.); but this he will accomplish in time, and then we have a holy boldness, and at once love and adore, delight in and reverence the Lord Jesus. In the words we are now entering upon, the Lord thus begins afresh, as it were, to commend his spouse, and speak cheerfully and lovingly to her heart.

We have already dwelt upon the words "my spouse," so here let us consider the other sweet name connected in this and other verses with it, "my sister."

There is such an amazing distance naturally between the Son of God and the sinful creature that the idea of a conjugal union between them seems perfectly preposterous. Here, on the one hand, is the eternal self-existing Jehovah; on the other, the creature of yesterday. "Thy Maker is thy Husband" seems, indeed, not only a word of wonder, but of almost absurdity; the natural distance seems so insuperable; but here comes in the value and sweetness of this other expression, "my sister," a word plainly declaring a natural union, a nearness of natural relationship. Of course, this has reference to the covenant of grace, and the marvellous love and wisdom of God as manifested towards sinners therein. Let us then just see what scripture shows us upon this point. We do not intend to go into niceties, or attempt to work this expression out fully, but only to point out two or three respects in which this nearness of relationship exists; indeed, we may see that there is a brotherly relationship between Christ and his people existing, both in law, and, as we may say, by blood.

1. In the first place, the Lord Jesus is, and ever was, the only begotten of the Father. He was so, in respect of his divine person, from eternity; he ceased not to be so when made man; he was declared to be so, with power to save, at his resurrection. He was from all eternity one with the Father and the Spirit in the unity of the self-existing essence, but distinguishable from the Father and the Spirit in respect to his distinct personality as the Son of God. But the dear people of God are his children by adoption, and this adoption gives them legally the state and condition of children. He had but one Son, "only begotten;" he has many sons by adoption whom he brings in Christ unto glory.

2. In respect to the everlasting covenant, Christ is the firstborn amongst many brethren:

"Christ be my first elect, he said,
Then chose our souls in Christ our head."

Here, then, as it regards this covenant, Christ and the elect are all of one. There is but one family, Christ the elder brother, the innumerable multitude of the elect his younger brethren, here called, in keeping with the tenor of the song, "my sister," because spoken of under the character of his spouse.

3. The Lord Jesus Christ was actually and in due season made of a woman, and thus he was and is bone of his people's bone, flesh of his people's flesh. For verily he took not on him the nature of angels; but he took on him the seed of Abraham; being made of the seed of David according to the flesh, though according to the Spirit of holiness the Son of God for eternity. (Rom. i. 3, 4.) This, then, brings him into the position of our near kinsman, a blood relation, and thus to us a child was born, to us a son was given.

4. Lastly, not to dwell too much upon this point, he was not only made of a woman, but made under the law. He came

into our law place. In fact, he came as close to us as he possibly could, being even made sin for us, though entirely and necessarily in his own person without sin, and holy, harmless, and undefiled. Now, then, we see the propriety as well as sweetness of the words, "my sister," and we can understand how the Old Testament saints longed for this incarnation, this nearness of the Lord Jesus, crying as in the last chapter of this song: "O that thou wert as my brother that sucked the breasts of my mother." "Make haste, my beloved, and be thou," by thine incarnation "like to a roe or a young heart upon the mountains of spices."

We have signified what a great deal of diffidence cleaves to a convinced sinner's heart, and interferes with his free communion with the Lord Jesus Christ. Paul exhorts, on this account, the children of God not only to lay aside every weight, but more especially the sin (of unbelief) which doth so easily beset them. The fight is called the fight of faith, and the great doer on the Lord's side is true, divinely-wrought faith; on the devil's, incredulity. How unbelieving was Thomas, and nothing really rectified this but the commanding, grace-giving voice of Jesus: "Be not faithless, but believing." As we understand, then, the verses under consideration in this part of the song, they are designed to correct this tendency of the child of God's heart, and to encourage him to a holy, humble boldness in dealing with the Lord. Does the majesty of God keep him afar off, the mercy of God in Christ is revealed to draw him nigh; does God, through his infinite glory and perfections and the sinner's littleness and meanness seem unapproachable, Christ speaks to the poor desponding heart of such a one, and cries from heaven, "My sister, my spouse." Thus the heart gains confidence, and, allured by grace, the cords of love, and bands of a man, draws nigh to God. One like unto the sons of men touched Daniel, then he stood upon his feet (Dan. x.), listened unto God, and was not overwhelmed, for Christ had strengthened him. Again, how apt are poor sinners to think hard thoughts of Jesus, as though they had some great thing to do to please him, some hard work to get a blessing from him. How do Satan and the flesh in combination darken to the mind Christ's glory, as though he were some austere one very difficult to please, ever ready to take the poor sinner at a disadvantage, and even make him an offender for a word, exacting so much toil and labour in prayer, or reading, or hearing, or else hardly bestowing upon him what he wants, but manifesting a great degree of displeasure on account of his deficiencies. All this proceeds from the legal spirit, which is ever prescribing grievousness, and decreeing unrighteous decrees (Isa. x.), and turning aside the seeker after Jesus for a thing of nought. But all this is a misconception of what Jesus is, even the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, a mercy-seat, a hiding-place, a free, a full, and most loving, gracious Saviour. Well might Isaiah write of him, "The eyes of them that see shall not be dim."

(Isa. iii. 2.) The law, with the smoke and fire of Sinai, dims the eyes, but to see Jesus is to live. The only danger here is not seeing him as the Christ of God, full of grace and truth. Moses may want a vail (2 Cor. iii.) to legal hearts, but Jesus wants no vail. See him, and it is life.

"Jesus, thy Godhead, blood, and name,
O 'tis eternal life to know!"

Now to remove these legal darkening misapprehensions of what he is to the poor sinner from the mind, to throw down to the earth these imaginations which exalt themselves against the true knowledge of God, Jesus cries, "Thou hast ravished my heart . . . with one of thy eyes, with one chain of thy neck." To ravish is to catch and carry away by a sort of holy violence. The idea is of Christ's heart being, as it were, weak, lovingly weak, and the poor seeking soul so strong that the blessed heart of Jesus is not only touched, but overpowered, carried quite away; and further, though there is the idea of a kind of violence in the word, yet it is all pleasurable, the thought being also that of delight. Thus, at times, God comes down with an exceeding greatness and sweetness of his Holy Spirit's power into the heart of a child of God, and gives it a most delightful and heavenly ravishment of bliss: "Or ever I was aware, my soul made me like the chariots of Amminadib." (Song vi. 12.) God carried away the soul into a sort of ecstasy of glory. Now we see the wonderful nature of the expression in the text. "Thou hast ravished." But must not this have been the result of some long period of fasting and prayer, as in the case of Daniel before he saw the great vision? Or some long night of wrestling with God, as in the case of Jacob? No! Not in the words under consideration. Here we have to ponder upon the exceeding riches of grace, the readiness of Jesus to save and bless, "with one of thy eyes, with one chain of thy neck." It is not our purpose, in these Thoughts, to dwell critically upon things, or introduce Oriental customs; therefore we shall not notice the Eastern ladies' costume, as illustrating the subject; we leave this to others. Our aim is in the simplest manner possible to bring before our readers the grace and love of Christ, and the sweet and spiritual glory of this song. In this way we want to lead our dear readers to Christ, and unfold a little of his unsearchable beauty, so as to fill their hearts with true sweet spiritual delight. Now, then, Christ here says he is ravished with one his spouse's eyes. Look then at some poor child of God on his knees before the Lord; there is what one of our poets calls

"The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near;"

a feeble looking to the Lord for his mercies, a little faith, a little hope, but O how little! Those feeble desires, those wishes so weak, can the Lord be taken with such things as these? "Could we," say the feeble saints, "feel a great power of faith,

a strong laying hold of Jesus, such as seems to be expressed when one says, I held him, and would not let him go; then we might hope for prevalency and success, but not so now. We rather fear to fall under rebuke than meet with favour; we seem more where James has placed condemnation, amongst the waverers, than amongst those who are Israelites indeed, and prevalent with God." "But," says Jesus, "I do not only attend to your poor feeble prayers, your sighs and groans, your lookings to me, which seem hardly lookings, your faith being so much swallowed up, at times, in the mighty workings of your incredulity; but, poor souls, I am ravished by these things,—not only taken with them, but ravished with them, or, rather, I am exceedingly delighted both with your persons and prayers when you thus approach unto me with what appears to you such a little faith, and almost fainting desires." Now, then, we see God's people have not to force themselves up into some wonderful pitch of faith to prevail with Jesus. No servile work is to be done on the Sabbath day. Christ is the real year of Jubilee, when the earth brings forth of itself. Moses smote the rock twice when a word would have brought forth water. Christ waits to be gracious, and nothing takes his heart like weakness. Half a look, as we may say, from a feeble person is enough for Jesus. "Touched with compassion" is still his character up in heaven; yea, he sometimes comes when his saints cannot so much as look at all. "I am unable to look up." Well, then, may we believe that when his grace enables them to cast upward a glance of the soul, of faith, and hope, and desire, he is even ravished with one of their eyes. The same idea is conveyed in the other expression, "with one chain of thy neck." We know that the real chain of a child of God's neck, that which puts a true dignity upon him, and marks him for one of the nobles, yea, kings of the earth, is God's most blessed truth as it is in Jesus. This Solomon plainly teaches us: "My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother; for they shall be . . . chains about thy neck" (Prov. i. 8, 9); and again (Prov. iii. 3): "Let not mercy and truth forsake thee; bind them about thy neck." This blessed truth as it is in Jesus, properly understood, is one great eternal promise. Thus Paul writes: "According to the promise of life in Christ Jesus." This is the very nature of the gospel; it is the revelation of the eternal purpose of God in Christ Jesus, and his promise made in Christ before the world was. Now to apply this. Poor soul, do you not want to walk in the path Job indicates? (xxiii. 4.) To fill your mouth with arguments when you go to God in prayer; to take with you words, to chain and bind God, as we may venture to say, with his own sweet promises; pleading with him his own word; saying with Jacob, "And thou saidst, I will surely do thee good;" putting God to it, and telling him he cannot deny himself, and has said, "Ask, and ye shall have; knock, and it shall be opened unto you?" "O yes," you say; "this is just what I want;

but then how different it is with me. I seek him in prayer; but even if a little set free, how defective is my memory. I cannot remember the words and promises suitable to my case, and then how unable to lay hold of them and plead them powerfully before God; and if I can manage to remember one word which he has spoken, how soon my mind becomes diverted, what wandering of thought and heart. O! I am straightened, cold, and dumb, and how shall such a one prevail with God?" Poor soul, Jesus is not what you imagine. Listen to his own blessed encouraging words to the poor and needy. He feels our infirmities, he can and does sympathize, and cries to the poor desponding soul, "Thou hast *ravished my heart*, my sister, my spouse, with one of thy eyes, *with one chain of thy neck*."

There is one thing more in this verse must be noticed, and then we have done. Observe, the Lord repeats the expression, "Thou hast ravished my heart." Now this may be for two reasons, and both sweet and encouraging to the soul:

1. What is thus repeated is to be fully relied on. Not that any of God's yeas are otherwise than Yea and Amen; but it is a mode of speaking which condescends to our infirmities. The thing stated is marvellous to the poor sinner; therefore God not only says it once, but repeats it to call attention to it, and assure the heart of its certainty, as though he graciously said, "Poor soul, whatever you may think, and however incredible it may appear to you, that my heart should be thus affected by the prayers, and tears, and approaches of one like you, still it is absolutely true, and may be relied on, thou hast, yea, thou hast ravished my heart."

2. There is also here a twofold display of grace, a twofold encouragement. The heart of Christ is first ravished with the person of his spouse; it also is ravished with the actings of grace, however feeble, in that person. God had respect first to Abel, then to his offering. God loves his people from eternity, and before they actually possess grace; he loves them when through his gift they possess it, and delights also in the actings of that grace in them. Here, then, we see a very blessed distinction maintained by the repetition, "Thou hast ravished my heart, my sister, my spouse;" thy person is most dear to me. There, indeed, is the foundation of what follows: "Thou hast," also, "ravished my heart," because of this my eternal love to thee, "with one of thine eyes, with one chain of thy neck."

HAVE they that shall be saved awakenings about their state by nature? So have they that shall be damned. They that never go to heaven may see much of sin, and of the wrath of God due thereto. This had Cain and Judas, and yet they came short of the kingdom. (Gen. iv.; Matt. xxvii. 4.) The saved have convictions, in order to their eternal life; but the others' convictions are not so. The convictions of the one doth drive them sincerely to Christ; the convictions of the other doth drive them to the law, and the law to desperation at last.—*Bunyan*.

JOHN RUSK'S DIARY.

(Continued from page 124.)

Tuesday, 21st.—Not so very cast down this morning, but feel my mind at present more stayed. But really things look remarkably gloomy; yet it is the path according to the word of God. After breakfast I committed my way to God, being heart-sick of all my own ways, and I begged him to direct my every step. And, bless his dear name, the whole work is clearly revived again in my soul, and I do feel a child-like spirit,—humility and a sweet peace, with my mind stayed on him. What a blessed thing a living faith in the Lord Jesus Christ is, and how often I have proved the reality of it. Now all this is inward deliverance, for everything in providence stands the same; neither do I see any more way of escape than I did last night. All this change is owing to God's own work in my soul. The prophet Habakkuk felt the same. "Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines, the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat, the flocks shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stall; yet will I rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation." This is my experience at this time (Jan., 1817), to the honour and glory of rich, free, sovereign, unmerited, unexpected, undeserved, matchless mercy and grace. Thanks and praise without reserve be to the blessed Father for his eternal choice of me in his dear Son. Thanks and praises without reserve be to the Second Person in the glorious Trinity for undertaking the great work of salvation for me. Thanks and praises without reserve be to the Holy Ghost for revealing the Lord Jesus to me as my Saviour, and for the numberless times he has done this good work over and over again in my soul, and for this fresh and blessed revival this morning; and therefore to one God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, be all the glory. Amen.

After this I had a hard job in removing the bedstead down stairs to make it answer for my wife, as it is much warmer, and will be better for saving the coals.

Before tea Jane came to see us, and brought several old things for the children, and the offer of the loan of a pound note, and that we need not hurry about paying it, nor make ourselves uneasy in the least. We accepted of it. So there is the landlord's money. O what a blessed Friend is the Lord Jesus Christ, our daily provider. "Children, have ye any meat? They answered, No, Lord. He said, Come and dine;" and he had a fire, and fish laid thereon. And he is the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever. "This God is our God for ever and ever; he will be our guide even unto death." Yes. "To hoary hairs and old age I am he. I will carry; I will bear; I will deliver." Jane and I went to hear Mr. R. for the first time at Bury Street meeting, and a nice large place it is, and very comfortable. Text: "And daily in the temple," &c.

Wednesday, 22nd.—I awoke under temptation that I was in the right way, that certainly I was not enterprising enough after the world; but, though I felt discouraged, I still find the Lord is with me, though in providence things look very dark. But we are to live and walk by faith, not by sight. We are very dull scholars.

After this I took Jane a box which I promised her to put her clothes in. I then walked along the highway and met Westmoreland's boy. He said, "Are you out of work?" I said, "Yes." "I suppose," said he, "you would not like to come with us." The reason he said so was because Westmoreland used me ill some time back, and I left him. I considered that it was wrong to refuse anything these times, and therefore went with him, praying that if it was God's will I might get work there, and if not that he would frustrate it. I saw Mr. W.; but he would not give me work; so I came away. I then was very cast down, viewing everything against me, a bar that I could not break through to go to other warehouses, and a fear of doing wrong in not going. I had some boxes in my pocket, and called on Mr. P. He bought one; and we had sweet conversation together. I firmly believe he is a good man, though he told me he had not doubted his interest for seven years. He is very ill, and I think he will not live long. I came down stairs, and came away very hungry. Though his wife was going to dinner, she never asked me. I then called at my sister's, as she had sent a letter and wanted to see me. I had some dinner, and we had much discourse about my poor mother, who appears in an awful state. She is out of her mind, and cries out, "Murder, thieves!" &c. &c. O that the Lord would have mercy on her soul! But she certainly has a fixed enmity and malice against God's children. I called for my shoes at S.'s; had two cups of tea, and went to Princes Street. Text: "Let us, therefore, go forth unto him," &c. But I got more and more miserable, and gathered such a heavy load and burden that I could hardly bear up under it, which arose from the power of temptation that family and all would come to destruction. O what a burden I felt; and I went to bed with it.

I would observe that after I got home, feeling it so heavy, I went in secret and cried to the Lord, and I think felt a little easier; but it came on again very heavy indeed.

Thursday, 23rd.—I committed my way to God, begging him to direct and lead me every step, and not leave me to myself. I then went out and called at two places and then crossed the water and went to Coffer's. He told me to come to work on Monday; which I felt very thankful for. It came into my mind what Mr. P. told me, that there was a gentleman at the back of Vauxhall Gardens who would have a box; "but," said he, "it is so far." Now I had turned a deaf ear to this before, because of the distance; but I set off, though very tired indeed. I saw him, told my errand, and that Mr. P. recommended me.

I remembered the gentleman at Titchfield Street, and he remembered me, though I do not believe I ever spoke to him before. He said, "Will you have something to eat?" I thanked him; and his niece laid the cloth and brought up roast beef, &c. So I ate a little. He chose a box and paid me for it, and then said, "I must give you something more." So he took out his pocket-book and gave me a pound note. I returned him many thanks. We had some spiritual conversation, and I found liberty of soul with him. I believe he lives near the Lord, but is deprived of going to hear through much weakness of body. I came away to go to Conway Street. He told me the best way was over Westminster Bridge. Text: "For thy Maker is thy Husband," &c. But my thoughts were scattered.

Sunday, 26th.—I felt things go very crooked just before I went out; for being late and so very stiff and tired, it stirred up much murmuring; but on the road I saw Mr. Ball and others, and in talking with them I got lighter and found the whole work clearly revived before I got to chapel. Text: "We are the circumcision," &c. Miss Dalziel tapped me on the arm, saying, "My mother is waiting to see you to go to dinner with us." Thus God provided for me, and frustrated all my reluctance in going to Mr. Robins's, as he wished me. I heard well both times.

Monday, 27th.—I got to work at half-past 9 o'clock, and found a praying spirit going along and much liberty in speaking on spiritual things in the warehouse. In about half an hour after this, John Baker said, "I am a great deal better than I was; for I was sorely burdened, insomuch as I could hardly bear it; but I am a deal better, and it has come through your conversation. This was well pleasing to me.

Tuesday, 28th.—Heard Mr. R. at Bury Street. Text: "For the weapons," &c. I came home comfortable, and heard when I got home that my mother was dead. She died on Monday, the 27th, at 3 o'clock. But I felt very settled and not irritated about it.

Wednesday, 29th.—This has been a blessed, happy day all through. O what a good day this has been!

Thursday, 30th.—Very comfortable the chief part of the day; and it is wonderful how the thoughts of my mother are removed as much as if I had never known her. What a powerful thing grace is! It will surmount all difficulties. Some may say all this arises from hardness of heart and the want of natural affection; but it is not, God knows; but is what the scripture says shall take place: "Forget thine own family and thy father's house; so shall the King greatly desire thy beauty; for he is thy Lord, and worship thou him."

Friday, 31st.—A very comfortable day. I went with all my heart to hear Mr. R. Text: "The humble shall see this," &c. But I was used very ill by the doorkeeper before the doors were opened, because I would not be free with him. He told me I was a hypocrite, and that many beside him said the same; that when

Mr. Huntington died he left me under condemnation, and that I knew nothing of the dying love of Christ, and all this because I would not answer him when he first spoke, and when he spoke the second time I said, "Why do you speak to me, seeing you hate me in your heart?" Now all this threw me into confusion; so that though nothing fixed on my conscience, yet it hurt me in hearing. But I felt all right coming home.

Saturday, Feb. 1st.—A remarkably blessed, happy, comfortable day; God's work as clear in my conscience as the sun at noonday. Bread and butter for dinner; but I was satisfied. We borrowed 8s. of Mr. Coffey on Friday, which barely brought us through the week. At night I called on Mr. Heath, and found he had gone from his word in paying for the mats. I am only to have 13s. 6d. instead of 20s. Lord, deliver us from oppressors. I received wages £1 15s., and 6s. from Mr. Heath.

After this I was taken very ill with sickness, &c. I had but little rest, neither could I go to chapel next day, but was almost all day in bed, and on Sunday night was worse; but I felt quietness and peace, though not lively in soul all day.

Monday, 3rd.—I went to work, but in much weakness all day; yet as my day, bless God, my strength has been. Glory to his blessed name, he does all things well. I called again at Mr. Heath's, and he gave me stuff to make two more mats.

Tuesday, 4th.—Heard Mr. R. at night. Text: "If ye continue in my word." I was very sick all the time, and bad all night.

Wednesday, 5th.—I went to work after breakfast; but was very weak; but was blessed with great liberty of soul and of speech in the warehouse. Truly the Lord was with me. But I am very bad again to-night, and long to go to bed.

Thursday, 6th.—I was sick the chief part of the day, but was brought through it, and came home very sensible that nothing short of God working in me to will and to do can keep me from withering away. I feel barren to all that is good. As the poet says, so I feel it:

"Weak of body, sick in soul,
Depress'd at heart, and faint with fears."

Tuesday, 11th.—The mob met yesterday at Spafields, and I understand are to meet on Thursday at the Palace Yard, Westminster, and on Monday next at Spafields again. God only knows what the end will be; but these things should cause us to cleave close to the Lord Jesus, and all is sure to be well with us, come on what will. O, could this be believed and followed up, how different a life we should live! "Abide in me!" "Who is he that shall harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good?" And say you, "What's that?" I answer, "The Lord Jesus Christ." There is none good but one, that is God; and Jesus Christ is God over all, blessed for evermore. He also, in his mediatorial capacity, is the good thing promised to the house of Israel. The good treasure of grace in our hearts comes from his fulness. The good Spirit which we receive is the Spirit of Christ: "Thy Spirit is

good." The word of God that has a place in us is Christ's word: "My word is spirit." This is called "the good word of God." And as it is good to draw nigh to God in prayer, whatever we ask must be in Christ's name; no access without a Mediator. Lastly, "It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord," &c.; but we are to offer up these spiritual sacrifices, which are acceptable to God, by Jesus Christ. Now, who can harm us if we be followers of the Lord Jesus? This is the only way to escape the calamities that are sure to come on the world and all carnal professors. And what are all pretensions to religion short of these things? Why, "bodily exercise," and drawing nigh with the lip.

I feel all right within. Bless the Lord, O my soul. I am sensible that all spiritual and temporal blessings, and all the promises God has made, and all the grace we are to receive from a Saviour's fulness is all to be brought into the soul by earnest, humble prayer, and not a careless, lifeless calling upon God; for this brings nothing in, and therefore we shall have many weights and burdens laid on us to keep us up to this; and though we may try other ways to get out of trouble, yet if we are God's children we shall not succeed; for he will hedge up our way with thorns. At times we shall feel the blessed Spirit helping our infirmities; and this, as well as answers to prayer, will make this delightful work; and we should not expect that the supplies we get this way will last any longer, nor yet so long as our natural food does, or the meals which we eat; therefore we shall find the sweetest frame soon die away, and restlessness and uneasiness, trouble and distress, a worldly spirit, or some corruption will arise. All which has a voice, and that is, "You must go to the throne in any affliction? Let him pray;" "Pray without ceasing;" and all this must come from God.

Wednesday, 19th.—I called on Mr. Heath; but he could not let me have any money for the mats; so I knew not what to do; but I kept calling upon God. When I got home, Mary had come from her place, bad with a sore throat, and is not going back, as they wish to have a stronger person. She brought 10s., which came in due season. I hope she will get better, and do instead of a nurse for my wife.

I WILL not dispute whether God could by prerogative mercy (without a satisfaction) have issued out an act of pardon; but in this way of satisfaction (by sacrifice) the righteousness of God, I am sure, may be vindicated in the conscience of the greatest sinner on earth. Yea, the devil himself is but a faint disputant, when faith pinches him with this argument; it is a trench which he is not able to climb. Indeed, God laid out salvation in this method, that even we weak ones might be able to justify him, in justifying us, to the most malicious devil in hell. Peruse that incomparable place which hath balm enough in it to heal the wounds of all the bleeding consciences in the world, where there is but faith to drop it in, and for ever to quench the fire of this dart, which is headed with the justice of God (Rom. iii. 24-26), being justified freely by his grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus.—*Gurnall*.

SIN.—PART II.

THE man renew'd by precious sovereign grace
 Is led by faith to see the Saviour's face;
 New life divine diffuses through the soul,
 And all its raging passions doth control;
 No more a slave to the foul monster Sin,
 The graces of the Spirit dwell within.

This inward life is holy, pure, and bright,
 And dissipates the awful shades of night;
 A world of bliss is to the soul reveal'd,
 Which, to his darken'd mind, once lay conceal'd.
 His faith now grasps eternal unseen things,
 And mounts aloft on contemplation's wings
 To that bright land where endless pleasures flow,
 Far, far above this wintry world of woe.

There he beholds the Lamb that once was slain,
 And worships with the bright celestial train;
 And here he fain would spend his future days,
 And all his work be love, and prayer, and praise;
 Adoring at his gracious Saviour's feet;
 To do his Father's will his drink and meat.

But O, alas! This hideous monster Sin
 Is not yet dead; he still exists within;
 Though now subdued and not allow'd to reign,
 His workings still produce perpetual pain;
 Though sovereign grace will still maintain the sway,
 Yet sin a war will wage from day to day.

The carnal mind is enmity to God,
 For so declares his own eternal word.
 This carnal mind still rages in the saint,
 And is the source of many a sad complaint;
 It makes him cry in inward misery,
 "O wretched man! Who shall deliver me?"
 Opposed at every step, he sighing goes,
 And to his Lord he tells his heavy woes,—
 How sin torments his soul from day to day,
 And often fills his spirit with dismay.

He would be like the heavenly hosts above,
 And live a life of holiness and love;
 For grace has made him hate sin's guileful ways,
 And he would live to his Redeemer's praise.

But, ah! He finds he has another mind,
 And that to sin and folly is inclined;
 It interferes with all he tries to do,
 And everywhere it does his soul pursue.
 Is he disposed the knee in prayer to bow,
 The carnal mind will whisper, "Not just now."

Some other thing requires immediate care,
 And after that you may attend to prayer."
 What! Let some earthly object intervene,
 And to the mind obscure the things unseen,—
 Defer an audience with the King of kings,
 For earth's poor little unsubstantial things?
 But should his faith break through this artful snare,
 He finds the crooked serpent even there;
 Some foolish thought, some anxious care will rise,
 And mingle with his groanings and his sighs.

If grace should prompt him to impart his store
 To benefit his brethren, God's own poor,
 This covetous,—thy greedy foe, cries, "No!
 You must not part with all your substance so.
 Who will give you when all you have is gone?
 You may be left in poverty alone,
 And poverty is what you could not bear;
 So hoard a little with prudential care."

True faith believes the record God has given,
 And sometimes sees his treasure's safe in heaven;
 But unbelief will whisper, "Very true;
 But perhaps this treasure may not be for *you*."

Sometimes his graces seem to droop and die,
 And now the hateful monster rises high,
 Works up rebellion, lust, and pride within,
 And shows himself indeed the monster Sin.

Sometimes he fears the hateful beasts of prey
 Which in him rise and rage, from day to day,
 Will certainly prevail in some sad hour,
 And he shall one day fall beneath their power.

But no! The precious blood from Jesu's side
 Is by the Spirit powerfully applied;
 He feels its purifying power within,
 And once more triumphs o'er the monster Sin.

C. SPIRE.

THEY that are saved are compared to jewels: "And they shall be mine in the day when I make up my jewels." Jewels, you know, are rare things, things that are not found in every house. Jewels will lie in little room, being few and small, though lumber takes up much. For almost every house you may find brass, and iron, and lead; and in every place you may find hypocritical professors; but the saved are not these common things, they are God's peculiar treasure. (Ps. xxxv. 4.) Wherefore Paul distinguisheth between the lumber and the treasure in the house: "There is, in a great house, not only vessels of gold and silver, but also of wood and of earth; and some to honour, and some to dishonour." There is a word for wooden and earthy professors. The jewels and treasure are vessels of honour; they of wood and earth are vessels of dishonour; that is, vessels for destruction. (Rom. ix. 21.)—*Bunyan*.

REVIEW.

Selections from the Journals of the late Messrs. W. and H. Rosling, of Donnington.—Leicester: Rowe, Granby Street.

"Who were the Roslings," we fancy we hear numbers of our readers exclaim, on casting their eyes over the above title, "that selections from their journals should be thought worth publication? Were they men of renown, or princes of royal blood?" No. They were plain countrymen, yet sons of the King of kings; and that is infinitely better than being mere earthly kings or emperors.

We, however, know but little of them beyond what is said in the work before us. The Lord said he would take two of a family; and here we have evidence that his words were not in vain. The younger brother appears to have been more favoured than the elder one both in providence and grace. William, the elder, occupied a farm at West Deeping; but, not being successful, went to reside at Leicester, and joined the church of that good man, the late Mr. Chamberlain, a friend of Mr. Huntington's. Leicester, however, was not to be his home; for he failed in business there, and then went to reside with Heffield, his younger brother, who made him comfortable all his remaining days. Heffield died first, aged 79, leaving William some property, and William wrote to Mr. Thorpe Smith, who frequently supplies the late Mr. Chamberlain's pulpit at Leicester, asking him to ascertain what children of his late creditors were living; and he subsequently sent the amount of his debts and all interest due. He lived only five months after his brother, and died "in perfect peace," aged 85. An uncle had died a few days before, in his 91st year.

William, in his journal, says:

"The first time I recollect to have ever had any ideas of the omniscience of God was when quite a child, from hearing a person say that God knew what people said and did, which things appeared strange to me, but believe it was the means of making me very careful about saying bad words. As I got older I was often under convictions for sins, but they never at that time burdened me much, as what I had understood of futurity was (with respect to the state of the damned) that they would be burnt with fire and brimstone, and that would soon put an end to their misery; for at that time I knew nothing about an eternal punishment, where their worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched."

When about the age of 12 or 13, he met with a young man who was the means of convincing him of his mistake in this respect; and this made him try to be still more circumspect. Then, as his convictions became stronger, he says:

"I was led to look up to God to pardon my sin, which my adversary perceiving, occasioned him to muster all his allies to prevent it. He started this objection, 'How do you know there is such a being as God?' Which carnal reason was ready to listen to, until it became quite a burden to me. Satan would say, 'The scriptures are false, being only written to awe ill-designing men.' Many such like suggestions would be running

through my mind from morning till night, so that my heart was taken up with these thoughts. They followed me, go where I would. Fain would I have not had such thoughts; but avoid them I could not; for as soon as convictions for sin came upon me, so soon would these thoughts come into my mind. But as I was one day looking over some old books in the library, I met with one that pointed out and explained away the construction Satan had put upon God and his word in my mind, a deal of which I got by heart, which for a time seemed to remove the burden from me; but, it not being in the power of a book to remove the temptation, so soon as I had contracted more guilt, it came on me hotter than ever. As I concluded there never was another like me, I never unbosomed myself to any one, and so continued until I left school, when the temptations still followed me, with many more of a different nature."

Next we find Satan suggesting to him:

"What! Be so serious and religious as to fear speaking an idle word, or thinking an evil thought? Why, your neighbours and companions would slight you, and not think you worthy their regard.' Which suggestions were so agreeable to my corrupt nature that when I have been in company I have endeavoured to gain all the applause I could. But, blessed be our dear Redeemer, he has, when I have been alone, made conscience so condemning, that, under the Spirit's teaching, I have been humbled. After many struggles of this kind, I was brought into that humble state which our dear Redeemer likens to that of a poor helpless infant, where all must be brought who are saved."

The Holy Spirit carried on his work until the good man saw something of the holiness of God's law, and that he was condemned for sinful *thoughts* as well as sinful *acts*; and what he daily felt served to convince him that there really is a God and a place of punishment for the wicked. He saw, too, that there is a God who hears and answers prayer; but this and other passages, "Without faith it is impossible to please God," were applied to his mind; and how to obtain that faith he did not know. At length the Holy Spirit taught him to pray most earnestly for it, and in his own good time answered his prayer; when he was blessed with a sweet liberty and freedom the world knows nothing of.

"I was now as if I had been in a new world, all things having become new. My former temptation to atheism was gone, and I was filled with joy and peace in believing, and saw clearly 'It is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy.' As before, whilst shut up under the law, before faith came, I could do nothing acceptable to God; but that now, through faith in a Redeemer's name, could do works well pleasing to my heavenly Father. His atoning blood being sprinkled on my conscience brought sweet peace into my soul; and as before I could feel no love to God in my heart, but did all my works of obedience from a slavish fear of eternal punishment, so now all I did was in love to my Redeemer, who bore my sins in his own body on the tree, and became a curse for unworthy me; and I found his service perfect freedom and that his yoke was easy and his burden light. If any little cross came in my way, how sweetly it was soon removed in answer to prayer."

After this he had to prove, in common with others of the Lord's family, that the way to the kingdom is through much tribulation; and he had to exclaim, "Hath God forgotten to

be gracious?" And what made the matter more trying to him was that his brother was at the time very much indulged at the throne of grace; and he, like the elder son in the parable, "envied him to a very great degree," and his heart was filled with jealousy. This is indeed a painful spot to get into. As we well know from experience, the case does not always end with mere jealousy, though that is bad enough; but there appears to be positive spite, as well as rebellion. But O how ashamed we are of ourselves when brought to our right minds! Like the prophet and the subject of this notice, we cry out, "I will bear the indignation of the Lord, because I have sinned against him."

Well, one evening the two brothers went to Grantham, to hear Mr. Chamberlain preach; and William thought the Lord would then revive his work in his soul. But that was not to be the way; for he seems to have left as he went. On their way home, however, his brother asked him if he could say he had ever felt the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ applied to his soul; which question rather startled him, as his path was so dark, and the way he had come so hid from him. He replied:

"I can't say I never had grace,' but as I had a deal of old evil-questioning's company, I could not answer the above question at that time. I don't recollect to have had much more discourse at that time; but the question stuck as a ban to my conscience, when Satan began to throw his fiery darts into my soul and to tell me it was all a delusion. Here I lay many dark days, questioning within myself whether I had ever felt the blood of my Redeemer sprinkled on my conscience. In this dark state I kept going on, when, if I attempted to pray, my heart was so hard and inflexible I could not find a word to say scarcely, except such as these, 'My leanness, my leanness! Woe unto me.' The lamentations of Jeremiah were very suitable to me at that time; so that all I could do was to groan out my petitions through the influence of that blessed Spirit who helped my infirmities with groanings which could not be uttered. But at length it pleased the Almighty to cast a book in my way, Mr. Huntington's 'Justification of a Sinner;' in which I saw clearly that it was nothing short of the blood of Christ I had felt applied to my soul."

To follow him through all his stages would be to give the whole work. We therefore pass over several pages, and come to page 16:

"Some short time after this, the goodness and tender care of my heavenly Father appeared very conspicuous in several instances, in answering the petitions of me, his unworthy servant. Brother received a letter to inform us of uncle Richard lying very ill, and also another at the same time, stating that Mr. Oxenham was expected to preach at Grantham on the following Sabbath, which, when I heard, I had a great desire to go over and hear him; but there appeared very little prospect of my being able to get; yet from my first hearing he was to be there, I felt persuaded in my mind the Almighty would in his own wisdom make a way for me to go. I went to Grantham. Heard Mr. O. in the morning from these words: 'Great in his goodness, great in his beauty. Corn shall make the young men cheerful, and new wine the maids.' In the afternoon from these words: 'Even so it is not the will of your Father which is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish.'

And two sweet discourses they were; but at the time of hearing them I felt very unpleasant. But for ever blessed be the Holy Spirit, he according to his promise (for about a week after), brought a great deal of it to my remembrance, and sweetly led my mind into the different heads of the discourses, and it was much blessed to my soul."

How cheering it is to find now and then a dear saint bearing testimony to the word of God's grace having been blessed to them through the lips of departed ministers! They being dead, yet speak. Mr. Oxenham was not so well known as John Bunyan, William Huntington, or William Gadsby; but he has nevertheless left his testimony behind. The sermon of his we gave in March, though not so weighty as many discourses we have heard or read, is nevertheless one which we believe will be blessed to some.

Our friend subsequently heard Mr. O. several times at Sleaford and Quadring; but we do not discover any very striking circumstances beyond what we have given. We regret that the account is so nearly silent as to the good man's last days.

We may, perhaps, if the Lord will, revert to the subject at some future time.

Obituary.

MARY ANN MARTHA ROWLAND.—On Oct. 3rd, 1873, aged 62, Mrs. M. A. M. Rowland, of Castle Town, Stafford.

She was born at Walworth, near London, in 1811. Her parents were both gracious persons, and members at Zoar Chapel, Great Alie Street, London, Mr. Bailey being at that time pastor.

Shortly after her marriage she had a very serious illness, which seemed to threaten her life. Prostrate on a bed of pain and suffering, her sorrows became intensified with doubts and fears, and "the fiery darts of the wicked one." In her distress and dismay the adversary of her soul roared out, "Where is now your God?" The minister under whom she sat, and highly esteemed for the truth's sake, visited her; and to him she related the things which tried and exercised her mind. Her dear pastor then spent a few minutes by her bedside in prayer to God for her. The following sentence formed part of the petition: "Remember, O Lord, thine handmaid!" The words, "Thine handmaid," were conveyed to her sorrowing spirit with such sweetness and power by the Holy Ghost as to break the tempter's snare, and fill her soul with joy and peace in believing. On one occasion, when speaking of this timely help, and merciful interposition of a faithful God, she said, with one of old, "All thy works praise thee, O Lord, and thy saints bless thee." She was subsequently baptized by immersion, by Mr. Coomb, and joined the church, Soho Chapel, Oxford Street, London. Here she found a happy home, a settled rest, in union and communion with kindred spirits, going in and out and finding spiritual refreshment.

But the time came when Mr. Coomb must die, and his death was a source of sorrow and regret to the people of God among whom he had faithfully and affectionately laboured in word and doctrine; and perhaps none more lamented his departure than did my dear wife. But disquietude and discontent soon became apparent at Soho chapel after Mr. Coomb's decease, and ultimately a separation took place.

At or about this period Eden Street chapel, Hampstead Road, was opened by some of the friends formerly of Gower Street chapel, and thither, to their comfort and edification, did some of those who left Soho oftentimes resort. The solemn, hearty preaching of such ministers as Mr. Gadsby, Mr. Warburton, and others like-minded, proved to be a real blessing to their souls. My wife had a little circle of friends, to whom she was warmly attached, and also they to her, so that their esteem was mutual. One and another whom she loved in the Lord would often call to see her, and many happy hours were spent in her house of those of her "own company." Thus they helped, encouraged, and strengthened one another; and, doubtless, the presence and blessing of God were oftentimes realized.

On June 24th, 1845, we, having then five children, left the metropolis and arrived in safety at Stafford. Separation from relatives and friends and from the people of God was for years afterwards the source of sorrow and regret to my wife. Yea, she had seasons of such bitterness and misery that I shall not attempt to describe them. I sympathized with her in her grief in having been removed so far from those whom she loved in the bowels of Christ, and from an experimental ministry of the word of life. Be it far from me to cherish a censorious spirit; but, for the most part, the preaching and teaching we heard in Stafford rather pained than edified us. The grand old distinguishing truths and doctrines of grace were ignored by men who, it is to be feared, never felt the power of them in their own consciences. No holy fervour, no heavenly unction accompanied their ministrations. She felt to be a stranger in a strange land. But, although she rarely got a crumb from the pulpit, the Lord sometimes blessed the public reading of his own word and the singing of a hymn or verse of a hymn to her heart. And there were also seasons when God caused his face to shine upon her, and made her spirit to rejoice in Christ Jesus when in her own house sitting by the fire-side, when engaged in her business, when walking by the way, in some hour of the night watches, or in family prayer and reading and meditating on God's word, &c. And to his praise be it recorded that the Lord never lost sight of her during the cloudy and dark day. There were times when she was brought very low by reason of the plague of her own heart, a tempting devil, and painful apprehensions that all was not right between God and her own soul for time and for eternity, yet one thing was particularly manifest in her life; which was, brokenness of heart. Oft have I seen tears of godly sorrow fill her eyes when perusing the Bible, or reading a hymn, or when holding converse with some gracious person; and contrition of spirit before God, as a sensibly helpless, destitute, and dependent sinner, was, in some instances, misunderstood by those who, perhaps, never knew what it was to grieve on account of sin or to weep at the feet of Jesus under a sense of pardoning mercy. One professor, when one day speaking of her, said, "This woman is a mystery to me." Well, there is something mysterious about every one who is born again of the Spirit, something which the world and mere nominal professors have no idea of. And many a time, when my wife was *jostled* by the fat and the strong, her heart has sunk within her. On one occasion, when so dealt with, she hastened home, went upstairs into her bed-room, and prayed this prayer: "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." At another time she said to a friend, "We all have to be brought to the place of stopping of mouths before God," "and into the stripping room." In some instances, when her mind was beclouded, confused, and harassed by external, internal, and infernal foes, she would give utterance to her dismal

feelings, fearing that she had no real religion whatever; and nothing short of the power of the self-same blessed Spirit who first communicated spiritual life to her soul could dissipate the darkness which, at times, enveloped her mind, and cause the hope of which he was the author to expand within her heart. And this he did in various ways throughout her wilderness trials.

A year or two after her settlement in Stafford, my wife was seized with severe illness; and this painful dispensation was heavy upon her during many subsequent years. A drop of tea, or a drop of cold water, or crust of bread, were all that she ventured to take during some long intervals. On one occasion she was so exhausted, and became so deadly pale, as to present the appearance of one who was dying.

Some time afterwards, in the night, she felt unable to endure from want of strength, and she said to me, in a patient, prayerful spirit, "Get out of bed; kneel down, and ask the Lord to give me strength to bear this pain." Her request was complied with. And a few minutes were spent in earnest supplication to God that he would mercifully bless the means which were used for her relief; or if it was not his good pleasure to alleviate or remove her pain, that he would be pleased to sustain her spirit with his presence and grace. The Lord heard our prayer, and vouchsafed to the sufferer a few hours' sweet, refreshing sleep. Many a time, while she was racked with pain in the night, have I heard her entreating the Lord to have compassion upon her, and afford her all needful help.

But I pass on to write the solemn fact that on Feb. 1st, 1855, our sons, Charles and Alfred Ebenezer, aged respectively 20 and 16, were both drowned at one time, while sliding on the river. I have no words to describe the deep, poignant anguish that filled the loving mother's bosom at the loss of her two sons, and therefore leave the matter in solemn silence. I am as much unable to make known the never-failing faithfulness of God, who sustained us and verified his own immutable word, in giving us strength equal to our day. Who but God could have held us up? It was reported that we both had gone mad, and were taken to a lunatic asylum; but, like many other reports, there was not the slightest foundation for it.

When in her 19th year, we were bereaved of a daughter. The death of this child would not have been noticed here, but for the fact that from the time she was six months old, down to the day of her decease, she was afflicted with epileptic fits, and that this long-continued affliction frequently overwhelmed us with sorrow and bitterness. Many a time I greatly feared my dear partner would lose her reason in consequence of the anxiety, care, and solicitude which filled her mind and often crushed her spirit. It was not safe to leave our poor afflicted child alone one minute, by day or by night; and, although there were intervals when she was free from fits, yet the dread of them coming on was always with us. In going up or coming down stairs she might have a fit, and so injure herself by falling, if not continually watched. This domestic calamity, of almost 19 years' duration, together with the ills and tribulation which arose, more or less, day by day from other things, proved to be "sorrows of a full cup" to her of whom I write. But I think the greatest personal affliction of my wife was an asthma, which she laboured under, more or less, during a period of 40 years, but was much worse a year or two before her death. How oft have I seen her struggling and panting for want of breath after a little exertion. She frequently said she "felt as if she should drop down and expire."

About two years previous to her departure, she also suffered severely from bronchitis, and did not expect to be raised up again. Upon her

restoration she expressed to a friend how disappointed she was that she was not taken home. Her sufferings were frequently so great that she could hardly bear up under them. Speaking of the pain which she felt in her head, she would describe the sensation as that of waters rushing over the brain. Her friend, Mrs. A., called to see her a few days before her death, remarking that she felt bound in her spirit to come at that particular time; and she did all in her power to alleviate her sufferings. And while at intervals we sat and talked, our conversation was directed to the happy, thrice happy blood-bought spirits who are now before the throne of God in glory. The dear departed one took part in the conversation, saying, "And should I get home to glory, shall not I be an everlasting wonder?"

Early on Friday morning, the subject of this short sketch sang the verse:

"Once they were mourning here below," &c.

In the afternoon of Friday, another friend came to spend a few minutes with her, to whom she said, "I have no trouble," "I am not troubled." She then added the words, "Let not your heart be troubled," "I have no will of my own," "Whatever may be the will of God concerning me, to that I can bow;" and then, in the triumph of faith, she repeated the line:

"Saved from the damning power of sin."

To a third friend she said, "The Lord found me," "The Lord hath led me on thus far," "I am quite happy, and am going to heaven; but not by my own good works am I going there." She then requested that all her family might be assembled together at her bedside, and sing the verses commencing:

"'Tis conflict here below," &c.

Shortly afterwards, without a groan or struggle, her immortal spirit departed.

PETER ROWLAND.

DIANA TAYLOR.—On Oct. 27th, 1873, aged 61, Diana Taylor, of Crowborough, Sussex.

The Lord began a work of grace in her soul in 1841, at the age of 28. Her father was a Wesleyan, and had preaching in his house; but during that time she lived a total stranger to herself and God. The Lord in his providence brought his truth into this neighbourhood in 1832, and this in a few years resulted in the present Baptist chapel being built and church formed. At that time, with other ministers, Mr. Eckmot often supplied the pulpit; and Diana very frequently during her life, and up to the last, spoke of a sermon she heard him preach, from Hosea x. 12, when God from this portion of his word began to break up the fallow ground of her heart. Mr. E. sometimes came to Hadlow Down to preach, seven miles from her home, and other places many miles distant; but neither rain, snow, nor the distance was a hindrance to her; she would be there. She has constantly attended our chapel for many years, and up to the last, and often used to say, "Here God met with me. Here my soul is fed. This people shall be my people, and their God my God. Where they die I will die, and there will I be buried." And according to her wish I interred her in our burial-ground, in a spot chosen by herself, and many times referred to, sometimes with evident pleasure and composure, during her last days on earth. She likewise drew my attention to 2 Cor. vi. 9, 10, and said how much she desired me to improve her death by speaking from that portion. This was a few years before she died, and many times during her illness she brought it to my remembrance, and wrote it down, with the following hymns: 386, 469, and 472, which she chose from Gadsby's Hymn Book

just before she departed, and which were sung at the interment. Many felt it to be a very solemn time, and could say they preferred the house of mourning to the house of feasting.

She was a great sufferer for many years, especially so the latter part of her life—was confined to her bed three years, during which time she told me much of her experience. She said it was about six months before she was brought out into the liberty of the gospel. During that time her soul trouble was great; she went bowed down and without hope. She was strongly tempted to destroy herself, and often told me of the state of her mind, the temptation, and place in the wood she went to for the purpose. She told me how, falling on her knees, and calling on God for mercy, two things were accomplished,—deliverance from the temptation, and deliverance of her soul, from the following scripture,—“If the Lord were pleased to kill us, he would not have received a burnt-offering and a meat-offering at our hands, neither would he have showed us all these things.” (Judg. xiii. 23.) She said it was like a heavy burden falling off her mind, which never returned again. She walked in the light of God’s countenance for some time, and the Person and work of the Lord Jesus were precious to her in those days. She thought she should never doubt or fear any more relative to her interest in God’s salvation; but her faith was severely tried after this; but this only deepened the work in her soul. Her Bible, what with reading, and marking, and turning down places, was nearly worn out. She was often brought low in spiritual things, and cast down in soul; but, at times, favoured, I may say much favoured. On this account it was profitable to visit her, and when I did so I could scarcely get away, she had so much to say; either some passage of scripture, some hymn, or what had passed in her mind. Her consolations increased with her sufferings. These were very great some months before she died. She used to say, “I have even blessed God that they have been so great, for his consolations are so sweet to me.” Her comfort and support in divine things increased as she got deeper in the water. Her dear husband and family often prayed, if it was the Lord’s will, that he would be pleased to take her home; so have I, for nature could but feel for her. She was mercifully preserved from a murmuring and repining spirit. I called on her one morning, and found she had scarcely strength to whisper. She had passed through a severe night in her body, but her daughter, who sat up with her, told me that she was awaked twice by her singing, as if in perfect health, one of her favourite hymns, and weeping and blessing God, as she proceeded with it, for the mercy she had found. She would say, “O how I love him. He is the chief one, the Friend that loveth at all times, and sticketh closer than a brother.”

Three days before she died she said, “I love my husband and my children, but I love the Lord Jesus much more,” and repeated a portion of Hart’s hymn:

“I love the Lord with mind and heart,” &c.

I asked her what she would part with for the Lord Jesus. She put out her weak hands and clasped mine, and with much emphasis exclaimed, “Everything! Everything! I want to see his face, and never, never sin. I can leave earth and all that belongs to it now in my Redeemer’s hands.” These words were spoken to her with much comfort: “These are they which came out of great tribulation, and washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb,” and other portions. She said, “They come in so sweet, and are more desired than my necessary food.”

She was the mother of twelve children, and it may be truly said they are children of many prayers. Just before she departed, whilst in the

midst of the river, and all her family were gathered round her bed, expecting every moment to be the last, I asked her if she still had hope. She replied, "Yes, yes!"

We have every reason to believe her hope was firm and anchorage ground good to the last. E. L.

JOHN SPRING.—On Nov. 3rd, 1873, at Toddington, Beds, aged 95, John Spring, for many years deacon of the church of Christ at Westoning.

My dear father was called out of darkness into God's marvellous light when about the age of 24 years. I have heard him say that when he was brought to feel his lost state as a vile, guilty sinner in the sight of a holy God, many wearisome days and sleepless nights were his sad lot, during which time there appeared only one step between him and eternal black despair. He could not see how God could show mercy to such a vile sinner as he felt himself to be. But at length the Lord gave him a good hope through grace in his mercy, and blessedly delivered him from his fears; so that he could sweetly sing, from his heart, part of hymn 473:

"Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine," &c.

After this manifestation, he walked for a length of time under the sweet sunshine of God's smiling countenance, and cast in his lot with a few at Dunstable, where he continued to worship a few years. But, after losing his enjoyment, his judgment becoming more informed, and his soul more and more exercised in and with the things of God, a spiritual famine was the heart aching result, and he was compelled to leave in search of spiritual food, though he knew not where to go or what to do. After dwelling in a dry and thirsty land for some time, it was impressed upon his mind, one Lord's day morning, to go to Hitchin, a distance of 13 miles, to hear a Mr. Gatwood. Mr. Gatwood preached from Deut. xxxii. 9, 10, and that discourse was wonderfully blest to his soul; so much so that he wept almost all the way home. He told me it was a day never to be forgotten.

After this he joined the little flock at Westoning, where he was a consistant member for above 40 years; and though he lived three miles from the chapel, his seat was never empty when the doors were opened for worship, except through affliction, and his conduct was consistent, both in the church, in the world, and in his family.

The loss by the hand of death of three sons grown up to manhood was a heavy trial to him, but was not to be compared with the felt loss of his God, for the Lord hid his face from him and shut up his throne, so that he could and did say, with good old Jacob, "All these things are against me." But, though weeping may endure for a night, and though that night may be very long, the morning cometh and joy with it. One day, as he was walking to and fro in his room in anguish of spirit, ready to give all up for lost, the Lord spake these words with power to his heart: "Be not faithless, but believing." Also: "Helped with a little help." And, truly, the Lord was as good as his promise, for my father had many little helps by the way, both in the means of grace in secret retirement, and sometimes in his lawful calling.

In consequence of my dear mother being removed by the hand of death more than 20 years ago, I never left my dear father's habitation, neither before nor since my marriage, so lived with him all my days; and as, I trust, both myself and my husband have feared God for many years, we had an opportunity of proving that he feared God above many, yet he was sometimes sorely tried about his standing in Christ,

During his latter years I have often seen him almost in an agony under the fiery temptations of Satan and unbelief, equally strong in him. And, though the preached word was from time to time made a blessing to him, yet, in a very short time, he would be down again to the borders of the pit. But the Lord was pleased to give him three promises on three occasions—namely: “There is hope in thine end;” “The days of thy mourning shall be ended;” and, “At evening time it shall be light.” Truly the Lord tried him as he trieth the righteous; but, at the same time, he is faithful that promised, and my dear father was another testimony to the faithfulness of God. He had to go through fire and water before he got to the wealthy place of the fulfilment of these promises.

He was able to see to his business, in some measure, till he had passed his 93rd year, when he began gradually to sink, and was confined to his chamber seven months. While in this state he passed through many changes, sometimes very low, and sometimes revived in hope. A fortnight before he was taken away the Lord spake these words with power to his soul: “My God shall supply all your need,” &c.

On Oct. 26th, the day on which he was taken for death, he was in a very calm, peaceful frame of mind, and he began to speak warmly of the dear people he had so long stood in church fellowship with, and then burst forth: “Jesus’s blood and righteousness,” &c.; “Nothing but Jesus,” &c.; “A hope so much divine,” &c. He continued in that sweet frame of mind throughout the whole night, but the next day he sank very low in his mind again. I said to him:

“After so much mercy past,
Will he let thee sink at last?”

On the Lord’s day evening, the day before his death, he desired to have the prayer meeting held in his room, that he might help them sing and pray; and, truly, it was wonderful to see him, for his heart and soul were engaged in it. His room that night was like a little heaven below. After the meeting was ended, with the little strength left in him, speaking to us, he said, “Praise him and crown him. Hal—hal—!” Being exhausted, he sank in silence, and lay speechless for several hours, when his spirit departed.

Toddington, Beds.

E. SMITH.

MARY MORTIMER.—On Dec. 24th, 1873, at Chippenham, aged 82, Mrs. Mary Mortimer, widow of the late Mr. Mortimer, minister of the gospel at the old Baptist chapel, Chippenham.

I visited her every Lord’s day afternoon for the last three years, and generally found her pensive, waiting a visit from him who is the life of all that live. Her first request was, “Come, read a chapter;” and then followed prayer, as the Lord gave ability. She was kept low and little in her own eyes, and yet above the fear of death and dying. Having once observed to her that “human nature would never be willing to die if it lived to be a hundred years old,” she seemed a little puzzled at first. She was often repeating, “At evening time it shall be light,” and “Having brought me thus far, will he leave me at last?” The following verse she was often repeating: “Weary of earth, myself, and sin,” &c. A friend at her bedside was praying that when she departed this life she might enter into that rest which remaineth for the people of God, when she was heard plainly to say, “I have no fear about that.”

After her death there was found in her purse a slip of paper, written with her own hand: “Want to be holy—Want to go home—Want to see the face of Jesus.”

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

MAY, 1874.

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

THE WAY TO THE KINGDOM.

PORTIONS OF A SERMON BY THE LATE MR. JOSEPH IRONS, OF
CAMBERWELL, DEC. 13, 1843.

“We must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God.”
—ACTS xiv. 22.

How common a matter is it for God's ministers to be compelled to preach what they are brought in the providence of God to experience! Paul and Barnabas were, when they spoke thus, passing “through much tribulation” by open persecution. They were travelling from place to place by the divine commission, proclaiming the glories of Christ, setting forth the truth of God, thirsting and labouring for the salvation of souls; and sometimes they were hungry, sometimes they were destitute, sometimes they were imprisoned, and sometimes they were stoned till they were supposed to be dead.

But amidst all this, Onward! Onward! Onward! was their motto; and they were compelled, constrained, and enabled by the mighty grace of God to pursue their high career; and in every situation, every city, every place, it is said of them, “And there they preached the gospel.” Nothing deterred them; neither the attempts at idolizing them nor the determinations to stone them; neither the setting them up as gods nor the endeavours to murder them. Onward they went to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ. And when they had suffered much in many cities it did not deter them from going again to the very same places; for there were disciples there, children of God there, seals of their ministry there, those dear to God and to Christ. Therefore “they returned again to Lystra, and to Iconium, and Antioch,” and “there they preached the gospel” again; “confirming the souls of the disciples;” and I am sure I wish from my very heart that confirmation went on much more than it does; but I wish it to be apostolical, and just such confirmation as theirs. And here we have, in the language of the verse I have read as our text, a part of the Confirmation Service; and, without attempting now to enter upon the idea of confirmation, I wish to dwell a little upon this one part or feature of that service. They admonished the disciples that there was a kingdom belonging to them, that they must enter into it, and that their road was

through much tribulation; and therefore they needed not to expect, however glorious the kingdom was, that the road to it would be very smooth; on the contrary, that it is "through much tribulation we must enter into the kingdom of God."

From these words I shall invite your attention to only two things. The first is, the home to which the disciples of Jesus Christ are destined; and I really am such a homeish man that I do like to be talking about it. And the second thing is, their entrance,—the road by which they enter: "We must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God."

I. Think for a moment of *the home* to which we are destined.

Now this idea will at once suggest some investigation. Am I bound for this kingdom, or am I not? Am I an heir of it, or am I not? Am I entitled to it, or am I not? Am I related to the King, or am I not? Have I any of the enjoyments and privileges of the kingdom, or have I not? These inquiries ought to weigh much with us. And I must just remind you here, at the very outset of our subject, that all the inhabitants of this kingdom are a people that are forgiven their iniquities; they are all a people that are separated from the world; they are all a people that are endowed with a capacity to enjoy the King's company; and they are all tenaciously fond of purity, for they know that their King will cast out of the kingdom everything that offends and pollutes, everything "that defileth, or that worketh abomination or maketh a lie."

This must suffice for this opening point. These favoured souls that "must enter into the kingdom" are all of the description I have just named in your hearing, and I advise you closely and seriously to examine the point; for I might make a very serious mistake if I were to suppose some of you entering into the kingdom and the home that belong to the people of God. It may be the case that there are some of you to whom the kingdom of God has only "come nigh." It came nigh to the Pharisees; it came nigh to the Jews, and they "put it from them, and judged themselves unworthy of everlasting life;" it came nigh to those to whom Jesus preached in the days of his flesh; it came nigh to those to whom the apostles were sent to preach it. And it is a very remarkable thing that this very same message was delivered by them, both to those who received them and to those who rejected them. "Into whatsoever city ye enter, and they receive you, eat such things as are set before you; and heal the sick that are therein, and say unto them, The kingdom of God is come nigh unto you. But into whatsoever city ye enter, and they receive you not, go your ways out into the streets of the same, and say, Even the very dust of your city, which cleaveth on us, we do wipe off against you. Notwithstanding, be ye sure of this, that the kingdom of God is come nigh unto you." It struck me with peculiar force that this proclamation should be commissioned by the Son of God to be delivered to both the receivers and the rejecters of his disciples: "The kingdom of God is come nigh unto

you." And therefore I entreat you, examine this point closely, personally, for yourselves. Is the kingdom of God, the grace of God, come so nigh as to take possession of my heart, and set up a throne in my spirit, and rule and reign over all the powers of my soul? This is having "the kingdom of God within us;" and it is "righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost."

Now, having premised so much, be it observed that this kingdom of God was ordained as the portion and inheritance of the people of God. As it is written: "Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." It is by the Father's gift and ordination that it was settled upon the whole election of grace, the whole of the family of God, as their portion and inheritance, both for time and for eternity.

"But," say you, "tell us what it is." I will tell it you in two words,—grace and glory. The kingdom of grace is the exterior, if I may so speak, of the kingdom of glory; the kingdom of grace is the portal, the suburbs of the kingdom of glory; and therefore it becomes us, first of all, to look well to the present knowledge, the present enjoyment of the kingdom of grace, and to ascertain whether this is our home by faith; for "we that have believed do enter into rest."

But, then, remember, the kingdom of glory is included. The kingdom of grace is the suburb, the entrance, the earnest, the sure pledge; and there is not the sinner of Adam's race who enters into the kingdom of grace but shall assuredly enter into the kingdom of glory. "The Lord will give grace and glory." If he has given you grace, though it be but a spark, he has pledged himself and his name and honour to give you glory. And that is our home. O blessed home! Bright, blissful, heart-cheering prospect! A home within the veil; a home in the bosom of Deity; a home in the presence of God; a home in unsullied bliss; a home in uninterrupted happiness; a home within the circle of angels, among our kindred, redeemed by the same precious blood, and in the immediate presence of God. And all this pledged in the possession of grace; and of all this we have the earnest, as sure as God takes possession of the heart by his grace.

We pass on to observe that our kingdom is an unchanging and immovable one. I do not like fickle things under the name of religion. I want an unchanging, infallible, immovable religion. Hence says the apostle, "We receiving a kingdom which cannot be moved." It is the very same kingdom of which Melchizedec was king; "king of Salem and priest of the most high God." It is the very same kingdom of which Moses was king, under the legal dispensation; as it is said "he was king in Jeshurun." It is the very same kingdom over which David reigned typically, when he was king of Jerusalem. It is the very same kingdom which Daniel predicted: "In these days shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom, which shall never be destroyed." I wish just to establish this one point, and to fasten

it upon your thoughts and memories, that the kingdom of grace, real, vital godliness, is the same now that it was in Abraham's days, in Enoch's days, and in Adam's days. I abhor novelties in religion from my inmost soul. Whenever anything pretending to this character comes before me in the shape of novelty, I reject it in a moment. I do not want to spend five minutes in examining it. Whatever plausibilities there are about it, I am sure it comes from the devil if it is a novelty; for the religion of Jesus Christ is as old as Adam, and the very same things which constitute real vital godliness now constituted it in olden times. The organization of the church of God in the family of Abraham was the same in essence as the organization of the church now, and the same as in the days of the apostles; and real, vital godliness, the rest which is enjoyed by the soul taught of God, is the same at all times. This is a very important point, because our blessed Lord cautioned us that we should meet in the latter days with "Lo here, and Lo there," "Behold he is here, and behold he is there;" and what did he say? "Go not after them." I entreat you, if you value your own souls, scorn to be found even looking at novelties, even reading novelties.

Moreover, be it remembered, our kingdom is immovable. Its enemies have tried their utmost at this; all powers have been engaged. Satan has always hated it; and it is surprising the numerous, nay, innumerable armies he has raised to besiege this kingdom. And yet there it is; he cannot move it. The spiritual kingdom of the living God is just what it was, notwithstanding all his rage. Sometimes he has raised a Pagan host, and they have murdered millions of the inhabitants of the kingdom, as it regards their bodies; but this is of no great consequence; for their King said, Do not mind that. "Fear not them which kill the body and after that have no more that they can do." Then he has raised hosts of Papists, and they do more mischief than Pagans; for every Papist is a murderer at heart. Sometimes, too, he has raised an army of infidels; and there is no small host of them now. But they cannot touch the kingdom of God. Some of the weak and trembling ones may be a little alarmed; but they cannot touch the kingdom of God. It is immovable as his throne; safe as his throne. I never will sound the alarm of "The church in danger." I never will exhibit such a cowardly placard as that. No; the kingdom of God is safe as his throne. I know very well how, in the times of persecution about to come, the enemies of God will be permitted, nay, I go further, *directed* to purge out and fan away from his church millions of hypocrites; "the outer court shall be trodden down of the Gentiles;" but the inner court is his own, and he will watch over it, and take care of his church at all times. It is "a kingdom that cannot be moved." And if you ask me why it cannot be moved, I will tell you. It is founded on immutable decrees, it is built up with divine faithfulness to heaven, it identifies the honour of all the perfections of Deity with its prosperity; and God must cease to

live before it can be moved. "We receiving a kingdom which cannot be moved."

Observe here, before I quit this part of the discourse, that this kingdom is reserved on purpose for all "the election of grace;" for it is said, "we *must* enter." I cannot quit this head without touching upon that word *must*; there is something so sweet in it. What! "*Must* enter into" the enjoyment of "all spiritual blessings in Christ?" Yes, and eternal blessings likewise. Away with your overtures, away with your conditions, away with your contingencies. I am sick of them. All those words do very well for an infidel; but they are beneath the Christian. It is infinitely beneath the dignity of the Christian to admit one of those words into his vocabulary. "*Must* enter!" But why "*must*?" The decree of heaven has settled it so. "*Must* enter!" But why "*must*?" The Lord Jesus Christ has demanded it, because it is the reward of his sufferings; the kingdom is given into his hand. "*Must* enter!" And why so? Omnipotence is engaged in accomplishing it; for the Holy Ghost has it for his perpetual office and work among the sons of men to call in "the children of the kingdom" and regenerate all "the election of grace." Now, if you can imagine the powers of earth and hell prevailing to frustrate God the Father's decrees, disappoint God the Son of his reward, and cut short and stop God the Holy Spirit's ministry, then you may leave out that "*must*." But so sure as Jehovah, —Father, Son, and Spirit, is omnipotent, immutable, and eternal, they "*must* enter." And therefore says the apostle, it is "reserved in heaven for you." For whom? "For you, who are kept by the power of God, through faith, unto salvation." So that the very persons are described who "*must* enter,"—believers, kept by the power of God; and they "*must* enter," because God has made the matter entirely his own. And thus the thing is sweetly brought down into the personal experience of every child of God,—the very weakest, who may be ready to say, "I am afraid I shall never enter, I am so barren, so poor, so vile." The point to be put before you for your encouragement, in order to open the door of divine certainty to you is simply this: Do you love the King and desire his company? I put it as low as I can; but I hesitate not to affirm that every child of Adam who really loves my King and really longs for his company shall really spend an eternity with him. God Almighty seal that upon your hearts, and send you home with the comfort of it!

II. We must speak a little now of *the entrance*, and *the way by which* they enter: "Through much tribulation."

"Through much tribulation." It does not say how much. This is varied in the different experiences of the children of God. But it is "through much tribulation." Whether that tribulation shall be chiefly in soul travail, or whether that tribulation shall be through external assaults, or whether that tribulation shall be through infernal fury and darts from the prince of dark-

ness, or whether that tribulation shall be through open persecution, bodily sufferings and martyrdom, there is no specific statement; or whether all of them shall be employed; but it is "through much tribulation." And I shall just take a view, for a few minutes, of this pathway, as trodden by millions who are already in glory and trodden now by those who are on their way to it.

Bear in mind, I beseech you, that when the apostle John, in the Isle of Patmos, suffering as he then was "much tribulation," got a glimpse of those who were around the throne, he asked the question, "What are these, and whence came they?" He saw them clothed with white robes, and having palms in their hands, and singing a new song, exceedingly blissful, perfectly happy, quite glorified, surrounding the throne of the eternal God; and I dare say he longed to be with them; and when he said, "What are these, and whence came they?" he got for answer, "These are they which came out of great tribulation." Now, says the apostle, you must travel the same road. It is "through much tribulation we must enter into the kingdom of God." But, before I enter upon this descriptively, I would just drop one caution. Do not make the mistake that tribulation entitles you to it, or proves you are in the way to it. There are many of Satan's slaves who have to pass along a very miserable path; indeed, they all do; and therefore the mere fact of having outward trouble does not prove that you are on the way to the kingdom. I drop this caution before I enter upon this point.

Now the first feature I mention is our going through an enemy's country to it. It is just as it was with Israel of old. When they were marching from Egypt to Canaan, they had to go through a wilderness and the land of Sihon and of Og, the land of the Moabites and of the Amalekites; and all these were sworn foes, who came out to fight against them. This was just intended as a figure and a type of the pathway of the children of God through the world; and therefore they ought not to "think it strange concerning the fiery trial" through which they must enter into the kingdom. We ought never to consider ourselves otherwise than going through an enemy's country while we are here. The world through which we pass should never be considered otherwise. I know very well that the world has now become a very religious world, with a very religious devil at the head of it; but the very religious world is the bitterest enemy of God and of the truth of God. The men of it are still of the world, still carnal; and if you present before them the doctrines of God's grace, they shudder and shrink from them as high, hyper-Calvinistic, and Antinomian, showing, by the ugly appellations they attach to them, that they despise and reject all who receive them, and would avoid them as they would a pestilence. I have known instances, and do know them, of persons one would give credit to in other circumstances for better sense, as persons really capable of thinking for themselves, who, when

they only hear of a man high in doctrine (as it is termed), and supposed to have some crude, strange notions, will refuse to come within the sound of his voice, and avoid him like a contagion in every possible way. Really the silliness of such people is to be pitied. They dare not "prove all things, and hold fast that which is good."

But while the religious world, as it is termed, is so hostile to everything that is godly (simply because it is on its way to Rome and going down to Popery), in connexion with it you will find the profane world equally hostile to the "little flock." So that the children of God, those who are really regenerated by the Holy Ghost and on the way to eternal glory, are passing along a narrow path through a wilderness, with foes on every side; and it is not to be wondered at if they are frequently very much annoyed thereby. Not unfrequently, in the domestic concerns of life and in servitude among mortals, the very fact of being known to be what is called a Methodist, or possessed of real religion, subjects a person to every possible hostility.

But this is not all. Besides and beyond this, the people of God, on their way to the kingdom, are used to conflict. I know some deny this. I know there are heresiarchs sprung up in our day, who tell us they have nothing to do with warfare. And I believe they have not; and the reason is, because they are not Christians. I know that every Christian has to do with warfare. He is told to "put on the whole armour of God;" and therefore he will have some use for it. He has to war with the world, to war with Satan, to war with inbred corruptions; and the fight must daily go on. If there is any one hearing me to-night who is not engaged in this conflict, not accustomed to war with indwelling corruptions, and fight with the foes of God, and oppose the fiery darts of Satan with the shield of faith, which he is commanded to use and to hold up, I tell him without hesitation (that I may be clear of his blood in the day of judgment) that he is yet the slave of the devil. Satan does not think fit to war with him, and he may go on peaceably till he awakes in hell and finds himself in eternal perdition. All the children of God know what it is to go to war daily; else they would not want a captain; and Jesus is "the Captain of their salvation." My Lord left this memorable statement upon record: "He that is not with me is against me;" and there is a war between the old serpent and Christ, between the seed of the woman and the seed of the serpent, that will never terminate until all the election of grace are gathered in and Christ's kingdom is completed. You are taking part in the war, either with Christ or against him, either with the devil or against. Which side are you on?

The people of God, then, are used to conflict; and for this reason they want the use of all the armour of God, as well as reinforcements of grace every hour. I find I am obliged to go every step of my journey with a drawn sword in my hand. Do you not recollect how this is said of the saints of God by the psalmist: "Let

the high praises of God be in their mouth, and a two-edged sword in their hand?" What do they want a two-edged sword for, if they have no enemies to meet and nothing to fight with? Why, the followers of the Lamb are all, without one single exception, trained and disciplined to war by the Captain of their salvation; and, as Watts says, the war is proclaimed,

"Eternal war
With every darling sin,"

directly regenerating grace takes possession of the sinner's heart; and he will go on with the conflict as long as he is in the wilderness, and till he shout, "Victory, through the blood of the Lamb."

I do not mean to say that this will produce slavish fear. I do not mean to say that there will be any doubt about the issue of the battle. I am as satisfied about the issue as if I were in heaven. And there is a glory and renown in belonging to a victorious soldiery. Our own soldiers glory in it; and the battles fought, the cities taken, the enemies overcome, are subjects of conversation among them, as bringing honour and renown. The soldiers of the Cross, too, may glory in their Captain. But at all events, they *are* soldiers, and they must gird on their armour, and "be good soldiers of Jesus Christ;" and how they can be "good soldiers" if they have no one to fight with, I cannot understand.

But I pass on to another feature in the "much tribulation." Not only are they going through an enemy's country, and used to conflict, but as they are passing on insults will be offered them by the world. There is a precious promise of our covenant God which says, "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper, and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn." Now the tongue of reproach and slander is often raised as a deadly weapon against God's saints, and especially against God's ministers, but it shall never hurt them; nay, rather it shall bring a blessing upon them; for it is written: "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you *falsely* for my sake." I have shared very largely in this blessing, and I have proved that though the men of Belial may insult the Israel of God, they cannot essentially injure them.

But I go a step further. The Lord's family are also disciplined in affliction, even by his own hand, as they pass through the wilderness: "Thou layest affliction upon our loins." There are trials and tribulations through which the Lord's people pass which we cannot trace to any human being, which we cannot trace even to Satanic interference. There are calamities of bodily disease, of mental depression, of domestic anxiety, of overwhelming care, of deep sorrow and distress, which we can trace to no first cause but the hand of God. And what is he doing with all this? Why, it is the discipline of the child; it is

the way in which the Lord trains his children for heaven. And I could let out a secret here, and I will; for I do not like keeping secrets. I know enough of my wicked, earth-bound heart to be quite convinced that if God were to allow me a smooth path without any tribulation, and not to supply me with an extraordinary amount of grace, I should be for building a nest in the world, think myself at home, forget my inheritance, and not be so anxious and so desirous of reaching my Father's house to "be for ever with the Lord." Now, says God, I will not allow this to be; and "as an eagle stirreth up her nest," so will I deal with you. Those losses, those sorrows, those domestic cares, those bereavements with which God visits us are all intended to remind us of home. And to me, I confess, this is one of the sweetest things that ever arise out of all the bitter trials one has to pass through; and I frequently sit down in my study and think, "Well, it cannot be long." I look out with anticipation, and say,

"A few more steps will bring me through;
Then I shall Jesu's glories view
With everlasting joy."

And if trials have this effect, we have reason to bless his name for them. I candidly confess that sometimes my soul is so athirst for an increase of spirituality and for a closer acquaintance with the persons and perfections of Deity that I am willing to bear anything if I may but get near to God, live embosomed in Deity, and so begin heaven upon earth.

One thought more. While God is disciplining his people thus, and training them up for eternal glory, let it never be forgotten that he enables them all to overcome in every one of these scenes of tribulation. If it is the world insulting us as we go, "this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." If it be a rough journey, a tiresome wilderness, an enemy's country, the promise comes in: "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass; and as thy days, so shall thy strength be." The end is blessed in prospect; and the "power given to the faint and to them that have no might" is sure to be sufficient for the whole journey. If it is the conflict to which we are so accustomed and for which all the armour of God is given us, what saith the scripture? "He will subdue our iniquities." We cannot, but he will. He has engaged and promised to do it; and "cast all our sins into the depths of the sea" too. Then, though the conflict may be severe, and grow severer and severer, yet the victory is not doubtful, the conquest is not uncertain. As it is said of those around the throne, "They overcame by the blood of the Lamb," being "more than conquerors through him that loved them." Or suppose it to be the discipline passing in the experience of the saints of God, they shall overcome, for they "shall hold on their way." The afflictions shall be "light," and only "for a moment," and shall be employed as God's workmen too, for they shall "work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

Come, beloved, let us cheer up a little under this prospect; for though it is "through much tribulation," yet "we *must* enter," and consequently *must* overcome. He will enable us to vanquish all and tread down all. And methinks I see the tribes of the Israel of God, the victorious disciples of Christ, just before they march into their heavenly rest, casting one last look upon their journey, and exclaiming, "O my soul, thou hast trodden down strength!" And then the victor's song shall be ours, and it will be to all eternity: "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

[We have curtailed the above sermon a little; not because we objected to the parts omitted, but because of our space.]

A SPIRITUAL LETTER.

Dear Friend,—I promised to write, and wish to perform; but when I write I want that which I want when I preach, and that is wisdom to know how to divide, oil to feel that the lock is easily opened, and salt to make divine things relishable, and the dew of heaven to rest on my branch, that I may feel that quiet calmness which is brought about by these things, and the rain of his strength to soften this hard ground which I so often feel. These things belong to the land of promise, and will be sure to be looked after by the children of promise, who, we are told, are counted for the seed, and none other; "being born again, not of corruptible seed, but incorruptible, by the word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever." This is very striking, that is, the "abiding for ever," which ensures the safety of every elect vessel. As they were safe who were lodged in the ark, so are they safe who are in Christ, because "there is no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus;" and these are brought to fully prove they are his, as their walking testifies; for they "walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." As the bones in the valley were nothing without the Spirit, so these are the same, which brings them under the character of being "spiritual;" and as such they judge all things, while they themselves are judged of no man; that is, no man has power to condemn them, because there was no law ever made by man that can condemn the fruits of the Spirit; as the apostle says, "against such there is no law." How is it possible that there ever should be any law that can condemn "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance?" The apostle says there is none; and he concludes by saying, "They that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with its affections and lusts."

What a blessed description those things are of a real child of God, and when our consciences witness to these things, what a solid satisfaction we have at such times; and we do not want the witness of men, because we have the witness in ourselves. These

things I am obliged to preach, and hope I ever may, because I feel certain that they are received by all who have the true faith of God's elect; but how many trials have I gone through to learn them, for they are not learnt in a day.

"The souls that would to heaven attain
Must Jacob's ladder climb;
And step by step the summit gain,
In measure and in time."

This is true, as the Saviour said, "I have many things to say to you, but ye cannot bear them now;" and, therefore, the necessity of the Spirit's work; for they first learn of the Father; secondly, they learn of the Son, which is to take the yoke upon them, and this teaching is to show them that his yoke is easy and his burden light; thirdly, they become more and more acquainted with the Spirit's work in his sanctifying, enlightening, comforting, drawing, sealing, and strengthening power.

And this Spirit that thus dwells in them is to quicken their mortal bodies at last. It is this Spirit that raises up his standard in their souls when the enemy comes in like a flood. And O what floods we have known. The floods of ungodly men have often made me afraid; the floods of Satan's temptations have, at times, been so powerful that I have thought I must for ever sink; for I have always found him to be stronger than man. Man is to "lay his hand on him, remember the battle, and do no more." But the floods of corruption have, at times, almost carried me away. What trembling, what confusion, what darkness, what rebellion. O the tremendous conflict! "Every battle of the warrior is with confused noise, and garments rolled in blood;" but this is "with burning and fuel of fire."

How few know how they got their religion. How much purging work is required to make a fruitful branch; as the Saviour says, "Every branch that beareth fruit in him he purgeth it." What for? Why, this, "That it may bring forth more fruit;" and every branch in him only by profession that beareth no fruit at all is taken away; and solemn work this is when it is brought about.

These things have much occupied my mind in bygone days, and do so now, as I am drawing near to my grave, to know whether I bring forth fruit in the courts of the Lord's house, to show this that he is upright. For, if the promise is not fulfilled (with reverence I would speak it), God would not be upright. We are told that what he has promised he is able to perform, and we bless his name it is so.

May we experience much of his tender care, know his fatherly pitying, have his sweet embraces, prove his strength is made perfect in our weakness.

I gratefully thank you for your kindness when with you, as it came just in the right time.

Your faithful and affectionate Friend,
Butleets, Maresfield. J. CLARK.

TRUE AND FALSE PREACHING.

May the good Lord continue to prosper the soul of my dear friend. Amen.

I received your epistle, and am glad to find you are pressing on, and holding fast.

You expect me to give you some information respecting the doctrine preached at ——. I live about 30 miles distance, so may not know what is going on there. I doubt not but the theory of truth may be clearly set forth; as the doctrines of the gospel and the experience of the children of God are in theory abundantly preached throughout Sussex, and in a way that renders it difficult to distinguish between the counterfeit and the real work. This I will say, if a true servant of God was preaching at ——, surely the report would go abroad, and it would be a vexation to many to hear it. When a true servant of God goes into a town or village, he is counted a "troublers," one that "brings certain strange things," one that "turns the world upside down." When the "sower comes and sows the true word of life," temptation, persecution, commotion, and tribulation will arise *because of the word*; and generally many are offended. "If they have persecuted me," says Christ, "they will also persecute you." A minister may preach the truth clearly; yet if Christ be not with him the devil is not offended; but as sure as Christ is with his servants, so sure will all the artillery of hell be played against them. Where, then, is the hubbub and commotion on account of the word at ——? Woe, woe unto those ministers who are at ease in Zion! They may elate and refresh the passions of their hearers (I mean of the children of God for a time), but it is that vital godliness may go down, and false zeal and self step up; but if an established child of God should hear such, and feel the same working, there would be resisting it; for they can distinguish the voice of Christ by the unction within, "which is the truth and is no lie," which teacheth the truth in all things, embraceth the truth, and resisteth that which is not.

One thing now occurs to my mind, "Where the carcass (Christ crucified, whose flesh is meat indeed) is, thither *will* the eagles (children of God) be gathered together." God will influence his people in the neighbourhood to hear and approve of his servants. "I will gather them one by one, and they *shall come* and worship the Lord." "Their eyes shall see their teachers." Now, there are deep experienced and established children of God about ——; but they have found no minister of Christ there, no food for their souls; nothing but dry theory; that which had better be withdrawn from than attended to. I am sure they would be surprised were I to write to them to say the gospel is preached there. Remember, the true gospel is not bare words; it is the power of God. "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God;" and where this is, the minister is one who hath much labour, travail, and sorrow; and out of the abundance of

his heart the mouth will speak of what he has; for the devil will violently withstand him. Also commotion, persecution, and tribulation will arise on account of his ministry. His name will be cast out as evil; he will be accounted the offscouring of all things. Such as have the truth in their heads, but not in their hearts, will be his worst enemies and persecutors. The real children of God would, by the power of the word, be gathered under him. Further, those who have any of the inward unction would find in his ministry a speaking as never man spake; I mean the speaking of the Spirit of God, whose words have in them a godly reality that cannot be imitated, and they contain and communicate real spiritual food to spiritual hunger; not to give a glow and refresh the natural passions and affections, but to move towards God, to humble, meeken, and soften the affections of the mind, to revive hope and persuasion in God and his goodness, and increase the appetite for spiritual things in reality; and in following after to leave self behind. And when the children of God find this, they need no "letters of commendation of the minister," but in heart are sweetly constrained to "report that God is in the man of a truth."

But seeing there is so much preaching that, if possible, would deceive the very elect, the word doth give a double caution: "Take heed how ye hear," and "Take heed what ye hear." We ought to take heed to our own spirit in hearing, and we ought to take heed to the spirit there is in the ministry. That which feeds the legal spirit and false zeal is not of God; that which feeds pride and self-consequence in profession, which elates and lifts up the soul, is not of God; that which feeds with refreshment, causing a glowing which elates selfishness, is not of God; that which refresheth the heart with refreshment, not coupled with contrition and self-abasement, is not of God.

O! How many there are who preach up a painted Christ to feed the fancy of their hearers, that their hearers may in return feed their consequence, by speaking of their refreshments and extolling the ministry! Now, if the child of God gets entangled in this work, let him retire in private, and he will find all is not right and straight at the bottom. In the fulness of his refreshment he will be in straits; there will be a moth gnawing at the bottom. "I," says God, "will be as a moth to the house of Ephraim." After all, it will be found that the life of God is not fed; for as soon as the fire that was kindled in the fancy, the passions, and the natural affections is gone out, there is no reality left. Nothing remains but an itching ear, caused by the secret poison instilled.

I rejoice to find you are in the school where, as you say, you are learning the lesson of self-denial. Well may the Word say, "A man's enemies are they of his own house;" and I think self the worst of all these intruding visitants. This monster will never be still. It is like a wolf insatiate for food. We are bid to deny it what it wants; and to learn this lesson fully, to give

self a complete denial, is the highest degree that can be attained in the school of experience. I find I am quite a novice and a dunce in learning this; for *self* is sure to come over me in all manner of crafty ways. It puts on deceitful dresses, and I am deceived. It works with bewitching charms, wheedles and cringes till it has sucked in a hearty meal. Sometimes it overcomes me as by magic, and I am entangled in an instant. Sometimes, when I have a little melting of heart from a sense of the goodness of God, I look self in the face with disgust; there is a denial to its cravings, and a thrusting it back; but even then I find it climbs up somewhere, gets in some back way, and steals enough to keep up its corpulence and strength.

Nothing, nothing, Mary, will bring us fully to deny and abhor self like the exercise of faith in Christ. When the dying Saviour is revealed in our heart, and with the eye of faith we see him, and look upon him whom we have pierced, then we begin to loathe and abhor ourselves. "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee; wherefore I abhor myself." A sense of the infinite humility of Christ for us humbles us to loathe proud self. Christ "humbled himself to death, even the death of the cross." While we look in this glass we are ashamed of our self-consequence; worldly self is abhorred. By faith in Christ we have the victory which overcometh the world. His glory stamps deformity on all that the world calls good or great. Easy self and self-pleasing is abhorred; for now the pleasure of the Lord prospers in the hand of faith, and our wills are absorbed in his. His ways are a pleasure, and we delight to run therein. Experience in the furnace of affliction discovers our selfishness; but the gracious presence of God melts our hearts into self-loathing. In proportion as self is discovered, we are truly edified; in proportion as self is denied, grace is exercised; in proportion as things connected with self are denied, self is denied,—such as the pleasure of life, the pride of life, the profits of the world, the ways of the world, the company of the world, carnal relations, &c., the carnal ease arising from consulting with flesh and blood, peace and quietness with relations or people against truth and conscience. In proportion as these are denied, self is denied, we are edified in the school of experience, and growing in the divine life.

Yours affectionately,

June 17, 1822.

D. FENNER.

AN ESTABLISHED CHRISTIAN.

My dear Brother in the Lord,—It was a real pleasure to receive yours. I must tell you I have not rallied from my last journey, and think it will be my last; but I have proved many times that my thoughts are not the Lord's thoughts, nor my ways his ways. Mine are low and grovelling, his are high and holy; as high as the heavens are above the earth. As you say, my outward man fails every day feelingly, so every word the scripture says of old age is true to the very letter; and we must be old to prove it.

All that the scripture says of the Lord's mercy, truth, care, and loving-kindness is true also to the very letter. "He is the Rock; his work is perfect, for all his ways are judgment. A God of truth and without iniquity, just and right is he." Nor does he deal with us according to our sins, nor reward us after our iniquities. He forgiveth, he healeth, he restoreth, he satisfieth our mouths with good things, and crowneth us with loving-kindness and tender mercy.

My low, poor, forsaken, feeble state brings me into the very place for the beams and rays of the sweet Morning Star to shine with brighter light and glory than ever.

"He sheds his beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine."

The dark night may sooner blush to own the star than my soul to be ashamed to own a precious Christ. Beams of love and grace sparkle forth from his poverty, shame, hunger, thirst, and weariness; and from his being despised, slandered, reproached, forsaken, and his sweat, agony, and death,—all with every name, office, and character he bears,—sinks my wants, trials, and pains into nothing.

"His way was much rougher and darker than mine.
Did Christ, my Lord, suffer? And shall I repine?"

This precious Day Star rising in our hearts is the sure fore-runner of that day of glory when all tears will be wiped from all faces. There shall be no night there. Our sun will no more go down, nor our moon withdraw itself. But the Lord will be our everlasting light, and the days of our mourning will be ended. I long and pant for that blessed time. I feel myself like a man in a desert and lonely wilderness, in the midst of serpents, dragons, bears, wolves, lions, and leopards; no rest, no peace, no quiet, no food, no sight but to see danger and fear on every hand. O that light that shines in a dark place is Christ in us and we in him, our life. But O, the comfort, joy, peace, when he, the bright Morning Star ariseth!

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

I am sometimes afraid the Lord will be angry with my impotency in asking him to take me home; but I cannot help it. He hath promised to come quickly; and my soul and spirit answer, "Come, Lord Jesus, in the shinings of thy grace; come, Lord Jesus, to call me from earth and sin, and take me to thyself to be for ever with thee." Coming in all the glory and majesty of his power, with ten thousand of his saints, every eye shall see him. I trust the Morning Star has arisen in your heart and mine. (2 Pet. i. 19; Luke i. 78; Rev. xxii. 14, 17, 20.) The Lord knoweth I love you sincerely, for Jesu's sake, and pray that he will fulfil his own word of promise in you, that he will see you again, and make your soul and heart glad.

Yours in Love and Truth,

Brockham.

HENRY ALLNUTT.

MR. PHILPOT'S LETTERS.

Dear Friend,—I enclose you a letter that I have just received from a poor but gracious woman, to whom I have lent Mr. Philpot's Letters, that you may see that they are much valued.

H. PENFOLD.

My dear Friend,—I take the liberty to write a line to you, seeing you are going to leave us, which I am very sorry for; for I always have looked forward and longed for the time for you to come to Ashford, though we have not seen you there much lately.

I have your book yet; but you shall have it if I see you again; though I must tell you I feel very loth to part with it, for they are such precious letters. They have been made so sweet and precious to my soul. I often take up the book and read one of the letters, when I have a few minutes to spare; and it seems so sweet that it knits my heart to the writer more than ever, although he has gone. Many of his sermons also the Lord has condescended to bless to my poor soul, I hope; but the letters seem to come into the very feelings of my heart, and speak the very exercises of my mind. I did not think he was such a humble man. His letters always seem fresh, though some of them I have read over and over again.

I hope we shall hear you again before you go for good; though I shall feel very loth to lose the book. Yours sincerely,

Aldington, May 15, 1873.

E. C.

SIN.—PART III.

SIN in the saints God doth himself control;
 But sinners' sins will vex the righteous soul.
 Their passions rage with such a deadly hate,
 And in the saints do bitter pangs create.
 Where grace is not, 'tis there sin rules and reigns,
 And holds the sinner captive in his chains;
 Works as he pleases, rages at his will,
 And tortures God's dear saints with cruel skill.

This vex'd Lot's righteous soul from day to day,
 And no doubt fill'd his spirit with dismay;
 The sins of Sodom made him sorely smart,
 And pierced with bitter pangs his godly heart.
 'Twas this that made poor David sigh and say,
 "Woe, woe is me! I dwell from day to day
 In Kedar's tents, in Mesech's warlike land,
 Where battle shouts are heard on every hand."

Our neighbours' sins do oft afflict us sore,
 To see the rich oppress and grind the poor;
 To see the envy, ignorance, and pride
 Which in the poor prevail on every side;

To see the drunkard reeling with his load,
 To view his wife's most desolate abode,
 To witness all the hatred and the strife,
 The turmoil and contentions of this life;
 To sit alone as outcasts all forlorn,
 And bear the bitter enmity and scorn;
 To hear the vile blasphemer's oaths arise,
 With hellish rage defiant to the skies,—
 These are some trials which the saint must bear,
 While travelling through this wilderness of care.

Where in the ungodly awful sin doth reign,
 And drags them willing captives in its chain,
 Here dwells a woman saved by love divine.
 The graces of the Spirit in her shine;
 In sweet humility from day to day,
 By faith and prayer, she treads the rugged way;
 But her ungodly husband hates the grace
 Which often beams resplendent in her face.
 He'll crush that inward joy. O yes, he will;
 But still it rises, and it triumphs still.
 His persecutions cannot quench that love
 That in her burns; 'twas kindled from above.
 Go on, poor wretch. Thy doom is just at hand.
 Thy wife will reach Immanuel's happy land;
 But thou must sink, unless the same rich grace,
 By power divine, make in thy heart a place.

Sometimes the wife her husband will annoy
 And try to vex, and mar his sacred joy;
 Smite with her tongue, and stir up bitter strife.
 Poor Job was sorely tried with such a wife.

Sometimes the parents persecutes the child,
 Though humble, patient, dutiful, and mild.
 They cannot think what has befall'n him now,
 And to their wishes they will make him bow.
 But O! They cannot quench that spark within,
 Nor make him take delight in youthful sin.
 His father and his mother he will leave,
 Rather than God the Holy Spirit grieve.
 Ah, sinful parents! You will see your son
 At God's right hand, a precious chosen one;
 But you, who often grieved his loving heart,—
 How will you bear to hear the word, "Depart?"

Does sovereign grace the parent's heart control,
 A graceless son will pierce his very soul.
 Some rebel Absalom, with Satanic rage,
 Against his father impious war will wage.
 Beware, ye Absaloms! There is a dart
 Prepared of God to pierce the rebel's heart.

If sovereign grace forbear to strike you down,
 Your souls will perish 'neath Jehovah's frown.
 For you there burns an everlasting fire;
 For you is treasured up Jehovah's ire.
 Devils impatient wait to drag you there,
 To the eternal regions of despair.
 Your parents may, like Aaron, hold their peace,
 When God's just vengeance bids your breath to cease;
 Or, like poor David, raise a bitter cry:
 "O Absalom, I fain for thee would die!"
 Or, like poor Eli, from this world depart
 A stricken, smitten man, with broken heart;
 But their dear souls shall be for ever blest,
 And your vile sins no more disturb their rest.
 But thou, ungodly wretch, wilt still be found,
 When ages shall have run their destined round,
 Plunging still deeper in the fiery flood,
 In endless torments still blaspheming God.
 A gentle maiden next appears to view;
 She cannot run in sin as others do;
 For God has given her, in early youth,
 The love of Christ, of holiness, and truth.
 She loves her brothers and her sisters too,
 And with kind actions does their steps pursue;
 But how they try her tender, loving heart,
 And their ungodly ways oft make it smart.
 She for them does in secret often pray,
 But still they run with haste the downward way.
 She knows their doom, if they are left to go
 In such a path, will be eternal woe.
 This is her cross, as she, from day to day,
 Struggles along the rough and thorny way;
 But she will reach at last the land of rest,
 And be no more by sinners thus oppress'd.
 The Christian loves his own dear native land;
 But the ungodliness, on every hand,
 Often produces in his soul much grief,
 Which only in his God can find relief.
 Sin in himself, sin in the human race,
 Sin in his country and his dwelling-place,
 Sin in his family, sin on every hand,
 Will make him sigh for the pure, sinless land,
 Where the vile monster ne'er shall show his face,
 Nor taint the air of that most holy place;
 But the pure, sinless spirit shall remain,
 And with sin's Conqueror evermore shall reign.

C. SPIRE.

As Jesus opened Matthew's heart to receive him, so Matthew opened his house to welcome Jesus.—*Hawker.*

THOUGHTS ON THE SONG OF SOLOMON.

(Continued from page 155.)

CHAPTER IV.

Verse 10. "How fair is thy love, my sister, my spouse! How much better is thy love than wine, and the smell of thine ointments than all spices!"

It has been well said that "God (in respect of his people) accepts a little, and Christ makes that little a great deal." This is shown in the words we have now to consider.

Every well-taught, exercised child of God laments two things, the weakness of his love to Christ, and his sad deficiency as to the fruits of the Spirit. One of our poets well describes his own feelings as to want of love to Christ when he writes:

"Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint."

And another, comparing the saint's love to Christ with Christ's love to them, says:

"Ours a drop, but thine a sea."

How true is this, and yet the saints truly love Christ, and want to love him with a full and perfect love. The upright do love him, and as, after the inner man, they have a love resembling his own, many waters cannot quench it, neither can the floods drown it; and they would love him a thousand times more than they do, but they cannot. A body of sin and death hinders and opposes them in this matter, and they sigh on account of their languid desires and poverty of love, and sometimes long to be dissolved, see him in heaven as he is, and love him to the fulness of their heart's desire, and to eternity.

Sometimes a dear child of God, when in secret communion with the Lord, will pour out his complaint to him, with that sweet childlike ingenuousness which the gospel produces, in some such words as these: "Ah, Lord, I perceive thou art worthy to be loved with a fulness of love; but alas! my heart cannot love thee as it ought. By nature I was too blind to perceive thy inexpressible beauty, too base to love thee; and even now, though I hope there is a something in me that thirsts after thee, and cries out for the living God, alas! Alas! I must say my love is rather worthy of the name of enmity than love, when weighed in the golden scales of the sanctuary. I am more inclined to lie in the dust, and cry out against myself as a wretched rebel, a poor miserable, idolatrous creature, than to speak of my love to thee. Yet I would love thee. I think I can say as much as this,—I would obey thee; I would not be as I feel myself to be; but, Lord, I am weak, and helpless, and poor; here I lie at thy dear and blessed feet. I must owe thee everything. Eyes to see thee, the heart even to desire and love thee, must be thy gifts. I can only live as thou livest in me. O blessed Jesus, show pity upon me, a sinner." Now, what can be more suitable, what sweeter, to such a poverty-stricken creature as this than the words under notice: "How fair is thy

love, my sister, my spouse! How much better is thy love than wine?" Jesus will not despise the day of small things. The fact is, whatever is of his Holy Spirit in the hearts of his people, though it can only be likened to a grain of mustard seed for size, is of inestimable value in the eyes of Jesus. Whilst he passes by with utter disdain, the proud pretensions of Pharisees, and all the vain religion of the flesh, with its creature ability, wisdom, and goodness, he sees with delight everything that is of his own grace, and bears his own image, in the hearts of his children. He loves their persons from eternity; and even while destitute of his grace, he loves that which is of his Holy Spirit about them, when, according to the eternity of his love, he communicates a new and divine life to their souls. The love of God to his people precedes all grace in them, or any reason in them for this love. He chose them irrespective of good or bad, seen or foreseen, in them, from eternity. As the objects of this free eternal choice, he loves them, enters into covenant relationships as it respects them, and, as has been well said, loves grace into them. He does not love them first because of their grace, but their grace is the fruit of his love. Now, where love and certain relationships exist, men will accept very little. Thus a parent has a loving respect to the poor efforts of a dear child to please, in spite of all the childishness and deficiency attached to them; whereas from a servant he would require what is justly due. So it is in this case. If God deals with men as created in Adam and under the law, he will accept nothing that does not come up to the just requirements of that law. But accepting graciously the persons of his children as in Christ, and dealing with them upon the footing of free grace and eternal love, he pardons their sins, covers their infirmities, will not see perverseness in Israel, but graciously regards all that is of his own Spirit about them, and says of their poor weak love, "How fair is thy love, my sister, my spouse!"

But we observe here that, though nature will illustrate these divine things of grace, and may, if properly used, aid our conceptions, yet the comparison of natural and spiritual things will by no means hold in all particulars. There requires great wisdom and care in applying natural figures and interpreting parables. A child of God might be inclined to argue against himself, if he did not see this, in the following manner: "There may be some truth in all this; but, after all, would a parent be pleased with only a small degree of love from a child? Or would a husband be satisfied with a sort of languid love in his wife? How would he relish a love that is better described as enmity than love? And, therefore, these figures make against me. I can understand how a parent would receive from a loving child the poor attempts to please prompted by a sweet, loving, filial heart; but my complaint is of a love so cold, so faint, so really unworthy, when the object is considered of the name of love." Now, there really seems some force in such arguments, if the difference is not duly

considered that exists between divine and natural things,—these things of free grace and the things of nature. One grand rule in grace is this, that all that is of the Spirit about a child of God is acceptable to God, and accepted in the Beloved. This, indeed, is all that God looks at; all the rest is counted to be crucified upon the cross of Christ. God there condemned sin in the flesh, and now all he regards is that which is of the new creative work of his Holy Spirit; and, therefore, of that poor feeble love which we feel so little he can say, in the words of our text, “How fair is thy love, my sister, my spouse! How much better is thy love than wine.”

There, perhaps, requires, in concluding these thoughts, a remark or two upon the words, “How fair,” and “better . . . than wine.” We have seen already how the child of God is inclined rather to speak of his deficiency in respect of love than to boast of the greatness of it. Its face, as it were, is so, to his view, disfigured and darkened by idolatrous creature-loving, and a positive disinclination and aversion to spiritual things, which certainly proves that there exists a principle of enmity to God yet in his heart, that, speaking according to his feelings, he would say, “Ah, Lord, I am black; I am ashamed even to lift up my face unto thee.” But here the Lord, by his speech, removes, in a way of free grace, all the blackness and uncomeliness of the flesh, and declares the face of love in the soul to be all fair; yea, the terms convey the highest degree of approbation: “How fair is thy love.” Fair to an amazement, excellently fair. Again, the way in which Christ’s heart is affected by the love of his people; their own feeble longings and desires after him are well set forth by the words: “Much better than wine.” There are two things noticeable in wine. One is how it cheers and delights; so the love of the saints cheers and delights the heart of Christ. The other is how wine captivates, masters, and retains its hold upon those addicted to it, so that a man says, “I will return to it yet again.” He becomes enslaved by it; yea, men have been known to express their conviction that it was killing them, and yet they could not give it up. What stronger expression could be used to show the heart of Christ in respect of his people and their love? It captivates and conquers him. He cannot forget them or it. Though it cost him his life, he would have their love; he would win it at the price he paid for it.

“My worthless heart to gain,
The God who gave me breath
Was form’d in fashion as a man,
And died a cursed death.”

Christ’s jealousy is cruel as the grave. Sooner than not win his spouse and her love, he will die,—lie in the tomb, his life and glory gone. Does he seem to turn away from his dear people, to forget them, to give them over as a prey to their enemies? Does he so apparently desert them that in the time of his absence their lamps seem to go out, or rather grow dim,—

their love to wax cold? He will turn again, he will for his own sake revive his own work in the midst of the days. He will return in double love to them, and make their hearts glow in double love to him. Thus, after apparent forsaking, he cries in Jeremiah (ii. 2) to his people: "I remember thee, the kindness of thy youth, the love of thine espousals." He remembers what we forget; he cannot forget the day of his espousals, even if his saints grow unmindful of it. He cries, "I am married to you; return, ye backsliding children." He values his saints, and delights in their love. "How fair is thy love, my sister, my spouse! How much better is thy love than wine, and the smell of thine ointments than all spices." By the ointments of the child of God we must understand the graces of the Holy Spirit. All the saints of God have an unction from the Holy One. As Christ is *the* anointed of the Father, so his people, his Christians, are anointed by him, and partake of the same Spirit. The Father gives the Spirit without measure to the Son; he gives of the same Spirit in measure according to his infinite wisdom unto them. The spirit of Moses was given to the elders of Israel, and rested also upon them; the Spirit of Christ rests also upon his people. This blessed Spirit enriches thee with his various gifts and graces. In all God's saints there are and must be the fruits of the Spirit,—love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, meekness, temperance; and if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is, as to manifestation, none of his. All God's people are persuaded of the truth of these things, and filled, at times, with deep anxiety on account of them. Having a spiritual principle of discernment given them (for they are renewed in knowledge, after the image of him who creates them anew in Christ), they perceive an immense deal of evil in their hearts and lives. "Sin is mixed with all I do," and they can hardly, at times, make out that there is anything of a gracious nature in or about them. They cannot be satisfied with anything but real grace; a mere outside performance of religious duties will not content them, and they daily groan on account of the poverty of their hearts in respect of the graces of the Spirit, and often fear lest the word in Jude applies to them: "Having not the Spirit." They dread to be the mere barren fig tree, the fruitless, showy professor; and often fear that such is their case, as having a name to live, yet dead to God, and destitute of vital godliness. Yet they feel, at times, the fresh springings of grace in their souls; the blessed Spirit visits their hearts with power, and they know what it is to be made spiritually-minded, have grace in exercise, and that this is life and peace. But these are only for the most part happy moments. They earnestly long and cry to have them continued; but they are soon gone; the soul returns back into its old sad place again, feels the infirmity of the flesh, cannot be or do what it would, groans, being burdened, and can hardly see that a grain of grace remains. Yet grace is still there,—grace in a groan, grace in a prison, grace under the

bondage of corruption (Rom. viii. 21), if not grace in liberty, grace on the mountain, and the throne feelingly with Jesus. Thus the poor child of God goes on from day to day, and the poet's question suits him exactly:

“Poor soul, dost grieve for want of grace,
And weep for want of love?
And Jesus seek'st?”

But O, how hard to proceed with the good man, and say:

“O, hopeful case!
Thy Husband lives above.”

What, Christ the Husband of such a one, so poor of grace, so very destitute? Yes; and what is more, Jesus commends, in the words of this Song, that very grace which you are apt to think so little of: “And the smell of thine ointments than of all spices.” We need only dwell a moment upon the comparison, “than all spices.” Take it literally. We know ointment and perfume even naturally rejoice the heart, and the figure would strike the Eastern mind more forcibly than ours, ointments and perfumes being more prized in the Eastern nations than amongst us. So, then, the comparison is used to show how exceedingly delightful to Christ are the things of his Spirit in the hearts and ways of his people. Their prayers, we know, in Rev. v., are represented as sweet odours. But there may be also a further idea given by this comparison. It not unfrequently happens that what is of the flesh in religion makes a far greater outward appearance than what is truly of the Spirit. Fleshly religion pleases nature in its religious tendency. “They that are after the flesh do mind the things of the flesh.” The natural man approves of, is greatly, at times, affected by, and relishes a fleshly religion. On the contrary, he cannot discern, appreciate, or relish anything which is of the Spirit of God, according to that which is of the Spirit about it. Ishmael mocks at Isaac, and Cain kills Abel, all the world over, and in all ages. God's witnesses, therefore, prophesy in sackcloth, when the beast is rampant and the world rejoices (Rev. xi.), and when the witnesses lie dead, then there is wonderful hilarity (verse 10), and gifts are sent by the fleshly one to another. Now, all this is very trying. It is hard work to be reconciled to a cross of contempt and shame (Heb. xii. 2); to be counted troublers even in Israel; “to have to cry, whilst others seem to carry all before them,” I have laboured in vain.” When Peninnah bears many children, it is hard for Hannah to seem barren. (1 Sam. i.) When the false church is so very fruitful, it is hard for the wife married in truth to Jesus to remember that if her Maker is the Husband, from him must the fruit be found. (Isa. liv.; Hos. xiv. 8.) Now, surely the words of this Song under consideration are addressed to the very heart of these mourners, who

“Each his tale in secret tells,
And sighs to be set free;”

groans to Jesus for greater freedom from the power of sin, greater fruitfulness in the things of the Spirit, inward and outward; for more faith, more love, more humility, more success. These sighings are right. Far be it from us to seek to make God's people rest short of the things of Christ. We would have them thirst, groan, cry out for the living God; we would have them press to the mark for the prize of their high calling; we would have them besiege the throne for more grace, more zeal, more life, more love, with restless importunity; but we would encourage them to this by the sweet views the Song gives of Christ's love and condescension. Behold here how he notices and regards the least things of his Spirit. See how, in comparison of these, he utterly disregards the spiciest religion of the flesh, with all its human fragrance, so approved by the carnal mind:

“Our Lord into his garden comes,
Well pleased to smell our poor perfumes,”

and cries, “And the smell of thine ointments than *all* spices.”

JESUS, A COVERT FROM THE STORM.

ISA. XXXII. 2.

DEAR tempted saint, by sin oppress'd,
With tearful eyes, with prayerful breast;
Thy Jesus reigns, and he will be
“A covert from the storm” to thee.

Hell's battering-rams of unbelief
Assault thy soul and fill with grief;
But He who parted Egypt's sea
Will be “a covert” unto thee.

Satan prognosticates of ill;
But Jesus is Jeshurun still,
And will with wings of whirlwind flee,
To prove “a covert” unto thee.

Time may the creature's love estrange,
Or friendship wax and wane with change;
Thy changeless God will always be
“A covert from the storm” to thee.

Nay, priests of Baal may disdain
Thy faith and hope, and call them vain;
But God their Author,—God will be
“A covert” for his grace in thee.

Yes, when the appoint'd hour draws nigh,
Life's tenure ends and thou must die,
Thy ransom'd spirit then shall see
Jesus, “a covert” meet for thee.

JOHN RUSK'S DIARY.

(Continued from page 160.)

Thursday, 20th.—Went to work, conscious of my shortcomings; but after breakfast I felt faith a little in exercise, both before and while talking to J. Baker. Without this faith, what use is a profession? And for this reason faith must attend me in all real spiritual worship,—reading, hearing, praying, belonging to a church. Christian conversation, my deportment in life; and the death which I am to die.

Now faith must be in all this: 1, *Reading*: "These are written that ye might believe." 2, *Hearing*: "If the word profits it must be mixed with faith." 3, *Praying*: "Whatsoever ye ask, believing." 4, *Belonging to a church*: "Him that is weak in the faith, receive ye." But let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of this bread and drink of this cup." Examine yourselves whether ye be in the faith. 5, *Christian conversation*: We are all to meet in the unity of the faith. 6, *Our deportment in life*: "The life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God."— Lastly, *death*: "These all died in faith."

Now, what I understand by a *profession* only of the gospel is to profess all these seven things and yet not have real faith. 1, *Reading*. A professor may read the scriptures, but believing them is a different thing; for if a man believes them he will sometimes apply the threatenings of them to himself, and really expect the execution of the sentence denounced against him as a sinner; which differs altogether from a mere assent and consent; for such faith is only in the head. Real faith will never rest till such eat the flesh and drink the blood of Jesus. And after this, when faith is not in exercise, nothing else will satisfy. A mere professor of the gospel may tell you how many chapters he has read, and such are content short of the power. 2, *Hearing*. A carnal professor may tell you how many sermons he has heard; but a possessor of the gospel tries himself under the word preached, and goes up and down according as it appears for or against him; and he finds it hard work, for he hears for eternity. 3, *Praying*. Now, many have a gift of prayer, and really will speak soundly; but real prayer is carrying heavy loads and burdens of a spiritual nature to God, and proving him to be a God hearing and answering prayer. Thus one has the form and the other the power. "This is the confidence we have in him, that if we ask anything agreeable to his will he heareth us." And if he hears us, we know we have the petition we desired of him. 4, A professor may *belong to a church*; eat the bread and drink the wine. Thousands do; but a believer discerns the Lord's body, and looks through the sign. He can see by faith that Christ's body was broken for him, signified by the bread; and that Christ's blood was shed for him, signified by the wine. And if faith is not in exercise it is poor dry work to him, for he is not contented with the sign. 5, A professor may *converse* with the godly, as the foolish virgins did,

and go to experience meetings for this purpose; but the thing in itself is empty, for such can never tell, as David could, what the Lord has done for their souls. They can talk about doctrines, and about worldly things too; and will strip a child of God of that comfort and delight he finds in his God. In one thing they greatly differ. One tells what God has done for him, and the other tells what he has done for God. This I have been witness of. 6, A professor may appear *outwardly righteous*, having the *skin* of a real sheep, and such are called wolves in sheep's clothing. But Peter says they are only dogs and swine after all. But God's children have the *nature* of the sheep, and learn of him who is meek and lowly in heart, and put on meekness, gentleness, and, as the elect of God, bowels of mercies. They are clothed with humility. They are that in private, and far more than they appear to be in public. They worship God in spirit and in truth, and have wisdom in the hidden parts of the heart. 7, A professor may *die* easy and quiet as he lived; for we read that the wicked have no bands in their death. "Yes," say you; "but this is not a professor meant here called the wicked." Then what does Solomon mean when he says he saw the wicked buried that had come and gone from the place of the holy? They must be professors, and wicked professors too. But all this differs from a sweet peace in the conscience. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace." The man has had an experience of this in his life, the effect of the things he has enjoyed in his pilgrimage, and which I have treated of before. Thus you see the difference between the form and the power.

On the 22nd he received £1 16s. wages, and had previously had £1 15s. 6d. These sums, with various presents, appear to have set him up. He paid some of his debts, and bought shoes and other necessaries.

Sunday, 23rd.—I awaked with a light upon my past experience, and felt very thankful for sinking so deep, and that for a length of time, and that God should bring my soul into liberty; and I spoke much to my wife. I heard Mr. R. Text: "Restore unto me," &c.; but was very sleepy. I dined at my sister's. She gave me a shirt and two pillow-cases. I came home and went to bed, having to get up at five o'clock.

Monday, 24th.—I got up and went into a house on the road that had been on fire in the night; which led me to think on the tender care of my God to me and mine in preserving us; also to meditate on my state of ignorance, and to survey the Lord's dealings with me as far back as I could remember, and that he should not take advantage of my folly. Truly it is sweet work, and I felt gratitude. I have had strength in answer to prayer this day to do a hard day's work by degrees given me; and I am a witness to God's word; for strength I ever have equal to my day; bless his name. I felt a love to him when I got over the water, and was very comfortable; and so I remain. A woman swore an oath in my ears as I walked along; and I thought of

what God says, that he will not hold them guiltless that take his name in vain. Here I was led to see the awful state of man by the fall, and that they are all insensible of this state. What the law forbids shows what the fall is in every man; as, for instance, when God says, "Thou shalt not do this and that," it shows that man's nature is fixed to do it in opposition to and in downright rebellion against God; and this law is spiritual, and reaches to the secret thoughts and intents of the heart. Now man is guilty; and God will by no means clear the guilty; and there is no more encouragement from the gospel for the wicked than from the law; for God has concluded all men in unbelief. We are born in sin and under the curse of the law, with a carnal mind, which is enmity to God and hating our neighbour, shut up in unbelief, blinded by the devil, spiritually dead and in a fast sleep; and if God does not open our eyes and quicken our souls, we never shall be undeceived till we open our eyes in hell. O, how deeply am I indebted to God for doing such great things for me!

Tuesday, 25th.—I have enjoyed sweet peace this day; thankfulness to God, and much deadness to the world; a low, quiet frame, and no desire to talk; but before I left work I felt a light spirit. Lord, what are we, if left but for one moment?

A ship's sails came, which hindered me from going to hear Mr. R. I tried to confess to God the backsliding of my heart, and feel very low in my own eyes, and very poorly in body.

Thursday, 27th.—At five o'clock I got done at Bennett's, except helping a poor man for about three hours, for which he offered to pay me, but I refused; for I know he is greatly tried in providence, has been long ill, and is greatly in debt, and has a large family.

Friday, 28th.—As I had nothing to do, I went to see Mr. B., to advise with him whether it was right for me to take the money from the fund; for though I much need it, yet as I have been in work and shall be to-morrow again. I thought, sooner than it should open people's mouths or be a stumbling-block to any, I would give it up with all my heart. He told me I had better take it till after the lying-in, and then if I kept in work it would be best to decline it. So he paid me 8s. for two weeks; and it was truly acceptable, as we had the rent to pay on the week following.

Thus I have finished another book; and many troubles and deliverances I have had in seven or eight months, and peculiar trials, too; but out of them all the Lord hath delivered unworthy me to the present moment. Strength equal to my day I have always found; and therefore to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, one God, be equal glory.

[The book from which we have been extracting is No. 12, and consisted of 160 pages. Book No. 13 will follow, if the Lord will. This consists of only 136 pages. Book 18 contains 240 pages, 40 to 50 lines in a page, and about 16 to 20 words in a line, the writing so small that we pity anyone who may have to correct it.]

CONWAY STREET CHAPEL.

Dear Friends, the Committee at Conway Street,—I write to say that I am in some respects better; but as it refers to the spasms, I am very poorly. I should like to stop at Brighton six weeks in the whole (that is, for three Lord's days more), if I could conveniently; but I do not know what you can do for supplies at home. My time for a month only is so short that I can hardly tell whether I shall get any permanent relief or not. Now I am here, I should like to have a fair trial; and if God should not send me home any better at last, I hope to be satisfied that I have used the means. But I wish you not to give way to me upon this point if you judge, as a body, that it will be injurious to the cause at Conway Street; and if it is thought by you that it will be better for me to come home at the month's end, seeing I am at present able to preach a little, I will willingly come. But if no supply can be got, as I am incapable of sending one, perhaps you may be at a stand to know what step to take. I hope, therefore, that God may lead you in his fear to act right; and, depend upon it, I shall leave it with you willingly, and cordially abide by your decision. Send me a letter on Friday, to let me know the result.

Give my love to all our friends, and to my dear wife and mother; and may God bless you and direct you in all things. This is the hearty prayer of the unworthiest of all God's servants,
Brighton, Aug. 26, 1818. EDMUND ROBINS.

Dear Friend,—We received your letter. Myself and six more of the Committee met last night; and it is the desire of us all that you should stay the six weeks, to make a fair trial; and we should be glad, if it is the Lord's will, that you may be restored to health and strength of body again.

Mr. Driver is to preach next Lord's day and Monday night; and we hope we shall get a supply for the two Lord's days more, though at present we do not know where from. But we trust we shall be directed by God to inquire for one that may be blest to us; and therefore we wish your mind may be liberated from any particular anxiety about us, as that might be hurtful to you. Only remember us at a throne of grace.

I called at Brook Street this morning. Mrs. Robins was out. She is much better than she has been. Your mother is tolerably well, and desires her love to you.

I have heard of a receipt for the spasms; which is, to take three white peppercorns two hours before dinner and two hours before tea. I hope you will try it, and that it may be blest to you.

Aug. 28, 1818.

Your well-wishing Friend,

W. JACKSON.

"It is a most shameful thing," said an ancient Pagan, "to speak one thing and think another. Let not thy heart reproach thy tongue when thou speakest to God or man."—*Toplady*.

THIS WRETCHED SELF.

My dear Brother in the narrow path of tribulation in which all Zion's Pilgrims have to travel, through floods and flames, to obtain the glory of God,—Pilgrims must expect to meet with difficulties in their way; by winds, storms, and tempests; hard weather, pinching frost, and pelting hail. And sometimes, what with awful temptation and winds of reproach blowing hard, he has hard work to keep upon his legs, and cries out, "My feet were almost gone; my steps had well-nigh slipt;" feeling feeble, while his enemies are lively and strong, himself just ready every moment to fall. This brings another cry from his very soul: "Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not." Trying and perplexing as the path is, it is a safe and a sure one. None ever missed the grand object of their faith. Eternal truth has said, "The righteous shall hold on his way."

What a mercy for such poor cripples as we who often feel so very far behind all the rest; yea, sometimes fear that we have mistaken the right way. That some of those worthy veterans, who have long since finished their course, have left behind some of their footsteps, here and there raised up a heap as waymarks, now and then put up an Ebenezer, and now and then set up two precious pillars, calling them Jachin, "he will establish," and Boaz, "he will strengthen," it is wonderfully strengthening and encouraging to one's soul, after a long dark night, in which the beasts of the forest, that is the carnal heart, and those from beneath have crept forth, seeking after their prey to devour it. To all appearance it seems as if our religion had fallen a prey to them, and was swallowed up. For the dayspring to shoot forth by which we can just discover some of the ancient waymarks, hills Mizar, Ebenezers, high heaps, pillars, monuments, tokens, shields, and such like things, scattered in the way, all through from the street gate of entrance unto the gate of the valley of the shadow of death that leadeth unto everlasting life,—this makes the heart rejoice in hope, notwithstanding all the storms within and without. One glimpse of faith, whereby the soul is assured it is in the right direction, strengthens the heart, overcomes fears, girds up the mind, soothes the spirit, brings former mercies to remembrance, and raises the dead to life. We meet only few who travel this path. It is too rough, too dark, too wretched and miserable for the greater part. And I feel certain of one thing, you and I never should have been wanderers therein, but for sovereign grace.

O what a sweet sound, how welcome to poor perishing sinners! It proclaims pardon to the guilty, life to the condemned, liberty to captives, a feast to the famishing, and salvation to the lost. This is Zion's jubilee trumpet. Everything in Zion and round about her is peculiar; so is this trumpet; for none can blow it, for the sound to reach the heart, but the Lord God himself; for his is the kingdom, power, and glory.

I have been a poor forlorn wanderer in this path for upwards of 36 years; sometimes jogging on a little; sometimes standing still, wondering what it all can mean; sometimes ready to question the reality of the way; and sometimes breaking through the bounds; then the serpent bites me, and then back I creep; but sometimes, when the way is unusually rough and patience unusually small, I turn as stubborn as a mule, and will neither go backwards nor forwards till the Master uses the goad, and this makes the old ass move, though sullenly, on. Now and then, but this is seldom, the way is right, the crooked is straight, everything looks well and promising. This is the case after a nice shower, or from the sound of the trumpet.

Well, notwithstanding the long experience I have had in this path, I have not yet learned to "act faith," or to do one single good thing or think a good thought of myself. I am naked as ever, helpless as ever, destitute as ever; my flesh is as bad as ever, my memory worse than ever. Indeed, looking on the whole, I do feel more than ever to stand in need of grace and mercy. I have not one good word to say of myself, and, in my right mind, have not one bad word to say of the ever-blessed Lord our Royal Master. He is everything that is good to me, and I know he is to you,—the chiefest among ten thousand and the altogether lovely.

When floods of infidel and blasphemous thoughts are injected into the mind, and we can find no standing in these deep waters, the Holy Spirit of his rich favour lifts up in the heart Christ, the Standard of eternal peace; and when, under his divine influence, we are led to ponder upon his glorious Person, God and man, the almighty Breaker that is gone before his people in all their sufferings, sorrows, reproaches, temptations, and poverty; in all their deliverances, hopes, and joys; through death having swallowed up death in a glorious victory, he is passed into heaven itself; O sweet meditation to think upon him as the blessed Forerunner. This makes affliction light. It makes the cross sit somewhat comfortable, and makes the poor burdened pilgrim sing, as he travels on in the vale of tears:

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

I have heard that God has laid his afflicting hand on the frail tabernacle, and that the affliction was so severe, little hope was entertained of your recovery. Well, it must be as the Lord will. We do know one thing, which is the greatest mercy of all mercies, that death to you will be an immortal gain. John was commanded to write, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, that they may rest from their labours."

In this militant state there is little else but conflict. It is a warfare indeed. Satan, the arch and powerful enemy of our peace, disputes every grain of grace, disputes every step we have taken, and makes the whole of our experience, from first to last, appear a mere jumble. Had we no other weapons than those nature could produce to encounter him in, these he esteems as

straw and rotten wood. God has given his people weapons with which they shall overcome him: "And they overcome him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony." "And they loved not their lives unto the death." God, I am persuaded, has equipped your soul with these. The blood of Christ has sweetly purged your conscience from the effects of guilt. Your testimony of faith, hope, and joy in the mercy of God has vanquished thousands of fears that Satan has suggested to your mind; and you have loved not your life, but felt you could give all up for the sake of the Lord your King.

Yours in the Truth,

Southill, Dec. 9, 1873.

J. WARBURTON.

A LETTER FROM SYDNEY.

To the Editor of the "Gospel Standard."

My dear Brother,—Peace be unto you, by the precious blood of the everlasting covenant.

Having just read your critique upon my address, &c., to the Particular Baptist Association here, and seeing you have very greatly misunderstood us in some things, by which you have misrepresented us in your kind notice of us, I am sure you will do us the justice of permitting us to right our wrongs, so that no dear child of God will be stumbled thereby.

We do always disavow the shocking "Rev." of which you complain. I ever entreat people to call me *pastor*, and people are beginning to hear my request. But the *press* will not thus oblige me, though I have entreated its reporters to do so in their notices of our meetings and lectures. They say it would lower the respectability of their papers to comply with my wish. They will not even advertise a marriage without this dreadful word "Rev." If you will look again at the Report I sent you, you will see that it is only in the *newspaper reports* that this word "Rev." is found. In all the other part for which we are responsible has the word *pastor*. I begged the reporter to leave out the word, but he said he could not violate their rules.

Again. You complain that no Associations have ever stood to the truth and true order. Certainly, most of them have apostatized from truth, and the God of truth. But I can find these Associations stood for twelve centuries in the mountains and valleys on the Continent. They stood in unity. Though baptized in blood by the murderous hands of Papal Rome, yet in Associations they stood; for the Lord was their stay. We have organized for the helping of each other, in our struggles to maintain our civil and religious rights in the colony, which have been sorely assailed lately, as you will see by papers I send you with this letter.

We have collected about 1000 old "Standards," "Vessels," and such like, and have sent them to the little companies in the country, and they have been blest to many who had never heard

of them before. We do hope your *case* of good things will soon come, that we may continue this service. Some are becoming subscribers for next year, and I do pray that God's salvation may go forth as a morning without clouds.

With fervent love and best wishes,

I remain, your Brother in the Lord,

Sydney, Sept. 30, 1873.

Pastor D. ALLEN.

[We have omitted portions of our friend's letter, partly because of its length, but mainly because of its controversial character. For instance. In our notice in July, we speak of Rom. viii. containing the grand, experimental truth of the gospel, and that many who are totally ignorant of part of viii. in their own experience fully believe in the *doctrines* therein. Mr. A. says the chapter does not contain *any* doctrine, and writes two full pages to prove it. But we bless God that it contains both doctrine and experience. Are not "no condemnation," "no separation," precious doctrines? Is not predestination a precious doctrine? We should require a volume if we inserted all sent to us.]

Obituary.

JOHN SKIPWORTH.—On Nov. 12th, aged 73, John Skipworth, for 29 years minister of the gospel at Billingham, Lincolnshire.

My dear husband preached at a village some distance from home on Thursday, the 6th of November, and returned home on Friday. Asking him how he was, he said, "No worse for my journey, and much favoured in my soul whilst conversing with a friend who was very tried, encouraging him to press on." I had just entered the room, when he exclaimed, "Fifty-five years since the Lord stopped me in my wild career! Forty-three since he brought me into the full liberty of the gospel, and gave me the full assurance that he was my Lord, my God, my Saviour, my Redeemer, and he has made it sure scores of times; and now *sure* seems to be faint language." During the afternoon his conversation was most blessed. I spoke to him in the evening about a little thing that had taken place during the day. He said: "My dear, I am so taken up with heaven and eternal things, I cannot spend a thought about such trifles." Next day being Saturday, his usual way was to be alone in his study. When he came out to dinner and tea, seeing him so absorbed in thought, I did not try to talk to him. He went to bed as usual. The greater part of the night was spent in communion with the Lord. He came down and took breakfast, which he had just finished when he put his hand to his side, and said, "O, what a pain!" I got him to bed, when he said, "O, my dear! This pain is death, unless removed." In a short time he said, "What a mercy I have nothing to do but to die. All is finished.

" 'Finish'd,' said his dying breath,
And shook the gates of hell.'

Why did the dear Lord think upon such a worthless sinner as I? What a poor old hardened sinner I should have been

but for sovereign grace. O, the riches of that grace that plucked me as a brand from the fire!

“Say, dearest Shepherd, tell me why
To me this wondrous love;
That such a poor lost sheep as I
Such matchless grace should prove.
Reasons I seek, but seek in vain,
For none I e'er shall know;
Then seek no more, since this is plain,
That God would have it so.”

I thought he was dying, but he revived. He looked at me, and I think, as long as I live, I shall never forget that look. His eyes beamed, his countenance shone, and he exclaimed,

“Fain would my raptured soul depart,
Nor longer here remain;
But dwell, dear Jesus, where thou art;
For me to die is gain.”

I am killed with love. What a blessed death to die. My soul feels ready to burst the body to be gone. Tell the dear friends that those blessed truths I have preached to them will do to die with. Had I been suffered to have kept back part of the truth, which is so offensive to many, what must I have done now? Bless his dear and holy name, he told me to be faithful unto death, and he would give me a crown of life, which I am about to receive. I shall cast it before his throne, and sing unto him that loved me and washed me from my sins in his own blood, and hath made me a king and priest unto God and his Father. To him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen. Last night, when I came to bed, I committed my soul, body, wife, children, church, and friends into the hands of my dear Redeemer, and he has taken all. My prayer is turned to praise.”

He would have said a great deal more, but I prevented him, as the doctor ordered him to be kept quiet. I wanted to take care of his body, as I knew his soul was safe, never having a shadow of a doubt about his being a man of God since I heard him preach 29 years since.

A more faithful preacher never entered a pulpit than John Skipworth. He was naturally kind to all, but when he came to the things of God he was like an iron pillar and brazen wall, he could not be moved. On the Monday he so far rallied as to be able to sit up. He felt disappointed, but seeing that grieved me, he did not say much about it. On Tuesday he had another attack of the pain. I got him to bed. The Lord mercifully took it away. He said, “It is here we want something more than a mere profession. We want something firm to rest upon:

“On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand!”

“On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake my sure repose;
With salvation's walls surrounded,
I can smile at all my foes!”

We want that spotless robe to adorn our naked souls, in which rich robe I stand complete. I have been asking my dear heavenly Father if he did not quicken my soul when dead in sin, call me by his grace, reveal Christ on the cross suffering, bleeding, dying for my sins? Didst thou not tell me that thou wouldst be my God and guide through life, in death, and up to glory. I then listened for the answer, which has come with the full assurance that he is my Lord, my God, my Saviour, and my Redeemer. *Sure is faint language.*"

Wednesday.—Rose about eight o'clock. He told me not to mind the work; it would be there when he was gone. I was to sit and talk with him, which I did the greater part of the day. I read several portions of the word of God to him. He began to speak of parting. I told him I could not bear him to name such a thing. Looking at me, he said, "It must be so. Wouldst thou be so selfish as to wish for one moment to keep me back from such unspeakable glory that awaits me? When thou feelest unhappy, which thou art sure to do, fly to thy closet and the word of God; seek communion with him who has promised to be a Father to the fatherless and a Husband to the widow. He has told me to leave my fatherless children, and let my widow trust in him. Bless his dear name, he has not failed in one good thing which he has promised." A highly-esteemed friend came in, and took tea with him,—the one he took his first meal with at Billingham, which was tea, 29 years ago. He conversed very freely, speaking of the way the Lord first brought him to Billingham, and the way he had led him these many years.

The pain again seized him, and I got him to bed for the last time. He could not lie, the pain was so distressing. I stood holding him for some time, wiping the sweat from his dear face.

I now come to the most solemn moments in my life. These are what must be felt to be understood. Whilst laying him down, there came the look, the heavenly smile, for ever free from pain, for ever with the Lord. It was, at the moment, as if he were enveloped in a cloud of glory; and, without a struggle, his ransomed soul stepped into heaven, leaving me to mourn.

"This much, and this is all we know,
He is completely blest,
Has done with sin, and care, and woe,
And with the Saviour rests."

M. A. SKIPWORTH.

MARY FORSTER.—On Feb. 3rd., at Witham, Essex, aged 63, Mary Forster, wife of Mr. Forster, Baptist minister of that place.

Her disease was spasms of the heart, paralysis following. She was seized on Lord's day morning, about one o'clock, and died on the Tuesday following. Her sufferings were extreme, until death came and released her. I trust she is now where it is said, "The inhabitants shall not say I am sick; the people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquities."

I was supplying at Alfred Street, Leicester, and received a telegram on the Monday morning, informing me that my dear wife was taken suddenly ill, and desired me to return home at once. I did so, arriving in the evening. I found her extremely ill, the doctor giving no hope of her recovery. I began to have my fears. I asked my wife what her thoughts were respecting death and eternity. She answered, "I have been raised up so often, perhaps I shall be again; for, if the Lord was about to take me, he would give me a brighter manifestation. She continued being convulsed every few minutes; yet not a murmur escaped her lips. All she said, on that head, was, "I am very ill." She was, indeed, wonderfully patient under her severe sufferings.

She was sensible to the last. She had no great joy, no raptures; still I believe she died safe on the Rock Christ Jesus. Her pain and continued sickness were such she had little time to converse. She asked a dear Christian friend, who was with her day and night while she lived, to read hymn 328, Gadsby's Selection:

"Afflicted saint, to Christ draw near," &c.

Also hymn 329:

"How firm a foundation," &c.,

which had been greatly blessed to her years ago. Whilst the latter hymn was being read, the spasms came on before it was finished; but, on her recovery from the attack, she reminded the friend she had not finished it. She laid great stress on verse 6:

"E'en down to old age all my people shall prove," &c.

She said, at another time, "Praise him! I want to praise him! Hallelujah!" At another time she said, "I want to see him face to face without a veil between." Again she said, "Precious! Happy!"

On my way home from Leicester I put up scores, if not hundreds of prayers mentally for the Lord to spare her a little longer to me; but all the words I could get from the Lord were: "The lame take the prey." A poor lame thing I found her. On asking her once what she thought of her state, she replied, "I am not able to think. I feel stupid often." This was from the nature of her disease. I replied, "What a mercy salvation is finished." She added, "That alone will not do for me." She wanted to feel more of the joys of salvation." On another occasion I said, "You want to say, 'The Lord is my salvation.'" She wanted the Lord to speak in her soul,

When her power of speech was gone, I desired her, if she felt Jesus precious and was happy in her mind, to press my hand; which she did her best to do, although her strength was nearly gone.

She died without a struggle or a groan, breathing slower and slower, until she breathed no more.

I mourn not as those without hope. May the Lord make up the breach. I feel he only can.

Witham, Feb. 23, 1874.

JOHN FORSTER.

JOB WELLS.—On Jan. 3rd, aged 60, Mr. Job Wells.

He was the chief support of Ebenezer Chapel, Newbury, for nearly 40 years. He was baptized at Abingdon 35 years since, by Mr. Doe, who often supplied at Newbury, and for whom he retained a lasting affection, naming him particularly in his last affliction, which was paralysis, with which he was taken last year, and from which he lost his speech for a time; and although he recovered so as to be able to converse with his friends, he never was able to see strangers or talk much. He was enabled to bear his affliction with exemplary resignation. His beloved wife died soon after he was taken ill. He felt her loss most acutely; but I never heard of his murmuring during the whole of his sufferings.

Some of his last words were: "Blessings on his Eternal Majesty for having plucked me as a brand from the burning and kept me. I am a great sinner, and my only hope is in the Saviour. I have nothing to bring." A friend said, "Do you think you will ever recover?" "Never. I shall be gone in a day or two." "Where?" "To my glorious home." "Does Satan worry you?" "No. What a mercy!" Something being said about resting in the Lord, he replied, "I am in him." "Then you are not afraid to die?" "No," he replied. Being unable to see a friend, he said, "Give my love, and say I have had thoughts which are a comfort to me, and he will excuse my seeing him; I am so very weak." "Is Jesus precious to you?" "O yes! He is all goodness. This" (meaning his affliction) "is not so much as my iniquities deserve."

For many years, when there was no supply, he used to conduct the service; and just before his illness he gave out that solemn hymn (483 Gadsby's Selection):

"Yes, I shall soon be landed,"

with much feeling; which was remarked by those present, and on the morning before he died, he repeated:

"Yes, I shall soon be landed,
On yonder shores of bliss;
There, with my powers expanded."

And after a pause, as though he could not remember how to finish, he said, "Sing where Jesus is."

A friend said, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." He replied, "Shall not come into condemnation." Which were his last words on earth.

JOHN MILLARD.

ANN SMITH.—On Feb. 8th, of cancer and paralysis, aged 72, Ann Smith, wife of William Smith, tailor, of Bedford.

She was a blessed woman, and highly favoured with the Lord's sensible presence from time to time. She was confined to her house for three years, and during my visits I was often struck with her happy countenance and sweet submission to the will of God in her long and painful affliction. She attended my ministry for very many years, and was a hearty well-wisher to the cause at Providence Chapel, and expressed great delight to hear of its prosperity. The last time I inquired about her temporal circumstances she looked up in my face with a heavenly smile, and said, "Well, I don't think, Mr. Thornber, I am one bit poorer now than when I was first laid aside. Friends are very good to me. The Lord be praised for everything. I am nothing but a poor sinner, saved by grace. You may say this of me when I am gone. I want God to have all the glory." Hymn 474, in Gadsby's Selection, was a favourite of hers; and this portion of scripture: "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord," was a great comfort

to her when she lost an infant child. It appears to have been an abiding word in her soul, as she often named it; and after she suffered from a cancer in her breast, these words: "My grace is sufficient for thee," were a firm support in her excruciating pain, which she bore with wonderful patience and resignation.

J. THORNER.

WILLIAM BAYLIS.—On Feb. 8th, aged 69, W. Baylis.

Our departed friend died in the faith of God's elect in love and mercy, firmly resting on the finished work of a dear Redeemer. He was well taught his own helplessness as a sinner, and was enabled to cast himself upon Jesus as his All in all. He was a man of a very quiet, humble spirit and very few words; but his walk and conversation bore testimony that he was taught of God. He was a lover of God's dear people, and always opened his house to the poorest of God's flock. His conversation was savoury and profitable, leaving a deep impression on the mind. He was much despised for the precious truths he believed in, and had much to endure from its despisers; yet it was evident to them that he had been with Jesus and learned of him.

He was a deacon at the little place of truth at Sherston for some considerable time; but when his health failed him and he was unable to attend, he came occasionally to our little place at Luckington, where he often heard to profit; and this was the way that we became more fully acquainted with him.

During his illness I saw him many times; and once in particular he spoke much of the faithfulness of God to him, and how he had supported him in all his troubles and had appeared for him; and he added:

"Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,

Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite through."

There he made a pause, and said, "*Quite through!* What a mercy!" The next time I saw him he told me that Satan had been telling him that he was nothing but a deceiver, and this sank him down very low; but the Lord so broke in upon his soul that he was able to say, "Christ my ransom died."

The next time I went to see him he was in the greatest consolation of mind that ever mortal could be in. No language was too strong. His family can really testify to the truth I am saying. The next time I saw him, he said the enemy was not dead. We spoke in prayer and parted never to see each other any more in the flesh. It may be truly said of him, he had the best last; for before he died he called his wife, and said, "Fanny, I feel my standing firm on the Rock;" and many other gracious words.

He lay for some considerable time with his eyes fixed upwards, till his ransomed soul departed.

Little Badminton.

WILLIAM ISAAC.

AVIS HITCHENS.—On Dec. 30th, 1873, aged 71, Avis Hitchens, at Avebury, Wilts.

She had been a hearer at the old Baptist Chapel from the time it was first opened, and witnessed the opening of the new Providence Chapel, in October, 1873.

She was first awakened by hearing an Independent minister speak of standing personally before God, which was about 40 years ago. She was favoured many times in hearing various ministers. After many heavy trials in temporal things, being burdened with a large family, and my father only taking the small pittance of a farm labourer's wages to support them with, she was suddenly called upon to exchange worlds. I am informed she was much blessed in hearing Mr. Lewis on the 28th, and

spoke very freely of the same. On Monday she became well and cheerful, and also on Tuesday morning, when she was sent for to go to a neighbour's house, and when there was taken suddenly ill. The medical man was sent for, and he sent some medicine; but before he arrived our poor dear mother was, we hope and believe, "absent from the body, and present with the Lord," to be for ever with him in unspeakable glory.

J. HITCHENS.

W. CHAPPELL.—On Jan. 31st, aged 72, Mr. William Chappell, Baptist Minister, Southampton.

He suffered greatly from four complaints for about six months; but he continued preaching. On the first Lord's day in Dec. he administered the ordinance of the Lord's supper; but felt so weak that he said it would be the last time he should do so. He retired to rest, and never came down stairs afterwards. His agonies were indeed great; yet he felt the arm of his Almighty Saviour supporting him. He was enabled also to look back upon the many enjoyments he had had, and hoped the friends felt what he did. He told some who visited him that he should not die as a minister above others, but as a poor sinner saved by grace alone. The enemy was permitted to harass him during one night; but the blessed Spirit applied the precious promises in Jno. xvii. And during the last night he told the friends who called upon him that the presence of Jesus was very sweet to him; and a peaceful smile rested upon his countenance after his spirit had taken its flight.

M. CHAPPELL.

J. C. NOAD.—On Dec. 29th, 1873, aged 53, Jane C. Noad.

She was born at Langton Maltravers, Dorsetshire. Her father was a Baptist minister of that place. His name was Corben. He died when Jane was in her 16th year. After her father's death, Jane came to live with an uncle and aunt at Portsmouth, and they attended Salem Chapel, Landport. At that time Jane, though moral, cared not for the things of God.

About 1841 dear Mr. Tiptaft came to preach at Salem. Under his prayer she felt her first conviction for sin. A change of life followed, and it soon became manifest to those around. Like many of God's dear ones, she had to prove that when nothing but truth would do, friends then became enemies. Hers was a religion that cost her many a pang from sinner and from saint; but the Lord stood by her in all her trials.

After a time Mr. Tiptaft visited Landport again, and under the word preached the Lord was pleased to deepen the work. She felt more and more her lost state as a sinner and her need of pardon; and great were her exercises, at times. She felt that pardon must come in and through the Lord Jesus Christ. She was subsequently led to see the ordinance of believers' baptism, and was baptized by Mr. M'Kenzie, in 1844, though she met with great opposition.

She married at the age of 26, and became the mother of seven children, of whom five are now living. In 1860 she went to live at Clay Hall, in the neighbourhood of Gosport. Here she had no Christian friends to converse with, but had family trials and great affliction of body for many years. At the last she suffered from chronic bronchitis, rupture of lungs, diseased heart, dropsy, &c. Owing to distance and ill-health, she was deprived of attending the means so often as she would have wished; but the Lord fulfilled his promise in blessing her with love tokens and strength according to her day of trial.

It was not until a few years ago that she was feelingly sealed by the Holy Spirit, when, in the providence of God, I supplied at Salem. I

will now let her speak of the Lord's goodness the first time I saw her. She referred me to time and text, which I had forgotten. "O," she said, "that was a blessed time. I never felt like it before; the word was so blessed to my soul. All the week I went about so happy, blessing and praising God for his goodness to sinful me. Indeed, I have never sunk so low since." Much more she said. I saw her many times after this. When in her company her delight was to talk of soul matters. When I heard she was very ill, I went to see her; her soul was full and her tongue set at liberty. She told me of many bygone days of joy and blessedness in hearing, and the Lord's love visits to her soul. I did not see her again.

At another time her husband asked her how she felt. She said, "Very dark, cold, and lifeless; I do not know what the dear Lord is about to do with me; but, if he takes me now, I wish you to be quite easy about me; for I have had some precious visits from the dear Lord, which none but God and myself know." And she afterwards said, "I feel quite sure my Redeemer liveth to make intercession for my poor soul."

On one occasion her sister said to her, "You still ask God's blessing on us?" She said, "Yes; you have my whole soul's desire for you all. I feel my soul drawn up to the Lord, but so little, I can't praise him enough. I want to be hemmed up; I want to be gone; I long to be gone. Merciful Lord God, take me. Don't keep me here."

At another time she said, "As happy as a dove! Happy as a dove! I thought I should have been gone long ago." Her sister said to her, "You will soon sleep in Jesus." She said, "Yes; 'tis good for a poor sinner made white and washed in the blood of the Lamb." While talking, her sister said, "It is too much for you." She said, "What can I do? I *must* speak in his dear name. I have often wished that when I came to a death-bed my tongue might be made loose, so that I might speak well of his dear name." Her sister said, "You will soon be up higher." She said, "Yes; where there will be no sin, no sorrow, no misgivings, doubts, or fears. The victory is won. The Lord knows why he keeps me in the valley so long."

On the doctor telling her she was a shade better, she said, "O what a disappointment! I do not want to come back into the world again. I want to be gone." She told her sister that one day she began in the psalms, where David said, "Out of the depths I have cried unto thee, O Lord!" And there it kept coming, till, at last, she was obliged to say, "My soul and David's soul seem to go together. O how my soul flowed up unto God, and how blessedly it came down. I could not describe it."

She was much favoured in hearing Mr. Hammond and other men of truth, who occasionally visited Gosport. At one time she expressed herself in this manner: "That little corner place in Salem Chapel, that is where it begun, and there is where it ended,—that little despised place. When I went to hear Mr. Ferris, O how blessedly it came down! The devil said, 'You will smart for this;' and I said to him, 'Never mind; let me have it while it is coming.' But he is a liar. I have proved he is so; for he was not allowed to come any more that summer."

At another time, when her husband asked her how she felt, she said, "Perfectly happy, and no pain.

" 'Not a wave of trouble rolls
Across my peaceful breast.'"

I can leave you all with the Lord. All anxiety about this most miserable world is taken away. I long to be gone and be with the dear Lord." Her voice was very weak, and for some hours it was thought she was dying.

About three o'clock in the morning of the 26th, she broke out in a loud clear voice: "Wonderful! All settled and finished! Bless his dear name! Help me to praise his dear name! I long to go! I have seen him. I am more surprised than ever. It is all settled. He is going to take me. Lift me up! Lift me up! I am as easy and happy as if I was really in heaven. I cannot make it out; it is too grand for me; it is wonderful. I can't enter into his greatness. I can understand poverty; but his goodness is too great for such a great sinner as I. I have nothing in the least to do; it is all done. His goodness to me is past finding out. It is too much for unworthy me. What is the dear Lord keeping me so long for?" Her sister asked her if she should give her a little wine. She said, "I have the full wine of the kingdom. If it was not so, I could not last; it buoys me up. I do long for the dear Lord to take me in his arms out of this miserable world into his heavenly kingdom, that I may be always praising his glorious name." She asked her sister if she thought she was dying. She said, "I believe you are." She replied, "I hope so. I long to go out of this wicked world. It is all peace within. It is too much for me,—his gracious goodness towards me. Do help me to praise him for his great goodness towards a great sinner as I am. I feel that I want the dear Lord to draw me to his dear self. Dear Lord, do come into thy garden to smile once more on me, and take me to thyself. I must have another glimpse of his dear face, I cannot die without another touch from him. I want the dear Lord to lift up the curtain and say, 'Come hither.' I do feel so anxious to depart to be with the dear Lord. This is what I have been waiting and watching for,—his dear presence. He is on his watch-tower, ever waiting and watching over his dear people. I shall be gone in a few minutes. I long to go up higher."

She departed in the afternoon of December 29th. Her end was blessed peace. In her case, it was as the poet says:

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

Southsea.

WILLIAM FERRIS.

THE whole world of nature, no less than that of grace and glory, is under the absolute dominion and the never-ceasing direction of God. Every wind that blows is of his breathing; and every drop, whether fluid or condensed, that falls from the sky, is of his sending. The adoring nations must confess that he "giveth snow like wool; he scattereth the hoar frost like ashes; he casteth forth his ice like morsels; who can stand before his cold?" (Ps. cxlvii. 16, 17.) "He saith to the snow, Be thou on the earth; likewise to the small rain, and to the great rain of his strength." (Job xxxvii. 6.) Let the same question be put to my readers which Omnipotence, speaking once, put to Job: "Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow; or hast thou seen the treasures of the hail, which I have reserved against the time of trouble, against the day of battle and war?" (xxxviii. 22, 23.) Hast thou considered its nature, its properties, and its uses?—*Toplady*.

ERRATA.—In the last number, "Thoughts on the Song of Solomon," p. 155, line 7, *straightened* should be *straitened*. In "Rusk's Diary," p. 157, the first line should read, "I awoke under temptation that I was not in," &c.

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

JUNE, 1874.

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

SPIRITUAL SICKNESS AND HEALTH.

A SERMON BY MR. PHILPOT, PREACHED AT OAKHAM, LORD'S DAY MORNING, JUNE 22ND, 1845.

"Beloved, I wish above all things that thou mayest prosper and be in health, even as thy soul prospereth."—3 JNO. 2.

THIS epistle differs from most of the other epistles of the New Testament, in being written to an individual,—to "the well-beloved Gaius," of whom we read elsewhere, "Gaius mine host and of the whole church saluteth thee." This Gaius appears to have been a man of a very enlarged heart towards the children of God; for he was not satisfied with being the host of Paul, and entertaining him kindly, but his house and heart were both large enough to entertain the whole church of God at Corinth.

To this open-hearted and affectionate Gaius, John the apostle addresses his third epistle: "The elder unto the well-beloved Gaius, whom I love in the truth." There was a difference in the form of the letters among the ancients compared with that observed by ourselves. Their custom was, not as ours, to put the name of the writer at the *end* of the epistle, but they placed his name at the *beginning*; and, next in order, the name of the person to whom it was addressed. We have an instance of this in the Acts of the Apostles, where we have an original letter preserved, which Claudius Lysias sent to Felix. He commences thus: "Claudius Lysias, unto the most excellent governor Felix, sendeth greeting." This was the form of letter customary among the ancients. Claudius Lysias was the writer; he therefore puts his own name first. The most excellent governor Felix was the person to whom the letter was sent; his name comes next. But, besides this, it was the usual custom to add at the beginning a friendly greeting, the writer wishing his correspondent "health,"—what we should call something complimentary. We find the apostle Paul following this prevailing custom in all his epistles. He first puts his own name, and next that of the church or persons to whom he wrote; and then offers prayers to God that he would bless them with mercy, grace, and truth. It was the custom then, at the beginning of the letter, to offer some short desire for the health of the correspondent, that being

the greatest temporal blessing the writer could wish for his friend. We find the apostle John following this custom; and, being a spiritual man, and writing a spiritual letter to a spiritual friend, he gives the usual salutation a spiritual turn. He does not write as a carnal writer would do, "The elder unto the well-beloved Gaius, health,"—which was the usual form; but he gives this desire for his health a spiritual turn: "Beloved, I wish above all things that thou mayest prosper and be in health, even as thy soul prospereth." It is as though he should say, "I wish thee temporal health, if it be the Lord's will; but, far more, I wish thee spiritual health. I wish thy circumstances to prosper, and thy body to be in health, as far as God sees fit to bestow; but only so far as is consistent with the health of thy soul. I wish it even as thy soul prospereth." As though again he should say, "I cannot wish thee temporal prosperity, if it be not good for thy spiritual welfare. But, if thy soul prospers and be in health, with this, then, I can wish thee temporal prosperity and bodily health."

In looking then at the text, I shall endeavour to show what soul-prosperity is. But, as we often see things more plainly by viewing their opposites, I shall, with God's blessing,

I. Show *what soul-sickness is*; and, in showing soul-sickness, endeavour to show the symptoms, the causes, and the cure of that sickness.

II. If the Lord enable, show *what spiritual health is*, and what are its symptoms and causes. Then, if the Lord apply the word with power, and bring it into our consciences, we may be enabled to see who are in a state of sickness and who are in a state of health.

But, before I enter into the subject, it will be right to premise a few remarks that my meaning may not be misunderstood. There are always persons glad to fix upon everything that may feed mere criticism. I shall, therefore, endeavour to lay down a few points by way of explanation, and to obviate all misconception of my meaning in speaking of soul-sickness and soul-health.

1. Then we must bear in mind that man is a fallen sinner, in a state of sickness and disease. The Holy Ghost has given us a picture of this, where he says that "the whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint; from the sole of the foot, even unto the head, there is no soundness in it; but wounds, and bruises, and putrefying sores."

2. When the Lord would make a man whole, he does not do so by restoring the soul to its original state of health. Adam had a healthy soul in paradise; but it was a health of nature, not of grace. Soul and body were alike perfectly healthy, because free from all defect; healthy, as having come pure and innocent out of the Creator's hands. But when Adam fell, disease entered into his soul, at the same moment that sickness entered into his body. Death spiritual seized his soul; and the seeds of death

temporal were planted in his body. Thus soul and body became alike subject to, and under the power of, disease.

3. When the Lord would communicate health to the soul, he does it by breathing into it a new nature, thereby implanting a divine principle, which is pure and spiritual, heavenly and holy; and which, therefore, is perfectly healthy and entirely free from the least taint of disease. And yet the old nature continues corrupt as before.

4. I would observe that the soul, in our experience, is sickly or healthy, just in proportion as the corruptions of our fallen nature prevail over grace; or as the grace that is in the new nature prevails over corruption. When corruption prevails in the soul, it is sickly; when grace prevails, it is healthy.

I have given you these explanations that you may not misunderstand my meaning.

But I will go on to show some of the *causes* and *symptoms* of soul-sickness, and its cure. When the Lord begins a work of grace in the heart, and thus implants a principle of divine health, he teaches us painfully to feel that we are, by nature, corrupt before him. The very health which the Lord communicates to the soul, by implanting in it a new and divine principle, makes us feel that we are sick; yet perhaps the soul is never so lively, so active, so vigorous, as when life is first communicated. What zeal! What earnestness! What prayerfulness! What deadness to the world! What strong cries! What longing desires! What vehement hungerings! What ardent thirstings there are in a new-born soul, the principle of life within being so vigorous and active! But usually, after a time, in the experience of God's people, they find that this vigour, this activity, and this zeal, sensibly decline. They lose their zeal, their earnestness, their comforts, and their enjoyments; and the old corrupt nature seems once more to exert its power. Then the soul becomes feelingly sick. It is not that it becomes more diseased than before; but the revival of sin seems to cast its sickly shadow over all a man's spirit.

But what are the *symptoms* of soul-sickness?

1. One is *coldness, deadness, hardness, a want of life and feeling* in the soul, so different from the zeal and activity that it once experienced. What a prevailing complaint, among the people of God, is their deadness, coldness, hardness, want of feeling in the things of God! And this attended with a sense of complete inability to raise themselves out of this dead unfeeling state! They seem as if they had been struck with palsy,—a withering, paralyzing stroke, which prevents them from lifting up their hands in prayer, from looking unto Jesus, from walking and talking with him as in times past.

2. *Carnality and worldly-mindedness* is another symptom of the soul's being sick. It is a strange thing, but so it is, that when the soul is sick in the things of God, then is the time for the carnal mind, so to speak, to be in health. The more weak and enfeebled that the new nature is, the more active and vigorous is

the old; and the more weak and enfeebled the old man is, the more active and vigorous is the new. It is a symptom, then, of soul-sickness, when the carnal heart is grasping after the things of time and sense. When covetousness and pride, worldly-mindedness, levity, frivolity, and thoughtlessness take such strong possession of a man's heart that he seems to have scarcely any desire whatever after the things of God, he may indeed be said to be sick.

3. Another symptom is *prayerlessness*. When the Lord begins a work of grace on the soul, he usually communicates a spirit of grace and of supplications. How prayerful a new-born soul is! What desires are then felt! What longings after manifested mercy! What hungerings and thirstings after righteousness! What power is felt in the heart to pour out its wants before the mercy-seat! Then the soul is healthy. But when prayer becomes a burden, and the heart is utterly unable to raise itself up from earth to heaven; when all spiritual desires seem to languish and fade away; when no hungerings and thirstings, no ardent desires, no pantings after the sweet manifestations of mercy are felt within, then indeed it is a symptom that sickness is spreading over the soul.

4. To find the word of God *without savour, sweetness, or power* is another symptom of the soul being sickly. When, instead of taking down the Bible, and reading it with sweetness and pleasure, we let the dust gather on it, and allow the spider to spin its web over the cover, O, that is a sad symptom of the soul being in a sickly state! So when, in coming to chapel, the body is rather dragged there as a custom than from any real longing that the Lord would bless the word with power to the soul, that is a symptom of the soul's being in a sickly state. When, instead of crying to the Lord that he would bless the word, there is nothing within but sleepiness and indifference, so that we can sit asleep under the word, and have no more care whether it come into our heart with power or whether it passes us by altogether, that is indeed a symptom of a sickly state of soul.

5. When we *feel no affection to the people of God*; when we do not desire their company; when we would rather go out of their way than meet them; when our hearts are not knit to them in the bonds of tenderness and love; when we spy out their faults, instead of covering their infirmities with a mantle of love; that is another symptom of a sickly state of soul. When backbiting and slander prevail, and we feel a devilish pleasure in feasting on the infirmities and failings of God's dear children, O, that is a sad sign of the soul having backslidden from God, and being in a sickly state.

6. When we can *substitute the letter for the power*, and the form for the spirit, being satisfied with a name to live, that is another symptom of the soul being in a sickly state.

7. When we can be satisfied whether we have the Lord's presence or not; when we can go for days, and weeks, and months,

without craving one smile, one intimation, one word, one whisper, one token of love; when we can be as easy in the Lord's absence as if he had never made his presence known; this is another symptom of the soul being in a sickly state.

8. When the *ordinances of God's house are despised*, and we see no beauty or sweetness in them; when we are glad to shun them; and get away from them, and even dislike the company of God's people because we see them spiritual and heavenly-minded; that is another symptom of the soul being in a sickly state.

9. When, instead of loving the more spiritual part of God's family, and those most who have most of God's fear in their heart, we rather *cleave to professors*, and to those who have not a clear and gracious experience, that is another symptom of the soul being in a sickly state.

10. When *earthly things are pursued and heavenly things neglected*; when the world rises in the estimation and Jesus and his blood and righteousness sink; when we can be comfortable with carnal people and take an interest in all the carnality of children and relations, and really feel more happy with them than with the broken, contrite people of God; when we can talk more about the business, the shop, the farm, and the railway than the real teachings of God in the soul; that is another symptom of the soul being in a sickly state.

Are there no such sickly ones here, no such diseased souls who feel certain in their minds they are not what they used to be? Now, if you are in the state I have been describing, you are in a sickly, diseased state; and you know it, too, if you are a child of God. Your conscience bears witness to it, and you sometimes cry out, "O that it were with me as in months past, when his candle shone upon my head, and when, by his light, I walked through darkness." "I would rather," say you, "be in trouble than in this dead, lukewarm state." I read of the Laodicean church, of which the Lord said, "So, then, because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth." Am I a Laodicean, a deceived character, an empty professor? I, who have been slaying and backbiting at professors? What! Am I come to the same spot, as careless, as dead, and as stupid as they? O! What is the matter with my soul? Put forth thy hand, and work in me, Lord. Let me rather go through a thousand hells than be deceived at last. Let me have stripe upon stripe, rod upon rod, affliction upon affliction, though my coward heart shrinks from them, rather than be at ease in Zion."

These are a few of the symptoms of the soul's being in a sickly state. But what are the *causes*?

1. One cause is *things in providence going well*. Temporal prosperity and ease in worldly circumstances are one grand source of the soul being in a sickly state. When things are against us in providence, when the body is afflicted, when worldly circumstances are straitened, and the mind is troubled and exercised about it, the soul then is often in its most flourishing state. It

resembles the two buckets of a well. When the bucket of temporal prosperity is sinking, then the bucket of spiritual prosperity is rising; and when the bucket of temporal prosperity is rising, then, too often, the bucket of spiritual prosperity is sinking. Therefore, we need not wish to have health and strength of body, or great success in temporal things, or the world to smile upon us, and to have everything that our carnal heart could wish. What does the scripture say of such characters? "Their eyes stand out with fatness; they have more than heart could wish."

2. Another cause is the Lord's *withholding his rod*. It is strange to say, but most true, that we cannot do without stripes. The Lord is obliged, so to speak, to drive us on by blow upon blow, stripe upon stripe, and stroke upon stroke; for, without these continual goads, we should not move a single step, but, like the sluggish ass, would rather turn aside to the hedges and ditches to crop the thistles, than trudge along the rough and narrow way. Therefore the Lord is obliged to give us blows and stripes to make us move forward in the path that leads to glory. Now, when the Lord withholds his stripes and does not rebuke us sharply with internal or external troubles, then the world and the things of time and sense catch our eye and attract our wandering heart, and we crave something to feed our lusts with.

3. The *withholding of the dew and rain from heaven* makes the soul become barren before God. The soul can no more do without the dew and rain, the sacred operations and divine teachings of God the Spirit, upon the heart and conscience, than the natural soil can do without the dew and rain of heaven. We get parched, dried up, barren, withered, and unfruitful, when the dew and rain of the blessed Spirit do not descend into the heart.

4. Nay, more, sickness generates sickness. It is the same with health; health begets health. When part of our body is diseased, it affects the whole. So, as a person gets sickly in his soul, he gradually becomes worse and worse, unless that sickness be relieved. Thus, if the Lord spares his rod, and withholds his dew and rain, soul-sickness spreads and increases like the leprosy of old. And if the Lord did not, at last, put forth his hand, this sickness would terminate altogether in the death of the soul. In all sickness, whether natural or spiritual, there is a tendency to mortality and death. And if the Lord did not, in mercy, put forth his hand, and, by renewing the work, bring health into the soul, it would go on languishing and pining away.

But now let us take a short glimpse at the *cure*. We have looked at the symptoms, and we have seen some of the causes; now let us glance at the cure. The Lord cures us in two ways, though, after all, we may say, it is but one way. Yet, as far as our feelings are concerned, it is in two ways. One is by his *afflictions*, and the other is by his *consolations*. One is by the secret woundings and cuttings of the spirit, and the other by the secret balm which he drops into the bleeding wound.

1. The first thing we must experience, if we have got sickly in the way I have described, is to have the *wound cut into*, before it can be effectually healed. We must have the affliction before the smile, and the rod before the kiss. The Lord has various ways of bringing this about. Sometimes he sends sharp convictions into a man's conscience, and thus awakes him out of sleep. He has been sleeping on the top of a mast, unmindful of the rolling billows beneath; and, but for God's preservation, one roll of the ship would have hurled him headlong into the sea. But the Lord brings sharp convictions into his conscience, awakes him up, and makes him wonder what he has been about. He is now astonished and ashamed at his folly; how he could so have backslidden from God; how he could have gone on so long with so little prayerfulness and so little spirituality; how everything holy and heavenly had become a burden, and yet, all the time, professing to be a child of God.

2. The Lord sometimes lays sickness on a man that he may "*show him his transgressions, that they have exceeded.*" He thus dealt with Hezekiah; and Elihu speaks of it as a usual mode of the Lord's dealing: "He is chastened also with pain upon his bed, and the multitude of his bones with strong pain; so that his life abhorreth bread, and his soul dainty meat. His flesh is consumed away that it cannot be seen, and his bones that were not seen stick out." The Lord afflicts the body with disease, and brings before the eyes judgment and eternity, that he may awake him out of sleep, and show him how awfully he has backslidden from him.

3. Sometimes by *cutting dispensations in providence*, taking away a child, cutting off a husband or wife, bringing down to poverty and distress in circumstances, the Lord cures sickness of soul,—the black blood of prosperity let out by the sharp lancet of adversity.

4. Sometimes the Lord drives away soul-sickness by sending a whole troop of fears into his heart, whether he is a hypocrite or not; sometimes by bringing cutting convictions under the preached word, or through conversation with God's people; sometimes in reading, by bringing a sentence with convicting power into his heart to show him how little he is like a Christian. Sometimes he cures sickness by a frown on his countenance; so that when the poor soul would get near to the Lord he withdraws himself and veils his face. Darkness covers the face of God, and nothing but darkness is felt in the soul.

Now, by these and various other modes, the backslider in heart is filled with his own ways. The rod of affliction drives out sickness from the soul; as the wise man declares: "The blueness of a wound cleanseth away evil; so do stripes the inward parts of the belly." But after these bitter purges have had a wholesome effect, in due time the Lord will manifest himself and restore to him the joy of his salvation, and will overrule this very sickness for his spiritual good. There is no throwing

stones at people then. No; not at the greatest backslider. Humility and self-loathing prevail in the soul, and he walks softly before the Lord all his days upon earth.

II. But I pass on, with God's blessing, to consider what are the *symptoms* and what are the *causes* of *spiritual health*: "Even as thy soul prospereth." The greatest blessing that God can bestow upon a man is to give him soul-prosperity. We cannot always believe this. We want to prosper in our bodies, in our families, in our circumstances, in that which feeds the flesh and gratifies its lusts. To obtain this we would, in our carnal mind, sacrifice all soul-prosperity. So base is our heart, so depraved is our fallen nature, that we would sacrifice the greatest spiritual benefits for a little ease and fleshly indulgence. But the Lord will not let his people rest there. He will, of his own free mercy and grace, cause their souls, in due time, to prosper. Now when the Lord, by afflicting us, cures us, and thus revives us out of a state of sickness, he strengthens that principle of health which he at first communicated; and, as he strengthens that principle of health, the soul manifestively prospers and is healthy in the things of God. But, just in proportion as the soul prospers and is in health, the old man becomes weakened, the health of the one being mutually the disease of the other; nature decaying as grace prospers, and grace decaying as nature prospers.

1. One symptom of health is to *feel the heart alive to the things of God*. There is a being very cold, dead, and stupid, with the heart as hard as adamant; and there is such a thing as the soul feeling alive in the things of God. When we experience the power of eternal things, and feel them to be our element, our meat and drink, the desire of our heart and the joy of our soul, then the soul prospers; and as the soul prospers, every grace and every fruit of the Spirit prospers with it. It is just the same in soul-sickness. As one grace declines, all the other graces of the Spirit decline too; as faith grows weak, hope and love grow cold; but, as faith prospers, all the fruits and all the graces of the Spirit flourish and prosper with it. It is spiritually as naturally. If one limb of the body decays, the others decay with it; and when one member of the flesh is strong, the other members are strong with it. Now, when a soul is in a state of prosperity, the things of God are our element, and that which we feel most interest in. This is the thermometer of the soul. If the world, the things of time and sense, the cares and anxieties of this present life, most engage our minds, then it shows that the soul is sickly. But if the things of God, the precious realities in the word of truth, are the things that we chiefly think of, take most interest in, and give the most attention to, that is a sign and symptom of prosperity in the soul. When this is the case, every member of the new man, every grace and fruit of the Spirit, is active and lively too. But how weak faith is when the soul is sickly. It is like the hand of a sickly man; it can grasp nothing;

but when the soul is in prosperity and in health, faith is strong; it can take hold of the promises in God's word, can embrace the things of eternity, feel them to be solemn realities, deal with the word of God as a divine revelation, and feed upon it as sweet to the soul.

2. So with *prayerfulness*. When the soul is healthy and vigorous, then prayer flourishes in the heart; it is no longer a burden to bend the knee, but prayer then flows forth freely. There is a spring in the heart, gushing out in living water; there is a thirsting, breathing, longing, and panting after the Lord; and these flow freely out of the heart; not of custom, not of necessity; but they flow freely like a fountain; gushing because they must gush; freely flowing forth out of the heart into the bosom of God.

3. Again. When the soul is *alive to God*, the reality of the truth of God is powerfully felt. We see the world to be a passing shadow, a dream of the night that affords no pleasure, that yields no gratification, that cannot fill up the aching void of the soul. But the Lord of life and glory, his blood, his righteousness, his grace, his truth, his love, are powerfully felt. They occupy and fill up this void in the soul, and everything connected with Jesus is sweet and precious. The savour of his good name is like ointment poured forth, and all that he is, and has, is blessed and sweet to the heart.

4. Again. In seasons of soul-prosperity we feel a *sweet union with the people of God*; especially with the more heavenly-minded, the deeply-taught. The more powerfully exercised, the nearer they are to us. Our heart flows out towards and feels a sweet union with them, a knitting together in the bonds of affection and love. We then hate the form of an empty profession, and feel no more in union with such than with the profane of the world. We then can cover the infirmities of God's children. There is then no picking out their faults and frailties; no rejoicing in their slips, falls, and backslidings; but rather tenderness, sympathy, and affection.

5. Again. When the soul is in prosperity we can *bear affliction without murmuring or rebellion*. Patience has then its perfect work; sweet submission to the will of God prevails; we can kiss the rod and him that appointed it, and bless God for the very affliction.

6. *Humility*, sweet humility in *precious exercise*, is another symptom of the soul being in prosperity. A humble heart, melted down to feel itself less than the least, the vilest of the vile, and the very chief of sinners.

7. Another symptom of soul-prosperity is *spirituality of mind and heavenliness of affection*. A heart going out after the Lord, trusting in him, looking to him, communing with him, enjoying his presence, walking in the light of his countenance, tasting his favour, seeing his glory, and being enamoured of his beauty. When a man feels this, his soul is in health; he is under the

teachings of God the Spirit; he is like a watered garden; the scents flow out as the south wind blows, and the word of God becomes to him like honey and the honeycomb.

8. When the man can *look back*, and see how the Lord has led him in providence; how he has appeared for him in time of need, and opened up doors which before were shut; when he can see the hand of God leading him, step by step, in the path he has travelled for years, and can bless the Lord for every crook, loss, and cross, then his soul is in prosperity.

9. When, too, the man can see that the Lord has *led him by a right way*; when he has a clear view of the work of God in his soul, seeing the beginning clear, the carrying on clear, and looking in faith to the accomplishing of it; when he has bright marks and evidences of God's Spirit in his heart, then his soul is prospering.

10. When the man has the witness of the Spirit that he is a child of God, a pouring out of his heart into his ear as a listening father, and a sympathizing parent, then his soul is prosperous and in health. When as he walks he talks with God, enjoys sweet communion with him, prizes one smile from the Lord more than a thousand worlds; when he can delight himself in the Almighty; loves the Lord and the Lord only, and cleaves to him with purpose of heart, then his soul is in prosperity.

11. When the man's eye is *single to God's glory*, and his conscience tender in God's fear; when he hates the garment spotted with the flesh; comes out of the world; walks in the Spirit; and lives, speaks, and acts to the glory of God in all things, then his soul is in prosperity.

12. When his *temper is subdued*, his pride laid low, his corruptions weakened, and his heart is a quiet principality where the King of Zion reigns, so as to enjoy pardon, peace, salvation, love, and blood shed abroad therein, then his soul is prosperous, and is in health.

O what a difference when the soul is sickly and when it is in health! Of all wretched feelings to a child of God, a feeling of soul-sickness is the worst; and of all blessed feelings to a child of God, a feeling of spiritual health is one of the best. Especially if a man has ever enjoyed in his soul the presence and testimony of God, walked with the Lord, had his heart in some measure watered by the blessed Spirit, then he feels the sickness more. It is then the desire of his soul that the Lord would, by any means, make it to prosper. He counts spiritual prosperity to be the greatest blessing God can give, and temporal prosperity without spiritual prosperity little else but a curse.

Now the Lord brings about this state of spiritual prosperity, sometimes by his rod and sometimes by his smile. We want both. We need the bitter medicine to purge out the filthiness, and we want the presence of God in the heart to make the soul prosper in his ways. All afflictions will not do; all smiles will not do. If the Lord were to give nothing but smiles, we should

be like children pampered with sweetmeats. If we had not sharp afflictions and cutting convictions, we should argue thus: "What does it matter whether I sin or not? My backslidings do not provoke the Lord. It is all one how I live, speak, or act. The Lord smiles all the same." Thus, if the Lord were to throw his favours away, it would feed our pride and sinfulness. Therefore the Lord, to correct this cursed recklessness, fills the backslider with his own ways, teaches him to loathe himself by laying his rod sharper upon him, and makes him groan and sigh over his baseness, before he applies the blood of Jesus, which cleanses from all sin, and restores to him the joys of salvation.

The apostle John, therefore, could not wish a greater blessing for his beloved Gaius than that "his soul might prosper and be in health." What would it profit Gaius that the farm flourished, that the business was going on successfully, that money was coming in like water, if the Lord frowned, and his soul was sickly?

But if the Lord was prospering Gaius's soul, watering it and making him fruitful, would he not, when he came to be stretched on the death-bed, bless the Lord for his dealings with him, however painful they might have been at the time; mercifully withholding those things which only feed the flesh, and giving him those which made his soul prosper?

SIN.—PART IV.

'Twas sin that grieved the suffering Son of God,
 As he alone the dreary desert trod.
 Sin at each step produced a train of woe
 Which made his spirit groan, his eyes o'erflow.
 His spotless soul was free from every taint,
 But sin prevail'd in sinner and in saint.
 Reproaches broke his tender, loving heart,
 And unbelief and hardness made it smart.
 Pride, blasphemy, and hate, and bitter scorn
 Oft made the suffering Lamb appear forlorn.
 Devils and men his holy soul assail'd;
 But no temptation over him prevail'd.
 Behold him now, the spotless Sacrifice!
 In sad Gethsemane he groaning lies!
 Sin's awful miseries oppress him sore,
 'Till drops of blood distil from every pore.
 Was ever grief like thine, thou suffering Man?
 Describe its awful agony, who can?
 Patient, submissive 'neath a load of woe,
 Which must have caused his church's overthrow.
 He the Eternal, the Divine I AM,
 Yet unresisting like a gentle lamb,
 By passive sufferings the victory won,
 And cried, "My Father, let thy will be done!"

As man, he look'd for pity but found none,
 So fought the bloody battle all alone,
 While hell's infernal legions seek to crush
 His holy soul, and fiercely round him rush.

Behold the Man! God's everlasting Son!
 The stricken, smitten, and afflicted one,
 Seized by his foes, deserted by his friends,
 With all the hosts of earth and hell contends.

Despised, rejected, bruised, and put to grief;
 Of malefactors deem'd the very chief;
 Gentile and Jew, with cruel rage, unite
 Against the Son of Man with desperate spite.

There stands the patient Sufferer alone;
 Not one to succour him, not one to own.
 Their own dear Master in that dreadful plight
 Assail'd by earth and hell,—O awful night!

Alone and unbefriended 'midst the crowd,
 Who clamour for his blood in accents loud;
 Nor will his blood suffice this horrid crew,
 But cruel mockings must be added too.

Behold the scoffing rebels, how they bring
 The mimic sceptre to their lawful King;
 While tauntingly they cry, on bended knee,
 "Hail, Jewish King!"—Supreme in misery.

They crown him with a chaplet made of thorns;
 This piercing crown the King of grief adorns;
 And then, to overwhelm him in disgrace,
 They dare to spit in their Creator's face.

Worn out with sufferings, cruelty, and scorn,
 His sacred flesh by knotted scourges torn,
 They force him now to bear the heavy cross,
 Till fainting from the vital fluid's loss.

Now on the summit of Mount Calvary,
 With hands and feet nail'd to the accursed tree,
 Their cruel taunts they all again renew,
 And to the end his holy soul pursue.

Then, to complete the measure of his pain,
 His Heavenly Father does his smile refrain.
 This from his heart drew forth the bitter cry,
 "Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani!"
 Why, O my God, didst thou forsake thy Son,
 And thus desert thy pure and holy One?

He bare our sins and all sin's malady,
 In his own body on that very tree.
 As Zion's Surety, he the bitter cup
 Of wrath divine must to the dregs drink up;

Be number'd with transgressors in his death;
And as a malefactor yield his breath.

Thou monster, Sin, hast thou not triumph'd now?
For pierced by thee the Son of God doth bow.
Crush'd 'neath thy load he yieldeth up his breath,
And on his eyelids sit the shades of death.

Not all the miseries that on earth do dwell,
Not all the torments of the lost in hell,
Do so display thy dire malignity
As that dear Sufferer, hung on yonder tree.

The spotless, pure, and holy Sacrifice,
Whose arm Omnipotent first form'd the skies,
The God who made yon sun that veils his face,
Hangs like a criminal in deep disgrace.

God could not smile upon his only Son,
Although he was the pure and holy One,
While the vast load of sin was on him laid,
Until he had full satisfaction made.

'Tis finish'd now! The work of death complete;
The nails are drawn from the dear hands and feet.
The body in the sepulchre is laid,
And all the mighty debt of suffering paid.

Now seal the stone and make the guard quite strong,
And keep him in the sepulchre as long
As e'er you can.—But see the Conqueror rise!
Death can no longer close those piercing eyes.
The grave no longer can the prisoner keep,
The Conqueror has arisen from his sleep,—
To sleep no more, but to ascend on high
To his high throne above the starry sky.

Ah, cruel Sin to murder God's dear Son;
But he has risen and the victory won.
Thou didst deprive him of his mortal breath,
But he has triumph'd over thee and death.
'Thy very being he will soon destroy
In all his saints, and fill their souls with joy.
'Through their dear Lord they will the victory win,
And be for ever free from death and sin,
In that eternal world of endless day
Where every sorrow shall have pass'd away,—
Where the dear Lamb who for their sin was slain
Shall in his blood have wash'd out every stain.

Their glorious robes shall then be pure and white,
No spot nor wrinkles shall appear in sight;
For perfect holiness shall dwell within
Each ransom'd soul, for ever saved from sin.

THOUGHTS ON THE SONG OF SOLOMON.

(Continued from page 196.)

CHAPTER IV.

Verse 11. *“Thy lips, O my spouse, drop as the honeycomb. Honey and milk are under thy tongue, and the smell of thy garments is like the smell of Lebanon.”*

We have seen all along, in the words we have been considering, that there is in all God's children the truth of grace, though in this life there is the weakness of it likewise. God's people are, in comparison with what they shall be, only as new-born babes, and the new creature is in this life said to be subject to vanity, and there is in all the saints the bondage of corruption; so that Solomon calls this life, to a child of God, the days of his vanity. (Ecc. ix. 9.) He is born again from above, born of God; the incorruptible seed of a new and better life remains within him:

“Grace, like an uncorrupted seed,
Lives and abides within.
Immortal principles. . . .”

He is a new creature in Christ Jesus. There is that within not even to be found in Adam during his innocence, that which is born of the Spirit is *spirit*. Of Christ it is said, “He shall see his seed;” and Christ is said to be a quickening Spirit. Thus, then, the children of God receive in the new birth a higher life than that of Adam, and this life, this new creation, is the source and fountain of all their true and gospel obedience. Through this they mortify the deeds of the body. This keeps them from sinning with the world; “they cannot sin, because they are born of God,” and “his seed remaineth in them.” But, then, they are not all spirit. The old nature remains; it is always present and always complete,—a body of sin and death; of sin, to seduce and lead to all evil; of death, to hinder and resist as to all good. It is always in a child of God; always acting according to its proper nature, which is universally evil; always lusting against the Spirit; always warring or arming for the fight; conquering or seeking to turn even defeats into fresh victories. Deceitful above all things, powerful, and unchangeable in its enmity to all of God, it incessantly resists the grace of God in the child of God's heart; so that he cannot do what he would, but spends many an hour sighing and groaning with the apostle, “O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?” In all this, as we said at first, there is the truth of grace; but there is also its weakness, and its condition in this life as one of counteracting infirmities, vanity, conflict, restlessness, and ardent longings for a better and more perfect state. But then Christ regards that which is so weak, so beset with infirmities, with complacency and delight. Esau dwells in the house with Jacob; yet God loves Jacob. Grace dwells in the heart with sin; yet God divides the one from the other (Gen. i. 4), and approves his own grace, and forgives his people's sin.

O the riches of God's grace and love to his children in Jesus! How unsearchable is their sweetness, and God's ways towards them past finding out. We stand, at times, upon the shores of this ocean; we long to plunge into its depths, but confess ourselves to be as little children, talking, and, at times, not a little bigly, of things which we hardly at present know anything about. James tells us that the tongue is a little member, yet boasts great things. Eloquent men can sway multitudes by acting upon their passions; and, indeed, no man can properly estimate what the tongue of one individual may be effecting for good or evil in one day. David calls the tongue his glory. It was so as a man, but more especially as one who, being taught of God, had learnt to glorify God with his speech. "His word," says he, "was in my tongue." Now his tongue was restored to its proper use. When Nebuchadnezzar lauded himself and his own performances, God's voice went forth and degraded him below the condition of the beasts; but when his eye was turned upwards to heaven, and he knew that the God of heaven ruled, then his glory returned to him, and his tongue praised and extolled the king of heaven, God, in his dear Son Jesus. O happy discipline that brought the proud monarch down into the dust, that there he might own and praise the living God.

That is a solemn declaration of the word of God in respect of all natural men: "Their throat is an open sepulchre; with their tongues they have used deceit; the poison of asps is under their lips; whose mouth is full of cursing and bitterness." What a description! Here the glory of the man is turned into his shame. And this is said of all men until God turns unto them a pure language, as in Christ. "For we know that what things soever the law saith, it saith to them that are under the law." Poets and orators, wise, learned, and ignorant, scoffers and false religionists, are here all cast down into the dust as before God; for every mouth must be stopped. All are alike condemned; their words are devouring words, like sepulchres swallowing up generation after generation of the children of men.

This is a dark picture, but it is divine, and the God-taught man owns its truthfulness, puts his mouth in the dust, and flies for refuge to Jesus. In Christ all this is altered. The tongue is rescued from its degradation, and restored to its proper use of spreading forth the truth and sounding the praise of God. The lips now become as a honeycomb, and the tongue has a divine sweetness. The expressions of the words under consideration have, of course, reference to the speech of a child of God, and are designed to show how real grace rectifies a man's conversation; as Paul writes: "Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt;" and they show us three things as characteristics of God's people in this respect:

1. *Sweetness*, and this will be found in his speech concerning God, concerning the brethren, and concerning his fellow-men. When he speaks about the things of God, he does not testify of God as

a mere legalist or Pharisee, only denouncing God's judgments in the law, or proclaiming man's ability, goodness, wisdom, and righteousness. He does not assume the rough garment of an Elijah, but comes in the sweeter, more glorious, yet still and gentle ministry of an Elisha. Of Christ it is written: "His mouth is most sweet." Why? Because "full of grace are his lips." So with the child of God. So far as he is conformable to Christ and the new nature, the honey of divine truth, as it is in Jesus, flows from his lips. The honey of God's eternal electing love; of full and free redemption; of free, full, rich, almighty grace; of the Spirit's work, and grace, and power; of God as everything in man's salvation; of man as the receiver, God the free and bounteous giver. In this man's lips the doctrines drop honey, for they are filled with eternal love. The precepts drop honey, for they come from the lips of Jesus. All is in harmony; all is sweet, for

"Christ is first, and Christ is last,
And Christ is all in all."

Again. This man, when he *speaks* of God's dealings, says he does all things well. Blessed be the name of the Lord. O, how different is all this to a speech filled with a mere bitter, legal pharisaic testimony, with creature merits and capabilities, with hard speeches against God and his words and ways. How blessed to have the speech thus rectified, and to be still praising God. (Ps. lxxxiv.)

Again. As regards the brethren; there will be sweetness in speaking to them. "Grievous words stir up anger," and "the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God." The flesh acts upon the flesh, and bitter speeches to God's people do them no good. The new nature leads to different things,—to sweet, kindly, loving speech. We are told to provoke one another to good works; that is, to emulate the seraphim in Isa. vi. 3, who continually cry out, "Holy, holy, holy," inflaming, if we may so write, one another to a higher degree of love. O, this holy incitement of one another to the service and praise of God! Thus in admonishing and correcting, still this divine sweetness comes in: "In meekness instructing one another." "Ye which are spiritual, restore such a one in the spirit of meekness." Then in comforting, to apply the poet's lines:

"The tear that is wiped with a little address
May issue at length in a smile."

To all this sweetness the Holy Spirit, working in the new nature, assuredly leads. The bitterness does not proceed from him. Of much that goes on in the professing world it may be asked, "Is this the Spirit of the Lord?" "Are these his doings?"

Again. Towards our *fellow-men* generally, there will still be this sweetness. We may and must disapprove men's words and works; but we are not called upon to lose our own tempers and

become bitter and railers. "To speak evil," that is unnecessarily and improperly, "of no man," is a divine precept. There may be a sweetness as well as faithfulness in reproving sin, contending earnestly for the truth. The gospel does not do away with the natural obligation to love our neighbour as ourselves, and love worketh no ill to his neighbour. So then it is not the new nature, but the old, after all, that vents itself in bitterness, and backbiting, and evil speaking. The word of truth cannot be altered. Honey, not gall, is under the new creature's tongue.

‡ There is a *wholesomeness* and *nourishing power* about the child of God's speech. Not only is there honey, but milk. We need not enlarge here. Milk evidently is designed to represent what has a nourishing efficacy about it, as well as being a most wholesome diet. We only observe that this thought added to the other prevents mistakes. God's people are little children, but not childish individuals. Childlikeness and childishness are two very different things. "In understanding, be wise." So a mere fleshly sweetness, a universal charity, a loving speech which denies God's truth, flatters men's souls, deceives them with a false peace, and fosters them in wrong ways, is a honey which grace never gathered in the garden of God, or amongst the flowers of his paradise, but is from the ill and poison weeds of nature. The words of a child of God, as such, are both honey and milk,—honey for sweetness, milk for nourishment; feeding the new nature, the divine principle of grace and holiness, in a child of God's heart, as well as sweetening his conscience.

3. About all this sweet and wholesome speech there is a *naturalness*. I refer to the new nature. To so speak with a divine sweetness, to speak not all-destroying but soul-nourishing and salutary words, is natural to the new creature, and the Christian as after Christ. The trees of life yield imperishable food, and the leaves of the trees are for medicine. (Ezek. xlvi. 12.) This is plainly set forth by the figures and expressions of the text. It is natural for the honeycomb to drop honey, particularly when the warm rays of the sun fall upon it; therefore the land of promise was said to even flow with honey. Thus it is natural for the new nature, in which the truth of Christ really abides in all its symmetry, like the honeycomb, to drop sweet and pleasant words. And this will be particularly the case when Jesus is much with the soul. When the live coal touched the lips of Isaiah, they caught the fire of the sanctuary. When Jesus is much with a child of God, his lips will more particularly drop with a divine sweetness as the honeycomb.

Again. This naturalness is shown by the expression, "Under thy tongue." There the milk and honey are; consequently, when the mouth opens they issue forth. How different all this to what is found in mere human nature. There, "poison of asps," pouring itself forth in venomous and destructive speeches; in the saints of God, honey and milk ready to come forth in sweet and health-giving speeches. "Thy lips, O my spouse, drop as the

honeycomb. Honey and milk are under thy tongue, and flow forth in praises to myself, and good and wholesome words toward thy fellow-creatures."

LETTER TO A MINISTER.

My beloved Brother in the Lord,—It is very blessed to feel a little spiritual union with the Lord's living family. Love is of God, and is revealed by his blessed Spirit to his members, and is most humbling to one like me, who feels so cold, dark, and dead towards Christ and everything that is good.

The contents of your letter did indeed gladden my heart. "The Lord is good; a stronghold in the day of trouble." He will ever be mindful of the work of his own hands. He has, indeed, done great things for you whereof, you are glad. He has given you many sweet evidences of your interest in him, and given you many seals to your ministry. How clear, at times, it must appear to you that he has called you to this great work; but, like Paul, you have had to suffer bonds, trials, and afflictions, and your Lord and Master was despised and rejected of men. This is hard to nature, but it is enough that the servant be as his Master, and you can say, "None of these things move me" from the hope of the gospel. And those very painful things you have had to pass through, and so much dreaded, have turned out rather to the furtherance thereof. The Lord has brought you by a right way, that you may praise him for all through which you have passed. You must go into the depths before you are brought on the heights of Zion. This especial blessing to your soul was at the right time and place, so that you could say, "He hath done all things well." How precious and lovely is Christ in your view under such a sweet revelation of himself to your soul, so that you could say:

"My doubts subside, my fears remove,
And I'm completely blessed.
I love the Lord with mind and heart,
His people and his ways," &c.

The works of God are wonderful, yet one great work exceeds them all—namely, the redemption of the soul.

May the Lord continue to bless you, keep you near to himself, not permit the enemy to distress you, and make you, as you desire, an increasing blessing to the souls of his people. It looks well for Brighton, that little Babylon, that you should be so favoured there. The Lord has his jewels in that wicked place. Under this sweet feeling you could preach Christ upon the housetops to every creature as the way, the truth, and the life, and the only escape from the wrath to come. I trust I know a little what it is to weep with those that weep; and, in reading your letter, I was much favoured to rejoice with you, so that I was, in a most unusual way, refreshed in spirit, and could praise the God of all our mercies.

My hard heart was much melted at his dear feet. It is long since I shed so many tears of joy, rejoicing in Christ as my Redeemer, and that my sins are for ever put away by his precious blood. I know it was the voice of my Beloved, it so endeared him to my soul. My sins and fears were all removed. I felt myself upon the Rock. "Who is a God like unto our God, who forgiveth all our sins and healeth all our diseases?" Why was I made to hear his voice? 'Twas grace that sweetly forced us in, or we had perished. How humbling to the soul and Christ-exalting is this feeling, so that we can crown him Lord of all.

"Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God."

How mysterious, yet true, while many are left in their rags of self-righteousness. It is not for our sakes he does it, but for his own name's sake; and we most willingly give him all the glory.

When the Lord appears, how little our sufferings appear. We are ashamed that we should ever murmur, and we can then sympathize with a suffering Redeemer, for we do but taste the bitter cup, while he alone drank it up.

You are still in the body, and must not expect to continue in this sweet frame, or the Lord's people would not feel fit to come near you. This is a day of low things, more form than power, and not much desire after it. Abraham had to return to his place when the Lord had done communing with him. But the Lord is not a man that he should lie. He is faithful to his word; he is faithful to his Son. He will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice.

I am glad you are going to London. May the Lord give you strength, and be your trust, so that you may lose sight of man, and be under the blessed anointing of the Holy Ghost, that you may speak with freedom and power, and be made an especial blessing to the people. I hope the Lord will constrain you to publish his goodness towards you, and not hold your peace, for his glory and the church's good, either in the "Gospel Standard," or a little book, with a few sermons added, if Mrs. D. would write them. I hope you will do it without delay, as time is short. I should be happy to pay any loss that might arise in printing; but I believe it would have a ready sale. I have returned the letter you wrote to me, which I hope you will publish without my name appearing.

I am in a sad state of health, and often feel that I cannot last long; my nerves are so shattered, with continual pain at my spine, heart, and head. I am very low, at times; no resort in myself, cannot read or write, except a little at a time, and this with great anxiety.

I must conclude. May the Lord be with you, and supply all your needs, according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.

Miss D. unites in love to Mrs. Knill and yourself.

Yours very affectionately,

Andover, March 20, 1873.

E. P.

CONWAY STREET CHAPEL.

To the Committee of Conway Street Chapel.

Dear Brethren,—Mercy and peace be with you; and may the God of all grace and comfort bless you with much joy and peace in believing.

I must acknowledge that your kindness to poor me, when in London, deserved a letter before now. I can assure you my silence so long has not been for want of love and affection towards you; for I have you in my heart and soul, and very often in my supplication too, when the Holy Ghost favours me with the spirit of prayer. But, dear friends, I am a poor creature, full of wounds, bruises, and putrefying sores; from the crown of the head to the foot, nothing but one mass of sin, and misery in myself. I find Paul tells a truth: "In my flesh dwelleth no good thing" whatever. I am at a settled point that salvation, and salvations too, both for body and soul, for time and eternity, are all of sovereign, discriminating grace, from first to last; and I am also at a point that God's family shall be brought to know it by felt experience. When I left London, I came home with the smiles of my dear Jesus most of the journey home; and though the coach was full of carnal people, that did not hinder the Lord from breaking into my soul, and giving me a blessed discovery of his glorious Person, his wondrous love, his marvellous wisdom, his boundless power, his incomprehensible grace and goodness, which he had often caused to pass before me in the way,—before *me*, poor me, unworthy me, hell-deserving me, the weakest, the least, the most unworthy of God's goodness, of all the creation of God. And yet, notwithstanding all my unworthiness, the good Lord was pleased to bless me with his kindness, both as a God of providence and of grace. I did not want any of the legal tribe to tell me it was my duty to love, serve, and obey God with all my heart, soul, and strength; for all were in sweet exercise, to put the crown upon his head, that suffered and died-upon the cross, and rose again, and ever liveth to intercede for such unworthy rebels, who had abused his goodness and despised his grace. But after I got home I soon found plenty of exercise for both faith and patience; and to tell you the truth, I had soon but very little to exercise; for what with conflicts within, and difficulties without, and crosses of various kinds, I was brought to a complete stand, and was obliged to go to my old trade of begging again; and I begged a good while, and got very little, so that I began to be peevish, fretful, and rebellious, and to have hard thoughts of God. I thought he dealt hardly with me, and I began to muster up a few arguments in my own defence. I thought I had never brought an open reproach on his cause, and had always spoken his truth, as far as he had revealed it to me; and yet to have so many trials and so little ease, so much darkness and so little light, so much sorrow and so little joy, so much death and so little life, so much unbelief

and so little faith, so much weakness and so little strength, so much ignorance and so little wisdom;—O! I had such hard thoughts of him that I wished I had never professed his name. Ah! My friends, what wretched wickedness I felt against his sovereignty. I never need go out of my own heart to find Arminianism, Baxterianism, Socinianism, and all manner of isms that ever were in hell or out of hell. O, the depth of depraved nature! Well may it be said, it is “deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked. Who *can* know it?”

But I will tell you how the Lord managed me. He took no notice of me. He let me go on fighting and raging just like a wild bull in a net, till all my strength was quite gone, and into the dungeon I went. My feet sank in the mire and clay. Then all my rebellion was brought before me, which made me cry out most bitterly, “O that my grief were thoroughly weighed, and my calamity laid in the balances together; for now it would be heavier than the sand in the sea. Therefore, my words are swallowed up; the things that my soul refused to touch are as my sorrowful meat. I have sinned. What shall I do unto thee, O thou Preserver of men? Why hast thou set me as a mark against thee, so that I am a burden to myself?” And here I remained for many days without either sun or stars, with barely a glimmering of hope that ever the good Lord would notice such a brat again, who had treated him so shamefully, and rewarded him so disgracefully for his goodness and mercy which he had blessed me with, time after time. And had it not been for one blessed “but” I should never have had one glimmering of hope again. It is that blessed “but:” “But God, who is rich in mercy, for his great love, wherewith he loved us, even when dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ. By grace are ye saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast.” As soon as I felt the blessed unctuous power of this my heart melted, my bonds were loosed, the door was opened, and the good Lord led poor John out with thanksgiving and praise to my great Deliverer for such wondrous love and mercy displayed in one so vile and base. My heart was so full of love and gratitude that I was quite lost in holy wonder and amazement.

My dear friends, it is the unctuous power of these things felt in the soul that gives us a victory over the world, flesh, and devil, and leads us to commune with God.

Now, after my Deliverer had refreshed my poor broken, shattered soul with a precious feast of his love, he took me round Zion, and showed me her beautiful situation, the strength of her fortifications, the immortal bulwarks that surrounded her, and the wondrous towers she had; so that I could not refrain from exclaiming, “Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God. The joy of the whole earth is Mount Zion. God is known in her palaces for a refuge.” My heart was so taken up with her glory and beauty that my very soul declared, “My feet shall stand

within thy gates, O Jerusalem. Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together, whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord; for there are set thrones of judgment, the thrones of the house of David. Pray for the peace of Jerusalem. They shall prosper that love thee. Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces. For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee. Because of the house of the Lord our God, I will seek thy good!"

It is sweet work, friends, when the dear Comforter leads us forth in faith and love sweetly in exercise, into the wondrous, boundless love of Father, Son, and Spirit; one God for ever and ever. O what depths, lengths, breadths, and heights that pass knowledge! If a little drop of it is so sweet, what will it be to come to the fountain head?

But I come towards a close. I hope the Lord is with you indeed, and will ever guide you by his Spirit in all things that are right in his blessed sight. The Lord appears to be with us at Trowbridge. We have had an addition to our church, since I came home, of nine persons, and six of them God owned poor me as the unworthy instrument of bringing to happy liberty.

My dear friends, my kind love to you all for your kindness to me when with you in London; and should it be the good will of Him that dwelt in the bush at some future time for me to pay you a short visit, it will be a gratification to my very heart. The God of all grace be with you. I hope you will not reward evil for evil; that is, be as long in sending me a letter as I have been in sending to you. I want to know how you all are, and how you are getting on. I have not so much as heard of you since I left, nor how Mr. Robins is. I hope you will send soon. Give my love to all inquiring friends, and that the God of comfort may be with you all, is the prayer of

Your unworthy Brother and Fellow-Traveller,
Trowbridge, Oct. 2, 1818.

JOHN WARBURTON.

JOHN RUSK'S DIARY.

(Continued from page 199.)

[Our last completed Book No. 12. On looking through No. 13 we find the greater part is so like what we have already published that we feel persuaded it would not be generally acceptable were we to go through with it. The following, however, we think good.]

Oct. 20th, 1817.—I am as dull and low as ever, so bowed down; and though I feel a desire to seek the Lord by prayer and reading his word, yet these things are easier talked of than done; for I am so dark, and unbelief works so that I can attend to nothing. The Bible is a sealed book to me, and I am reluctant to look into it and also to bow in prayer. I am so burdened, so restless, so unsettled, so uneasy, I cannot endure to go about the trade to ask, though it is of little use. O what a weight I feel on my spirit!

I have been at home all day, which I did by no means intend, neither can I account for it; but so it has been. But this I know, that just as I was going out in much confusion, bondage, fear, unbelief, and a hurrying spirit, I entreated the Lord that if he intended me to go out my wife might say nothing about it, and if the other way, that she might say, "Don't go out." So this I watched, and she said, "I think you had better not go out till after dinner." So I agreed, and intended to go then; but made up my mind to stay at home, and have been reading the experience of Sarah White. After tea I went to the Lord Jesus, as the Searcher of all hearts, and begged that I might cast my cares and burdens upon him, and that he would favour me with his presence this evening; and I am rather more stayed. When we put up our petitions to the Lord, we want an answer immediately; but this is not always God's way. He will be waited on and waited for: "Wait, I say, on the Lord." "I waited patiently for the Lord, and he inclined his ear to me." And here lies the trial of faith; because Satan will come in, saying, "Where is now thy God?" Abraham, after he had patiently endured, inherited the promise. James says, "Let patience have her perfect work;" and Paul says, "Ye have need of patience, that after ye have done the will of God ye might inherit the promise; for yet a little while and he that shall come will come, and will not tarry." "Tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience," &c. Lord, grant that I may patiently wait and quietly hope for thy salvation, both in providence and in grace. When thou intendest me to go, then may I go; and when thou dost not intend, then may I keep back. Amen, Lord Jesus.

At night I was remarkably low, with a heavy burden on my spirits; and though I think I felt a little good in prayer with my wife, yet not to remove this weight.

21st.—I awoke with this weight still upon me. But a thought struck me, and that was that my sufferings were not for the sake of Christ. Now this is very trying so to believe; for it was suggested that it was my own bringing on through the fear of persecution and reproach. To all which I now answer, that if I had not that holy fear of God, I should not hang back in these things; for it is not natural, especially in me; for I was naturally the other way; namely, for warring after the flesh, and getting all I could. Whereas now I feel I can give it all up; and this tenderness grows upon me more and more, and I am afraid of falling from that steadfastness which Peter speaks of. And really this is a martyrdom; for we all know that such conduct is contrary to nature. Flesh says, "Get all you can, and keep all you get." Therefore I conclude with Paul: "For thy sake are we killed all the day long." But why? Because sooner then be in union with the world, sooner then dishonour God and be drawn away into forbidden paths, there is a desire to give it all up together, and encourage that holy fear and tenderness, expect-

ing that God will fulfil his promise that if we first "seek the kingdom of God and his righteousness, all other things shall be added unto us." And he has led me on this way for 14 or 15 years; not without using the means or looking for work, yet very cautiously and fearful; and when Satan has driven me on faster, I have gained no ground that way as I ever can recollect. Our time is always ready, but his time may not be yet. From all which it is a painful path. Besides, which of us by taking thought can add one cubit to his stature? Though the Lord give you the bread of adversity, &c., he maketh poor and maketh rich. He putteth down one and sets up another. "Then," say you, to sum up the whole, "We may sit at home by the fireside, and expect God to come and supply our wants." God forbid! I have no such presumptuous meaning in what I am writing. You must learn to steer between these two texts: "Take no thought for the morrow," and "He that provides not for his own house has denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." None but the blessed Spirit can lead us aright in these things. When we take a view of God's dealings with us according to sense and reason, there appears to be very little to be thankful for, so blinded are we by the devil. But not so when faith is in exercise. Then it is we can say with David that his mercies are more in number than the hairs of our head. It is a mercy I am out of hell; it is a mercy I am on praying ground; it is a mercy I have a praying heart; it is a mercy I have bodily health; it is a mercy I am separate from the world; it is a mercy to have an appetite for spiritual provision; it is a mercy to have a good hope; it is a mercy to be crossed in providence; it is a mercy to be poor in soul and in pocket; it is a mercy to have friends and a mercy to be without them; it is a mercy to have a good dinner and plenty, and a mercy to walk the streets without a halfpenny and a hungry stomach; it is a mercy to have a house to dwell in, a bed to lie on, and clothes to wear; it is a mercy to be preserved from fire, from thieves, and the children and ourselves from many accidents; it is a mercy to have a preached gospel, and a mercy for that gospel to be attended with power to our souls; it is a mercy to be in the possession of grace; and it is a mercy to be exercised about it, and to have many fears of coming short of it. And thus I might go on. I do not believe there is one single circumstance that can possibly take place to a believer but it is a mercy, had he eyes to see things as they are in their proper light. Bless God for all his mercies.

"Seek those things which are above." "God made man upright, but they have sought out many inventions." Man, therefore, is fallen entirely from his Maker; so that every faculty of his soul is turned from God to the devil, alienated from the life of God, in the possession of a carnal mind, which is enmity against God, far from him by wicked works, destitute of all righteousness, a sinner, a rebel, and wholly, by the fall, given up to the devil. This is a short description of the fall of man.

He is stripped of all good, and is in full possession of all evil; and all this evil is rooted in his nature. "Born in sin and shapen in iniquity." But God, from all eternity, in his own secret purpose, and according to the counsel of his own will and good pleasure, fixed his eternal love upon a certain number of the human race, and gave them life in Christ Jesus before ever they fell in Adam. Therefore Jude says, "Preserved in Christ Jesus, and called." Now, though we all fell in Adam, and are by nature children of wrath, one as well as another, yet, even in this state, the elect are preserved in Christ Jesus; so that sin shall not be our ruin. And, in the fulness of time, the Lord Jesus Christ came into this world and satisfied divine justice for all the sins of God's elect, both original and actual. And thus he opened a new and living way of access to God the Father. So that now "mercy and truth have met together, righteousness and peace have kissed each other." But, though all this and much more is done, yet the elect, as well as the reprobate, come into this world in that fallen state which I hinted at at first, and go on in sin, blinded by Satan. And, though they may hear these things spoken of, though they may sit where they are preached, and though they may read the scriptures, yet they know nothing about it (only speculatively) till the Holy Spirit, who is the fruit and effect of the great undertaking and finished work of the Lord Jesus, is sent into their hearts to enlighten them and quicken them to see and feel their awful state. And this good Spirit sets them in right earnest to seek from the heart, and from a real sense of their need, four things which are to be had in this world, and which are above, and which they will enjoy to all eternity. "Seek those things which are above."

1. Their being made *sensible of the infinite distance* there is between God and them; that sin has separated between us and God, and our iniquities have hid his face from us. I say, if the blessed Spirit is in us we shall be greatly concerned to have sin and guilt removed, and to have the presence and approbation of God; and we never can rest, if rightly convinced of sin, till this is the case. "God is angry with the wicked every day;" and none appear so wicked as a sensible sinner does in his own eyes. And when we find that these things have been attained by many in God's word, sometimes we shall be encouraged to hope that it will be our happy lot to have sin removed and God shining in our hearts, giving us the light of the knowledge of the glory of himself in the Lord Jesus Christ. Now, this is to be sought for; and this is one of the things above. Hence David heartily agrees with it: "When thou saidst, Seek ye my face, my heart said, Thy face, Lord, will I seek." And this is what I have been at for many years. Not only at first, but ever after. We should seek it to the day of our death. God will often hide his face to try us: "Verily, thou art a God that hideth thyself, O God of Israel, the Saviour." But we can never rest, if in our right minds, till he shines again. And, as this is one of the

things above, we shall enjoy it to all eternity: "I shall behold thy face in righteousness; I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness." "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." O, this is a blessed consideration to poor sensible sinners, to think there will be an end to it all, and that they shall enjoy his presence uninterruptedly to all eternity, after a few more light afflictions, which are but for a moment. "For if in *this life only* we have hope in Christ, we should be of all men most miserable." But we look higher. "We seek those things that are above."

2. *Peace* is another thing which sensible sinners are to seek after. We have it not by nature; for destruction and misery are in all our ways, and the way of peace we know not. "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." But the Lord Jesus Christ made peace by the blood of his cross; and through his sufferings and death we have peace with God, and in no other way. But it is the blessed Spirit that must testify of him to us, or we shall never know anything about this blessed peace. A sensible sinner can read it in the scriptures, hear it preached, and hear God's children talk about it; but he still remains the same, till the Holy Spirit takes of the things of Jesus and shows them unto *him*, as an individual. This I well know. Sin and guilt must be removed from our consciences before ever we can find a solid peace. And this is done by the blood of the Lord Jesus, which the good Spirit testifies of to the conscience, by working faith in our hearts to believe that he suffered for us; and then it is that we love God. Faith works by love. We love the Father for giving his Son; we love the Son for giving himself; and we love the blessed Spirit for making us sensible of our need of him and revealing him to our hearts. And this brings a sweet peace. This peace will often be disturbed in this world; for this is not our rest. We shall find things run very crookedly to flesh and blood; in the family unruly children and trying providence; so that we shall find it hard work to get bread for them. Many knotty things there shall be in our experience which appear staggering to us, occasioned by various changes in the soul for the trial of faith. Also this corrupt nature which we carry about with us; many temptations from Satan, who goeth about like a roaring lion; great differences amongst good people which he is the cause of; an ungodly world which we are forced to get our bread with, who hate God's children, persecute and reproach them; and many hypocrites who are worse than they; errors and heresies of all sorts. These things, and many more will ever disturb the peace of God's children. But still, as Peter says, we are to seek peace and ensue it. First, with God the Father, through the merits of the Lord Jesus Christ; for, being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ. Secondly, with conscience: "Let the peace of God reign in your hearts." And it adds: "Be at peace among yourselves;" which shows we should seek the peace and prosperity of

Zion. "They shall prosper that love thee," says David. And this is to be sought after, and is one of the things that are above. Hence the prophet Isaiah says, "They shall enter into peace; they shall rest in their beds, each one walking in his uprightness. "Seek those things that are above."

A LETTER BY MR. HUNTINGTON.

The Heir-at-Law to his aged and benign Parents sendeth greeting, with perfect Peace, and at such a time.

I was glad to hear by Lady S. that poor James is better. Life and death are in the hand of our Lord. He has conquered both death and the grave, and we are in union with the resurrection and the life. His righteousness is our breastplate, through which the devil's darts cannot penetrate, through which the curse of the law cannot enter, and against which death's attacks can make no impression. The soul is alive for evermore. Hope is its anchor, and God its shield. Truth is its girdle, and peace its ammunition shoes. The Spirit is its possessor and Christ its owner; and he will never lose his right, nor give up his charge. "He that believes shall never die; on such the second death hath no power." The body, the clog, the burden,—the body of death, the weakest part, shall go the wall; and this is all the devil can boast of with respect to the saints. These shall be raised again, and then the devil, the king of darkness and of pride, the famous god of this world, shall be judged by the saints, and we shall accuse and condemn him that has so often accused and condemned us; and shall take them captives whose captives we were, and rule over our oppressors. Then shall the poor despised flocks of Christ be "terrible as an army with banners."

All these things we have in hope, and hope is stedfast; and what we have in hope we shall soon have in hand; for "faith is the substance of things hoped for; the evidence of things not seen." Every heavenly smile, every enlargement, every indulgence, every comfort, every promise, every deliverance, all succour, and all support, are so many pledges, earnest, foretastes, and first-fruits of the future. And blessed inheritance; and our Lord will give us a few tastes of these, just to let us know that our Redeemer liveth and that we are not forgotten of him. But the new and good wine must be kept till the last, when we shall drink so as to forget our poverty, and remember our misery no more for ever.

Farewell. Grace, mercy, and peace be with you. So prays,

May 27, 1806.

THE DOCTOR.

He shall have no more glory in us and on us than accrues out of what he bestows and lays forth in grace upon us; so that our happiness as the effect will extend as far as his own glory as the end; and as he designs to have a glory to the utmost, so he will show favours to the utmost.—*Dr. Goodwin.* (See "The Marrow of Dr. Goodwin's Works," published by R. Banks, 30, Ludgate Hill.)

SWEET ASSURANCE.

SWEET assurance! O what is it?
 Something far beyond man's ken.
 Something more than yonder vapour
 Rising from the marshy fen;
 Something more than fleeting shadows,
 Or a bubble on the stream.

Years ago my Saviour told me
 I was spotless in his sight;
 In his image he beheld me
 Pure and perfectly upright;
 That I was, and ever should be
 Heaven's darling and delight.

What's the use of simply thinking
 Or believing Jesus died,
 If by faith I'm never drinking
 From that ever-flowing tide
 Which the Roman soldier open'd
 When he pierced the Saviour's side?

Hungry souls want something more than
 Simply sitting round the board;
 Looking will not satisfy them,
 Nor the least relief afford.
 True believers want to feast on
 Jesus Christ their risen Lord.

End of faith and its beginning,
 All in all to me thou art;
 Closer still I would be clinging
 To thy sympathizing heart.
 Wrap me in thy pure embraces;
 From thee let me ne'er depart.

Lew Down, Nov. 23, 1873.

R. B.

THERE is indeed cause to wonder at the Atheism of the world, since men can look nowhere, without some witness of a Deity to stare them in the face. But, O! There is a more refined Atheism that lies in the bosom of a professed assent to divine truth, and is not easily discerned, though not the less dreadful that it goes under a cover, not only from the view of others, but even from a man's self.—*Fleming* (1681).

THERE are but two states, one saving, the other damning,—a state of sin and a state of righteousness. All men are included in one of them. All men are divided into two ranks. In regard of their principle, some are in the flesh, some in the Spirit. In regard of their obedience, some walk after the flesh, some after the Spirit. Some are slaves to the flesh, others are led by the Spirit. In regard of the exercise of their minds, their nobler faculty, some mind the things of the flesh, others the things of the Spirit; some swinishly wallow in sin, others place the delights of their spirits upon better and higher objects.—*Charnock*.

INQUIRIES AND ANSWERS.

J. F. inquires if it be right to sing hymns at funerals.

ANSWER.

We can see no objection to singing suitable hymns at the funerals of God's children, and we believe the practice has often been soothing and sweet to God's people and those bereaved; though it is quite true, as J. F. says, that often the mourners are not able to sing. It is one of those things which must be left to individual judgment and feeling.

Dear Mr. Editor,—Ever since I built a room for the ministry of experimental truth, we have been accustomed, when we could not procure supplies for the pulpit, to read sermons by those servants of God, Mr. Gadsby, Mr. Philpot, Mr. Smart, Mr. Warburton, Mr. Hazlerigg, and other like-minded men in the things of God, whose memory is dear to us, and whom we highly esteem in love for their work's sake; and often, while reading them and hearing them read, if we are not deceived, has the light and life of the blessed Spirit accompanied them to our souls; and while they have been tracing out the marks and evidences of a work of grace in the heart have our own hearts been encouraged by having our own experience entered into, and we have found food for faith, hope, and love. But one of our people said to some of the friends who meet with us that he would neither read sermons nor sit to hear them read, thinking they ought not to be published nor read in the assemblies of the saints. By this remark their minds were wounded; and they, with myself, would like to know your mind about the reading of them.

That the God of all grace may make all grace abound toward you and in you, is the desire of

Yours very affectionately, for the Truth's sake,

Chipstone, Feb. 16.

J. C.

ANSWER.

A good stated minister is in our judgment the best thing for a church. Where this is unattainable, the pulpit should, if possible, be filled with good supplies, men who preach God's pure truth with life and power from an experience of its efficacy. But where neither of these things can be had, we consider an instructive, experimental, savoury sermon, well read, far preferable to a dry, dreary, pointless performance in the shape of preaching. What objection there is to publishing sermons of good men, and reading them, when edifying preaching is not to be obtained, we cannot see. In the Bible we have the published reports of sermons once preached. Numbers of God's destitute ones have been helped and blessed from published sermons. Surely, then, the objection is most frivolous. We must warn our readers against three sorts of persons: 1, Leaders of causes who, in the spirit of Diotrephes, would exclude even good preachers, lest their own glory should be eclipsed, or influence superseded;

2, Would-be preachers who merely are seeking to remove what seems in the way of their pulpit aspirations; and, 3, penurious professors who would like preaching well enough, and prefer it to reading, only the latter article is less costly.

Dear Sir,—Will you kindly state your mind, or rather what you consider is the mind of the Spirit, concerning our chapels, or buildings, erected for God's children to meet in for prayer and worship. Is it right for a child of God engaged in prayer to speak of the tottering walls in which the church has met as "thy house," "thy sanctuary," and to call *it* the "house of God?" Jacob found it to be none other than the house of God in the open air, *because God was there manifestedly*. And so with us, whether in the open air, in our shops, homes, or chapels, when we realize his blessed presence, our souls can repeat Jacob's words.—E. S.

ANSWER.

We may be too captious about particular expressions. When children of God in prayer use the words "house of God," "a sanctuary," as applied to places they are in, we merely suppose them to mean that such places are set apart for God's worship. The greatest objection to these terms is that they may appear to sanction the superstitious notions of those who connect some peculiar presence of God and sacredness with a particular place, independently of those who worship there. The true worshipper makes the place a Bethel. Perhaps the best preservative for our correspondent's ears from being injured by words would be his heart much engaged in the spirit of the worship. We should not, too, forget that if some persons are very superstitious and over reverence the place of worship, the great and crying fault of many of our people is a slovenly, irreverential way of conducting themselves, both in the places and in the acts of divine worship.

MATTHEW'S name, a *gift*, seems suited to one who received the free grace of the Lord.—*Hawker*.

SOME traces of the moral law remain, producing what we call the moral sense or conscience; and the lamp of reason burns, though with a dimmer light, yet sufficient to direct our worldly matters; but the spiritual life is quenched. We are "born of the flesh" (Jno. iii. 6), born with "a carnal mind, which is enmity against God" (Rom. viii. 7); and nothing suits us well but what is pleasing to the flesh. Spiritual service is a shackle put upon the mind; and, when the heart is collared with devotion, it drudges through it very heavily, stops short, starts back, flies out right and left, looks a hundred ways at once, and keeps lowing for the world all the time; just like the two Philistine cows which drew the Lord's ark to Beth-shemesh; they were yoked fast together, and drew forwards, but kept lowing for their calves all the while; and, though engaged in religious draught, both of them fell a sacrifice at Beth-shemesh, were slaughtered, quartered, and consumed by fire (1 Sam. vi. 10, &c.),—an awful resemblance of the end of those who find God's worship not a pleasant service, but religious drudgery.—*Berridge*.

Obituary.

C. W. MOUNTFORT.—On Jan. 28th, aged 57, Mr. Charles Mountfort, minister of the gospel, Walsall.

The Lord was pleased to call him by grace at the early age of 16. He then attended the Church of England; but the Lord taught him to see the emptiness of the rounds of formal service there, and led him to look after something more to satisfy his soul. At this time he met with a man who began to talk to him about eternal realities, and he told him that he would not find the pure gospel preached in Walsall, but there were a few who travelled on the Sabbath day to Wolverhampton, to a chapel in John Street, where it was preached. The time and place were agreed upon where they should meet on the Sabbath morning; and much longed for was the time, when Mr. M. hoped to hear something his soul was longing after. I am not aware who the minister was he heard, as there were so many at that time supplied. All the blessed men of God who could be got were engaged,—Gadsby, Warburton, Cowper, Tiptaft, G. Francis, Foreman, and many others; but Mountfort's ears were from that time bored. He was for ever spoiled from hearing the Church minister at Walsall. But for this strange step he had taken he suffered much from his friends, both at home and at the warehouse; so much so that he told me he used to retire into the place where the straw was kept for packing, and there pour out his soul to the Lord in prayer. At that time that union was formed with him and me that never will be dissolved. Though our communion is broken in this life, sweet and unbroken it was while life lasted,—twin brothers for nearly 40 years. When the news of his death was brought to me by his much-loved deacon, I felt it too much to bear. We had lived and loved each other dearly.

At the time he travelled to Wolverhampton, I, with a few more, was going from Darlaston to the same place every Lord's day to hear the same men; and here I first met with my dear brother Mountfort, when we opened our hearts to each other, and we found room for each other there; and as my trade lay mostly in Walsall, I moved there; when he used to come to my house in the evening from the hot persecution before named, glad to tell his sad and gloomy tale, and I felt my soul stirred within me to comfort him as much as I could. Two or three hours' conversation and a hymn seemed to arm him for the next day's opposition.

Many months passed on in this profitable way, and talking of the dear men we heard preach, and what effect it had upon our souls while hearing. Those Sabbaths were most blessed, and that chapel really was honoured by the Lord. Many souls about that time were savingly called out of the kingdom of darkness and built up in the glorious truths of the gospel. About the year 1832,—a memorable dispensation I have considered it to be, young men were called of God with their hearts made warm, and longing to hail the Lord's day morning, whatever the weather might be. After hearing these men of God, we longed for a place where we could meet together on a week evening, and invited one and another to come. I remember one evening, after a Mr. Weldon, of Birmingham, had been preaching, we sat together; and my dear brother Mountfort, with his soul in his ears, being swift to hear and slow to speak, Mr. Weldon observed how intense he seemed in hearkening, and said, "Young man, you have a large pair of ears and a large pair of eyes, but a small mouth." At that time, when in company, M. was not talkative, but, like Mary, he pondered things well in his heart. I have condemned myself when in his company, and considered him wise and me the talking and prating fool; but he was a man of dear and sound judgment,

both in temporal and spiritual things. Great grace rested upon him and dwelt in him. After a time he married a Miss Townshend, from Bridgnorth, and removed to London, to manage a business in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and, with his wife, became a member with the church meeting then in Eden Street; but in five years he removed again to Walsall, and began business as a saddlers' ironmonger, which he carried on up to his death. All who traded with him found him an honest and upright man to the very letter; and I do believe if ever a trade was carried on with prayer, and a humble dependence on the Lord, his was. Again he met with the few that loved him, and who had opened a room for preaching while he was in London; but this room being uncomfortable they took a neat little chapel, just shut up by the Primitive Methodists; and his mind having been exercised about the ministry, and the people feeling the same spirit respecting him, he was urged to speak to them in the Lord's name. He at last consented to do so, and it was soon found that the right man was in the right place. This I can well witness, and the Lord by his testimony proved that a man's gift maketh room for him; and as I was in the habit of going out in my poor way to supply the churches round, and they wanting men who were able to speak out of the heart into the heart, I was pleased to inform them of dear Mr. Mountfort; and he soon received letters of invitation to many places. Then he would tell me I had said too much respecting him; but I knew the people wanted a living ministry, and that his was such.

I need not take up too much of your valuable space to describe his ministry, as a great number of your readers can testify of it. While I have sat under it on a Wednesday evening, how little I seemed to be in a way of preaching, and have many times said he should never hear me try to preach again. O, the dear man! How alive he seemed to be while probing the heart by his experimental and practical preaching! How closely he cut! Many had said he would never get a large congregation; but though he cut close at everything in the life of profane and professing men, he had a few that loved him the more for it. O, how he would dissect the heart and ransack every corner of it; and though he was such a godly man in his life, yet he felt such depths of iniquity within that he could come down to the most tried and harassed of the Lord's dear family. His mental exercises were great, at times, and no doubt tended to wear out his vital powers.

The commencement of his last illness was in October, though he felt his health declining all through the year. He preached at Datchworth Thursday evening, the 23rd, which was the last place he preached at from home. When he returned next day he complained of great oppression at his chest and difficulty in breathing. On the Saturday he felt chilliness, and said he must have taken cold, and a severe pain came in his left side. His wife tried to persuade him not to go out on the Sabbath day; but as he had been out so much from his people through the year, he felt anxious to serve them, and preached in the morning and evening, though with much pain and suffering. On the Monday he saw a doctor, who pronounced it to be pleurisy, and said there was a weakness at his heart, and he would need great care. He kept his bed for a few days, and was greatly favoured at that time, which will be seen by a letter he wrote to his sister-in-law after the Lord had blessed the means for his relief. (We hope to give this letter at some future time.)

He gradually improved, but not sufficiently to fulfil his engagements announced on the "Standard," which was a cause of great exercise to him. Still he cherished a hope that he should be strengthened to do so in answer to the many prayers that were offered up for him; but his affliction increased, and proved that it was not the Lord's will to raise him

again to his wonted health and strength. Yet he rallied sufficiently to speak occasionally to his own people. The last Sabbath he preached to them was the first in this year. The morning text was Hab. iii. 2. In the afternoon he administered the ordinance in a very impressive manner, and in conclusion gave out hymn 501, Gadsby's Selection. He did not intend going out in the evening; but a few expressed a wish he should speak a few words, if able; and that was enough for his willing mind in the Lord's service; and no persuasions of his anxious family could prevent him, as he seemed to have an earnest from the Lord that he would be doing right. His text was Eph. v. 8. What he spoke will not be forgotten by many while life lasts. He was much exhausted afterwards, and from that time gradually became weaker.

He took to his bed the following Wednesday, and consulted another doctor, who said it was bronchitis and heart disease. His labour for breath, at times, was very distressing, and for some days he passed through great darkness of soul, and would sometimes say, "This is hard work with such a decaying body." His mind became so weak with his body, that he could not converse with any of his friends but for a very short time, which was a grief to them, though no doubt wisely ordered. He often appeared to be in solemn prayer.

On the 27th he was taken suddenly with violent palpitations. At 8 o'clock in the evening the doctor gave him strong stimulants, but said he could not live many hours. He was quite aware of that; for soon afterwards he turned to his wife, and, pressing her hand, said, "My time is short." Two of his members came in. He shook hands with them, and said, "I did not think I was going to leave you to-day, but the will of the Lord be done. Blessed immortality! Come, Lord, and take me." He then lifted his eyes several times with heavenly solemnity, and, with a few sighs, peacefully fell asleep, at 3 o'clock in the morning.

He was truly, to his family and to his church, an example of the believers in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity. As I was in London at the time of his interment, his beloved brother Dennett officiated, and, in a very solemn and appropriate manner, addressed the members who had assembled, not only of his own congregation, but others. His death was noticed with regret in the local paper as having been minister of Hall Lane chapel for upwards of 20 years, and being much respected both in public and private life.

SIMEON BURNS.

REBECCA KEAL.—At Oakham, on March 7th, 1874, in her 84th year, Miss Rebecca Keal.

The exact time and way in which the Lord began his work in the soul of our dear friend cannot be noted. It will suffice to say that she was amongst "the dry bones," when the Lord caused a shaking amongst them in the early days, and by the ministry of that late honoured servant of his, Mr. William Tiptaft, in the years 1832-3, of which times his friend and brother, the late esteemed Mr. Philpot, speaks, in his memoir of him, and describes to the life at pages 75 to 77. Previous to this she had been (as she has been heard to say) very vain and worldly, fond of amusements, particularly dancing and playing at cards; and she would speak of the times when she and her late cousin, Mr. Tiptaft, used to play at whist together, and they were almost sure to win. She was so skilful in this game that when she visited her brother, who was in the army, he would invite his brother officers to meet and play at whist with her, and his sister was generally the winner. It was while so engaged at the house of a relation that the Lord manifestly met with

her. To use her own expression, "she had no *words*, but a power came over her which brought a deep awe upon her spirit, and obliged her to lay down the cards, go up stairs, and weep a flood of tears from the sense she had of the sinful pleasures in which she was engaged." She was entreated to go and finish the game; but she firmly refused, saying, "I believe I shall never play at cards again;" and she never did.

Upon this followed a separation from other worldly pursuits and so-called pleasures; and her exceeding love of dress gave place to a peculiar plainness of apparel, which ever formed a striking contrast to the greater number of women even in our churches of truth.

She was brought under a full conviction of her state as a sinner before God, and of her own utter helplessness as to any part she could perform in the salvation of her soul, and that "God would be perfectly just if he were to send her soul to hell;" which assurance she would often speak of almost to the close of her days.

She was led firmly to embrace the doctrines of truth which Mr. Tiptaft had newly brought into these parts; and from her firm adherence to them, and the fruits they produced through so many years, it bears the evidence that she had rightly received the truth in the love of it. Being much tried in her mind as to the reality of the Spirit's work in her soul, she thought she would once more go to church, desiring to form a judgment whether she was right in leaving the religion in which she had been brought up. The vicar was at that time aiming side-blows at the "strange doctrines" which had been brought into the neighbourhood by a native of it, a young "seceder;" and he made the plain assertion that "salvation is not unconditional." In the warmth of her zeal and indignation, she said to her sister, "That is a lie, and I will come here no more!" so assured she was that salvation could not come to her soul upon conditions. The Lord was pleased to lay upon her mind, with much weight, Rom. x. 17. She had found the "word as a hammer, to break the rock in pieces;" and she hoped upon and pleaded that word: "Unto him that hath shall more be given." Also the earnest cry was put into her heart, "Give me understanding, and I shall live." She would say, "That is Christ, the Light of life, which I want." She had a deep sense of the ignorance, blindness, and hardness of her heart and nature, and the petition, Ps. cxix. 144, formed her frequent and ardent cry through many years.

Few persons, perhaps, have their souls so much exercised and kept alive through so many years, kept low under a deep sense of their nature's evil and their deep desert of the Lord's wrath, with so little divine comfort, and so little assurance of their soul's safety, as was her lot. She was so afraid of taking what the Lord himself had not given her, so suspicious of the devil as an angel of light, and made very honest and tender in conscience. She was the subject of much legal conflict, and, when a word came, she was more engaged to find out whence it came, and whether she was *the character*, and to search out her own disqualifications, than in venturing to plead it before the Lord, and asking him to increase and strengthen that upon which she was caused to hope.

Mr. Godwin once spoke from Ps. cxix. 31: "I have stuck unto thy testimonies," &c., under which hearing she said she received a word of reproof, correction, and instruction upon that point.

She was remarkable for her originality of character; all her words and ways were original, and her most *powerful* voice gave a peculiar force to her expressions, whether in lamentation, hope, or praise. Our ministers, by whom she was esteemed, and whom she esteemed for their work's sake, all remarked this, and felt true soul union with her. She

bore evident marks of a pilgrim Zionward in her conversation, which was manifest to all but herself. Her back was upon the world. She was very considerate for the poor, and, as long as she was able to command her own purse, she would use self-denial for their sake, and to help the cause of God and his saints. She and her late sister united with their brother in providing a place for the worship of God in Oakham in years that are past. Amongst her *faithful* sayings to some of the Lord's people, who had more of this world's goods than herself, were these: "I would much rather die poor than with a *heap*;" and, "One of my petitions for *you* is, that the Lord would never let you think you do anything for his cause and people, for he gives you both the will and the power; it is all his own."

At times she sank remarkably low in her mind. As she was subject to epilepsy, no doubt the enemy was permitted to work upon the depression which attends it, and she would seem nigh to despair. Unbelief wrought greatly, and caused her to doubt whether she had ever been the subject of anything real. In one of these states, she resisted everything as a ground of hope which a friend who called tried to bring before her, until, wearied out with vain attempts to comfort her, the friend said to her, "I must leave you, dear R., for the Lord to show you 'your signs.' I am convinced *he* will not leave you." After a minute's pause, she cried out, "*O how I would love him if I could!*" Upon which she was asked, "How came you by a *will* to love him? Were you born with it?" &c. She said, the next day, hope sprang out of that inquiry. She knew her desire was real, and none but the Lord could give it; therefore she believed he would fulfil it.

Ps. xxxiii. 18, 19, was a word upon which she hung and hoped for years. She was a very attentive hearer of the word, but she would say, "I am like a child at the breast, quiet whilst I am sucking it in, but so soon restless and hungry again." At one time, that late dear servant of God, Mr. W. Brown, then of Godmanchester, spoke very suitably to her case from Jer. xlv. 5: "Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not." And, in conversation afterwards, she said he showed her that, in so doing, she overlooked many sweet tokens for good, and was tempted to "despise the day of small things," and did not consider that in the crucifixion of the flesh was the life of the spirit.

At another time, she had her faith much strengthened under hearing Mr. Godwin from Isa. lx. 20. She would often refer to this as long as her memory lasted, and would want renewed evidences of the hope she had under that sermon that the days of her mourning should be ended.

She loved to walk alone in the fields, and at such times was often deeply exercised in her soul. On one occasion, her views of her inward depravity and of the Lord's forbearing mercy were such that she could not forbear sounding out of her full heart to the Lord, "*I am all badness; thou art all goodness!*" She had deep views of the Lord's holiness, greatness, majesty, and power; and it was remarkable with what energy, fervour, and power she delighted to repeat the words of David's prayer, 1 Chron. xxix. 11, 12. Some of our ministers who heard her would say they never so heard them uttered before. Even five or six weeks before her death, she repeated them correctly in her usual manner, when she had become so feeble in mind and body that her memory failed for almost all other things; and at the same time, she feelingly repeated hymn 1067:

"Jesus, thy light impart," &c.;

which spoke her heart's desires. She would pen her feelings sometimes in a verse or two, such as the following:

“As for treasures deeply hidden,
 Would my soul make diligent search,
 By God's Holy Spirit bidden,
 Till Christ I find, who heads his church.
 “Then would love and praise burst forth
 To the Eternal One in Three;
 And the great Pearl of countless worth
 Should e'en be found by worthless me.”

At one time, or ever she was aware, or without thinking of verse, she said these desires were given her:

“I want to love thee, Lord,
 Thy people and thy ways,
 To feed upon thy word,
 And sing the song of praise.”

Amongst her scraps she writes: “I awoke one Sunday morning with these words: ‘Arise, and Christ shall give thee light.’ They continued some hours with sweetness in them; it remains to be proved from whom they came.” She was much attached to our late beloved pastor, Mr. Philpot, and he felt true soul union with her, which increased; and in his visits here, after he ceased to be pastor over the church, he had some profitable conversations with her, which caused him to express “that it was a great blessing to find her soul kept so alive and exercised; and he was led to hope that after her *many* years of doubts and fears it might please the Lord to give her a blessed end.”

It is believed that the most comforting seasons of assurance as to her soul's safety through the pardon of her sins were about two years since, just previous to her keeping her room several weeks from great weakness, and it was not expected that she would be able to leave it again. One day, as a friend entered her house, she met her, and called aloud, “Come in, I have something *so good* to tell you. I awoke this morning at 5 o'clock with Heb. viii. 12. O! The words were so sweet; but I said, ‘Is it for *me*? Were they *my* sins, Lord?’ And it was spoken again, so that I know it is mine; and it continues so sweet, and abides with me. Is it not a golden promise?” Her face shone with the gladdened feelings of her soul; and one who has often mourned with her rejoiced in her joy.

Shortly after this, the same friend called one evening, and found her very solemn and thoughtful. After a little time she said, “You once asked me if I could give leave for Titus i. 2 to be put upon my tombstone. I have weighed it over many times, *and I am sure it may*. The Lord must have given me that blessed hope, and kept it alive, or it could not have endured through such varied exercises for so many years. He has kept my soul alive in famine; and that is nothing less than a miracle.”

She never, after these things, sank so low in her soul. It was evident that she was more stayed, and she would often express her desire to depart and leave her sinful dust, and be with the Lord. She remarked on two or three occasions, when, as she thought, death seemed to draw near, that it seemed to have no terrors for her; all her fears were gone.

She was strictly scrupulous not to take to herself anything that was not given to her of the Lord; and to the friend before named, to whom she bequeathed her Bible, she said, “You will find many marks, and leaves turned down; and you *know a little* of the exercises with which I have read my Bible. Wherever you find ‘R. K.’ put, you may be sure that passage spoke to *my* case, or I dare not have put my initials against

it." All the scriptures I have named *are* so marked by her own hand, and others, more than I can name; and also her Gadsby's Hymns, in which she delighted much. And she would solace herself in her waking hours by repeating many which she knew. It is difficult to note her favourite hymns, they were so many,—30, 129, 143, 278, 283, 289, 378, 385, 702, 736. This verse of the latter hymn she used very feelingly to repeat:

"Needy, and naked, and unclean," &c.

It may be added that she was fond, in the early hours of the morning, of repeating Matt. v. 1-12; and would say, "I find in them a sweet fund for meditation, and by them, at times, my mind is armed against earthly thoughts."

There was something so real and genuine in her religion, she was so separate in heart and soul from the world and professors, that all who knew her must trace the difference which grace alone could make and preserve. She was again in a measure raised so as to get down stairs, but eventually she had her bed in a room down stairs; and she continued so feeble in body and mind that she became unable to converse, and her life, which had been very solitary since the loss of her sister in 1867, became much more so. But it will be long remembered what a hearty blessing in the name of the Lord she would pronounce upon those few friends who were in the habit of going to see her, and to whom her heart was knit in love for the truth's sake; and it is believed it carried with it a prayer, and therefore it shall come unto them.

Two or three months before her death, her servant said to her that she was writing a few lines to her only remaining sister, and asked if she had any message. She said very collectedly, "Tell her I do not expect to be much longer here. Mine is a weary life; but I have a good hope of a home hereafter."

The ministers who came amongst us, and whose visits she had much enjoyed, those especially who had come for many years, she had now no strength to enable her to see, desire failing for almost every earthly thing; and she would often fervently express how earnestly she desired to have the Lord's summons to leave her frail tabernacle.

She was confined to her bed only three weeks; the last week she lay in dying circumstances. About ten days before her death, she seemed one morning very comfortable. Her servant, who had been with her many years, said her mistress had talked very nicely to her that morning. A friend who went in remarked to her, "The Lord will deal tenderly with you, dear R., like as a father, for you are his child." She instantly and firmly answered, "*I don't doubt it a bit.* He is infinite in wisdom; he cannot err." To hear those welcome words from a dear, aged, dying saint, who had been a doubter for so many years, was indeed a cheering sound. She was reminded how often she had said, "What a reconciler to my mind is faith in God's sovereignty; and she said, "So it is *now.*"

The following morning she said to the same friend, "I have had sharp discipline; *but all is right;*" which latter words she often repeated. On the last occasion of her words being understood, she said, "The favour—the favour! I want one word!" Her servant said, "Do you mean, 'Remember me, O Lord, with the favour,' &c.?" She answered, "That's it." Afterwards, "Not afraid—not troubled—going home. Am I going home? Hope and trust the everlasting arms are underneath me. Praise the Lord."

She had been "a mourner over her sins and after Christ" for many years. "The days of her mourning" were ended on March 7th, at four o'clock in the afternoon; and she is now singing the song of praise which she so longed after when here below. "Thine, O Lord, is the greatness,

and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty," &c. (1 Chron. xxix. 11, 12.)

This feeble testimony of the Lord's dealings with a departed sister in the faith, a true Shulamite, is written by a near neighbour for 30 years, and

AN ATTACHED FRIEND.

MARTHA TOMBS.—On Oct 25th, 1873, aged 27, Martha Tombs.

My dear sister could never say when the Lord began a work of grace in her soul; but it must have been as far back as 1861 or 1862. It was with a feeling that the Lord's people had a something that she had not; and she longed to know it for herself. Her heart seemed ever with them. Whenever the doors were open she was never absent, and sometimes she got a little encouragement, especially at the prayer meetings.

In 1864 the Lord was pleased to lay affliction on her body; but she had many lifts by the way, though, at times, much tried. In Oct., 1864, she heard Mr. Vinden give out hymn 438; and from that time her mind was exercised about baptism, and in 1867 the Lord enabled her to go through the ordinance. She felt his blessing in attending to it, and that blessing was continued for several days.

At the beginning of 1873 the Lord was pleased to lay a more painful affliction upon her; but he blessedly supported her under it; and in April he was pleased to bless her with such a deliverance she never had before; so that she was enabled to say, "My Lord and my God." The fear of death was all taken away. She said she felt she could embrace it as a friend. But she had many weeks of pain and suffering to endure, and sometimes the most severe; but the Lord favoured her with many precious visits. Several of the ministers visited her, and she much enjoyed their company, especially their prayers.

She sank very low in her mind on one occasion, which she speaks of in a letter to a friend, in which she says she would not have been without the affliction for all the world calls good or great.

"I never before," she said, "had such a blessing as I had last week. I could say from feeling, 'The Lord is mine and I am his,' which was what I had been longing for. All fear of death was taken away, and I could look forward to meet it as a friend. As I lay here on my bed it seemed as though the Lord was waiting to take me and I was waiting to go. How I longed to leave this poor tabernacle, so that I might praise the dear and blessed Lord without any interruption. How sweetly did that verse express my feelings:

"When this poor lisping, stammering tongue

Lies silent in the grave,

Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,

I'll sing thy power to save."

I felt, my dear friend,—I cannot tell one quarter of what I felt. It is better felt than expressed. It continued with me three days; and on the Friday it seemed as though I could not live long, the joy I felt was so great. My pains of body all seemed blessings. What a sweet affliction has this been to my poor soul! But little did I think what was coming. The following day the enemy set in upon me with such power that I felt it was all a delusion. I felt and said, 'What will become of my poor soul?' The pain of my poor body I felt to be nothing to the anguish of my poor mind. It tried my weak frame very much, and caused me to be hysterical. I never before sank so low. But on Saturday evening I felt a little raising up on reading hymn 273; and through Sunday I felt a wrestling and pleading with the Lord that he would appear and bless me with another token of his love. And, bless his dear name, on Monday he was pleased to favour me with a sweet resting upon him, and faith to believe it would be well with me, come life or death. How sweetly this week have I felt enabled to cast myself on the Lord and leave all in his dear hands, feeling that he is too wise to err, too good to be unkind. O my dear friend, do help me to bless and praise the dear Lord for

such unspeakable blessings and mercies bestowed upon one so base and vile, one of the most undeserving of all. O! What a condescending gracious and merciful God to look upon such a vile sinner!"

On June 3rd my dear sister said, "I do want the Lord to take me home. I shall exchange sorrow for joy. I cannot be deceived. One day she had Isa. xii. 1 applied to her soul, and some weeks afterwards that verse:

"There shall I bathe my weary soul," &c.

She was taken for death on Oct. 20th, and soon afterwards said, "Can this be death? Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly. It won't be long." She lay dozing for some little time, and then said, "Do come, Lord, and take me home." A little time afterwards she was whispering. I tried to catch the words, when she said, "I was talking to the Lord Jesus. I shall soon be home."

Early on Friday morning we thought she was going. In a little time after she said, "O, the Lord is good!" and repeated it. "He is good. If I had strength, I could sing:

"Death is no more a frightful foe,
Since I with Christ shall reign."

She paused for a little time, and then broke out singing very sweetly verses 1, 2, and 6 of hymn 483. Our father said to her, "With joy I leave this world of woe." She said, "Yes, 'tis with joy I leave it." "I shall see him as he is." One time father said to her, "You will be satisfied when you awake in his likeness?" "Yes," she answered, very quickly; "there is everything in him to be satisfied with."

She continued in the same blessed frame of mind, but gradually sinking in body, till Saturday morning, when she breathed her last.

S. T.

LEVI NEWELL.—On Sept. 2nd, 1873, Levi Newell, a member of the church at Cave Adullam, Haslingden.

He was born at Great Gidding, Hunts; but, in the providential dealings of God, his father and all the family were brought into Lancashire when he was but a youth. Here he became acquainted with a General Baptist church, and was baptized and received into communion. He did not continue very long with them. His mind became unsettled with regard to the doctrines, and even questioned the truth of the Bible. He read a great deal of lectures and works on infidelity, and subscribed to an infidel periodical; all of which he said afterwards only drove him farther away from truth, and left his mind as empty as air. He often looked back with regret and grief that so much time should have been wasted in reading such things.

But, some time after he was married, the Lord in his providence brought him to Haslingden, where he became acquainted with the people at Cave Adullam. He attended the services regularly, and here the Lord looked upon him as he looked upon Peter; and, like Peter, he wept many bitter tears over his past life. His love for the means of grace increased, and, being encouraged in them, he gave in his experience before the church on Lord's day, April 2nd, 1871, and was received into fellowship. He took an active part in the Sabbath school, being the teacher of the Young Women's Bible Class. In reference to his teaching in this class, he said that many times he had gone without a word ready for his scholars; but, after reading a portion of the Word in the class, he had been wonderfully helped by the Spirit of God, insomuch that he himself had been surprised that such ideas should have come into his mind.

He was a poor afflicted young man, and rarely enjoyed a whole week's

health; and in 1873 he became worse, but still followed his employment. He was a silent sufferer; the dear Lord gave him enduring grace to bear his pains without murmuring. But, although he complained to no one, it soon became evident to all of us that he was not to be long away from his Father's house. In the summer of 1873 he was obliged to give up his work, and tried all the medical skill he could avail himself of; but he seemed to get no better. He went to his brother's, a schoolmaster in Yorkshire, a short time, but got no relief. His brother, who is a member of a Christian church, says that while there they had many pleasant conversations about spiritual things. He came home to Haslingden again in August, and rallied so much as to commence work again; but it was for only one week. On the Saturday he went for a walk about four miles with his wife, and came back by train. On alighting at the platform he felt very weak, and could hardly walk up to his house. On Sunday he was obliged to keep his bed, and all the use of his limbs failed him, having to be lifted out and into his bed; but he suffered no pain. It seemed as if both his nerves of motion and sensation were paralyzed, which the doctor said was the case. He continued in this helpless state up to Tuesday evening, when he made signs to his mother for some one to engage in prayer, and his father asked the Lord to give him a peaceful entrance into his kingdom.

A few minutes before he died, he looked up to the ceiling and exclaimed, "Look!" Then, speaking to his wife, he said, "It's all right!" and passed away as in a sweet sleep.

Haslingden, April, 1874.

E. NEWELL.

JOHN EARLY.—On March 28th, 1874, aged 66, John Early, of Sydenham.

He was one of the few who used to walk to London to hear such men as Gadsby, Warburton, M'Kenzie, &c., before railway travelling was commenced; and was also one who joined with and stood with my father to have real experimental men occasionally to preach here. He was a member at Zoar Chapel, uniting with them when the division took place upon the Eternal Sonship.

He was a man who much valued the privilege of hearing, and was very seldom absent from the house of God, and would quote Mr. Hardy's lines,

"Forecast the time with fix'd intent."

He was favoured generally with a good measure of health and strength, but took cold several times this winter, which terminated in inflammation of the lungs. Being engaged as cowman to a gentleman, he persevered to follow that to the last, when he was really not able, anxious to attend to his duties as long as possible. He was only confined to the house four days, and in his bed two days. I saw him on the Friday evening late, but did not see much change, only that he was weaker. I was called up at 2 o'clock on Saturday morning to go to him. I asked him if he was not so well, he looked at me very earnestly, and said, "It's all over; I must die;" and quoted the apostle's words: "There is henceforth laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord shall give me at that day," and he seemed to be ruminating through the whole chapter. As I could catch his words, he was blessing the Lord for bringing him to see *that day*, which was the opening of an eternal day to his poor soul.

He was a man of but few words, so timid that I never heard him engage in prayer in public; but I heard him on his death-bed, and I have no doubt he has passed out of a world of tribulation into that haven where all such tossed mariners have often desired to be.

Sydenham, April 21, 1874.

H. EARLY.

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

JULY, 1874.

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

THE GREAT TRUMPET.

A SERMON PREACHED AT BEDWORTH, ON LORD'S DAY, OCT. 12TH, 1856,
BY THE LATE MR. JOSEPH SMITH, OF OLD HILL, STAFFORDSHIRE.

"And it shall come to pass in that day that the great trumpet shall be blown, and they shall come which were ready to perish, in the land of Assyria, and the outcasts in the land of Egypt, and shall worship the Lord in the Holy Mount at Jerusalem."—ISA. XXVII. 13.

In the verse preceding the text, the Holy Ghost, by the pen of the prophet, gives us an account of the gathering of the Lord's people,—that Israel shall be gathered one by one, that they shall all be gathered collectively and individually, however far off sin had driven them. How far they may be left to wander it is not for the preacher to say, or how far sin has driven Adam's race. But this the scripture tells us, that we are alienated by wicked works, that we have turned our back upon God and our face towards the wilderness. We have gone back, gone out of the way, altogether become filthy.

Now, with regard to the position in which sin has placed us, it is in a very solemn spot. David describes it as sitting among the pots, the cast-away pots, a very dirty place. We can come to no other conclusion than that we have all gone astray from God by wicked works. We have all gone out of the way, altogether become filthy; none are righteous, no not one. We are said to be scattered on the mountains of sin and unbelief. But the blessed Shepherd says, "Behold, I, even I, will both search my sheep and seek them out, and will deliver them out of all places where they have been scattered in the cloudy and dark day." What a mercy it is that the darkness cannot conceal the church from God! What a mercy he heals their sin-sick souls by forgiving their iniquity! What a mercy that sin does not prevent the Lord from finding them and bringing them home to himself! This should carry our minds a little back to contemplate and meditate upon the covenant engagements entered into by the Three-One Jehovah before time; how the Father made choice of his people, placed them in the hands of his Son, who engaged to pay their debt, and, when the appointed time to favour Zion came, the Holy Ghost would regenerate and make his great salvation known. When they were chosen they are said to have passed under his hand, and they pass again under his hand when

in regeneration they enter into the visible sheepfold. All that the good Shepherd redeemed and paid for shall be brought. The Holy Ghost will take care of all the objects of his choice,—that all the Lord paid the ransom price for shall come. No man naturally would purchase a flock of sheep without knowing how many there were; and all that he paid for he would take care that he had. So the Lord Jesus Christ paid down the ransom price, and all the number and their names are in his book. So the poet sings:

“Sweet to look back and see my name,
In life’s fair book set down.”

Their names are all in his book:

“Sweet to look forward and behold
Eternal joys my own.”

All was written by the eternal Jehovah. Our names were written in the Lamb’s book of life by God himself.

“’Twas grace that wrote my name
In God’s eternal book.”

As the Lord shall help me, I will just look at the text. It divides itself into four parts.

I. I will make a few remarks on the *trumpet*, called the great trumpet.

II. The *effects produced* by this blowing of the great trumpet.

III. The *characters*.

IV. The *object accomplished*.

I do hope some of you have come up this morning to God’s house for the express purpose of worshipping him. I do not mean with the voice, but the mind. When the heart is blessedly drawn out by the Holy Spirit, then we are enabled to sing his praise. Yea, when a little of the dew of heaven is let into the soul, we then are enabled to praise the Lord in truth.

I. I am to speak of the *trumpet*. The prophet Isaiah had a full knowledge of the customs among the Jews in his day. He says, “In that day.” He means to convey the idea by that day, the day of the gospel dispensation. I rather suppose he had a reference to the part the ministers took. He had in view more particularly the gospel dispensation, that by this great trumpet being blown it was the good news and glad tidings of the gospel. As Watts sings so sweetly in his hymn:

“Let every open ear attend,
And broken heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.”

You observe, the gospel trumpet gives certain sounds. Sometimes it sends forth notes of invitation to poor distressed souls at the footstool of divine mercy, where salvation is treasured up. Sometimes the invitation is from God the Father, who is the Father of mercies and God of all comfort. According to the law of Moses, in the worship of the Jewish church, there were ordered to be two trumpets made of silver. These trumpets were used for special services. There were five distinct sounds of this

trumpet in the camp: First, the sound in calling the assembly, to awaken them, and prepare them for marching; one was to proclaim a fast, another a feast; then the war trumpet, to prepare for battle; this was a certain sound. But the great trumpet was called the jubilee, because it proclaimed good news and glad tidings. It was heard only once in fifty years; but it was very sweet and melodious to poor insolvent Jews. It was called the jubilee, because it had such a particular sound. Blown every fifty years, so powerfully and distinctly that no poor soul could make any mistake. All knew and understood the sound of that trumpet; there could be no mistake about it.

“Blow ye the trumpet, blow;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.”

All who had mortgaged their property had their property restored; all bondmen were set free. It was called the year of release. Every man would return to his inheritance. Therefore, these poor creatures would look and long for the sound of the jubilee trumpet. They were in great distress and trouble; it was not only suitable to them, but very welcome. So is the gospel trumpet to poor sinners quickened by the Holy Spirit to see and feel their guilt, their misery, and the hard bondage with which they are made to serve. How welcome is the gospel trumpet to them! It proclaims good news, glad tidings from a far country.

It is called the *great* trumpet. It is styled the *great* trumpet, because the others referred to, though all good and useful, were inferior to it. Though all the sounds were useful to the people who understood them, yet by others, who were not of Israel, they were not cared for. These other sounds were heard constantly, but the year of release set forth the eternal jubilee, and its sound was well understood.

The apostle Paul, in writing to the Corinthians, alluding to persons speaking in language not easily understood, says: “Now, brethren, if I come unto you, speaking with tongues, what shall I profit you?” The apostle knew perfectly well that in preaching the gospel the preacher should make use of words easily understood by the people; because the majority of the church of God are generally poor, ignorant people, as it regards human learning. Some can scarcely understand what they read. We have some in our parts, but I do not justify their ignorance; some can scarcely read the alphabet. If we have been brought up by our parents in a state of ignorance, it is a sad thing. But when the Lord the Spirit comes, he who is the Revealer of secrets, and reveals a precious Christ to the heart of a poor man or woman, and makes them hear the trumpet and understand divine things, this is a blessing above all price. They then, knowing their ignorance of the Word, wish to encourage every means used in the instruction of the rising generation. The advantages of Sunday-schools are a blessing to all. Therefore we should do all we can to give such instruction as shall enable

the children to read the letter of God's Word; and it is a mercy when God is pleased to teach the mysteries of the gospel, to reveal by his Holy Spirit to their heart the plan of salvation.

The apostle says, "If the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself to the battle?" Speaking of the literal instruments, men may use weapons that are an injury to the church of God: "Even things without life, whether piped or harped, except they give a distinction in the sounds, how shall it be known what is piped or harped?" Here he is speaking of men who, instead of feeding the church of God, are an injury to her. When men set themselves up to blow the trumpet, and sometimes their note is man's free will and then God's free grace, the people know not the sound, whether it is for war, a feast, or a fast. "If the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself to the battle?"

II. In the second place, I am to show the *effects produced*. "They shall come that were ready to perish." I cannot defend that selfish spirit which is among professors at Bedworth as well as elsewhere. They call us High Calvinists. I do not understand it. I believe I am as low as any in salvation matters; so low that the doctrines I preach reach the soul in the depths of sin and misery, and lifts it to the highest seat in heaven. These *low* doctrines, or *high*, whichever they choose to call them, just fit the soul in his low estate, and lift him to a high seat in an upper and a better world. The Lord has appointed the means; but they will be of no use only as he blesses them. He prepares his servant, by his Spirit, to blow the trumpet, and in God's time they all shall come.

I love that text in Isaiah: "The Lord God, which gathereth the outcasts of Israel, saith, Yet will I gather others to him, besides those that are gathered to him." All his own, wherever they be, shall be gathered; all shall come, one by one; some in this church to those already gathered, some in other places. They shall be gathered from the four winds of heaven, to have a sure hope in his mercy. Some shall be gathered out of the east, the west, the north, and the south. "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so, whom he hath redeemed out of the hand of the enemy, and gathered them out of all lands." Let *the redeemed* say so. All the redeemed must be gathered. Who is to gather them? The good Shepherd has promised to gather them all. Not one redeemed soul shall be left in the wilderness; but all shall be gathered into the sheepfold of the Lord Jesus Christ. I tell you this. If you would understand what the prophet means you must go to the key to unlock this text; that is, John x.: "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold; them also I must bring. They shall hear my voice, and there shall be one fold and one shepherd."

"Other sheep not of this fold." What fold is it? In the first instance it refers to the Jews, the descendants of Abraham; and the "other sheep not of this fold" are the Gentiles, of which

you and I make a part. They *shall* come. "Them also I *must* bring," saith the Lord Jesus. They are said to be asleep; but they are to hear his voice when in the act of bringing to them something that shall awaken them. They are said to be at a distance from God; but they are gathered by this joyful sound, and become established and settled. This is called the great trumpet,—the gospel trumpet, which is to be blown to gather these poor scattered sheep. They shall be allured, directed, and drawn off every false way. Whatsoever foolish fleshly notions they may have, they shall be brought off all; though they may have made a profession, and got into a dark, sleepy state, this promise shall be fulfilled: "I will allure her, and bring her into the wilderness, and speak comfortably unto her," &c.; signifying the awakening of the Spirit of God in the heart of a poor sinner who has been awakened from the sleep of death, and brought manifested into a wilderness state.

My dear friends, has God awakened you,—led you to feel that you are in a wilderness in the world, that you have been brought by his Spirit to feel you have a wilderness within you, brought to feel the burden of sin and guilt? You are unable to see your way clear, because of the barrenness, dryness, and hardness you feel. The Lord says he will bring her into a wilderness state, and then speak comfortably to her. The Lord never speaks comfortably to those who have never been brought into this wilderness state, to those who were never made to feel their misery, their need of comfort, or those who have been able to comfort themselves by the work of their own hands. It is to the needy, the miserable, cast down, and tried, he communicates comfort; to the sorrowful, who are brought into such circumstances that they feel the Comforter that should comfort their souls is far from them. These are the characters who wander in this solitary way, finding no city to dwell in; and to them he communicates comfort. When I hear persons talking about delighting in peace, how they can rejoice all the day and every day, I would ask them how they obtained this peace, which way it came. There is no true peace for any, unless it comes from the Prince of Peace,—that peace that comes through the precious blood of a dear Redeemer. But that peace which comes through the conscience being sprinkled by the precious blood of Christ, sweet is that peace, sealed with blood; and that is the peace bestowed by the Redeemer upon his people.

"They shall come that were ready to perish." Satan, unbelief, the world, and their own evil hearts may try to hold the poor sinners back; but the Lord declares, "They shall come that were ready to perish." This blessed Shepherd will at the last present them all to his Father: "Here am I, and the children thou hast given me." He will bring all safe, the little ones as well as the great, the weak as well as the strong, the ignorant as well as the wise. The whole church shall be found there. The text says, "They *shall* come."

III. Who are they that are to come? Just notice the *cha-*

racters. While I am attempting to describe the characters, may God the Holy Ghost blessedly lead us into the truth that the word may come with almighty power, that we may be led to see that we are the very characters to which the promise in the text belongs. The first description: "They shall come that were ready to perish in the land of Assyria." This is the first step in Christian experience. The man or woman that comes to Jesus Christ must be convinced he or she is ready to perish. Just like Peter, who cried out, "Lord, save, or I perish." Have you ever felt yourselves in that state, feelingly convinced of your helpless condition, feelingly convinced there is no help suitable to your case only that which God the Father has laid on the Son? "He has laid help on One that is mighty." Jehovah hath laid all the help on Jesus Christ, who is the helper of the helpless. "They shall come that were ready to perish." Poor broken-hearted sinners, convinced sinners; sons and daughters of Adam, who have had their eyes opened to see the danger to which sin has exposed them, and been brought by the glass of the law to see the holiness, justice, and purity of the eternal God, and that they deserve his wrath and are compelled to throw themselves upon his mercy; these *shall* come. We are indeed wretched fallen creatures. The law entered that sin might abound. Then every man who has been enlightened by the Spirit to see and feel the evil of sin in his heart is brought to know that sin is that evil principle which God abhors, that it is contrary to his very nature. Yet every man under the influence of sin in the first Adam is ignorant of the true state of the case. It was, therefore, necessary that the law should enter that sin might abound. That is, abound in the sinner's conscience, showing him how he has broken that law. This is what I understand by the law entering in its convicting, convincing power in the conscience, and God the Holy Ghost's work in the heart of a sinner. He is a convincer and comforter to the heirs of the kingdom. The Saviour, when about to leave his disciples, said, "I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter." That was for their consolation, though the disciples did not take it as such. He told them that this Comforter should abide with them, that he knew all the election of grace, that he would, when the set time to favour Zion came, cause this great trumpet to be blown, that they should come that were ready to perish.

What is the work of the Spirit? The scripture tells us of three things the Spirit is to do,—to convince of sin, then of righteousness, and then of judgment. The Holy Spirit takes the law and reveals it to the poor sinner in all its holiness and perfection. He enters the heart and discovers sin,—that sin abounds; and the man finds it deeper in his heart than he had any conception of, or any idea of; and this to a very great extent. It also enters, we are told, that the offence might abound. But we are told that though sin abounds, blessed be his name, grace, matchless grace, superabounds over the abound-

ings of sin. The great trumpet of the gospel proclaims deliverance from sin, and justification through the imputation of the righteousness of the Son of God. Have you been brought to feel the abounding of sin in your conscience, as to what it does and has done for you, how far it has led you from God, that you have been brought to the brink of eternal ruin? And yet have you been enabled to rejoice in the prospect of matchless grace, abounding in Christ? Though sin reigned to a very great extent, it is my mercy to tell you that grace superabounds.

“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.”

Another character spoken of in the text is the outcasts. I beg your attention to this point. I only wish to introduce my own experience. Therefore I understand here by an outcast one who is rejected, or cast of. I have had these feelings, that when God the Holy Ghost begins to convince a sinner of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment, he begins to feel uneasy, uncomfortable, and miserable in this world. He is not satisfied with himself, as he formerly was. Being convinced of sin by God the Holy Ghost, though once he loved the world, he cannot now take pleasure therein. Though he lives in the world, now he is not of the world. What is the matter with him he cannot tell. He cannot enjoy the pleasures of the world; he cannot enjoy the company of the world. Their conversation becomes tiresome. He cannot bear their light and trifling conversation. He once used to feel comfortable, especially when he got into the company of young people, some perhaps given to blasphemous expressions. But now their conversation makes him tremble. So he leaves them and becomes an outcast. I will tell you how it was with me. The Lord quickened my dead soul, and laid the guilt and burden of sin upon me. I could not take comfort in the society of my companions, those among whom I used to meet. My father was a Churchman. I used to go to the Church school; but I did not love the school at all. That makes me so much more ignorant than I should have been. Once I remember I came home and told my father I had been to school when I had not. By and by the Lord Jehovah was pleased to visit my soul. He opened my blind eyes, and communicated life to my soul, that I could not associate with those wicked young men. They cast me out; and it was a mercy they did. From that time I used to attend the means of grace. I felt completely satisfied that the Lord had an elect people,—the church of God, redeemed with his precious blood. I looked upon them as the excellent of the earth, that God was their Father, and they his children. I thought myself altogether unworthy to belong to their society. I thought they were a holy society, holy folks, and I was unholy. I felt myself a regular outcast, both from the world and the society of the church of God. I felt I should

never be worthy to commune with them at the table of the Lord, or sit with them in the sanctuary of the most high God. Spiritually we must feel that we are outcasts; that, would we walk in the footsteps of the Lord Jesus Christ, we must be brought to see and feel that we are cast out from the world, and at the same time, in our own estimation, that we are cast out from the church of God, and fear that by and by God will cast us out also, when he comes to make up his jewels. We fear we shall never be accepted, never received, because of our unworthiness,—because of our unbelief and the sins we feel rising up.

If this is your case, my friends, you are just the very persons the text means. You *shall* come, though unbelief and the devil would keep you back. The Lord will put forth his power; and he says, “They *shall* come,” &c.

I do not know how it is with you in this part of the country. In our neighbourhood the majority of professors can do without the Holy Ghost. They would make you believe a man has power to quicken his own soul and open his own blind eyes. They talk about God being merciful, and Jesus Christ a Saviour, and so on; but if you contend for the power of the Spirit of the living God in revealing God the Father, or of God the Son in all the glorious characters in which he stands to his church, they cannot endure it. This is an offence to them. If we contend for the work of the Spirit, they are for creature doing. If we speak of the purposes, the covenant engagements, of the Three-One Jehovah, they cannot agree with you. How can they know about Jesus Christ being the eternal Son of God unless the Spirit have revealed him as such and made him manifest?

IV. The *object*. Now the result of the blowing of the great trumpet is, “They shall come and worship the Lord in the Holy Mount, at Jerusalem.” Some suppose the text refers to the holy mountain, the temple. When the ark was made by Moses, God gave him instructions to make a mercy-seat, and gave him a special promise, when he gave him the plan of the mercy-seat, above the cherubim, that the Lord would commune with him from above the mercy-seat. This mercy-seat was a figure of Christ, that poor perishing sinners, outcasts, should there meet with God, who would communicate a blessing to their waiting souls, there manifest his love and kindness to them. May they be brought from the four winds, made feelingly sensible of their perishing state and condition, that without an interest in what the Lord Jesus Christ has done they must perish; that they may be brought to acknowledge him as the Alpha and Omega, the beginner and finisher of faith and salvation, the Rock on which the church is built, the blessed Corner-stone which God the Father laid in Zion to build his church on.

God bless the few remarks. Amen.

[We have inserted the above sermon at the special request of many who heard it. The preacher was not known to us; but he was evidently a workman that needed not to be ashamed.]

THE HOMEWARD JOURNEY.

My dear Friend,—I received your short note, for which I thank you. I was sorry you had suffered so much from your old attacks, yet glad you are better, and hope you and your dear wife are now safe once more on English soil, singing with the poet:

“Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I’m come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.”

In your scrap you say you are so far on your journey homeward. The thought crossed my mind of your return journey. Sometimes this is far more trying than the going out journey; the sea more boisterous, the storms more severe, and sickness more distressing; also attended with much loss to all on board, and sometimes to the ship; which causes much fear, thinking of home, but far from it. Yet hope keeps the mind a little steady amidst the boisterous sea. A little calm must be sweet. Hope is raised as the storm abates, the sun shines, all the sails up, and now a prosperous gale, till land is seen, and, at last, the ship brought in, all safe, and safe *at home*. Thus you have seen and known it of a truth.

Ah, my dear friend, my return journey is more trying than my going out. If I look back to half my days, some of them very sweet and prosperous, the sun shining, the stars giving light, the word of God precious, when the little ones were like olive branches round my table, peace and prosperity of soul abounding with every blessing my heart could crave; as Job says, “when the candle of the Lord shined round about me,” O how precious. But the declining days, on the return journey, have been more trying, attended with a sea of affliction, all sorts of rough winds and boisterous storms from without and within; what with the professing world and the religious world (so called), together with Satan’s insinuations and temptations; also, the worst of all, my desperately wicked nature and vile heart, together with great and sore troubles, never all to be known by any but God and my own soul. These feelings and conflicts of soul attend me on my return journey, and I often wonder where and when the scene will end. I want the Master of the vessel and its inmates to be momentarily with me, to keep the pirate’s ship from robbing me of what I possess in my soul; also, to keep the earthen vessel, amidst the boisterous ocean, from shipwreck and man’s destruction. When I am on deck, looking at the boisterous sea swelling and the winds blowing, my soul is smitten with fear and dismay, thinking all is over; but when I can get into my little cabin (my chamber), the Captain Pilot and Master of the ship with me, and conversing with me, then I have a little peace. The light of his presence hides from view all the storms without; and after this the ship is more steady, the storm abates, and at length I get near the desired haven.

And brighter things I have in view.
O tell me, is it thus with you?

The day is near at hand,
I cannot tell how near,
When I shall leave this land
With all I love so dear.

The thought does oft perplex me too.
O tell me, is it thus with you?

Lord, meet me with a smile,
And let me see thy face,
In death's dark gloomy vale
To sing of sovereign grace.
Then with bright glory full in view,
It will be well with me and you.

Look in the "Standard" for May, 1862, page 164, and see what I composed after a boisterous storm.

I am now in my sick room, where I have been for nearly a month. It is the third attack of bronchitis since October last. I am much better, and hope soon to go down to my sitting-room. I have been wonderfully supported under all my affliction, and brought, at times, to this feeling (Micah vii. 9): "I will bear the indignation of the Lord, because I have sinned against him, until he plead my cause," &c. The words have come many times night and day, till I wondered really what the Lord meant to do with me; which I was obliged to leave, knowing that he, the Lord God Omnipotent, reigneth, and cannot do but what is just, and must indeed be ever righteous.

Remember me kindly to your dear wife. Wishing you both every new covenant blessing, I am,

Yours in Hope of Eternal Life,
Sharon Villa, Cheltenham, April 13, 1874. G. GORTON.

THOUGHTS ON THE SONG OF SOLOMON.

(Continued from page 230.)

CHAPTER IV.

"*And the smell of thy garments is like the smell of Lebanon.*" Now all that we have said is certainly true of a child of God as after the Spirit; and "if any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of his." Consequently, all this must be found in some degree in a Christian; yet we were careful to begin these remarks by pointing out that there is the weakness of grace in this life as well as its reality. Children of God are not all spirit. They have the new nature, they have also the old. Hence in respect to their speech there is much that is blameable, as well as in respect to other things:

"Sin is mixed with all I do."

The honey and milk are present, and will flow forth; the gall of asps is present, and too often issues in some degrees,—alas, sometimes in sad degrees, of bitterness. Hence James's words have

a force and bearing upon God's people: "Doth a fountain send forth at the same place sweet water and bitter?" Alas! Both bitter and sweet issue forth from the same mouth in a Christian. "Therewith we bless God," and vent bitterness too often against our fellow-creatures. These things ought not so to be. But no one can in any degree rectify this but Christ. The waters of Jericho will be bitter till grace cures them; and only is this curing carried on and made prevalent as Christ is with us, and prevails in heart and lip by his grace. A sense of defilement, deficiency, evil, sin in the matter of our speech, will, amongst other things, at times, greatly trouble us. And probably those will feel these things the most, and mourn over them with the greatest bitterness, who are the most spiritually-minded, and have most of the milk and honey. The sweetness of grace in the heart will cause a man to feel the bitterness of the old nature; the milk will be curdled by the gall; the heart that has most of Christ in it will groan the deepest at the universal wretchedness of the old nature.

But we have seen all along how tender, how gracious, how cheering are Christ's words to these truly gracious yet sorrowing children of God. It is not we but Christ who gives forth the judgment of the text: "Thy lips drop as the honey-comb; thy mouth flows with milk and honey." We should probably for the most part complain of the gall, the venom, the evil; but Christ commends the sweetness, the milk, and the honey.

Besides, he has another consolation for these poor children of his. If their love is mixed with enmity, the fruits of the Spirit with the works and workings of the flesh; if their milk is too often curdled and their honey mingled with gall, they cannot, will not make a righteousness of things like these. A heart with sin and grace in it, a life and lip with these strange mixtures, can never afford a feeling, God-taught person a ground to rest upon for righteousness and acceptance, or even for self-complacency. These things seen and felt make him abhor himself in dust and ashes, and renounce all righteousness of his own, and feel a poor dependent creature upon Christ, for wisdom, strength, goodness, righteousness,—everything. Thus Christ becomes all, and his sweet provision exceedingly valued. To this he now turns the attention:

"Look here, the Lord replies;
Thy beauty's all in me."

"The smell of thy garments is like the smell of Lebanon." The graces of the Spirit are greatly to be valued. They are our evidences of a work of grace and interest in Christ; but they are not and must not be made our righteousness. The man and his garments are two different things. So then, after commending the graces of his Spirit, his people's hearts and lives, Christ calls their attention to his own righteousness, as their "garment of praise" and ground of acceptance with God.

"And lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,

He took the robe my Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around."

The church is crowned with the stars, and the moon is beneath her feet; but she is clothed with the sun. As to graces in this life, we are imperfect. The work of the Spirit is perfect in itself; but in us, through the flesh, there is a moonlike waxing and waning of grace. Our righteousness is Christ's, and changes not. He, therefore, is our peace.

"Thy moonlike graces, changing much,
Have here and there a spot.
Thy sunlike glory is not such;
Thy Husband changes not."

And in our text Christ says, to cheer the spouse's heart, "The smell of thy garment is like the smell of Lebanon." This is the righteousness of Christ, the white robe of conscience, endued with which it is clothed in spotless innocence, and can appear before the throne of God without rebuke. This is what faith alone looks at when the sinner goes to God; not at graces or duties, not at the milk and honey, as though these, in part or whole, were the grounds of a sinner's acceptance, or constituted in the least degree his righteousness or title to eternal life or blessedness. His title to everything is in Christ, and the title is valid and everlasting. "All things," says Paul, "are yours." Seen in this righteousness of Christ, God blesses him. As Jacob was blessed in Esau's garments, so, in the garments of the better Elder Brother Jesus, the child of God is blessed by God.

We need not enlarge or dwell upon the figure. Lebanon, we know, was renowned for its cedars and its vines. (Hos. xiv.) These cedars and vines must have had a most delightful fragrance. So when the child of God is seen in Jesus, the perfume of the righteousness of Jesus surrounds him. He is "as the smell of a field which the Lord has blessed." Though to himself there is the stench of sin. "My comeliness," says Daniel, "is turned into corruption." "My wounds stink and are corrupt," says David. "Woe is me," says Isaiah, "a man of unclean lips." Thus a spiritual perception causes a man to perceive the ill savour of the old nature and its ways; but God regards the man as in Christ. Jesus sees him in himself as clothed in his righteousness. Here death is swallowed up in victory, the stench of sin in the sweetness of Jesus, and the word of consolation is, "And the smell of thy garments is like the smell of Lebanon."

"O! What God-provoking and God-insulting sinners we are!" once exclaimed the late Mr. Gadsby when preaching here, at the same time throwing his arms over the pulpit and shaking them in evident detestation of himself as a sinner. I have since been taught to know this with sorrow. I am confident that nothing but almighty power can sustain a soul in the floods of great waters which come upon us on account of our innumerable transgressions.—*J. C., Hebden Bridge.*

A CANDIDATE FOR BAPTISM.

My dear Friend for Christ's Sake,—I have taken the liberty of writing these few lines to you, which I have some time thought of doing, to tell you something of the feelings of my mind, that I may know your opinion of me as a candidate for baptism, as I feel a desire to go through that ordinance the next time there is an opportunity. And I pray that the blessed Lord may give me faithfulness in writing, and you in deciding, that we may do according to his most holy will; for I believe unless a man is born again of the Spirit of God, he has no more right to be baptized than Satan.

My dear friend, I feel myself to be one of the most sinful, vile, unworthy, unlikely-to-be-saved sinners on the earth. I feel that I was not only born in sin, but that I have gone astray from the womb, and that I am so far sunk that I cannot frame a good desire any more than I could raise the dead. I feel I am utterly helpless, poor, needy, and vile, and a hell-deserving wretch. O, the iniquity there is in my heart. I trust the Lord has been teaching me my helpless, ruined, undone state for the last ten years; and out of that time not many hours have passed at a time, when awake, without exercises of soul about its eternal state. I feel astonished, at times, at the long-suffering forbearance of God, that he has not cut me off and sent me to that place where hope never comes. Bless the Lord, O my soul, for his long-suffering goodness to one so vile as I am. I trust I know something of Mr. Hart's experience where he says:

“Needy, and naked, and unclean;
Empty of good, and full of ill;
A lifeless lump of loathsome sin,
Without the power to act or will.”

Yet under all this sink of iniquity I trust I do, at times, feel such a spirit of prayer and supplication that I can no more help praying than I can help breathing. I trust I feel such longing desires after the blessed Jesus and his salvation to be realized in my soul that it raises a hope in my soul that one day I shall find all my desires fulfilled, all my longings and cravings satisfied with that bread that cometh down from heaven; for I feel I never can be satisfied without knowing that the blood of Christ was shed for me. But Satan and my wicked heart often tell me I shall never know anything about it, and that I am nothing but a hypocrite, and deceived and deceiving others. Still the Lord knows I do not want to be thought anything of if I am nothing; and I have prayed to the Lord many times, if he has no mercy for my poor soul, that he will not suffer me to take his holy name within my polluted lips; for I feel what an awful thing it is to make a profession without life in the soul. May the Lord grant that we may know something more than a mere profession.

I seem, at times, to get almost into despair, and am ready to give it all up for lost; and this makes me cry, from the bottom of my heart, with the poor publican, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." And, "If thou, O Lord, canst be merciful unto me, O that thou wouldst, for the Redeemer's sake."

In this way I go on; sometimes a little hope, and then again despairing. I feel these exercises of soul my constant companions, in bed and up, day and night, and I do not want to lose them, but in a right way and manner, by the blood of a precious Saviour, and to know what that peace is that passeth all understanding. O how my soul longeth for this blessed gift.

I was in a very low place all the Saturday night before Easter Sunday, and towards morning I sank deeper and deeper towards despair. O the wrestlings of soul I had to the Lord for mercy! I told the Lord I had sinned against his holy name in every way—in thought, word, and deed; and if he cut me off, and sent me to hell, I must justify his holy name. And I told him I renounced all my good works and all my bad works, and desired to come unto him just as I was, a poor, lost, ruined, and undone sinner, to beg of him if he could,—O that he would! show mercy upon me; and I said, "If I perish, dear Lord, it shall be at thy feet." At this instant, it being about seven o'clock in the morning, I saw, my eyes being shut, as it were with the eyes of my soul, the blessed Saviour at a distance from me, seemingly drawing gently towards me; and O the feelings of my poor soul! O how I cried unto him, in all the endearing names I could think of, to come and deliver my soul; and, as it were, stretching forth my hands to reach him, but I had no power to go to him. But, alas! The vision departed gradually away from my sight, and left me gasping for breath with expectation, for I was in hopes of my soul being delivered. And most of the day after, how my soul groaned and sighed after the object of my affections; for all my affections seemed fixed on him who is the chief among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely. And what zeal I felt for his cause and people! You, my dear friend, can tell the feeling better than I can describe it. I believe, when the soul feels anything of the preciousness of the Saviour, it desires to know nothing else but Christ; and what humbling feelings it produces. O how I hated the very name of sin! It appeared more hateful to me than ever.

O to have a hope that I shall one day, not only see the blessed Jesus, but that he will embrace me in his everlasting arms for ever! But these things seem too great for me ever to expect; but may I be the least of all saints.

And now I must conclude, praying the Lord to ever be with you, to keep you in all places to the glory and honour of his great and holy name, for Christ's sake. Amen!

Mr. Tiptaft being out, Mr. Kay preached for him. I had to give out the hymns. How I wished there was some one else to give them out instead of me. But after this vision, if I may so

call it, with what different feelings I went to chapel, and could feelingly, I hope, give out those blessed hymns of Mr. Hart's for Easter day. My burden was gone. I felt a little like poor Bunyan at the sight of the cross.

Abingdon, March 30, 1842.

THOMAS HICKS.

CHRIST DIED FOR THE UNGODLY.

ROM. v. 6.

THOU, who hast for sinners died
 On Calvary's bitter tree,
 Moved by pity to provide
 Salvation rich and free;
 Who, to save rebellious man,
 Laidst celestial glories by,
 And to perfect mercy's plan
 Dost intercede on high,—
 Jesus! I, a worm of earth,
 On thee would humbly call;
 I, of rebel race by birth,
 Less worthy than them all.
 Thou the sinner's case didst bear,
 Sinners thy compassion drew,
 Sinners oft thy mercy share;
 O may I share it too.
 This the boon I come to seek,—
 An interest in thy love;
 And that thou to me wouldst speak,
 E'en from thy throne above.
 Speak, O Lord, with power divine,
 To this doubting, trembling heart;
 Speak, and tell me I am thine,
 And nought from thee can part.
 Tell me thou my sin hast borne
 Into the wilderness;
 Say thou wilt my soul adorn
 With thy rich righteousness;
 Tell me I am one with thee,
 By eternal covenant bound;
 Thine in life, in death to be
 In thee for ever found.
 Grant the sunlight of thy face
 May oft my spirit fill;
 Grant me more abundant grace
 To keep from every ill.
 For me ever intercede;
 A heavenly place prepare;
 Through earth's desert journey lead,
 And then receive me *there*.

Brighton.

VERA.

A WORD FROM AUSTRALIA.

Dear Brother and Sister,—Having just dismissed my little rustic congregation, which generally meet at my house once a fortnight, when I do not go to Salisbury, I thought I would write you a line, having gladly received one from you.

I have been trying to speak a little from Philip's request and Christ's answer in Jno. xiv. 8, 9. Alas! Not many in our day want to know anything either of the Father or his Son Jesus Christ, and they that know the most can grasp but little of the fulness that is treasured up in the Trinity in Unity. Our narrow fallen capacity can catch but faint glimpses of the Infinity; and then only that which he has been pleased to reveal in his word; and then but so much of that as he is pleased, from time to time, to unfold by his blessed Spirit; and then often how dark and confused we seem, unable to tell out to others even that light he has caused to shine into our hearts. A beloved Daniel could not reveal it to another; a zealous Paul found it impossible for a man to utter; a loved John must seal up the prophecy, and write it not; and Christ himself, who is the Essential Wisdom, spoke them forth in parables, which the wisdom of this world cannot comprehend. Yet, notwithstanding that these things are so, such is the pride and loftiness of man that while he is blind even to that, or the true nature of that, which in his Word God *has* revealed, he will be diving into unknown mysteries which are *not* revealed; pleasing to the carnal fancy of the curious; but the most inexperienced child in the kingdom of grace says such are fools, wanting something new and startling. They are so clear in their own heads to understand the scriptures that they think all are fools who cannot see them as they do. And if too mysterious for their human reason, they labour to bring it down to their cherished ideas, instead of their soaring notions being brought down to the rule and measuring line of God's truth. This is not a solitary case, but is almost universal in this day of empty profession, whatever may be their articles of faith, or rules of discipline.

But you see the disciples of old were not so learned in the mysteries of God; for we find they were schooled a little into the mystery of their own weakness and helplessness. Hence they cry, "Lord, teach us to pray." They knew not even what to pray for, nor in what real prayer consisted. And many of the Lord's dear people now are often tried as to whether they have really prayed, or whether the wanderings of their hearts and affections have not been a mere mockery to God more than anything else. Well may they cry, "Lord, increase our faith," knowing they cannot produce it; but instead of it find their hearts are full of unbelief, and that, instead of faith being in exercise when they call on the Lord, they feel as if they really did not believe that God would hear them and answer them at all; and they know that without faith it is impossible to please

God. So with Philip. After all that Jesus had done, and his teaching that what he had done was in and by the Father, yet he saith, "Show us the Father."

The child of God not only wants to be schooled into his own depravity, for this alone would sink him into utter despair; but he needs to be taught into the attribute of God's love and mercy. A God of justice must have the effect of crushing the sensible sinner into the dust; such find it one thing to say, as thousands of unhallowed lips do, "Our Father, which art in heaven," and another thing to call him "Father" in the sense in which Christ spoke of him; that is, the Father of all his divinity-begotten children. Such a Father none knoweth but the Son, and him to whom the Son will reveal him. As the blessed Spirit leads the soul along, he is led to see in his own mind the blessedness of those who have God for their Father, and would give the world, or all the world calls desirable, good, or great, if he could only say, "My Father." A God of wrath and justice is far different from a father, which term includes all that is kindness, love, and affection, and brings to us a sense of relationship and indissoluble union, and is now the fulness of love and the fountain of mercy. Does the formalist know God as such a Father? I trow not; for, never having known him in his justice, he can never know him in his mercy; never having known his own enmity, he can never know a Father's love. And he that knows his own enmity will not rest until he knows a Father's reconciling love. No doubt, if Philip was in this condition, he thought a sight of the Father would suffice. But you may say, "Did he not know? Had not Christ confessed that love when he said, 'Rejoice, for your names are written in heaven,' and declared that 'the Father himself loveth you?'" Well, while there might have been a little vain curiosity in Philip's question, doubtless he had but very confused ideas of the Trinity. The disciples knew nothing of Christ's sufferings. How, then, could they know the Father's love? And, besides, their expectations of Christ were then only fleshly and carnal: "We thought it was he who should have redeemed Israel." Nor was the Holy Ghost yet given as the Revealer. But the children of God now know the Father's love when it is so revealed by the gift of the Son, and that it is through death he has redeemed Israel; but, whatever they know, it is but little. As we go on we have need of Philip's prayer: "Show us the Father." It is easy to discover him in the light of day as the hearer and answerer of prayer, subduing our sins within us, and sealing home the promises as our own; but it is not so easy to discover him as a Father when all things go against us; when he turns a deaf ear to our distresses and our cries; when, instead of answering us by delivering us from our perplexing fears, the billows, in the shape of temptations, afflictions, privations, hardness of heart, want of love to God, take possession of us; when there is no laying hold of the promises, nor sitting under his word with power; when all is apparent darkness, and there is no

light; and when, like one of old, we exclaim, "All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me,"—to see in *these* the tokens of a Father's love is an experience not learnt in an hour. We imagine that, if he would answer according to our desire, how much better we could and should serve him and glorify him; but now we do nothing else, in this dead, dark, unbelieving state, but murmur and rebel; and a sight of his purity and our impurity makes us afraid.

When we view God out of the atonement and mediation of Christ, he is to us even now sometimes as a consuming fire, and not as a Father to our bewildered imagination. As a child, at times, we have free access to tell him all our wants, our sorrows, and our cares, and he sends us some sweet promise on which he causes us to hope. But we also learn that a father does not always show his love by letting us have our own way; but when he chides his vain-glorious erring ones, to mar their pride, show them their emptiness, poverty, and helplessness; so much so that they cannot stretch forth the hand of faith to lay hold of him except he give them both the power and a willing mind, then they can feel that they are poor helpless children indeed; and the very fact of their piteous cry, "O lead me, teach me, strengthen me, keep me, manifest thy love unto me," implies a secret confidence and a relying on his love, power, and faithfulness, and that, having loved them in the world, he will love them to the end. And, at times, they will be looking forward to the time when the dark travail of faith will be changed to sight in their Father's house above.

Adelaide, September, 1873.

SOUTH AUSTRALIAN BUSHMAN.

THE LORD IS GOOD.

My dear Friend,—In answer to your kind invitation, I am obliged to decline at present, owing to the infirmities of the flesh, having had a serious attack a month ago in the head, which brought on fits, and I did think death was near. I have not opened my mouth in the Lord's gracious name since. I am obliged to be as quiet as I can; but I hope I may be able again, after rest, to utter a little of the memory of his great goodness to such a poor sinful worm.

Since I saw you, my dear friend, I have had to wade in deep waters. My second son is very unsteady, and the next not much as I could wish. I have proved literally poor Micah's path: "A man's worst foes are the men of his own house." I find there is no way of escaping the Lord's own word,—it is through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom. My poor flesh would escape it, but there is no way round or over the tribulative decree of our God.

I have had great darkness of mind, at times, the last year, between outward trials and heart sorrows. I have desired death rather than life, and have sadly lamented my own folly as a poor

foolish coward. I deserve a heavy cross; for, Ephraim-like, kicking under it, if the Lord were just to mark iniquities, who could stand? I have proved my utter weakness, insufficiency, unprofitableness in all things, and am sure the Lord must be all in all in all things to poor worthless me, or sink I must. Though I have cried out of the depths to the Lord, "O bring thou me out of my distresses," I have thought he would never hear me again, having cried so many times, and no answer; yet, when there was no power shut up or left, and I was feeling I must sink into dark despair, and looking over my youthful days and the unspeakable mysteries of sin I was guilty of, and viewing all my path since I hoped a call of grace, O what gloom covered my soul; and some particular sins I had forgotten a long time appeared in all their damning character. I could only "groan, being burdened." But the Lord, on last Wednesday morning, dropped this word into my poor heart: "Their sins and their iniquities I will remember no more." And what a blessed change they wrought. My bonds burst, my guilt fled, my hard heart broke, and, my dear friend, I did feel that word verified, "I will extend peace to her like a river," &c.; and, "Their sins shall be sought for and shall not be found." All the crooks were made straight, and the rough places plain in a moment; and I can add David's testimony: "Our God is gracious." O to taste spiritually, as well as temporally, his great goodness to such a hell-deserving wretch under the humbling anointings of the Holy Ghost! I could join D. 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?"

I feel his great goodness makes me a great debtor to him for his bounteous free favour. What a great salvation is the Lord's: "Our God is the God of salvation;" "To God the Lord belongeth the issues from death;" "Our God is merciful." O, my friend, we have tried him; he has tried *us*. We have proved him to be our stronghold in the day of trouble. He hath proved us to be nothing but sin, vanity, and ruin out of him. We cannot do without such a friend as he is, the Friend of sinners. "This God is our God for ever and ever; he will be our guide even unto death."

The Lord bless my dear friend and his dear spouse; my felt love to you both in a precious Christ. The Lord himself abide with you in all things.

Yours affectionately,

Seend, Melksham, Jan. 10, 1873.

N. MARSH.

God made Adam and Eve in the beauty of natural perfection, and gave them the key of their own hearts. And what did they do? Why, they unlocked their hearts, let in the devil, and ruined themselves and all their posterity. And God will never trust another man while the world stands.—*Gadsby*.

A FAITHFUL PROMISE.

"Lo, I am with you always."—MATT. XXVIII. 20.

YES, my Father, thou art with me,
In the conflict and the strife.
Thou hast said, "I'll never leave thee
Nor forsake thee all through life."

Help me, Lord, to trust thy promise,
And rely upon thy word,
Casting all my care upon thee
As my loving, gracious Lord.

"Lo! I'm with thee!" Precious promise!
What beside could give me rest?
Lord, to feel thy love and favour,
What but this can make me blest?

O to feel thou still art near me,
And to know thou still wilt be
Mine through life, in death, for ever;
This is heaven on earth to me.

When in sickness, need, or sorrow,
When all human aid is vain,
May this sweet and blest assurance
In every trial me sustain.

When my way is rough and thorny,
And when gloomy is the day,
May this animating promise
Chase my every fear away.

When opposed and tried by Satan,
When my soul is fill'd with grief,
May this heart-renewing promise
Give me calm and sweet relief.

And when through the valley passing,
When no earthly friend is near,
May I prove, by sweet experience,
Thou art with me even there.

When in death my eyes are closing,
In that last and trying hour,
Thou, dear Lord, repeat thy promise;
Speak to me the words once more:

"I am with thee! With thee alway;
I will ever thee defend;
I am with thee; I will ever
Prove thy loving, faithful Friend."

Thus, dear Lord, support and cheer me,
By thy promise, love, and grace;
Till in yonder realms of glory
I behold thee face to face.

Then, in gratitude and wonder,
 I before thy throne will fall,
 Sing of thy eternal glory;
 Own and crown thee Lord of all.
 There with all thy chosen people,
 But, more sweet, my God, with *thee!*
 I shall dwell in peace and pleasure
 Through a vast eternity.

E. W.

LIVING EPISTLES FROM DEPARTED SAINTS.

My dear Friend,—I was glad to find from your letter that the money had been raised for clearing off the chapel debt. I hope it may be well, though we are not always most healthy spiritually when underburdened. We need ballast and burdens of some kind, and the Lord knows best how to choose them for us. The flesh desires and seeks ease, and prefers it with barrenness and leanness of soul rather than affliction and spiritual health. What a mercy the Lord does not give us our choice! What loving forbearance and compassion he exercises towards his people! How sovereign and how free his grace! What a blessed truth experience shows that to be: "Salvation belongeth unto the Lord!" How complete was our destruction! Original and actual sin dreadfully attest its truth. As Mr. Hart says:

"That we're unholy needs no proof;
 We sorely feel the fall."

Better feel it and be broken, than be whole and know no need. "The whole need not a physician;" so our mercy arises from our misery, and soundness and health from our sickness and disease.

"Our life we receive from the dead."

"O to know him," as Paul says, "and the power of his resurrection," and be saved from confidence in the flesh, when thousands are resting in a false peace, wrapped up in delusion, blessing themselves, and do not know they are under the curse of God; while in the ruin and wreck of nature, God's prudent ones, who are wise in heart, betake themselves to the Rock for shelter, and find safety in the strong tower of the Lord's gracious name, in whom and with them may you and I be found.

Please remember me also to your son, and accept my best wishes for yourself and the prosperity of the cause of truth.

Yours truly,

Walsall, Oct. 21, 1872.

C. MOUNTFORT.

My dear Friend,—I reached home on Sunday night in safety, through the goodness of God and the kindness of my Christian friends.

We both continue in a feeble, languid state, which we must expect, as our days are drawing to a close; yet, in the midst of

all our weakness, the good Physician deals very tenderly with us, and when a cordial or comfort is needed, he unlocks the hearts of one and another of his children, and inclines them to convey the thing needed in such a gracious way as under his blessed influence to draw forth our souls in thanksgiving and praise to his ever-blessed self. And as himself hath said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," this is manifestly found to be a truth; and this witness my dear friend knows is true, as he hath proved it again and again by the inward effects of his own liberality.

An afflicted state is a season for prayer, and the returns of prayer draw forth the heart in praise and thanksgiving; and "he that offereth praise," saith the Lord, "glorifieth me; and to him that ordereth his conversation aright will I show the salvation of God." It hath been my mercy and privilege the last three Sabbaths to attend at our gates, where my soul hath been fed with "clean provender," though there are some whose vitiated appetites esteem it as light food; but God will feed such fat ones with judgment unless they repent.

Please to present our united regards to Mrs. Stevens and your niece, and may the good Lord bless thy soul with the abundance of life and peace,

Yours affectionately,

76, High Street, Shadwell, Sept. 27, 1831.

J. KEET.

Dear Friend,—You will think I am slow in answering your kind letter. I did not know what answer to send. At last I was led to answer Mrs. Cowper's letter respecting coming again into your parts. I have fixed, if the Lord will, to speak at the Dicker on the 18th and 20th of April. If spared to come, may the Lord come with me, and bless his word.

Last week I received a letter from one of an adjoining county, who has been in a dreadful bondage for many years,—Alfred Hammond, Gosport. His signature in the "Standard" was formerly A. H., Gosport. The Lord has brought him into the sweet liberty of the gospel; though he has been in the low dungeon, his feet are now in a large room. His father is a man who knows the truth; so that they can rejoice together. We are glad to hear of such testimonies. They show that the Lord still appears for his dear people however tried and tempted. Worldly people cannot understand such realities. If they are told of them, it is like throwing pearls to swine.

"This pure white stone contains a name,
Which none but who receives can read."

It is a mercy that the Lord regards in any way vile and worthless sinners like us. It is a great favour to be in any way an instrument of good to the Lord's people. If the Lord in mercy blessed the word through me the last time I was in your neighbourhood, I would wish to feel grateful,—I feel myself vile, sinful, and unworthy, and unfit to stand up in the Lord's great name.

The friends here would be glad to hear your pastor. I hope that he is better of his cold. Friend Philpot is not able to preach now through his chest complaint. On Monday I had a letter from Trowbridge, asking me to go there for the next two Lord's days, as friend Warburton is unable to preach through the infirmities of old age. Considering that he is in his 80th year, we have no cause to be surprised that he is prevented this time of year. I hope the Lord may bless these afflictions. How sure and certain is death for all! They are wonderfully favoured who can meet the enemy, and can really say, "Thanks be unto God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ." The world, the flesh, and the devil are all opposed to every step we take in the right path; so we need upholding and supporting grace to keep us moving in the narrow way to glory.

I am sometimes brought low, and am tried about all my evidences, and am glad to read or think about the tried paths of the Lord's people. It is a mercy to continue with our faces Zionward; yet in our right minds we would rather be in the footsteps of the flock than be at ease in Zion,—cold and careless.

"No trifling gift or small
Should friends of Christ desire;
Rich Lord, bestow on all
Pure gold, well tried by fire;
Faith that stands fast, when devils roar,
And love that lasts for evermore."

It seems that you find trials and difficulties in carrying on the little cause at your place; you will be sometimes encouraged, and sometimes cast down. It is a mercy to be interested in the welfare of Zion.

Give my love to your wife and any inquiring friends. "Greet the friends by frame." Give my love to your pastor,

Yours in the Truth,

Abingdon, Jan. 9, 1856.

WM. TIPTAFT.

JOHN RUSK'S DIARY.

(Continued from page 239.)

8. *Righteousness* is to be sought after. It is plain, from God's word and from the experience of all God's children that we are destitute by nature of every branch of righteousness. The law requires love to God and love to man; which love is the fulfilling of the law, and is the sum and substance of all righteousness. But, alas! Where are we? Why, "The carnal mind is enmity against God; it is not subject to his law, neither indeed can be." And as for our neighbour, we are hateful and hating one another. This is our true state, whether we know it or not. And whence arises all the dreadful work which is continually going on in the world of an open profane nature, such as murder, thieving, &c., but from this very source? It is the fall of man; and though all are not alike in their conduct, this is entirely owing to the restraints of God in his providence; for our natures are all alike:

“As face answers to face in water, so doth the heart of man to man.” And as for a righteousness to appear in before God, we are naked, and have none. “But,” say you, “if this is the case, how is it that some talk about their righteousness and good works, as the Pharisee did who went up to the temple to pray?” Why, this arises from being altogether ignorant of their own hearts. They are spiritually dead, past feeling, and blinded by the god of this world. This is the real truth; and here we all are by nature, birth, and practice. But God is pleased to open our eyes and quicken our souls, and then we are taught our true state in the fall. Now as this good work goes on we are brought to feel that we have no righteousness, and, at times, feel a keen appetite for righteousness; and such shall be filled; indeed, they are filled every time faith is in exercise on the Lord Jesus Christ and his finished work. He magnified the law and made it honourable, and brought in everlasting righteousness which is imputed to all God’s elect. This we are to seek after. Also the sentence of justification in our consciences; for nothing else will satisfy a sensible sinner. Abel had this, as you read: “By faith Abel obtained witness that he was righteous.” We seek to know that we have two natures; and if we find the warfare within, it is a proof that we have a new man. “Put on the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness;” and from these two will proceed every other branch of righteousness when faith is in exercise on the righteousness of Christ and the new man is put on; so that there will be the fruits of righteousness which are by Jesus Christ to the praise and glory of God; but not else; for “the flesh lusteth against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh; and these are contrary the one to the other, so that we cannot do the things which we would.” Now, says the prophet, seek meekness, seek righteousness, &c., which shows it is to be sought after; yes, and it is one of the things which are above; for you read that “we look for new heavens and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness; and such are to shine like the sun in their Father’s kingdom for ever and ever.

4. Now my last work is to show the *Kingdom of God*, which is also to be sought after. Where are we all in our natural state? I answer, in Satan’s kingdom, under the treble reign of Satan, sin, and death. Now here we all are, and contented with this slavery; as Dr. Watts says:

“We fancy music in our chains,
And so forget the load.”

But God is pleased to bring his people to a sight and sense of their danger, and to liberate them from this drudgery; and therefore he translates us out of Satan’s kingdom into the kingdom of his dear Son. And a blessed change this is. Satan is dethroned, and Christ takes possession. Sin also gives place to grace, and death to eternal life. “And can all this be proved,” say you, “from the experience of Bible saints?” Yes, it really can. Let us go to Paul, and ask him. Paul, when you were

in a state of nature, did Satan reign in you? "Yes. The spirit of the prince of the power of the air, which worketh in the children of disobedience, amongst whom we all had our conversation." And what change has God made? Why, "God revealed his Son in me." Then Satan is dethroned? "Yes." Well; were you a sinner by nature? "Yes; the chief of sinners." And does sin still reign? "No; the grace of God; for it was abundant on me with faith and love, which is in Christ Jesus." And were you dead in sin once? "Yes; and you too. 'But you hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins.'" And then, as before observed, he brings himself in with them. But how is it now, Paul? "Why, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me." Then, as this change is made, and you are translated out of the kingdom of Satan into the kingdom of Christ Jesus, and Christ is in you, grace in you, and life in you, it is all settled, and you go on easy and quiet? "O no," says Paul. "We wrestle against flesh and blood, principalities and powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places; and therefore put on the whole armour of God; so that I have to fight with devils, for Satan will try hard to get possession of me again." And now, Paul, as it respects grace reigning, are you delivered from the inbeing of sin?" "O no; for I find a law in my members warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin, which is in my members; and this often makes me cry out, O wretched man," &c. But let me ask you one more question, and that is this,—As you say that Christ liveth in you, are you always alive to God, or do you experience changes in this respect? "Why, many changes; for we which live are always delivered to death for Jesu's sake, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our mortal flesh." So, then, death worketh in us, but life in you? "Yes; and we had the sentence of death in ourselves that we should not trust in ourselves, but in God that raiseth the dead."

Thus this translation, though delightful to enjoy when faith is in exercise, is a path of tribulation. It is a warfare, and attended with sore conflicts. But here is our comfort, that all our enemies are conquered, and we are more than conquerors, through him that hath loved us.

Now, we are told to seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, &c.; so that this shows it is no very easy work to be at a point in these things; for if I seek for the face of God, he will sometimes hide his face, and then this calls for fresh seeking. If I seek peace, I shall soon lose the enjoyment of it. Then I must seek again. And the same with righteousness, and also this translation; so that there is plenty of work continually to seek after these things. And this kingdom belongs to God's children for evermore; for the saints of God shall take the kingdom and possess the kingdom for ever and ever, for ever and ever.

Sunday, Aug. 31, 1817.—Shortly after I got out I felt a heart truly thankful to God for all his mercies. This to me is very particular; and how delightful it is secretly to bless and praise the Lord when the heart and the tongue go together; but how often have I received mercies from the Lord and yet felt no gratitude, neither to the Almighty nor to the instrument, but a hard heart; but this was different. I heard Mr. R. very well. Text: "By humility and the fear of the Lord," &c. At night: "Behold what manner," &c. I went, being invited, to Mrs. Blackman's, and felt very comfortable. I have often wondered that though I am so hated, yet there are some in heart who like me; this appears wonderful. Mrs. B. told me the great good she had found in reading my book, "The Throne of Grace," &c. She did not know when she had read a book that had been so blessed, and she wondered I did not have it printed, as she believed it would be useful to God's children. She asked me to allow her to send it to Leicester, which I agreed to. This I was glad to hear of, because I have had many sore temptations that this writing of mine is only a gift,—the one talent, and sparks of my own kindling, and that I should lie down in sorrow. Let a person be much exercised this way and there is not so much danger of being lifted up, let their gifts and abilities be whatever they may; and it is a good thing for the soul to be sharply exercised upon this very thing.

Monday, Sept. 1.—I cannot describe the tenderness, the fear, the love, and the delight I do feel this morning in the Almighty, earnestly wishing to be led by him in all things; for I have proved him to be a faithful God who has heard and answered my prayers, both for soul and body. I have now been to him, and from my heart entreated him to direct my every step this day as he did his servant David when he prayed, "Shall I pursue? Shall I overtake?" And he got an answer to his prayer. O what a high privilege to have a covenant God to go to in all our troubles. Language can never express the greatness of it. I feel nothing in myself, and desire to lie in his hands as clay in the hand of the potter. After this I read a good book, and also the scriptures; but I believe we must ever be kept lively in our souls by the power of God's grace; for it is not what I felt yesterday will do for to-day. No. There must be a continual communication from the blessed fulness that is treasured up in Christ Jesus, or we cannot be "strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus,—strong in the Lord and in the power of his might."

Christ's death was a death for slaves and malefactors; for slaves, whose condition rendered them most despicable, and for malefactors whose actions had rendered them most abominable. The Lord of heaven endured the punishment of a slave, and was numbered among transgressors. It is called "shame." (Heb. xii. 2.) Each suffering was sharpened with shame. He was buffeted, spit upon, wounded in his good name, accounted an impostor. The most odious terms of blasphemer, Beelzebub's agent, &c., were put upon the Son of God.—*Charnock.*

INQUIRIES AND ANSWERS.

To a "Constant Subscriber."—You say you have been told that to talk of imputed righteousness is to talk of imputed nonsense. Nothing could be more shocking, awful, and blasphemous than to call the doctrine of the imputed righteousness of Christ imputed nonsense. We know of no camp of error from whence such a God-dishonouring statement would be more likely to emanate than that of the Derby section of Plymouth Brethrenism, as we know that this is just what they do hold and teach. Should the blast of error which has troubled our "Subscriber" have swept its way from the camp, our "Subscriber" will do well to procure from Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, of Paternoster Row, a pamphlet entitled "Plymouth Brethrenism," and he will surely see poisonous error enough exposed in the tract, and as held by the "Brethren," to make him suspicious of anything and everything that emanates from that source.

These "Brethren," and others who hold with their view, say it is not the righteousness of Christ, which he wrought out by his active and passive obedience, but that it is the righteousness of God. But who is Christ but God? And what is the righteousness of the believer but the righteousness of Christ? This is the name whereby he, that is, Christ, shall be called: THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

Now, the apostle emphatically declares that this righteousness of Christ is made the believer's by imputation: "Even as David also describeth the blessedness of the man unto whom God *imputeth righteousness* without works." (Rom. iv. 1-16.) The words of the great Dr. Goodwin are a full refutation of the error we oppose. He says, "In seeking justification, our faith must have recourse to God, as justifying also. 'It is God that justifies.' And upon this the apostle builds his confidence, as well as upon that that 'Christ died.' Therefore we find that Christ as dying, so God as justifying, is made the object of faith. (Rom. iv. 5.) 'That believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly;' *i.e.*, who believeth on God the Father, imputing Christ's righteousness to persons ungodly. And, therefore, you shall find that the righteousness we are justified by is called as often 'the righteousness of God' as of Christ. Thus Rom. i. 17: 'The righteousness of God is revealed from faith to faith,' for so faith looks at this righteousness as wrought by Christ, so appointed by God, and bestowed by him, and *imputed* by him (2 Cor. v. 21): 'For he hath made him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him.' We see Christ there to be the meritorious cause of that righteousness. But his Father was the original cause of all, for he made him to be sin for us, and he makes his righteousness ours. It is called 'the righteousness of Christ,' as he is the worker of it; but it is called 'the righteousness of God,' as he is the appointer and *imputer* of it. It is called 'the righteousness of faith,' as faith is the appre-

hender of it. (Rom. iv. 13.) It is called 'man's righteousness' (Job xxxiii. 26: 'He will render to man his righteousness'), because it was extended to him and wrought for him." See Goodwin's "Object and Acts of Justifying Faith," chap. XV., Book I.

Lastly, To the praise of a covenant Three-One Jehovah, our blessed and glorious Mediator Christ, who is the brightness of the Father's glory and the express image of his person, is for ever and ever exalted above the heavens, and is divinely glorious in his character, infinitely and eternally more glorious than glorified angels and spirits of just men before the throne of God. Therefore anything about his *mere moral character*, of which it appears some have spoken to you, might very well apply to the sinless, upright, first Adam before he fell, but not to our exalted and glorified Redeemer, "who is the image of the invisible God," and God over all blessed for evermore.

May we be found in him, not having on our own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, and which is *imputed* to them that believe.

Dear Sir,—As you have greatly to our satisfaction given us before answers to inquiries, would you, by the help of God, give your views upon Rom. xiii. 11. What does "knowing the time" refer to? Also, "high time;" and "now is our salvation nearer than when we believed?"—F. P.

ANSWER.

To understand a particular text we generally must consider the connexion, and thus, with the Lord's blessing, get at the drift of the writer. Now, as to Rom. xiii. 11, we find the apostle had been exhorting the saints of God to love, &c.; but all gospel exhortations are founded upon gospel truths, and gospel truths can only be efficacious in us by an intelligent spiritual receiving of them into our hearts. Therefore Paul, referring to verse 8, says, "And this," or, as it seems to mean, "And do this," "knowing," or duly considering and understanding, "the time." His design was to lead them, through the Holy Spirit's grace, to a proper consideration of the gospel time. It was no longer with them who had heard and received the gospel the time of the law, but the time of love; not a day of clouds and darkness, and gloom upon the mountains, but of sweet light and gospel grace. Well, then, it could not be the time for sleep, for they that sleep sleep in the night, but for wakefulness and gospel obedience, for the gospel voice is, "Awake, awake! Put on thy strength, O Zion!" &c. (Isa. lii. 1.) This is what is meant by high time,—that is, proper time. If they knew the nature of the gospel time they would, of course, know it to be a time suitable for a spiritual activity in the things and ways of God, and not for carelessness and remissness. Moreover, as the gospel day which had dawned upon them is that shining light which shineth more and more unto the perfect day, it could not be fitting or right for those

who had believed to go to sleep again. No; plainly the suitable thing was as the day advanced, as they went forward to the perfect day, whether it should break to them at Christ's coming, or in their individual deaths, to be more wakeful, more earnest in the things of God, more seeking to put off the works of darkness, more exercised in putting on the armour of God, pursuing after conformity to Christ in truth and love. This must be the proper working of the gospel, the true fruit of the Spirit, the really suitable thing. But the time may be considered in another point of view. Compared with the past it was as day time to the night, but as compared to the future of glory it was itself a sort of night season rapidly passing away, and hastening on to the morning without clouds of Christ's appearing. Now there was a danger that, as the night in this sense wore on, the children of God should become sleepy, instead of being the more vigilant. Indeed, our Lord says that this will be the case (Matt. xxv.): "They all slumbered and slept." Novelty wearing off, the aversion of the flesh to all divine things reasserts its power, weariness comes in, with slackness and remissness in the things and ways of God; gospel light is abused to fleshly purposes, to the encouragement of sloth, and other fleshly things. Hence as the true light in one sense is now shining, but the night of time in another is lengthened out, there is need for the stirring exhortation, and a call in a due consideration of these things to wakefulness, watchfulness, and prayer, and so much the more as we see the day approaching. (Heb. x. 25.)

REVIEW.

The Son of God's Request and Gift of Heavenly Glory on Behalf of the Church. A Sermon, preached at Hephzibah Chapel, Mile End, on Lord's Day Evening, March 10th, 1861. By Charles Gordelier.

WE have frequently been grieved to see many things in print which appear plainly to prove that the author had not been experimentally led into them by the blessed Spirit, and therefore must be unacquainted with those truths as they are taught by that Holy Spirit. On this account, the writer of such books or sermons labours under a great disadvantage when writing for the use of the church of God. An experience of some truths he may have. He may be a good man, and a most exemplary person in every sense of the word. But this does not qualify him to handle all the deep mysteries of godliness; and, whenever he attempts anything beyond what the Spirit has taught him, it necessarily becomes laboured, dry, and unprofitable; and not unfrequently very erroneous. The power and unction of the Spirit never accompany what he has not taught. Hence it follows that such must be without savour and without salt. The life-giving power of God being absent, it becomes a mere form of words which genders to bondage in the mind of every spiritual reader. Profitable and acceptable it cannot be; and so it

becomes rejected by those who look more after the effectual operation of the Spirit than abilities.

The rejection of such productions is, no doubt, a source of grievance to those whose writings are rejected; and, because they are worked out to the satisfaction of their own minds, they take it for granted that they are right, and that all who speak against them are of a bad spirit or narrow-minded. But did not Paul declare, "I will come to you shortly, if the Lord will, and will know, not the speech of them which are puffed up, but the power?" (1 Cor. iv. 19.) Power is the grand and fundamental requirement to give success to either preaching or writing; and we firmly maintain that no man is in a position to handle the mysteries of vital godliness unless he has had those blessed mysteries revealed to his heart and felt their divine power; and glad should we be if every preacher and writer would confine himself to what he has been taught in the life and power of the truth upon his own conscience.

What, then, is to be done? How is the evil to be remedied? Well, we have always found that when a man enters experimentally into his subject,—experience, doctrine, and precept being all blended together, as flowing from a warm heart, and his lips having been touched with a live coal from off the altar, all is then right both in the pulpit and the pew. This is all we contend for; but for this we have been called popes and all manner of ugly names. But this does not alter the fact that no man is safe, write or preach what he will, unless he keeps to what he has been taught by the blessed Spirit. The old landmarks which the saints have set up in the word of truth, under the guidance of the Holy One of Israel, are not seen, and consequently the would-be guide wanders out of the way and divides the flock; some following the leader, and others refusing to go.

Now, to be honest and candid, we must say that the sermon at the head of this article seriously lacks moisture. Great confusion is evident in it, and, in fact, there is a collision between experience and doctrine which the Holy Spirit never makes. Both must run together to form sound doctrine. The object of the author is evidently to show that the title of the kingdom of God is a gift, and not arising out of the redemption of Christ; yet he has so confused the subject that few persons would be able to catch his aim. The text is taken from that most sublime prayer of the Lord Jesus Christ, Jno. xvii. 24. The author seems to miss the true nature of the mediatorial character of Christ, and founders upon the covenant engagement of the Triune Jehovah. Eternal union with Christ and what Christ has thereby become to his church, in covenant engagement, and what the church is constituted in him, as the Head of the body, can never be conceived in the slightest degree, except by a revelation of the Son of God to the soul. His substitutionary work flows from his eternal relationship to the church; and in his prayer he expresses his divine will that every member of his

mystical body, be he what or where he may, should be with him to behold his glory; which glory of the ascended Son of God consists of his being God and man in one glorious Person, in whom the whole Deity shines forth. Here the Father is seen in the Son: "For he that hath seen me hath seen the Father also." But the knowledge and enjoyment of this glorious union is first made known here below. Regeneration is the actual beginning of vital union with Christ, and is the production of the life of Christ in the soul. This is also the Father's promised life of the living Head flowing in the soul by virtue of eternal and personal election, and is manifested to have been wrought in the heart by the existence of the light of life to perceive the truth and reality of the word of God, and the saving convictions of the blessed Spirit. Without this life all is dead; nothing can be felt of a spiritual nature where it exists not. It is the cause of all hungerings and thirstings after God, and from it flows every living desire. Where these are they are a manifest proof of eternal union to the Lamb of God. The title to bliss and every covenant blessing and favour were all included in the promise of life: "And this is the promise that he hath promised us, even eternal life." (1 Jno. ii. 25.) It is from the fountain of life flowing into the quickened soul that the vital experience of the mysteries of godliness arises. It brings a heavenly intercourse with the Father, Son, and Spirit in its reviving influence. Such is the sweet harmony and oneness of a Triune Jehovah and his people, together with a complete Head and one body, that to treat of any one gospel truth thus as separated from another must inevitably lead to errors of a serious nature.

The title to the eternal inheritance of life with and in God is, then, inseparably connected with the mediatorial character of Christ, and is not a distinct thing from it, any more than justification can be viewed as distinct or apart from redemption; for although they are different parts of the work of the Surety, they must stand or fall together. No part of the covenant of life ever existed apart from the Mediator. But on this subject our author says:

"My object in this discourse is to show that the Lord's people are raised to heaven, where Christ sitteth in all his primeval glory, by virtue of his own will and gift, apart from his atoning merits, and apart from his imputed righteousness. That is, the saints in heaven are not there as the mere consequence of Christ's death, or from their renewed nature; they are there by Christ's own authority as the Son of God, being co-equal with his Father,—distinct and separate from all the other blessings of redemption."

These distinctions are neither experimentally nor doctrinally true; for, apart from the mediatorial glory of Christ, no title to the kingdom of Christ could exist; and therein is every covenant promise seen by the eye of faith, and will be openly revealed to the saints in glory. (1 Jno. iii. 2.) For union with abstract Deity being impossible, it follows that all union with God must be through the union of the two natures in Christ, whereby

he becomes Immanuel, God with us; and therein also is the Church brought into an intimate relationship with a Triune Jehovah. From hence arises communion with God; and Christ, being God with us, the church receives the spirit of adoption, which is the promise of the Father to Christ, and he it is who bears witness to their heirship: "And if children, then heirs, heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ." (Rom. viii. 17.)

A child may be destitute of an inheritance, or a title to one; but a title without a child becomes extinct. How, then, can our author build up the theory that the saints are not in heaven as a consequence of their renewed nature? For the scriptures say, "If children, then heirs." If there is a title, to whom is that made over? Is it not to children? Not to children in name only; but to children who were to be born, beloved of God, and heirs of salvation. If the children had never been renewed, what would have become of the title? They never could have lived in heaven without it; and without redemption none could have received life from the dead. So that they cannot be viewed apart; that is, to suppose one could be without the other. If our author had said that the children were raised to heaven by virtue of the gift of the kingdom of God by the *Father* (Luke xii. 32), and that because they were heirs of God and his kingdom every other covenant blessing flowed to them through the grace of a covenant God, and the whole united together to place them in heaven, according to the mind of God, he would have then said all he wished to say, and would have said it rightly. But to say that the saints are raised to heaven, "apart from Christ's atoning merits, and apart from imputed righteousness," is really shocking.

The title to heaven arises most certainly from the everlasting love of God; but not apart from the covenant of grace. Love is the great moving cause of all blessings. Love gave the Son to die (1 Jno. iv. 10), and is the cause of regeneration. (Eph. ii. 4-6.) Yea, all blessing may be traced to love, although our author says of them:

"Yet it is not the possession of these blessings that gives the believer his title to be where Christ is, and to behold the glory which he had with the Father before the world was. As a creature, he is simply placed where he was before, though, of course, in some respects, superior; but I mean, as a creature upon earth renewed in the spirit of his mind, whatever he has derived by the substitutionary work of Christ, in itself considered, it gives him no authority to claim heaven as his portion. He is, indeed, truly blessed with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ by the gift of the Father, but all this arises simply from its being according as the Father hath chosen his person in Christ, and made his personal standing in him perfectly secure. Our title to heaven as our eternal inheritance is over and above and beyond all the blessings that arise out of the soul's redemption from sin, death, and hell; it is a distinct gift in itself, arising out of the love of God in Christ, and based on Christ's own authority, by his own will and pleasure. By virtue of his equality with the Father, the Son of God claims with authority that those whom the Father had given him should be (now that his mediatorial work was accomplished) with

him, to behold that glory which he had before the world was—the primeval glory which he possessed before sin lighted upon this earth or entered the heart of Satan in heaven.”

Confusion reigns here supreme. The blessings of the covenant of grace are dismembered from the title to possess them. For they never could be possessed and enjoyed apart from the title; and the title never existed apart from the blessings. They are parts of the same everlasting covenant flowing from eternal love, as already stated.

But what does he mean by, “As a creature, he is simply placed where he was before, though, of course, in some respects, superior,” &c.? If he means that regeneration places a person in this world as Adam was before the fall, the daily experience of the saints on earth convict it as a gross error. For where is there a child of God, as a creature, like Adam before the fall? But if he means that the mediatorial work of Christ simply placed him as Adam was before the fall, we scarcely know how to find words to reprobate the idea sufficiently. For this makes the headship of Christ merge into that of Adam; and destroys the distinct nature of the covenant of works and the covenant of grace. Moreover, if Christ only raised his church a little superior to her condition in Adam, it empties her of all grace in Christ, and leaves her without a new principle. Whereas, it is this new man of grace which wages war with the world, the flesh, and the devil, in this time state, and is a new covenant promise: “A new heart will I give unto them.”

But what shall we say to his separating the substitutionary work of Christ from all claim to heaven? The clash is here. Experience and enjoyment of truth are brought to bear against truth. Truth enjoyed and realized is made to differ from that very truth itself. When, we would ask, did the Holy Spirit bear witness to a person's interest to the heavenly inheritance without conveying that blessing through the substitutionary work of the Redeemer? For the incarnation of the Son of God is “the great mystery of godliness;” and therein he became “God manifested in the flesh.” It is in the incarnate Redeemer that the whole Deity shines forth, and the whole inheritance is invested in him. Therefore, whatever the church possesses, title included, all is secured in the now glorified Immanuel. For, as the title arose through eternal union with Christ, the Father blessed the church in him (Eph. i. 3-5), but never with a title to heaven apart from the Son of God in flesh.

But, further, he says, “Now that his mediatorial work was accomplished.” Surely this is a slip of the pen. This is so palpably wrong that it needs no refutation.

We will take another extract:

“If Christ had not by his own will given us heaven, how could we get there? Would a sanctified nature necessarily procure it for us? By no means. We are fitted for the enjoyment of heaven by a sanctified nature, it is true, but it gives us no title; our being made meet

for the heavenly inheritance arises out of the great and glorious fact that our title for heaven is over and above and beyond what has been done *in us*."

By a sanctified nature, we suppose nature as raised from the dead, "without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing," is meant; for we do not know of any other. But we would ask how could resurrection glory ever take place without a title, or fitness for heaven be obtained without Immanuel? This kind of reasoning is absurd.

Again:

"But further. All the people of God are accepted in Christ, are viewed as clothed in his perfect righteousness, and which is an everlasting righteousness, which is unto all and upon all who truly believe in him. But does even this procure our title to heavenly bliss? No. We should have lived on earth for ever and ever, and never one moment higher."

That we never should. We ask every living soul whether righteousness imputed fitted them to live on this earth, or did not rather make them leap for joy at the prospect of eternal enjoyment in heaven? We should be glad to rest our hopes of eternal bliss upon righteousness imputed every day of our life. We have no fear that we should rest on a false foundation; or that either men or devils could effectually dispute the title to heaven before the throne of God: "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled." (Matt. v. 6.)

But, it might be asked, Does righteousness procure the title? No; but righteousness is one part of the inheritance: "And became heir of the righteousness which is by faith." (Heb. xi. 7.) The fault lies in contending for a title without an estate. Of what avail is a title if the estate does not exist? For the heaven of glory wherein the glorified saints are to enjoy communion with God, and eternal bliss in the presence of a Three-One God, has no existence apart from the Lamb of God. What! Heaven without Him who was born a babe in Bethlehem,—Him who once was "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief,"—Him who now fills all heaven with glory, grace, and peace? O! How degrading to the incarnate Son of God are such statements; and to add to the insult of the precious Lamb of God's sufferings and death, an earthly paradise is all he could have raised his bride to; and, consequently, all that he could have ever attained to himself; for where she is to be for ever there will he be also.

That we have taken the correct view of the author's meaning let the following bear witness:

"We might have had communion with God, as Adam had before he sinned; but, being a creature fitted only for the enjoyment and happiness which this earth was designed to impart, he could rise no higher. Sin, however, coming in spoilt all, and God has defeated Satan by destroying his works, in sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh. Now, though all this has been done for the salvation of God's elect, and they are brought into the blessedness of knowing that they are saved from the

curse of God's wrath against sin, and have the hope of eternal blessedness, yet it is not the present participation of spiritual blessings on which we rest our assurance of being with Christ and for ever beholding his glory. It is *the earnest* of our future inheritance, I grant; but it is not the title itself. You see, I repeat the thing as to the *participation* of spiritual blessings, as was just said, as to the actual *possession* of them. The distinction is obvious,—participation has reference to one's experience or enjoyment; possession, as to the fact itself, whether we are assured of it or not."

We fear that there are many among the people of God who are simple enough to rest their assurance of being with Christ on the present participation of salvation from the curse of God's wrath against sin, and on the enjoyment of "the hope of eternal blessedness;" and a great many more of them who would only be too glad to have the blessed privilege to do so. The Holy Spirit is the earnest (2 Cor. i. 28; v. 5; and Eph. i. 14); not participation. Our author fails to perceive that heirship, or the title, is embodied within the participation of salvation; as, "Them who shall be heirs of salvation." (Heb. i. 14.) The fact of the title's remaining secure, whether we are assured of it or not, is a fundamental article of our holy faith; but if we could always participate of it, we should always be assured of it. The fact is, our author has struck the wrong theme, and confounded security with assurance. The security of heirship remains the same, and no condition can affect that; but assurance is always attended with some participation. The same confusion runs through the whole sermon; and the wire-drawn distinctions between the title and the estate fairly snap asunder in the following quotation:

"But again. God's eternal and everlasting love to man might have exerted and made known to him, and he made to feel his love shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost, and still there would be no title or merit thereby."

It is a mere waste of words to build up arguments upon impossibilities. But worse than that; for he says a man might have had rightful possession of God's love, and the Holy Ghost to introduce him into the possession of it, and after all he might have no right to it, and therefore might be there without a title. What wretched divinity!

Again.

"Friendship gives no title to possession; no, not even a bare promise. There must be a properly-constituted title from the owner in order to make over to another property available for his use and enjoyment. Without it there can be no authority for claiming possession."

Friendship with God, or, more properly, God's friendship with his people, gave them a title to heaven; for it arose from his loving-kindness towards them. Bare promises God has none, and never gave one; but the title to heavenly bliss is a promise confirmed by oath. (Heb. vi. 13-20.) We are not in love with *claiming* possession. God's people are poor hands at *claiming*; and which of them ever succeeded with it? *Begging* suits them the best, and sounds better in the mouth of a sinner.

Again.

"It is not, therefore, the indubitable proofs that we may have of the love, favour, and friendship of God in our souls that give us a title to the heavenly inheritance, though they are certainly blessed *indications* that heaven is our home, and that we are being brought on our way thither. Our title is over and above and beyond the exercises of God's loving-kindnesses, of which we may have the experience.

"Thus I have endeavoured, in various ways, to cut away the ground from under any who may be resting their title to the heavenly state merely upon that which is done for the church of God by virtue of the mediatorial work of Christ, or what has been known and felt in the heart experimentally by the Spirit's gracious operations. My design has been all along to lead you to see that the gift of eternal glory to the saints arises out of, and is based upon, the gracious compact provided for in the covenant of grace, irrespective of those transactions which were undertaken as the result of the covenant."

Clearly that is the author's *design*; but we deny the assertion. It was not irrespective of the transactions and result of the covenant, as we have already shown; and rather than cutting away the ground from under one, we think he has cut his tools all away.

There are, indeed, many good things in the sermon; but these dead flies send forth an ill savour. We will pursue the sermon, therefore, no further; but say it contains a great amount of dross; and, whether the author intends it or not, there appears an attempt to lower the glory and blessedness of the mediatorial work of Christ; and we wish that the churches of truth would forbid such expressions in their pulpits as, "The mere consequences of the death, or blood, or righteousness of Christ." For to say "mere" to anything belonging to Christ is a disgrace to those who say it.

Obituary.

CAROLINE FOORD.—On March 13th, aged 48, Mrs. Caroline Foord, of Brighton.

She was born at Willingdon, Sussex; brought up a strict follower of the Church, and lived a very moral life. I cannot speak of the exact time of my dear sister's call by grace; but soon after her marriage, which was in 1846, when she settled in Brighton, she became dissatisfied with her church goings; was led to hear the late Mr. Grace, and continued under his ministry up to the time of his death, his ministry being much blessed to her. Soon after his death the congregation divided, and my sister left the chapel and attended Galeed, her place seldom being empty, except in case of sickness.

She had to travel much in the path of tribulation. Often she said to me, "If the path to heaven is as smooth as some people want to make it, I know nothing about it; for when I have no outward trials I have inward ones; and my Bible tells me it is through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom." She was never a great talker; but those who knew her many years can testify that she was a most humble walker. For the most part she had to travel much by night. In the beginning

of 1871 the Lord saw fit to lay on her a most painful affliction. She went to Guy's Hospital and underwent a most agonizing operation. During it, however, Ps. xxxvii. 5 was made a great comfort to her, and she felt a sweet falling into the Lord's hands and a submission to his will, whether it might prove to be for life or death. She was wonderfully supported under the operation, and spoke of the blessings she enjoyed at that time.

After nine weeks she returned to her home, and was again favoured to meet a few times with those she so dearly loved at Galeed. But soon the Lord laid on her a still heavier affliction. Her husband, who had been in the police force for 28 years, while in the execution of his duty as inspector, had his back injured, which in a short time brought on paralysis, of such a painful nature that he could only move his head and arms for two years before his death; which event took place Oct. 12th, 1873. Many of the friends from Galeed were very kind in visiting them, a privilege which they both much prized and greatly enjoyed. My dear sister spoke often of it being made a real blessing to their souls.

In one letter to me she said how they both longed for the Sabbath afternoons, hoping some of the dear friends would come in and speak a word in prayer with them, and how disappointed they both felt if they did not come. These are her own words: "Our sick chamber is often a little Bethel to our souls; for we do love the people of God, and love to hear the truths of God spoken of, and we want none but the Lord's family to visit us." They lay together, not knowing which would be taken first, feeling they could not be separated till death parted them.

A short time before her husband died, these lines rested on my dear sister's mind with some degree of power and sweetness:

"Then hail, ye happy mourners!
How blest your state to come is!
Ye soon will meet with comfort sweet;
It is the Lord's own promise."

Towards the end of September her dear husband was taken much worse, and died by her side. She was wonderfully supported under the trial, believing they should soon again be reunited.

My sister suffered so much from sickness for many months that often she could not take the least particle of food; even the smell of it would make her sick. She had taken no food for five days when I went to her husband's funeral; and I really thought she would not live the day out. But the sickness stopped, and at the close of the day she seemed a little revived.

I was alone with her in her room while they were taking the body of her husband to put in the hearse; and as I was leaving her, to go down to follow, I said, "I will send the nurse up to stay with you." She said, "No, don't. I had rather be quiet by myself. I am not alone. Jesus is with me, to support me. I feel the everlasting arms underneath. I shall not sink." And she said it with such a smile as I shall not soon forget. Mr. G. coming in in the evening, he said, when wishing her good bye, "I am afraid it is useless to wish you better." She said, "I feel it would be cruel of you to do so. I do not want to get better." But, however, contrary to all expectations, in a short time she rallied; the sickness left her, and she could again take her food and enjoy it; and after a few weeks was able to have on her clothes and get into the adjoining room. In a letter to me she said, "I would not have one thing altered if I could. I wish to lie passive in his hands, and to be kept constantly looking to him for every help."

I saw her again in December. She seemed then much improved in health, and said, "What God is about to do I know not; and I do not

feel to want to have a voice in it. I feel to lie so passive in his hands, whether it be for life or death; and I desire to submit in all things, and know no will but his."

At a later period she again wrote, and said, "Satan has been permitted sorely to harass me. I have been in such a dark state. I have called all my religion in question, and feared I was deceived and should die in despair after all; for I felt stripped of all my religion; when these words came with power, and have again raised me to hope that there is yet mercy in store for me: "Cast not away your confidence," &c. This was the last time she wrote.

On Feb. 17th I found my dear sister very ill. On my asking her the state of her mind, she said she had been very dark of late. I said, "God's purposes are the same. His love changes not. That is our mercy." She seemed to brighten up a little, and exclaimed, "Precious Jesus! Precious Jesus! How precious is the Saviour!" In the evening Mr. D. came in and spoke in prayer, which she much enjoyed. The next day she asked me to read Rom. ix., and said how precious it had been to her the previous week. The last clause in verse 5 was greatly blessed to her. When Mr. A. visited her they had a sweet time together. Faith was given her to believe God was over all her doubts and fears; and the cloud of darkness again passed away.

On March 1st she was in so much pain she could only lie just in one position on her back. She wanted us to try again to move her on her side, but she could not bear it, the pain was so great. She then said, "Did Christ, my Lord, suffer, and shall I repine?" Shortly afterwards she said, "I have nothing I want to stay here for. Do take me, dear Jesus, to thyself. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly. Nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt."

The next day she asked me to read Job xiv., and said, "I think it won't be long now. I do so long to be gone." I also read hymn 468, which she said so expressed her feelings; and she referred to it several times afterwards. Also 469. She said, "This has been a long and painful illness; but much mercy has been mixed with it. I can look back and see many mercies God has blessed me with. It has all been for wise ends, no doubt." I said, "You can say with good old Jacob, 'Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life.'" She replied, "I can." I said, "It has also been for the trial of your faith. God never gives faith without trying it; and yours has been well tried with fire." She said, "Yes; and it shines brighter and brighter. He will never, no never forsake." She tried to lie on her side, but could not bear the pain; which caused her to repeat:

"O thou hideous monster, sin,
What a curse hast thou brought in," &c.

On March 5th she seemed a little revived, but was still longing to be gone, continually begging the Lord to come and take her to himself. But we could not understand much she said, only now and then, "Precious Jesus! Do come! Do give me patience to wait thy time."

On March 7th she said, "I wish I was at home. I shall sing then." She seemed anxious for us to understand her; but the power of speech was almost gone. Sometimes we could not catch a word. Trying to speak once, all that could be understood was, "Five foolish virgins." I said, "But you are not one of them. You have oil in your lamp." She replied, "I have." Her lips moved, as if in prayer. She said, "Precious Jesus!" I said, "Is he still precious to you?" She said, "Yes. He will not leave me now." Shortly afterwards she said, with great difficulty, "I am going to be for ever with the Lord."

She was always very pleased to see the friends from Ebenezer Chapel, which was close by their house; and many a time has their sick chamber been a little Bethel when they have met together.

On March 9th she said to me, "Sing! Sing!" I said, "What would you like me to sing?" She said,

"'Rock of Ages.'"

I believe it had been much on her mind during the night, as she once said,

"'Simply to thy cross I cling.'"

On March 13th the final change came. Her breathing became weaker and weaker, till she gently passed away, without the least struggle, sigh, or groan.

CHARLOTTE THORPE.

[We have had to "cut down" the above account nearly one-half. Sometimes we have to curtail pieces nearly two-thirds. Writers of Obituaries often make two leading mistakes,—saying too much about temporals, and fancying that everybody will feel as surviving husbands, wives, or other relatives feel.]

SARAH PARKIN.—On April 2nd, aged 65, Sarah Parkin, a member of the Baptist Chapel, Thornhill Edge, for 35 years.

Her parents were both gracious persons, and members at the same place. She appeared to belong to that class of people who *think* upon the name of the Lord, for she never was a great *talker*. Her continual prayer was for the Lord to keep her and her family from the customs, fashions, and maxims of this present evil world, and in a low and child-like position. She was a lover of a doctrinal, practical, and experimental ministry. Nothing short of a free and complete salvation, without money and without price, would do for her. Also, the appointed means of grace were her soul's delight. Seldom would her seat be vacant, either at preaching or prayer meeting, whenever opportunity presented itself, before her health gave way, which was about two to three years before she died.

I remember, a few years ago, being at the church meeting. I was speaking of having a great distance to walk from our house to the chapel, and, when it was wet weather, I thought it would be better for me to go to the Temperance Hall at Dawgreen, where the same glorious soul-supporting truths are preached, it being only about five minutes' walk from where I live, when she said, with great emphasis, "What! a fair-weather Christian?" These words were a great reproof to me, and not to me only, but to the rest of the members who heard them.

It was about the year 1837 when the arrow of conviction entered her heart, and the Holy Spirit having "laid judgment to the line, and righteousness to the plummet," she was led to see herself a poor, lost, and ruined sinner in the sight of a righteous and just God. This brought her into the dust, and she got into such a state of soul trouble that she did not know what to do nor where to go. The Lord knew well the state of bondage she was in, and by and by applied the following passages of scripture to her mind: "And he said unto me, Son of man, can these dry bones live? And I answered, O Lord God, thou knowest;" which caused a little hope to spring up within her. Again: "The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." Also: "He came not to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance." She received a little encouragement from the above words, as they just suited her case; and she was enabled to wait patiently for the Lord.

One day she appeared to have got to the end of the earth in her soul's feelings; when she fell upon her knees before the Lord, and was enabled to call with great earnestness upon the mighty God of Abraham, of Isaac,

and of Jacob to have mercy upon her, a poor hell-deserving sinner. The Lord heard her cry, and brought her up out of the horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set her feet upon a Rock, established her goings, and put a new song into her mouth, even praise unto her God, by applying the following words to her heart: "I have cast all thy sins behind my back," "as a stone into the depths of the sea, never to be remembered against thee any more for ever." This was a time never to be forgotten by her; she often spoke about it and the following, even when on her death-bed. One night, when going to the well for water, it was deeply impressed on her mind that if the Lord had dealt with her according to her sins, and rewarded her according to her iniquities, she would have been in that place where not a drop of cold water would have been given to cool her scorched tongue. But when she was returning home, the Spirit broke in upon her soul with such sweetness that she was enabled to say: "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name, who forgiveth all thine iniquities," &c. A short time afterwards these words were applied with sweetness: "Thy Maker is thy Husband. The Lord of Hosts is his name."

The ordinance of believers' baptism being laid with weight upon her mind, she came before the church, and was baptized in Sept., 1838, by Mr. Higson, of Clayton West, and went on her way rejoicing.

But this was only of short duration; for she soon found by bitter experience that it is through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom. One time she was passing through some hot persecution, when these words came with divine power: "If they did these things in the green tree, what will they do in the dry?"

At another time, when she was in very deep trouble, she retired into the bed-room, and there was enabled to pour out her trouble before the Lord. He heard her cry, and delivered her out of all her distresses. And not only so, but her mourning was turned into rejoicing, for she left the room singing, with grace in her heart, making melody unto the Lord. What a mercy to have a prayer-hearing and answering God to go to at all times; one who rests in his love and changes not.

Often, at the prayer meeting, which was held at her house on Sunday nights, in its turn, up to the last, when she was asked how she was getting on, she would say, "Here I am, a monument of God's sparing mercy." At other times she would say,

"Here I raise my Ebenezer."

She was a great lover of prayer meetings, and was most happy to open her door at any time to her brethren for prayer.

We now come to the last week of her short life. On March 24th she desired her daughter to send for my wife and me to go and see her, as she knew her time here was short. When we got there, we found her very low in body. On asking her the state of soul she was in, she said, "Satan tries to tease and perplex my poor mind," but added that she found her precious Lord was true to his promise that when the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit shall lift up a standard against him. He did so, by enabling her to plead the blood and righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ alone before God. After a little more conversation with her, she repeated, with great sweetness, which was very cheering to my mind, hymn 160, verse 5.

The next day I went again. She was very weak in body, but was enjoying that peace which passeth all understanding. A person standing by the bed said, "He has borne the heaviest weight." "Yes," she said "if he has not borne the *whole weight* I shall be lost for ever."

The next day I went again. I found she still got weaker in body. She said, "What a solemn thing it will be if, after all my profession, I

should be lost at last." She closed her eyes for a short time, and when she opened them again she exclaimed, "I have had such a view of the way the Lord has led me these many years as I never have had before in all my life. What great troubles he has brought me through; what great and many blessings he hath bestowed upon me, a hell-deserving sinner." After this she appeared more composed and settled in her mind.

She referred to a few of the special love tokens the Lord had bestowed upon her. One special favour was when hearing the late Mr. Kershaw from Ps. cxix. 103. She said she felt the word was sweet and precious.

On the 27th she was almost too weak to be heard; but I caught the following words: "When will the day, dear Lord, appear?" Also, "Do, Lord, help me through this river. Let thy rod and thy staff comfort me." A short time after this she asked her youngest daughter to read that precious hymn:

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds."

After this she could only be understood by signs, which she gave us when she wanted moving, &c.

About two hours before her ransomed spirit left its earthly house, she gently lifted up her arm three times, as good as to say, "Victory, victory, victory, through the blood of the Lamb!"

Dewsbury, April 17, 1874.

WM. LAMBERT.

SARAH SMITH.—On Jan. 1st, aged 65, Sarah Smith, for many years a member of the church at Upavon. She was baptized with three others, in 1839, in the river Avon, by the late Mr. Stephen Offer. She was very much blessed in the ordinance, and hymn 357 was most precious unto her. She could adopt the whole hymn as her own. She continued in a very blessed frame of mind for some time, and the Lord especially blessed to her also Matt. ix. 15. In those days she enjoyed much sweet communion with the children of God; and being favoured with a God-fearing mother, they often spent many hours together, conversing on the blessed things of eternity. The Lord also raised up a gracious woman, the late Mrs. Tilly, of Avebury, as a spiritual companion; and for many years they lived together in the sweetest bonds of Christian union, and were, indeed, sharers of each other's sorrows and joys. The late Mr. Dangerfield, Mr. Freeman, and many others gone home to glory, she was sweetly united with; and from the time of her marriage, in 1845, her house was ever opened to receive the Lord's servants who came to speak in the name of the Lord at the little chapel at Upavon. She often looked forward with pleasure for the time when Mr. Philpot and Mr. Tiptaft preached at Allington, and, if possible, she was always present to hear them. The first time the Lord led me to speak in his name at Upavon, July 29th, 1866, after the morning service, on entering her room, I shall never forget the smiling countenance, with tearful eyes, with which she took me by the hand, and said, "I love the things you have been speaking of this morning." I replied, "What! Do you know anything of those solemn, weighty things?" She answered, "O, yes; I hope I do, and have done for many years. I do love to hear a precious Christ exalted." I then said, "Do you believe that he is worthy to wear the crown? And if ever you should be with him in glory, do you think you will cast your crown at his feet?" She again replied, "O, yes. He is everything. Without him I must for ever perish." Her conversation was profitable to my soul and kindled a union that never was broken, and which I trust will last to all eternity.

But our departed friend, with all Zion's pilgrims, was to have her share of the afflictions of the gospel as also the consolations. The Lord gave her a husband after her own heart, and also children who were a blessing to her, and prospered the work of their hands in their lawful calling. But the Lord, after a time, visited her with his afflicting hand; and in May, 1867, she passed through an operation by having a tumour removed; but the operation was apparently unsuccessful; for in about two months afterwards another appeared, and in October, the same year, she had that removed also; and immediately after that she became afflicted with softening of the brain, which so impaired her memory that ever after she was in a child-like state, unable to hold much conversation with any of the dear children of God, though she still took delight in meeting with them in the house of prayer, and was always present when health permitted.

In Nov., 1872, the use of her left side was taken away, and she was unable to move without assistance. In November, the following year, another attack came on, which rendered her entirely powerless. Her affliction was indeed very trying both to herself and to all around her; but she bore it with the greatest calmness and submission, believing it all came from her dear God and Father, who could not do but what was just and right. Ps. xxiii. was very precious to her soul. She could say with the Psalmist, "The Lord is my Shepherd. I shall not want." Indeed, the whole psalm had many times been sealed upon her heart.

I saw her several times during her last days on earth. On one occasion I asked how she felt in her mind. She answered, "Rather dark and gloomy; but I have a hope that I cannot give up." I said, "Your affliction and darkness of soul will never alter your eternal standing in the covenant of God's grace and mercy. You being once in Christ you are in Christ for ever. This blessed foundation ever has stood and ever will stand sure to every sensible, needy sinner who is enabled to build his precious hope thereon." She answered, "Ah! That is blessed. I have nowhere else to build." I then said, "You want the dear Lord to brighten your prospects for eternity, and show you that Jesus your Lord and Saviour hath taken away the sting of death for you?" She replied, "Yes."

The "Gospel Standard" was for many years made very profitable to her; and in her last declining days how she longed to hear the obituaries read. The Bible and Gadsby's hymns were very sweet to her; and often when doubts and fears seemed to prevail, those lines would come:

"Did Jesus once upon me shine?"

Then Jesus is for ever mine."

She was one of the characters dear Hart speaks of:

"Broken hearts and humble walkers,
These are dear in Jesu's eyes."

During the last days of her pilgrimage her affliction increased, and at times she was unconscious, and continued so in great suffering until the happy moment arrived when the dear Lord called her home.

Market Lavington, May 19, 1874.

JOSEPH TOPP.

MARK this down as a blessed truth,—Jehovah is more glorified by thy faith and trust in him than by all thy works. Lord, give me this faith, that I may cleave to thee, hang upon thee, follow thee, and never give over looking unto thee, until my eye-strings break, my heart-strings fail; and then be thou the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.—*Hawker.*

PARIS.—The “Low Church,” or Evangelical readers of the “Gospel Standard,” will be glad to know that though in Paris the old Episcopalian churches have become *High*, or Ritualistic, there is one church, of which a Mr. Forbes is the minister, which retains its primitive worship, so far, at any rate, as the *form* goes. And the Baptist readers will be gratified to learn that there is a Baptist cause in the said city. Being there on Lord’s day, April 12th last, I naturally asked myself to what place of worship I would go, or should I stay at the hotel, and read. Looking at Bradshaw’s Continental Guide, I found it stated that there was service in English every Sunday morning at 11.30, in the French Baptist Chapel, 19, Rue des Bons Enfants. Thither my wife and I went; but found that the people had removed some time before to a new chapel on the other side the Seine. We went, and found, first, that the service did not commence until 12, and, next, that there was no service in English at all, nor had there been for seven years! The superintendent of the Sunday school told us he had written to Bradshaw’s office in 1867 to apprise them of the change, but still the announcement had never been made. We remained for the service. Not myself knowing much of French, I was unable to follow the minister; but my wife said it was the best sermon she had heard from the time of leaving home. And this is why I refer to the matter. The text was Jno. xxi. 15–17.

“Three times did Jesus in a solemn manner ask Peter the question, ‘Lovest thou me?’ We may ask why Peter should thus be particularly questioned, and why asked the same question three times. The reason was, Peter had loudly proclaimed that though all should deny Jesus he never would; yet when his trial came, three times did he deny his dear Lord and Master. So that we can see why Peter should be questioned in particular, and not the other disciples. But why was the question put to him three times? I believe it was to remind him that three times he had denied the Holy One who was putting the questions; and this, although he was forgiven, he would often remember with shame and confusion of face. It seems to me that Jesus is asking some of us this morning, ‘Lovest thou me?’ And there are three ways in which we may try ourselves to find out if we have this true love in our hearts to him. First, those who love an object *think of* that object, and think often and tenderly of it. Does not the lover think of his love, the wife of her husband, the husband of his wife, the miser of his gold, the mother of her child? So, if we really love Jesus we shall often think of him. We shall think of him in joy, and we shall think of him in sorrow; we shall think of him by day and we shall think of him in the silent watches of the night. Is it thus that we think of him, even as our Beloved, and as our Friend? Secondly. Those who love an object *speak of* that object. Does not the political man speak of politics, the merchant of merchandise, the artist of art? So, where there is real love to Jesus, the sinner *must* speak of him as his best Friend. He speaks of him to his fellow-sinners, and is never so happy as when he can find a true brother, one who can enter into the exercises and the deliverances he has experienced; and at length he is constrained to speak out and say, ‘Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he has done for my soul.’ Have we thus spoken of Jesus, the sinner’s Friend? Thirdly. A loving child wishes to *obey* his parents; and if there is real love in the heart to Jesus, that heart must wish to obey the injunctions of his Lord and Master, as well as be anxious to follow his example. He hath left us an example that we should follow in his steps. We are exhorted to live soberly, righteously, and godly, to love one another, to do good unto all men, especially unto the household of faith, and to attend to the ordi-

nances of his house. And as Jesus was baptized, so should the child wish to follow the steps of his 'Elder Brother' in this also. Even if the obedience brings pain and suffering to the flesh, he will wish to obey; for the servant must not expect to be greater than his Lord. And in the trial, Jesus will appear, and enable his obedient child to say, 'All is well.' Are we striving thus to be found walking in the path of obedience? Rest assured, my friends, that no outward observance of duties or of religious exercises will *give* this love to Jesus, or even prove that the soul possesses this love. If we love him, it proves that he first loved us; and whilst he enables his children to walk consistently he will never let them *rest* in any outward observances; for, alas! there is far too much of formality and custom in these things. But God's Spirit-taught children daily feel their own weakness; and so far from saying, 'Though all should deny thee, yet will not I,' they are often crying out, 'Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe,' and are ready to say with Peter, after his fall and recovery, 'Kept by the power of God, through faith unto salvation.'"—Of course this is only a very scanty note of the sermon. O that we had many such preachers on the Continent! The chapel would, perhaps, hold 300 people, and there were about 150 present.—J. GADSBY.

A COMMENT ON PS. LXV. 14.

YE saints, who are in Jesus blest,
Come, raise your thoughts above the rest;
Tell how he saved your souls from hell,
And on his loving-kindness dwell.

Sing the vast love that brought him down
To earth, the Man of great renown,
To pay the mighty debt of sin,
And everlasting life bring in.

And when he comes to judge the world,
Which in oblivion will be hurl'd,
The whole of his dear chosen race
Will find in him a hiding place.

His saints shall all awake and rise
From their dark slumbers with surprise,
And meet their Saviour and their Friend,
Whose loving-kindness knows no end.

And as they soar to heaven above,
They'll sing the vast redeeming love
Of him, their Saviour and their God,
Whom he redeem'd by precious blood.

All hail, Jehovah, prince of light,
Thy glories which now deck our sight
Bring love, and joy, and peace around,
As on to Canaan we are bound.

Then, when the world is in a blaze,
And all seems in a wild amaze,
Thy saints with wonder shall record
The boundless triumphs of their Lord.

The heavenly hosts, at thy right hand,
Will triumph in Immanuel's land,
And swell their lofty songs of praise
Aloud through everlasting days.

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

AUGUST, 1874.

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

I WILL IN NO WISE CAST OUT.

NOTES OF A SERMON PREACHED BY MR. SMART, AT CRANBROOK,
APRIL 28TH, 1872.

“All that the Father giveth me shall come to me; and him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out.”—Jno. vi. 37.

I FEEL much sympathy for the saints, and frequent strong desires that God in all things may be glorified. Over my breakfast the other morning I felt how cruelly the saints are oppressed by foes and fears; and that drew out my sympathy to them. And since the devil tries to destroy them, may God help me to encourage them. O the cruelty of Satan!

Jesus Christ went about doing good, and God was with him. You may depend upon one thing, you are either possessed by the devil or oppressed by him. If Christ is formed in your heart, the devil will oppress you all he can; and if the strong man keeps possession, he will keep his goods in peace, if possible. How I do feel for poor tempted, sin-bitten souls. What a cruel dart when Satan says, “You are not in the covenant. You get worse than ever; nigher hell than heaven.” And you see he has so much to point to. Look here! Here is iniquity; here is a nimble tongue. There is so much to taunt us with,—the old sores that he will not let us hear the last of; and he tries to keep the remedy out of sight. And you may depend upon it all the rest we shall get is now and then when we get to the Lord’s feet. Everything and everybody is polluted, dirty, and dark as pitch, and it is a mercy that there is a rest for the people of God; for, if we are the people of God, we must expect tribulation. I had a nice little feeling in my soul in the beginning of the week. I am often down. Sometimes things make against me, and sometimes for me; and this word dropped into my soul: “Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down.” Where is the poor child of God that does not fall? Now, if you have professed to fear God for twelve months, can you stand up and say you have never in that time done anything to be ashamed of? I know you cannot. People that do not know themselves are poor prating fools. “Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down.” He is cast down; that he is. And look what a swift witness God is against us if we fear him. But, “though he fall, he shall not be utterly

cast down." Why not? "For the Lord upholdeth him with his hand." Heavenly light shone into my soul; for I am a poor stumbling sinner. I have had his rebukes. He has dealt with me as with the children,—flogged with one hand and upheld with the other. O, the havoc sin has made! O, may I never live to see the day when sin makes no havoc in my soul. Let an army into a country, spreading destruction, and see what havoc there will be. And what havoc sin will make in the sinner's soul. But "though he fall, he shall not be utterly, utterly, *utterly* cast down." Why? "The Lord upholdeth him with his hand." God, my Father, held up his dear child. I have fallen, and been flogged for it. Sometimes you may think you stand firm, and are not looking out for the stumbling. By and by, all in a moment, something will be presented to your mind, and strike a lucifer match in your heart, and ere you are aware you are cast down, and would go to hell, but for God's mercy to sinners, through Christ.

Some people say I make myself so bad. I cannot get away from it. Malady and remedy have been revealed to my soul, and I cannot get away from it. The aim of an honest man is to lift up God. I saw as clear as a sunbeam that there was my heavenly Father, who would not turn me adrift; and, though I had fallen and supplicated for mercy, though I had fallen, he upheld me with his hand.

Well now, poor sinner, I am come on purpose to see if I cannot say something for your encouragement. I know what it is: to be kept a sensible sinner; and the more God's mercy abounds, the more I down with sin and self, and up with the living God. "All that the Father giveth me shall come to me; and him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out." Last evening I thought, "Now I am a bankrupt. I do not know that I have a text." I thought I would try to go to sleep; and then, ere I was aware, the Lord came and set me on my feet. What a thing to have such a God to hold thee up when falling, and lift thee up when down. There never before was such a gift, and never was but one man, the man Christ Jesus, willing to accept such a gift, a multitude of lost, ruined, and hell-deserving sinners; for this is our condition, whether we know it or not. And to think that the Father from all eternity should set his love upon us, and present such a gift to his Son. Think of it. A great multitude, a number which no man can number. And the Father presents this gift to his Son; and who but his Son, Jesus Christ, would ever accept such a gift with his eyes open to the consequences? The transgression was ours. The Second Adam comes down from heaven with his eyes open. If he will have us in bliss he must die for us; if he will exalt us in heaven, he must put out hell fire with his blood. "All that the Father giveth me." Here is a gift! And O that ever we should be among them! You never will again hear of such a gift, and you never found anybody but the Husband of the church, her

Prophet, Priest, and King, willing to accept, to receive in love, such a gift, when he knows if he would have her he must go down to her hell, and have her bruising in his soul, to lift her from the lowest hell to everlasting bliss. How I do suck it as a boy does an orange.

"And him that cometh unto me." I can prove I have come to him, and he has revealed himself to my soul. Can you prove it? "Yes." What! You and He talk about these things? "Yes." What! He make rough places plain by making it plain he loved you? "Yes." "He that cometh unto me." I never had anything more proved in my soul.

"I will in no wise cast out." And yet my fears have told me, after some fresh guilt, I should be. O, 'tis a wonder I am out of hell; and yet, here it is: "Him that cometh to me;" and my soul feels I have come. I have had union and communion with him. I know him to be my Redeemer God. "Him that cometh." What then? "I will in no wise cast out." How many a spiteful devil and an evil heart says of some sin, "That will never be forgiven. You have done it now." Why, I have deserved to be cast out and kicked out; and then he will not do it. No. He says, "I will in no wise cast out." Now, you look at it. Here is the gift of the Father and the acceptance by the Son, who redeemed them, body and soul, and the blessed Spirit has agreed to turn their eyes another way, and supply the need of these supplicating sinners. And when they come, and are owned and blessed, why he says, "I will in no wise cast out." But I have felt I ought to be. What canst thou expect? But he will not do it. Let God be true, and every man and devil a liar. You may bring a thousand charges; I won't cast him out. You may depend upon it, if you were to go to any living sinner, and talk to him soberly about his misdeeds, you would find this confession, sighing, and groaning, and self-abasement; and they could not find it in their hearts to kick others about. O, sinner, think of it. Why is the devil so busy? Because he hates my soul, because he has lost it, and because Christ is formed in me the hope of glory; and Satan will stand at my right hand. But "the accuser of our brethren is cast down, which accused them before our God, day and night."

Now, all divine blessing that ever flows or will flow to the church of God flows from the Father's everlasting love to poor sinners, through Jesus Christ, for body and soul, for time and eternity. Think of that. From all eternity to all eternity, through the speck of time, between two eternities, a fountain of inexhaustible, immutable, free sovereign love to poor sinners, through Christ. It would not do for me to be an Arminian. I do not want to be one. I have received the truth of God in the love of it, and I love God, the Author of truth; and, though my crazy flesh will be meddling, the time is coming when I shall lay down this body and love my God to my heart's content.

Well now, poor sinner, about God's everlasting love. You see it is inexpressible, inconceivable, unspeakable. John, under divine teaching, said, "God so loved"—he could not express it, but, "God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son." Now, if we are to measure people's love by gifts, what a great love is God's! It is not much use saying, "Be ye warmed and filled." "What doth it profit?" Now, poor sinner, look at it. "God so loved the world," incomprehensibly. If you were to prize gifts as I do, you would do so with a witness, and this is because nothing else will meet me, and I am not only a beggar, but he has relieved my wants many a time. Paul says, "Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift." And he that gave his Son, what can he withhold that will be for our good and his glory, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life? The love of God to his people is *sovereign*. He "will have mercy on whom he will have mercy." "So, then, it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy."

I call to mind my previous companions. How many of them have gone the way of all the earth. "The wicked is driven away in his wickedness; but the righteous hath hope in his death." Is it not marvellous that the fruits of God's love should be manifested by irresistible grace? I must keep to that, because I know if it was not irresistible I should resist, and if stronger than my God I should have broken from his grasp. It does me good to call to mind where I was, and who were my companions, and where and how God interposed.

"Almighty Love, arrest that man."

I was often solitarily confessing my sin and supplicating for mercy through Christ. It is *everlasting* love, "Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love." If it were not so, what would become of us? I have been mobbed many a time. "Ah!" says a spiteful devil, "you have done it now. What a foolhardy creature! There never was such an outrageous wretch!" Let me tell thee, Christ's love to his people is everlasting love. He is the everlasting God, and everything connected with thy salvation is everlasting in its nature and consequences. Think of his everlasting covenant, and everlasting consolation and good hope through grace; and then think that the mercy of the Lord through Christ is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him." And that takes in every babe that he has in the world. If you fear God, you are a child of his, and "as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him," with child-like fear; and yet your fears and foes come in dark weather; and if coming to Christ, the devil will tell thee Christ is a mere man. And what can we do when the enemy thus comes in like a flood, except the Spirit of the Lord lift up a standard against him? For seven years the devil never said that Christ did not die for me; but he mobbed me about the

Deity of Christ, and I would not yield. But what is a poor tottering babe to do? I think of Goliath and a poor tottering child coming in contact. Down goes the little brat; and if you are stronger than the tempter in yourselves, you are not like me. O, poor sinner, may God encourage thee to hope in his mercy. I tell thee his love is everlasting. It is free, it is unmerited, it is unquenchable. "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors, through him that loved us." But you say, "Why yield?" Did I not tell you? You don't know how weak guilt makes me; and how can I do without the rays of the sun? I feel myself "a sink of sin and unbelief." You get a guilty conscience, and see what a monster you are, and prove that "the heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked;" and then know God in his majesty, with thy fears and unbelief, keeping Christ out of sight. But O, sinner, think of it. His love is everlasting and free. God is what he ever has been, a fountain of love to every child of his through Jesus Christ.

This love is *immutable*. Do you not see what God says is clean contrary to what sin and the devil tell thee? His love is immutable: "That by two immutable things, in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have strong consolation who have fled for refuge." O sinner, fleeing to Christ is about the last thing a man will do. The refuge is Christ, and thy soul has longed sometimes to lay hold of the anchor which has to do with the Rock; and thou canst not deny it. Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into Deity. And hence, when carnal reason tells me Christ is a mere man, it would destroy my anchor.

I tell thee, his love to poor sinners is not only immutable, but *infinite*. How I have walked about, sucking sweetness, thinking of his grace being infinite. His mercy is infinite. He is the infinite God. I have thought that we can no more comprehend the deep things of God than a snail the movements of a Prime Minister. "Shall the clay say to him that fashioned it, What makest thou?" When down, who can lift us up? He shall save the humble person.

I believe some of you here are glad to hear me talk about the things of God. His grace is infinite, and yet a man's fears say, "Take care you are not locked up in hell after all." O think of an infinite God, think of infinite satisfaction rendered to the law by our infinite Saviour; and then think of the infinite love of the Father. Poor sinner, it will save thee in spite of sin, self, hell, and the devil. It is boundless. I was once at chapel at Lewes, and they gave out the hymn containing,

"His tender mercies to his sheep
No bottom know, nor bound."

And it came with power. If you come to chapel, and get but one sentence, you will be glad you were there. If there be any

bottom or bound, I am undone. Ah, poor sinner, you have my wicked heart; and if there were any bounds to his love and grace, what would become of us?

Jesus says, "If thy brother trespass against thee seven times in a day, and seven times in a day turn again to thee, saying, I repent, thou shalt forgive him." Do you allow sin? No. Don't you lament it with groans, and turn again to the living God again and again, saying, "I am sorry. O that I could get rid of it! Lord, pardon it! Lord, have mercy upon me! But it seems as if nothing can save me." "I say not unto thee till seven times, but until seventy times seven;" and if my God had limited it to seventy times seven, I should give it up in black despair. But

"His tender mercies to his sheep
No bottom know, nor bound."

"But," say you, "what makes you so warm?" Because the devil stirs me up in the week, and I want to help you on the Sunday. "Yes," say you; "it is all true about the immutable love of Christ towards his church, but have I an interest in it?" That is a serious consideration. You do not find many serious about it—serious in saying, "Did he die for me?" Are *you* serious about it? If you are, let us turn the matter over. Nobody can tell you how pleased I am when I think I have been the least help. Now, poor sinner, you say, "Does he love me? Have I an interest in him? If bound up in the bundle of everlasting love, all must be well; but does he love me?" Do *you* love *him*? Are you deeply concerned about him? Is it manifest that sin has made a breach between you and him? And is there a concern about it? Does God notice you—come after you? Did he ever rebuke you—chasten you for sin that other people would not care about? We love him because he first loved us. What is spiritual love? It is a gracious principle. You and I brought no gracious principles into the world. Well, then, there's a good deal wanting to be done. What does God say? He will give grace; he will give glory. Where he gives grace, even but a spark, he has said, and he will make it good, he will give glory. Grace is glory in the bud. He never gave grace to one that is in the pit. Love to God, his truth, and his ways is a gracious principle wrought in the soul by God. None but God can produce love to God. I have turned that over many a time to my comfort. "Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity," though but an atom. Then, on the other hand, "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be accursed." So love is the turning-point. He will save all by his grace who love him in sincerity, though but an atom. Grace is grace, and glory is linked to it; and all, be their pretensions what they may, who live and die destitute of love to our Lord Jesus Christ will be damned. If God never lifts up a man, that man will never lift up God. I say, sinner, "Without him we can do nothing," but when he com-

municates we go to him. But does he ever help thee to do something, and do it to purpose?

I have thought in the past week what a marked cold indifference there is between most mankind and Jesus Christ. The flesh does not run that way; but is there life divine inclining thee towards Jesus Christ? "*Shall come to me.*" Then it inclines thy soul to esteem him. What is esteem but love? And earnestly, from time to time, by the renewings of the Holy Ghost, thou desirest to have an interest in his favour; and that is love,—love divine, the gracious love of God in thy soul. "I feel," say you, "that I am undone. I hear that Christ is the Way, the Truth, and the Life; and something tells me I must be found in him, or go to hell. I do esteem him." What do you want but his favour? How long have you been after his favour? As I told you last Sabbath, in speaking of Zaccheus, it is one of the greatest wonders in the world to see a great rich man running to get a sight of Christ, to have some intercourse with Christ, earnestly desiring to enjoy an interest in his favour, knowing that his favour is life, desiring to have communion with him as his chief portion. This is love divine in the soul; and John says, "We love him because he first loved us." And what is that but loving? Who set thee longing after him? There's the magnet, and thy heaven-born soul is the needle, inclining thee to love where thou canst see the image of Jesus of Nazareth. And how can such perish when God says, "Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity?"

"All that the Father giveth me shall come unto me." No matter of uncertainty. God has said it and will make it good. What is it to come? Why, poor sinner, to move out in thy mind after him, and an interest in his salvation, and a knowledge of it, from a sense of thy need.

"All the fitness he requireth is to feel your need of him."

And the more you know of sin, the more you will move after Christ, in supplication, in sighs and groans which cannot be uttered. If Satan is thy enemy, it is because Jesus is thy friend; if thou longest after Jesus, it is because Jesus does not mean to do without thee. Thou and he will come together in time: "*Shall come to me;*" shall move out after me.

"And him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." These are wonderful words. God says he will not at all acquit the guilty. The devil will taunt thee right and left if thou art coming to Christ. "No man can come to me except the Father which hath sent me draw him." There is the Father's drawing work. I can recollect how I used to walk about praying, and sometimes, when sweeping up the shop, how my heart has gone up in supplication:

"These feeble desires, these wishes so weak,
 'Tis Jesus inspires, and bids you still seek.
 His spirit will cherish the life he first gave;
 Thou never shalt perish if Jesus can save."

A babe is a babe, and seems to have the warmest place in the affections, and wants most done for it. What a mercy that God can have mercy upon us, for Christ's sake. Dear old Hart said,

“Who of mercy need despair,
Since I have mercy found?”

I believe poor sensible sinners, hungering and thirsting after Christ from felt need, will come in God's time; and if ever you come as I have done, he will never cast you out. If he cast out the children, he would cast me out first. I believe he would tumble me overboard first. It is a mercy to have enough of God in us to arouse the devil. Ah, but look again. What does our Father say: “Thou art all fair, my love.” “I will in no wise cast out.” “Ah, but think of their temptations, sins, and ignorance.” You may talk for a month; that is all I have to say, “I will in no wise cast out.” He never will; and sometimes he gives me fully to believe it.”

GOOD WORDS FROM A DARK COUNTRY.

Dear Friend,—You must excuse my poor writing, for I was taken away from school to pour water for a land-draining man when I could earn twopence per day, and I have been in this country seventeen years, being a poor man, and have worked very hard; and, in the merciful kind providence of the Lord, having saved a little, I intend to send you thirty dollars in a week from this date, to do as you please in the cause of the Lord.

This is a very bad place for gospel things. There are two places in this town, but no discriminating truth; so we have to stay at home; and if you did but know how we are treated, you would say as I do, “What a poor, wicked people!” I seem to be a bait for the whole town, and I sometimes say I am in the wrong place, as I raise a garden to sell things. They say such things to me and about me as they will not to the worst of people. But here I am, and I must leave myself in the hand of the Lord, to do with me as he pleases; and, if you ever come to America again, come and see us if you can.

May 28, 1874.

SAMUEL BASHAM.

Dear Sir,—I have felt a desire to write to you or to Mr. Philpot for a long time; but the fear of deceiving you and myself too has kept me back. This morning these words were very sweet to me:

“The faith that lays hold on the Lamb,
And brings such salvation as this,
Is more than mere notion or name;
The work of God's Spirit it is.”

How beautiful Mr. Philpot's “Meditations” in the “Gospel Standard” were to me and still are! How sweetly the Lord favoured him before he took him home. I heard him preach at Zoar Chapel, Great Alie Street, about 30 years ago. There I

also heard Mr. Shorter first, and Mr. M'Kenzie. His letters in the "Standard" are beautiful. I heard your dear father at Cambridge, and at Zoar too. If I were a better writer I could tell you a good deal of his sermons. I asked the lady I was living with at Cambridge if I might go to hear Mr. Gadsby. She asked me if I were an Antinomian. I told her I did not know what an Antinomian was. The next morning she asked me how I liked Mr. Gadsby, and I told her if he were an Antinomian I should like to be one too.

My daughter wished us to send Mr. Grassi some money. We have your "Visit to America." I had often said, as you say, "If you do as they do here, and say as they say, you will get along very well." I have the "Standard" from the commencement, but had to leave them behind, and we have got them from Mr. Axford since 1868. We have your "Wanderings," Warburton's "Mercies," and six of Mr. Huntington's works. Five of them I brought with me. We cannot find one person here with the fear of God in his heart. I was a member of Mr. Shorter's church some years before I was married. I have been married over 20 years. I have felt sometimes, when hearing Mr. Shorter, that I could have remained and died in the chapel; but how different I feel now. I have never felt reconciled to being here. I often say I think it one of the darkest places in the whole world. There are two churches here, and, from what I can learn, they are alike all over the country. They are pure in their own eyes, and holy in their own sight, and have never been washed from their filthiness.

Please let us know when you receive the money, and how much you get. [The 30 dollars yielded £5 10s. 9d.] We all work in the hot sun, and people would take away all we earn, although they say they would not do it. Our blessed Lord has said, "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but in me ye shall have peace." Dear Mr. Beard said once, when preaching for Mr. Shorter, "Tribulations are one of the legacies left to the children."

I sometimes feel I do not mind what I suffer here, so that I may be found at last, not having on my own righteousness, but washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb.

With our sincere love to you and Mrs. Gadsby,

Iowa, U.S., May 28, 1874.

ANN BASHAM.

[Happily there are some, we believe many, in America who can sympathize with our correspondents, though they are scattered far apart.]

A GODLY man finds the believing of the glorious being of God is a very great thing, and not so easy to reach as the world do suppose; for it is no small matter even to attain this. O what ordinary thoughts have many about it, who think it easy to pass an assent to this marvellous truth, because they never considered the greatness thereof; but it is sure, the more serious and grave a Christian is, it will give him the more work; and we find these usually are more plunged and exercised about this than others.—*Fleming* (1681).

CONWAY STREET CHAPEL.

Dear Sir,—We, the Committee of Conway Street Chapel, having met together to ask wisdom from above, being encouraged so to do from God's word, came to the conclusion that I should write to you (I and two Christian friends having heard you preach at Tottenham Court Chapel with great satisfaction) to ask you to preach for us Sunday, the 18th inst., morning and evening, and on Monday evening, the 19th. Should the Lord incline your heart to comply with our request, we hope God may bless his word by you as an instrument, and that it may be a word of encouragement and consolation to us in this time of trouble.

Dear Sir, the reason we ask you this favour is, our dear pastor, Mr. Robins, is now laid on a bed of affliction, and we have no reason to believe he will be restored to preach to us again. His labours have been blessed to us, and we are witnesses of the Lord's faithfulness; for he has, agreeably to his promise, made his bed in his sickness, by blessing him with patience and sweet submission to his will, and enlarging his heart, so that he speaks good of his name; and the Lord gives him a lively faith in that salvation which he has faithfully preached amongst us. So our loss will be great. Our congregation is about 600. Many there are who know the truth, and we wish to keep them together by getting supplies to preach to them. And we hope the Lord of the harvest will send us a pastor after his own heart, who shall feed us with knowledge and understanding, in his own due time.

Dear Sir, as soon as you have come to a conclusion what to do, favour me, the unworthiest of all the Lord's family, with a few lines. Yours in the Bonds of Love,

Windmill St., Tottenham Court Road, Oct. 10, 1818. W. JACKSON.

[The name of the minister to whom the above was sent is not given. There is indeed a gap of ten months between this and the next letter, so far as our collection goes.]

A SPIRITUAL AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

[The following lines were written by the late beloved minister of the gospel, Mr. Skipworth, and it was his wish that they should be read at his funeral.]

My days on earth are threescore years and ten,
Fifty and five since I was born again.
Twelve years in bondage and distress I lay,
Nor thought of Christ, the life, the truth, the way.

But then the Father did reveal the Son,
Who died for crimes that I had done,
Who suffer'd in my room and stead,
And for my soul his blood was shed.

A sacrifice acceptable to God,
For me the Saviour drain'd his vital blood;

I saw him suffer, bleed, and die
For guilty sinners, such as I.

I, who fear'd my doom was cast,
That hell must be my home at last,
Was like a brand pluck'd from the fire,
And by my Saviour raised up higher
Than regions of eternal fire.

He saved me from my sins and fears
That bow'd me down for many years;
My soul's distress I ne'er can tell;
I lay upon the verge of hell.

The bell was tolling for the dead,
And I was hanging down my head;
While sitting on the ground I said,
"I wish I were that sheep; it has no soul;
For mercy surely cannot make me whole."

Justice and truth did me arrest.
"My state is worse than that poor beast;
It has no soul to lose like me,
And hell will sure my portion be;
For heaven there is no hope for me,
Who have wanton'd with the Saviour's blood,
And sinn'd against a holy God."

But when I saw he died for me,
Was bound that I might yet go free,
And from the pit deliver'd me,
My mountain sins before him fell.
My Jesus has done all things well.

My Saviour now is all to me,
All in his blood he shed for me,
All when he hung upon the tree,
All in the robe he gives to me,
All in his blessed word that's past;
He will receive my soul at last.

My all in heaven he does appear,
My all in all will bring me there;
Then I shall sing of God's free grace,
And be with him, my Hiding-place.

May you, dear wife and children dear,
Be wash'd and clothed and meet me there,
To cast our crowns at his dear feet,
In whose rich robe we stand complete.

Billingham, July 8, 1873.

JOHN SKIPWORTH.

FAITH is such a hard thing that all men and angels united cannot give it to one poor soul; yet so easy that we receive it instantly when God gives it, though a thousand devils stand in the way.—*Gadsby*.

THOUGHTS ON THE SONG OF SOLOMON.

(Continued from page 264.)

CHAPTER IV.

Verse 12. "A garden enclosed is my sister, my spouse; a spring shut up, a fountain sealed."

The Lord still continues to commend and speak to the hearts of his church and people; and the view we are now called upon to take of them is very sweet and refreshing. The church of God as a whole, with each particular part of it, and every individual Christian, is compared to a garden. Let us, then, meditate upon the blessed things here spoken by the lips of the Lord Jesus. Truly milk and honey are under his tongue; full of grace are his lips.

There are two things very perplexing and painful to God's people. It often seems to them as if their wretched hearts were open to every sort of vanity. They really, as after the inner man, hate vain thoughts, and often cry, "Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity;" and yet, vanities of vanities, day and night, will intrude upon their minds. On their knees in prayer, in reading God's most blessed word, when attempting to meditate on his statutes, as well as at other times, foolish, wicked, abominable, horrible thoughts will come in. Their hearts seem to them more like a city without walls, a highway for universal occupation, a den of thieves, than a place sacred to the Lord, devoted unto God.

Again. How stupid, how dull they feel in respect to divine things! Here they are more like a stagnant pool than anything else. Where are the thoughts and feelings sweetly flowing out unto Christ? Where the delightful meditations upon his holy and blessed words and truths? Alas! Things too often seem just the reverse of what they should be,—a desert and a stagnant pool for God, a garden and flowing stream of ready thoughts and warm interests as to the world and its things and our own paltry personal matters. The snail is our sacrifice for God, the roe and the hart for our own interests. But the dear child of God hates all this, and knows that these things ought not so to be. He is not satisfied. These things make him restless and wretched, a mourner in Zion, and sometimes to intensely sigh for a state less subject to a continual vanity. To these thoughts we may add that in the church at large, and in particular churches, the same wretchedness may be observed. The foxes come up upon Mount Zion, the Gentiles tread down the outer court of the sanctuary, worldly, covetous, proud, erroneous professors break in and steal. Here is a covetous talkative, here a drunkard, here a man of unsanctified intellect and unbroken heart, who troubles the church with his specious and often fair-seeming and glittering errors. Then how little is the Lord Jesus known, loved, and honoured, by even the most spiritual of his people. Zeal seems to have departed from truth, and joined herself only to the chariot of

error. It is impossible to take a view of the church at this present time, and not to see these things; and if the same evils were also more or less present in former ages, it seems to be reserved for ours to be coolly complacent under them. At any rate, how little there is of the sighing and crying for the abominations and deficiencies in the midst of Zion.

But now let us turn our eyes to the words of Christ, where we may discover, if his Holy Spirit gives us light, his estimate of things, and where we may not only see with what gracious discerning eyes He looks upon His Zion, but also how she should look upon herself, and what she should, at any rate, be aiming to attain unto. Now Christ not only calls his church and people a garden, but a garden enclosed. How is this consistent with what we have already written? We must look at the Church and individual Christian as in Christ, and after the Spirit, to understand this. If we look at the church as upon earth, as visible and professing, then good and bad, wheat and chaff, good grain and tares, are mixed together. If we look at the church as in the heavenly places, as in Christ, then all is good; Christ is all and in all. If we look at an individual Christian as upon earth, he is part flesh, part spirit. In his flesh dwells no good thing; the Spirit is life because of righteousness; his life is hid with Christ in God. According to the new nature he is holiness to the Lord, the righteousness of God; nothing there is impure, nothing wrong. Where the rivers come (Ezek. xlvii.) all is health, life, fertility; but in his flesh all is sin, darkness, corruption. These miry places are not healed; they are given to salt, to utter destruction.

Now then we have divided the church and churches into outward and visible, and inward and in Christ, and the Christian into flesh and spirit; and we see in a moment that it is to his people, as after the Spirit, that Christ speaks: "A garden enclosed is my sister, my spouse."

Let us dwell here a little more fully upon the word "enclosed." The enclosing things themselves are of various kinds, and there are various reasons for this enclosing; amongst which are the following:

1. *Separation.* Israel, we read, shall dwell in safety *alone*, and not be reckoned amongst the nations. When God's people get mingled amongst the heathen and learn their ways (Ps. cvi.), as in this life is too often the case, nothing goes well with them. The result is weakness, defilement, departings of the Lord as to his sensible, supporting, and comforting presence. But the Lord will not leave his people perishing in such wretched spots. Therefore (Ezek. xxxvi.) he gathers them from amongst the heathen, and brings them into their own land. He separated them to himself in eternity, and he will separate them to himself in time and to eternity. The garden must not be thrown open like a common, or made like the wilderness round about. The world is a wilderness to God; his people are his garden,—

"A little spot enclosed by grace
Out of the world's wide wilderness."

2. *Security.* Many persons think that the cause of Jesus Christ is quite overthrown because it seems, at times, to be so. Judge by sense, and the gates of hell appear to prevail against it; by reason, and it seems impossible that it can escape from the enemies without, and innumerable Judases within. Indeed, it is a standing miracle that, with these bosom traitors and external foes, the church of Jesus should still have any existence upon earth. But the garden in reality remains enclosed. The walls and bulwarks of Zion are not overthrown. God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved. The truth of God and church of God must triumph. But this very triumph must be over innumerable and, humanly speaking, invincible enemies.

3. *Concealment.* There are many who say, "Come, let us look upon Zion." Ay, but it is one thing to say it and another to do it. The men of Sodom would fain have forced the door into Lot's house; but God blinded them till the morning. So Satan would look upon Zion, and he raises up a tribe of scientific, learned, philosophic men, whom he uses as his microscopes. Some he makes into open infidels, some he turns into time-serving preachers; these he sets to work upon the word of God, the truths of God, the works of God; and all that he may look upon Zion, to find out some weak place, some unenclosed spot. But no. This word smiles at all these vain efforts: "A garden enclosed." Mind, we are no foes to a holy, reverential, God-honouring and true science or learning. We believe Adam in innocency was the most scientific man who ever lived upon the earth as a mere man. He gave proper names to all the creatures. Was not this an immense display of intuitive science? And with reverence we believe we may affirm that all these things were not only created for and by the Lord Jesus, but that when upon earth the heavens unfolded to him, as the man Christ Jesus, those depths of wisdom and wonderments of glory never yet perceived by a mere human wisdom. Well, vain are all the efforts of the powers of darkness or the wisdom of the flesh to look upon Zion. The natural man cannot so much as see any of Zion's things in a true and proper light. They are hid from the eyes of all living; revealed, indeed, by God to babes, but concealed from the prying eyes of men and devils, who are not capable of looking upon or into the book which contains God's secrets in relation to his people. The glories of the tabernacle were covered over by the badger skins; the glories of Zion, her spiritual beauties, are concealed from all to whom God does not himself reveal them.

Many things might be said about the walls, or enclosing things of Zion; but as these matters are so commonly spoken and written about, we shall be brief. We might notice, of course, how God the Father selected and enclosed this plot of garden-ground, the church, in the eternal purposes of his love before the foundation

of the world; how Jesus Christ has further enclosed the church by his finished work in life and death, according to Isaiah's testimony: "Salvation will God appoint for walls and bulwarks;" and how that in this way there is an impassable barrier between the children of God and all others. But we prefer to dwell a moment on that which is experimental and manifested, the separating work of the Holy Spirit in due time upon the elect. That this work must be of a discriminating nature, making the child of God a person distinct and distinguishable from those around him, is evident both from scripture and the very nature of the case. God the Spirit really comes, in accordance with the counsels of eternity, to give effect to the Father's choice and the Son's finished work; therefore he must come to make the elect a peculiar people as separated unto God. He is, too, the Holy Spirit, the holy making Spirit, as to God's people, calling them by a regenerating work upon their hearts to be saints. He leads them forth out of Egypt; he brings them into Canaan. Nothing can, then, be more evident than that his work must separate them as to heart and life, inwardly and outwardly, from the rest of the world, professing or profane. They spring up as among the grass of mere human nature, like willows by the watercourses (Isa. lxiv. 4), and become a people for the Lord, dwelling, as it were, in a spiritual sense, alone; a peculiar people, speaking a language unknown by the world, a pure language of praise to God only, and zealous of good works in love.

Now there is another wall with which God has carefully surrounded his church as situated upon this earth; a wall which men and devils continually desire to overthrow, and which in some outward and apparent degrees they do overthrow or injure, through their craft and the want of vigilance in God's watchmen. This is the blessed word of God. That word plainly and clearly separates the church from the world; calls the world a waste howling wilderness, the church a garden; the men of the world briars, the saints of God lilies amongst the thorns; the showiest professors, destitute of grace, foolish virgins; the feeblest children of God the true spouse of Jesus. This blessed word of God separates distinctly between the precious and the vile; true doctrine from false, true living experience from fleshly imitations, and true practice from anything performed by mere human nature, where God does not work in the man both to will and to do of his good pleasure. In that word nothing is recognized but Christ. He is all and in all. Everything is pronounced worthless outside him; all in him is declared most precious. "I determined not to know anything amongst you," says Paul, "but Jesus Christ and him crucified;" for nothing in him availeth, whether circumcision or uncircumcision, but a new creature; and nothing outside him is of any true value whatever.

Then, again, there is another wall of the church, this garden of our text, which should be carefully attended to,—the wall of a godly gospel discipline. False brethren have no real business

in the church. None have any right there but the children of God, plants of the Lord's right hand planting; men who profess the truth, give evidence of truly possessing it, and whose conversation is answerable to their profession. Negligence as to these simple principles has done wondrous injury to the garden of God as upon earth. A fair show has been made in the flesh; but the truth and children of God have been injured. The garden has been almost choked up with weeds and briars. Universal charity and universal covetousness have almost to appearance laid God's garden waste, and made it hardly distinguishable from the wilderness. But, though this is the case in appearance, it is not so with God. His eye makes a continual separation. The walls of Zion stand uninjured before him. He divides at all times between the precious and the vile. He, too, has a special discriminating providential care over his people. Goshen and Egypt are clearly divided one from another in his holy eyes and holy dealings. And then, sooner or later, shall come the grand visible final division of all, when the church shall completely and eternally be separated from all the world; and then shall the words we are commenting upon be manifestly true in the sight of an entire universe: "A garden enclosed is my sister, my spouse."

"For O! No foe invades the bliss
Where glory crowns the Christian's head;
One view of Jesus as he is
Will strike all sin for ever dead."

And then separated from all besides, Israel shall dwell in safety alone, and the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father.

THE SPIRIT'S LEADINGS.

Dear Sir,—I received your letter, and now, having a few minutes to spare, just drop you a line.

How wonderful are the ways of the Lord with poor sinners to teach them what is in their hearts and their need of a Saviour, and to make known to them his love and mercy. By nature we have no fear of God before our eyes, and are ignorant of what sinners we are, and what is our true state. And thus we often sport with death and our sins without any idea of the consequences. And here the preserving mercy of God is seen in keeping us and holding our souls in life; and when, in mercy, the blessed Spirit comes in the day of God's power into our hearts, he neither asks our consent nor proffers his grace, but, by his own power, he enters and bows the stubborn will of the sinner, makes the inflexible heart yield to his touch, and breaks down the enmity of the mind, and thus brings the once high and proud spirit down at the feet of the Lord with a humble cry and tractable spirit, with, "Lord, save me! Do have mercy upon me, Lord! What wilt thou have me to do?" Here's a change,—the self-willed made

willing to be taught, the proud made low, and the hardened made soft.

Now, this is the first step; and this change you see turns the sinner round. His face now is Zionward, and his feet hasten from the paths of evil; if so be, he may escape to the City of Refuge before death overtakes him. But now the voice of words, or the holy law which he has broken, begins to utter its solemn demands in his conscience, and the lightning that attends it discovers to him his guilt. Now fear takes hold upon him, and his sins follow hard upon, and in real distress he cries out, "Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all;" for, as yet, his own strength has not failed him; therefore the true need of a Saviour has not been really felt, only some talking about it. Now, in this state he watches his words and doings. But, alas! Sin keeps breaking out again and again. He knows not what to do, and his prayers bring him no answers. Now he goes here and there to hear; none seem to understand his case; and if at any time he hears anything to his profit, it is gone by the time he is out of the chapel; so that he concludes it was not of God. If he gets among them that fear God, they seem to speak at a certainty. They can speak about God convincing them of sin, and sending the law home to their hearts; and, though God has done the same for him, yet he cannot see it. He feels, poor soul, the bitterness and plague of sin, and fears the consequence of it. Yet he little thinks that this is God's teaching to make him sick of self. The poor soul, in this condition, thinks his case singular; and, as he cannot make his case out, he concludes he is in some by-path; but he is going as straight as a line to the feet of the Saviour of sinners. For now the poor soul will get alone and call upon God, and every now and then he is encouraged in prayer, or hearing, or reading; and this creates fresh desires, expectations, and a looking for better days. Now he tries to believe that the Lord is doing him good, and at the last he shall come forth. But his hands are too weak to hold; for some fresh temptation takes him, and he gets more fast, and all his fair hopes are gone. And then he begins feelingly to cry out, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!"

Now he knows not what to do. Every refuge fails him, and he falls down and there is none to help him. Now his state appears bad indeed. But when in this state the blessed Spirit will whisper something about Jesus, the love of his heart, his blood that cleanses from sin, and his righteousness that covers the naked. All this just suits him, and some little discovery of these things raises him up, and he goes after him in real earnestness, and begs, prays, woos him to come and save his soul. And the dear Jesus will smile upon him, encourage him a little under the word, or in other ways; and this brings such a longing after him and thirst for him that the poor soul will run over father, and leap over mother and all other friends, to find him. This brings such a love to hearing the word that he is willing to go miles to

hear, in hopes that he may have another smile, or hear something to do him good. And this again brings him away from what he was resting on before. There is a something now to be enjoyed, and now that he may find this Jesus to be his Beloved is what his soul is after. Nothing now will satisfy him but this; and, though the Lord now and then looks upon him and bids him hope and wait, yet he keeps saying, "Lord, say to my soul, I am thy salvation."

Now you can see, if you know anything of this path, and how far you have walked in it; and if the Lord has brought you in this path, you will find that repose which your soul is after.

Yours faithfully,

Croydon, Oct. 27th, 1848.

F. COVELL.

LOOKING FOR THE WORD.

My dear Friend and Brother, beloved in the Covenant of Peace,—The ringstraked, spotted, and speckled, the impotent and leprous, blind beggars, destitute persons, those who have had five husbands, and many others, whose aggravated crimes

"Sink them in the gloom
Of all that's dismal in this world,
And in the world to come,"

look forward to meet you at Zoar Chapel, on Lord's day, Oct. 5th, to hear the words of love and mercy sound aloud from Calvary. O what wretched sinners go to Zoar Chapel! If they were all like me, with sickness in my heart and palsy in my head, they do indeed deeply need the healing balm from Jesu's wounds. I feel more brutish than any man, and have not the understanding of a man. I wonder that such a stupid, insensible man should have the privilege of sitting under the sound of such a gospel as the Lord has commissioned you to preach. What are its fruits and effects in my own soul? What indeed! Why, it is to wonder at the long-suffering patience of God towards such a God-provoking sinner, that he has not cut me down; to feel increasingly my wretched state, and to highly value the least token or evidence of an interest in the love and blood of the sin-atonement Lamb.

My heart was softened under the preached word on Aug. 23rd; but, alas! My poor heart is something like water. The cold blasts of sin and unbelief congeal it into ice in a very short time; and then it can feel nothing. I hear of established Christians; but if my establishment is raised one day a disestablishment takes place the next; so that I am "like a bottle in the smoke." So you see what a puzzle I am even to myself.

Yours in the Truth,

D. P. GLADWIN.

29, Commercial Street, Spitalfields, Sept. 25, 1873.

CHRIST is a Rock, suited to them who have no foundation of their own and cannot manufacture one.—*Gadsby*.

THE OTHER SIDE THE OCEAN.

Taken from title of letter in "G. S.," February, 1874.

OFT have I stood upon the shore,
 And seen the mighty waves roll in.
 They mount on high; they dash, they roar;
 Fit emblem of the power of sin.
 Thus far they go, no farther can;
 Their boundary's fix'd by God, not man.

Depth of the deep, the heart of man;
 Unfathom'd ocean, deep as hell;
 The greatest saint at best can't scan
 Its breadth; its depth, ah, who can tell?
 Yet, Lord, there's one thing deeper yet,—
 Thy love to those on whom 'tis set.

But O to feel this ocean rise,
 Proud waves and winds upon us beat,
 The filth that at the bottom lies
 Stirr'd up, polluting hands and feet;
 Yet longing to be set quite free,
 And pass the boundary of the sea.

Onwards this mighty deluge rolls.
 Our feeble bark, it creaks and groans,
 Threatening destruction in its folds.
 We faint, and cry, "Lord, hear our moans."
 Satan, the serpent of this sea,
 Raiseth these fearful storms in thee.

But see, this bark goes swiftly on,
 For time is ever on the wing;
 And ride she must till life is gone;
 No power can her destruction bring,
 Though sorely toss'd amidst the sea.
 Our Pilot says, "Have faith in me."

"I know the way. I've gone before.
 I know the sorrows thou shalt find;
 For 'twas on me the billows sore
 Roll'd o'er and o'er, both soul and mind.
 Then as thy Pilot look to me,
 To guide thee through this troubled sea.

"Thou shalt surely reach the haven,
 Whene'er the storm of life is pass'd.
 I've purchased thee and giv'n thee heaven;
 Thou shalt receive it at the last.
 Yea, thou shalt safely pass this sea,
 For thy salvation is of me."

29, Argyle Road, Brighton.

JOHN GEER.

SATAN is continually at work even to separate chief friends, filling the mind with suspicions, or stirring up miserable jealousies.—*Philpot.*

LIVING EPISTLES BY DEPARTED SAINTS.

Wm. Crouch, chiefest sinner, least saint, poorest servant of the Lord Jesus, unto F. Covell, the best of masters, the best of husbands, the best of fathers, the best of neighbours, and the best of saints,—Grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied unto you, from God the Father and from our Lord Jesus Christ.

In your last you said, "Write soon." You should have said, "I will soon write again." How can you wish to impose such a task upon me? Did you know my ignorant heart, my sluggish nature, and my heavy-moving hand, you would surely say, "I spare." But I try again, and what subject shall I introduce? Peter said, "Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee. In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk." Peter's portion, store, and treasure were Jesus Christ of Nazareth. Peter's gifts are Jesus Christ of Nazareth and the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth. Freely Peter gives as his Master commanded, because he had freely received. Sure of his mark, he setteth about his work, and that no mistake should be made thereabout he carefully says, "In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk. And he took him by the right hand and lifted him up; and immediately his feet and ankle bones received strength." This miracle was wrought through the faith of Peter; for there is no reason to suppose that the poor cripple had any upon such a subject as Peter's was, unless given in the moment that Peter spake; which very probably might be the case. False preachers think they have done wonders, therefore the true ones shall do the same and exceed them; for surely magic art shall never come up to the power of God. Faith is said to come by hearing, and hearing by the word. The word of God spoken, especially preached, openeth the ear, goeth into the ear, produceth understanding and judgment of what is heard; and a conviction of the mind that it is truth, even the truth of God, this produceth faith; and all that the Lord Jesus is, or has done, the parties can only be benefited by faith therein. Therefore, when they interrogated Peter to know how this was done, Peter hath a reply as ready at hand as he had a cure for the poor cripple; and it was, "His name, through faith in his name, hath made this man strong, whom ye see and know; yea, the faith which is by him hath given him this perfect soundness in the presence of you all." There was the preacher and his faith; great, strong, fixed, established faith. There was a miracle before their eyes; the evidence not circumstantial only, but visible and substantial; therefore they could not deny it; so the only contrivance and plot that the devil and his agents can hatch up and bring forth is that of putting of them into the lock-up, being grieved that they taught the people and preached through Jesus the resurrection from the dead. But who can uphold that which God intends bringing down? And who can stop that which the Lord intends to bring in and set up, whether it be

against a nation or a man only? Wherefore, look out for men of pure and strong faith, if you have any desire of having the word amongst you; and you as an individual look about and look also within to see if you have not only the genuine and pure spirit of faith, but of what degree it is brought up unto; for here also is much depending upon the success of preaching the word and the benefit of the word unto your heart.

Paul in his circuit came to Lystra and Derbe. "And there sat a certain man at Lystra, impotent in his feet, being a cripple from his mother's womb, who never had walked. The same heard Paul speak; who steadfastly beholding him, and perceiving that he had faith to be healed, said with a loud voice, Stand upright on thy feet. And he leaped and walked." How great the business, how high the calling, how great the work, how noble the deed, how honourable the instrument, how blessed the subject of the faith and the cure! "Perceiving that he had faith to be healed;" which is as much as to say he had such views and ideas of the merits of the sufferings of Christ, and of the virtue of his precious blood; so that if Paul would speak in the name and authority of Christ he should obtain a cure. All which was speedily done.

Sometimes the word hath been spoken very spontaneously, and the cures wrought very speedily and miraculously; while, at other times, it has been with much thinking and meditation on the part of the speaker, and much or frequent rising and sinking, hoping, and fearing on the part of the hearer. But whichever way, the Lord hath appointed the salvation of his chosen ones by grace through faith in the word as containing Christ Jesus therein by the eternal Spirit. When Peter was to go to Cesarea he was to go nothing doubting, for so his heavenly Master commanded him. And it appears that all was in readiness, not only that the house was got ready for preaching; but Cornelius was prepared to receive it, and that in the faith of the operation of God, and that without doubting, too. At least, I see no reason to make any inference of the same. Cornelius said, "Now, therefore, are we all here present before God to hear all things that are commanded thee of God." One command was to go and preach, and preach the word.

Now as Peter was taught of God he taught and ordained elders, telling them how to teach; and Paul also gave in charge unto Timothy that he should give himself to reading and meditate thereon, even in the scriptures, saying, "Thereby is the man of God thoroughly furnished unto every good word and work." So also of the hearers is it to be expected, with or without the preached word, that their faith be brought up and perfected of and in their personal interest in the dear and ever-blessed Lord Jesus; so that their faith shall be established and not moved by the various changes of feeling, which it will be if it builds upon the feelings, and it will not be if it builds upon a "Thus saith the Lord."

There is a command to his people, "Trust in him at all times, ye people." And the business of faith therein is so to do, in the worst as well as in the best; in times of persecution as well as in times of toleration; in times of war as well as in times of peace; in times of famine as well as in the times of plenty; in times of sickness as well as in the times of health; in times of adversity as well as in times of prosperity; in times when friends forsake as well as in times when they visit; in times when called to walk alone as well as when we have companions; in the times when God takes away as well as when he gives; in the times of inward plague, sorrow, darkness, bondage, and temptation as well as when we have light, life, love, joy, and peace. "Trust in him," in Christ, even in his Godhead and eternal power; in his blood, righteousness, wisdom, goodness, mercy, and eternal love. "Trust *in* him," not *about* him, but *in* him; in his heart and bowels of compassion. "Trust in him." He is so good, faithful, and kind; never deceived, disappointed, cast out, or forsook one. "Trust in him *at all times, ye people*," when he smiteth, frowneth, and breaketh you to pieces; when in the worst case you have been in, or can be in, or that you have read of others to be in, ye people, poor frail, mortal, sinful worms of the earth. The way to eat him, to make a feast of him, is to trust in him; and the way to have a continual feast is to trust in him at all times. The way to honour him is to trust in him; the way to glorify him is to trust in him; and the way to prove him a Friend, and a good and kind Friend, and a constant Friend, is to trust in him at all times, ye his people.

Once more, trust in him at all times, ye people, poor, needy, helpless, wretched, miserable, destitute, desolate, sin-sick, sin-burdened, sin-loathing sinners. Trust by the working of God's mighty power, resolutely, purposely, fixedly, and finally, and blessed shall you be, and blessed you are already, and blessed you are in and for life, death, and to all eternity.

Yours in Truth and Love,

THE PREACHER.

Dear Children,—This comes with my kind love to you, hoping it will find you in good health, as it leaves me at present, considering my age (86). Blessed be the Lord God Almighty! May he keep me looking to Jesus, who is the author, and will be the finisher, of my faith; for his promise is like himself. The blessed Spirit saith, "I never will leave thee, nor forsake thee." "Fear not, I am thy God. I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." Jesus Christ was wounded for my transgressions, and by his stripes I am healed,—I, a poor sinful worm, lost to all eternity without him. Why me? Because he loved me before the foundation of the world. So come, Lord Jesus, come quickly. I am such a poor unworthy sinful creature I want watering, and a fresh sprinkling of thy precious blood every moment. Glory,

glory to his holy name for what he has done for my poor soul! He shall have the glory.

O! May the blessed Spirit keep me by feeling his indwelling that I am rooted and grounded in Christ Jesus my Lord. Soon he will take me to himself, that where he is there I may be also, to behold his glory. O! It rejoices my soul that I shall soon be home in my Father's house, never more to go out,—a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, there

“To see his face, and never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.”

Now may the Lord bless you and your children with prosperity, both in body and in soul. I hope you will be able to pick out these scrawls of your dear mother, being in the 86th year of her age. Though we are absent in body we are present in spirit. Ere long we shall meet around his throne, singing, “Hallelujah for ever and ever!

I must leave all in the hands of my God. This is from your dear mother,

Plymouth, Sept. 26, 1825.

ELIZABETH WESTLAKE.

My dear Friend,—I duly received yours of Jan. 7th, and have waited to endeavour to make out the will of the Lord respecting my paying you a visit. I am at length brought to this conclusion, that, if it be the will of God, I will come *one* Lord's day in the course of the spring; I can see no prospect before that time, as I have no supply at hand; and, indeed, if I had, I should not judge it prudent to travel at this time, as I labour under some bodily infirmities, and more acute infirmities of a nervous kind.

I hope the kind Shepherd of Israel will put you forth with his own blessed hand. He does put forth his *own* sheep, and goeth before them, and the sheep follow him, for they know his voice. If you doubt whether you are one of his sheep, I would say, Do you love the Shepherd? If you did not, I think you would not care much about me nor the family of God. Your difficult cases, your knotty inward trials, your fearful apprehensions, are all well-known to our gracious Shepherd. He has a sympathizing heart, as well as a powerful hand. He carries the lambs in his bosom, and gently leads those that are with young. His skill also is infallible. He binds up the broken in heart, and healeth their wounds. Needy, poor, self-despairing sinners are the characters Christ looks after. The rich he sends empty away. For my part, I was never more poor and needy spiritually than I am at this moment; and I am often casting away my confidence. Again my unbelief meets with a reproof by such a word as this: “O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?” Then I am ashamed of myself, and take courage for a little time, just to fetch breath!

What use my conversation can be to you, my friend, I cannot tell, if I am able to talk to you when I come. The Lord guide us in all things.

My supply (Warburton) will come to my chapel about May or June, but the time is not fixed. When it is, I shall be able to make arrangements respecting my spring journey, and will give you notice in good time. I generally can manage to preach twice on the Lord's day and twice in the week.

I thank you for your kind hint about the coach; but I am obliged always to take the outside of the coach in all weathers, when I travel any distance.

Grace and peace be with you.

London, Jan. 24, 1837.

HENRY FOWLER.

REVIEW.

Notes of Four Sermons preached by Frederick Tryon, of Market Deeping, 1873.—London: Gadsby, Bouverie Street.

WE have mingled feelings of gratification and diffidence in noticing the little work at the head of this article. The gratification arises from our sincere admiration of the sermons; the diffidence from a sense of our unfitness to review a work which we believe to have much of the life and power of the Holy Spirit connected with it. The truth is that such a work (we hope) reviews us, as anything of God ought to do, searching the feelings and thoughts of our hearts and intricacies of our conduct and experience. We cannot, then, sit in judgment upon writings which, being in harmony with scripture, are much better fitted to judge us; but we can only express an honest opinion upon them, as they have been commended to our own consciences. We trust we can feel with Elihu that we know not to give flattering titles. We therefore desire, as knowing no man's person, to write as we think and feel.

What makes these "Notes of Sermons" so weighty and penetrating to us is their being so evidently the fruit of deep and painful exercise of mind, and the utterances of a chastened spirit. The gold here has been well tried in the furnace. These are not the great swelling words of vanity, which please light, trifling, unexercised professors of a mere Calvinistic persuasion. We can hardly venture to hope that they will be generally popular. There is no trifling with God's truth; no pandering to the fleshly tastes of hearers, crying, "Peace, peace," when there is no peace; no holding forth comforts to even children of God whilst indulging in spirits and ways diametrically opposed to the gospel of Christ. How many there are who, whilst professing a kind of orthodox opinions, and vain of their supposed light, are just in the place represented by the poet:

"Lull'd in a soft and fatal sleep,
They sin and yet rejoice."

Well may he ask the question :

“Were they indeed the Saviour’s sheep,
Would they not hear his voice?”

But of them he adds:

. . . “Who, whilst they boast their light,
And seem to mount above the stars,
Are plunging into night.”

The author of these Notes, we can plainly see, is not one to lull such persons; but at the same time there is a sweet vein of free rich grace, eternal love, and redemption runs through them all. Searching they may be; legal they are not. Unadmired, yea, disliked, they may also be by minds less exercised, less searched by the candles of God, less deeply solemnized by the truths of religion; but we fully believe God’s living family, if at all preserved in the power of divine things, will value them, and find them both sweet and wholesome.

The characteristics of these sermons seem to us to be:

1. *Originality.* By this we do not mean that no one else has ever had the same thoughts and feelings. There is an originality which merely consists in originating a series of crude novelties, contrary to godliness, the divine teaching in former ages, and the spiritual experiences of God’s people. Such an originality is not to be found, we believe, here; but that which arises from having a personal and living religion, a powerful work of grace upon a man’s own heart, daily exercises, daily renewings of the Holy Ghost, many sore trials, and many blessed teachings resulting from them. Old things become as new, from the lips and pens of such persons. They sing, as it were, a new song before the throne (Rev. xiv.) whilst the miserable novelties of the others have nothing about them but the originality of folly. We believe that none but an original mind of the kind we have noticed could have sent forth the sentiment on page 16:

“My dear friends, it is a great mercy when the heaviest reproaches have to come from our own heart and conscience, and when the reproach of men, ready to taunt us, and to say, ‘Where is now thy God?’ is light when compared with our self-reproaches.”

There is great truth in this when properly understood. It is a mercy, when we do go astray, that our own hearts should be the first to scourge us for it; then we can say with David, “Let Shimei curse,” &c. Man’s reproaches do not then produce petulance; but the soul, self-upbraiding and contrite before God, is in a way shielded from the evil effects of these external reproaches. By the way, we think a little word “to” has slipped in here accidentally. We understand the author to say, “When the heaviest reproaches have come,” not “have to come.”

“We may quite suspect that we are ensnared, if any particular idol or form of iniquity always comes before us when we would call upon God, or when we would read the Word, or when we would look for any particular features of grace in our own souls. The Lord says, ‘What meaneth, then, this bleating of the sheep in mine ears, and the lowing

of the oxen which I hear?' You may say, 'I spared the best of the sheep and of the oxen to sacrifice unto the Lord my God;' but, 'Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams.'

2. *Faithfulness.* What a blessed thing it is to find a minister made honest by God. One who would not dare to flatter men's souls or keep back anything profitable through the fear of offending his hearers, or a wish to please them. This requires more grace than perhaps some persons are aware of. It is no easy thing for a man whose old nature shrinks from offending others, and their consequent disapprobation, and relishes human esteem, to renounce all such influences, and preach God's truth seasonably and faithfully. To strike at sin in a sort of abstract way, buzz a little round men's consciences, carefully avoiding the sore places in them, is one thing; to strike home at the sin, "Thou art the man," speak the present truth, the one that shall hit against the present error, is another. How shrewdly careful are some men never to be unpleasant! The covetous professor shall never feel the rod upon his covetousness; the drunkard, the unclean, or the worldly shall never have the whip laid upon their shoulders. What a horrid mockery is this! Our readers will not find such false work in these Notes. We just give a specimen:

"When he says, 'Come out from among them, and be ye separate,' is not your conduct like choosing the children of Satan as better companions than the children of God? 'I would not that ye should have fellowship with devils.'"

This is plain speaking, and we feel it go home, asking our own hearts a home question sometimes hard to answer.

Again:

"O my dear friends, it is a solemn thing to see how many live in this day as if they wanted only to be let alone. . . . I am persuaded of some of you if you are on the road to heaven you will have much to go through; and what a shaking to purpose it will be when it comes. If you were to miss all that and drop into your grave as you now are, what could we say about life in your soul?"

How just is the author's own remark upon this point:

"There is a way of trifling with the things of God, of turning away the edge of the gospel; and the effect of it is that we see professors lying about weltering in their blood, and as far from God and godliness as well can be."

3. *Tenderness.* It is easy, comparatively speaking, for some persons to be what they imagine is faithful. Having little sympathy or tenderness of feeling, it costs their hard selfish natures but very little to wound and even offend their fellow-men. But it is very different with others. No one knows what pain it gives them to displease, or to hurt the feelings of others; yet they dare not refrain from speaking the most home and cutting and offensive truths. If it were to cost them their very lives they would, as God led them, lay hold of, bend, and break the pillars of the house of Dagon, and say, "Let me die with the Philistines."

There is a remarkable tenderness in these sermons accompanying the faithfulness. We have seldom met with remarks more full of a tender regard for the spiritual welfare of others and jealousy over a man's 'own self, as to injuring souls, than the following:

"If you have seen your brethren in a blessed state of mind when the glory of God has been upon their spirits, and when they could glorify God, are you afraid of what might sully it, and what would be like trampling upon it? What closes our mouths oftentimes when we meet with our brethren is, we fear, lest we should defile them with our carnal lips. If your hearts are exercised with covetous practices, and I talk to you on things to strengthen it, what injury it may do you; but if I cared for you, and for my own self, and for the glory of God, I should be ready to say, O that that spirit were to die down in my poor brother, and that the Lord would keep me from fanning it into a flame in him, and would keep me also from it."

Again:

"We love to see how God deals with our brethren in the time of deepest need, when they pass through the waters. We love to see how such are borne and carried to hoar hairs, and then to death. We love to see the provision God makes for them in his providence and grace," &c.

What a tender regard for others these extracts show; and, by the way, what a refined reproof of covetousness, that sin of our day, in the first. We cannot help thinking that the whip of our author was formed after the model of that of small cords with which Christ cleared the temple.

4. But, then, what an excellent degree of the *Spirit of Wisdom*, that wisdom which draws wise practical conclusions from the ways and words of God, is manifested in these Notes:

"God was not the strength of Christ to leave the field, but to maintain the battle, and to continue to keep the field. Christ did not pray to be delivered from his enemies, but he prayed, Father, glorify thy name." . . . "My dear friends, I heartily thank God for it. As we have not only to consider the beginning and middle of what comes upon us, but also the end." . . . "Where there are the greatest fears, as the children of Israel had with the Red Sea before them, and Pharaoh behind them, it is there did we rejoice in him. Where they feared it must overwhelm, there we went through dry shod." . . . "If you associate with worldly people, not merely where it is necessary, but have them for companions for your mind, spirit, and affections, how soon you will find that you will have to be silent to them on all points which are offensive to them; you will have to act as though for the time being you must put a bushel over your light, if you have any light at all; there will be no savour in the salt, because salt would be irritating to their sore places, and you will have to say, I am as thou art, and my people as thy people."

Now all this, as we remarked at first, is the fruit of great trials and deep exercises, sanctified by the Spirit of God. These are not the light utterances of an untried man, which often, if true, are to our minds like the froth upon the waters. The secret is revealed in the first words of the second sermon:

"As years roll on, how differently does the word of God appear to some of us to what it appeared a number of years back! Now we

value veins of truth which we did not value, or feel the need of, then. My dear friends, I find a sweet vein in such words as these at the end of this chapter: 'Therefore I have profaned the princes of the sanctuary, and have given Jacob to the curse, and Israel to reproaches.'" . . . "'Vanity of vanities, all is vanity.' Now do you shrink from the book of Ecclesiastes? Do you find it depressing to you? Some people of God like that book, and find it true by their own experience. I thank God for an agreement in my spirit with what that child of God had to prove."

The author, if we only were to form our conclusion from these writings, must have been one deeply tried and well acquainted with that furnace which God has in Zion. But the Lord has blessed him with true grace, and evidently bestowed upon him the gift of a deeply and wisely considering spirit. He holds the scales of the sanctuary solemnly before our eyes, but he has himself been weighed up repeatedly in them. Besides, the author has evidently drunk deeply, at times, of the river of God's manifested love. In page 12 he writes:

"'For he hath not despised nor abhorred the affliction of the afflicted.' My dear friends, when do you have some of the sweetest feelings you ever enjoy towards God? Is it not when the Lord turns again on your poor soul with mercy, after you have been having painful fears lest you should be despised, and lest the Lord should have abhorred your affliction? You have feared that you were given up as one accursed of God, that you were only eating the fruit of your own doings, and must expect to do so for ever and ever. There are no feelings equal to these in sweetness; it is like looking for hell and heaven being brought to you, to be feeling as if you were sinking through the ground, and then to feel that the Lord 'raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth up the beggar from the dunghill, that he may set him with princes.' How are we to have any experimental knowledge of the Lord's sufferings and conformity to them if we have no fellowship with them? O how the Lord will deal with us to make us know the virtue and value of Christ!"

Here we have the two parts of a gracious experience,—the bitter and the sweet, the personal Gethsemano and the fellowship with Christ in his Gethsemane, his sufferings, and death.

We have largely extracted from these Notes, not as selecting very remarkable passages in order to allure our readers to buy the work, but merely as giving fair samples of the whole, and illustrations of what in our judgment are the characteristics of these sermons. We may further notice that there is a, perhaps undesigned, connexion between the four sermons; the first having a more especial reference to the great Sufferer, the Lord Jesus, and his redemption of his people; the second to that redemption in its bearing upon the discipline of the redeemed; the third shows us the restoration of the backslider; and the last, God as a jealous God in respect of his people; the redemption set forth in the first sermon having its paramount influence in all these things.

The sermons are not what can be called orderly sermons, being more in the nature of expository remarks upon several verses than orderly discourses upon given texts. We do not

pretend to say there may be no defects, or that these writings are perfect. We ourselves, though completely agreeing with the author in his deep indignation against preachers or writers who lower the truth of God and handle it deceitfully, taking off its edge from sin and flesh-sparing motives, think he has been a little too severe in page 44 against those who say "God is as a consuming fire," but qualify it by the addition of the words, "out of Christ," as surely their meaning is only this,—and the distinction is just, necessary, and true,—that God is a consuming fire out of Christ to both sin and sinners, but in Christ he is a consuming fire, not to his people's persons, but their sins. The author, we are persuaded, agrees fully with the statement in Ps. xcix.: "Thou wast a God that forgavest them, though thou tookest vengeance of their inventions."

We have only to conclude by strongly recommending our readers to obtain, and seriously peruse, this little work. We cannot believe that they will rise up from that perusal, if they are sincere and honest hearted, without some soul-profit. They will perhaps feel that their religion is being stripped from them, or reduced to very small dimensions; but let them read on: "It is better to hear the rebuke of the wise than for a man to hear the song of fools." They will find in these Notes no florid oratory, no flights of fancy, no religious bombast, no cunning adaptation to their fleshly inclinations and religious foibles; but they will find instead, if we are not greatly mistaken, sterling Christianity, a vein of real wisdom and chastened godliness, set forth in sound, sober, wholesome, and even pleasant and fitting words, commending themselves sweetly to the spiritual mind and tender conscience.

INQUIRY AND ANSWER.

Dear Sir,—I have been a reader of your excellent magazine over 30 years. For over 40 years I have been seeking the Lord, but have never yet had that "*witness*" of pardoned sin and acceptance that are so important, and without which it is a solemn thing to die. Now will you kindly write a few lines upon the following phase of my mind? Having hundreds of times earnestly prayed, earnestly and sincerely read the scriptures and many good books, and heard the word with attention, I feel this as a *feeling*, not as a conviction of dogmatic truth, that suppose, when I appear, immediately after death, before the great white throne, that I am rejected, *it will be hard of God to do so*, seeing I have read and prayed, and earnestly desired salvation in God's own way, although with vast imperfections, and great fluctuations, and ebbs and flows of pursuance of spiritual things. I should feel delighted to be stripped of all self-righteousness, and be indebted to the Lord, from first, *throughout*, and to the very last for salvation, as his *own work*, and to him *all the glory*. I wish I could *feel* a verse in Kershaw's Life:

“Should sudden vengeance stop my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

“Shouldst thou condemn my soul to hell,
And crush my flesh to dust,
Heaven would approve thy vengeance well,
And earth must own it just.”

I have far too high a reverence for God's infinite wisdom, and too clear a knowledge of my finite capacity, to venture to say but that those two verses are scriptural, and that God can defend them; but I still *feel* it would be *hard*. Of course God's truth and justice are beyond my mere feeling, which springs from a nature involved in the fall, and original and actual transgression.

Another difficulty. I inherited a fallen nature from my parents. Of course I could not help that, being the creature of circumstances. This inherited fallen nature insensibly led me, at the very first dawn of accountability and responsibility, into actual *sin*, and thus I became involved in a course of transgressions from then to now; *i.e.*, according to the spirituality of God's law, as laid down in the sermon on the mount. We are condemned as sinners and transgressors of God's law; but we are born with a corrupted nature that inevitably leads us into sin. I believe in, “Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?” but should like to see this harmonized with the previous statement. And what I fail to see, the Lord can easily show me.—E. L.

ANSWER.

In answering your questions we do not attempt to pronounce upon your state; but only to set before you some considerations which may, with the blessing of the Holy Spirit, enable you to decide upon it. We have no wish, on the one hand, to make sad the hearts of the righteous, nor, on the other hand, to sew pillows to all arm-holes. The Lord keep us from these evil works. There seems to us, we must say, a *degree* of inconsistency in your expressions about your state, as at once *so* sincere and willing to be saved in God's way to his glory, and yet unable to justify God if he should not save you; yea, rather to think it would be hard upon you if he did not. This at any rate savours more of the law, which worketh wrath, than the freeness and sweetness of God's grace.

Again. We a little distrust a person's capability of so accurately defining his own state of mind when in the condition you appear to be in. In Christ's light we see light, and sincere seekers usually greatly question their sincerity.

But now to help you by a few plain truths. All scripture and experience show us that there are two sorts of seekers, as there are two kinds of works by the same gospel upon men's hearts. There are those who, perhaps from early days, or at any rate habitually, sit under the sound of the truth, who may only have a kind of natural work carried on upon their hearts by what they

hear or read; but it is destitute of the divine life. It is merely an effect by the word upon the natural understanding, enlightening it in some degree (Heb. vi.), upon the natural conscience, causing an uneasiness, and upon the natural affections, producing some wish to be saved. Now in all this there is nothing beyond nature; but in the true children of God there is something quite of a different kind, the foundation of which lies in the implantation of a new nature, called spirit: "That which is born of the Spirit is spirit." From this proceeds, under divine teachings, quite different results, such as brokenness of spirit, contrition, godly sorrow for sin, working repentance unto life and salvation not to be repented of. This man is under divine leadings. The Spirit is taking him by the hand and leading him out of Egypt into Canaan. This man bears the yoke in his youth, sitteth alone and keepeth silence, and putteth his mouth in the dust, if so be there may be hope. This man condemns himself before God, and must pronounce God just. He is brought to the place of the stopping of mouths, and cries, "My wound is incurable and my pain perpetual;" but dares not reply against God.

Now, how different are these two cases. The first may seek in a certain sense and degree, and may entertain the idea that there is some good desert about his seeking; but this very idea of its putting God under an obligation to save seems greatly to vitiate all. What would an earthly prince think of the rebel and malefactor who came begging for mercy to his feet, and then told him that it would be hard in him to refuse it? Does not this savour of the virtuous deserving sinner,—of the sinner unaware of the exceeding sinfulness and accursedness of sin? The second seeks, but soon has to give up all idea of God being under any obligation to him on account of his seeking. The question is, "Will God in Christ save one so vile, so base, so utterly lost?" Now, such a seeker as this shall assuredly be saved; and the Lord makes him truly willing in the day of his power to be saved in God's way to God's glory. But what is God's way? Why, that a man shall, through God's own working it in him, cast away, renounce, die to his own very former self, as some wretched malefactor receiving the sentence of death in himself. God saves in Christ out of the dust of death. Man's wisdom, power, righteousness, goodness, merits, all are as the flower of grass; and Christ is made of God unto the poor lost, ruined wretch, in the dyings of nature, wisdom and righteousness, sanctification and redemption; yea, all in all.

We cannot but think that an experience of such a work, at any rate in greater power upon your soul, would take away out of your feelings the rebellion that seems to us remaining in them, which alone could make you account it hard in God if he did not save you. This also would make you submit, in the other respect, to God's truth. All men naturally were in covenant-headship to Adam; all sinned in his sin, his transgression being accounted to be the transgression of all his seed according

to nature; all come into the world liable to wrath; all have, therefore, in addition to this, a corrupted nature. All sin and go astray from the womb; therefore all in Adam are involved in all conceivable ruin and wretchedness. But this point was so fully developed in a late article it is quite unnecessary to enlarge upon it here.

There seems a respect for God and reverence as to divine truths about you which makes us hope the Lord is working and will work his own work with greater power in your heart, and bring you to the feet of Jesus. And this has made us willing to write, as we hope plainly, lovingly, and faithfully, this reply to your communication. If your description of yourself as a seeker is correct, as earnestly desiring salvation in God's own way, &c., we cannot see how you can be lost; but other parts of your description seem to indicate that there may be some darkness as to, and misconception of, your state; and possibly Hart's words may apply:

"Thus far he's right, but let him know,
Farther than this he yet must go."

We might here just add, to further elucidate the case, that where there is that natural work we began by noticing, there may also be a truly gracious work by the Spirit underlying it. Ishmael has come into the world first; but Isaac, the true child of promise and cause of spiritual laughter, is also there. Now that which is born of the flesh will mightily oppose that which is born of the Spirit; and usually it requires some powerful breaking-down work, either by afflictions, temptations, convictions, or plungings with Job into the mire, to in some good measure bring into nothingness the natural, that the spiritual may triumph over it. "He taketh away the first that he may establish the second." "Howbeit, that was not first which is spiritual, but that which was natural." It takes a great deal to do away with the mere formalisms of particular schools of thought in which we may have been trained up, and to establish the heart in the living powerful grace of the gospel.

In this our notice, too, we have understood you as describing the prevailing state of your mind, not an occasional temptation to hard thoughts of God, or that opposition of the flesh to the Spirit and all divine things which remains to the last in every child of God who painfully feels that in the flesh dwells no good thing, no gracious self-condemnation and justifying of God, but self-pity and wretched rebellion against the Creator. We need never expect to find the old tree of nature bearing the fruits of righteousness. Self-condemnation, godly sorrow, justifying God, as expressed in those beautiful lines of Watts, are fruits of faith by Jesus Christ, to the glory and praise of God; and though the truth contained in those words is deeply rooted in the heart of the well-taught Christian, the power to feel as he would, and express these things, depends upon the present enabling power of the Spirit.

Obituary.

W. DUNDERDALE.—On March 10th, aged 63, Mr. William Dunderdale, for nearly 40 years a member, and for 27 of that time a deacon of the church at Kirkland, near Garstang, Lancashire.

He was born in a remote and obscure farming district. His mother thought it right to have him christened, and so took him for that purpose to Mr. B., a minister in the Church of England; but she was greatly disappointed by finding him intoxicated, and incapable of performing that rite. However, she went a second time; but, to her astonishment, found him in the same sad and lamentable state, and had to come home with a heavy heart. She made a third attempt, but had to return with the child unchristened, from the very same cause as before named. This brought her to the conclusion that her dear little babe should remain as he was, rather than have a drunken parson to perform upon him; and thus he never got the rite of sprinkling in the Establishment.

As he grew up, he, like all the fallen sons of Adam, soon proved the truth that he was born in his, Adam's, image. Adverse circumstances took place, in the course of divine providence, with William's parents, which was the cause of his having to leave home and go into farm servitude. His master being a strict churchman, insisted upon all his servants going to some place of worship; consequently, William was compelled to go contrary to his will; for he hated, in his very heart, all profession of religion. In course of time he became acquainted with a number of card-players; and after their daily occupation was over, they met in the evening as often as possible. O what a sad thing is the first false step; for although William was not led or suffered to go to any great lengths in drunkenness, yet, from various temptations and opportunities, he was suffered to go on to greater lengths in other forbidden paths. But I refrain here from particularizing. Suffice it to say, it was a source of great trouble and sorrow to him in after days. His mother often warned him of the consequence of his sad career, reasoned and prayed with and for him; for she is believed to have been a God-fearing woman; and it pleased God, who is rich in mercy, for the great love wherewith he loved his people, even when dead in sin, to hear and answer her many prayers; for William now began to hear the gospel preached in the house of his parents and elsewhere, and proved the power of that scripture which says, "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God." The word proved quick and powerful, sharper than any two-edged sword, in the hands of the blessed Spirit, in the conscience of William. His convictions were very deep, feeling the arrow of the Almighty stick fast, and the hand of God pressing him sore. Card-playing was at once given up, and his former companions and sinful practices renounced. He now often retired into corners of fields, and into dry ditches, out of all human sight, to cry to God, confess his vile sins, and plead for mercy. O what a blessed change! "Behold, he prayeth." The change was so great and conspicuous in his life and outward conduct as not only to be seen by his former companions, but by all who knew him, and especially by his dear affectionate praying mother; for he sincerely confessed his sins, and was enabled to forsake them. The set time at length came when the Lord, in mercy, delivered manifestly his soul from death, his eyes from tears, and his feet from falling, and now his consolations abounded. To the joy of his soul he felt the spirit of adoption, and sweetly and blessedly experienced the love of God shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost. Then he de-

sired to tell what a dear Saviour he had found, and he went before the church, related his experience, and was received and baptized. Being so well known, the members could not but wonder at the grace of God in him, and they exclaimed, "What hath God wrought!"

He was now desirous of settling in life, and having kept company with his (now) widow, she no longer hesitated to take him for her husband, seeing so miraculous a change in him. They were married, and he took his bride home under his mother's roof, and in the evening of that day, he took up the Bible, read the chapter setting forth the duties of husband and wife, and afterwards kneeling down, prayed most fervently to the Lord that he would enable them by his grace to walk in the commands and precepts of the Lord, and that their union might be made a mutual blessing to each other, both for this life and the life to come. This again added to the joy and comfort of his dear mother, who herself had now become a member of a Particular Baptist church, and I can (as well as many others) bear testimony that the prayers of the son that night have been heard and abundantly answered. They subsequently travelled miles together on the Lord's day to hear the glorious gospel of the blessed God preached; and William was always found in his place on that day, through all weathers,—rain, hail, frost, or snow, often blessing and praising a covenant God that he should have magnified the riches of his grace in remembering such a wretch and vile sinner as he was, and plucking him as a brand from the fire, whilst he left his fellow-companions to follow the evil of their own hearts.

The Lord, in his providence, opened the door by which William became the tenant of a small farm, on which was a large quantity of turf, used much for fuel amongst the farmers and in neighbouring towns and villages. It had lain there for ages, and in some places goes yards deep into the ground. William not only farmed his land, but began extensively to cut and dry the turf for sale. Sometimes he would have as many as 100 or more stacks piled up. It happened at one time that fires being kindled on various parts of the land where the turf was, the wind arose, carried the fire right into the midst of his stacks, and set so many on fire that his loss was considerably above a hundred pounds,—a largesum to him. One day a travelling tradesman called upon his brother, who keeps a shop in the neighbourhood, and addressed him thus: "I hear your brother William has had a great loss of his turf by fire. I leave with you five shillings for him." The first time William called, his brother told him the circumstance and handed him the five shillings. He stood silent for a short time, and then said, "Peter, I cannot take it with a good conscience; but there is T. W. and J. C., poor members of ours; weigh them each a half-crown's worth of meal or flour, and send it as soon as you can; for I feel sure they need it; but don't say where it came from." The thing was done; and indeed it proved to be needed at both houses, for they afterwards declared they had not a morsel of bread in the house when the provision arrived, and they blessed God for such a signal deliverance. "O what a present help is the Lord in every time of need."

Notwithstanding this severe loss, God blessed William in his basket and store, and preserved him in his going out and coming in; for whilst the left hand of the Lord appeared to go out against him tenfold, his right hand brought him in twentyfold; and above all his soul was kept humble, watchful, and prayerful; so that he was taught to observe these things, and to understand the loving-kindness of the Lord in providence and in grace.

God still prospering his handy work, another trial is at the door. The land agent of a gentleman who had the control of his farm, now

planned so to raise his moss rent that, if carried out, it would soon take away the most of William's previous hard-gotten gains. When he became acquainted with the circumstance it took away his rest, peace of mind, sleep, and appetite; and one day, pondering over the great injustice about to be inflicted on him, a spirit of prayer came powerfully upon him. He cried to the Lord in his trouble; the Lord heard him, and sent Ps. xxxvii. 1-3 home to his very heart. This made him to rest in hope. But he had not long to wait; for in about a week the gentleman died suddenly, the snare was broken and William escaped, whilst the naked bow of God was so conspicuously made bare on his behalf.

I will now relate a few particulars respecting the church and the chapel where they met at Kirkland. The minister, Mr. John Shaw, dying (of whom there was an account in the "G. S." at the time, 1839) as in some other places under similar circumstances, contention and strife began, heresies and party spirit sprang up, until at last the trustees had to be called in, William and myself being of the number. The result was that the deacons had to give up their office, and the remaining members proceeded to elect fresh ones, of whom William was chosen one, and remained so up to his death. The congregation, however, began to fall off; members left and opened another place, where heretical doctrines soon began to be advanced. They went on with zeal for a time; but the end proved that they were "clouds without water;" for it was not very long before, like the foolish virgins, their lamps went out, and they no longer continued to meet together.

This was indeed a time of severe trial for the original place. William felt pressed out of measure, and wrote to his old friend to come over and help them. His letter moved the heart of his real and tried friend, for God was in it of a truth, as the sequel proved. This friend went, and commenced going twice and sometimes thrice a month. God, who had scattered Israel, now began to gather her. The attendance gradually increased with anxious hearers, until the chapel became nearly filled, numbers coming for miles round. The Lord now began to bear witness to the word of his grace, some being made willing in the day of his power to give themselves to the Lord and to his people; and in course of time three of William's daughters, a daughter-in-law, and three of his daughter's husbands were baptized and joined the church amongst the rest; and I believe if ever Ps. cxxvi. was realized in spirit and in truth in our day it was at this time and at that place; and no one entered into the spirit of it more than William; and indeed none had more reason; for up to the time of his death, like Jacob of old, he would often look back and say with a full heart, "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." Annual collections were commenced, his friend always preaching on such occasions; and year after year the collections gradually increased until last year they amounted to the sum of £67 18s. 7d., the people offering most willingly, and none more so than our departed brother, with heart, and soul, and pocket. His friend being called to labour more abundantly in other parts of the Lord's vineyard, William and his brother deacon were called frequently to speak to the people, one taking the morning, the other the afternoon; and it soon became evident that the Lord blessed their labours to the souls of his people, love and union dwelling amongst them; and so mightily grew the word of God and prevailed that the people have become respected by most of the surrounding neighbourhood. There has been a new school built, and about 80 scholars are on their books. A new stable to hold seven horses has been also built for the convenience of distant comers, and last year the burial ground was much enlarged, and all walled in and paid for. William was permitted to see all this. Having

known what trouble and warfare were, he was now brought to see and realize the blessings of peace, love, union, and concord; for most of his former enemies were brought to be at peace with him.

I must now come to speak of his latter days. He had been repeatedly afflicted in body, and on one occasion it was feared he would not recover; but his time had not then come. He was a man bold and unflinching in the things of God, and a staunch advocate of the doctrines of God's discriminating grace, very sensitive, thoughtful, often in deep meditation, and very anxious in all things he had to do with, secular or religious. He was naturally of a good constitution, which enabled him to bear up under the great pressure he sometimes had to endure when many would have sunk. He had a fine black head of hair, which at one time turned grey very quickly, then came off, and his head, behind as well as before and the top, was as destitute of hair as the ball of the hand; but, singular to state, when all hope had gone of ever having hair more, behold another crop of black hair came upon his head, and again turned grey before his death. I merely state this to show the effect of trouble and anxiety of various kinds.

But the last affliction now came, which was to bring down the tabernacle. His sufferings, at times, were very great, but his consolations from the great Physician were greater; and although he had to groan, being burdened, yet the Lord was near to support with his everlasting arms underneath, and he enabled him to say, "I know that if the earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved I have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

The last time he spoke in the chapel on a Lord's day was Feb. 15th, 1874. When giving out hymn 1106, and coming to the last verse, with great solemnity and emphasis he spoke it:

"When I shall launch to worlds unseen,
O may I then be found in him;
Dress'd in his righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before his throne."

This left an impression on some of the friends that the speaker would not be long before he entered into the solemn reality of that verse; and so it proved.

The day following he managed to get to the chapel to bury one who had once been in church fellowship with him. With difficulty he returned home. A physician was sent for, who consulted with another in attendance, and then said to Mrs. D., "Your husband has a complaint upon him that no human power can cure or be of any real help to." Heavy tidings indeed; but they were received by William with the greatest composure and resignation to the Lord's will. His sufferings became extreme, and the pain very great, which made him often cry out, "O Lord, give me patience! Lord, help me!" And pausing awhile he would then say, "But what are my sufferings to be compared with the sufferings of the dear Lamb of God?" Then again, "Lord, what wait I for? My hope is in thee?" When his family were about his bed, each desiring to do something to alleviate his pains, he would say, "I fear I shall tire you all out. O how God has blessed me and us as a family. O blessed God, I adore thee, I bless thee, I thank thee! What shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits towards me? God almighty bless you all. How much better I am attended to than the dear Son of God was!" Again his pains would come on; and he again said,

"Weary of earth, myself, and sin,
Dear Jesus, set me free, &c.

Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly. Lord, help me, a poor helpless sinner." Another time, speaking of death, he said. "Death has no terrors for

me. Death is swallowed up in the victory of the Son of God! O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

When a friend asked, "Have you any advice to give to the church?" "O no," was his reply. "Look to Jesus, look to Jesus for advice. I am but a poor helpless sinner. The Lord will be with you and carry on the cause. He told me so when we were only three of us left." When his pains were a little easier, he said,

"Soon shall I pass this gloomy vale," &c.

It was now evident his time could but be short here, and he felt he could give up wife, children, the church, and all into the hands of God, often praying and pouring forth a husband's and father's blessing upon them. The last Lord's day he was on earth, a number of the members went to see him after the afternoon's service, to take a last farewell of him. When they surrounded his poor weak body, O how he blessed them in the name of the Lord, saying, "Blessed Lord and blessed church! Natural ties and affections are not to be compared to the spiritual love and affection of the Lord's family. You are my real brethren and friends, and Jesus is our Elder Brother;" and he then quoted the lines:

"There my best friends, my kindred dwell;
There God my Saviour reigns."

He most affectionately took his leave of them all, asking his brother deacon to engage in prayer, and saying, "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." Prayer accordingly was offered up to the Lord, and they parted to meet no more in this world, William saying, "We shall meet again in glory." It was a sorrowful parting.

Between this time and his death, he repeated most of hymn 468:

"Death is no more a frightful foe," &c.

His brother, visiting him for the last time, said, "Well, William, you have often preached and conversed about Christian entering the river. I think you are now in it!" His reply was, "I am; but whilst the priests held the ark of the covenant in the river Jordan, the waters stood on a heap on each side." And he then quoted verse 5, hymn 87:

"And when through Jordan's flood," &c.

And after a short pause he burst forth with, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me. Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." And again:

"But when this lispings, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave," &c.

On being asked how he felt, his reply was, "The nearer my latter end, the brighter my hopes; and soon shall I hear my Jesus say, 'Come, thou blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you before the foundation of the world.'"

Thus lived and died one of whom I can truly say, "The memory of the just is blessed."

"He often sang, while here below,
'A sinner saved by grace;
But now he sings the same above,
Amongst the ransomed race."

THOMAS WALSH.

W. T. KEAL.—On April 5th, aged 82, W. T. Keal, M.D., of Oakham, the late Mr. Philpot's father-in-law.

After travelling many years in "the strait and narrow way," through the power of God's free grace and sovereign love and mercy, the divine and marvellous change in his never-dying soul took place. This

was in 1831 or 1832, and was under the preaching of that dear man of God, Mr. Tiptaft, his brother-in-law, whose conversation and conduct were a light unto his soul. The great doctrine of election, reprobation, and the final perseverance of the saints were all new to our departed friend; and God so fastened them on his mind that he could not help speaking of them to his patients, often causing great offence and even loss of practice. But God's arrow had entered his soul, and the matter was so important that he could not help telling people of their state as he saw it stated in the Bible; and we do believe his conversations were owned of God in many instances. His position in life exposed him to many temptations which few are aware of. He had an extensive medical practice; therefore the struggle was great to forsake the world,—

“To leave the world's deceitful shore,
And leave it to return no more.”

But, through the life of God in his soul, there was a separation from the world and worldly company, which endured to the end.

In 1832 he finally left the Church of England, and opened his own house for reading the scriptures and the works of gracious men, and for prayer, wishing any to come and hear the blessed things spoken of; and from that time he ceased not to read to us, as opportunity served, for the space of 40 years and upwards; and so good was his articulation and propriety of speech that not a syllable was lost. All could hear with the outward ear; and the Lord many times blessed the reading from his lips, which strengthened him in the work. Often did he with tears say, “O! If I am only the scaffolding pole in this great building, the church of the living God, yet I dare not leave my post; for these words came with power into my soul: ‘No man having put his hand to the plough and looking back is fit for the kingdom of God.’”

He was gradually brought to feel more and more of his sinnership. The candle of the Lord searching him through and through. Often have the tears of contrition rolled down his face when a feeling sense of his fallen nature was upon him. Naturally he had a very energetic mind, rather given in early life to speculation; but God brought him to see his error in those things, and helped him to turn from them.

He was favoured with light and meditation on the word of God, and the blessed Spirit often gave him a portion to comfort his soul in the midst of his conflicting fears within and trials without; for they were not few.

On the formation of the church at Providence Chapel, Oakham, in 1843, he was one of the lively stones, and was at that time chosen deacon; and truly he acted a deacon's part. He always maintained the ministers, in his own hospitable house, until 1864, and provided a place for the worship of God, and every needful comfort for us. Much, very much, he did in a pecuniary way for the church of God in this place. Yet he thought nothing of it. He always spoke of himself as a sinful man, and God's free mercy was his only ground of hope. The finished work of the Three-One God was all his salvation and all his desire.

He was blessed in the ordinance of believers' baptism; and through the day was comfortable in his soul, often feeling it a marvellous thing that a church should be formed at Oakham, and most of all that he should be a member thereof, and that the Lord should use him in his service, saying, “It is all of grace, all free love and sovereign mercy!”

The providential mercy of God was especially manifested towards him many times. Once in particular we remember he was riding a beautiful horse, full of mettle, when the animal refused to turn. Our friend lost command of his temper, and beat the horse. It crushed him

against a tree, dislocated his shoulder, and in other ways severely injured him. In an instant he saw he had sinned in the sight of God, and that it was a very great wonder it had not caused his death. He felt he deserved God's wrath; but he had granted him sparing mercy. A spirit of rebellion afterwards came on at the inconvenience it caused him as well as pain; and not until three weeks after did he feel a spirit of gratitude and praise to his God for his great preservation. Then were matters made right between God and his soul.

He was the father of nine children, the youngest being born in 1832, and he was deeply acquainted with family trials, yet not without great family blessings; for two of his dear children, we trust, died in "the faith of God's elect;" and none know God's will as to the survivors. "He willeth, and it cometh to pass." The learning of God's sovereignty by the death of dear and close ties cut his soul deeply; but God helped him to submit, and enabled him to say, "Shall not the Judge of the whole earth do right?" On one occasion he said, "O! The mercy is that any are saved! Truly salvation is all of grace, from first to last."

He was kept deeply sensible of his ruined state as a sinner before God, and walked softly, never taking a high place, nor assuming any authority beyond the poorest amongst us. He delighted in secret acts of benevolence, especially where he could trace the work of grace. Instances could be given of his bills for attendance being sent in and receipted, without any money being received by him. Such things were the effect of the love of God in exercise in his soul; and, being in the profession, he had often opportunities to do good and communicate, which he forgot not.

He was very gentlemanly, yet made men of low estate his superiors when conversing on the things of God. But the Moabites were very bitter against him, often belching out bitter denunciations and prophecies. They certainly hated him, just because he was the leader, said they, of that hateful and vile set of people called Calvinists; but he used to say, "They don't know that they rid me of *one* woe. I only wish I could feel their persecution was because I delight in the law of my God."

In 1865 he was taken very ill, but in that illness the Lord greatly blessed his soul; and when he was so far restored as to fill his place at the chapel again, before he began his part in the service, he said he could not refrain from telling us a little of his feelings during his illness, which he said had been made a real blessing to his soul. He felt deeply the great importance of the word of God, which he read continually; and from it he saw afresh the dreadful state all men were in by nature, and how true was the remark Mr. Knill once made in preaching, that "the fewest in number attended the *true* preaching of Christ."

The ministers of God were very dear to his heart. Many of them were made a blessing to his soul, God owning the truths they preached; especially Mr. Tiptaft, Mr. Philpot, Mr. Gadsby, Mr. Warburton, Mr. Smart, and Mr. Godwin. It was soul-refreshing to hear him talk, after being favoured with a good hearing time. He was, at all times, very particular in hearing and in what books he read. His soul loved "savoury meat," and he was most keen in discerning dead flies, or anything like looseness in either doctrine or experience. He once remarked that he could not lay his head in peace on a dying pillow if he felt he had left no place for the worship of God, according to those truths which were in unison with the gospel of Christ.

He highly prized Mr. Huntington's works; he bought them, and lent them a volume at a time to the poor "of the flock of slaughter." When reading one of these books in 1872, his soul was much blessed. He felt his faith strengthened, and said to a dear friend, "I believe it will be

well with me at last." He also had many comfortable times in reading Mr. Philpot's sermons. Once, when sitting at the house of two highly-valued friends, he made the following remarks. He had been reading, and was enjoying the marrow of the subject. "What a stupendous mercy if we are partakers of such blessed realities,—if we are found at God's right hand, in that great day of his appearing! How soon, how *very* soon that important matter will be decided as to *us*! O to be made right and kept right; to be found amongst those who 'endure to the end,' and are saved." He would often quote Rom. xi. 5, 6, and expatiate upon them, and the wonders of that grace which moved the Father to choose, the Son to redeem, and the Holy Spirit to bear witness of the blessed covenant from everlasting, to save from among men such rebels, such vile, sinful worms,—those who were enemies and at enmity against him; and he would say, "If the Lord has taught a man anything of his own vileness, he knows that if he is not saved wholly and freely, from first to last, by rich, free, sovereign grace, he must be lost for ever."

About a fortnight before his death, at the house of the afore-named friends, where the dear departed spent much time in Christian communion, the following conversation took place. They expressed surprise at seeing him come in, he being so poorly in the week, fearing he was not able to go to chapel. He said, "I hope I shall never be absent from the assembly of the Lord's people, so long as the Lord allows me the use of my legs. He has said, 'Seek ye my face;' and one of his appointed ways is in his earthly court."

He had an abiding sense of his own sinfulness, and of the very, very great mercy that God should have made him to differ, by implanting his fear in his heart, often begging in his prayers that God would not let him sin cheap, and that he would help him to endure unto the end; and to his name be all the glory, from first to last; for salvation is all of grace.

On April 3rd he walked to chapel, in his usual manner, not appearing different, and felt well, he said. During the service, soon after Mr. Porter had given out the text, he was taken ill, which proved to be the beginning of death. When the friends were taking the dear one out, he said, "*It is finished! It is finished!* Perfect salvation through Christ Jesus;" and he *never spoke again*. He was laid on the sofa, in the vestry, and appeared to be in a heavy sleep, breathing with labour. He was carried on the sofa to his home; but he was never conscious again. His daughter paid him every affectionate attention she could, and longed for a look or word from her dying parent; but it was not granted her.

On Lord's day morning, shortly after five o'clock, the Lord took him to himself, to be for ever with him, in whose presence is fulness of joy for evermore. "O mercy of mercies! Rich, sovereign mercy!" Truly we know it is his gain, though our loss; for he lived in our hearts' affections, and the remembrance of him will be dear to us as long as we remain in this lower world.

His remains were carried to their resting-place by "devout men," and Mr. Tryon performed the last office in a very impressive manner, to the glory of God's free discriminating grace, manifested in the life and death of our aged friend. Often he would say, "A monument of God's sparing mercy!"

Oakham.

R. CHARLTON.—On Nov. 11th, 1873, at Aslackby, aged 57, Richard Charlton.

He was born at Laughton, near Folkingham, of poor, but, I believe, honest parents. He suffered much through scanty food, until he left home for service. His early days were spent without God in the world.

When he married, and was free from restraint upon the Lord's day, he spent it in revelling and drunkenness; until one Lord's day, going home very intoxicated, his wife complained of his way of life, which roused some sense of shame, and he made up his mind to attend some place of worship. He began by attending the parish church, and was first touched when the minister was reading the Litany, and the people responding, "Lord, have mercy upon us, miserable sinners." He was led to ask himself whether he really felt a miserable sinner, and, being heart-whole, was obliged to own that he felt nothing like misery for sin. He then began to look around, wondering whether the minister or people felt anything of such a nature, and was forced to conclude there was no evidence that they did. To him it appeared to be a mere form of words. He now determined so to live as to try and make amends for his former life; but the more he strove, the worse he became; until he was brought to say, with Job, "If I wash myself with snow water, and make my hands never so clean, yet shall thou plunge me in the ditch, and mine own clothes shall abhor me."

As he found no relief among the Church people, he tried dissent, and went to a body of people called "Latter Day Saints;" but their conduct soon disgusted him. He then tried Free-will people; but was again disappointed. On one occasion the minister said sin would cleave to him; but they must act as if walking across a wet ploughed field,—must shake sin off as they did the dirt. As he had been proving "the more he strove against its power, he only stumbled yet the more," such comforters were vain. He and I working upon one farm, he heard a neighbour cavilling with me because I believed in election. Neither he nor my neighbour knew what it really meant. One day he came out of the barn, and urged me to tell him what I meant by it; which I did, to the best of my ability. Seeing I had his ear, I spoke freely; and before we parted, he said he would go with me. At the time appointed, we walked to Threckingham to hear the late Mr. Skipworth. The substance of his discourse was showing the state of man by nature, and his utter helplessness in saving himself; and that there was no way of escape but by the Lord Jesus Christ. This just met my friend's case; and for the first time hope sprang up in his cast-down soul.

About this time we went to hear a Mr. Walton, who proved to be a Unitarian, and Richard was led to see the error three weeks before myself. His conscience was manifestly tender, and his spirit alive to truth. I have known him to have sweet helps by the way under hearing the truth, but always felt himself, in a greater or lesser degree, under a spirit of bondage, until about a fortnight before he was laid up. He had been an ailing man for more than 20 years.

The last two and a half years of his life he had an ulcerated stomach and diseased liver. Feeling his end must be near, he was pondering what his prospects were, when the blessed Spirit spoke with such sweetness and power, "Be still, and know that I am God;" which quite satisfied him of his interest in the love of the Lord Jesus, and he never lost that assurance, though he lived about four months after that seal.

In the former part of his illness, after being unable to work, he was much tried in his mind as to how they should get on in temporal matters should his illness continue. In the latter part of July the Lord brought him to see so sweetly his kind care and goodness towards him in grace and providence that he became quite resigned to the will of God, either to live or die, feeling assured the Lord would supply all his needs.

On Aug. 24th he said he had spent the day in meditation and communion with the Lord. The next day he found that sweet, sacred pre-

sence was withdrawn. He begged of me to be honest with him. I felt my mind led into a few of those precious things I knew he had tasted, and I asked him if he thought the Lord had shown him those precious things to deceive him; at which he quite cheered up.

On the 26th I found him begging the Lord to end the conflict and take him to himself, or to give him patience to bear what he might permit to come upon him. Much of that day was spent in blessing and praising God for his love, mercy, and goodness towards him. In the night he was convulsed. Being sent for, I found him ill indeed in body, but very comfortable in mind, expecting any minute might be his last. But to our surprise and his disappointment he continued several days after this. He said he felt quite resigned to the will of God in his sufferings. I said,

"At most we do but taste the cup,
For Christ alone could drink it up."

He said, "Ah! And for a sinful wretch like me." I said, "Then you are not afraid but he drank it up for you?" He said, "Not in the least."

Some time after this the enemy was permitted to thrust hard at him, bringing before his mind not only his early days, but his latter ones; but he was enabled to resist him until he fled. I then said,

"You can your bold accuser face,
And tell him Christ has died."

He said, "That's it! That's it!"

At night a friend or two came to see him, and he was enabled to speak so freely of what he was enjoying in the prospect of death and eternal glory that it caused them to express what a favour it was to be with one in such a state. At parting, he bade them "Good bye" in the name of the Lord, saying, if never permitted to meet again here, he believed they would meet in a blessed eternity.

Though very weak, he, at times, spoke of the truths he had been blessed with under the word preached, parts of hymns, and accounts in the "Gospel Standard," which he formerly feared would never be his case; but now he said God had been better to him than all his fears.

I remember that at a former part of his illness I once said to him I thought there was some improvement in his health. He said, "Do not say so, as I want to depart out of this sinful world, having proved it to be nothing but vanity and vexation of spirit, and to be with Christ, which is far better." After a pause, he said, "Do you think the Lord will ever cover these bones again with flesh?" I said, "If it be his will it would not be a harder matter for him than to create this world out of nothing." He said, "True;" but he hoped he would not do so, as he had done with the things of time and sense. I never heard him say a word about such things; but a little before he departed he gave a few words of advice to his wife for her use after he was gone. He spoke firmly of the peace God had given him, and then asked for a little to drink; took it, asked to be lifted up, shot out his feet, and fell asleep in Jesus without a struggle, sigh, or groan. RICHARD CLARK.

SHOULD we come to observation and experience, the show of the countenance of the bulk of men doth witness against them. "They declare their sin like Sodom; they hide it not." (Isa. iii. 9.) Where is the man that maketh the Almighty God his delight and that designeth his glory in this world? Do not even almost all pursue this world, their lusts and pleasures, and so, consequently, say unto God, "Depart from us, for we desire not the knowledge of thy ways?" or, "What is the Almighty that we should serve him?" "It is vain to serve God," &c.—*Bunyan*.

NO MORE THE FLOOD.

"Neither shall there any more be a flood to destroy the earth."

BUT has the Lord engaged
The water to restrain,
That they no more shall burst their bonds,
Or cover earth again?

E'en so, for Jesus' sake,
The eternal God hath sworn,
His indignation shall no more
Against his people burn.

His oath hath ratified
The covenant of peace;
And will he cast his chosen off,
Whom he hath sworn to bless?

The hills shall shift their place,
The mountains shall remove,
But firm his weakest follower stands
In his electing love.

TOPLADY.

ECC. VIII. 3-5.—Oriental sovereigns in the present day, as of old, do whatsoever pleases them, and no man dare resist them. They may give a command that their officer does not like; still it is his duty to obey, as he has sworn to do; and if he leave the presence of his sovereign hastily, that is petulantly, he may incur his sovereign's displeasure, and be severely punished. He may, perhaps, have resolved in his vexation that he will do so, be the consequence what it may; but, says Solomon, "the king doeth whatsoever pleaseth him; therefore do not stand in such an evil mood as that; but rather exercise judgment as to the proper time for executing the command." Matthew Poole says the proper sense of verse 5 is, "A wise man knows both what he ought to do and what are the fittest seasons for doing it."

WE copy the following from an American paper: "We notice in the 'Baptist Weekly' a wonderful thing! It is announced, in connexion with the ordination of Bro. C. Hiscox, that one of the deacons of the church tendered to all the ministers an amount of money equal to their travelling expenses! Who ever heard of such a thing before? The prevalent feeling is that ministers can go anywhere, at anybody's call, and perform any service, and give any amount of time for the duties required, and pay their own bills in the bargain. We remember how we, when a pastor, were called upon to attend funeral services for families not connected with our parish, miles away, paying our own livery stable bills, and never receiving a word of thanks either. But it is refreshing to see such an instance of consideration and true Christian justice. If ministers are needed to ordain a man, and thus qualify him for pastoral work, it is no more than right that the parties served should indemnify him for any expense he may incur in their service. We sincerely hope this example may be widely followed, and become a universal practice. Thanks to the noble-hearted deacon who has inaugurated this movement. Let the press help it on, for pastors cannot do it."—We fully endorse this paragraph. We read of a man who once tendered a shilling to a minister whose travelling expenses alone were 5s., and the late Mr. Philpot once said he had never but twice received anything for either marrying or burying. Once he had a pair of gloves, and on the other occasion something more substantial. Let deacons, relatives, and friends reflect on these things.

RELIGION IN AMERICA.—The celebrated Ward Beecher, who is allowedly the greatest preacher amongst the Generals in America, preaching a sermon in April last on the "kingdom of heaven," is reported in the "New York Herald" to have said, "The time will come, I hope, when Roman Catholics, Lutherans, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Unitarians, Swedenborgians, and all other sects can see in one another loving brothers in Christ. I begin to see the electric power of regenerate souls lighted by the power of love. O for the day when Christians of various names will only strive together in furthering the cause of their common Lord!" This is universal charity with a witness. Satan himself would not ask any one to go farther. Happily there are some in America who have not so learned Christ, but who earnestly contend for the glorious discriminating truths of the gospel.

A Few Questions for Deists and Infidels. By Gordon Forlong.—London: Shaw and Co., 48, Paternoster Row.—This little tract might rather be entitled, "A Few Questions put by Infidels, &c., Answered," as the questions are put to such.

1. "What do the very oldest heathen authors say about the beginning of the world?"

2. "What nations besides the Jews record the first state of man as that of innocence?"

6. "What proof is there, apart from the Bible, that the Flood covered the highest mountains in the world?"

For ourselves, in our right minds, we are content to take the Bible as it is; but for the sake of some who are, at times, harassed by sceptics and plagued with scepticism in their own hearts, as indeed is too often the case with us, we may say that this tract (2d.) gives some good answers to some of the questions, which are 15 in number. We give the following in answer to question 6:

"Evidence remains to the present day that the Deluge was everywhere. The highest mountains of the earth,—the Alps, the Apennines, Pyrenees, Libanus, Atlas, and Ararat, every mountain, east and west, where search has been made, conspires in the same uniform and universal proof that all have had the sea spread over their highest summits. All are found to contain shells, skeletons of fish, and sea monsters of every kind. Animals have also manifestly been transported by the waters far out of their own regions. The moosedeer, a native of America, has been found buried in the soil of Ireland. Elephants, natives of Asia and Africa, have been found buried in the centre of England. Crocodiles, natives of the Nile, have been found in the interior of Germany. And shell-fish, never known in any but the American seas, with the entire skeletons of whales, have been discovered in the most inland counties of England. These are facts attesting the Deluge being over all the earth; and facts are stubborn things; but go to ancient history. Plutarch not only records the ark in the Deluge, but gives us other facts concerning it,—facts which will more appropriately belong to a future question. Lucian more than once mentions the great Deluge and the ark which preserved the small remnant of the human race. The following authors also record it: Berosus the Chaldean; Hieronymus the Egyptian; Nicolaus of Damascus; Abydenus, an ancient Assyrian historian; Polyhistor, another ancient historian; Plato.

"Or do we desire general traditions of the Flood in Europe, Asia, and America? We have these traditions among the Egyptians and Chinese, Japanese, Goths and Druids, Hindoos and Burmans, Mexicans and Peruvians, Brazilians and North American Indians, Sandwich Islanders, inhabitants of Otaheite and Greenlanders. Those who wish to go still deeper into this well-proven Deluge may consult Mr. Townsend's laborious mineralogical researches, Parkinson's organic remains of a former world, M. Cuvier's great work, Faber's 'Horræ Mosaicæ,' and Bryant's 'Analysis of Ancient Mythology.'"

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

SEPTEMBER, 1874.

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

LEPROSY.

A SERMON BY MR. HULL, AT HASTINGS, LORD'S DAY MORNING,
APRIL 14, 1872.

"It seemeth to me there is, as it were, a plague in the house."—
LEV. XIV. 35.

If you search through the whole word of God you will find his testimony is this,—Sin is to God a most hateful and abominable thing. The abomination in God's sight is so great that there is no language, no form of expression, no metaphors taken from things disgusting to us that are too strong to figure forth what God's mind is concerning it. The question comes, "Do we agree with what God says about it? Is our mind in the same channel? Do our feelings go the same way, or are we offended at what the Lord has declared to us about sin? Are we constrained to receive it and believe it? "Some people now-a-days are so very delicate they say we need a revision of the Bible, because there are indelicate words there; it is hardly becoming to read them; and many of the parts they want expunged or altered are those where God speaks about what sin is, and what it has done *for* us, and *in* us; and how it appears in his sight and to the feelings of every one having the fear of God. But "to the pure all things are pure," or true, which are thus recorded in the Word; and if we possess the fear of the Lord, which is clean, we feel that everything which bears the stamp of sin is unclean. But there are none of those who do not possess the fear of the Lord will ever truly and contritely complain of being unclean sinners. If God has not put his holy fear in your heart, you cannot heartily receive and believe what he says about sin. It is impossible for a man or woman dead in trespasses and sins to receive it. They may *profess* to believe, and so make an acknowledgment that they are sinners, but never *with their heart*. They do not receive it so as to be truly distressed in their souls; but where God has put his holy fear in a sinner's heart, there is no language sets forth his case worse than he feels it. Indeed, he feels, at times, he is even worse than the word of God says he is. Some people may say, "I do not understand that a man can feel worse than God says he is." Let me ask, can you express, poor sinner, what you feel? Can you give full, clear, and explicit statements about what you feel of sin in your soul? Can you find any lan-

No. 465.

guage or form of words that will define sin as you feel it? No; you may search the word of God through, and you will find that which comes home and enters in. You feel as David when Nathan said, "Thou art the man." You feel God's word is true. He there speaks in language we can understand as finite creatures; that is to say, he speaks in our form of language. The infinite mind, so to speak, stoops to the finite; and, as we can have no full comprehension of infinite things, for they cannot be understood by us, God speaks in infinite language to finite beings, coming down to our capacities. But, as no language we can use sets forth what we feel, so no language God has put in his Word explicitly defines what a child of God is made to feel of sin, because words cannot express it.

When we look abroad in the world we may see something of what a monster sin is. O! What a hydra-headed monster is sin, that little word composed of three letters only. Yet where is the philosopher that can get to the bottom of that word, or the mind of deep research that can explore its vast abyss? It is far beyond them all. Alas! What is comprised in that little word *sin*? It is soon said, but O, if we live to the age of Methuselah, we can never fully understand what it contains. If we feel every day of our lives a deeper and more extensive conviction of what sin is in its nature and in its development in the world and in ourselves, we shall still know but very little of it. Could we live a thousand years, and be learning every day, we should never be able to reach the bottom of this abyss. It is the mystery of iniquity, ever casting up uncleanness, too terrible to be named; yet we do not, we cannot, see the worst of it. You need not go outside your homes to see some of its forms. No doubt, if we could find out some of the dark places in Hastings, we should see something to shock our feelings; and, could the veil be taken away that hides these things from view, what a horrid spectacle this world would present. But, if the Lord the Spirit dwells within, he will make us feel more of the evil and filth of sin in ourselves than in all around us. If God the Holy Ghost shines within, the blackest part of God's creation will be ourselves.

"O!" some people say, "I do not like ministers to talk about these things; it is so shocking." If God has never shown thy soul the truth of what I am saying, it is to be feared thou art dead in trespasses and sins, and hast no right sense of what sin is. What did the psalmist say? See Ps. xxxviii. I thought while reading it that it would not do for the good folks: "My wounds stink and are corrupt." Some might say, "Read some other part of the Bible, for we have got beyond that." As a man once said to me, when I was speaking of the description God gives of man in Rom. i., "O! You do not think that refers to us, do you? That means the old Romans." But if you are taught by the Spirit you will find neither the old Romans nor the modern ones are any worse than you, and you will not only *call*, but *see and feel* yourself the *chief of sinners*.

What a dreadful thing the leprosy was, what a dreadful disease, what a terrible plague! God's word sets it forth as a loathsome disease to the leper himself, and to everybody else; whether in the body, house, or garment. No matter where anything infected with this leprosy was, it was loathsome and unclean. When it first made its appearance the leper was to show himself to the priest, that it might be discerned whether it was real or spurious, and the priest was to see whether it would increase and spread. He was to be set apart; and if, when he had been shut up seven days, there was a spreading, it proved it was leprosy, and he was to leave his house and go outside the city as one not fit to live among the people. He was also to put a covering on his upper-lip, and cry, "Unclean, unclean!" lest any should come near him to be infected; for the leprosy was a dreadfully-infectious disease. So with regard to a garment. It was to be shut up seven days; and if the plague was spread in the garment, it was unclean and was to be burned. When it appeared in a house, the priest was to be made acquainted with it, and go and examine the house. It was to be cleared of every thing it contained. Then, when the priest had seen it, he commanded it to be shut up seven days. At the end of that time he must examine it again, and if he found it to spread he was to command the stones to be taken out, the walls to be scraped, and the house so to be cleaned from it, if possible; but, very frequently, after they had taken out the stones and brought others, the plague reappeared. Then the priest was to be called again, and he would say, "It is a fretting leprosy; it grows and increases in magnitude; the house must be pulled down, and all that composes it be carried to an unclean place."

So you see what a dreadful thing the leprosy is! Yet it is but a faint figure of sin. God uses it to set forth the dreadful nature of the great evil brought in by the Adam fall, and the dreadful spread of it; and we are assured it is such that nothing but the precious blood of Christ can cleanse the soul from the dreadful leprosy of it; while our bodies must drop into the dust before we can lose this dreadful plague. So much are our very flesh and blood corrupted throughout by sin, there is no getting free from it but by dropping into death.

Now in this representation in our text there is something very striking. The poor man comes and says to the priest, "There is something the matter with *my* house." It does not interfere with his neighbour; it is his own. It is not those around him; it is himself that is afflicted. It is his own trouble he comes to tell. He has no complaint to make about others; he comes to the priest and says, "It seemeth to me there is, as it were, a plague in the house; I have found some spots; I fear lest it should spread, and I want you to come and look upon it and determine what these spots are;" for none but the priest was to give a decision on the matter. People might all say what they thought; but the priest alone could settle the matter.

Now, poor sinner, have you ever been made to feel the plague-spot of evil? Have you been made to feel the plague-spot of sin? Have you been made to feel the bitter evil of sin? Have you known something of what it is to be convinced of sin by God the Holy Ghost? If not, you have never seen it, felt it, and complained about it aright. Have you ever been brought, like the poor man, to the priest to say you fear "there is a plague in the house," *in your own house*? There are some people in whom we hoped we had really seen signs of life; that is, that the Lord the Spirit had made them not only to see but to feel themselves sinners. We hoped we had seen signs of a godly sorrow about sin; we heard them tell some things we liked; they appeared to complain of spots; there was a professed seeking to the great High Priest, the Lord Jesus Christ, for the cure of their disease; and, after all, what do we find? They get rid of their trouble some other way than by the blood of Jesus Christ. There is grief and distress for a time; but they get rid of it, and we do not hear of the blood of sprinkling being applied. And how oft such return like the dog to his vomit and the sow to her wallowing in the mire. That is sure to be the result where the unclean spirit merely *goes* out of a man. There is no one else inhabits it, and on his return he finds during his absence it has been swept and garnished. There is a nice clean house, and he "takes with him seven other spirits, and they enter in and dwell there." All such religion is only natural and will come to nought. O, sinner, beware, beware that you do not trust to a hope ill grounded; beware that you trust not to mere convictions of sin; beware that with all your deploring your load of sin you do not lose your trouble in a wrong way. Poor sinner, if you have felt the plague of leprosy you know it is a fretting leprosy; you cannot bury or blot it out. All the tears you shed will not wash it out, nor all your prayers wipe it out. All you do to lessen it only increases the malady. This is how I did,—I sought to look to my outward walk to scrape the walls and purify the house; and I am sure, when God the Holy Ghost convinces a poor sinner of sin, if he could get to heaven by his own doings, by keeping the law and living free from sin, he would. There is nothing God's word enjoins but he would do if he could. He runs for life; he labours hard to enter in at the strait gate; but the law, as applied by the Holy Ghost, gets before him, works in his heart, paralyzes his limbs, and deprives him of all hope through the weakness of the flesh. It shows him that this leprosy is not only in his hands, but in his feet; not only in the head, but in the heart; which he finds to be like a fountain, continually throwing up mire and dirt.

Now, poor struggling soul, you would not commit sin, but would live righteously, holily, and godly if you could. Have you not made vows before God that you would not sin against him? How many vows I made. I thought in my heart, like Peter, how firm I would stand. "Though I should die with thee, yet will I

not deny thee." And he meant what he said; and I meant it too. No sinner could strive harder than I did in order to fulfil what I had said; yet I seemed to forget myself and come into places where

"I fell through the workings of sin."

And a very good thing too, for I learned thereby the insufficiency of all power but that of Christ Jesus. You will find the leprosy will break through again and again. You cannot keep it down, strive as you may. I thought, if I enter into a solemn covenant, and write it out before God, I shall remember this; when temptation comes this will keep me in safety and preserve me from the tempter's power. I meant to do it, but the Lord prevented me; and how glad I have been since that it was never done; for I have seen and realized the folly of all vows and covenants of the creature as a bulwark against sin. What is the use of thy covenanting to do this and that of thyself? No sinner by nature has power to do anything but evil. "O, but," says one, "I cannot believe that. Have I not the power to get drunk or to keep sober?" Why, bless you, one man prides himself as much in drunkenness as another does in sobriety; one prides himself as much in risking or wasting his life as another does in preserving it. All these things are to gratify self. They are the product of a selfish will; for a natural man always seeks after that which is most congenial to his fleshly, carnal mind. (Eph. ii. 2, 3.) Whatever the development, the principle is the same. The word of God says, "They know not, neither do they understand. There is none righteous, no, not one." They are all gone astray; and even the church of God said, "All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags;" as much as to say, "My best deeds and doings are nothing better than filthy rags, and only increase my defects and debt." What a delineation of what the creature is in himself!

Now, poor sinner, if you have felt this fretting, spreading leprosy, it gets through all those things you may pride yourself in; you may draw the threads out of the garment till there is only the warp left, and it all falls to pieces. You may pull the stones out of the house, scrape it, and shut it up; but when you come to look at it again it has spread farther still. The house must come down; it must be razed to the ground; for the foundation is corrupt. If you have felt that these things are so, you know in your measure what I am speaking of. Some of you have been made to feel that all your actions are sin, and to loathe them every one. You cannot plead one good desire. Why, sometimes you wonder God does not strike you dead for trying to pray to him, he is so great and holy and you so vile; and, at times, you dare not attempt to plead the name of Jesus Christ. I believe many poor sinners, at times, think if they were to make mention of the name of Jesus Christ, God would banish them from his presence for ever. Fearing they have no interest in him, they have no confidence to try to bring him in the arms of faith. How can a poor sinner rightly plead Jesus's name if he

has not faith in some measure to apprehend him? This is sometimes the case with a soul for a long time. I well remember when I durst not make mention of the name of Jesus in my own case, for I feared to presume.

Well, now; when you are brought so low as this, what are you to do? For it is as Mr. Gadsby says,

“Her efforts all abortive prove;
Her working makes her worse;
Nought but the Saviour’s blood and love
Can save her from the curse.”

O! I like to find poor sinners in that place where they have done all they can do, and feeling if one good thought would save them they have not power to perform it. They have no garment but what is too loathsome to name; they have pulled all the stones out of the house, and do not want it daubed with untempered mortar, or whitewashed over. They would rather have it entirely removed. You want to plunge into that crimson fountain, to have the blood of sprinkling applied to your conscience; for, “The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin.”

Well, now, when the poor man went to the priest, he went with the hope of getting rid of the leprosy that had appeared in the house, and the priest told him to shut up the house for seven days. Did that get rid of it? O, no. If it was the leprosy, it was found to spread. Then he was told to pull out the stones and put new ones in; still it spreads, and at last the priest says, “You must pull down the house.” What does the man say? Can he say, “I will not pull it down. I have spent my all upon it. It will ruin me?” What could he do? It was death to abide. How did poor Lot escape? He had to flee and leave his all behind him. The angel said, “Escape for thy life. Look not behind thee. Do not stop on the road, but make thy way to a place of refuge.” This is how it is with the poor child of God. Life and all is at stake. And when, poor sinner, you find out it is so, is there not a coming with an anxious desire for mercy through Christ Jesus? Perhaps you say, “I am out of all hope of that. If I had but a hope in Jesus Christ, I should not mind the trouble so much; but I have come again and again; and the more I take the stones out of the house, the more I do to purify it, the worse it becomes.” You are just in the right way. If, when you saw the spots, you tried to get the house whitewashed, and continued trying, I should not think so well of your case; but when you see that the more you strive the more you fail, I believe there is hope for you. God has put his fear in your soul, and Jesus Christ will meet with you some day; and though you cannot work it out or scrape it out, his precious blood can wash it out. “Come, now, saith the Lord, and let us reason together.”

Poor sinner, there is a door of hope for thee. What is it? Jesus Christ; for he says, “I am the door. By me if any man

enter in he shall be saved." No matter how bad the blotches, how deep the stain, how heinous thy sins, he says, "He shall be saved." "But," says some poor sinner, "I do not find he describes such a character as I." No doubt you will feel, at times, you go beyond all; but the Lord has used these words: "No man can come unto me except the Father which hath sent me draw him." Now, if there is any feeling desire of coming unto him with thy sin, it is the work of God in thy heart. Do you think you never can have been elected? What does the Lord say? "All that the Father giveth me shall come to me; and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." Well, then, that poor soul that feels a desire to come to Jesus Christ proves that he is one given by the Father to Christ. And again, Jesus Christ says, "I give unto my sheep eternal life, and they shall never perish; neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand." Bad as your case may be, desperate as your sins are, here is the word of Jesus Christ pledged that sin shall never ruin, destroy, or sink you eternally.

"You never shall perish while Jesus can save."

Nothing can ever separate thee from the love of God. "They shall never perish." "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." He does not stop to define particular cases. "O!" say some, "it means everybody." God's word does not say so. It means every needy sensible sinner, whom the Father draws. Yea, *thee*, poor sinner, if sin afflicts thee and thou longest to be rid of it, longest to come to Jesus Christ and enjoy his presence and peace; these are all good marks. You may have tried all things you can do, but there is one resource left,—"Jesus Christ is able to save to the uttermost all them that come unto God by him." Well, then, what a mercy you feel the spreading leprosy. It is a loathsome disease; God's word declares it to be so, and you *feel* it so. From the head to the foot all is corrupt.

What a dreadful disease sin is! It is in the house, mixed up in the very walls, in all the stones and mortar, and thy soul needs the blood which alone can cleanse from sin. "Well, but," say some, "the case is hopeless. I can never appease God." True, it is hopeless with regard to man's merit or goodness; but when you put Jesus Christ *only* into the scale, then I dare not say it is hopeless, for

"The blood of Christ thy soul can cure."

Some of you *have* proved God's goodness. Did you not once think Jesus Christ would never look on such a dead dog as you, that you would never see and realize the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness? You said you should never be saved; yet, after all, the Lord took you in, washed you, clothed you, and put his comeliness upon you, saying to your sin-defiled but blood-washed soul, "Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee." "Ah!" you say, "but I have felt it many a time

since then. I did not think I should have so much of the leprosy left. It spreads from "the crown of the head to the sole of the foot." Then you can't yet do without Jesus Christ and his precious cleansing blood. "O! I find that I am compelled to say every day,

"Nothing but thy blood, O Jesus,
Can relieve us from our smart."

Then, poor sinner, if you have got so far as this you are on the way to a cure. For when the leprosy spread from head to foot, and was white all over, the priest pronounced the poor thing clean. Why? Because he was on the high road to a perfect cure. There were certain signs given by God by which he was to judge when the leper was clean; and this, which we should have thought the most unlikely, was one, namely, the being covered from head to foot. What a representation of sin and the sinner. When the poor sinner has not a clean bit inside or out, and really loathes himself, God makes him to flee to Christ. Now you feel,

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

Then he will never forsake thee nor cast thee off.

So then there is this plague in the house. "A man's worst foes are they of his own house." Would you have the plague of leprosy if you could avoid it? If you walked down a street where it was, you would not want to go near the house that contained it. No; you would try to walk far away from a person who had it, lest you might take the infection. But here it is in one's own body, in one's own house, in one's own tabernacle, in one's own heart. You have felt it a long time. It comes into everything; plagues you when reading, praying, or walking; awake or asleep; it intrudes into your most secret places of retirement, it follows you to the house of God and mixes with your praises. What pride there is in your heart, what corruption in your nature, what lusts of the flesh are constantly working within, and what plague-spots break out; and sin is the mainspring of all.

John Newton has a poem on "The Spider and the Toad," and he says that as oft as the spider bit the toad it went as soon as bitten to a plant, the virtues of which destroyed the spider's venom. Now, poor sinner, that is the case with you. When bitten and smitten by sin you have need to run to a tree, the Tree of Life, the leaves of which are for the healing of the nations. There is

"None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good."

You cannot live without the saving knowledge of Jesus Christ and his blood and righteousness. You feel you need to be *entirely* clothed in his righteousness and accepted in him. Well, this fretting leprosy will taint your soul from day to day.

While in this house of clay there will never be much peace for thee. What a mercy God keeps thee alive to the evil influence of sin, and thy need of Christ. O, poor souls, what a mercy Jesus Christ lives to save such desperate sinners, such sin-smitten, self-destroyed sinners as you feel yourselves to be. For there is no case too hard for him, however desperate it may appear to us.

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

CRAVING THE VISITS OF JESUS.

THOUGH but a poor, weak, simple, bruised reed,
Amidst my daily toil and anxious care,
To him alone I'll look who answers prayer,
And can supply my need.

Yes, in the wilderness on him I'll call
Who mighty is to save, nor turns away
From those who cry unto him night and day;
But kindly helps them all.

His name is Jesus; and that name to me
Is very sweet and precious, when my soul,
By faith, can on him all my sorrows roll,
And I his beauty see.

But when he hides, as oft he does, his face,
I mourn; for then the joys I highly prize
Depart, and sad desponding fears arise,
And wretched is my case.

O that his visits might more frequent be,
And that his sov'reign grace might reign within,
From self, the world, and all the power of sin,
To save, and set me free.

Indulgent Lord! These favours grant, and then
My soul of thee shall make her boast, and sing,
With joyful lips, thy praise, my God and King;
So may it be. Amen.

Chelmsford.

A. SMITH.

SOME professors, and some ministers too, labour hard to have the curse of God; for they try to obtain the good opinion of everybody in religious matters; and the scriptures say, "Cursed are you when all men speak well of you."—*Gadsby*.

THE same love which fitted thee with a helpmeet in a Saviour hath fitted thee, and will continue to fit thee, with the supply of all thy need. It were to be wished that every child of God would never lose sight of this certain truth,—that he must have the fittest station in life, the fittest frame of mind and of body, the fittest yoke-fellow, the fittest circumstances; in short, the fittest mercies and the fittest trials; because everything is made subservient to the divine glory in Jesus. Sweet thought! He that spared not his own Son will, with him, freely give us all things.—*Hawker*.

JOHN RUSK'S DIARY.

(Continued from page 278.)

June 24th, 1817.—The Lord has wonderfully supported me to-day. I have had a very hard day's work, and only 1½d. of cheese for dinner. I have been kept in an even place in soul. Strength is always equal to our day, let unbelief say what it will. Satan is a busy foe, and works in all directions. I find that if I try to persuade any of Providence Chapel people to hear Mr. Robins, Satan suggests that I am trying to draw away simple souls from the truth into errors, that I am deceiving and being deceived. He goes about seeking whom he may devour.

June 28th.—He tells us a man was "put in his house" for the ground rent due to the freeholder. This naturally frightened both him and his wife; but it was the means of preventing him from removing to a smaller place at Wapping. He went to the woman who had the house, and asked her if she had paid her ground rent; and not being satisfied with her answer, he gave up the house. "*Now can't you see,*" he asks, as if everybody were as well instructed in divine things as he was, "what a providence there was in the man being put in my house for the ground rent? For if he had not been I should never have thought of inquiring about the house at Wapping. Those who deny providences deny the Bible." (What a sterling truth this is!) The result was, he remained where he was. Of course his landlord had to pay all expenses connected with or caused by the distraint. "Whoso is wise," adds our friend, "and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord. This is regarding the operations of his hand." (Ps. xxviii. 5; Isa. v. 12.)

The next day, being Sunday, he heard Mr. Robins from the very appropriate text, 2 Cor. vii. 6. "No one on earth," says he, "but my wife and myself, knows what our trials are. At night I committed all our concerns to the Lord, begging him to direct our every step. It is for this purpose (namely, prayer) that so many troubles and such heavy ones come on God's children. We are suffered to try what flesh and blood can do, to prove the insufficiency of it; and when our troubles get so heavy that we sink under them, then God has promised to be a present help."

He then enumerates a host of troubles, old and new, and adds, "O Lord, what a weight these things are! But what mercies also have I to be thankful for,—that I am in work, and able to do it; that the children are as well as they are; that we are preserved from fire; that we do get any food at all; that our creditors are kept from troubling us; that we have any hope in God's mercy; that we have been kept from opposing the gospel amidst such strong corruption and sore temptations. O these are great mercies! But we are always poring over our miseries, and forget our mercies."

Sunday, 20th.—I went to chapel, but O how very weak in body! Mr. Robins preached two great discourses, but I was in

great pain. On my way home, while in Bethnal Green, I was led in meditation as follows: First. What great love that was in the Lord Jesus Christ, so many hundred years before I was born, ever to think about such a worthless wretch as I, and to come into this world and go through such scenes of misery on purpose to save my soul.

Second. To think that I am sure to die; and were I to live to be a hundred years old, which is very unlikely, still die I must. This is plain, both from daily observation and from the testimony of God's word; for "it is appointed unto men once to die." What is our life? It is even as a vapour. Now this cannot be avoided; "for no man hath power over the spirit to retain the spirit, neither hath he power in the day of death; and there is no discharge in that war." Now, as I was led much into the subject, I asked myself some questions, and it would not be amiss if my reader did the same:

1. In what does a meetness for heaven consist? I answer, in these six things; and they are all essential to salvation:

i. As we are born in sin and shapen in iniquity, we must be cleansed, washed, pardoned; and nothing can effect this but the blood of Christ, for that cleanseth from all sin. Now, when sin is removed by faith in Christ's blood, what have I to fear? Why, nothing; for the sting of death, a guilty conscience, is removed, and I can say, "O death, where is thy sting? But thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ." But suppose I die in my sin, then where Christ is I can never come; for nothing is to enter the heavenly Jerusalem that defileth.

ii. I must be perfectly righteous, which I am not by nature, but the opposite; for "there is none righteous, no not one;" and the unrighteous shall not inherit the kingdom of God and of Christ. But if the righteousness of Christ is imputed to me, I am perfectly righteous; for by his obedience many shall be made righteous. And such are ready to die. Hence you read, "The marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife hath made herself ready;" and then it tells us how; namely, "To her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white; for the white linen is the righteousness of the saints; and for the want of which the man was cast into outer darkness when the king came in to see the guests."

iii. There must be a spiritual birth; for, "without holiness, no man can see the Lord;" "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." But how am I possibly to prove that I am holy, and that I am born again? I answer, by the facts and effects that are sure to follow,—the fear of God: "Perfecting holiness in the fear of God," by faith in the blood and righteousness of Christ, with an application. (Jude calls this most holy faith.) By a love to God, his people, his ways, and his word, "that we may be holy and without blame before him in love." Now, such are fit to die. Nature never produced such a crop as this.

iv. Life is essential to salvation, hence Christ told Martha, "He that liveth and believeth in me shall never die" (the second death); and if you read the four evangelists you will find that life was the principal thing Christ enforced all through.

v. I must have grace; for if I have not I am nothing but putrefaction; therefore grace must season me or preserve me. Hence God's people are called the salt of the earth. Grace shall reign; for sin cannot have dominion over those that are under grace; but it has over all the rest. This grace is a free gift, and glory is sure to such; for "the Lord God is a sun and a shield; the Lord will give grace and glory."

vi. I must have the truth, which no man has by nature; for "men of high degree are a lie," &c. Yea, "every man is a liar, and nothing shall enter the heavenly Jerusalem that loveth and maketh a lie." Now, if I have the truth, Father, Son, and Spirit, and his word dwells richly in me,—the Father is a God of truth and without iniquity; just and right is he; the Son is "the way, and the truth, and the life;" the Spirit shall guide me into all truth. Thy word is truth; and John says, "I have no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in truth." Now they that keep the truth are to enter into the heavenly Jerusalem. I add no more.

TROUBLE AND HELP.

My dear Friend and Brother in the Faith and Hope of the Gospel,—Grace, mercy, and peace be with your spirit, from God the Father through the sacrifice of the sweet Lord Jesus, by the unctuous bedewings and anointings of God the Holy Ghost, whose it is to reveal the things of God. Blessed for ever be his eternal name for ever revealing to you and me the truth of what is declared in holy writ, that all our righteousnesses are as dung and dross or filthy rags, giving us to know that with it we can never enter the kingdom, and making us glad to renounce it and turn from it with abhorrence, and for ever raising a desire and a cry in our souls for the righteousness which is of God by faith in Christ Jesus.

I well remember the time, 30 years back, how I used to walk the lanes and fields with this cry, "O that I may be found in him, not having on my own righteousness, but the righteousness which is of God by faith in Christ Jesus!" And with the feeling of those words being my own:

"Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart
That I am born of God."

Little did I think then that this was the Spirit's work. And O, my dear brother, what a time when he leads us to Jesus, takes of the things of Jesus, makes them known, and reveals our interest in Jesus, his righteousness, his redeeming, pardoning, peace-

speaking blood, and thus to give us the knowledge of salvation through the remission of sins.

“And O, what love the Spirit shows!
When Jesus he reveals
To men oppress'd with guilt and woes,
He all their sorrows heals.”

That never-to-be-forgotten period and place—how my mind runs back to the joys, comfort, peace, and bliss then enjoyed. But, my dear friend,

“Many days have pass'd since then,
Many changes I have seen.”

This was in the year 1846. I was then in my 19th year, and on Wednesday next, the 11th of March, I shall be 47.

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

I have been in my present situation 26 years; and now all the premises are to be sold on the 24th inst. Where I am going or what I am going to do, or how to be provided for, I know not; which gives me great exercises of mind. I sometimes wish that I had no wife or family. Then I think I could rough it and put up with whatever trials I may have to contend with. But it is this that makes the burden, at times. I feel it for a little while. At the beginning of the year I was helped to rest upon these words: “I will go before thee.” But it seemed soon to be gone. On another occasion, when wondering where or how I should be provided for, these words: “Is the Lord's arm shortened that it cannot save?” I responded, and said, “No, Lord; I know thou canst save, thou canst deliver.” Sometimes I can rest in immutability and eternal faithfulness, and find it to be solid rock, and can hope that he that hath delivered will yet deliver.

“Amidst temptations sharp and long,
My soul to this dear refuge flies;
Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,
While tempests blow and billows rise.”

Dear friend, the time will soon draw on for your visit amongst us again (D.V.). O that the eternal Spirit may guide, inflame, enlarge, unloose, and give you to exalt the bleeding Lamb, bless the word to the comfort of Zion's mourners and to the breaking of the hearts of many of the yet uncalled sons and daughters of the Lord God.

We are as a church and people comfortable and tolerably well attended, considering how the truth is hated in the town. Some real living seeking souls amongst us are brought to the birth, but not delivered. I should be glad to see it, and for them to be constrained to come and tell what the Lord has done for their souls.

I hope you are in health of body, and your soul wet with the dew of heaven, like a well-watered garden in the month of May.

Yours in Christian Love and the Yoke of the Gospel,
Pewhill, Chippenham, March 9, 1874. DANIEL KEVILL.

CONWAY STREET CHAPEL.

To the Committee of Conway Street Chapel.

Dear Brethren,—Through my short acquaintance with you, and the pleasure I had in your company, which more endeared you to me than ever I found it before, I cannot but send you a line, wishing that grace, mercy, and peace from God the Father and our Lord Jesus Christ, through the aboundings of the Holy Ghost, may be abundantly enjoyed by you, that your souls may prosper in the knowledge and enjoyment of every truth of the Gospel of the ever-adorable Jesus, in whom the whole Trinity of Persons in the Godhead rest in love to the spouse, and view her a royal diadem and crown of glory. Wondrous grace! “Thou shalt be a crown of glory in the hand of the Lord and a royal diadem in the hand of thy God.” This is the resting-place of our covenant God. “I will give him for a covenant to the people;” and this, in all our sorrows, sins, temptations, and enemies, through grace, is our resting-place; for which we have to bless God that he hath made us of one mind with himself, to rest in his love. “And their rest shall be glorious.” While with pleasure, at times, we stand in the exercise of faith, and see the Angel and Messenger of the covenant of everlasting love and grace work wonders in a finished salvation; and, like one of old, we draw the conclusion that we shall not die, but live for ever. “Because I live ye shall live also.” And as the keys of hell and death are in his hand, neither death, devil, nor world can do more,—no, nor yet the old man, though corrupt with his deeds, and a daily plague, ever casting up the mire and filth of sin; so that we groan within ourselves. All must work for good. “If God be for us, who can be against us?” O the depths of that wisdom and grace I have seen, and no doubt you too, that discovers deep things out of darkness, and turns the shadow of death into morning; that the very things or feelings we have thought would terminate in our destruction have been the very dawn of precious visits of love. He hath “stayed the rough wind in the day of the east wind;” and we have glorified our God in the fire and in the midst of the sea. Yes, we black sinners, who dwell in the tents of Kedar, have broke forth into singing. Thus the dry land becomes springs of water, and the tongue of the dumb declares the gratitude of the heart for the wonderful change, crying out, “What hath God wrought!” This is springing up by the watercourses and going down in the dances of them that make merry, which, through grace, makes up some little part of our life in the wilderness, as our penny a day. While strangers in this world, that we faint not, he giveth power to the faint, thus to rejoice in hope of glory. Though our faith be tried by fire it cannot be destroyed.

David says, “My mountain stands strong; I shall never be moved;” but God hides his face, and, alas! Where are we? The day of adversity comes on, and our wretched hearts, joined in

league with the devil, show themselves in a most horrid manner,—self, pride, murmuring, rebellion, peevishness, dissatisfaction against God in his providence and grace! Yea, nothing seems right. “All my bones are out of joint.” “Doest thou well to be angry? Yea, I do well to be angry, even unto death,” our base hearts reply, justifying themselves and condemning God in his dealings with us. Thus we contend with God, till he whose arm is strong brings down our hearts with hard labour, and then we cry unto the Lord, with a heartfelt sense of that text: “What is man, that thou art mindful of him?” Also: “O wretched man that I am!” “More brutish than any man.” This is a trying school, but God’s children are often in it. I can speak for myself; and I believe some of you have learned many good lessons in it, such as the greatness of our sin, the diabolical depths of our wicked hearts, and “that he that trusts his own heart is a fool.” Also the sovereignty and unchangeableness of God’s love, the power of his arm to deliver, and the boundless nature of his grace. “If we believe not, he abides faithful.” “He hates putting away.” Not a jot or tittle of his promise shall fail; while a suffering Saviour is endeared to me who bore all this my vile ingratitude and backslidings in his body on the tree. Thus by all things we are instructed; and what our enemies intend as a curse, God graciously turns into a blessing; and thus, having and still obtaining help from God, we go on. At the command of the Lord they journeyed, at the command of the Lord they encamped. And thus it will be to the end; for he that hath begun the good work will not forsake the work of his own hand, but perfect that which, through grace, concerns us.

I wish, my dear brethren in Christ, you may one and all who know his love in your own souls be rooted and grounded therein, that, as trees of righteousness, God may be glorified in you and by you, and that in whatsoever you are called forth to act in the cause of God you may have nothing in view but the pure honour of God in Christ, and the edification of the redeemed body of Christ; that every step you take may be under the precious influence of the Holy Ghost and agreeable to the word of truth, putting no selfish principles thereto. “Ponder the path of thy feet;” which path is described in the word of God. Let God speak, and you hear. If so, he will direct your steps; he will go before you and be your rearward, which, in future, will give you pleasure to see and think on. “Be not many masters; one is your Master, even Christ.” I know you are in a difficult case. You need, therefore, to step more carefully, and to watch and mark the hand of God in his dealings more earnestly. In all things ask wisdom from him; not with premeditated determination to have your own way and wish for the wisdom that is in our nature brought in. These things are earthly, sensual, and devilish. Bear with me; I mean your good. God is my witness, I long after your prosperity. Nothing will give me more pleasure

than to hear you "stand fast in the Lord and in the power of his might" against all the deceit, craft, and lying doctrines of this corrupt day in which we live. Be steadfast in the Lord, that, "whether I see you or be absent from you, I may hear of your affairs. Stand fast in one spirit, striving together." Work together for the faith once delivered to the saints. Let nothing be done through strife and vain glory. Sophistical striving only proves the striver has no scripture ground to stand on. Guard, as much as you can, against false doctrines being brought into the pulpit, that the lame be not turned out of the right way; for no doubt you will have some wolves in sheep's clothing trying to get in, not sparing the flock if they can answer their own ends.

May God make you wise as serpents and harmless as doves; for your enemies are lively and strong and ever on the watch. God said the serpent was more subtle than any beast; and so he is now; but we are not ignorant of his devices, though we know but little of them. They have often made my soul groan till God has lifted up a standard against him, and then I could say, "Rejoice not against me, O my enemies."

My desire is that God in all things may guide you in his way, that you may walk in the truth worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called of God unto all well pleasing, that the highway of divine truth may not be unoccupied by you, nor yet the ways of God's ordinances.

As to baptism by immersion in water, I only recommend to an impartial search of scripture, leaving all prejudice behind. "To the law and to the testimony." I myself am satisfied that every one of you will be such in heaven, and I wish God may lead you into it on earth, that you may say, "Here is water; what doth hinder me that I should not be baptized?" And the answer shall be, "If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest." In which act of God's grace on the eunuch I cannot but believe God sent his gospel and ordinances too into Ethiopia.

Brethren, may God give you understanding in all things, that you may be unreprouable and without blame before him in love, having each other's good and God's glory at heart.

Wishing that every blessing of the ancient mountains and of the everlasting hills may rest on you, that you may be enriched with every grace, word, and work,

Yours to serve in Love and Truth of Christ Jesus our Lord,
Leicester, August, 1819.

ED. VORLEY.

[Mr. Vorley was for many years minister of the gospel in Leicester. He was, we believe, the first minister the late Mr. Gadsby ever heard preach a gospel sermon. Mr. G. always called him his father. He died in 1838, and Mr. Gadsby went from Manchester to bury him.

Mr. V. manifested his honesty by telling the committee he was a Baptist, as some of them were not Baptists. He had no wish to go into the pulpit in disguise, as some in the present day, in other respects, have done. He foresaw, too, that such as these latter, bringing in false doctrines, "wolves in sheep's clothing," as he and

the word of God properly term them, would get in amongst them. We believe, however, that as to *doctrine*, they were kept pure, both in Conway Street and when the people built Gower Street, in 1820, and all through the supplies, Mr. Fowler's time, Mr. Triggs's time, and supplies again, until very recently, when erroneous men have crept in. May the Lord open the eyes of the people everywhere to detect them, whether Baxterians, Semi-Pelagians, or Antinomians in the guise of Pharisees.]

THE BELIEVER ENCOURAGED TO HOPE IN GOD.

"Hope thou in God."—Ps. XLIII. 11; Rom. xv. 13; &c. &c.

CHRISTIAN, faint, yet still pursuing,
Hope thou in God;

Thou shalt find thy strength renewing.
Hope thou in God.

Though thy conflicts are distressing,
All that comes to thee is blessing;
Think of this, and onward pressing,
Hope thou in God.

Pilgrim, poor, and sad, and weary,
Hope thou in God;

Though thy desert lot be dreary,
Hope thou in God.

Though "things present" thou art fearing,
Thy best Friend for thee appearing
Shall thy way be sweetly clearing;
Hope thou in God.

Mourner, are thy loved ones taken?
Hope thou in God.

Thou art not of all forsaken;
Hope thou in God.

Love divine, thy lot ordaining,
Saw they were thy heart detaining;
Rise, then, and thy grief restraining,
Hope thou in God.

Saint, believer, heir of glory,
Hope thou in God.

Thine are all things, look before thee;
Hope thou in God.

King, for God himself hath crown'd thee,
Naught created can confound thee,
Deity encampeth round thee;
Hope thou in God.

Whalley Range, Manchester.

E. M. L. H.

"OUR Jesus is the God of Hope;
He works it by his power.
It holds the weak believer up,
In the distressing hour."

BURNHAM.

WHAT DOTH HINDER ME?

Dear Mr. C.,—When last here you told me to write to you. Doubtless you think me loath to avail myself of the privilege; but that is not so. I have written many letters in my mind, but never transferred them to paper, fearing anything I had to write would never repay you your time lost in reading it. However, I have determined to let out this time, setting all consequences aside.

Of late, 1 Sam. ii. 8 has been much on my mind, affording me many a humbling reflection. When I look back to the time when I sat on nature's dunghill, enveloped in darkness, ignorant of a better inheritance, and indeed not desiring one, till God, who is rich in mercy, let down a ray of light, and discovered to me my dreadful position; then fain would I have shut out the light, and loath I was to leave my native dirt; for it was my corrupt nature's best enjoyment to feed and wallow in the corruption that surrounded me. But he made me disgorge it. I had rolled it under my tongue like a sweet morsel; but he beset me behind and before, till, like Job, I cursed the day of my birth, and cried, "Am I a sea or a whale that thou settest a watch over me?" I roared by reason of the disquietude of my soul; but of my cries he took no notice, but bound me fast with the chains of guilt and condemnation, spread a brazen cloud before his throne, and sent me no rations till he had brought down my high looks and lofty speeches, and I had put my mouth in the dust, if so be there might be hope.

Well; blessed be God, he despiseth not his prisoners; for now and then he would just set the prison door ajar, and permit a ray of light and hope to shine upon me, and then my soul was melted within me, and I wondered why he permitted such a vile wretch still to exist and disfigure the face of creation. I went to him in the simplicity of my soul, with the halter round my neck; and told him if he would but preserve me from sinning any more against him during what little space he permitted me to live, I would never murmur to be sent to hell, but would walk through the dread confines till I reached the lowest place, to the honour of his glorious justice. But to my joy and astonishment he raised the poor from the dust, and lifted the beggar from the dunghill; yea, he made me know that it was he and he alone that did it. And not only did he bring me off the dunghill, but in his own time he set me among princes, and brought me into his royal household to eat and drink at his table with the sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty.

It was two or three years after I was brought to hope in his mercy before I could see my way clear to cast in my lot amongst the saints of the Most High. Many a time did I ascend the hills of Moab, and cry, "How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacles, O Israel;" and often was I enabled to say with the poet:

“Grant me, O Lord, a place
 Within thy blest abode,
 Amongst the children of thy grace,
 Thy servants, mighty God.”

Altering the last line, not being able to say, “O my God!” But it seemed to me the more I longed to join, the more unfit I grew, and often I determined to think no more about it; but I found out that the ways of man are not in himself; therefore how could I understand my own ways? And it was not till you came at the new year that my way was made plain. This was in your remarks at our tea meeting, when you were led out, in a grand and blessed manner, to begin at the beginning and remove one by one every stumbling-block out of my way; so that I could say with the eunuch, “What doth hinder me?” So assured was I that I resolved there to publicly state my intention the next night, and try to press others whom I knew were in the same way with me. But when the opportunity came my strength failed, and straightway I forgot what manner of man I was, though I had so recently looked at the glass. Yet, after all, the power and sweetness did not leave me till I came forth, as you know. Another discourse of yours, I think the last time you were here, from, “My times are in thy hand,” suited me extremely well. You entered into my views and feelings exactly; so that I could say, “If the preacher is right I cannot be far wrong.” Many a time, both before and since, have those words been a stay to my soul when I have been in a low place, and all things have worn a dreary aspect, and I have looked out on the raging billows but could see no other alternative than being driven on to the rocks or engulfed in the waves. But here I have stood. Well; if things are to be left with me it will be all over. But, blessed be God, my times are in his hand; and here I cast forth my anchor, and cling to the Rock of Eternal Ages. What a blessed refuge for a poor shipwrecked soul. Fain would I dwell in this spot; but O how soon, yea, ere I am aware, I seem to slip from my moorings and unconsciously drift back again to an ocean of strife.

I trust the Lord still upholds your frail tenement, and I pray that you may still be kept on the walls of Zion; for verily the labourers are few. And may Bolton not be forgotten of you.

Sincerely yours,

Bolton, July 1, 1874.

G. H.

I WILL SURELY DO THEE GOOD.

My dear Friend,—I trust that you and yours are in the enjoyment of that greatest of earthly blessings, health, and, I would also hope, in the enjoyment of that spiritual blessing which goes as much beyond the temporal as light is beyond darkness. But how little we are able to judge of what is conducive to this spiritual health. There requires such a constant labour and exer-

cise to bring about the condition of hungering and thirsting after righteousness, to put us in a state to be fed with "good things," that it is really our mercy to have a feeling and true knowledge that the Lord knows what is best for us, and then the actings of his precious grace enabling us to bow in submission to his blessed will in all things, even when, as dear Covell said, "he touches not those things we think little about, but those that appear to be our very life." It is so. I trust that dear man is better. He was scarcely able to speak the last Tuesday night at Manchester. I ran over by the express train to hear him. He has a wonderful way of making vile, loathsome, polluted, and, in their own nostrils, hateful sinners to be *holy* men. Give my love to him, and tell him I bless the Lord for his word, and I pray he may long be spared to faithfully bear testimony to the power of the living God in the work of salvation by grace.

The dear Lord says he will never withhold any good thing from his people—not what they think, but according to his gracious mind and will. He said to his exercised child of old, "I will surely do thee good." We judge before the work is complete. Thus arises the exercise; but it will issue that we have not lacked any good thing, and "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." This will hold good until the poor soul is brought into heaven, and then the promise will not be needed, for they will go out no more for ever. O for the living, lively actings of the grace of faith in these matters.

Fazakerley, near Liverpool, June 8, 1874.

JAMES WILTON.

THOUGHTS ON THE SONG OF SOLOMON.

(Continued from page 310.)

CHAPTER IV.

To the remarks in our last we need only add a very few words upon the last part of the verse: "*A spring shut up, a fountain sealed.*"

The former thoughts will apply here also; for, alas! too often it seems to us as if any vanity could come and engage our affections, and thus drink of that spring of our thoughts, desires, and affections, which should be shut up for Christ only. So it was with poor David; the wayfaring man came, and David's heart gave him a too ready entertainment, until his soul seemed laid open for every abomination, and the dear man of God plunged into adultery and murder. Then his bones were broken, and his heart cried out with anguish, "Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow;" "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me."

But we wish to show how these last words meet the dear children of God in the second difficulty we noticed at the beginning of these remarks. How extremely perplexing are the deaths and stagnations of mind and feeling which we experience. To

find ourselves, to all appearance, destitute of so much as a desire after Christ; so stupid that we cannot even think upon divine things, or see the plainest truths of God's word; who, on account of these things, does not sigh and groan, at times, with Hart?

“But I can read each moving line,
And nothing move this heart of mine.”

And with another dear child of God?

“Insensible as steel,
If aught is felt 'tis only pain
To find I cannot feel.”

O the wretchedness of these things! To find as we read or hear the word of God, or blessed soul-inspiring hymns, that we cannot feel our hearts going with any thing we read or hear, but rather to have all sorts of oppositions and gainsayings working in those hearts; to hear the voices of contradictions, atheisms, blasphemies; to perceive nothing but the filthy motions of the flesh, when we would be full of the sweet thoughts and feelings of the Spirit; how can we be children of God, and our hearts thus hard, motionless, and unfeeling? We hear the poet ask the question:

“Can I survey this scene of woe,
Where mingling grief and wonder flow,
And yet my heart unmoved remain,
Insensible to love or pain?”

And have solemnly, though sadly, to answer in the affirmative. These things, at times, are not only most dreadfully painful, but even tend to shake our confidence as to the goodness of our states.

But now what if the verse under consideration extracts honey from this gall, and gives us that for an evidence in our favour which seems to make against us? And this is really the case. “A spring shut up, a fountain sealed,” says Jesus. But what does this mean? That a child of God, in respect of his new nature, what is of God, and Christ, and grace, of the blessed Spirit, in his heart, is appropriated so to Christ and shut up and sealed for Christ that no one but Christ can really draw the waters, or drink of the spring. The flesh is open to every beast of the field. The fleshly professor is a spring by the wayside for any one's use; but not the Lord's. The letter of the Word, a flesh-moving preacher, a tale of human pathos touchingly told, a little theatrical affectation, the moving voice, the heart-inspiring melody, and numerous other things adapting themselves to mere human thoughts and feelings, draw out the waters of the heart's feelings and affections in fleshly persons. John, therefore, says of false preachers, “They are of the world; therefore the world heareth them.” That which is of the flesh suits the flesh; that which is of the Spirit has no real effect upon it. “He that is of God, heareth God's words; ye therefore hear them not, because ye are not of God.” (Jno. viii. 47.) “If another shall come in his own name, him ye will receive.” (Jno. v. 43.) But now

take the truly God-taught person; take the child of God as after the Spirit. What will reach and draw forth the living spring of spiritual thought and feeling in his heart? Who shall drink at this fountain? Why, only Christ when he comes in the power of his Spirit to the child of God's heart. He may read and hear and try to meditate and pray, and all seems stagnation and death. But lo! Christ cometh, leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills. Christ comes into his garden, comes to his fountain sealed. Now thoughts and desires and feelings gush forth. Now he can think, can desire, can love. Now Christ is precious, the chiefest of ten thousand and altogether lovely. O the sweetness of Jesus! His mouth is most sweet, his hands of divine power are as gold rings set with the beryl, and with them he has touched the heart, which

“Wonders to feel its own hardness depart,”

unsealed the fountain, drawn the inmost feelings to himself, and said, explaining the whole experience and process to the soul, “A garden enclosed is my sister, my spouse; a spring shut up, a fountain sealed.”

ALL OF GRACE.

My dear Mr. S.,—I am drawing towards the close of my pilgrimage. The sands are almost run. I have fought a fight, but not a good one on my part. The cause has been good, and Jesus the Conqueror has so far helped me on, and I believe he will to the end. I have felt a little in reality and in anticipation of the glorious inheritance which eye hath not seen nor ear heard but in part while here below. The prospect of being for ever freed from sin and sorrow sometimes animates my spirits with sweet solemnity and satisfaction. I do feel more and more the happiness resulting from grace. I feel that inward peace and safe, firm abiding on the Rock of Ages which nothing can overthrow. I feel safe in the Ark, Jesus. I feel settled and established so far in the divine principles of grace and truth, I am confident that he that hath begun the good work in my soul will finish and complete it, though I know not what remains to be accomplished.

My religion has been tried in hot fires and deep floods, and it has stood the test. Faith has had a firm footing. The Lord has been a wall of fire round about me. He has been with me as he was with the three worthies. He is a glorious hiding-place to all his redeemed, and that he has been to me for 45 years. I have known something of the love of God in my soul, and that same love, as at the first, is the joy and rejoicing of my heart. That love has held me, and will not let me go. The Lord has borne with my ill-manners in the wilderness, and has bound himself by oath and blood to take the wretch to bliss. I shall die a sinner saved by grace! I *live* one; for I can do nothing

of myself but sin. O! What sweetness there is in the religion of Christ,—a true, living, vital religion; one, as Mr. Tiptaft used to say, “that will do to die by;” one that cannot fail when most needed. This persuasion cometh not of flesh and blood, but is wrought by God the Spirit, and will be crowned by him.

What a mercy it is to have the eyes opened to see the awfulness and deception of the outward forms and ceremonies of the present evil day. Grace has made the difference! O what a debtor I am to sovereign grace!

“Ransom’d souls, the tidings swell.”

When it is felt within, the Spirit giving some fresh breezes, fresh life, and light, and love, then we want to swell the riches of God’s grace, and speak well of him who has done more for us than he has for thousands.

A. and B., whom you inquire about, are much tried just now, through a delay in a temporal matter in which they have no power to interfere; but God, in wisdom, gives no account of any of his matters. The “why” and the “wherefore” is with himself. He sees the end; we do not. He can make no mistake. I cannot feel, at least I have not yet felt, to murmur or repine; and I hope they do not. I would rather be still, and watch and pray. God is above all. He reigns, and remembers all his poor, needy, and afflicted ones. I have had many afflictions, but the Lord has delivered me with a high hand and outstretched arm.

I was glad to hear of you and family. Please to give my love to the elder Mrs. W., with your daughter at home and wife.

With desires for your spiritual welfare,

Yours in Christ Jesus,

Clack, September, 1873.

E. SEAGER.

SEPARATE FROM SINNERS.

THERE is only one of whom it could possibly be said, “He was separate from sinners.” And O, how good of our Lord to come and live a life of suffering, to bleed and die for them who have perverted that which is right. Yes, and all the elect are sooner or later obliged to acknowledge they have perverted that which is right, and it hath profited them not.

It is well when power is given us to lay at the feet of Jesus, and we are enabled to say, “Do whatsoever seemeth good in thy sight. Thou art the potter, we are the clay.” We have a great High Priest, Jesus Christ, the God-man. His brethren being partakers of flesh and blood, “he also took part of the same, that through death he might destroy him that had the power of death; that is, the devil.” How often do we feel that Satan has gained an advantage over us through circumstances over which we did not seem to have any control. I can set to my seal that

Ecc. iv. 1 is true, having experienced it. But, blessed be God and his Christ, he has sent us a Comforter, an invisible one, not scanned by mortal eye, but heard and felt in the heart of every quickened child of God. "I know mine," said Jesus, "and am known of mine." Yes, and his words were true. The Spirit bears witness that we are the children of God. O to be a spiritual worshipper of the true and living God. It certainly is the greatest gift that ever was bestowed on poor mortal man. O with what power has Mark xii. 26, 27 come to my poor soul, believing myself to be alive with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. They are in heaven, and we still on earth; but we are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus. Jesus, the Babe born in the manger, was the hope of Israel; and, blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, he hath begotten us again unto a lively hope through the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead. He lives, and we who are his mystical body shall live also. Here is a "Thus saith the Lord" for it,—2 Pet. i. 19–21. O what springs of holy joy rise up in our hearts when the Day Star arises! We know and we love his appearing. He warms our hearts, and makes them to glow and our faces to shine.

I have often, very often, night and day, got here, and could get no farther: "Lord, help me! Lord, be merciful to me." I have repeated the words again and again, I have said and felt too that the Lord must work and help me. Sometimes these words have come: "Lie passive in his hands;" and I have had to do so from sheer necessity; and in due time he has appeared for me, and I could say with David, "I have seen an end of all perfection,"—all creature perfection; and could say with another that if in this world only we have hope, we should be of all men the most miserable. But, blessed be God, he has given us a hope which enters within the veil, whither our Forerunner has already entered for us, even Jesus, our ascended Saviour, who hath obtained eternal redemption for us, and is now our Advocate with the Father. He pleads our cause, and he will in due time change our vile body, and make it like unto his glorious body. O what a liberal act! "While we were yet sinners Christ died for us." By liberal things we live. Yes, by what he did and by what he said. He said, "I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish." O! When we look at the purchase and what we cost him, his bloody sweat, his agony when he exclaimed, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" O! What he suffered in our room and stead, the just for the unjust, that we through him might live. To him be dominion, praise, and glory. Amen.

May 21, 1874.

E. B. M.

PAUL says we know not how to pray nor what to pray for as we ought; but some people know so well how to do both that they can make prayers, not only for themselves but for other people, for hundreds of years to come.—*Gadsby*.

LIVING EPISTLES BY DEPARTED SAINTS.

My dearest Sister,—As I know that you are anxiously concerned about me and my dear boy, I thought I must try and write you a few lines. I cannot write much, this being the first day of my coming down stairs.

I wrote to a gentleman with whom I have done business for some years. He resides at Hayward's Heath generally, but is often at Hailsham. He answered my letter the same day. Did not make the least objection, but said if my son would meet him at Hailsham he might have the money. When my dear wife opened the letter I was ill in bed. I wished her and little Sarah (my grandchild), who was staying with us, to kneel down while I tried to pour out my heart to the Lord in thankfulness. My heart was broken at his footstool, who had been my help in so many troubles through this troublesome world, and was still my never-failing Friend.

I have often thought, and do still think, that the Lord has given me and my dear boy the greatest blessing that can be possessed and enjoyed by poor sinners in this world, though they have generally been in disguise, cross-handed; but he always crosses his hands wittingly, and makes no mistakes. They have come to me sometimes in such a rough garment that I trembled at the appearance. He came to me about fourteen years ago, and threatened to deprive me of the use of my limbs; which he has done in a great measure for twelve years. Then he threatened to strip me of all my earthly comforts; and all because he loves me (of which he has given me such assurance in this last illness that I cannot question it) and is determined to have the cream of my affections, and that I should bear more fruit, that the Father might be glorified. For the same cause he has come to my dear boy, and says, "Your heart is too much departed from me. I must make you more fruitful. I must have you pray to me more frequently from your very heart. I will keep your wife in bed with affliction and pain; she shall not be able to render you that assistance as formerly. I will send an infectious fever into your family and lay down your children; and many of your customers shall fear to come to you. I will make the doctor your visitor for some months. Your business shall decrease. I will disappoint you in your expectations from earthly friends for help, that you may know that in me is thy help, and in me only. I will have you to call upon me in trouble, and I will deliver you, and then you shall glorify me. In trouble you will seek me; you will pour out a prayer when my chastening hand is upon you, therefore 'let me hear thy voice, let me see thy countenance; for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely.' I will hear thy prayers and certainly help thee; and then thy heart shall rejoice. Thou shalt praise my name. 'He that offereth praise glorifieth me, saith the Lord.'" Is not this truly astonishing? Indeed it is, to a poor sensible sinner, that the great God, the high

and lofty One who inhabiteth eternity, is pleased with the sincere prayer that comes from a poor sinner, and takes it well at his hand when he offereth up praise and thanksgivings for delivering mercies. This he tells us when he brought upon Israel all the good which he promised to give them, as is recorded in Jer. xxii. xxiii., that it shall be to him a name of joy, a praise and an honour before all the nations of the earth which shall hear all the good that I do unto them. Thus prayer and praise, by which the Father is glorified, is pressed out of the heart by sanctified afflictions and conspicuous deliverances.

Love is also another fruit that is produced from these things. "I love the Lord because he hath heard my voice and my supplications. Therefore will I call upon him as long as I live." Prayer, praise, and love are not the only fruit by which the Father is glorified, but it brightens our evidences and strengthens our faith of our title to, and our interest in, the love of God. "I love them that love me," saith the Lord; and we love him because he first loved us. "He that loveth is born of God and knoweth God, and he dwelleth in God, and God dwelleth in him." He has also promised a kingdom to all that love him. "Whoso is wise and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord." By these things man lives, and in all these things is the life of man's spirit, although the carnal professor and the worldling know nothing about it. One is satisfied with a name to live while he is dead to God, and the other has his portion, and is satisfied with that if he can get as much money as will satisfy him.

This is my second day down stairs. I must tell you that my dear Lord (for he is surely mine and I am his; he paid a great price for me, even his own precious blood) has been very good to me during this affliction. In some respects my troubles have abounded, and my consolations abounded also. He has given me that great blessing he promised his disciples when about to leave them, as to his bodily presence. "My peace I leave with you; my peace give I unto you." O! What a solid, substantial peace, even peace with God,—the sweet effect of pardon bought with blood, which removes the fear of death as well as the sting, and brings the soul submissive to his will, whether it be to live or to die; knowing that for me to live a little longer is Christ, and to die is gain. I have sometimes lain upon my bed and wept at the sweet sense of the Lord's amazing goodness and great mercy to me, a poor vile sinner, and the many troubles he has brought me through in this sinful world, and so near to my end, and a glorious prospect of eternal life before me, let death come whenever he is pleased it should. O what a mercy is this, as life is sinking, death and eternity in view! Ah,

"What is honour, wealth, or mirth,
To this well-grounded peace!
How poor are all the goods of earth
To such a gift as this!"

O, my dear sister, may this be your happy lot, as the earthly house of your present tabernacle is dissolving, to know you have "a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," and as your end draweth nigh to give manifest proof that "you are not of the night, nor of darkness, that that day should overtake you as a thief." The Lord, therefore, help us both, not to sleep as do others, but make us watch and be sober;" for they that sleep, sleep in the night. But let us who are of the day be sober, putting on the breastplate of faith and love, and for a helmet the hope of salvation; for God has not appointed such to wrath, but to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ, who died for such, that whether they wake or sleep they should live together with him.

As to those who are without, we must leave them where God has left them: "For without are dogs, sorcerers, whoremongers, murderers, and idolaters, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie;" and a covetous man is an idolater, and if he lives and dies so it will shut him out of the kingdom of God.

What an awful day in which we live! How few appear to have any proper consideration of an awful eternity! They seem to live as if there was no God or any hereafter. Surely men cannot be so blind as not to see God's just displeasure against the Papists. We need not be surprised that nine if not ten of the bishops have died during the meeting of this Council. May we not wonder God has not stricken the Pope as he did that tyrant Herod? However, God knows how to make hell hot enough for such presumptuous blasphemers as he is and all those who receive those destructive doctrines. They teach and warn his people to come away from her that they receive not of her plagues.

Our united love to you, and to all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth.

Your affectionate Brother,

The Dicker, April, 1870.

ISAAC DANK.

Dear Friend and Companion in the Path of Tribulation,—You wish me to write; but I fear my writing will not be to much profit; for I feel so much of my foolishness; so carnal, earthly, and sensual, a heart for everything that tends to destroy my comfort and bring death into my soul, that the famine is sore in the land, and I am ready to say, "What can I send to my friend?" Well; it must be such as I have. The Lord says of his dear people that their souls shall be kept alive in famine. O how much I find in these times of famine to cast me down; but though cast down, yet, blessed be God, he is faithful to his promise, not destroyed; still kept alive, though often only alive to feel my misery, to groan under the burden of a hard heart, to sigh through the afflictions of a body of death, to mourn sore because of darkness, to be ashamed of myself because of my shortcomings in all things that I attend to of a spiritual nature. Prayer, reading, conversing, and preaching, all are a task, and I

seem ready to founder, and make shipwreck of all, full of infidelity and all manner of evil, going about wondering I am not cut down. But there are times when I feel longings and fervent desires for the dear Lord to shine upon my soul again, and to say, "Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." My understanding seems so shallow, so narrow, and so pent up that I am brought feelingly to cry for the God of Israel, who giveth understanding to the simple, to enlarge my coast, and for his hand to be with me, upholding me, sheltering and defending me; and I can say I feel to need his power to be with me to keep me from evil.

Sometimes I feel a little softening of heart and humility of soul at his blessed feet, and can and do feelingly bless his precious name whose grace and mercy have upheld me to this present moment. Who is a God like unto our God? "Our God is the God of salvation," and is daily loading us with benefits. But O how I see more and more the blessed benefit of the God-man Mediator! Sure I am that every blessing comes through him to my poor soul, and every prayer, groan, or desire that the Lord regards is through him; and when I lose sight of him, or do not come through him to God, I find I am shut up and cannot come forth. But O! When the Holy Ghost reveals him again to my poor soul, again as *my* precious Advocate, *my* adorable Mediator, *my* eternal Surety, and *my* wonderful Bondsman; it is then I look with ravished eyes and wonder at the great goodness of my compassionate Saviour. *My* soul is humbled within me, in heart and affection. By a living faith I draw near to the Lord, and, with adoring love and humility, fall at his feet and shout with the apostle, "Thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift!" For here I feelingly learn that to the praise of the glory of his grace I am accepted in the Beloved. Here is where I want to live, to dwell, and abide for ever. But these seasons are short, and I only get a glimpse of the King in his beauty; and then I return to my own place and am earthbound again. Still, the longing of my soul is,

"More frequent let thy visits be,
Or let them longer last.
I can do nothing without thee;
Make haste, my God, make haste."

I am still blowing the gospel trumpet; and though many hear the sound and benefit not by it, yet there are others who declare it gives a certain sound. Many have rejoiced at the joyful sound of salvation in our little camp; so that the shout of King Jesus has been heard in our midst; and some of the old weatherbeaten pilgrims have rejoiced and declared that the King has been at the head of the table. This has astonished me not a little.

I have been very dark and tried lately out of the pulpit, and have often thought it must all come to nothing; and have gone groaning and sighing to the work, wondering how the people could come continually to hear such a blind, ignorant worm as

myself. But I have been most mercifully favoured when speaking in his dear name. My stammering tongue has been set at liberty; his blessed presence has been with me; my hard heart has been made soft, and my barren soul a fruitful field; so that out of the abundance of my heart my mouth has spoken. But as soon as I have done I have lost nearly all, and, like Hart,

“I miss the presence of my Friend,
Like one whose comfort's gone.”

My friend will say, “Why, you are full of changes!” Yes, I am, and often full of unbelief; but Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever; and though, at times, I believe not, yet he abideth faithful; he cannot deny himself; for having loved his own which are in the world, he loves them to the end.

May this love be shed abroad in our hearts. So prays
Your affectionate Friend in the Lord Jesus,
Rotherfield, Dec. 31, 1858. THOS. RUSSELL.

Dear Sir,—I greet you in the Lord, and, with my letter, send my warmest wishes for your soul's health and joy in the Lord. Yea, I have often remembered you at court, and shall again, if the Lord spare. But writing now in my seventieth year becomes burthensome, and I am constrained to lessen it. I send this to show that I regard you in the Lord and love you in the Lord; but I can say no more in answer to your complaints than I have already said.

The province of comforting the Lord's people is the Lord's. But one general commendation I make to you; and if the Lord gives you grace to improve it, you will find a remedy to all your complaints; namely, to think less of yourself and more of the Lord Jesus Christ. I will allow you to say all you say, and think all you think, of sin and your sinful nature in the old man, but I charge you to make more of the Lord Jesus Christ than all your sin. The only true scriptural experience in the truly regenerated child of God is deep and awful views of sin, but with deeper views of the all-suffering of Christ's Person, and the infinitely greater depths and heights of his blood and righteousness. And when these views are brought into one point, the Lord's people find an everlasting consolation and a good hope through grace.

Dear friend, the Lord be with you. So prays yours in the Lord,

Plymouth, Aug. 10, 1822.

ROBERT HAWKER.

Two men walking through the streets see a company of boys fighting. One of the men steps forth and singles out one of the boys, and carries him home to correct him. Which of the two, think you, is that child's father? The case standing thus with all God's people, surely there is no reason for their despondencies, whatever their afflictions be.—*Flavel*.

INQUIRY AND ANSWER.

Dear Sir,—A much-controverted point, on which I am very desirous of having your opinion, is as follows: “Will those heathens who *have never heard* of Christ be saved or lost?”—E. S.

ANSWER.

As in other things, so in answering questions, the Lord Jesus is the great and perfect example for his people. We find, then, that in some cases he did not answer persons directly, or in such a way as to satisfy a vain curiosity and speculative inquiries, but in an experimental and practical manner. We will attempt to copy after this model in answering our correspondent. We do not think it becomes us to take the Lord's judgment-seat, and peremptorily assert that all the heathen who have never heard of Christ will be lost, much less can we say they will be saved. We think it becomes us to leave the final judgment of our fellow-creatures with God; but we can set before our readers three things:

1. We are certain the Judge of all the earth will do what is right, and that the judgment of God will be according to truth as it respects the heathen who have never heard of Jesus. Paul shows us that the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men, because that which may be known of God is manifest unto them, being declared by the things which are seen, even his eternal power and Godhead; therefore they are without excuse. He shows us further that those who have the law, as it was formally given on Sinai and by Moses, will be judged by the law; and those who have not the law will be judged according to that light they have, or might have had. We see, then, that God will proceed upon the most righteous principles in the judgment of all the world; and we may well leave the matter in his most holy and just hands. One thing we would observe, no man can tell what amount of sin against God, of resistance to light vouchsafed, either in themselves or forefathers, has plunged the most degraded and besotted idolaters into the profound darkness in which they are immersed. Paul unfolds the mystery of human degeneracy and degradation in Rom. i., tracing back all to its beginning, a departure from the living God, and rejection of his word,—a liking not to retain God in their knowledge. God says judicially, in Isa. lx., “Behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people.”

2. What a debt of gratitude is due from those who are favoured to live in a country where the light of revelation, so far as the Bible and outward dispensation of things go, shines so clearly as in England. But even these external privileges may well solemnize the mind and call for consideration. For if men despise the gospel, count it sport to riot in the daytime, and sin against such clear discoveries of God's will and glory as these heathen nations have not, we know from scripture itself that in-

creased light must be increased guilt and increased condemnation. "The men of Nineveh," says Jesus, "shall rise up in the judgment against this generation and condemn it." Clear and bright discoveries of God and his will are great blessings in themselves; and when, through grace, they bring those privileged with them into subjection to Christ, they are inestimable indeed; but certainly no persons are in a more awful condition than those who have heard, despised, and rejected the word of God and testimony to Jesus. (Rom xi. and 2 Thess. ii.)

3. As the scripture certainly leads our minds to consider the state of the heathen who have not heard of Christ as most deplorable, and as the command of Christ was, "Go into all the world," we may well deplore the low state of the true church of God in these days as to missionary effort. We cannot for a moment say God-speed to mere men-sent missionaries, who go forth at the word of man, without a true gospel to preach or a divine qualification for preaching it; but we must think that it is one of the indications of the low state of the church that there is so little of the true evangelical spirit. The fact seems to be this, that the life and power of godliness are at so low an ebb that even the best of God's people are almost gasping for breath, and find it hard work to hold on their way. Such a condition necessarily precludes any great efforts without. But certainly this low estate of Zion may well cause some feelings of sorrow; and when we consider the case of the poor perishing heathen, we may at any rate think it a matter for prayer that the Lord would pour out his Spirit in greater abundance from on high, revive his drooping saints and decaying churches, grant more of the power and activity of godliness, and, if his will, send forth faithful, earnest, living evangelists to the heathen. "Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters, that send forth thither the feet of the ox and the ass."

But now-a-days

"Few run with trumpets in their hand,
To sound alarms by sea and land."—*Berridge*.

REVIEW.

A Memento of the Mercies and Truth shown by our own God in Covenant to Elizabeth Susanna Turner. By Samuel Turner, Minister of the Gospel at Sunderland and Helmsley.—Newcastle-on-Tyne: Beall, Clayton Street. Sunderland: Scott, Derwent Street. Sixpence.

THE author of this Memento was one of the few ministers of the discriminating truths of the gospel who lived in the days of the immortal Huntington. He was a good and gracious man; and though there are few now in existence who know much about him, still to our mind the little work before us is not any the less acceptable because it says almost, if not quite, as much about him as it does of his departed wife. We wish it had said

more; for we have often regretted that he, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Vinall, and others who were contemporary with Mr. Huntington, had not been led to make more free use of their pens.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Knight, the parents of Mrs. Turner, appear to have lived and died strangers to true religion, and Mrs. T. herself, until about 30 years of age, does not seem to have had any concern about her soul. She had a sweet voice and an excellent judgment in singing; and her two brothers also being fond of music, they were much addicted to song singing and dancing. About the time referred to, her elder brother went to reside in London, and Elizabeth, leaving Thaxted, the place of her birth, went with him to be his housekeeper,—very reluctantly, however, as she did not like London, and had besides formed an attachment to a young farmer of property, who had paid his addresses to her for seven years.

A young man who had been their playfellow from almost infancy, and who then resided in London, hearing of their arrival, called upon them. This young man had been “in deep soul trouble, and had been liberated under the much and deservedly-loved and truly-revered William Romaine.” For two hours this young man tried in vain to introduce to them a religious conversation; and then said, “Poor dead souls, you will have but little of my company;” and he also called them “poor creatures.” Elizabeth was exasperated at his language, and told her brother if he kept such Methodist company as that she would stay no longer. “What does he mean,” she asked, “by calling us dead souls?” &c. In this state of enmity and pride she went into her bedroom; but before she lay down something kept working in her heart, “You *are* a dead soul, a poor creature indeed.” This was so often repeated in her mind that at last she was made to feel she *was* poor and dead indeed:

“From this she sank into soul trouble, and soon longed for his company who had been an instrument in the hand of God of wounding, killing, and bringing her very low. By his conversations, Romaine’s works, and the minister she sat under, it pleased the Almighty to show her the way of salvation by Jesus Christ, and to lead her by precious faith into the enjoyment of it. Her brother’s foreman, an elderly, grave, and, I am fully persuaded, a gracious man, told me afterwards that she came one morning into the office, and finding him alone, with great warmth exclaimed, ‘O, Mr. Steadman, I am the happiest woman upon earth! Christ is mine,’ &c.”

Some time afterwards, a poor woman, a member of Providence Chapel (Mr. Huntington’s, where Mr. Turner was also a member), called upon Miss Knight, and found her conversation so earnest and simple that she told some mutual friends she was sure she would be a suitable wife for Mr. Turner. And the event proved that she was right.

About this time, as it would seem, for there is a lamentable deficiency of dates throughout the Memoir, Mrs. Knight, Elizabeth’s mother, died, and her father wished Elizabeth to return to Thaxted, to keep his house. This she declined doing,—first, because she was unwilling to be deprived of the ministry of the

gospel; and next, lest she should become entangled with the young farmer. Either reason, under the circumstances, would have been sufficient; for not only would it have been wrong in her marrying an ungodly man, but, as he had kept her waiting for seven years after they were both "of full age," as the law terms it, it looked very much like trifling with her. Of course there may be circumstances, such as a man's inability to keep a wife, which may justify such a long deferment; but such was not the case here, for the young man is described as a person "of property." And here we may exclaim,—for it seems as if our pen *must* write it, should this meet the eye of any man who is similarly acting,—Shame upon you!

God, however, in his all-wise providence, knew all about Elizabeth, and had a better home prepared for her. In about two months afterwards, she and Mr. Turner were married, being on Oct. 16th, 1801.

Mr. T.'s father, who had been a member of Mr. Huntington's, but who, owing to the persecutions of his second wife, had departed from his profession,—“apostatized,” Mr. T. terms it, sent him a bitter letter on account of his marriage, informing him that he was never to expect another sixpence from him. This tried Mr. T. very much. He says:

“I read the letter at the counting-house with tears both of sorrow and joy. Sorrow, on my father's account; and joy, from the sweet persuasion that ‘the Lord would provide,’ and that I should be more dependent upon him. This joy lasted till I was going home, when the enemy was permitted to come in like a flood. It was suggested to me that I might possibly be mistaken as to my wife's religion; that, if she had married from a prospect of a comfortable living, when she found my prospects were blasted she might cease to love me, turn out a persecutor, and my life would be miserable. My wretched heart gave way to the temptations, and sank within me. I concluded it best to take no notice of the letter to her; but then, thought I, I shall live in suspense, and, besides, it would not be acting an honest part. I went home with a heavy heart. I then gave her the letter to read, watching her countenance whilst she was perusing it, but perceived no alteration. She returned the letter without making any observation. I asked her what she thought of it. She replied, ‘Why, I say now what I once did to my brother and Steadman, who advised me to allow the acquaintance of a handsome young man, with good property and very bright prospects, but who was destitute of real religion, that I would sooner marry a chimney sweeper with the grace of God in his heart than I would marry a prince without it, though I should live in a palace.’ This reply, so proving the devil a liar, warmed my heart with gratitude to God for such a helpmate, and with love to her, that I kissed her most heartily, and said, ‘Well, my dear girl, we will do with this letter as Hezekiah did with his; we will go and spread it before the Lord.’ We went into our bedroom, I laid the letter open at the foot of the bed, we knelt down, and a sweet time I had in prayer. These words of David furnished me with a plea: ‘When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.’ Shortly after, through the persuasions of my wife, I called at my father's for an explanation. To my astonishment he received me with a smile, and said, ‘Samuel, you will want a few things now you are married, and I have laid by a note for you for the present, and when you want more you shall have it.’ He went to his desk and handed me a £40 note. I was so overcome with the goodness of God that I could say no more than, ‘Thank you,’ and left the house to give vent to my feelings.”

What a wonder-working God our God is! As surely as he ever puts it into the hearts of his people to pray, he will answer their prayer.

After this, Mrs. T. was so engaged in domestic affairs that she became quite carnally-minded; and one Lord's day, when going to hear Mr. Huntington, Mr. T., as gently as he could, spoke to her about her condition. She does not appear to have taken any notice of this just then; but on coming out of the chapel she expressed herself very angrily, and charged her husband with having told Mr. H. about her state. But he assured her he had never said a word to him about her. "Then," said she, "it must be from God."

"My bowels yearned for her. I entered into a discourse upon the nature, effects, and blessedness of reproofs, the awful state of those who rebelled against them, and the blessed condition of such as submitted to them. She listened very attentively to my conversation; and as soon as we reached home, we knelt down together, and I was enabled to pour out my heart before God in her behalf. She continued very low in mind for some time; but at last, with a shining face, she told me that God had graciously appeared to pardon and restore. 'Reading,' said she, 'Jno. xi., this verse was sweet to me: "Now the Lord loved Martha and her sister, and Lazarus." O, I have been a Martha indeed, cumbered about many things; yet the Lord *loved* Martha, and I felt a persuasion that he loved me; and the more I meditated upon it, the more I enjoyed his love.'"

But we must not go on extracting at this rate. If we gave all that is really interesting and profitable we should give almost the whole 40 pages. We skip from the 14th page to the 19th.

About a month after the birth of her second child, being on a visit to her father at Thaxted, Mrs. T. "went through a sea of suffering, both in body and mind." She entreated her husband, who was with her, not only to pray for her himself, but to go to London and request Mr. Huntington to do so also. Mr. T. left on horseback, rode 40 miles, and reached the chapel just before the service commenced. The deacons would not permit him to go into Mr. H.'s vestry, affirming that Mr. H. would be very angry if he attempted to disturb him at such a time. "But," said Mr. T., "I must and will see him." Mr. H. just then came out to go into the chapel, when Mr. T. told him of his wife's distress and desire, Mr. H. not knowing anything of her previously. With tears in his eyes, Mr. H. mildly said, "Has your wife ever enjoyed the presence of the Lord?" "Yes, many times," replied Mr. T. Mr. H. then took hold of Mr. T.'s hand, and said, "Give my love to her, and tell her he will come again, and I shall remember her."

Was this the unfeeling, stoical Huntington, as some of his enemies were pleased to call that good man? O that they had had a grain of the grace he had!

And here we may observe that the deacons were quite right in endeavouring to prevent Mr. T. disturbing Mr. H. just before he was going into the pulpit. It is in some instances really cruel of persons going into the vestry before preaching to talk to the minister, either about their own experience or upon

any subject whatever. Ministers have often complained of their minds being thus distracted. And we *must* speak on their behalf.

Mr. T. then passes over a period of time, how long a one we do not know, as dates are not given, and suddenly comes to his wife's last illness. In all her previous illnesses, he says, he was led to pray for her; but in this, he does not recollect that he ever put up one petition for her recovery. We must say we hardly understand this. Having had no experience of that *negative* kind, we cannot enter into it. He says her health had evidently been in a declining state for upwards of a year. She did not mention her desires and expectations to him, for fear of distressing him; but a friend, Mrs. Mickle, of Newcastle, forwarded to him the following. Again no date:

"While at Sunderland, last summer, it was with deep regret I saw our invaluable friend looking ill, and found she had a cough. She told me it had been with her for some time, and she did not think it would be removed. Her mind was increasingly spiritual, and she often spoke of the cough as a forerunner of her dissolution. Soon after our return to Newcastle, I think in August, you and my dear Mrs. T. paid us a visit. Finding her cough much increased, I urged many arguments for her having advice. She replied, 'It is of no use; I have used means, but they have been all ineffectual. I believe I am going home, and have received this cough as a messenger from my heavenly Father, to bring me to himself,' or words similar. I deeply regret making no memorandum of her sweet conversation at that time. The substance of it was, admiring the goodness of the Lord, in his tender dealings with her; and she dwelt much upon his faithfulness. I could not help concluding it was the beginning of the latter rain to ripen her for the heavenly inheritance. You know that she revived a little after this, and I, with many of her friends, who dearly loved her, hoped she would be spared to us. In the spring, her weakness increased much, and every account I received as to her bodily health was unfavourable; but each friend she conversed with told me of her sweet spirit, and that she appeared quite weaned from this world. The latter end of May she grew rapidly worse, and a note from a friend informed me the doctor had quite given her up, and had written to her dear partner to hasten home, but feared he would not arrive in time to see her alive. I immediately went to Sunderland, and found her exceedingly weak, but sweetly supported; indeed she was rejoicing. As soon as she saw me, she put out her dear arms, and said, 'My dear, I am very near home.' Upon my observing, 'Perhaps not,' she cheerfully replied, 'Yes, but *the doctor says so.*' I said, 'But the good Physician is able to raise you up, and, if consistent with his will, we desire it, for his dear servant's sake.' She answered, 'The time is come; I should like to see my dear partner once more, but feel quite resigned. O the goodness of the Lord,—I have now no cough, no pain. I had a sweet sleep this morning, and awoke with that precious psalm upon my mind: 'Bless the Lord, O my soul.' Her countenance was, indeed, an index to the happy state of her soul. I left her on the Wednesday morning, not knowing whether I should see her any more in the body. But she revived a little again, and on the Sabbath could evidently converse with less difficulty. She was kindly spared to us another fortnight, and, blessed be God, I had another opportunity of once more seeing her in the flesh, and being with her when she closed her eyes."

On May 15th Mr. T., being then at Brighton, received a letter from the doctor, informing him that his wife was rapidly declining, and that he was to return home immediately. He says:

"Upon reading the letter my feelings were strongly excited and very painful. At first I determined to set off immediately for London, and pro-

ceed to Sunderland as quickly as possible; but I thought it would be proper for me to call upon a dear friend at Brighton, who is one of the principal managers of the chapel, and who, I was sure, would sympathize with me, and give me good counsel. On my way, as my much-agitated mind was ruminating on the circumstance, my heart was drawn upward in prayer for wisdom, strength, and submission; and these precious, most precious, words were spoken to my very soul: 'God is our refuge and strength; a very present help in trouble.' A great calm was instantly produced, and I felt inclined, unless the friends were perfectly willing to the contrary, to preach that evening, and set off early the next morning; this being exactly the advice of my friend, who observed that there would be many from a considerable distance to hear, and who would be sadly disappointed if I was not there. I did so, and I bless God for it. A most suitable text was given me, and his presence was sweetly with me in preaching from it: viz., Rom. viii. 28."

He goes on to say:

"I reached Sunderland on Friday morning, about seven o'clock, and found the object of my heart's love exceedingly weak in body, but strong and happy in the Lord. Being much fatigued, having been two nights on the road, I proposed lying down for an hour or two. She said, 'Do, my dear; but if your strength will permit, do pray to and praise God for me; for his dealings are so tender and kind towards me, he is worthy to be praised. I feel no pain, my cough has left me, I am getting gradually weaker, and hope soon to be at home.' I knelt down, and endeavoured to acknowledge our inconceivably great obligations to his infinite mercy, condescension, and kindness, and to entreat him to favour her with all the support and consolation promised to his dying saints. She kissed me very affectionately, and said, 'The Lord fulfil all thy petitions.'"

At various times, for we must not extend our remarks, she repeated various passages of scripture and hymns, and said, "Blessed indeed! And I do know it. The gospel has come to me with power, and many happy times have I had in hearing it. "A debtor to mercy alone indeed I am." She spoke of the mixture of grace and works in the preaching of the present awful day, and said, "I am sure nothing but grace will do for me; and I am sure it is *indeed* all of grace." "O how gently is the Lord taking down my earthly tabernacle." Addressing herself immediately to Mr. T., she added, "O, my dear, how marvellous is the goodness of God to us. We have no relation on either side, that we know of, having been called by grace; and that our whole family (with great emphasis she repeated it), *our whole* family should be brought to the saving knowledge of himself, and taken home to glory! I shall soon be there. O the kindness of the Lord."

About two days before her death Mr. T. heard her gently saying, not knowing any one was near, "Jesus—my Lord—for ever—for ever!" It was delightful to hear her dwell upon those precious words, "Our own God;" and she spoke of Mr. Huntington's sermon on the wise and foolish virgins:

"For two or three hours she lay speechless, and took nothing. She appeared in great pain, but when asked, she said, 'No pain.' Several times she repeated, 'All is well, all is clear.' About eight o'clock, we all thought she was going. Her colour altered. The phlegm rose in her throat, her breath seemed stopped, and every appearance of immediate dissolution. Still there was a sweet composure manifested by her countenance. I longed

for the happy moment, and expected every breath would be the last. Prayer and praise were the employ of my heart, while mine eyes were watching every movement. To my surprise, she rallied again, and was exceedingly restless. My wretched heart was grieved to see her still suffering, and most foolishly and basely thought, 'What can be the use of continuing her here, in such a state?' Guilt and distress seized my conscience, and I immediately retired to my own bed-room, to give vent to my feelings. I knelt down, and begged the Almighty to pardon me, and restore my soul to that sweet resignation, love, and joy, which he had for several days indulged me with. I heartily acknowledged his understanding to be unsearchable, and his ways past finding out, and that he had an undoubted right to do whatsoever seemed good in his sight; and begged earnestly for absolute submission to his will, and for a *proper* love to my partner. Peace was soon restored to my conscience."

For a few minutes the bystanders could not perceive that she breathed at all; and Mr. T. then said, "The spirit has fled! Blessed, for ever blessed be the Lord."

"I could not sleep, but spent several hours very pleasantly in meditating upon the wonderful goodness of God to me and mine. Prayer, praise, love, and joy most sweetly employed my mind. Not one tear of sorrow for my loss have I yet shed; but many tears of love and gratitude have flowed from mine eyes. O how precious have these words been to me, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord.' Most heartily can I adopt them as the language of my present feelings. The Lord has indeed given me a most prudent, spiritual, faithful, loving wife, and let me enjoy her sweet company for 33 years. Blessed be the Lord for this; and now in such a gentle, happy way he hath taken her away from me to be for ever with himself; and for ever blessed be his name for that."

"But as she got nearer to finish her race,
Like a fine setting sun, she look'd richer in grace,
And gave a sure hope at the end of her days
Of rising in brighter array."

SATAN will begin with misrepresenting to his captives their own character. One while, he will insinuate that, though they may have transgressed in some smaller matters, yet they have never committed any great sin, and therefore have no need to disquiet themselves with apprehensions of God's wrath. If he cannot compose their minds in that way, he will suggest that their iniquities have been so numerous and so heinous as to preclude all hope of forgiveness. He will endeavour to make them believe that they have been guilty of the unpardonable sin, or that their day of grace is past; so that they may as well take their fill of present delights, since all attempts to secure eternal happiness will be fruitless. To such artifices as these our Lord refers, when he tells us that the strong man armed keepeth his palace and his goods in peace. Next he will misrepresent the character of God. He will impress them with the idea that God is too merciful to punish any one eternally for such trifling faults as theirs. Or, if that fail to lull them asleep, he will intimate that the insulted Majesty of heaven demands vengeance; that the justice and holiness of the Deity would be dishonoured if pardon were vouchsafed to such offenders as they. Probably, too, he will suggest that God has not elected them; and that, therefore, they *must* perish, since they cannot alter his decrees, or save themselves without his aid. He will, as in his assaults upon our blessed Lord, bring the scriptures themselves to countenance his lies; and, by a misapplication of difficult and detached passages, endeavour to hide from us the perfections of our God as harmonizing and glorified in our redemption.—*Simeon*.

Obituary.

DAVID MESSAGE.—On April 1st, aged 36, David Message.

He was born in the parish of Wartling, near Hailsham, and was a cripple from his childhood, but became a perfect man in Christ. Twenty years ago he was afflicted. This was when the Lord convinced him that he was a sinner.

The Lord gave him an excellent gift of wood-carving, which was his employment for several years. One reason why I mention this is that in 1868 he was asked by a lady to make some picture frames with the angles to be crossed in Romanist style; and being greatly perplexed in his mind about crosses, he wrote to the editor of the "Christian's Monthly News," which Mr. J. Gadsby favoured us with at that time, to have the mind of the editor or his correspondents upon the subject. Several correspondents wrote their opinions, which greatly satisfied him, and in the following month he acknowledged his thanks to the editor, with a small tribute for the A.P.F.S., and said "it was best to let it (the crosses) alone."

He was generally a constant hearer, but not a member at Bodle Street, but could not bear the closeness of the chapel very often for more than half a day; and though he was one of Bunyan's "Mr. Fearings," he acknowledged to have been helped under some of the supplies. He was a constant reader of the "Gospel Standard" for years, and spoke to me of being comforted, at times, and also by reading Mr. Philpot's letters; but most of his time was spent, like that of the unworthy writer of this, in much darkness and in many doubts and fears.

But I shall come to his affliction and death. On March 17th he felt in the morning a shivering; but feeling a little better, he went to the Castle as usual in the afternoon; but while there the same shivering came on again, and being a cripple and using crutches, as he had for years lost the use of one leg, he was much troubled to get home. He soon went to bed, but got much worse. The next day he wished to see me. He told me how ill he was, and that he thought now the time was come that he must die. I asked him how it looked. He said, "I feel calm about it." He seemed so different to what I had seen him, at times, before, when he had been poorly, and had sent for me to come in, as he lived under the same roof. He wished me to read to him, and to pray for him, as he wanted the Lord to manifest himself to him, and assure him that he was right. He told me that he had often in days past looked at death and feared that he should be stupefied, and so go out of the world. I begged the Lord to preserve him, and that he would manifest his love to him, that we might have a testimony from his dying lips of the Lord's favour to him. I visited him every day till the next Wednesday, when he sent for me to come in, and my wife with me, and to bring Hart's hymn book. He wished me to read hymn 50 (792 Gadsby's). He said it had been very comforting to him; but he could not remember it all. He was so weak that he could not bear much conversation, but wished me to remember him when I was away from him. In the afternoon I felt my heart to go out for him, that the Lord would give him a sweet assurance of his interest in him. A few minutes afterwards he wished to see me to tell me that the Lord had so blessed him, and had assured him that he should be safely landed whenever the moment came for his departure. He wished me to fall down and return thanks for his great mercies.

The next day he was again very ill, and went under a little operation. This gave him so much pain at the time that he was obliged to

ory out in agony; and after he became a little easier, the enemy tempted him that he was impatient. Again he sent for me to read, &c., to him; for he felt ashamed before God after he had shown him such great mercies. I read to him Job vii., and spoke of Paul's warfare, and the warfare of all the saints. I again begged of the Lord to preserve him in his weak state, and to keep the enemy from him. When I got up he said, "It is all right again." This deliverance was through the last verse of the hymn 78 Hart's (685 Gadsby's) being applied to him with a power that he never felt before.

On the 27th I found him in a very quiet frame. He said,

"Jesus can make a dying bed .

Feel soft as downy pillows are."

On Sunday he sent for my wife to come in, as I was away, to tell her how the Lord had blessed him in hearing 1 Cor. xv. read to him by his mother; and also the last two lines of hymn 49, Hart's Supplement (491 Gadsby's). My wife said, "You are a believer, David?" "Yes, I am," he replied.

The following Monday and Tuesday he was very comfortable in his mind till towards midnight. He began to be a little restless, and wished for some beef tea. He took it, and said, "Jesus is gone before." He laid down and sweetly fell asleep in Jesus.

April 1, 1874.

W. BILLENESS.

The following is from a memorandum he left in his own writing:

"I hope, if I am not deceived, that I have heard to profit from the following text: Song i. 7, 8, by Mr. Billenness. I hoped at the time that I could come alongside the characters he then described. The next Sabbath I went to hear Mr. Newton, and hope he ran right in my path. He preached from Jer. xiv. 8, and described the way in which he came to the chapel, being in trouble, because he was not in more concern about his state, or feeling sin to be such a plague to him; and he gave an account of having, at times, a sweet encouragement. I felt a real echo in my own breast. I heard Mr. Cor. Sharp from Ps. l. 15, and I do hope it was a profitable time, feeling at the time a little gratitude rising within. Hearing in the evening of the sudden death of a man, I was led to reflect on the discourse I had heard in the morning, where Mr. C. spoke of the ten lepers being cleansed, and that only one returned to give glory to God. I felt such a flow of gratitude to the Lord for his long-suffering goodness towards me, sparing me in mercy, and likewise for his kindness in providing for my temporal necessities, and most of all for indulging me with, now and then, an encouragement to hope in his everlasting love and mercy, though undeserving of the least of his mercies. I had a good hearing under Mr. Newton. He spoke of the appearing of Jesus Christ, and those that love his appearing; and I do hope, when the Lord indulges me with a little encouragement, that I do love his appearing. On another occasion I heard Mr. Newton from Matt. viii. 1-3. He said he wanted to pick up some poor soul that felt himself not fit for the people of God, nor yet for the world, that he might get a crumb. I do hope that I got that crumb, though undeserving and often feeling the spreading leprosy. On meditating upon it since I felt persuaded that he was able to cleanse my guilty soul. I was encouraged by hearing Mr. Hull. He spoke of prayer. He said he had been brought to that place that he had not even the form of prayer; and then how the Lord helped him. I felt an echo in my soul.

"I was somewhat refreshed in reading the life of 'Sukey Harley,' where she spoke of the blessed Son of God, Jesus Christ. I felt as though his name was as ointment poured forth.

"I heard Mr. Sharp, and was arrested with a solemn remark he made. He said, 'If the Lord should come and take the precious from the vile, we should be astonished.' I often wonder where I stand. It was a subject that occupied my mind, at times, as man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh at the heart; and I feel persuaded we should find the Saviour's assertion to be true, that strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth to life, and few there be that find it."

[We are glad to find that there are still some amongst us who, as God's mouth, "take forth the precious from the vile." Mr. Sharp's remark was indeed, as poor Message said, a solemn one. We believe we *should* be astonished if the Lord visibly separated the precious from the vile, to see what a gap would be made. O that every one of us were made earnestly and prayerfully to examine ourselves, and see whether we be in the faith.]

JOSEPH WHALE HART.—On April 4th, of consumption, aged 40, J. W. Hart, of Calne.

When about 15 years of age, the Lord led him to see his lost state, and to seek for mercy through the only channel through which it could possibly come. He was favoured with parents who desired the same blessing, and suffered much persecution at that time on account of the profession they made, proving that the sect they desired to worship amongst and with must be everywhere spoken against. Joseph, too, as he lived on, proved more or less he had to walk in the same beaten path; and though often very weak in faith, yet, by the grace of God, which began the work, he was enabled to persevere. He told me that after much anxiety of mind he was favoured to hope in that salvation wrought out by Jesus Christ, the eternal Son of God. His distress of mind was not so great as some experience, nor were his enjoyments so great; but he was clearly convinced that he was a sinner and without hope in and of himself. He could say that Paul's religion (Rom. vii.) was the feeling of his heart: "O wretched man that I am!" He was a man of many fears, and was very careful not to be presumptuous. It can be truly said of him that he did not think more highly of himself than he ought to think; at any rate, if he did he did not carry it into open action. He had enough religion to make him humble and teachable. He was, indeed, as many of the Lord's servants can testify, slow to speak, but swift to hear and ready to do every good work. His heart was opened to receive the truths of the gospel, and all that faithfully declared it; and he laid himself out beyond many for the cause of the gospel. His religion was not in word only; it was in deed and in truth. I do not know one among the causes of truth in these parts who have their hearts more open to receive the poor servants of God and make them welcome, and, as far as possible, comfortable, than he. There were always a bed and all needed refreshment without grudging. Many miles, yea, I think I shall not be wrong in saying many hundreds of miles, he has driven his pony with the Lord's servants to preach the everlasting gospel.

He kept with the little despised few meeting at Hillmarton, where he was born. He took the good cause in hand because he had it in his heart, and laboured hard to get men of truth to speak to them. I never heard him ask, "How much do you charge for your preaching?" But the little that he or the church could give was always done in a proper private manner, not to be seen of men. He used the office of a deacon well, and is much missed at Hillmarton, and also at Calne. I do not expect to know another Joseph Hart. It was the real love he had to the cause that led him to do all that he did. There was no vain glory; but the effects of real gospel love through grace operating in his heart;

and this extended over the space of 25 years. From his youth he feared the Lord and loved his people.

During the last two years he was very gradually sinking. Many could see he looked like one with the pale marks of death upon him, and in the autumn of 1873 he very rapidly lost flesh. He consulted doctors; but all to no purpose, so far as doing him any lasting good. He still lost flesh and got every day weaker; but his soul was kept very steadfast, hoping in the mercy of the Lord. "None but Jesus! None but Jesus! If I perish, I must perish hoping in and hanging upon him." This was his language. I often went to see him. He lost his dear wife 12 years ago, when the last dear child was only a few days old. She died in the Lord. He settled as far as possible all his earthly matters, and that so calmly as it often seemed to me like any one giving instructions at night before going to bed. Sometimes he would say, in answer to my questions, "I am not so happy as I could wish, but I feel persuaded I shall not be lost." His soul-feelings ebbed and flowed; but still he said, "No Rock but Jesus! He alone is all my trust." He often said, "If my soul had get to seek for it, and anything depended upon me, what should I do?" He frequently said he was thankful for the finished work, and praised him that finished it.

I do not know the date of his entering the church militant, nor does it matter, so long as we believe and are sure that he has been gathered to the church triumphant. He wished me good-bye on March 19th, and told me his soul was safe and he should meet around the throne those who were gathered there. He wished me to write to him as I was going away. I did so, and said I hoped to arrive from Oakham on April 6th. He said to the friend with him, "I should like to see him now; but I hope I shall be in heaven on Sunday," which was the 5th. This he said more than once; and the Lord took him to himself about 10 p.m. on Saturday, the 4th. He died in sweet peace, saying he was fully satisfied in his soul, and that the religion he had tasted and heard declared was that which would do to die with.

Mr. A. B. Taylor, to whom he was much attached, was to have buried him, but was hindered doing so; therefore it fell to my lot; and I did feel I could say, "We could lay his body in the grave with his dear wife in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection in Christ.

Allington, Devizes, 1874.

E. PORTER.

EMMA WILLIAMS.—On March 24th, aged 35, Emma Williams, of Bristol.

The Lord commenced a work of grace on her heart when quite young. She told me that when she was about 14 or 15 years old, being then in a situation, her father brought her the tidings of her mother's death. It was a heavy blow to her; she fell prostrate under it, and soon afterwards it acted upon her in this way. She knew her mother was gone to heaven, but, supposing she had died instead of her mother, where would she have gone? She said she felt, and was persuaded in her own mind, she should have gone to hell. And now her state and condition as a sinner before a holy and heart-searching God very much distressed her. She was in soul trouble about herself, which absorbed and swallowed up a deal of the trouble about her mother. How long this lasted I do not know; but she told me that one day, when her heart was full of grief, these words were spoken to her: "Daughter, thy sins are forgiven thee." She said she knew nothing about the words as to whether they were in the Bible or not; but she felt her burden to be gone and she was full of joy and peace in believing. Her heart was now as full of bliss and blessedness as before it had been full of misery and sadness;

and the following lines continually kept coming and were very sweet and precious to her:

“Who is a pardoning God like thee?
And who has grace so rich and free?”

Much of her after life, of which I knew, was a time of distress, bondage, and unbelief; so that for the greater part of the time she seemed as if she knew nothing and could speak of nothing that was worth talking about; which much humbled and tried her.

Previous to her confinement, which resulted in her death, I asked her if she were exercised as to what the issue might be. She replied, “No; but I have been. It has been all taken away by the same passage being applied which was spoken to me previous to my confinement: ‘When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee;’ and I have been enabled to leave it there.”

A short time after her confinement, which was of a very painful nature, and her body being still racked with pain and suffering, she said to me, “O! This is all in mercy! It is all in mercy! After all, the Lord has been chastening me in body, but blessing me in soul.”

Her illness still increased, and she believed herself she should sink under it. She said to me, “I found it hard to give up you and the children; but I have been enabled to do so.” And on another occasion, looking at her approaching dissolution, she said, “This God is our God. He will be our guide for ever and ever, even unto death.” On another occasion she said, “He has manifested himself unto me as he does not unto the world.” A neighbour calling in to see her excused herself for not having been before by saying she had so many burdens and cares to keep her at home; to which she replied, “So have I; but I have One to roll them all upon.” On another occasion, speaking of her helplessness and worthlessness, she said,

“Poor, weak, and worthless though I am,
I have a rich almighty Friend,” &c.

Adding, “None too weak, none too worthless for him.” On another occasion she said, “What a mercy the Lord suffers not my poor mind to be racked with doubts and fears, while my body is being racked with pain.” I said, “Do your consolations abound over your sufferings?” She said, in a firm voice, “Yes.”

The Lord was evidently now altogether drawing her away from earth and earthly things. As I sat down by her bed on one occasion she said, “This is the place to be brought to, to see all is nothing, and be able to say, ‘Whom have I in heaven but thee? And there is none on earth I desire beside thee.’” The Lord was blessedly shining into her soul; not filling her full of rapturous joy, but blessing her with a steady, calm reliance upon him.

For several days before she died for the most part she was delirious; but, when consciousness returned, there was still that calm, composed frame of mind of lying passive in the Lord’s hands. The night she died I could not believe she was dying, not being able to give her up. I said to her, two or three hours before she died, “Have you any wish to live?” With a firm countenance, and firm but very feeble voice, she answered, “No!” I read hymn 275, Gadsby’s Selection, to her, and asked her if it expressed her feelings. With a feebler voice she said, “Yes.” And on March 24th she gently breathed her last.

Bristol.

CLEMENT WILLIAMS.

M. C. JONES.—On April 1st, 1869, aged 80, Mary Chevrill Jones.

She was born at Wallingford, and brought up a Dissenter. She was a quiet, moral woman, but made no profession. In the latter part of

1841 or beginning of 1842, she went with her daughter to Stadhampton to hear Mr. Doe. She was convinced she heard the truth, but wanted to realize it. Her residence was seven miles from Stadhampton, but she was always afterwards most anxious to attend the means, even under the most trying circumstances.

In 1863 she removed with her daughter to Abingdon, and attended at the Abbey Chapel (Mr. Tiptaft's). She became more restless in her soul, lamenting her unfeeling state, and often complaining of her ignorance and stupidity. She wanted to feel her sins, but could not.

About 1848 she became much enfeebled in body, and a gradual decay of nature took place. She read a great deal, and mourned over her state, but could not be comforted. A minister who called to see her said, "Mrs. Jones, with an open Bible before me, I feel sure you will be in heaven." She said, "No; I have not been born again." But he further said, "You are willing to be saved, and the Bible says, 'Whosoever will,'" &c. "Yes," she said; and, fixing her eyes steadfastly upon him, "but the Lord must give that will, and I know that I am not born again." Her dear old friend, Mr. Doe, called, and used very encouraging words; but she said, "The Bible says that one of a city and two of a family shall be saved. I believe my two daughters are good women; how then can I be saved?" Mr. D. explained, and tried to encourage her, but to no avail. She refused to be comforted, and spoke with vehemence that she was not born again, and, without that, she could not be saved, and that it was of no use to tell her otherwise.

On what is called Good Friday, 1869, she was much worse in health, and had a dreadful night. "The enemy was permitted to come in like a flood." Her agonies were distressing. In the morning she said, with firmness, "I believe he will come. The last shall be first, and the first last." She believed she should go out of the world shouting, "Grace! Grace!"

On the Lord's day following we thought she was taken for death, and sent for her married daughter from chapel. Her heart became enlarged, and love flowed out towards many of the Lord's people she mentioned by name, hoping that she had never spoken a word against them, saying she loved them and all the Lord's people, although she knew so little of the Lord. She begged her married daughter to read "Hawker's Portions" morning and night, as she believed they had been blessed to her fourteen years before. After a very solemn and distressing night she said, when her eldest daughter went into her room, "A miracle." From not writing her words at the time, much she said is forgotten; but we remember her saying, "You may tell any one to come up stairs now. I can tell them what the Lord has done for my soul. I knew I was not born again. O that dreadful night! But I must go through fires and through floods to fill up the sufferings of my Lord. O, how I dread this night!"

On the Tuesday she said, "A poor despicable creature I have been. I have loved the Lord, though I knew so little of him. Taking me off in the holidays, when all is clear. The Lord's time is my time. He knows when to strike. I have been so mean in my own eyes. Lord, let me not be deceived. My dear Saviour, not my will, but thine be done.

"Tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found."

Dead and buried with Jesus. O thou arch foe,—to the last hour—Satan would make me believe I am a hypocrite. O, if the Lord's will, may this be my last night. Do thy will, gracious God. No expensive funeral. I should like hymn 106 to be sung. A poor, wicked, worth-

less thing, very much like the sinner saved at the eleventh hour. What can God not do? I could praise him for ever *and ever*. Wicked wretch! Do be with me, dear Lord. My dearest Lord, guide me through the night. His will be done. 'Tis hard work, my dearest Saviour. My dear, dear girls. O that demon sin, ready in a moment to creep hold of vanity. Keep my dear children from sin. Be their all in all. Bless the Lord for all his mercies,—mercies. Father and Spirit, be with thy people. Loose *me*, and lay me down in peace; do, dear Father of mercies, do. Amen. Praise, mercy,—mercy! My Lord and my God. Dear Saviour endured so much for me. Do, dear Jesus, do, dear Jesus, let all my filthy garments be taken off, and clothe me with thy righteousness. When the dear Lord says Enough! it *shall* be beautiful."

Alluding to the dreadful sufferings she was enduring, she said, "I want to see my Saviour, put my life down at his feet, and know no will but his. My Jesus, take my filthy garments off, and put the crown of righteousness on." Then, raising her eyes, with a loud voice she spoke out, "Glory! Glory! Glory! Awake! Awake! Put on strength, O arm of the Lord."

After a little time she cried out, "Do, Lord, help me! Other refuge I have none. Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner." Then, with dismay depicted in her countenance, she said in a deep voice, "I am lost! I am afraid I am undone for ever!" Her anguish was extreme, and it was distressing to see her. One present said, "Is it still dark?" "Very, very," she said. After to us a most agonizing suspense, she said imploringly, "O my dearest Lord, do *help*. What shall I do? My dear, dear Lord." Then, with her face no more sad, but beaming with joy, she said, "Well—well—well! Shadow—I am nearly shook to pieces;" and raising her voice, she exclaimed, "Found! Found!" She asked for water, and dipping a corner of her handkerchief in it, she thrust it into her mouth, which with our help she did several times, pressing the moisture with her gums and lips. She then lay perfectly quiet, looking very happy; and without speaking any more, her spirit gently departed.

She had been a widow twenty years.
Abingdon.

MARY JONES.

ALBERT and THOMAS RUSSELL.—On June 4th, 1873, aged 22, Albert Russell, and on Jan. 18th, 1874, aged 27, Thomas Russell, both of West Kingston.

Within a few months their godly father waited upon these two sons and followed them to the grave. Both were snatched as brands from the burning. Albert had indeed an abundant entrance into the kingdom of glory. Mr. Hazlerigg was the means in the Lord's hands of his conversion, and his writings were much blessed to him. The evening he died I walked some miles to see him once more in the flesh. As I entered the room he raised his arms, and blessed me twice. He asked me to leave him no more, as he should soon be in glory. He died a few hours afterwards. He not only sang God's praises on the verge of the grave, but just at the last he exclaimed, "How sweet to sing the conqueror's song!"

Thomas had not, at the last, that joy his brother Albert had; but I loved him in the Lord, and could, at times, earnestly entreat the Lord on his behalf. His last words heard were, "Lord, save, or I perish."

They were both warm advocates and true lovers of the truth, and received soul profit in reading the "Gospel Standard."

Bath, July 22, 1874.

JOHN LITTLETON.

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

OCTOBER, 1874.

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

NOTES FROM MEMORY OF AN EXPOSITION OF
ISA. XXVIII. 1-3.

BY MR. PHILPOT, AT OAKHAM, LORD'S DAY AFTERNOON, FEB. 24TH, 1861.

"Woe to the crown of pride, to the drunkards of Ephraim, whose glorious beauty is a fading flower, which are on the head of the fat valleys of them that are overcome with wine."—How many people there are to be found who say they believe and hope in a merciful God, yet have never believed and been made to tremble at his tremendous justice and holiness. Those characters I was speaking of a little this morning were those who trembled at God's word. They were brought to believe in his justice, and that he would be faithful to his word,—his threatenings as well as his promises. When the Lord laid judgment to the line and righteousness to the plummet in their consciences, it discovered to them their real state before him who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity; that they were sinners against such a holy and righteous Being, and that they lay naked and bare before his all-searching eye. And, indeed, God, to speak after the manner of men, is more a God of justice than a God of mercy. Justice is an attribute of God, if we may ascribe attribute to God; for God is all attribute; and justice is part of himself; and he can no more cease to be just than he can cease to be God. But he is merciful only in his dear Son,—the only new and living way, the way opened for the exercise of mercy, and that by virtue of an everlasting covenant. And however men may please themselves by trusting, as they say, in a merciful God when at the same time they know nothing of his terrible anger against sin, they are only deceiving and deluding themselves, and they will one day find that he is as true to his threatenings as to his promises. Here I believe is a distinctive mark between a vessel of mercy and one left to himself. The former, when convinced of his state, wonders how God can be just and justify such a sinner as himself; the other steals what the Lord gives to his children; and however these characters described in the verse before us indulge themselves in pride and drunkenness, the Lord's eye is upon them, and declares by the mouth of the prophet his holy and righteous indignation against them and which will most certainly be poured out upon them.

"Woe to the crown of pride, to the drunkards of Ephraim."—Ephraim is the name generally given in the Old Testament for the ten tribes who revolted under Rehoboam, and set up under Jeroboam, and is generally meant to show forth or describe a backsliding state, or a departure from the ways and worship of the true God, in accordance with his own divine command. Thus these ten tribes set up and worshipped the golden calves of Dan and Bethel, and are called drunkards on account of the delusive wine of error and idolatry; for it made them, spiritually, more like drunken men than anything else; and very proud and stiff-necked they became of their new form, way, and mode of worship; till it became, as given in the passage, a *crown* of pride, as a mark of high honour, not of degradation and shame. The figure is taken from an eastern custom. At some of their drunken feasts they had a wreath of flowers around their heads, in honour of some memorable occasion; and they sat with this crown of flowers on their head for ornamental decoration and to be viewed with admiration by themselves and others alike stupefied and besotted. But the prophet says that this glorious beauty is but a fading flower; *i.e.*, gone and withered before night, like the children's garland at May Day, drooping, withering, and blighted, not lasting the space of a whole day. Profession without vitality will not last through the night, nor live in eternal day. There must be a union to a living root. The nature of error is to draw the soul off from vitality, and to put before the mind something more glaring, and only temporary and superficial.

"Which are on the heads of the fat valleys of them that are overcome with wine."—This country was noted for its rich pastures. It was here the bulls of Basban lived and fed, and their owners living at ease and indulgence, drinking till they were overcome with wine. Now it is very evident that no literal drunkards, living and dying such, can enter the kingdom of heaven. The scriptures are very plain and express. By these drunkards of Ephraim, therefore, we may understand those drunk with error and delusion.

How many there are in this state at the present time in this favoured land. How error seems to be coming in upon us like a flood, as a flood overspreading lowlands; not as a cataract, nor in the tempestuous form of a thunderstorm, but more like a stream from a rat-hole in a river's bank; till at last a vast plain is inundated; and in this manner error gets upon the mind. How intoxicating here is a part of the subtlety of Satan. Men are inebriated by its power, and talk, prate, and reason, though they neither understand what they say nor whereof they affirm, rushing into sacred things as the unthinking horse into the battle.

"Behold, the Lord hath a mighty and strong one, which as a tempest of hail and a destroying storm, as a flood of mighty waters overflowing, shall cast down to the earth with the hand."—You see the Lord has treasures of hail, fire, and storm in reserve to pour down

without measure on the heads and dwellings of the wicked, with all those who trust and boast themselves in their own delusions, whose pride is as the scales of leviathan. But the Lord's long-suffering is wonderful and solemn too, as in this solemn passage: "What if God, willing to show his wrath and to make his power known, endured with much long-suffering the vessels of wrath fitted to destruction." The Lord seems to let all go on according to their own plans and devices; but the day of retribution will come; and one day with him is as a thousand years, and a thousand years but as one day. When he does let loose his hand it will be proved to be mighty and strong, and let the hailstones fall, kill the sheep, and smite these fine bulls of Bashan, of which they are boasting, and overflow their pastures with a flood of mighty waters; so that nothing but destruction and desolation can be seen where pride, luxury, and fulness of bread used to abound like Sodom, feeding to their hearts content; indeed, having more than heart can wish.

"The crown of pride, the drunkards of Ephraim, shall be trodden under feet."—It will not do to confine the meaning to actual drunkards in a literal sense, as stated before. The scriptures cannot be confined in such a narrow compass as that. I believe that professors of religion, ignorant of the power of vital godliness, and the sharp and painful exercises the family of God have to pass through to make and keep them sober, steady, and steadfast, are intended. May it be yours to be steadfast in the truth of God, and be enabled to hold up the hands of him over you in the Lord by prayer and supplication, that the Lord may both lead and teach him, and guide him into all truth, and to testify of its power in the conscience, as made and kept tender in his fear by the operation of the blessed Spirit; so that you are mutual helpers of each other, and live in peace as a church and congregation, meeting together in this despised building ("The Old Factory"), and that the Lord, if his will, may grant that the winds of error may not rise up against us, is my heartfelt desire.

UNION WITH CHRIST.

BY THOMAS CASE.

THIS union is a real union. Love is as a uniting affection; it makes the lover and the beloved one, as if two persons had but one soul between them. Thus Christ loves the saints (Rev. i. 5), and the saints love Christ again. (1 Pet. i. 8.) Christ's love to them is the cause; their love to Christ is the effect. (1 Jno. iv. 19.) Yet this union is rather a fruit of that union we are now speaking of than the union itself; as in marriage, the conjugal bond and conjugal love are two distinct things. None of all these reach the nature of this union. The scripture describes it to be a real and solid union, as real as that between head and members, root and branches; for,

although it be a spiritual union, yet does it not therefore cease to be real. Things are, therefore, not less real because spiritual; yea, they are therefore more real. God, who is the most absolute and real Being, a Being who gives being to everything which has a being, is most spiritual. God is a Spirit (Jno. iv. 24); and the nearer any being or excellence approximates unto God, the more real it is, the more itself; as we see in angels and the souls of men.

Thus is it with this union. It is spiritual, but yet so true and real that, in comparison with it, all unions and conjunctions in nature are nothing else but so many figures and shadows. It is real as the believer himself, as real as Christ himself. Christ and the believer are not more really one in themselves than they are in and with one another spiritually. (1 Cor. vi. 16.) Yea, our Lord carries us one step higher. It is a union as real as that essential union between the Father and the Son: "As thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us." (Jno. xvii. 21.) That is, as truly, as verily, though not substantially. It denotes, I say, the reality of the union, though not the kind and manner of it.

This union is an operative union. Christ is in the believer as the soul is in the body,—a principle of life and operation. "I live," saith the apostle; but, as if he had said too much, he recalls what he had said, "yet not I; but Christ liveth in me." (Gal. ii. 20; Col. iii. 4.) It is not so much I that live as Christ in me. Christ is my life; it is he who animates me. It is he who does all his work in me and my works for me. Though the act be mine, the strength is his. "I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me." (Phil. iv. 13.) I am but the instrument only, which his hand manageth. It is his finger that toucheth me, his skill that makes the music. It is such a union as from whence the believer, by faith, draws life and virtue from Jesus Christ to all spiritual and saving intents and purposes; yea, whereby all the offices of the holy life become sweet, easy, and delightful. Those duties and employments which, unto the unregenerate man, are hard and grievous, and even so many impossibilities, by faith improving* its union with Christ, are made light and easy, even as the operations of another nature. (1 Jno. v. 4.) All this the apostle would have us to understand when he says, "His commandments are not grievous."

This union is a soul-enriching union. By virtue of this blessed union, the saints are invested into all the unsearchable riches of Jesus Christ; as, by virtue of the marriage-knot, the wife is instated into all the revenues and privileges of her husband. "Of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption." Observe, Christians! In Christ Jesus there is the union;

* That is, realizing it; for this is what the good old man meant.

and thence flows communion and fellowship with him in all his privileges, wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. Here you have the very epitome and sum total of the gospel; the whole Christ in four words; the benefit and fruit of all his offices, suitable and sufficient to supply all the defects and indigences of the creature. For, behold! Here is wisdom for our folly; righteousness for our guilt; sanctification for our impure natures; and redemption for our every way lost and undone condition. Wisdom to make us wise to salvation; there is the fruit of his prophetic office. Righteousness for our justification: "Christ is the end," or complement, "of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth;" there is the fruit of his priestly office. Sanctification to impart holiness where it is wanting, and to increase it where it is begun. Christ is a fountain of holiness as well as a fountain of happiness; there is the fruit of his kingly office. Redemption fully and finally to deliver us from the power of darkness, from wrath to come, from all sin and misery, and to translate us into the kingdom of grace and glory; there is the joint fruit of all his offices.

Behold, Christians! This is the rich and precious fruit which grows upon the offices of Jesus Christ, and all made ours by means of this glorious union. First, in Christ; then follows wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.

Yea, one step higher yet. By virtue of this union with Christ, believers are not only made partakers of the fruit of Christ's offices, but are in a subordinate sense invested into the very offices themselves. Was he anointed to be a King? So are they: "He hath made us kings," &c. (Rev. i. 6.) Was Christ anointed to be a Prophet? Believers also partake of the same unction: "Ye have an unction from the Holy One, and ye know all things." (1 Jno. ii. 20.) Was Christ anointed to be a Priest? So are they: "Ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood." (1 Pet. ii. 9.) Here are two offices twisted together,—*royal*, there is their kingly office; *priesthood*, there is their sacerdotal: "A kingdom of priests" (Exod. xix. 6), as Moses phrases it; priests as they stand in relation to God, "To offer up spiritual sacrifices acceptable to God by Jesus Christ" (1 Pet. ii. 5); and kings, in respect of men, to rule over others and themselves too.

This is much, and yet this is not all. By virtue of this union, believers share with Christ in all his communicable titles and dignities. Is he a Son? So are they; Christ the Son of God by nature; they the sons of God by adoption. (Gal. iv. 5.) Was Christ the Heir of all things? (Heb. 1. 2.) Believers are heirs also in him and with him: "If children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ." (Rom. viii. 17.) Though they are not joint-purchasers by their good works, as the Papist would make them; yet they are joint-heirs by grace, as God hath made them, by virtue of their union with Jesus Christ.

Does Christ call God his Father and his God? Behold! He, being not ashamed to call them brethren, lets them know that

he is their God and Father. (Heb. ii. 11.) "Go to my brethren, and say to them, I ascend to my Father and your Father, and to my God and your God." (Jno. xx. 17.)

Once more. Hath the Father appointed him a kingdom? So doth he appoint unto them a kingdom. (Luke xxii. 29.) Hath the Father assigned him a throne? So does Christ assign unto his saints a throne also: "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame and am set down with my Father in his throne." (Rev. iii. 21.)

My brethren, what a soul-enriching, beatifical union is this! There are unions in nature which convey nothing, communicate nothing but empty and insignificant titles, which make the person admitted into them not a whit the richer, the better; not a jot the more noble or happy; but this union introduces the believer into the full enjoyment of Christ, with all his riches and all his glory; insomuch as the spouse gives in the whole account in this vast and invaluable sum: "My Beloved is mine, and I am his." (Song ii. 16.) He is mine; the whole Christ is mine in his natures, offices, excellences, prerogatives, and inheritance; in all he is and in all he has; it is all mine, for my good, and for my glory. This is the voice of her faith; and then this is the voice of her love: "I am his;" in all I am, in all I have, in all I can make by my interest in the world; and if it were a thousand times more, he should have it all, and all would be too little for Him who hath loved me, and washed me in his own blood, and hath taken me into so rich and glorious a union with his own self. To him be glory for ever. Amen.

CRUCIFIED TO ALL THINGS EARTHLY.

My dear Friend,—We received your kind letter with pleasure, and gave it to Mr. and Mrs. R. to read, with the poems. We should have acknowledged it ere this, but I cannot do the things that I would. The will I am often favoured with for those things that are good, but the things that my soul hateth are too often (for my feelings) my sorrowful meat, and I think I am learning by feeling, in some measure, that it is through "much tribulation;" and were it not for his precious word, on which he has caused me to hope, and that he is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, I could never find rest or rejoice in hope. But I do feel that precious hope, at times, like an anchor to the soul amidst it all, which I believe will outbrave every storm and live at last, to the praise of the glory of his grace. And this is my comfort in my affliction: "Thy word, O God, hath quickened me;" so that I do rejoice, at times, and sing in my heart; for if I am but a beloved, although the least beloved, I shall get safe at last; and as my dear friend Mrs. R. said, "Should that be my happy lot, *He* shall never hear the last of it!"

Your last letter is a true copy of myself, or, what I am daily feeling, that my inward cry is when I have done what I ought to

have done, "O Lord, forgive! O Lord, forgive!" I can do nothing but what sin will come in; and that wretched monster, *pride*, which causes so much grief and so much work, will rear its hateful head, that I feel so sick of myself, my writing, and almost everything else, that I sometimes say in my heart, I will not write or speak at all. But then again, the water of life, which I do hope sometimes it is, will bubble up; so that one is constrained to speak, let come what will. And as I have said, so I believe, if we are not to speak or write till it is all pure, we should never speak or write at all. But blessed be God for giving us eyes to see and a perfect hatred of these things. As good old Bunyan says in the character of "Mr. Thankful" on the jury, "Blessed be God that the traitors are in fast custody." But I want strength to crucify the old man with his deeds. My friend, crucifixion is painful work; but there is no alternative, for I am at a solemn point in this. Where Christ is formed in the heart, it is a crucified Christ, and will crucify Hephzibah to all below the sun, sweet self and proud self too. Blessed be our Rock, his work is perfect, against which the gates of hell can never prevail.

We heard our friend Tiptaft preach last Tuesday evening at Eden Street from these words: "They shall abundantly utter the memory of thy great goodness, and shall sing of thy righteousness." (Ps. cxlv. 7.) It was a good time. It is certain poor sensible sinners cannot sing of their own righteousness, for that is filthy, and is a stench in their own nostrils; and it is also certain when the poor soul is blest, and when the precious well springs up, they will abundantly utter the memory of God's great goodness. As the dear Redeemer said, "If these should hold their peace, the stones would cry out." What a mercy that

"'Tis not for good deeds, good tempers, nor frames;
From grace it proceeds, and all is the Lamb's."

God bless thee, my dear friend, and all who love the dear Redeemer in sincerity and in truth.

Yours affectionately,

Croydon, Friday evening.

H. GLOVER.

DISCIPLINE NEEDED.

My very dear Friend in the One Faith,—Grace, mercy, truth, peace, love, and every grace flow unto you from above, from God the Father through his coequal, coeternal, and coessential Son, the only-begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father,—our God, our heaven, our all.

I saw on the cover of the May "Standard" that you were called to preach the word on Lord's day, the 31st of May, and should have written to you to ask you another favour, viz., to come as far as the dark city of Worcester; but your kindness on your last visit hindered me, fearing I might be too imposing. I should have liked to have seen and heard you, and have got to Birmingham on the Lord's day, but could not, though I could have

been there on the Monday, as I was then on leave of absence; but the ways of our God are not our ways. And what a rich mercy it is so, and that his ways are so high above ours, and his thoughts likewise. His ways are in the sea, his path in great waters, and his footsteps are not known; but there is a blessing in store for such poor short-sighted things as we. The Master has said that "what we know not now we *shall* know hereafter." May it be, then, our daily happiness to be still and know that he is God. But, alas! I find it as Toplady has it:

"If sometimes I strive as I mourn,
My hold of thy promise to keep,
The billows more fiercely return,
And plunge me again in the deep."

But, blessed be the name of a Three-One God, when I am in my right mind I find that a low place is a right place, and a most proper place for such a worm as I, and can beg that he will lay me low and keep me there; and I can say with all tenderness of conscience, I hope that a dark cell in a prison is most needful, that the lawless and disobedient may learn discipline. And do not the dear people of God need to learn discipline? I know that this guilty, rebellious scribbler has so to do, and has to have lash upon lash and stroke upon stroke, and dark cell after dark cell. The rod is for the fool's back; and a greater fool there cannot be than I. I oft have to grope for the wall like the blind, having no eyes; but the Lord has willed it that his children shall not live after the flesh, for there is death at the end of such a life; and I am one who does believe that the Lord does and will chasten for sin those whom he loves.

But I must draw my poor wandering scrawl to a close; only I would say that it is our custom here to discharge at 9 o'clock most mornings prisoners whose time expires. This morning a poor man was brought forth to be discharged, when a police officer met him and again arrested him for felony. I greatly felt for him. His face went as pale as death; and these words came to my mind, "The way of transgressors is hard." His poor wife, with a death-like paleness as his own, with a babe at her breast, met him at the outer gates; and as I watched them through my lodge window, walking side by side, as the police was taking the husband to the county police station, my poor guilty heart melted within me. The ever-blessed Spirit brought these words to my mind with melting power, causing my eyes to overflow: "Sin shall not have the *dominion* over you; for ye are not *under the law, but under grace.*"

O, my dear friend, my poor soul has not been so broken down, and my heart so melted, and eyes so flowing for many a day. I had not one stone to throw at the poor prisoner. It must be grace indeed that can save a wretch like me; and being saved, freely saved, freely pardoned, freely justified through the blood and righteousness of the darling Son of God, can I ever go on doing evil that good may come? My soul says, "Never! Never!" And

so says every soul that is saved by sovereign grace. And I am sure that the annals of crime in our own nation will testify against such a wicked and slanderous report. I was a servant in two county prisons previously to my coming here in 1841, and from that time to the present it may be estimated that we have received into custody about 96,000 prisoners; and as I am the receiving officer, out of the above number I have only received one who ever said he had been a member of the Calvinistic Baptist church, one a hearer, one the son of a member, and one the son of a widow belonging to the late Wm. Huntington's people in Lincolnshire. But still for all this slanderers will, and I suppose must, have their will and their say. I can truly say that if I could help it I would not have one vile thought within my breast, but would live as holy as the Lord is holy; and I am sure that every one born again of the Spirit would say the same.

May the dear Lord keep you and vile me and all his as the apple of his eye. This is the prayer of the sinner chief,

H. N. HOPEWELL.

Worcester Prison, Front Lodge, June 19, 1874.

"LO, THESE ARE PARTS OF HIS WAYS."

JOB XXVI. 14.

GREAT Father of mercies and God of all grace,
How sweet 'tis to rest 'neath the smiles of thy face!
When tempests and storms in my spirit have strove,
How peaceful, how calming, the words of thy love.

As silently riseth the light of earth's morn,
So sometimes there cometh to one that's new-born
Thy word: "I am with thee in all thy distress;"
Great Father of mercies, thou God of all grace.

Through darkness and death, hosts of devils and sin,
Thy unsleeping eye my protection has been.
Thy hand, then unseen, all my pathway did trace,
Great Father of mercies, thou God of all grace.

Not far on the road, what great trials did I see!
"Pihahiroth" and "Migdol," "Baal-zephon" and sea,—
The Lord shall fight for you, and ye hold your peace.
O wonder of wonders! Thou God of all grace.

When in the dark walking, how did my fears rise;
My murmurings, dear Lord, must have reach'd to the skies.
Didst thou then curse me? O no!—"In blessing I'll bless."
Unchanging thy kindness, thou God of all grace.

Dear Source of all favours, thou Fountain of grace;
From the first to the last, love's sweet movements I trace.
O'er hills and o'er mountains, o'er desert and sea,
Come mercy and kindness, unmerited, free!

Buckhurst, Marsh, 1878.

W. L.

A WORD IN SEASON.

“And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.”—MARK XVI. 15.

We have sometimes been invited to preach in places where errors have been sanctioned, and erroneous men, as we believed, admitted into the pulpit. We have felt it our duty to decline, but have been blamed for so doing, and the words which we have taken as a subject for a few thoughts have been quoted against us. Do they or do they not prove us to have acted wrongly? We have seen ministers of God, good men as we believe, follow a different course; they have thought it right to go wherever invited; as though the invitation were a kind of “Come over into Macedonia, and help us.” Have they been mistaken? These are the questions we shall endeavour, in some degree, to decide; or rather, by suggestive thoughts, to assist godly conscientious persons in deciding for themselves.

The words upon which we purpose giving these few thoughts contain the commission given by Christ to his apostles in respect to preaching the gospel. They are words of the greatest possible authority. Christ had now finished his work, and was about to sit down on the right hand of the Majesty on high. Christ is Lord of all, and here he gives a commission to his apostles, and ministers after them, to preach his gospel. He accompanies this, too, with the most solemn declaration in the next verse, and with sweet promises of his presence and power in the following ones. When he has given his commission he mounts his eternal throne, his apostles go forth in their day in obedience to it, and the Lord fulfils his promise, accompanying the word with signs following. We only intend now to throw out, we hope with reverence, a few thoughts upon the commission, in which we perceive two things:

I. That *which is to be preached.*

II. The commission itself *to preach it.*

I. In the first place, then, *What is the gospel?* Paul tells the Galatians that certain persons had subverted their souls by preaching another gospel, which was not a gospel at all. This shows us that there is great danger of corrupting the doctrine of God, and insidiously introducing that which, whilst called the gospel, is no good news at all; for it cannot give a particle of consolation to those persons who, believing God in his law, realize and feel their utterly lost and ruined condition by nature. Paul, too, in the most determined manner, when he comes by his epistle to these Galatians, anathematizes the propagators of this false gospel: “If I or an angel from heaven,”—if any man preach any other gospel than the true one which Paul had preached, “let him be accursed.” “I would that they were even cut off which trouble you.” These are strong words. Paul did not refrain from seeking to recover these Galatians; but then he goes to them by his epistle, in which he associates himself with

a number of other godly men standing fast in the faith (i. 12), with strong reproofs, powerful arguments for the truth, and mighty denunciations of erroneous men, beating down, as with the hand of a giant, the strongholds of Satan. We see, then, that error with the apostle was no trifle. Nor was it with the apostle John. How vehemently he, too, denounces it and erroneous men (epistle 2); and this is just in accordance with the church anecdote concerning him, how that, entering into the baths where was already present one of the ancient heretics against the Person of Christ, he at once retired with his companions, fearing lest the very building should fall upon them.

Well, then, the question is of immense importance: "What is the gospel?" We can only be brief; but will take a few scripture testimonies to this matter.

1. It is called the *gospel of God*. This shows us how in that gospel God,—Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, is All in All. It originates with God. No man, no angel, could so much as have conceived the scheme of salvation:

" 'Tis God that speaks, and we confess
The doctrine most divine."

No unassisted mind amongst men, however powerful, can really conceive of this gospel aright. "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God." There is such a fulness of the wisdom, justice, grace, love, and glory of God shining in the gospel that only the supernatural almighty power of God the Holy Ghost can enable any man rightly to understand these sublime truths. It is "the wisdom of God in a mystery." He hath, therefore, given us an understanding that we may know him that is true. God in the gospel is all. God here, from first to last, is the doer. New Jerusalem comes down from God out of heaven, and the glory of God alone doth lighten her. The river of water of life proceeds from the throne of God and of the Lamb; it rises from no earthly high places, but flows down pure and clear from God.

2. The gospel is the gospel of the *grace of God*. Creation is indeed the creation of God, the law the law of God; but the gospel is not only the *gospel of God*, but the gospel of his *grace*. All is of God, and all is of grace. Properly viewed, in the gospel there is nothing but grace: "Full of grace are thy lips," says the Father to his Christ, who proclaims it. Therefore it is represented as a river of water of life, with trees of life, and fertility on both sides of it. The law had life on one side; it was life to those, if any, who obeyed it perfectly; but pass to the other side, disobey it in one point, and then all is death. Sinai is in a desert. But the gospel has no death-side properly. The law is so full of condemnation to sinners that Moses, who but reflected God's glory therein, must veil his face. The gospel wants no veil. To see its glory is to live. "The eyes that see shall not grow dim, the ears that hear shall hearken." "Hear, and your soul shall live." In the gospel, properly understood, all is mercy,

grace, love, peace, pardoning blood, imputed righteousness, joy, and blessing. It sighs over the ruin of man. Whilst ratifying the just sentence of the law, it says, "All flesh is grass;" and then, in its proper character, provides the remedy: "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd." "Behold, the Lord God shall come with strong hand," &c. It looks upon the poor man robbed, and stripped, and half dead, pronounces indeed his case naturally desperate, and then, like the good Samaritan, pours in oil and wine. Such is the gospel. God is all, and grace is everything.

3. The gospel is the gospel of *Christ*. Paul was a wonderful definer. In Rom. i. he gives us one of his exact and marvellous definitions of the gospel. What is the gospel? We turn to verses 8 and 4 and Paul answers our question. It is the gospel of God,—“concerning his Son Jesus Christ our Lord.” He here shows us that the gospel is all about that blessed One who was born of the virgin Mary, lay in the manger of Bethlehem, lived a life of sorrows upon earth, fulfilled all righteousness, and at length hung suspended between two thieves on Calvary, there enduring the wrath of God, and bearing thus away for ever the sins of all God’s people. This blessed One the gospel speaks of. This blessed One it declares to be the Son of God, the union of the divine and human natures in the Person of Christ, making that to be properly affirmed of the whole Person which was true from all eternity of the Second Person in the Trinity. The gospel never allows us to forget the oneness of the Person of Christ, but shows us God and man as one Christ; and therefore of Him who lived and breathed, and suffered and died on Calvary, it says, “Thou art the Son of God.” “My Lord and my God.” But Paul, having thus in his gospel declared the unity of the Person of Christ, goes on to distinguish the natures, the Deity and humanity: “According to the flesh;” this refers to the human nature; “According to the spirit of holiness;” this refers, in opposition thereto, to the divine. We never find this form used as referring personally to the Holy Spirit; it has reference to the Divine Essence. Well, according to the flesh, Christ was made of the seed of David: “A body hast thou prepared me;” but as to the spirit of holiness, he was declared, not made, not constituted, but declared to be the Son of God. But further, he was declared to be the Son of God, with power to save poor sinners to the uttermost, by the resurrection from the dead; having died for the sins of all that come unto God by him, all who believe, and risen again for their justification.

Such, then, is the gospel. It speaks of Christ, his Person, his work, his grace, his love, his sweetness, his fulness. He is the rose of that Sharon, the sun of that firmament. It tells of his undertakings, his victories over sin, Satan, death, and hell; it traces his fair footsteps on earth; it shows him on a cross and in a grave; it leads to his sepulchre; and then from the grave follows him up to heaven and glory; shows him there as ever living to intercede for his people,—their wisdom, strength,

righteousness, redemption, their Prophet, Priest, and King. In fact, the burden of the gospel is, "Christ is all." Thus it is the word of eternal life and full salvation; it is free; it is filled with an infinite sweetness. It gives to God all the glory; to him who believes it brings blessedness and life for evermore.

II. Now, then, having attempted to show what the gospel is, in the freeness, riches, fulness of its grace, we come to the commission to preach it.

Immediately we find a *limitation*. It is not, "Go *every one*;" but, "Go *ye*." "The Lord gave the word, great was the company of those who published it." But, then, it was only properly those to whom he gave it. "How shall they preach except they be sent?" So it was at the first; so it must be now. A divine commission is wanted in the preaching of the gospel. What thousands run who never were sent by God; and, as they run without being sent, they, like Ahimaaz, have no tidings. Hence they preach another gospel, or the true one only in the letter of it.

We cannot enlarge here upon this subject of a distinct sending, only casually remarking that we must not expect just the same process as the apostles and Paul went through; but, certainly, there must, in every case of divine sending, be the due qualification of spiritual experience, knowledge, and utterance, openings in providence: "I have set before thee an open door;" some promptings of the mind urging to the work, some laying of that work upon the conscience; and, probably, various secret intimations given to the individual of God's will in the matter. Then there will be some ratification of all this in the consciences of God's people, so that fellow-members in a church will be led to say, "God speed;" or, if the man in these confused days has come forth out of the Church of England, so called, or some erroneous body, such commendation of his ministry to the hearts of God's people as shall seal him upon their consciences as sent of God. This is merely a hasty sketch of the matter; our words insist upon a divine authoritative sending, "Go ye."

In looking more closely into this commission, and comparing it with other scripture accounts, we find that, though the apostles received a general commission to preach the gospel, they were not to go forth to the work at that exact time. There is with God a set time for everything,—“a time there for every purpose and every work.” So, in Acts, we read they were to tarry at Jerusalem until they were endued with power from on high. How instructive this is. A man may not only run without any divine sending, but one who really is appointed for the work may run prematurely. "My time," says Christ, "is not yet fully come." It might be said of some preachers, "Tarry at Jericho till your beards are grown." Moses must go to school forty years in Midian before he was qualified to be king in Jeshurun.

But, as we see, the persons in the commission were men sent of God, and have observed that a set time was appointed them,

so we see the place was also ordered. All the world: "Go ye into all the world." If we turn to this gospel (Matt. x. 5), we find a limitation: "Go not," says Christ, "into the way of the gentiles, and into any city of the Samaritans enter ye not." Here the word is different. The whole world is thrown open. Their sound is to go into all the world, their words to the ends of the earth. There is no restriction. Rome and Antioch, Corinth and Athens, Spain and Britain, are, equally with Judea, thrown open as a field for the preaching of the gospel.

Again. The persons to be preached to are named,—“every creature.” Had this not been added, the ministers of Christ might still have thought they were to preach to Jews only. (Acts xi. 19.) Some of that nation were scattered abroad in every direction. But the gospel is now, by the authority of him who is Lord of all, to be preached everywhere, and to every creature; to Jew and gentile, barbarian, Scythian, bond, and free; to all sorts of people and all sorts of sinners alike. There is no restriction in this general commission as to place; there is none as to persons.

But now let us attempt to apply this. In the first place, are we to suppose that because the general commission runs in these terms, the ministers of God are to go about anywhere and everywhere without any further waiting upon God for the discovery of his mind and will in particular cases? Surely not. The general commission is given to those who are supposed to be subject to Christ, holding the head, watching the guidance of his eye, and led by his Spirit. All gospel commands are given in such terms as not to shut God's free children up into a mere letter obedience, but to admit of an exercise of the judgment and conscience under the workings of the Spirit of God in the particular applications of them. So it is here. Every embargo is taken off; the minister may go into all the world, and preach to all; but the gospel supposes that in all applications of this general commission there shall be a godly conscientious waiting upon Christ for his direction. Paul and his companions were forbidden to preach the word in Asia, and this by the Holy Ghost; they were allowed to go to Mysia, but not suffered to go into Bithynia. (Acts xvi. 6, 7.) Philip was sent by the Spirit into the parts which were desert. This will be sufficient to illustrate our remarks. Here were men with the divine commission to go into all the world, &c., yet waiting for particular guidance in the application of the command to particular cases. Christ says to his servants who are seeking to know and do his will, "Go," and they go; "Come," and they come; "Do this," and they do it. Here, then, we at once see that as ministers are Christ's servants, no man has a right to dictate to them, to bid them absolutely to go to a place, or to forbid them. Paul asked Apollos to go to Corinth, but Apollos, using his proper liberty, declined (1 Cor. xvi. 12), and Paul, being no lord over God's heritage, submitted. We have not dominion over one another's

faith or practice, but are helpers of one another's joy. But now let us beware of turning ministerial *liberty* into ministerial *license*. We should be exceedingly sorry to dictate to the ministers of God as to where they preach; they must be properly free to be the ministers of Christ; but still we may form an opinion upon things, and upon the conduct of ministers; nay more, we may freely express that opinion in faithfulness and brotherly love, and even admonish them if we believe they are mistaken in their conduct. We will go a step further; we may properly, under certain circumstances, if we believe that by a mistaken view and improper use of their liberty they are endangering the truth, and strengthening the hands of evil doers, withdraw from them; and this, in the purest love, seeking not to foster them in, but recover them from improper courses.

Now to apply these principles. Suppose error is allowed amongst a people, so that the cause is no longer maintained as a cause of truth, but erroneous men are allowed, and errors are propagated, shall we, if invited, go and preach amongst them? Does the general commission bind me so to do? We distinctly affirm that it does not. Well, then, here is a case for the exercise of much godly fear, discretion, and waiting upon the Lord. The question, in fact, is this: "Shall I be strengthening the hands of erroneous men and weakening truth by preaching there under these circumstances or not?" Here one man may conscientiously conclude, "I will go in amongst these people, and boldly proclaim the truth to them, and at the same time so distinctly with the apostle Paul reprobate the error, and brand the erroneous, that there shall be no mistake as to what I hold, and what side I am upon. It shall not even be possible to suppose that I say 'A confederacy' with evil. No! I will strike so home at the error, and so proclaim the present truth that is now needed to be brought forth expressly in opposition to it, that if God please error may be put to shame, and at least God's people rescued." Another concludes, "I will not go to the place at all; they only want to make use of me for their own purposes, and my going there will rather weaken the truth than do any good. I will set my face boldly against this departure from the truth, and at once refuse to go, and honestly state my reasons." Now for our part we should respect both these men. But if another said, "I will go everywhere that I am asked, because the commission is, 'Go ye into all the world,'" &c., we should not greatly respect his judgment or capability of sound interpretation, and if he should continue to go, time after time, knowing the state of the case, and preach to such a people, we should respect it less; but if he should so act, and not at the same time keep on lifting up his voice like a trumpet against the error, and thunder and lighten with a Paul or a Luther against the erroneous, we should not only have little respect for his judgment, but even less for his honesty and sincerity.

These remarks, which we trust we make with all friendship and love to our brethren in the ministry, and all respect for their godly liberty, will apply also to other cases. For instance, where there has been a division. Is no judgment to be used in such cases? Is Christ not to be looked to and consulted? Is it liberty to go because men send us? Is it liberty to strengthen the hands of wrong? It may be said, "We would not know anything, but go and preach Christ." But what we insist upon is this, that godly ministers should examine and wait upon Christ and pray over their invitations, and go to all that he sends them to (Jer. i. 7), as well as speak in harmony with his oracles. We may possibly, as we think, go and preach Christ, and really, by going where he does not send us and where it is not right to go, do more harm than good,—preach Christ and strengthen error, preach love and unity and cherish ungodly divisions.

We need say no more. We would forge no chains for our brethren in the ministry. We are no popes. We would love their persons, wish prosperity to their ministry; we would be jealous over their proper liberty, but we would urge upon them the propriety of due consideration. We have examined the general commission under which they go forth; we would urge upon them the necessity of waiting upon Christ for his mind in every particular application of it. G. H.

"THROUGH THIS MAN IS PREACHED THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS."

My dear Friend in Christ and for Christ's Sake,—Life and peace, the effects of spiritual-mindedness, be with you and with your unworthy correspondent.

I see your note is dated Nov. 24, 1869, and now we have passed into another year. The Lord grant it may be to those who love and fear his holy and reverend name a year of watchfulness and prayer,—fervent and effectual prayer. The times, the state of things outwardly in the world and in the lifeless profession of the day, in and out of the Church of England, and the condition of the people of God all call aloud, "I will stand upon my watch, and set me upon the tower, and will watch to see what he will say unto me, and what I shall answer when I am reproved." And, beside, the taking away from the evil to come of the faithful ministers of Jesus Christ, particularly the one from your neighbourhood, dear Mr. Philpot, has a voice which, I trust, will be heard and heeded by the living and true church of the living and true God.

I have had a considerable share of anxiety and trouble of various kinds since I received your welcome epistle; but, blessed be our faithful covenant God, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, I have been favoured, at times, with a little sweetness. These words were good to me at Abingdon the last Sabbath in the year:

"Sin condemn'd and pardon seal'd."

What a mystery that our sins should be condemned in our own flesh; for the word was made flesh, and dwelt amongst us. Our sins were put to his account, and justice condemned sin in him, and, from satisfaction given, he was justified, and we in him. Dear Paul knew the precious secret, and I believe that my dear friend knows it too. It is contained here: "Be it known unto you, therefore, men and brethren, that through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins. And by him all that believe are justified from all things from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses." What a wonder,

"To bear about this pledge below,
This special grant of heaven."

This is a precious cordial suited for one that is ready to perish; and this is the gospel wine for them that are of heavy heart. Let him drink, and forget his poverty and remember their misery no more.

My dear friend, what should we do were it not for a good hope through grace of eternal life in the midst of so many things constantly tending to sink us low? Truly, if in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable. How beautifully comes in 1 Thess. iv. 13, 14: "But I would not have you ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not even as others which have no hope. For if we believe" (as, blessed be God, through rich and amazing grace we do) "that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him" (from the dead). And, if we are united in spirit to the blessed Redeemer, if we are grafted into him, we shall certainly die in him; and if we die in him, we shall rise from our graves in him, and so shall we ever be with the Lord. "Wherefore, let us comfort one another with these words."

Please remember me with Christian love to Mr. and Mrs. Covell, Mr. and Mrs. Jones, and any of the friends who may inquire after
Your unworthy Brother in the Lord,
121, High Street, Gosport, Jan. 7, 1870. ALFRED HAMMOND.

THE destroying angel was not to enter into any sprinkled house; no passage was afforded to him. The wrath of God, or the malice of the devil, can have no power over them that are sprinkled with the blood of Christ. The blood of the lamb was but a sign of the deliverance of the Israelites, but could not purge their defiled consciences; but the blood of our Lamb hath merited our salvation, can cleanse our consciences from dead and condemning works, to serve the living God, and rejoice in him who without this sprinkling will be to us a consuming fire. As the passover was killed that it might be their food as well as their security, so was Christ crucified that he might be our atonement and our nourishment, our shield and our food, to make us partakers of his benefits by a spiritual application, and a close incorporation of us with himself.—*Charnock*.

CONWAY STREET CHAPEL.

To the Committee of Conway Street Chapel.

Dear Brethren,—Yours I received, and was very glad to hear that the Lord was with Brother Vorley, and made him a blessing to your souls. I hope you still find that the Lord is with you, and that he is sending you such supplies as shall prove a real blessing to you.

You wish me to state my views of the Manchester meeting of the 16th of August. I can only say that I believe the people would have departed in a peaceable way if the magistrates and the cavalry would have let them, and I must confess that I consider that it was an awful and unjust measure. But from all that I can gather, the newspaper called the *Times* has given as just a statement of the matter as can well be given; so that I refer you to that paper for particulars. I can assure you there is little else in this town but tyranny and oppression,—thousands slaving and half starving. God only knows what will be the end; but he reigns, and he is sure to take care of his dear family. He loves them too well to neglect them, though our pride and unbelief often charge him with neglect, and often attempt to bring his ways to our bar, and judge him by the cursed rule of our pride and ignorance. Nevertheless, he will not forsake the work of his hand, but will surely do us good. Adored be his lovely name! He is in one mind and none can turn him. I believe there is something treasured up in the womb of his providence, which must shortly be brought forth, that will make abundance of work for faith and patience; and if his blessed Majesty will be gracious to bless us with those graces to work with, we shall see great wonders in the deep, and triumph in tribulations also. Zion, as a body, has for some time been free from outward storms, and she seems almost settled upon her lees; but I am much mistaken if she will not be aroused before it be long. May God prepare us for the worst, and enable us to keep close to him by faith and prayer.

Give my love to all friends. I am sure I wish you all well, and that you may be enabled to strive together for the faith of the gospel, endeavouring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.

Tell Mr. and Mrs. Pickard I hope to write as soon as I can. I can assure you I have plenty of work both for body and mind; but I serve a good Master, and, at times, I feel that I love both him and his work, though at other times I am fit to run away from them both.

That the God of Peace may be with you all is the prayer of
Yours in the Truth,

W. GADSBY.

[There is no date to the above letter, but it must have been written in 1819. The poor handloom weavers met to petition Parliament, when the yeomanry cavalry, under the command of Mr. Hugh Birley, father

of one of the present members for Manchester, galloped amongst them with drawn swords, and cut numbers of them down. The meeting was in the fields of Peterloo. Hence the term, "The Peterloo Massacre."]

"LORD, REMEMBER ME."

LUKE XXIII. 42.

REMEMBER me! Eternal Son,
 From thy unseen, exalted throne!
 My low estate is known to thee;
 How meet the prayer, "Remember me!"

Remember me! The world deceives;
 Its pleasure poisons, wounds, and grieves;
 E'en friendship's waning smiles I see.
 Unchanging Friend! Remember me!

Remember me! Death's chilling blast
 And withering touch have o'er me pass'd;
 Deep waters and tumultuous sea.
 Dark paths are mine. Remember me!

Remember me! So faithless still;
 So slow to learn thy gracious will.
 A sinner; yet I urge the plea,—
 Thou sinner's Friend, Remember me!

Remember me! Though great my guilt,
 Thy holy blood for sin was spilt;
 Its virtue tested on the tree,
 By the same cry, "Remember me!"

Remember me! Forgiveness speak!
 I would not, yet so often break
 Thy precious laws; denouncing thee.
 Canst thou, O Lord, remember me?

Remember me! Despised and small;
 Within thy household least of all.
 Were not thy full salvation free,
 I dare not ask, Remember me!

Remember me! From out thy store
 Thou canst enrich thy humble poor;
 Nor yet that store diminish'd be.
 Poor, Lord, indeed! Remember me!

Remember me while life shall last;
 My prayerful eyes I upward cast!
 Faith breaks through clouds encircling thee,
 To lay her suit,—Remember me!

Yes! Faith believes this simple prayer
 Shall meet with kind acceptance there;
 From thence shall be return'd to me,
 Endorsed,—"I will remember thee!"

LIVING EPISTLES BY DEPARTED SAINTS.

My dear Friends,—What shall I say so as to prevent your charge of ingratitude and unkindness? However my neglect may have merited such a charge, my feelings, my disposition, and my circumstances counteract it; and if to be an old man, an afflicted man, a distressed man, a troubled man, and a broken-hearted man,—if these characters can plead for me, let them be my apology.

I now acknowledge I received your kind letter, dated Aug. 12th; at which time I felt so well in health that I fully made up my mind to visit Deeping; but the reason I was forced to decline I am persuaded you will upbraid me for; and, in fact, I have been led to say of myself as David did, “So foolish was I and ignorant,” that I almost unmanned myself. Just as I had nearly made up my mind I was led to reflect on the unkind and unexpected slight of my Quadrain friends, that my heart sank like lead; and so depressed were my spirits that I wandered about for some days, hardly myself. Being so abandoned, neglected, and cast off by those who had manifested such unbounded attachment to me so preyed upon my poor weak mind that I was hardly myself, and my poor nervous system was so debilitated that I was forced to decline. I thought if I got to Deeping I could not have gone to Quadrain; for I was sure my spirits would not have been equal to it, especially to be so slighted by friend L., whose affections I thought to be exactly congenial with my own; and I almost thought we possessed but one soul in two bodies.

I wrote this very day to Mr. Smith, which, perhaps, you will wonder at. But I will tell you how it came about. There is a person at Sudbury who has been about upon a begging system to gain some assistance towards building a new chapel, and, to my great surprise, he called to inform me that he called upon a Mr. Smith, who inquired very particularly after me, and that he desired him to call upon me and to tell me how much he wished to hear from me, and hoped that I would write to him; so I have availed myself of the opportunity, and have given him a little of my mind.

Now, my dear friends, you may be contemplating me as a poor despairing old man. Not so, my dear friends; for though I am often most dreadfully low and cast down, yet I am not cast off, nor ever shall be; for, blessed be my God, I can say, while with a trembling hand I hold my pen, “The Lord is my portion, saith my soul. The Lord is my light and my salvation, and my inheritance eternally secure.” I have had a good deal of preaching lately. While the chapel I have mentioned was building, I accommodated the people with a very large room, they so strongly solicited my assistance to preach for them, which I did for three months. And thanks to my dear Father, I think I was never so blessed with his presence before. The place was crowded to excess, and the people appeared as happy as myself. The new

chapel was opened on Thursday, this day week, to a very large congregation; in the evening I believe between 600 and 700. The preacher in the morning was Mr. U., from London; in the afternoon, a Mr. W., from Beccles; in the evening, a Mr. A., from Bury; and I believe them all men of truth. They are expecting a minister this afternoon from March, in Cambridgeshire, whom I some time ago heard with real delight.

Now, my dear friends, I must bid you farewell. It is hardly likely I shall ever see you again in the flesh; but often think of you I shall till I reach the banks of Jordan; till which time it will be a joy to my heart to hear of you and from you. May the blessing of God Almighty rest upon you, and when the sun shines upon your soul O do think of me, and beg that my God may hold me up a little longer, and that my path may be a little smoother now I am almost in sight of land.

God bless you, my (only) unaltered friends. When it is well, think of poor

Sudbury, Oct. 27, 1831.

OLD HERBERT.

My dearly-Beloved and much-esteemed Pastor, Mr. Pert,—I wish not to trouble you with my pen, but rather to encourage you in your labour of love for Christ's sake.

I must tell you, as a poor worm of earth, this once, that your ministry last Sunday caused another high Ebenezer in my poor soul, to give unto God all the glory. O the tossings I had before I got to chapel from my carnal sense and reason and the enemy of souls. O what earnest cravings I had that the Lord of Hosts would but be present with us at the ordinance of baptism, and seal home in our hearts his blessed countenance and love to help and uphold us through, without a fear or shame. But I had many cogitations from within, and fears too. The enemy told me it would be made manifest that day what I really was; so different to what I only appeared to be. What a distance I felt from all real access to the footstool of mercy in that blessed drawing out of soul as is sometimes felt and realized by such a worm as I. Truly, I entered the dear old vestry dark as night in feelings; but while there, when you were describing the Spirit's work on and in the hearts of God's dear family, O what light, life, and love sprang up in my poor soul until I could refrain no longer. I was so sure I was the subject of the work you described that the dear old vestry turned from a dungeon into a brilliant palace to my inmost soul. All fear, all shame and trembling were clean taken out of the way, and my soul longed to come forward. Had I to face a thousand devils, I feared not one. Such was the ardent love of my soul, and the love I felt towards you, my dearest and beloved pastor, I cannot express it, so do, do pardon me.

And now I tell you I have proved the devil a liar once more; for I do not remember, since the day that my captive soul was set free from all law demands, and that through the love and blood

of my precious Jesus, God's coequal Son,—I say I remember not that I ever experienced such a week of clear shining and the secret love of God, day after day, night after night, as full as I can well hold. O, my dear, dear pastor, go on, my beloved, in your dear Master's high calling; for your reward is laid up for you against that day when he will call you to himself. O how blessed to have such a leader in Israel as you! O that I more prized you than I really do for your work's sake and labour of love to the saints. My eyes have been a shower of tears day and night with the love of my Three-One God. O what submission, contrition, peace, and joy in believing I feel. All is well. I want no more. Come life or come death, it is all right between Father, Son, and Spirit, with my poor soul. Really I have felt I should like to venture wholly to the ordinance every Sabbath, could I but experimentally prove the love of a Triune God so sweet and so precious, in treading in his steps and following his divine command. O how precious has that hymn been to me this week, the 9th of our book. How glad I should be for it to be sung aloud on Sunday, if agreeable to you. O how sweet to lie passive in God's hand, and know no will but his. O, my dear pastor,

“May this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.”

O to walk as becometh his children! This is my desire, as God shall enable me, and that I may be kept tender in his fear all the days of my life, and never be suffered to bring any disgrace on his blessed cause, nor cause his name to be evil spoken of.

But, my dear pastor, I expect to come down from this mount of love ere long to drink of more bitter waters and grovel much in darkness, without his bright shining, as I always find adversity set over against the day of prosperity, that man might not put the honour on the wrong head, but that Christ alone shall be exalted and extolled above and beyond all other objects in the hearts of *his children*. Bless the Lord, O my soul. He leadeth me in green pastures beside the still waters, and restoreth my soul. O help me to praise his holy name.

But I will draw to a close, or I shall tire you out. May the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob bless you and go with you all your journey through. May he cause you to go on prosperously, and in his strength; may the arm of the Lord be seen in your labours in bringing many sons to honour; and may your own soul be abundantly fed with the finest of the wheat, while others are feeding from under your labours; and this will bring more knitting of hearts together and cause a daily living in union with ourselves and the Lord.

Now as to rendering you any assistance in your labours of love, I feel I am bound to do a little; but I am not competent to read, I can assure you, or I would. Besides, I am not my own master, but a servant, that I cannot tell when I may be called at home for some purpose or another, though I have been greatly blessed

with liberty since I have been here. But if you do desire me to have anything to do with the seat rents or the like, I will endeavour to do my best in that office, but would much rather any one more able to take it and let me be free, as I am such a poor worm of dust. Still, I want to see your burden as light as possible.

Accept my partner's and my own love to you and yours.

Yours affectionately,

Finch Cox Park, Goudhurst, Kent, Nov. 8, 1862. G. Roots.

[Some account of the writer of the above letter will be found in the "G. S." for Jan., 1871.]

My dear Brother in the Possession of the Blessed Spirit of Jehovah, and of the Lord Jesus, who is the Eternal Life of the Chosen Ones, through the Grace, Mercy, and Love of the Father,—How blessed to be thus possessed by the self-existent independent Being of eternity, the Source of all existence and all blessing and happiness; from whom, in whom, and by whom alone it is that creatures can have happiness and blessings.

How little, how very little is it that we know or can know of the great and glorious things which God hath prepared in himself for those that love him. How wonderful is the provision of grace in Christ Jesus, for the effectual securing to the chosen family those blessings wherewith the gracious Father blessed his people in his only-begotten Son before the foundation of the world. How gloriously does the sovereignty of grace appear in this provision. The will of the heavenly Father is that none of those given to Christ should be lost, that they all should come to Christ, and that he should lose none of them, but raise them up at the last day. Jesus is gone to glory as the first fruits from the dead. He is gone before his people, who will follow in God's good time. His passage was through suffering and tribulation, "It is a faithful saying, if we be dead with him, we shall also live with him; if we suffer, we shall also reign with him." It is God's prerogative and none other's to bring good out of evil. While we are not allowed to do evil that good may come, the Lord brings good out of evil; yea, there is scarce any good to which the elect are heirs under the gospel and of the promise and purpose of God; but they are made partakers of it, in this way,—God bringing good out of evil, or overruling evil for good. No natural man can rightly receive this doctrine. It is only where the sinner has been rightly humbled of God under the law, and abased under a feeling sense of his sinful helplessness, that this doctrine is ever rightly received. The apostle Paul, alluding to what David said in Ps. li., "Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight, that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and clear when thou judgest,"—the apostle, alluding to this, says, "For what if some did not believe? Shall their unbelief make the *faith of God* without effect? God forbid. Yea, let God be true, but every man a liar; as it is

written, that thou mightest be justified in thy sayings, and mightest overcome when thou art judged. But if our unrighteousness commend the righteousness of God, what shall we say? Is God unrighteous who taketh vengeance? (I speak as a man) God forbid; for then how shall God judge the world? For if the truth of God hath more abounded through my lie unto his glory, why yet am I also judged as a sinner? And not rather (as we be slanderously reported, and as some affirm that we say) let us do evil that good may come. Whose damnation is just." The things of God are deep things; and so are they spoken of in the Word. They are so as they are the things of the Spirit, which no man knoweth, and which are searched out only by the Spirit of God. What a distinction is made in the Word between those that love God and those that love him not, while no man left to himself either does or can love God, because the carnal mind is enmity against God; yet there are scarce any that stand up to preach, from whom you could learn anything else but that all can love God if they will. This is called *evangelical* doctrine in these days! But it has pleased God, of his sovereign grace, to teach both you and me that we cannot love God and do not love him, only as we are specially called to this by the work of his Spirit and grace in our souls, revealing and making God known to us; God in his Three Persons, as the covenant God of mercy, grace, and love to our poor selves; God in his electing, redeeming, and sanctifying love, as discovered by each of the Three in his dealings towards us; and as he is as one undivided God, manifest in the flesh in the Person of the Son incarnate.

The apostle Paul, referring to what the prophet Isaiah had said, writes thus: "But as it is written, Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him. But God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit; for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea the *deep things* of God. For what man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of man which is in him? Even so the things of God knoweth *no man*, but the Spirit of God. Now we have received not the spirit of the world, but the spirit which is of God; that we might know the things which are *freely* given to us of God." How blessedly does this agree with the experience of God's dear people, in the acquaintance which they have with divine things. These things are deep and most mysterious. We know the day when we could not have come near to them, when we could have had no apprehension of them whatever, when the hearing of them with the outward ear would have called forth our scorn, and roused the enmity of our hearts both against God and any one of his people from whom we might have heard of them. Not so now. They are still deep and mysterious things; but they belong to that wisdom which is unto salvation, and cometh down from above from the Father of lights, in whom is no variableness neither shadow of turning;

and they are so closely, intimately, and inseparably connected with our hopes before God, our knowledge of God and Jesus Christ which is life eternal, that we need every sermon we hear to bear an inward testimony to our souls, that he who stands up before us is taught of God in these things, or our souls are not fed.

We meet with great religious professors, far and far outstripping us in all and everything that belongs to their religion. Their very carnal nature is in their estimation already holy and progressing on towards a purity like unto Christ. These want none of the deep and mysterious things of God. No one to set before them what it is that God's dear children need to know, of being in *Christ*, and possessing no holiness but as they have a new nature distinct from the old one, and which exists in the Lord Jesus Christ, and is in them, or of which they are really and actually possessed, only as the Spirit of Christ dwells in them, whereby alone it is that they are not in the flesh but in the Spirit. The apostle tells us, "They that are after the flesh do mind the things of the flesh; but they that are after the Spirit the things of the Spirit. For to be carnally minded is death; but to be spiritually minded is life and peace." (How true is this in our experience.) "Because the carnal mind is enmity against God, for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be. So then they that are in the flesh cannot please God. But ye are not in the flesh but in the Spirit, if so be that the Spirit of God dwells in you. Now if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his." What a blessed testimony of truth is this of the mind, will, and purpose of God, of the deep things of God which are of the Spirit. While our dear Lord says, "That which is born of the Spirit is spirit, but that which is born of the flesh is flesh. Marvel not that I said unto you, ye must be born again." The truth as in Jesus is that alone which suits and satisfies a *spiritual* mind. But O what human notions, ideas, and carnal interpretations of God's word! What human wisdom satisfies the carnal mind!

My dear Brother in the Lord Jesus, you can scarce form an idea how I stand alone in these respects in these parts. You do not know how I have to stand up, Sabbath after Sabbath, Sabbath after Sabbath, and seemingly no one with me. I see here and there, thinly scattered, some of God's dear children, the inward testimony of whose soul's experience is with me in the word preached, while all others are against me, both within the building and without. Of those who are thus *with me*, scarce one of this place; while those who come from a distance for a love to the truth, are subjected to reproach and scornful tauntings as they travel along the road. "Here comes Mr. Pym," cries one. "Are you a Pymite?" says another. "Can you do with the preaching at Elmley?" says another. So it is, my brother. You know nothing of this in London. If an inhabitant of this place, unaccustomed to come within the walls of our building, ventures

to do so, as soon as he gets out he is assailed with such inquiries as this: "Has he told you you are one of the elect?" I am abused everywhere up and down by all except a few dear saints who bless and praise God that ever they became acquainted with me. No kindness shown to people can do away with their bitter enmity against me on account of the Lord's precious truth, which he preaches by me from time to time, and whereby he feeds the souls of his dear people, thinly scattered up and down, amongst the rough, wild, uncultivated, heathenish people of this particular district. The good Lord enables me, making me willing to do all I possibly can to relieve the poor and needy; and on that account I am well spoken of. But I am hated, abused, reproached, and slandered on account of the truth I preach.

Though I am not poor as many of the Lord's dear, and to me very dear, people are, yet I know a great deal about the providences of God in this matter in dealing with his own. Many tell me their secrets, and I have to share with them in their trials, relieving them as far as the Lord enables me, while I have to bear their cases before a throne of grace, and watch the movements of Providence respecting them, with deep heartfelt real interest. I am much exercised and much tried in this way. Though not circumstanced as you may be, I know, perhaps, as much if not more than you do of the trials, distresses, and afflictions of the Lord's dear family. And, blessed be God, I can and do enter into them with an interest and feeling which no one seems to understand but myself; and it is a great offence in the eyes of many that I relieve poor saints.

But, my dear brother, in the midst of all this, I know, and most assuredly so, that I am the vilest sinful wretch that ever crawled on the face of God's earth,—the most hell-deserving, and in every respect hell-fitted in myself of all that ever were born of man. The devil himself is not blacker than I am. I therefore, with my eyes opened to see this, my heart enabled to feel it, and something of the glory of God in the salvation of such sinners, by sovereign grace, have the doctrines of grace, delight in them, glory in them, and when standing up to preach I seem unable to preach anything else but these blessed things as known in the experience of God's dear children. So it is. While I am writing to you, whom I never saw, about them, and my heart full of love to you, pours itself out towards you while I write on these glorious things. No one knows what the communion of the saints is but those who are the subjects of it.

Remember, it is only a poor blind, ignorant sinner that has scrawled this to you. Nothing else. No pretensions to anything else. Any distinction of rank or station in life, of birth, parentage, or education, is all nothing, and less than nothing, and vanity to me. Remember this, while I remain,

Affectionately yours in Christ Jesus,

Elmley, near Wakefield, Jan. 16, 1849.

ROBERT PYM.

[Mr. Pym, as we believe we have before stated, was a minister of the Church of England. Speaking of his letters, Mr. Philpot said, "I have frequently thought that Mr. Pym's last few letters contain some of the sweetest and clearest gospel that I know. He had such clear and blessed views of the Person, glory, and work of Christ as are rarely met with, but which found a blessed response in my heart. Of all the Church of England ministers in these last days who preach the truth, I think he was the clearest, soundest, most separating, and experimental."]

REVIEW.

Achor's Gloomy Vale. A Series of Letters addressed to the Church and Congregation. With the Religious Experiences, &c. &c. By James Wells, late Pastor of the Surrey Tabernacle.—London: R. Banks, Racquet Court, Fleet Street.

God has over and over again declared in his word that the loftiness of man shall be bowed down and the haughtiness of men shall be laid low; and we may rest assured as God has said it it shall be done, either in this world or in that which is to come.

Look, on the one hand, at Saul, King of Israel. See his haughty spirit even to the last, see his sad end here, and, though we would not limit the Almighty, we have no reason to hope that his spirit was thoroughly humbled when it left its mortal enclosure. Look at Pharaoh, King of Egypt. He died as he had lived,—haughtily setting God at defiance: "Who is Jehovah, that I should obey his voice?" Look at Herod. He was eaten up with worms, and, like Judas, went to his own place.

Turn we now to the other hand—to the more pleasing side. There never, perhaps, was a prouder man than Saul of Tarsus, a Pharisee of the Pharisees; yet see how God humbled him here, even at a stroke; that from being the proudest man he became the humblest. We speak advisedly when we say we believe Paul was the humblest man that ever lived, save the Man Christ Jesus. But all our readers have the Bible; let them examine for themselves, and they will find other cases. Shall we venture a little nearer home, and refer to the late beloved editor of this magazine? We remember once hearing him say that, before grace touched his heart, he was so haughty that when passing through a toll-bar he looked with contempt upon the man who stepped out of his house to receive toll, as though he were mere dirt under his feet. But see how he was brought to feel it an honour to be in the company of such men of low birth as the late John Warburton and others of the Lord's dear saints,—even of some who could hardly write their names.

And now we come to the writer of the letters at the head of this notice. He was originally a carter, and as ignorant as a Hottentot and as hardened in sin as a five-hundred pence debtor. But Grace laid hold of him, and he became a mighty champion on behalf of the Calvinistic truths of the gospel. No man ever lashed the Arminians more severely or more effectually than he

did. "I have been used to carrying the whip," he would say, "and I must whip these free-willers."

Naturally he had great gifts; and these he so cultivated that he attained a fair knowledge of his mother tongue, and also of Greek and Hebrew. These gifts, unhappily, he sometimes abused. He became ambitious and haughty, making many into enemies who had been his friends, and who would fain have continued so. He spared no one, especially in the earlier part of his ministry, who stood in his way, even those who were fathers in Israel being brought under his thoughtless lash. It is not our intention, however, to speak much of his failings as a man. We believe God forgave him, and we freely forgive him too; but, like David, the sword entered into his house, and never left it to the day of his death. He was a living instance of the erroneousness of one of his doctrines,—that God does not chastise his people for their transgressions. Yet we never heard of a single sentence in the whole course of his ministry, in which he acknowledged he had erred, either as to doctrine or conduct. God saw fit to leave his real humbling time until he was laid aside. As with dear Cowper, so with him. Cowper was left for a time to tamper with Romanism,—at any rate with Romanists; and wofully he suffered on his death bed from the hidings of God's countenance. Mr. Wells was firm as a rock against Romanism; but the letters tell us how acutely he had to endure God's chastisements. What a mercy for both, what a mercy for us all, that notwithstanding all, God earnestly remembers his people still.

But while we pass over all this, we should be highly censured if we did the like as to his errors in doctrine. In doctrine he did not show "uncorruptness." His non-chastisement doctrine, his non-backsliding doctrine, his non-eternal Sonship doctrine, his hateful Rahab doctrine, all go to prove to what lengths a man may go in error and yet not be cast off from being a child of God. We say *his* doctrines; for assuredly they are *not* the doctrines of the Bible.

Now let us draw a veil over all his faults, and come to his last days, as portrayed in his letters. These letters we have read from beginning to end, and have real pleasure in being able to say there is a vein of godly humility runs through them all. Only in one instance in them do we see anything of James Wells; and even *that* one is excusable, seeing how attached to him his people were. He says,

"If I see you face to face no more in the flesh, yet I leave you a beautiful sanctuary, in which to assemble from time to time to worship the Lord your God, to seek your own good, the good of your children, and children's children; I leave you the thousands of sermons that I have preached and published, as testimonies of the grace of God; I leave you a volume of Lectures on the Book of the Revelation; I leave you a sermon on Infant Salvation, which nearly every Christian who possesses it highly prizes; I leave you the letters written in Achor's gloomy vale; I leave you a free people, and you know it is the truth that has made you free; I leave with you a body of Christian men as deacons, willing and well able to join with you heart and hand to see that truth, vital godliness, and gospel order remain in

the Surrey Tabernacle; I leave in your midst, in England, and different parts of the world, witnesses of the saving power which has attended my testimony."

We will now give a few extracts which will faithfully show the state of his mind during his illness:

"I am still in the waters of deep and bitter affliction; my entire inability to be among you as heretofore adds most distressingly to my trouble. How mysterious, that in the very midst of prosperity I should thus be cut down! So with good Josiah, king of Judah. Just as he had established the pure service of God in Jerusalem, and all things looked bright and well, he unwisely goes to war against Pharaoh-necho, and in so doing loses his life; and Judah never found another king like him until the King of kings appeared. And how mysterious that the life of John the Baptist should be taken from him in the midst, apparently, of all but unbounded usefulness; and that the enemy should be suffered to take the life of Stephen while being filled with the Holy Ghost, and he was bidding fair to shine as a ministerial star of the first magnitude upon this benighted world; and that Herod should be permitted to take away the life of James, the brother of John, with a sword! And how many ministers have been taken away by martyrdom! and what a number of ministers in the very zenith of their prosperity have by various diseases been taken away! And the same may be said of very many useful private Christians. These circumstances and considerations have, at times, tended to calm my tempest-tossed mind, in all things showing that God does indeed move in a mysterious way; and such has been my experience in this affliction that I shall never be able to describe what my feelings have been. I hardly know which have been greater,—the agonies of my body, or the agonies of my mind; for although I was in the first part of my affliction fully assured, from the first part of John xiv., of my acceptance with God, and could have departed to the mansions of bliss without the shadow of a doubt or a fear, all this departed from me, and deep, and dark, and black despair took the place thereof, so that truly I was brought into darkness, and not into light; and nothing possessed my mind but that the Lord was turned against me. My ways were indeed enclosed as with hewn stone. I cried and shouted, but the Lord shut out my prayer; and I was ready to say with the prophet, 'He is unto me as a bear lying in wait, and as a lion in secret places.' My soul sank to the very gates of hell, and I could see nothing but my sins, and almighty and eternal wrath to come. His arrows did indeed stick fast in me, and the poison thereof drank up my spirits. Truly could I say with the prophet Jeremiah, 'The yoke of my transgressions is bound by his hand; they are wreathed, and come upon my neck;' and nothing possessed my mind but that to perdition I must go. At the same time, I had in a dream such a vision of hell as I never had before, and hope I shall never have again. O, how clearly it showed me that the salvation of one soul therefrom outweighs in value the whole material universe! I can no more describe what I saw in hell than the apostle Paul could describe what he saw in heaven. The infinite awfulness thereof, the eternity of it, the gloom of it, the self-acting irresistible fires of it, their lightning-like activity, the universal despair, the utter desolation, the personal misery of its inhabitants, the impossibility of escape therefrom,—O, how did I wish I never had been born! What an infinity of evil there appeared in the least sin! How deeply did I feel for myself and for lost souls! But ere long I awoke, and found it was a dream; but the impression, which seemed indelible, remained with me, assuring me that this was my deserved and dread abode; and the threatenings of the Bible came rolling in upon me like a mighty tempest; and at that time every morning as I awoke some fearful threatening of the Bible fastened upon me, such as: 'I will laugh at your calamity, and mock now your fear is come;' 'The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God;' and many more of the like kind. All attempts to get any comfort from past experience, or usefulness, or sincerity, or from the Bible, were in vain. If I trembled (which I did), so devils believe and tremble too; 'therefore,' said despair, 'what are

you better than they?' And if I prayed, then, 'The prayers of the wicked are an abomination to the Lord.' If I tried to have a little hope, then, 'Your hope shall be as a spider's web;' and if I attempted to look to the atonement and righteousness of the Saviour, then it was that Jesus Christ received none but good people, and that he would marvel at my presumption in supposing that he could receive me. How could he say to me, 'Well done,' when I had done nothing well? And how could he call me good and faithful, when it seemed to me I had been neither? What an awful havoc doth despair make when it gets the ascendancy! Thus did I possess wearisome nights, and days of vanity were appointed me. Each day my language was, 'Even to-day is my complaint bitter, and my stroke is heavier than my groaning.' Never before did I understand Job so well when he saith of the Lord, 'He hath kindled his wrath against me, and counteth me unto him as one of his enemies;' and many such like scriptures."

"Mr. Spurgeon, in his kind and excellent letter of sympathy to me, expressed a hope I should play the man in affliction as when in the pulpit; but, alas! I cannot boast of having so done. I have no more played the man in the first part of this affliction than Elijah did when he sat down under a juniper tree, and requested for himself that he might die, and said, 'It is enough.' Now I have proved to myself what a poor weak mortal I am."

"Here the enemy works with us more or less, telling us it is all very well, but it is not for us. This is where I stumble more than anywhere else; yet how essential I find these exercises to be! Dear brethren, my recent experiences have brought me to nothing, and less than nothing. I am indeed less than the least of all saints; but I feel an increased earnestness to take heed unto what the Lord hath spoken."

This was indeed the place for a man who all his life long had been petted by hundreds of people and looked up to as though there were no other,—this was indeed the place for him to be made to prove that, after all, he was but a poor mortal like the rest. A happy day would it be to us to see Mr. Spurgeon brought to a like spot in his soul feelings. "Play the man," indeed. He would find then he could no more do it than James Wells could. Once let him, or other Duty-faith men or Baxterians, be brought here, and away will go their duty-faith and creature power in divine things; and they will prove that though such flesh-pleasing doctrines may do while in the vigour of health, they will not do on a dying bed. Nor will they by any means be the first of their kind who proved this,—Baxter himself being among the earlier number.

Again:

"'When thou art in tribulation.' I said, 'Well, Lord, if any poor creature were ever in tribulation in body and mind, I am.' 'And all these things are come upon thee.' And these afflictions which are come upon me are, next to the mysteries of the gospel, the greatest mysteries I ever met with. 'In the latter days.' So I have; it is in the latter days of my life that this cup of trembling, which I have drunk to the very dregs, is put into my hand, and I am still, though more moderately, drinking thereof. 'If thou turn to the Lord thy God, and be obedient to his voice.' I said, 'Ah, Lord, I do turn unto thee with all my heart and all my soul. Thou knowest I have none in heaven but thee, and there is no god on the earth I desire beside thee. If thou refuse to hear me, all is lost.' 'And be obedient to his voice.' 'Yea, Lord,' said I, 'if believing in thy dear Son, and cleaving unto thee as my only hope, if this is being obedient unto thy voice,—if feeling that if I were raised up again to serve thee I would do so day and night with soul and body and every power I possess,—if this is being obedient to thy voice, I am obedient to thy voice.'"

Was it *all* doubt and despair? No, blessed be our God. When he has shown us what poor mortals we are, and we have well nigh sunk in despair, then comes the voice of mercy:

"The spirit of grace and supplication, which I trusted I felt a little of, gave me hope of interest in the beautiful clauses of verse 31: 'So the Lord thy God is a merciful God.' 'Ah,' exclaimed I, 'Then after all he is my God.' 'THY God is a merciful God' came with encouraging sweetness. THY God. I lingered much upon these words, THY God; and then, thought I, 'he is just the God I need, for he is a merciful God;' for never, even in my first convictions of sin, did I more deeply feel the need of his mercy than I did at this time. 'Then comes in this 31st verse a beautiful description of this mercy: 'He will not forsake thee.' I was ready to say, 'What can I want more?' 'Neither destroy thee.' This, again, helped me much, because this is just what I feared he was doing. 'Nor forget the covenant of thy fathers which he swore unto them.' The substance of all I ever said of this everlasting covenant seemed to present itself to my mind. This was the first instance in my affliction in which I gained comfort from my past experience. My intense love in times gone by to the Holy and Eternal Three, by the revelation of the sworn and immutable covenant, seemed to be reviving in me. Long had I known that all my salvation and all my desire were in and by this well-ordered and everlasting covenant: 'The Lord thy God will not forget the covenant of thy fathers which he swore unto them.' I was enabled somewhat to rejoice that I had for so many years delighted in the Messenger of this covenant, and so long gloried in the immutability of that counsel which is shown to the heirs of promise. Here I began to be at home; and had I been well in health, you would have had a sermon of life and power from these two beautiful verses in Deuteronomy. O, how full my heart and soul have been, at times, of these eternal things!"

"A little while and the saying shall be brought to pass, 'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?' Ah, where indeed? Lost in our Immanuel's conquering power; so that the promise, 'Thou shalt not die' is positive, and not conditional. And the reason it is positive, and not conditional is, because it was not by Moses, or the law of works, but by Him by whom came grace and truth. Gladly would I here repeat the language I used when I seemed to be at heaven's gate, wrapped in this Immanuel and his glory. My soul would have taken wing with infinite rapture to the worlds of light, of joy, and peace. I did, indeed, realize the truth of the poet's words:

" 'Jesus, the vision of thy face,
Hath overpowering charms.'

No wonder that Simeon, when thus favoured, should desire to depart. No wonder that the apostle Paul, who knew immeasurably more of Christ, of God, and of heaven than I ever knew, should also desire to depart, to be with Christ, which is far better. O, how did I long also to depart. Nor can I say that the feeling has yet left me. My seemingly interminable illness makes my life bitter; nevertheless, the Lord himself keeps me stayed upon him; so that he has not suffered me to be tried above that I have been able to bear. And not one inch of ground has the enemy gained upon me in relation to God's eternal truth, the same being unto me dearer, if possible, than it ever was. In this sense I have been enabled to play the man, having so far fought a good fight, and, perhaps, shall soon finish my course; and if I have not kept the law of Moses, I have kept the faith of Christ, which is the only way in which the crown of life, righteousness, and glory can be obtained."

In his ministry generally, so far as himself was concerned, he soared above doubts and fears; but he was enabled, nevertheless, in innumerable instances, to pick up poor doubters and fearers. He traced their path, without very often, so far as our knowledge of his sermons extends, saying, "I am the man!" "It never

was my lot," he says, "to understand that experience which hath in it no doubts or fears." And this we firmly believe, though, as we have said, he does not appear to have been greatly troubled with them himself till on his sick bed.

In letter V. he says,

"Only look at what by his atoning death he has achieved. Sin deeper than hell, high as heaven, broad as the sea, and longer than the earth, hath lighted up unquenchable fire. How vain to attempt to describe the tortures, the endless tortures, and miseries of a damned soul. With more terror than I ever felt before have I had a foretaste of hell itself. I can better than ever understand the meaning of David when he saith, 'The sorrows of death compassed me, the pains of hell gat hold upon me. I found trouble and sorrow.' And so drunken was I with wormwood that I felt I could not look with any hope to the Saviour."

But now see him in letter VII.:

"Some months ago, when my soul was caught up near to heaven's gate, nothing impressed my mind more than these three things: first, the universal liveliness; second, that this liveliness was by our dear Immanuel; and third, the infinite and joyous welcome by which I should be received by all heaven. Like lightning flashing upon my mind did the contrast appear between my state of affliction in the body and my freedom and welcome there. I can never forget what I heard or what I felt, and shall ere long in perfection realize; and the dulness which, through deep affliction, I have now so many months endured, makes to me the contrast between earth and heaven the greater."

He bore his affliction, he tells us, "sometimes like a wild bull in a net;" yet he was enabled to "lay fast hold of the blessedness of the man whose transgression is forgiven." And several times, when he thought he was about to depart, the words resounded through his soul: "Victory! Victory! Victory! through the blood of the Lamb!"

Holiness of his own he knew he had none. He left that phantom to be enjoyed by those who had never been taught the plague of their own hearts. Yet says he,

"O, how I thirst for the perfect realization of that holiness which is by faith in the blood of the Lamb, so as to have no more wanderings of a fallen and vile nature! O, how gladly would I be rid of every one of my sins. Great as my affliction is, and heavy as my groanings have been, and piercing as my cries have been, I would rather retain all my bodily miseries than retain one sin. O, what is life to me, with all its treasures and pleasures, compared with 'holiness unto the Lord!' I would indeed be holy as he is holy."

During most of his illness he was in the country; but letter XXV. was written after his return home. When that was, we do not know, as the letter bears no date. Indeed, all the 25 letters are dateless. This surely must have been the fault of the transcriber. And here we may say we know not who superintended the publishing of the book; but whoever it was, he ought to have called in the assistance of abler hands; for the punctuation, in many parts, is almost unpardonably bad.

Five other letters are addressed to the church, to be read at the ordinance of the Lord's supper. These are dated respectively Oct., Nov., and Dec., 1871, and Jan. and Feb., 1872, the last being only about five weeks before his death.

Following the letters is a brief autobiography. This, however, only begins in 1824, when he was about 21 years of age. Did he say nothing of his former life? We can hardly think he passed that by, as he used often to refer to it in the pulpit. The autobiography is introduced by a few lines from some friend not named, in which the deceased is represented as having been what we should call "a good boy;" but this certainly does not agree with what he used to say of himself, as to his youthful days.

In his autobiography, which is highly interesting and edifying, Mr. W. says,

"The ministers of God minister these things according to the gifts and abilities which are bestowed upon them. If one dwell much more upon experience than another, it does not follow that he thinks less of the doctrines than another who dwells more upon doctrine; nor does it follow that he who dwells most upon doctrines makes light of *true* experience, or that he is not as much exercised as the brother who dwells more upon experience."

With the latter part of this we can hardly agree. We are quite sure if a minister be deeply exercised in his own soul he will make experience, according to the word of God, his principal theme.

Again:

"Now, although in some few instances I have had life and power by sermons upon doctrines, and by sermons upon experience, yet the ministry (when I could meet with it) which has upon the whole suited me the best is that which unites the two sides of the matter; that ministry which expatiates upon the ancient provisions of mercy, the Person and mediatorial work of Christ, the saving operations of the Holy Spirit, together with the glories yet to be revealed. The first shows us the source of salvation; the second shows the nature and greatness of that salvation; the third describes the evidence of interest in that salvation; the fourth shows a *little* of the bliss yet to be possessed."

With every word of this we agree. We have heard ministers preach doctrines upon doctrines, and their ministry has been as dry as a burnt stick; and we have heard ministers who preached nothing but experience, and the result has been that their people have been ignorant of the doctrines,—*"a mixed multitude,"* some believing one thing and some another. In a true gospel ministry there must be a separation both in doctrine and experience. The precious must be taken forth from the vile.

Following the autobiography we have extracts from a sermon preached by Mr. Wells, Oct. 19th, 1870, exactly 40 years after the commencement of his pastorate. After that sermon, we are told, "he was only permitted to preach four times."

And then follow about three pages of the closing scene. He seems to have been firm upon the Rock:

"The truth I have preached forty-three years I steadily abide by. The finished mediatorial work of the dear Redeemer is a subject very dear to my heart. I withdraw not one gospel truth I have advanced, bless the Lord. The work of the Holy Spirit is dearer to me than ever. Some expressions I have used in my mode of address may have been misunderstood; but God knew my meaning."

Unhappily, if misunderstood, he never tried or cared to explain himself. Had he done so, he would have been spared many a castigation, and some of his true friends many a pang.

" Blessing his wife and children around his bed, he said, ' I am three parts through the valley, and would not go back even if I could; no, not even to preach the gospel. What! Retreat? No, no! A crown of righteousness.

" ' Not a wave of trouble rolls

Across my peaceful breast.'

The crown is not only laid up for me, but for all those who love his appearing. I am quite willing, and only waiting the summons."

" He said to Mr. Mitson, who had been with him till the last, ' Lift me up, brother, a little higher, a little higher: ' and then, in a few minutes, in the arms of Mr. Mitson, he quietly and sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, without a struggle or a groan, on Lord's day afternoon, March the 10th, 1872."

In conclusion, we strongly recommend the book to our readers. The prices are only 1s. 4d. and 1s. 8d.

SIMPLE FAITH.—Many years ago the late Mr. Gadsby was going into the country to preach, and, as was his wont in his younger days, was walking, when he was joined by a " simple faith " professor. Religion soon became the subject of conversation. Mr. G. maintained that true faith was not man's work, but the work of the Holy Spirit in the hearts of his people, and that without this there can be no real satisfaction for a quickened soul, hungering and thirsting after an assurance of his salvation; while his companion maintained that it was the duty of every man to believe. " There is the Word," said he, " and we ought to read it, and take comfort from it." After walking some miles, they came to a roadside house, swinging over the door of which was a sign: " Refreshments may be had here." " I am very tired," said the stranger. " Let us go in here and have some refreshment." " O no!" said Mr. G. " There is the sign (the Word). Let us read it, take comfort from it, and pass on; for, according to your doctrine, that is sufficient."

SINCERE obedience is called by some the condition of salvation; but God has drawn no line to mark the boundary; therefore every man must draw the line for himself. Now, Sir, observe the consequence. One prays on Sundays, but at no other time; that is his line of devotion. Another only prays in a tempest; that is his line. And a third will only pray when sick or dying. One is intemperate once a week, and staggers home, but keeps upon his legs; that is his line of sobriety. Another gets very tipsy every night, but drinks no spirituous liquors; that is his line. And a third will take a dram stoutly, but declares that he cannot help it; he should be dead without it. One does not break the bond of wedlock, but has a lascivious eye; that is his line of chastity. Another is licentious in act; that is his line. A third gives loose to the reins of unbridled lust, and lives in open adultery. What must we say to these things? They are all condemned; but if God has drawn no boundary, man must draw it, and will draw it, where he pleases. Sincere obedience thus becomes a nose of wax; and is so fingered as to fit exactly every human face. I look upon this doctrine as the devil's masterpiece, the most ingenious trap that ever was contrived by him. Where other pernicious doctrines slay a thousand, this will slay ten thousand. Talking of sincere obedience, and doing what we can, is mighty plausible. It sounds well, and looks decent; but it opens a dreadful sluice for the profligate, and erects a notable pillar for the deist.—*Berridge*.

Obituary.

ANN MILLS.— On June 24th, aged 43, Ann Mills, a member of the church at Frederick Street, Birmingham.

The Lord's people are called the excellent of the earth and the lights of the world. In them as well as in the apostles has God set a tabernacle for the sun, that in them and by them the world may see that there is such a thing as godliness in the earth, and that the faith and religion of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob might be perpetuated. Every one of the elect of God must be brought to know him, and all will be enabled to give that account of the work of God that shall tend to their own abasement, the exaltation of Jesus Christ, and the glory of God.

As what is written out of a feeling heart generally carries with it a stamp of genuineness, I shall let this dear saint, who was a woman careful not to exaggerate, speak for herself:

“Respecting my early life I cannot say much. My mother, who was a good woman, died when I was young; so that I remember but little of her. I used to attend church or chapel regularly, say my prayers, and sing hymns, and so concluded I was very good. When I attained the age of 22, the Lord took my only sister, who I believe is gone to rest; which proved a heavy stroke to me. Before she died she prayed earnestly that the Lord would change my heart. She also begged of me to read the Bible. I was always fond of reading; but, to my shame I say it, it was not the Bible. I grieved very much over my sister, and used to shut myself up in my room for hours together to grieve over her, and I read the Bible because I had promised her to do so; but in time this all wore away.

“About this time I was married to a young man who feared God, and I attended with him at a Baptist chapel. One Sunday evening the minister read for a text: ‘As the hart panteth after the waterbrooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.’ I thought I never heard such words before. I wept, but could not tell what for. I still loved the world, and thought myself as good as those who went to chapel. It was not until 1862 that I knew anything of a change of heart. In that year God in his providence removed us from Willenhall to Birmingham. My husband having obtained a situation there, he regularly attended Frederick Street chapel, and would sometimes ask me to go with him; but seeing I had no mind, he left off asking me. This rather vexed me, and so I thought I would go unasked. Before I had attended long at Frederick Street, Mr. Dennett, the minister, searched me through and through. He seemed to turn me inside out. Truly I felt the word of God to be ‘quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword.’ It cut up all my self-righteousness. Before I thought I was all right; now I felt to be all wrong. I thought the minister must know all about me; for he seemed to be preaching to me and cutting me to pieces. But the more it cut me the closer I cleaved to it.

“I now began to feel what a great sinner I was before a holy God. I remember Mr. Dennett, when speaking of the different sorts of sinners, saying the moral sinner was as guilty in the sight of God as the profane. O how that was opened up to me! I saw what I was. I felt I was the worst wretch upon the earth.

“I went on in this way for some time. I dared not go on my knees to pray; for I thought in so doing it would be mocking God. I used to tremble, when going to chapel, for fear I should be cut off; and yet I dared not stay away. Hitherto I had only attended chapel on Sundays; now I longed to attend the week-night services; but I thought they

were held for the people of God only, and not for such as I. I thought how much I should like to get into some corner where I could not be seen. At last I ventured to the prayer meeting. Mr. D. read and expounded part of Jno. vi.: 'He that eateth of this bread shall live for ever.' O what longings I felt in my soul after Jesus Christ, the Bread of life!

"I continued going to these meetings. At one of them was sung hymn 236; and never shall I forget what I felt when verse 4 was read; "True faith's the gift of God,' &c.

"About this time, my husband and three others were baptized; and as I had never seen any one follow the Lord in this commandment, I felt a great desire to be present. I felt it was a very solemn ordinance, but feared I should never be good enough to be baptized.

"I was now in great distress. Sin lay heavy on my soul. I could not sleep at nights, nor find peace by day; neither could I tell any one what I felt, because I thought there was no one like me. One day in my trouble these words came to my mind: 'Is any sorrow like unto my sorrow?' For some days these words followed me, and I kept repeating them, till I opened my hymn book and found a hymn upon the words. Then I saw that the words applied to the Lord Jesus, and that his sorrow was greater than mine; for his sorrow was unto death.

"About this time I was snared by the devil to read a weekly paper lent me by a neighbour. My husband disapproving of it, I hid it. This I did for two or three weeks, my conscience accusing me all the while. The last time I did so these words came with great power: 'Thou God seest me.' I cannot describe my feelings, but surely the eye of God was upon me, searching my inmost soul. I felt I had not only sinned against a holy and righteous God, but against my own conscience also. The distress that followed I cannot tell; but it was so great it made me ill in body; and being so bowed down in spirit, feeling that the holy eye of God was upon me, I got no rest, day nor night. I went to bed but dared not go to sleep, lest before morning I should sink into hell. After my husband was gone to sleep I was compelled to get out of bed and fall down on my knees, crying, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner.' If ever I prayed in my life it was at this time. Towards morning these words came and brought me some relief: 'Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted.' Soon after this these words brought a little comfort: 'I the Lord will be with thee;' but it was not long before I sank very low again. My husband perceiving I was not well, wished me to go to Malvern, thinking the change of air might do me good. I went very reluctantly; but before starting I called upon Mr. and Mrs. D. I had not yet spoken of my trouble to any one. However, Mr. D. looked at me, and said, 'I think you have a complaint that Malvern air cannot touch. I think your case needs the good Physician.' I immediately burst into tears, but could not speak. 'O!' I thought, 'he knows all about me.'

"I went to Malvern; but finding no comfort there, was glad to return home in a few days. I continued in deep soul-trouble until Sunday evening, Aug. 9th, 1863, when Mr. D. preached from Isa. lxi. 3. There came such power with the words that truly I felt them to be the words of the Lord to my soul. My burden was gone. I looked for my sins, and could not find them; they were all gone. I looked at the minister, and felt such love to him that I have never forgotten. I looked round the chapel and felt such a love to the people that I had not felt before. I loved the Lord and his people. This was the time of liberty and pardon to my soul. I then thought I should never sin again. But O how different have I found it! Sometimes I feel that sin is mixed with all I do.

"One night the Lord Jesus appeared to me on the cross. By faith I

saw his blessed hands, his feet, and his pierced side. He looked upon me with pity and compassion. It was such a look that I shall never forget. Until then I knew nothing of the eye of faith. Then the words came:

“ ‘Twas Jesus, my Friend, when he hung on the tree.’

I felt so humbled before the Lord that I

“ ‘Could creep beside him as a worm,
And see him bleed for me.’

“When my comforts were gone, I often sank very low in my mind, and thought, because my feelings varied, I could not be right. I thought the Lord’s people never had such changes as I had. In these low states of mind I was constrained to seek the Lord again. I used to take my Bible, especially after breakfast in a morning, retire to my bed-room, and go on my knees and ask the Lord to direct me where to read for my soul’s comfort. I once read Isa. xl. 28–31 with such comfort that I cannot describe, especially verses 28, 29. I could now see that although my feelings changed, the Lord was the same. I was enabled to say, ‘Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name.’

“I now began to desire to walk in the ordinances of the Lord’s house; but felt afraid that after all I should not prove the right character. I used to walk about the house crying to the Lord, and begging, if I was not right, he would make me right; and if I was right, he would keep me right. I wanted him to tell me that I was one of the children. One day these words came to my mind: ‘I must work the works of him that sent me while it is day. The night cometh when no man can work.’ These words puzzled me very much, for I knew that Jesus spake them concerning himself. I could not understand what work I was to do. Soon after this I heard there was likely to be a church meeting and a baptizing. I became very much exercised about being baptized; but I wanted the Lord to speak a word of encouragement to my soul.

“On the Friday, before the church meeting took place, which was on Nov. 22nd, 1863, I was awoke with these words: ‘Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.’ Then this portion followed: ‘He brought me into the banqueting-house, and his banner over me was love, and ‘God is love.’ The power that came with these words I have never forgotten. I was so raised above the things of earth that I could not bear to hear my husband speak of temporal things. On the following Sabbath I was enabled to go before the church, and was strengthened in a wonderful way to tell what God had done for my soul. After the meeting was over, a good old man took me by the hand, and, addressing me, said, ‘I can say, Come in, thou blessed of the Lord.’ Having a weak body, I wanted the Lord to strengthen me to go through the water, and, bless his holy name, he did, by applying these and other words with power to my soul:

“ ‘His love in time past forbids me to think,’ &c.

I was baptized by Mr. D. the first Sabbath in December, 1863. Mr. D. preached from the words: ‘One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see.’ It was a good time to my soul, and it was some time before I lost the sweetness of it. I believe the Lord was there.

“After a while, unbelief began to creep in; the enemy told me it was all a delusion, and I seemed to believe him. I remember going to chapel very low indeed. Mr. D. preached from Micah vii. 18, 19. I cannot describe the solemnity I felt whilst he was speaking of ‘Who is a God like unto thee?’ And when he spoke of these words, ‘He will turn again, he will have compassion upon us; he will subdue our iniquities; and thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea,’ I felt a change that I

cannot express. My sins were all gone; the enemy was silenced, and truly I felt I could say, 'There is no God like unto our God.'

"After this the enemy told me I was trying to deceive the Lord's people, that I had never prayed rightly, and that it was useless for me to pray, as I was not one of the elect. O how my poor heart sank within me! I was in such a state of mind that I dared not to go on my knees to pray; yet, as I went about the house, I could not help saying, 'Lord, help me! Lord, do keep me! Lord, I would not be deceived; and, above all, I would not deceive thy people.' But the devil told me this was not prayer. I felt, 'O what a great sinner I am in deceiving the Lord's people!' I felt that God would be just in cutting me down as a cumberer of the ground; and I could say,

"And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.'

I thought I must tell Mr. D. that I was deceived; but, before doing so, I resolved to venture on my knees once more. I said, 'Yes, Lord, once more I venture;' and, whilst praying, these words came: 'Through faith in his name,' followed by this portion: 'Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God,' &c. Also these words: 'O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest and not comforted; behold I will lay thy stones with fair colours,' &c. The power that came with these portions was such that the devil was put to flight. Yes, he was overcome with the precious blood of Christ, and I could sing,

"Not all the blood of beasts,' &c.

"One night I was awoke out of my sleep. I thought I heard a trumpet sounding, which made me tremble from head to feet. I thought of the words: 'The trumpet shall sound and the dead shall be raised;' and I thought, 'If that time is come, how shall I stand before God?' I awoke my husband and asked him to get up and see what was the matter. He went, and it proved to be a house on fire. While my husband was away I earnestly begged of the Lord to manifest himself to me; and these words came:

"Jesus sought me when a stranger,' &c.

I have never forgotten the effect. My fears were all gone. I felt it was precious blood to me. O how I need it applied again and again to my conscience! When the Lord hides his face, I am troubled. I can say,

"Tis paradise when thou art here;
If thou depart, 'tis hell.'

"One morning being sunk very low in body and mind, I went upstairs to seek the Lord's face. I said, 'Lord, I cannot go on like this.' I read the Bible, and my eyes fell on these words: 'The Lord liveth.' I felt them so sweet that I said, 'Yes, the Lord liveth and reigneth;' and I could feelingly say, 'And blessed be my Rock, and let the God of my salvation be exalted.' I must have a living Christ, and it is only the living that can praise him, as I do this day.

"One day I took up the Bible and read Ps. cxviii. I shall never forget the blessed feeling I had when I read verse 28. I said, 'O! He is my God!' I really clapped my hands and danced for joy, saying, 'He is my God!' I think if any natural person had seen me he would have thought I had lost my senses; but it was before the Lord I did it. How different are my feelings now. The language of my heart is, 'O Lord, I am oppressed. Undertake for me.' The remembrance of past sins and the guilt of present sins press me down. I find I can no more help sinning than I can cease to breathe; for I feel that the thought of foolishness is sin."

She then gives an account of the illness of one of her children, but

she had assurance to believe she would recover; and she did. She then goes on:

"The same day Rom. viii. was very sweet to me. It begins with: 'There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus;' and it goes on to say, 'Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?' I said, 'Not anything, Lord. Nothing will be able to separate me from the love of Christ. No, not all my sins, past, present, or to come. No, not even Satan himself shall ever be able to separate me from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.' O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out. After this I fell into a cold and dark state of mind. I had no heart for the Lord nor his word, neither had I any heart for prayer. O what a state to get into after so much manifested mercy! I remained in this state for several weeks. O the depths of sin, and I may say, O the long-suffering mercy of God; for instead of cutting me off for my base ingratitude, he was pleased to show me where I was. O what a wretch I felt I was! My sins stared me in the face. I felt I had sinned against light and knowledge. How suitable to my feelings was Ps. li. O how I cried for mercy! How truly I was made to feel that my sins had separated between me and my God, and I was made willing to be brought back in the Lord's own way, however painful it might be. The Lord had mercy in store for me. I went to chapel very low in mind on account of my base backslidings. Mr. D. gave out his text: 'Behold, thou art fair.' The words took my heart. I said, 'What, me, Lord, who am so black?' But the words came over and over again: 'Thou art all fair.' I could not remember much of the sermon.

"After this I used to beg of the Lord to lead me in a right way; and about this time Mr. Hull came to supply at Frederick Street, and quoted these two lines:

"Finish, dear Lord, what is begun;
Choose thou the way, but still lead on."

This was just the desire of my soul, and it made me weep very much.

"I remember one morning feeling very low in mind, when these words came and kept coming: 'Have fellowship with him in his sufferings.' I felt very sorrowful, and fell on my knees; but could not say one word. It seemed as though the Lord came and stood by my side and showed me his hands, his feet, and his wounded side, and said, 'Have fellowship with me in my sufferings!' I felt so humbled that I could do nothing but weep. I was on my knees a long time. I truly felt the Lord was there. I believe I felt willing, in some measure, to suffer with him. But the dear Lord had not done with me here. He gave me a faith's view of himself in the garden, sweating great drops of blood, falling down to the ground. I seemed to hear him say, 'O my Father, if it be possible let this cup pass from me. Nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt.' It is quite impossible for me to describe what I felt at this time. I might write much more that I passed through; but will pass on.

"On Sunday evening, January 23rd, 1870, the Lord was pleased to bless my soul and raise me above the things of time. As I sat in the chapel the words kept coming: 'My soul thirsteth for God, the living God.' Mr. Dennett preached from the text: 'The Lord did not set his love upon you nor choose you because ye were more in number than any people; for ye were the fewest of all people.' I so realized the Lord's presence at this time that I felt I was redeemed, and that I was one of his children.*

* See letter in "G. S.," July, 1870, written concerning this blessed visit.

“ After this the Lord afflicted me very much in mind and then in body. In my afflictions these portions of the word of God would come into my mind: ‘ Verily thou art a God that hidest thyself, O God of Israel the Saviour;’ and, ‘ The days of darkness shall be many.’ I felt such darkness come over me that I had not known before, and which lasted some months. I felt no access to the Lord in prayer; yet could not help trying to pray.

“ One Sunday as I went upstairs in great distress, the words kept coming, ‘ Pray! Pray!’ Satan seemed at my back trying to keep me from prayer, telling me the Lord would not hear me. At last I ventured on my knees and had these words:

“ ‘ All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him.
This he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit’s rising beam.’

I felt very much encouraged. My deadness of soul was taken away. Afterwards this portion was given me: ‘ God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.’ Hymn 275, Gadsby’s Selection, was very much impressed on my mind, beginning:

“ ‘ Let me, thou sovereign Lord of all.’

I was also strongly impressed that trouble was coming upon me.

“ Soon afterwards the Lord was pleased to afflict me very heavily in body. In my affliction the Lord blessed my soul for a long time with the enjoyment of his love and mercy. He made me willing to leave this world. The substance of these words was applied to me: ‘ Sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection.’ After a while the Lord in measure raised me up again; and then I got into a rebellious spirit, because the Lord did not take me when I was willing to die.

“ After this affliction I was not able to go regularly to chapel as I had been accustomed to do. Sometimes I felt I would go. This I did in a wrong spirit, and I was so overcome with my weakness that the word was not blessed to me.

“ About this time I was exercised respecting writing some little of the Lord’s dealings with me; in doing which I have found sweetness. I have not done so for my own honour or glory, but that the Lord might be glorified by the same.

“ Nov. 21st, 1872.—The Lord was pleased to favour me this morning with a faith’s view of his agony in the garden and on the cross. I felt that notwithstanding all my sins, shortcomings, backslidings, and base ingratitude, the Lord had a favour towards me; and this verse followed:

“ ‘ If I loved my Lord before,’ &c.

“ Sunday evening, Nov. 24th, 1872, a spirit of prayer was given me to entreat the Lord that he would once more bless a poor sinful worm and again say unto my soul, ‘ I am thy salvation.’ Also that he would bless his church at large and his church at Frederick Street; in particular with the spirit of grace and supplication on behalf of his ministers that he would send his helping hand and hold them up in their work and labour of love; for, O Lord, they need it.”

After the last-named date she ceased to write of her experience. It will be seen that the concluding paragraph is made up of prayer for herself, the people of God, and his servants, which was truly characteristic of her spirit. Her soul being much concerned for the prosperity of the church, nothing gave her greater pleasure than to hear that God had blessed any of his people, or by the power of his Spirit brought any to the truth and to Christ. Possessed of more than ordinary discernment, combined with a spirit of gentleness and love, she would kindly encourage

the weakest saint, and, at the same time, as carefully avoid building up souls upon mere negative evidences. Being thoroughly separated from the world, her outward demeanour, gentleness, and meekness of spirit, judgment in the things of God, and regular attendance at his house as long as she had strength to go, brought upon her the general esteem, and I may add universal love of all those with whom she stood associated, both in the church and congregation. Altogether she was afflicted for nearly five years, the last two or three of which, in consequence of the peculiar nature of her complaint, which no medical aid could arrest, were passed almost in martyrdom. The latter stages of her life were spent with much soul-travail, darkness of mind, the hidings of God's countenance, and deeper and deeper discoveries of the total corruption of her nature and the thorough depravity of her heart, interspersed with seasons of joy, meltings of spirit, helps in prayer, occasional comfort in reading the sacred pages of truth, and now and then applications of a promise to her soul. She would often say, "I never thought I should be brought into such darkness and be such a wretch as I am. I can neither love, believe, pray, nor fear, and, at times, I have not a good desire. I often wonder whether, after all, my religion is right." Suffering from a painful irritation which, at times, was almost intolerable, she would exclaim, "I want patience, and I feel I have not a bit of it." When the Lord drew near and said to her, "Have fellowship with me in my sufferings," it was doubtless to prepare her for all these inward conflicts of mind and painful afflictions of body, which she bore with Christian fortitude, and with a considerable degree of cheerfulness, which made her company and conversation agreeable and profitable to the last.

In the summer of 1873 she was confined to her bed for several weeks, and appeared so near death that it seemed almost impossible for her to recover the attack. At this time she felt very reluctant to die, and passed through great changes of mind, sometimes being favoured with the Lord's gracious presence; at other times much inward fretfulness, impatience, and unthankfulness, which, though little observed by others, cost her much grief, and made her exclaim what a wretch she was.

To the astonishment of many friends, she got better and appeared in the courts of the Lord, almost like one raised from the dead; but her heart being there, she would get her body there also; and in doing so she could truly look up to the Lord and say, "My main desire is to see thy power and glory so as I have seen thee in the sanctuary." She was at chapel the first Sunday in May of the present year, which proved to be the last time. Soon after this she was confined to her bed and never rallied again. The doctor said he never knew any one, the action of whose heart was as feeble as hers, continue and recover from attacks as she had done."

The following are a few particulars of her last days:

May 26th.—I visited her and found her very ill. She said, "I have had a blessed view of the church of God. This scripture was made precious to me: 'Nevertheless, the foundation of God standeth sure;' and I felt I was on this foundation. This portion also was given to me: 'To an inheritance;' and I believe this inheritance is mine; for I believe the Lord loves me."

June 3rd.—She said, "I have had a severe bilious attack. I thought I should have died; but I felt very happy. My soul was ready to fly from the body. I would on no account have been without my affliction. I am better off than the Queen, unless she had my blessings." She was reminded that there remained a rest for the people of God, and that she was one of them. She said, "I cannot deny it, though I so often question it."

June 8th.—She said, “I have been so ill. I awoke in the night and thought I was dying; but these lines were the true experience of my soul:

“Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll,” &c.

She said, “Through extreme weakness, I cannot talk much:

“But when this lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I’ll sing thy power to save.”

June 12th.—Having slept better during the night, she appeared refreshed. She said, “When I awoke this morning I felt thankful, and was favoured with a little gratitude to God; and this is a great thing, you know. What a hard heart mine is. I have been reading the word of God (but it tries my head very much, and the action of my heart is so feeble that I can scarcely feel it beat at all). I have been reading about Abraham’s faith. O what a great faith he had!” She was told that her faith was of the same kind as Abraham’s. She said, “But mine is so little compared with his.” She handed the Bible, and said, “Will you read?” In reading Rom. iv., and whilst speaking to her of Christ being the promised Seed in which Abraham saw salvation, and that the blessedness that came upon him was the imputed righteousness of Christ and justification from all his sin, and that this blessedness was not confined to the Jews, as Abraham, David, and others, but that it came upon the gentiles also; whilst speaking also about the preciousness of Jesus Christ to sensible sinners, the wondrous efficacy of his blood, and that by it thousands were redeemed from everlasting misery, she turned to me, and, with tears rolling down her pale cheeks, said, “Mr. Dennett, these are not tears of sorrow; they are tears of joy, though I sometimes have tears of sorrow when I mourn over my sins and after God.” She then spoke blessedly of the work of Christ, and said it was all from love; love was at the bottom of it all. “His blood cleanseth from all sin; not one sin or *some* sins, but *all* sins. The work is his own, and he shall have all the praise, for it is his due.”

June 17th.—She was much weaker. Being asked how she was in her mind, she said, “I scarcely know whether I have a mind. My experience this morning is this:

“Zeal extinguish’d to a spark,
Evidences very low.”

June 19th.—She said, “Yesterday I felt very distant from God, which made me uneasy. I said to myself, I cannot go on like this. I took the Bible and read in Matt. xxii., where the king came in to see the guests, and found one who had not on the wedding garment. I thought, “O! Suppose, after all, this should be me? I was much tried and filled with distress, which made me pray most earnestly to God about it, and I was relieved a little from this verse:

“In Christ’s obedience clothe,
And wash me in his blood,” &c.

Still I kept on praying, until the Lord applied this verse with power: ‘For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.’ I was much comforted and blessed, and praised the Lord, and felt he was mine. To-day I have lost the peace of it, and want the Lord to come again.

“How strange is the course that a Christian must steer!”

After this she was almost too weak to converse with any one. Seeing her so near death, a friend said, "You will soon have on the best robe, or wedding garment." She replied, "I believe I shall." To friends who visited her the last day or two, finding herself very helpless, she said, "I cannot talk much. I must say as Sukey Harley did: 'If you want my dying testimony, you will find it in my life.'" She lay for some considerable time quite speechless, but apparently conscious, till the 24th, when her redeemed soul, without a struggle or groan, fled to the bosom of her dear Redeemer.

J. DENNETT.

THOMAS GRAY.—On May 30th, aged 33, Thomas Gray.

The subject of this memoir was born at Royston, Cambridgeshire. He stated as follows: "My father dying when I was very young, I cannot now remember much about him; but my mother told me he was always considered a very honest man, but made no profession of religion of any kind. He was very strict and severe with his family, but, from what my mother has related to me since, I have a hope that the Lord wrought a change in his soul during his last illness, which continued for twelve months. I was never cradled up in a profession of religion, but was always of a very sensitive, tender mind, and had always very great dread and fear of sinning against God; and I can look and feel thankful to see how the Lord preserved me. I was altogether ignorant of him; but it pleased him to open my poor blind understanding, by applying his own word with power, and at once convincing me of my lost condition, often fearing I should never obtain mercy; and although I had always been so mercifully preserved from open sins, yet I felt I was an awful sinner, feelingly so before God.

"I was in this state some time, when the Lord was pleased to send home to me his own word with power: 'Son, be of good cheer. Thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee.' The joy, the peace, the comfort, that flowed into my soul, accompanied with light, strength, and confidence,—I sang, I danced, I skipped, and thought none were so favoured as myself."

He was for some time mixed up with the Wesleyans, and, as he told me himself, was contented among them in some measure, until the Lord laid the wound open deeper in his conscience. He then found they were but poor comforters. His feet were then directed to Providence Chapel, Biggleswade; and having heard and caught the sound, and perceiving the Shepherd's voice, and that being a sound of love and mercy, it was what his soul had been thirsting after. And now his ear was bound to the door-post.

He suffered much from an afflicted body. Consumption was what preyed upon his constitution. He was a very quiet man, whose life closed without a blemish.

He took to his bed Nov. 1st, 1873, but got up occasionally. He said, "I used to think if laid on a bed of affliction I should then enjoy much of the Lord's presence; but I find I had most of that when I had to combat with the world, the flesh, and the devil. I have now to live by faith." Whatever his changes were, his hope was fixed. It was upon a Rock that would never give way. He often told me when there that he had robbers come to see him; but he said they would begin to wrangle about those precious truths that were the foundation of his hope and the glory of his soul. He said he never wanted to save money, and loved to be able to cheer the heart of any "poor thing" that in any way needed help, always feeling that it is more blessed to give than to receive. His employer, from the time of his first being laid aside, added to the pay he received from the Benefit Society sufficient to make up the usual salary he received when at his employment.

He gave one commandment concerning his body, wishing me to inter him, selecting as a text Jno. xvii., part of 23. He chose hymns also, 466, 469, 477, Gadsby's Selection. He said, "Satan is not permitted to come near me," and he breathed out his soul into the arms of his loving Redeemer.

He left a brief diary, from which we extract the following:

"I went to the house of God, and heard Mr. Whiting from Ps. lxxvi. 16. O how precious is the word when applied by the Spirit's power."

"Felt full of rebellion in my own breast. The Lord forbid I should have such another morning. May the Lord overrule it for my good and his own honour. But in the evening I felt a sweet nearness to his blessed Majesty."

"Felt sweetness in the word and in prayer. O what a mercy to have a throne of grace to go to, to pour out our souls before the Lord, and feel the heavy burden removed." "A dark day, sorely distressed by strong temptations, tossed and unsettled in mind, and constrained to cry, 'Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe,' and for the Lord to keep me from the evil of the enemy; for he seems, at times, so determined to thrust me down into evil and despair; but the Lord has promised strength for the day, which hath hitherto preserved me. O the worth of a throne of grace!

"Here let my soul retreat."

"Much blessed from Heb. xii. 1. O how sweet to meditate upon the word of God! I feel thankful there is a Lord's day, to be enabled to withdraw from the world, to feel a sweetness in prayer, and for the word to have an abiding effect upon our hearts."

"Can I say? Yes, I can say, 'The Lord is good, a stronghold in the time of trouble; and blessed are they that put their trust in him.' O that I could enjoy these things as I wish to do; but I desire to be resigned to God's will, in poverty or riches, sickness or health, foe or friend, life or death. I wish to seek his honour and glory." "O those words, 'I certainly will be with thee!' O what a promise! It does not matter how trying or afflicting the way, if the Lord is with us." "This day my soul is among lions. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of the wicked. Lord, grant that I may know more of thee and of thy salvation; lead me into the blessed truths of thy word." "How short-lived our comforts are! Darkness; cannot look up; despairing thoughts seem to seize hold of me, causing sighs and groans. 'Lord, help me!' 'Lord, look upon me; undertake for me!' O the sad havoc Satan makes when he is permitted. But that scripture, Isa. xlii. 16 was a comforting deliverance to my soul at this time; still desiring to be found in the ways of the Lord." "Satan tries hard to drive me into open sin. What an enemy to my poor soul! But I cry to the Lord to keep me, or I am gone. Hymn 1078, verse 2. O how true is that verse! It is just where I am. But that word, Micah vii. 19, is good: 'He will turn again,' &c. Now I feel if the Lord was never more to smile upon my soul, I hope to be kept to salvation. On one occasion I heard Mr. Batchelor from Ps. cvii. 23, 24. He was enabled to so blessedly describe the deep places of fear, of darkness, temptation, unbelief, iniquities, and the various tossings from trouble to trouble, sin to sin, joined to the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep, that my soul much enjoyed the sermon."

R. BATCHELOR.

SOME people are ready to say we are strange folks, who will neither work ourselves to heaven nor believe ourselves to heaven.—Gadsby.

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

NOVEMBER, 1874.

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

THAT GOD MAY BE GLORIFIED.

NOTES OF A SERMON BY MR. SARGEANT, PREACHED AT FORD STREET CHAPEL, COVENTRY.

“That he might be glorified.”—ISA. lxi., 3.

THE great end of the Lord God in all that he does is his own glory. The scriptures tell us that “the Lord hath made all things for himself.” That is, he made all things for his own purpose, for his own honour and glory. His people are commanded, whether they eat or drink or whatsoever they do, to do it all to the glory of God. When grace is in exercise in the heart of a child of God, he aims at God’s honour and glory. He seeks the honour of God, and wishes to do everything with a view to the honour of that God to whom he owes every blessing of which he is a partaker. God makes things that seem most unlikely, to work in such a manner that they shall produce his own glory. All the wrath and rage of men and devils, all the spite, all the enmity against his name, his people, his truth, his word, his cause, his ways, and his ordinances,—he brings out of them, all glory to his great name. “The wrath of man shall praise thee; the remainder of wrath shalt thou restrain.”

Having given us in the former part of the chapter before us a most blessed description of some of the things which the Lord would do, the speaker, the Lord Jesus, in the words of the text, gives us the reason: “That he might be glorified.”

Let us try to look a little this evening,

I. At a few things which the Lord has done and which he still does *that he may be glorified.*

II. Take a little notice, if the Lord please, *how the Lord is glorified* by these things.

I. We are to look a little at a few things which the Lord us, done and which he still does *that he may be glorified.* We must go back before time began, before the foundations of the world were laid, and look at God’s eternal choice of a people for himself, out of the unworthy, ruined race of Adam. Why did God choose them for himself? “That he might be glorified.” “Having,” says the apostle, “predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to himself, according to the good pleasure of his will, to the praise of the glory of his grace, wherein

he hath made us accepted in the Beloved." That was the way in which the Lord did it; this was the end he had in view in doing it; and the blessed result God brings about by it is, "to the praise of the glory of his grace." How glorifying God's eternal choice of his people to his dear sacred self. Poor unworthy sinners. Because election plainly shows this, that salvation is not of works, for sinners were chosen of God before they had done either good or evil; they were chosen of God before they had a being; therefore it could not be for any good they had done nor for any righteous works they had performed that God chose them unto salvation. No, no. It was his free, his sovereign choice (Eph. i. 4, 5); it was according to the good pleasure of his will, "to the praise of the glory of his grace." That is why people do not like the doctrine of election, because it gives and secures the glory of the sinner's salvation to God, excluding all boasting in the creature, gives no praise to the deeds of man's own hands, shuts the creature out from all operation in the work, shows that by this way he is perfectly passive, because it was done, settled, and determined upon before he had a being.

1. The sovereign, everlasting *choice* of a part of Adam's ruined race to be a people for God, chosen to eternal salvation, as needy, guilty, poor sinners, is a truth clearly revealed in God's word. They are taught by the Holy Spirit to feel and know their own way was not good. He comes to them as a Spirit of life, love, and power, and they are led to see and admire the distinguishing favour that he fixed upon them; for they were no better, not more righteous, not more worthy, not more deserving of the notice of Jehovah than those who eternally perish in and for their sins. And why was it so? "That he might be glorified."

2. That glorious *covenant* entered into by the Eternal Three, in behalf of his church and people, before the world was, the settlements of grace, the mercy he had in store for all those given into the hand of Christ for him to take care of,—all were secure in him, having all the blessings of grace, life, salvation, and glory treasured up in him; it was glorifying to the Lord God and blessedly safe for the poor sinner; because God never intrusted grace and heaven in the hand of our first father Adam. He knew that had heaven and grace been intrusted with him he would have lost them in common with that creature righteousness we had in him as our federal head. All we had in Adam we lost; therefore, had grace been committed to Adam's care and keeping, it would have been lost likewise. God never committed it to Adam's keeping. He blessed his people with all spiritual blessings in Christ,—secured them in Christ. All the blessings of grace, life, and salvation Christ keeps, that the Lord Jehovah may be glorified.

3. The blessed plan of *redemption*, the way in which sinners are safe, redeemed from the curse, from everlasting ruin and destruction, that this should be good for us and glorifying to

the Lord God, and the perfections of God's character should be displayed and glorified in the mysterious method of the sinner's redemption,—all was in the hands of Christ. How his wisdom shines forth in bringing poor hell-deserving sinners out of their wretched state to declare what he has done for them. I believe in my very soul that all the wisdom, all the intelligence of all created angels put together never could have devised, contrived, or found out a way by which a sinner could be justified before a pure and holy God. Nothing but the wisdom of God could indeed reach our case. When we are led to see the conflicting claims of mercy and justice we shall acknowledge this. It was God's good will and pleasure that his blessed chosen people should be saved. How, then, was it to be done consistently with his justice? They had sinned against God, broken his law, transgressed his command. The word was gone out of his mouth: "In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." How was God to keep his word? How was his truth to be maintained and established, his threatenings executed against sinners, law-breakers, and yet mercy be manifested to them? It could only be in that God-glorifying way of his own devising,—of God becoming man. There was no other way of a sinner's salvation consistently with the character of God; no possibility of any sinner being saved only by God becoming incarnate; for that Person, who became a substitute for sinners, must be able not only to redeem, but to justify them, to stand surety for them; in their room and place, to have that nature the law required. The law required obedience; then he who would justify and redeem them must have man's nature,—a human soul and body as a substitute for the soul and body of his people. He must have a holy, perfect, human nature, one that would meet the requirements and demands of God's holy law. He must have inward purity, grace, and perfection in his heart; so that his human nature should suffer, that the body he took should bleed and die. This was not all that was required. The Person that could justify and redeem must be God as well as man. It was absolutely necessary that he should be God, because the obedience of a mere man could never justify a single soul. Had the Lord Jesus been, as some say, a mere man, there would have been no virtue or merit in his obedience to justify a sinner. It was required for the justification of his own people that he must be God as well as man.

Herein is seen the glorious plan of redemption, that the Son of God should become man, taking humanity into union with his Deity. Deity gives riches and merit, worth, efficacy, and virtue to his obedience, sufferings, and death. As God-man, he became a meeting-place for a holy God and a guilty sinner; a Daysman that could lay his hand upon both; a middle man that stands between those who sinned and a righteous God; bringing together a poor guilty sinner and a righteous God. God honoured

every perfection of his character, making manifest that Christ was the end of the law, that he fulfilled all its demands. He made it honourable, paid the debt, and made amends to the offended justice and majesty of God. The curse fell upon him; every threatening was executed. Thus the word of God was fulfilled to sinners in the Person of their Substitute, the Lord Jesus. Mercy and truth met together, righteousness and peace kissed each other. His mercy and justice were equally glorified in the salvation of the sinner. The sinner could go to God and heaven in that way which honoured every perfection of Jehovah. Justice suffered no loss; and all "that he might be glorified."

In the sinner's redemption God is glorified, and God's power shall be glorified in carrying out and executing his designs. His love is glorified in saving the chief of sinners, in saving the most unworthy. Christ had a love unto these, and it is held forth in the gospel as a most conspicuous truth; that is, the love of God to his people. "God so loved the world." Such a wonderful, unchangeable love, to such a boundless extent, that "he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life." "Herein is love; not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins." To glorify the riches of his mercy, "to the praise of the glory of his grace," God the Son would so condescend, so stoop, so abase himself as to bow down and make himself of no reputation. Though he was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor, that we through his poverty might be made rich." He became a servant, obedient unto the death of the cross; and all "to the praise of the glory of his grace."

4. What glory to his *holiness* and *justice*. Such was manifested in his mercy, in the salvation of his people from death and hell. His holiness and justice were manifested, and shone bright and glorious in the redemption of his church. Though they also shine terribly and solemnly in the condemnation of ungodly men and devils, yet more glorious and solemnly in the salvation of his church and people. God never gave such a solemn display of his holiness and his hatred to sin as when he condemned them in the Person of his Son, because all the sufferings of men and devils, through the countless ages of eternity, would be no satisfaction to justice. The Lord Jesus, by his doing and dying, made satisfaction for us. He was able to sustain all the weight of the sins of his people. He really suffered in his own body on the tree, he made manifest the blessings of the gospel "that he might be glorified."

II. Take a little notice, if the Lord please, *how the Lord is glorified* by these things.

He is glorified in the redemption of sinners, by *the work* of the blessed Spirit. Just take a glance at the state of the people of God. By nature they are dead in trespasses and sins, "children of wrath, even as others." There is no difference naturally, between them and those who perish, walking according to the

course of this world, serving the prince of darkness, till the set time comes to favour their poor unworthy souls. O what glory to the power of God's grace! Thus we see these poor sinners in league with Satan, enemies to and rebellious against God; for man is a slave to his lusts, and if left to himself would secure his eternal damnation. But no. The Lord, in his mercy, will not allow that poor sinner to destroy himself. In mercy he stops him in his mad career; in mercy arrests him; in mercy sways his sceptre, discovers to the poor sinner his condition, opens his blind eyes, gives him to see the circumstances in which he is placed, makes him concerned and distressed about it, and a cry is really coming from his heart, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." So the poor wretch is now brought to articulate; he is made alive, he knows it is a reality, as it respects his soul. The very thing he is now distressed about, the voice of God in his law, he now knows; that which he fought against he is now made willing to lay down his hostile weapons and submit to, and bow at his footstool with weeping and supplication, seeking the mercy and favour of that God for whom before he cared nothing. The power of divine grace and godliness humbles the most haughty and rebellious, softens the hardest heart, and makes the most disobedient in sin and iniquity solemnly concerned about their soul's salvation. How glorifying to God, how passive he makes them in his hand. You and I were as passive in the matter as we were in election. I know I was. No fool was ever more fond of this world and its vanities than I was before God interrupted me. I should have continued in this state until this day had not God, in his matchless mercy, prevented me. I should never have sought him, never have been in any trouble, never had any desire till the Lord the Spirit wrought the desire in my soul. I should never naturally, and of my own free will, have thought upon his name. How well the prophet describes this: "But now, O Lord, thou art our Father. We are the clay and thou our potter, and all are the work of thy hand." What a glorious description! How exact! How God-glorifying: "We are the clay and thou our potter." The clay is figurative of us lying passive. What power has the clay to form itself into a vessel of any kind? It is most powerless. Just so it is with dead sinners. The children of God, in their natural state, are this clay. They are in a state of death and darkness, without spritual life, without power or will. They can do nothing towards bringing themselves out of that condition, towards making themselves vessels of mercy. They cannot take one step Godward. But when the heavenly Potter, Jehovah, comes, he separates this clay from the world, from the creature who has too heavy weights upon him to raise himself from a state of death and darkness in which he is. But the Lord Jesus comes and moulds it according to his own blessed power, "that he might be glorified."

How glorifying to the Lord God, not only in calling and quickening the sinner, dead in trespasses and sins, but in making him a suppliant and a beggar at the feet of Jesus. What a blessed display of the power of God's grace, to make one so ignorant to know the true wisdom, to make him walk quite contrary to his natural inclination, to call him to a new life. Grace does all this for all the people of God, makes them live contrary to their natural inclinations, their natural propensities. There must be some mighty principle at work to make a man who has such opposites within to walk contrary to them, to have that put within him he never brought into the world; a mighty governing principle of grace that makes him walk quite contrary to his natural inclinations, keeping down the power and dominion of sin, making the old man of sin serve the younger, to submit to the new man of grace. How God-glorifying is this teaching in the hearts of his people, and how soul-humbling, devil-overcoming, sin-subduing, and grace-exalting through the work of the blessed Spirit in their souls! And his dealings with them in a way of providence and grace, from time to time, are "that God may be glorified."

We have to learn most humbling, most abasing, most mortifying lessons, in that way that God shall be everlastingly glorified in the heart and affections of his people. This shall be seen in the unworthiness, utter ruin, and vile nature, the utter unworthiness of the least token of God's regard and favour; our dire helplessness, that we are unable to do even the slightest thing of a spiritual character for ourselves; our utter inability to keep the law, or obey the gospel, only as we are helped by the Spirit's influence to do so. The great end of God's dealing with his people to reduce them to nothing, to sink them into nothing, is that Christ may be All in all, as he is. It is impossible, if I am anything, that Christ can be all. Christ is everything in the salvation of my soul; I am nothing, absolutely nothing. This the Lord does for his people, "that he might be glorified."

How the Lord leads his people about and instructs them. After he has brought them into straits and difficulties, he leads them in a narrow path, a way of bitterness and sorrows, on the top of the rock, only just sufficient for the feet to walk on,—a dreadful precipice on either side. Here is the power of grace manifested in keeping the child of God in this very narrow path; death on either side; death on the right hand, death on the left. The child of God is led to steer, as it were, between these two deaths,—Pharisaism and Antinomianism. The people of God are led to walk between the two. Here the power of God's grace is displayed on behalf of his Israel, "that he may be glorified." All God's children have both these principles in their hearts, Antinomianism and Pharisaism. All are alike by nature; no difference whatever. Take the poorest wretch that ever walked; what he has in his heart you have in yours and I have in mine. But by the power of God's grace, leading us between Pharisaic

zeal on the one side and Antinomianism on the other, we are led safely. The first trusts solely to his own works for life and salvation; the other discards good works altogether. He wants nothing to do with them, but calls them legal. But the child of God, called by grace, is led away from everything of his own doing as the ground of his dependence; for he knows the very best he can do, sin is mixed with it all. Therefore he puts no trust in anything of his own; yet he will not despise good works, for his desire is to do good that he may be obedient and fruitful in every good word and work as evidences of the effect of the grace of God in his heart. His desire is to live to the praise and glory of him who loved him and gave himself for him. He does not trust in them, but in the living God. He seeks the glory of God, not his own.

The Lord brings his dear people to trust in him alone for life and salvation; not in their own performances, though they are a people "zealous of good works."

This blessed thing which is here spoken of in connexion with our text has a reference to the preaching of the gospel and the blessed effects produced by it. This passage particularly refers to the Lord Jesus, and why it was done,—“that he might be glorified.” The blessed effects and fruits are the same, when the glorious gospel of the blessed God is preached by the servants of God, attended by the power and unction of the Holy Ghost,—to take away all merit as regards the creature. We see that, however weak, helpless, illiterate, and powerless the instruments, if the mighty God condescends to make use of them, the word in their mouth is the power of God to salvation.

The Spirit of God, speaking by the prophet, referring to the Lord Jesus, says, “The Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings to the meek.” Who are the meek? Those who are humble, lowly, and poor in spirit; people who have mean views and feelings of themselves, and stand lower in their own estimation than any one else. These are the poor in spirit, very low and small in their own estimation. To these the good tidings of the gospel are to be preached. That is, good news. The very name signifies this; so that it is only the poor in spirit, such as have been made acquainted with their own vileness, to whom a rich gospel is good tidings. Compare the proclamation of the gospel with temporal things, and see the great advantage of one over the other. A person might come into possession of thousands of gold and silver; but what comfort or consolation could it afford when the arrows of the Almighty were sticking fast in his conscience, when he was longing to know whether God will have mercy upon him, a hell-deserving sinner? The best news to such a one is the blessed Spirit blowing through the minister the gospel trumpet on his soul, deliverance from death and hell proclaimed in the court of his conscience. This would be good tidings indeed. As David said, “The law of thy mouth is better unto me than thousands of gold and silver.” Gold and

silver can never heal a wounded spirit, never bind up the broken heart. Only the gospel can do that. The gospel proclaims that "Jesus Christ was sent to bind up the broken hearted." The proclamation is to such as have had their hearts broken by the hammer of God's word; broken in heart, broken by indwelling sin, broken under the evils he feels within,—that he cannot live as he desires. He wants life, and he knows this gospel is a word of life. "He hath sent me to bind up the broken hearted," to bring poor prisoners, them who are bound, out of the prison-house, and to set at liberty those who are in captivity under the law, they who have the curse of a broken law in their conscience, fearing they never shall have deliverance proclaimed. Christ came on purpose to proclaim deliverance to them. Some have lost the comfort and peace they once had. God has withdrawn himself from them; the light of his countenance is hid; the enemy takes advantage of their distress, with, "Where is now thy God?" The soul is in prison and bondage. The gospel proclaims liberty also to such. The gospel proclaims the year of the Lord, the day of vengeance of our God. Why is it the year of the Lord? Because it was the day when Christ made atonement for the sins of his people. "The day of vengeance of our God" was when vengeance came down upon the Surety. The iniquity of the land of Israel was removed in that day when Christ offered himself to God an acceptable sacrifice for the sins of his people. The gospel proclaims this, to comfort all that mourn on a spiritual account,—that have sorrow and distress.

Did you ever mourn in spirit on account of what you feel working within? Sometimes the Lord is pleased to lay his hand upon us, afflict us in temporals as well as in spirituals. We mourn for our sins, mourn over our state. Has your evil heart ever made you mourn? Have you ever mourned after God, ever sighed for a manifestation of his mercy, ever mourned for the salvation of your soul? These are the mourners Christ came to comfort.

"To appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, beauty for ashes." It is customary in the East, and it is to this the word of God points, when a person is in sorrowful circumstances, to put ashes upon his face; but when the Lord makes his own glorious arm bare, and brings the beautiful robe of Christ's righteousness, then it is he gives the oil of joy for mourning. The unction, the anointing of the blessed Spirit, the garment of praise, the same blessed robe, is made manifest and imputed to the sinner. Then he gives the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness to these poor mourners who give evidence that in their heart they mourn, want the Spirit to come and bring comfort to their souls by revealing a precious Christ. How few there are, comparatively speaking, who know anything about this spiritual heaviness here spoken of. You see multitudes of people who make a profession of religion. When they meet with a poor broken-down child of God afflicted with this heaviness,

they tell him to believe, trust the promises, take God at his word, and rest upon him. As he is merciful, say they, there is no occasion to be so cast down, so disquieted. Only believe. "Ah!" says the poor soul, "If I could, all would then be right:

"O could I but believe,
Then all would easy be.
I would, but cannot. Lord, relieve;
My help must come from thee."

That is a secret thousands never find out, not feeling they are the poor, abject, cast-down souls to whom those words belong.

"The garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." This spirit of heaviness is removed by the Lord giving him the oil of joy, showing the sinner his interest in and pardon through the Lord Jesus. This takes away the spirit of heaviness. This is the good word that makes the heart glad; a tree of righteousness, because he is clothed with the righteousness of Christ; a rich principle dwelling within. They are the planting of the Lord, planted in Christ, rooted and grounded in him. The sapling, when first planted, before it is a full-grown oak, meets with many storms, but these storms loosen the soil, and cause the roots to sink deeper in the earth, and get firmer, and hold the earth with more vigour than they did before. Just so it is with those planted in Christ. Storms of trouble and affliction drive them closer to him, nearer to him; they cleave more strongly to a precious Christ; they flee more earnestly to this blessed Hiding-place than when they go smoothly along and have not any particular trouble.

"Trees of righteousness that he might be glorified." Did time permit, I might have dwelt a little upon the wonderful provision God has made for his people in a special manner, so that he glorifies himself in working all things after the counsel of his own will, in providence as well as grace. Look at the Jews and Mordecai, the three Hebrews in the fire, Daniel in the lions' den, how the Lord interposed to prevent the enemies from destroying them; how he displayed his power in their deliverance. It was not his pleasure to allow them to sink. So we see when the case of his people is desperate, and a case of necessity, when they are brought into the depths, he interposes by a blessed display of his wisdom and power, love and faithfulness, and delivers them. In the instance of Gideon. His army of thirty thousand was too great and powerful. They must be reduced and brought low; so he brought them down to three hundred, "that he might be glorified." Bless his name, he takes sweet advantage of all the extremities and distresses of his people, glorifying himself in all their trouble by giving a brighter display of his wisdom and power in delivering and saving them. He will display his glory and power in building them up. He will build the temple, and he shall bear the glory. He glorifies himself in the hearts of his dear people, who from the very bottom of their souls give him the glory of their salvation. And they sometimes sing:

"All the glory, Lord, is thine!"

The soul that is rightly taught, and influenced by the Holy Spirit, has a very solemn and sacred pleasure in giving God all the glory, praising and magnifying the riches of his grace, making heaven ring with the song, "Worthy the Lamb that was slain." They have glorified him in their heart; therefore they praise him with their lips. "Whosoever uttereth praise glorifieth me." God unlocks the heart and opens the lips of the poor sinner, who is then made to speak out his praise. He is made to feel how gracious he is, and therefore he must show forth his praise. He can say, "His mercy endureth for ever." He gives thanks unto God for his loving-kindness, his mercy, and favour.

Another way God's people glorify him is in letting their light shine before men. God's people, who act in accordance with this part of God's blessed truth, when their practice corresponds with their profession, when both go together, it is an evidence that there is some reality in their religion. They are consistent characters. Then God is glorified, and his dear name honoured. But when professors of truth act contrary to this, though they may cleave to the doctrines and the way of salvation by grace, yet their outward conduct is a disgrace to their profession.

Whatever God does, has done, and will do for his people is that he may be glorified. The Lord, in his mercy, help us to glorify him in heart, lip, and life, for his name's sake. Amen.

HEART WORK.

To Mr. Clough,—My beloved Fellow-Traveller in the beaten Path of Tribulation,—It is a great mercy that the refiner and purifier of the sons of Levi does not get wearied in sitting and watching over such sordid dross. I sometimes think he will never find any gold, or silver, or precious metal in me. There is scum and dirt, and filth and sin in abundance. O this nature of mine! Unbelief tells me it is more than a match for sovereign grace. My heart seems as foul as hell, and I ask, "Can God dwell here?" I can assure you, dear friend, that I am such a vile sinner that nothing but the precious blood of the eternal Son of God can ever wash and make me clean. What a true picture is given of my poor soul in Isa., where it is said "our righteousnesses are as filthy rags." What can be more odious or detestable than filth? And what more worthless than rags? Yet it is a correct photograph of this poor creature that now ventures to drop you those few lines. And I will tell you that none but God knows the sighs, and groans, and bitter lamentations that heave up in my poor soul on account of my exceeding sinfulness. It is a wretched state to be in, groaning in bondage and longing for deliverance. I know upon whose shoulders the keys of the house of David hang, and whose prerogative it is to open the prison-door, to unloose the galling fetters of bondage, and to bind up the broken hearted. And what, at times, has been unspeakably precious to my soul is that he gives *beauty* for *ashes*. The Lord

places his furnace in Jerusalem, and casts us into his crucible, and thus burns up all our comeliness and all our uncomeliness. Here he makes an end of all our supposed good works, and all our bad works too. The flame burns on until all our neatly-packed hay and all our refuse stubble are alike brought and reduced to a state of ashes; for I am sure that salvation is not based upon either good works or bad works, but according to his rich covenant mercy he saveth us, by the washing of regeneration at first, and afterwards by the renewings of the Holy Ghost, which he does, at times, shed on my poor soul abundantly. And when the dear Lord has thus weakened our strength in the way, and reduced us until there is not a fraction left, but all is dust and ashes, he appoints *beauty* for it; and when a poor sensible sinner feels clothed in the righteousness of a precious Christ, he is all fair; there is no wrinkle then, no spot then. When faith sees him in all his sweet relationships in which a precious Jesus stands to his church, it feels *complete* in him.

I must stop, as I intended only to state that we had a meeting at our little chapel to consider the contents of your letter, and, if possible, to make our arrangements for our school sermons to be in July. Although we deemed it somewhat early, considering that we shall have for the first time on the fourth Lord's day in April our chapel anniversary sermons preached by Mr. Smith. But we were nevertheless unanimous in our desire that we accept of your proposal for July, and that you select that Sabbath which will suit you best in that month.

Yours to serve in the Gospel,

Clayton West, March, 1872.

ROBERT MOXON.

THE MUSIC OF FREE GRACE.

Dear Brother and Sister,—Grace unto you, and peace and love be multiplied.

It is a long time since the poor writer was at your house, and since these dim eyes looked upon you; and it is also a long time since I came to you in the shape of manuscript; yet, notwithstanding this, my better part has been with you times without number. I mean that part which serves the law of God,—namely, the mind. You know God in his providence has moved me far away from you, so that I cannot well see you in person, yet I might have seen you by letter; but,—O that “but.” Even the apostle had a “but;” “I should have come to you, but Satan hindered me.” Satan will hinder God's family all he possibly can from doing good to each other. He is a sworn enemy to Jesus Christ, and all the royal seed he would blast and wither, with the King of grace and all the spiritual subjects of his kingdom, if he could; but he can do neither, blessed be God.

I have a religion that has lasted to this day, and the ministry I received of the Lord is not yet extinct; and I sometimes feel

persuaded it never will be till my God is about to take down this my vile tabernacle, to take me to a better country, though the devil has threatened its destruction as many times as I have hairs on my head. O what a mercy to be taught of the Lord. Great shall be the peace of such. Though it be but little while passing through this waste, howling wilderness, yet it *shall be* great, yea, eternally and everlastingly great. God's quickened elect in this part of the desert are not yet tired of hearing this old ram's horn blown. They will have it that it gives a certain sound, certain destruction to all partition walls between them and heaven, final victory over every enemy,—external, internal, and infernal, and certain possession of the promised rest, according to the decree of the holy Watcher, who hath said as he hath overcome, his people certainly shall overcome also. God's truth and work in my soul are like a barrel organ, which can only play certain tunes, organized by the Maker thereof, from which it cannot depart, each tune having three parts, alto, bass, and treble; the first, with high voice, shouting the wonders of electing love, redeeming blood, and almighty power; the second trembling in the deep, the solemn, heavy sound of the dreadful fall of man, with its terrible consequences; and the third the daily exercises of the heaven-born soul. When my people get tired of the notes of free grace and salvation by it alone, then there will be some signs of our parting; but the like truth has been so deeply burnt in them that there is not much fear of this.

Since I last saw you I have passed through many changes, both in body and mind, but I have not changed to a freewiller or Papist yet; and I believe I never shall, though I had a thousand times more changes than heretofore. Having obtained help of God, I continue to this day.

At present I am moderately well in health; my wife also the same. She joins me in love to you both, and all the friends of truth at Haslingden. Will you send us a little account of persons and things at H., especially of the work of God in your souls?

Yours in the Bonds of the Gospel,

Flitwick, near Ampthill, Bedfordshire,
Nov. 18, 1873.

WM. DARBYSHIRE.

A religion that pleases everybody is a religion invented by the devil to deceive the world.—*Gadsby*.

It is true that as our graces are imperfect, so is our obedience also. Perfect working is not to be expected from imperfect creatures. God's own covenanted people do often grieve him, and provoke him to bring them under the rod of affliction; but those their infirmities break not the bond of the covenant. (Ps. lxxxix. 30-32.) Care and watchfulness ordinarily go before them, conflicts and resistance accompany them, and shame, grief, and renewed care usually follow them. (2 Cor. vii. 11.) By these things we may be helped to clear our interest in the covenant of grace; and that being done, it would be out of the power of all the afflictions in the world to sink our spirits.—*L'avel*.

THE CHRISTIAN AND HIS ECHO.

TRUE faith produces love to God and man.

Say, Echo, is not this the gospel plan?

The gospel plan.

Must I my faith and love to Jesus show,
By doing good to all, both friend and foe?

Both friend and foe.

But if a brother hates and treats me ill,
Must I return him good, and love him still?

Love him still.

If he my failings watches to reveal,
Must I his faults as carefully conceal?

As carefully conceal.

But if my name and character he blast,
And cruel malice, too, a long time last;
And if I sorrow and affliction know,
He loves to add unto my cup of woe;
He loves to add unto my cup of woe;
In this uncommon, this peculiar case,
Sweet Echo, say, must I still love and bless?

Still love and bless.

Whatever usage ill I may receive,
Must I be patient still, and still forgive?

Still forgive.

Why, Echo, how is this? Thou'rt sure a dove!
Thy voice shall teach me nothing else but love.

Nothing else but love.

Amen! With all my heart, then, be it so;
'Tis all delightful, just, and good, I know.
To practise now shall I directly go?

Directly go.

Things being so, whoever me reject,
My gracious God me surely will protect.

Surely will protect.

Henceforth I'd roll on him my every care,
And then both friend and foe embrace in prayer.

Embrace in prayer.

But after all the duties I have done,
Must I in point of merit them disown,
And trust for heaven through Jesu's blood alone?

Through Jesu's blood alone.

Echo, Enough! Thy counsels to my ear
Are sweeter than to flowers the dewdrop tear.
Thy wise, instructive lessons please me well;
I'll go and practise them. Farewell! Farewell!

Farewell! Farewell!

CONWAY STREET CHAPEL.

To the Committee of Conway Street Chapel.

Brethren,—May a peaceful conscience, a sound judgment, and real humility accompany you in the regulation of your church affairs,—three choice companions in the church, in the world, and in the family. You know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, though he was rich, for your sakes he became poor, that you through his poverty might be rich,—rich in faith, having the knowledge that you possess the true riches, the pearl of great price, the Son of God, his best unspeakable gift, eternal life. Him to know is life eternal. Come, brethren, call to mind former days when you went after the Saviour in the wilderness, in the land of drought, with anxious cries, “Let me see thy face, let me hear thy voice;” when you stuck in the mire, and he brought you up out of the horrible pit, out of the miry clay, set your feet upon a rock, established your goings, put a new song into your mouth, even praises to his dear name. God commands deliverances for Jacob. Unto God the Lord belong the issues from death.

Does Satan tempt you, shoot his fiery darts at you, and stir up the mud and filth of your hearts against the sovereignty of his grace, the dispensations of his providence, and against his Father’s rod? Then God has permitted you to taste the Saviour’s cup, and to tread in his path in a measure. He was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin! This is the path I walk in, and these things I experience in a greater or lesser degree every day, which makes plenty of work for faith, and gives a spur to prayer. But, ah! These things make me go limping like a man with a thorn in his foot, and hobbling like a wounded man, unaccustomed to crutches. Zion’s furnace, or God’s furnace in Zion, teaches many profitable lessons; but who likes to be put into it? Not H. F. indeed! O how blind are we to our best interests! Hence we complain, “This cross is ill-timed, and that cross too heavy. What end can it answer? What good can it produce?” We talk of all things working together for good to those that love God, and in our judgments can see a beauty in it; but badly understand the text, and are prone to apply its contents to others, not to ourselves. Is it not so? Peace be with you.

God speed the plough among you, and direct you in his fear.

So prays

H. FOWLER.

Birmingham, Nov. 30, 1819.

[It really affords us heartfelt pleasure to be able, from time to time, to rescue, as it were, from oblivion unpublished letters of the Lord’s servants now in glory. Mr. Fowler, as is well known, was for many years minister of Gower Street chapel, which sprang out of Conway Street. He was not a Baptist, but, like dear Huntington, he never railed against that ordinance. When he formed the church at Gower Street, he had it in his power to insert in the trust deed that the place should never be a Baptist one; but knowing, as he did, that the Baptists had been mainly the cause of the erection of the building, he was too conscientious to do that; so the deed was left open. We may say more upon this subject hereafter.]

FOOD FOR THE FAMILY.

Dear Friend,—I am requested by the church meeting at Zoar Chapel to write and thank you for your kind favour.

I trust yourself and your dear wife are well; more especially that your souls are sitting under the shadow of our dear Immanuel, with great delight, eating his flesh, and drinking his blood. This is indeed rich food, prepared by the hand of God for all the family household. And there are times when, as the good Shepherd, he not only says, "Eat," but he himself feeds our ransomed souls; and then we find the food sweet and precious.

It is a mercy to hunger and thirst after the Lamb; but to be filled with himself is realized mercy. To be filled with Christ and the fulness of God is indeed riches of glory. The glory and pomp of this world will all come down, disappear; but ours are riches of glory, glorious riches. They meet the needs of our tried souls here in the wilderness; but what will they be in the world of glory, when doubt and fear are swallowed up, when unbelief has come to its end, when every enemy is destroyed, and the tears of sorrow are known no more? Christ will be our riches in glory, to be enjoyed by us in all his fulness. How little we know of him here; how little we enjoy of him on this battlefield; and yet how blessed to have the eye of faith opened sometimes, and see him going before us the Captain of our salvation, and to hear his voice, saying, "After ye have suffered awhile, I will come and take you unto myself." I know what it is to be cast down, but not destroyed; to be walking in darkness, and have no light, yet to trust in the Lord; to be sinking like Peter, yet to have the outstretched hand saving me; to be in bonds and yet made free by the Son; to be dying, and yet to live, Christ living in me; to be bound, burdened, imprisoned, yet to feel my feet on the Rock, at times, and singing, "O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good; for his mercy endureth for ever;" to have nothing, and yet to feel "all things are mine, as I am Christ's." I know what it is to be in the dust and on the dunghill, and to sit in heavenly places with Christ, and among his princes; to be naked, and yet to sing,

"Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress."

O what a poor changeable worm am I! But I have a rich almighty Friend, who changeth not. Yes; the same when I cannot feel him to be mine as when I can; the same when I am far off in feelings as when brought nigh by the blood of the cross; the same when I hear not his voice as when I hear him saying, "Fear not, thou art mine; I have redeemed thee; I will surely do thee good; I am thy exceeding great reward;" the same when I feel as if I shall one day fall by the hand of mine enemies as when I hear him saying, "No weapon formed against thee shall prosper;" the same when I feel I am burdened with sin as when I have the

testimony that the Lord laid all my sins upon Jesus, and that he by one offering made an end of them, put them away.

O my brother, changes with us will never cease till the body of death is put off. O may I never be found in that number of whom it is said, "They have no changes;" but may I ever be found among them who sing in heart here,

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

What mercy, what favour, that our God is one who rests in his love, not in our doings; one who does not turn away from us though we often go astray from him like lost sheep and, at times, seem to be no other than if we were lost. But, blessings on the dear Shepherd, he comes and seeks us out in the dark day, and brings us out from among the briers and thorns, leads us to his fold again, raises up faith, and causes us to feed in the green pastures and drink of the living waters. And then our souls are made glad again. But, ah! Left to ourselves, who could stand? Were salvation not of the Lord, from first to last, I could never hope to see the Lord in glory. Free grace to my soul is a charming sound. I have the place as clear in my eye now where I first heard it speak in my soul as if I were on the very spot. And for this 30 years past it is not I who have kept grace, but grace has kept me. But for grace I never could have continued. I hope through grace to find this scripture mine: "He that endureth to the end shall be saved;" and I hope, through grace, to hold fast that which I have, that no man take my crown of rejoicing; so that from time to time I may rejoice in the Lord, till I rejoice with him in that world where time shall be no more.

May the God of all grace bless you and yours in spiritual things daily; and may you ever be under the directing influence of the Holy Ghost in all matters in connexion with the Lord's dear church. Pardon the liberty I have taken in going beyond the church's request. With them I humbly thank you for your kind favour. Yours in Christian love,

36, Havelock Street, Canterbury, May 21, 1874. J. ROWDEN.

Good Mrs. Ayscough, who was burned for the Protestant faith, when she was offered her pardon at the stake, on condition she would renounce the truth, cried out with holy indignation, "I did not come hither to deny my Lord and Master." I desire to remember her words every time I ascend the pulpit. A mincing, timid, partial declaration of the gospel is a virtual denial of Christ himself. Rather die with the "Gospel Standard" in your hands than resign a thread of it to the enemy, as did the heroic Valasco, the Spanish general, who, when the Havannah was taken by the English, scorned to surrender the national flag, and nobly expired with his colours wrapped round his arm. But there are seasons of personal dryness and darkness, when fear, like an armed man, assaults the faith and liveliness of God's ambassadors. They are, perhaps, at a loss even for a subject to preach from. All resources seem to be shut up. They flit in their own minds from text to text, and for a long time can fix on none. They cry in secret, "Lord, how can we spread the table for thy people, except thou bring the venison to our hands?"—*Toplady*.

A WORD FROM CANADA.

Dear Friend,—In attempting to write a few lines to you, I feel at a loss how to introduce myself, as I am an entire stranger to you; and I feel unwilling to intrude myself too much upon your notice.

I am a native of the West Riding of Yorkshire, England, but I have been in Canada a little over five years, and a little over two years in this part. I may say that you are not altogether a stranger to me, though I never saw you in person. I am in possession of most of your published works, and I have been a subscriber to and earnest reader of the "Gospel Standard" over fifteen years; and, if I am not awfully deceived, I shall have cause to bless and praise the Lord, not only through life but throughout eternity, for bringing this precious periodical under my notice, and for inclining me to read its pages. I have received abundance of instruction, encouragement, and comfort, as well as reproof, from its contents; and I can truly say that the late dear editor, with many others whose writings have appeared in the "Standard," have an abiding place in my heart for the truth's sake. For nearly three years in this country I did not meet with a single person with whom I could feel any union in spiritual things. There were many Baptists all around me, and I attended their services for a considerable time, until I became fully satisfied of their views, which I found to be Fullerism and Sandemanianism. I gave away a few old numbers of the "Gospel Standard" to some of the leading members. They never said anything to me about them, but appeared more shy of me than before.

In the spring of 1872 the Lord so edged up my way in providence that I was compelled to leave that place, though I knew not where to go. But, in his gracious and merciful kindness, the Lord led me in a way that I knew not. He led me to this place, and prepared friends to receive me before I came, though I was totally unknown to them except as they had heard of me through a friend of mine a little before. I was reduced almost to real want in a strange country; but, blessed be the Lord, he knows how to time his blessings, so as to secure all the honour to his own great name. Since I have been here I have been well supplied with work, my occupation being a "custom weaver," and I have the sweet privilege of a few Christian friends, with whom I feel a real union of soul. The church here is founded on Strict Baptist principles, and, as far as I can ascertain, is exactly the same as our English churches in all fundamentals; but it is in a very cold, formal state at present. There are five or six different places of meeting, in different townships. The people are so scattered, some of them are eight or nine miles apart, others seventeen or eighteen, and the extremes will be from forty to fifty. There is one pastor and there is one deacon, who speaks a little, and there is a member who can speak well

in Gaelic, and, the greater part of the people being Highland Scotch and their descendants, this is their native tongue. These are the only speakers in the church; so it often happens that our meeting-house here is closed up for three, four, and five weeks together, as the people generally do not see it to be their duty to meet together only when there is preaching. There are a few with whom I have conversed on this point who agree with me that they ought to come together for reading and prayer when there is no preaching; but I cannot prevail on any one to take the first step. They say it is of no use except the pastor would take it up; and I am sorry to say that, during the two years I have been here, I have not heard one word from the pulpit on this subject. There has not been one prayer-meeting. I have often spoken about these things to those I am most familiar with, and they tell me that these things used to be attended to; but they gradually fell off, and now they are never talked of.

I assure you, dear Sir, that these matters have been a trial to me. I was united to a few of the Lord's poor despised followers in my native land, and when the dear Lord had brought me where his truth was known and loved, I felt it to be my duty as well as my privilege to declare to the world whose side I was on; but seeing things in the state above mentioned was a great hindrance in my way. But as I found some who were mourning on account of the sad state into which they saw and felt to be sunk, I thought I should not be doing wrong if I joined myself to them as a mourner; and upon this I asked for admittance, gave in my letter, and related a little of how the Lord had led me to a knowledge of his truth, and given me a hope in his mercy, through the blood and righteousness of the dear Redeemer.

JOSEPH BATTY.

Wallace Town, Elgin County, Ontario, Canada, Aug. 12, 1874.

LIVING EPISTLES BY DEPARTED SAINTS.

Grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied unto my beloved friends, from God the Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ; by the Holy spirit, whose gracious and condescending office it is to communicate to every chosen vessel of mercy, in the appointed time and measure, all that is purposed for them by God the Father, and all that is possessed for them by God the Son as Mediator. Hence the apostle saith, "But unto every one of us is given grace according to the measure of the gift of Christ." O to belong to those "*us*." According to the apostle, they were by nature children of wrath, sinners, and many of them very great sinners; yet "God, who is rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved them, even when dead in sins," was pleased to interest them in all the work and grace of his dear Son, and to show unto ages to come the exceeding riches of his grace in his kindness towards them by Christ Jesus, that we, through patience and comfort of the scripture, might have hope. For we learn by

the precious word of God that grace is given to the very chief of sinners, and that none are denied that ask and seek in sincerity and truth, in God's own way. For ask and seek they never would, and from the awful depravity of nature they never could, unless God first freely gives them his grace to incline and enable them so to do; and the giving them that grace makes it manifest that they are vessels of mercy afore ordained to glory.

“Our seeking thy face is the fruit of thy grace,
Thy goodness deserves, and shall have all the praise.
No sinner can be beforehand with thee.
Thy grace is preventing, almighty, and free.”

The Lord forms his people so as they may show forth his praise. Jesus Christ is made of God unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption; that, according as it is written. “Let him that glorieth, glory in the Lord.” The Holy Spirit continually convinces us of our sinfulness, and consequently of our helplessness, on purpose to show the freeness and efficacy of the grace of God, that we might be to the praise of the glory of his grace. We do not, God will not suffer us to sin, that grace may abound; but grace does abound over all our sinfulness. O for more humility, self-loathing, godly sorrow, precious faith, and unfeigned love. We may, each of us, say with David, “I am poor and needy.” Grace in the heart is most assuredly the good treasure of the heart; and, at times, there is but little of it; yet the Lord thinketh of us, and favours us with fresh supplies to preserve us from bankruptcy and destruction.

May the Almighty bless every means of grace for that purpose, and make us diligent in his word, that we may attain to the fulness of the measure of the stature of Christ.

I remain, Yours affectionately,

Sunderland.

S. TURNER.

I am at present but poorly, weak, and low in this my poor frail tabernacle. The outward man decays, but the inward man is not dead. I have of late worked hard. I preached twice on Sunday at Providence, got up on Monday morning at half-past one, and went to Reading, and preached on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday evenings, and on Thursday returned and preached at Richmond in the evening. There was not one chapel in Reading open to me, but a small meeting-house, in which I was all but melted, especially the last night, and went to bed in a fever. These are hard measures; but a preacher from the country had been there the Sunday before and abused me by name, and given a proper warning to all against me; but all was insufficient. The place was crowded and the cruse was full,—light and life seemed to spread all round; and malice itself will be put to her shifts to extinguish or damp it. The true light certainly spreads itself, and works and prevails in the hearts of God's chosen ones, whilst the oppressors evidently get more and more into the shadows of the evening which are stretching out apace; and this

leads them to shun and hate the light, till they stumble upon the dark mountains, until the flames of inward rage wither all their fleshly joys; and when this is the case it is hard work to deal enough in pathetic expressions, so as to be able to move the passions. Desperate rage destroys even this, and they must go on till it break out into open violence and persecution; for they that are not with him shall be against him. There can be no neutrality where Christ comes in his power. Naphtali is a hind let loose, and giveth goodly words, as all will do who know, enjoy, and abide in their liberty. A hind let loose is intended to be hunted; and no wonder, when holy writ sets forth the Master as the hind of the morning; and surely they have hunted my soul like the wind; but my welfare is not passed away as a cloud; for although often faint, yet I am still pursuing as well as they.

What Mr. — was and Lady — God only knows; but surely the connexions of both these are much degenerated, and I think into a strange vine. The pure, naked, simple truth is little known in our days. The academies of the present time have filled the country with a spurious brood, who are of little use; and so daily experience says by many who in their last moments confess that they have been deceived; and it has been a comfort to me that I never yet have heard of one who, upon leaving the stage of time, ever said I had led him astray, brought him to trust between the letter and the spirit, between sound speech which cannot be condemned, and that gospel which is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth. And this power is working faith in the heart by the word; which faith eyes the atonement and purifies the heart by it; and so the gospel becomes the power of God unto salvation, and the knowledge of salvation is obtained by the forgiveness of sins.

The gospel is a revelation of the righteousness of God our Saviour, who, by his active and passive obedience, has magnified and satisfied both law and justice, and brought in a perfect obedience for the ungodly; and the justified preacher, who is a minister of this righteousness, preaches it in the faith of it. We believe and therefore speak. And surely he that speaks these things in faith, and has in some measure an experience of them and the witness of them, is greatly emboldened to speak as one having authority, and not as a Jewish scribe. I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for therein is the righteousness of God revealed from faith to faith. As it is written, "The just shall live by faith." Upon our believing, the sentence of justification by the Spirit passes in the court of conscience, which is soon perceived and felt, by silencing Satan, law, and the verdict of an accusing conscience; and a witness is borne to our acceptance with God in the Beloved. This is justification unto life, because we pass from death to life under it, and come no more under vindictive wrath, nor under that condemnation which is threatened to the scorner and the infidel; and thus life and immortality are brought to light by the gospel.

The gospel is the ministration of the Spirit, which remains, and which exceeds the law in glory, because God never ministers his love, his grace, nor his Spirit, by the works of the law, but by the hearing of faith. The law calls for our love, our obedience, our righteousness; but it gives no strength to do, no life to act from, no love to constrain, nor hope of success. Hence those who go to the law fall away from the displays and offers of grace; for God will not ratify, confirm, or set his seal to the labour of dead works, performed by dead workmen. "The letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life." God gives testimony to the word of his grace. I have often been highly censured for not preaching more to sinners, and for not dealing more in those calls which are supposed to be more extensive or universal. I have in the course of providence been, at times, called to labour where much of this work has been carried on, and I am more than ever confirmed in this, that it is not their *wide* door, but the *strait* gate that leads to life. Many find the former, but few find this. Our dear Lord's mission and commission, anointing and appointing, have been a most pleasing, a safe, and a most sure line to me. Where this extends, we may safely draw our lines. God's good Shepherd is not sent to feed the fat and the strong, unless it is with judgment. "I will not feed you," says the Lord to such, but "I will feed you, O poor of the flock." "I am sent to the *lost* sheep of the house of Israel;" to seek and to save them that are lost. He is sent to preach good tidings to the meek, to speak a word in season to them that are weary, to bind up the broken hearted, to comfort all that mourn in Zion, to open the door to those in bonds, and set at liberty those that are bruised. It is the Lord's dead men that shall live and hear his life-giving voice. It is those ready to perish that shall come to the feast. The weak shall say, "I am strong," the faint receive power, the bruised reed he will not break, nor quench the smoking flax. He will not heal the whole, feed the fat, full, and strong, teach the wise, or guide the prudent; nor will he be surety for those who have aught to pay their debts with.

Your observations on these things will be of use to you, and enable you to draw the line, to separate between the chaff and the wheat. This will raise a sad clamour against bigotry, and not call upon you for a large field of extensive usefulness. But you will find no real fruit in blending. These lines appear in every parable our Lord spake.

But now to business. I have a favour to beg of my dear brother. Will you come to town and preach for me while I go to Bolney? It would greatly oblige me. It would make you known, and enable me to lend you no small assistance if you should build a chapel. Take what is here written in good part, as it is well meant, and send me a line when convenient.

God for ever bless thee. Amen and Amen, says the despicable Coalheaver,

Cricklewood, Sept. 26, 1805.

W. H., S.S.

My dear Friend,—You must call me a bad correspondent and an ungrateful man for my long silence. Still, though I feel condemned for it, my affection towards you is still the same, although it may appear to you that you are forgotten. You are not a stranger to the feeling of having no heart nor will to pray or to write to a Christian friend or anything of the sort. And when I would do so I frequently find I have not the ability. Like salt which has lost its savour, I feel more fit to be cast out and trodden under foot than to speak or write about divine things. You cannot imagine what a heavy and difficult task it is for me to write a letter to those I love and esteem. You will, I hope, pardon me this time if I do not write you a long letter, as I feel full of anxiety about the hay. We do not know what to do with it, the weather is so cloudy and unsettled. I do not wish, indeed, in my right mind, it is painful to me, to write language to a friend that I cannot feel; but may the dear Lord be pleased to revive my soul again, and grant me the smiles of his countenance, which alone can satisfy me.

October will suit us well for you to come, and I am very much obliged to you for fixing October 16th and 23rd to pay us another visit, if the Lord will.

My dear friend, you mention my illness. I was very ill for a long time, and suffered such pain as I never endured before. It is my mercy to be able to tell you the Lord did not altogether leave me without hope amidst my sharpest pains. His promises were my support, and I was enabled to hang upon him for the fulfilment of them. "Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of thy countenance and *thy God*." O! What sweet sounds were these in my ears, and in my heart too. I felt a full assurance for a few moments that I should yet praise him with others of his redeemed family. How differently could I bear the pain, and how very precious the words are to my poor soul! What a mercy I felt it to be that the Lord did not leave me to grapple with the pain in my own strength. Dr. E. told me the nerves of my whole body were getting down into too low a state, and brought on what they call *tic douloureux* in the face.

O what a price it must have cost the dear Redeemer to give his precious life a ransom for his hell-deserving children! And what am I better than the worst of all characters? Grace alone makes us to differ, or we should be a disgrace to society; and I am often seemingly lost in wonder that the Lord should thus bear with me and my complaints.

Our esteemed friend's (Mr. Philpot) visit is once more passed by and gone. It seemed very short. I saw but little of him out of the pulpit. He was very busy with the "Standard" whilst here, so that I had not much time to talk over to him the dealings of God with my soul. Still it was a very pleasant visit; and in the pulpit I believe the Lord did stand by him, and many found it good to hear him faithfully declare the truth as it is in Jesus. Every poor hungry soul, it seems, must have had a crumb from

their Master's table. Still, unless it is let fall on *purpose*, it will not enter the heart and conscience.

I am sorry for poor D. Mr. Philpot told you, I suppose, of his calling on him at Devizes. Should you have thought he would have been so left on the point of baptism? O! What we do live to see and hear! Lord, hold us up, or we cannot stand. I did think him a more faithful witness, I must say. Is it not of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed? Could we have believed years ago that such things existed in the hearts of God's people as we see manifested? O! What wretches out of hell we are, and how great our need of that blood. It is a marvellous thing that the Lord bears with us and that we are out of hell.

I write on, but I fear to little purpose. May the Lord keep us near to himself, and ever preserve us from *self*, Satan, and the world.

We all unite in kind love to yourself and Mrs. Godwin, and we shall be glad to see her with you when you journey into Wilts. I hope the Lord is still blessing you in your labours; and may he spare you for many years. This is the prayer of,

Your unworthy Friend,

Allington, July 6, 1853.

JOS. PARRY.

My dear Friend,—I thank you for your kind letter received. The subject of your complaint brings to my mind former days. The Lord's portion is his people, and Jacob is the lot of his inheritance. Praying breath proves there is life within. Life in the soul, and the sprinkled blood of Jesus felt in the conscience, is a double evidence who are the favoured characters. Though but few of the Lord's people are enabled to trace their real character by the last witness, yet some are, and it is to them most blessed indeed when they can do so.

My friend speaks of enjoying some blessed seasons of comfort from the Lord, and yet he cannot break through to pray in public agreeably to the earnest request of his friends. I would say to my friend, Try, and not strive to find and use all the arguments he can against it. Let him be assured it will be better for his feelings if he can. Yet, if he cannot, do not stay away on this account. By no means; but continue going when convenient, and an opportunity offers, and still strive to maintain your suit with the Lord in private. I think your friends do not act right in over-pressing you; neither can I think that the person who says if you cannot break through to pray in public you must repeat the Lord's Prayer ever knew what true, living, spiritual prayer before God is. The Lord separate all such professors from among his true wrestlers. Christ did not give his disciples that form to use as a form, to repeat the same words; but said, "When ye pray, *after this manner* pray ye;" not with this identical form of words. No such thing. Embrace the substance of that prayer; and, if you cannot, pray to be enabled so to do, and add thereunto as you feel you need.

True prayer before God is the breath of life immortal within; the earnest desire of the quickened soul, the sighing of the needy, the groaning of the sin-sick, sin-distressed, sin-burdened, sorrowful soul. No form in the world will satisfy such. They want to pray as prompted by the Holy Ghost from within; and that according to the will of God, with contrition and brokenness of heart, in tears of hope, humility, love, and thankfulness, crumbled into nothing before him.

I have not learnt these things from others, nor do I say them on a *think so*. My soul knows they are true from feeling experience, and loves to commune with such dear souls. It matters not how poor, or despised, or mean, or contracted in their abilities they may be, a sweet savour attending what they say, and their souls being in right-well earnest search after the dear Object of my soul's delight, a precious Christ, and a feeling acquaintance with the power of his blood, and love, and great salvation endears them to my heart. O how blessed it is to be in church fellowship with such! I would sooner meet with ten such dear despised, savoury souls than with a congregation of five hundred empty professors. A gift in prayer does not prove to me a person to be a praying soul; neither does the want of the gift of expression prove to me that a person is a lifeless soul. The more abilities any one has, the more cautious the church should be of receiving his testimony, unless he is first really made manifest in the consciences of the living savoury members of that church. The future peace and comfort of any church which loves the truth depends in a great measure on what members she receives. I have seen and proved this many years ago. The Lord keep my spirit as narrow as it is, if it may be called narrow; for I cannot take all for gold that glitters. The world and the professing church are full of deceit.

Did I not know the deceitfulness of my own heart so much, and the feeling power of divine grace and truth, I am sure the things that are taking place in these latter days would make me stagger. But I begin now not to think anything strange; for even the best of men are capable of anything that the Lord permits, when guided by their own spirit. A few lessons which I received many years ago, as well as present proofs, lead me to this conclusion.

But desiring to leave this subject, a voice still whispers in my breast, amidst all the confusion and din of this world, and all the changes I feel within and hear of and witness without: "But I will give myself unto prayer." My dear friend, was there less talking and more beseeching God at a throne of grace, as the poet has it:

"Our cheerful songs would oftener be,
 'Hear what the Lord has done for me.'"

Now hear, in a few words, some little of how it was with me in my younger days, and mark well, learn, digest, and take heed. When first conviction of sin became abiding in my soul, I could

hot, and dared not, make known my mind to any one, for fear the children of God should think the work of grace was begun in me, that my feelings should wear off, and I should prove a hypocrite, and they should be deceived. This thought did then distress me sore and cut me to the quick; for I did dread above all things being a hypocrite and deceiving myself and the dear children of God. And, moreover, it did seal up my lips in complete silence before any one; but, as I have named before to my friend, my downcast looks, my mournings, my constant attending at prayer-meetings and all the means of grace, did betray me, and inclined some of the friends, at times, to ask me what was the matter with me, and to say, "I think there is something on your mind;" to which I could not make any reply; but stole from them as soon as I could and burst into tears, and said to myself, "Ah! They are deceived in me. I fear I shall be found a hypocrite at last. The Lord says he will take one of a city, and two of a family. He has taken my two brothers, and I am the third (the eldest), and I shall be left to perish in my sins. And what can I do? If God hath not elected and chosen me, and Christ did not die for me, no power in heaven or earth can save me." These, with a thousand other thoughts, followed me continually, go where I would; and my thus keeping it all to myself still doubly increased my distress. A broken law thundered curses in my conscience. "Transgressor" was written on my heart; the terrors of God, of death, and of a Judgment Day to come took hold upon me. "Lost! Lost! Lost!" sounded in my ears. I tried to believe that there was no God, no devil, no heaven, no hell, that I had no soul to be saved or lost; but could not. O the wringing of hands and heart! I then sometimes felt rather more composed, and tried to harden myself to feel willing to be lost. Then my sorrows roused me up again, even to wrath against God for giving me a being, and decreeing me to be damned at last. Then I tried to believe the Bible was all lies, and that religion was altogether only a phantom of the brain; but could not. Then, at times, a glimmering of hope suddenly sprang up in my mind, with a "Who can tell?" which gave me a little relief, and encouraged me still to hope.

Thus I went on for some time, hoping and fearing, and fearing and hoping, until very early one ever-memorable morning I awoke, thirty-four years ago last summer, and felt such vehement power in crying for mercy that I never felt before; when lo! Mercy flowed from Jesu's hands and heart into my soul, melted my heart and eyes, and banished all my fears, guilt, and sorrows in a moment, with these words: "Fear not, I am thy God; be not dismayed, I am with thee. Yea, I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." O what a change then took place in my feelings! O that sweet time of love between my joyful soul and a precious Jesus! I shall never forget it, nor ever be able to express it.

Praise ye the Lord with me, all ye who thus have felt, and tasted, and sung redeeming love. A remembrance of such marvellous loving-kindness and mercy received; so sovereign, rich, and free. Thus was I also delivered from Egyptian bondage and the terrors of the law, without the aid of mortals, by the Spirit of God, and the application of atoning blood, and his own word being sweetly and powerfully brought home to my soul. This he confirmed to me then, and since, and does still, by signs following.

During the time of this my first love, I willingly took up my cross, and followed my dear despised Lord through his despised ordinance early in the next spring, and entered his church militant formed at Bedworth, in hope ere long of joining the church triumphant in glory. And here I remain to this present time, a living monument of sovereign saving grace, to the immortal honour of my Saviour God.

But I was not long here before the glorious vision began to vanish, and fresh troubles began to rise. My sins began to abound, guilt defiled my conscience and beclouded my evidences. Doubts and fears now filled my mind whether it was the work of God in my soul or not, and whether I was not deceived; and to add to my trouble, I was very kindly and repeatedly pressed to break through and engage in prayer in public, but I could not. O how did I wish I could go to the prayer-meetings unnoticed and not seen; for the thought of staying away was a killing stroke to me. Notwithstanding, I was continued to be pressed more and more, till at length I began to stay away from the prayer-meetings. The ministry of the word I attended regularly, though with a heavy heart, and my outward conduct was very circumspect. When the time arrived, O how I did long and tremble to go to the prayer meetings, but dare not. Sometimes I would hide myself, or be doing something, put off till the time for that purpose, until it was too late to go, and tremble all the while as if I had been doing murder, or something very shocking.

Thus I went on till my mind became more easy and I became reconciled to stay away when I expected to be called upon. All other times I still attended regularly. In course of time this brought me into such bondage, darkness, and a long-becalmed state of soul I can never describe, out of which the Lord did not quite deliver me, for, I think, seven years. The agonies of soul and the distress of mind I often endured while in that state no mortal knows of or can tell, especially towards the end of that time, until, as though in the agonies of death and still struggling for life, my soul wrestled with God for deliverance, and clung around a bleeding Christ so fast that worldly things, nor sin, nor guilt, nor Satan himself could break my hold; till, with a power inexpressible, I cried out, "Though thou slay me, yet will I trust in thee." No sooner had these words escaped my wounded, sorrowful heart than my captivity was turned, my hard bondage

and I verily believe that we are so knit together in affection that neither men nor devils will be able ever to effect a separation, and that ere long we shall be fully convinced that we have had not a trial too many, nor one too few. Now we see through a glass darkly, having low and grovelling conceptions of the blessed Redeemer; but in a little time we shall see him face to face; we are now in the field, enduring hardships from corruptions, the devil, professors, and profane; but a few more days will land us on Canaan's shore.

I can assure my dear friend I am tried to the utmost. Sometimes I find such desperate rebellion working, that I am ready to conclude not only that I have no religion, but that there is no such thing in the world. At other times when I begin to feel brokenness of heart before my blessed Jesus, I can see most perfectly the safety of the Israel of God, and my dear friend and my unworthy self included in that number, and safe in the hands of him who says unto all our enemies, "Hitherto shalt thou go but no farther;" and in this frame am I at this moment; bless his holy name for it.

My dear friend tells me he is naturally of a hasty spirit; and such am I, to my grief; and the devil sometimes tells me if I am no better, no person on earth will be able to live with me; yet instead of getting better I really appear to get worse and worse.

But now and then his blessed Majesty draws near, and stills the numerous accusers. This passage has dwelt much on my mind of late,—Isa. xlii. 19. I see the deaf and blind. One there is, our blessed Lord. The devil, world, conscience, and sin will often exhibit many black things before him, against the new man, but he sees no iniquity in Jacob, nor perverseness in Israel. The poor child says, "I am black;" but he says, "Thou art all fair, my love." No, my dear brother, he cannot see one spot in them, nor hear one accusation against them, neither from self, the world, the devil, sin, nor any other quarter.

May the Lord enable us to think much on these things, and we shall find them both profitable and comfortable:

Yours most affectionately,

W. HUDSON.

[Mr. Hudson was originally of Sheffield. He was contemporary with Mr. Huntington. Several of his letters have already appeared in this magazine.]

My dear Friend,—Once more I have taken up my pen, after a long delay, to drop a few lines to you, and hope you will excuse my neglect, though you have not been out of my thoughts, for I have often thought and spoken of you. I feel very empty, and find daily more and more that I am nothing, and cannot do anything of myself; therefore my desire is unto Him who has all hearts in his hand, that he will direct my pen and indite what I

shall write, by the blessed Spirit's teachings; for he is the best teacher and instructor we have at all times. Though very painful to flesh and blood, the lessons he gives, and the way he takes to break down and humble our proud nature, and to strip us of every rag of self-righteousness, is the right way; for "he led them forth by the right way, that they might go to a city of habitation," &c. When he only lets in one drop of that healing balm of Christ's precious blood that flowed from Calvary's cross, it cheers the drooping heart and raises the spirits again above everything here below; and then we can see that it is a right way that he is leading us; and our souls rejoice in him who is the confidence of our faith and hope. And then we can sing that "He hath done, and will do, all things well." We feel that we shall never mistrust him again. This I can say has been my case. But, O! How short these visits are with me! Yet I cannot wholly forget the sweetness of the seasons that I have had at such times. His presence withdrawn, I fall as low as ever; so that I feel to want daily and hourly fresh manifestations, support, and help from him who is my only desire and the light of my life, while passing through this waste, howling wilderness.

O! How many sore and sad temptations and suggestions I do have from the enemy of souls, who goeth about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour. Yes; and my evil heart, at times, is prone to lean too much to him, and I fear whether I shall not some day or other fall by his insinuations; which makes me more and more cry to the Lord to hold up my goings in his paths, that my footsteps slip not. Feeling this makes me fear and tremble; so that I often cry out at such times, "Lord, canst thou ever dwell in such a heart as mine, which is so base and vile?" Then I have felt a little humility and brokenness of spirit flow into my soul, which has cheered me up again, so that I have been encouraged to press on again with new strength through all the difficulties of the way. I find that my flesh likes ease and comfort; but that does not accord with the word of truth. No, my friend, nor with that portion which was so blessed to my poor soul the morning of the 1st of January this year, Zech. xiii. 9. Yes, my friend; I have proved the truth of this, and so have you and your dear partner. But little did I think, at the time when this portion was brought so forcibly to my mind, that it was to be my stay and comfort in affliction so soon as it was. We must be brought into the fire before we can be *carried through* it. Though ever so trying the process may be, it is profitable to our souls. (Heb. xii. 5-11.)

I do beg of the Lord that he will be my strength, stay, and support, and give me patience, resignation, and submission to his holy will in all things, for without that I know that my poor fickle heart will give way in any time of trial; though, bless his precious name, he has said (yea, and his word is true, for it is settled in heaven, and his faithfulness is unto all generations), that he will never leave nor forsake them that trust in him. I

can and must say from my heart that he has enabled me to trust in him, in many of my past trials and difficulties which he has brought me through up to the present time; and I have found him faithful to his promise, "that as thy day so shall thy strength be." O what a mercy it is for such poor fearing worms of the earth as we are that he knoweth our frame; he remembereth we are dust.

I feel very dull just now. I have had three friends from Leicester staying with me for the last week or ten days. They left me yesterday morning. In the evening I took a turn round the garden and felt a little cast down, and thought to myself, "O! I wish my lot had been cast amongst them at Leicester," and all at once this portion came to my mind: "Be content with such things as ye have; for he hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." O, my friend, I felt such a melting that I could not help the tears running down my face. Then I said, "Lord, this is enough, for thee to be with me and keep me."

I see you are named in the "Standard" again for Eden Street, 19th and 26th, and at Woburn the first two Lord's days in August. I hope you will come down to Faversham while you are at Eden Street in the week; and if you can give us a Sabbath or two after you have done at Woburn, do, for we are much in want of preaching on the Lord's day, and feel it a great mercy and blessing to be favoured at such times. I hope the Lord will direct you as to coming amongst us, and lay it on your heart.

Mr. and Mrs. D. and the friends unite with me in love to Mrs. G. and yourself; and may the Lord be with you both, and bless you with the best of all blessings in Christ Jesus.

Your unworthy Friend,

Standard Road, Faversham, July 7, 1846.

G. BROADBRIDGE.

WHY, you frighten me, doctor. Sure you were bred at Sion College, along with Doctor Whitefield and his brethren. A very hard-mouthed race truly! who have dealt so much in emetics and blisters, no genteel people will employ them. Their practice lies chiefly among the poor, who can bear to be handled roughly. However, since you are come upon a friendly visit, I will tell you honestly what I think of myself. I have my faults as well as my neighbours; but my appetites are pretty well bridled. My heart is honest, quite willing to pay all men their due; my hands too are sometimes disposed to relieve a neighbour's want, and my feet go orderly to church on a Sunday, when the bells chime, except it proves a rainy day; and then I read the weekly paper, or a Bible chapter at home, just as suits my fancy. This I call a regular life, and it is the ground of my hope; not forgetting Jesus Christ, to help out some defects. I am choleric, no doubt, but it quickly blows over; and a little apt to fib in a market; but who can help it? All my neighbours do the same; and my landlord, who talks much of his honour, will tell a fib upon occasion, as well as myself. Besides, I often bring the parish into good temper, when they are out of sorts, by talking to them in a kind and humorous way, so that I am really a peace maker. Now from these circumstances it should seem that I am not mortally sick, as you suppose, but enjoy good Christian health.—*Berridge*.

INSTABILITY.

LORD, when I see my fruitlessness,
With shame and sorrow I confess,
Before thy throne, thou Holy One,
How utterly I am undone.

A disposition, light and vain,
Betrays me oft, and gives me pain;
Nor of the foe am I aware
Until entangled in the snare.

The good I would I cannot do;
To my most cherish'd course untrue.
But O! How easily my will
Perverted flies to what is ill.

Thus, at the close of every day,
Ashamed I retrace my way;
The morning's hope and firm resolves,
Eve's sad experience dissolves.

Resolves which were, I sometimes thought,
Made in his strength, whose aid I sought;
But which (as oft temptations blew),
E're I was aware, were broken through.

I used to think, when life was new
And nature strong, that, as I grew,
A purer spirit would be given
To light my failing steps to heaven.

But to my sorrow I have found
I tread upon enchanted ground,
Where influences, great and strong,
Beset me as I pass along.

Weakness to what is good I find
With evil passions is combined;
And wage a war which, without faith,
Must end in my eternal death.

Bless'd gift of faith! By which I flee
To Jesus in extremity;
And there, though guilt will oft intrude,
I find my hope and strength renew'd.

Follies and frailties much I own;
'Neath imperfections oft I groan;
And grieve that I, from day to day,
So easily am led astray.

Grant, Lord, a firmer confidence,
A sweeter, more abiding sense
Of thine eternal, constant love;
To fix my steadier gaze above.

Sweet is to me that "joyful sound,"
 "Salvation!" For the worthless found;
 And I would honour and obey
 My loving Lord from day to day.

Thus, though but sin and helplessness,
 Towards the mark I onward press.
 Though danger ever round me lies,
 Through him I hope to gain the prize.

London.

B. M.

INQUIRY AND ANSWER.

Mr. Gowring, Paris, Illinois, says that many Old School Baptists in America held what he terms "the sleeping doctrine;" *i. e.*, the annihilation of the wicked. This is not at all unlikely, as some of the most popular preachers in England, Baptist as well as Congregational, have adopted that *fatal* lie. But we are unwilling to believe that many of the Old School Baptists have fallen into it, as we should at once disown any and all, either there or in this country, be their profession what it might, who acknowledged they did hold it. Any such amongst the Strict Baptists here would be *at once* excluded, and we trust it would be the same with the Old School or Regular Baptists over yonder. Strangely enough, the very men who hold this doctrine are they who say that *our* doctrines lead to licentiousness. Could Satan have invented anything which would more lead to licentiousness than this flesh-pleasing sentiment?

If you will turn to the "G. S." for April, 1856 (pink wrapper), you will find Mr. Philpot's remarks upon the subject. But as perhaps you, like many others, have unwisely allowed your binders to destroy the wrappers, we here give the piece in full:

"We never read more subtle letters than those written by H. C., and sent us by our kind friend, W. C. To show up their subtleties and errors would require pages; nor do we think that it would be profitable to our readers generally to bring the subject before them. It is not well to swallow poison, even if the antidote is at hand to be taken immediately after it. Just to make a little show, confuse an opponent, or escape from his grasp, some, like H. C., will try to darken the water of the scriptures by spurting out a little Greek, as the cuttle-fish does the contents of its ink-bag just as it is going to be caught. But the device will not avail here; for the same word in the Greek (Matt. xxv. 46) which declares the eternity of life for the sheep declares the eternity of punishment for the goats. So (Rev. xx. 15) those 'who are not written in the book of life' are cast into the lake of fire, where 'they are tormented for ever and ever' (verse 10). Now the same words which there are translated 'for ever and ever' are also used in Rev. x. 6, where the angel 'sware by him that liveth for ever and ever.' Therefore, if God is to live for ever and ever, the torment in the lake of fire is to be for ever and

ever; for the words are exactly the same in both passages. It is true that the literal fires in the vale of Hinnom, or Gehennah, did go out; but that was only a figure of 'the unquenchable fire' of hell. The typical fire was extinguished, and the typical worm died; but the antitypical fire,—that of hell, is unquenchable, and the antitypical worm,—the gnawing of a guilty conscience, dieth not, as H. C. will find if he die in his present state. A type is necessarily imperfect; and, therefore, to argue from the imperfection of a type to prove thereby the failure of the antitype, is only a mark of ignorance. Noah, David, Solomon, Jonah, were types of Christ; but if we are to ascribe to the Lord Jesus their imperfections, we shall soon become blasphemers of his divine Majesty."

REVIEW.

Selections from the Journals of the late Messrs. W. and H. Rosling, of Donnington.—Leicester: Rowe, Granby Street.

WE gave a brief notice of this little work in our No. for last April. We therein stated that William was the elder of the two brothers. Mr. Thorpe Smith, of Leicester, wrote to us, stating that we had made a mistake, as William was the younger one. Heffield was reduced to poverty, and William took him to live with him, an unmarried sister living with them. "And a most happy trio," says Mr. S., "they were." They went to live at Leicester, and used to hear Mr. S., but frequently attended Alfred Street, to hear Mr. Hazlerigg and others there. "William was, at times, afflicted, and, on recovering, his medical adviser ordered him into Lincolnshire for the benefit of his native air. At last, finding Leicester did not agree with him, they all returned to Donnington, and were regular attendants at and supporters of the Baptist cause there; and the two brothers are buried in that chapel-yard. What they wrote they wrote to please themselves, and it was submitted to me by the wish of the elder brother. I found a great deal of repetition, but selected what I thought would be valuable to the household of faith. Their surviving sister agreed to pay the whole cost of printing, and to give the produce of the sale of the books to be equally divided between the Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society and the Protestant Alliance. We had 400 printed, at 6d. each. If by recommending them you can help the sale, I shall feel obliged, as I am to pay the money, when all are sold, to these two societies. We have, I believe, disposed of more than half of them."

We can have no hesitation in recommending the memoir, not because the proceeds are to be given to good objects, for we trust our judgment would never be influenced by any consideration of that kind, but because the work contains some good experience.

"Heffield Rosling, the subject of this memoir, was born in Holbeach Marsh on the 6th of December, 1786. Like some others of the children of God, he had some narrow escapes from death. The first mentioned was a deliver-

ance from being lost. When a child, he was taken to be bathed in the sea, and the tide running and filling the creek, the woman narrowly escaped with him in her arms. Another instance was, a narrow escape of being shot, at the house of a tradesman in Holbeach. Another was, when grown up, he took a mare, yoked to a cart, and his little sister in it, into the field. The bridle he was induced to take off, to alter its position, when at once off darted the mare, he holding by the halter; and, after a frightful race, the mare jumped on a fence, which held her, and they both escaped unhurt. Another time, the servant man was killed in the hay-field, the horses running away with the waggon; and he (Heffield) was thrown a distance off, and escaped being run over, which was the fate of the servant man. Reviewing these, with some other minor preservations and incidents of his life, his parents being farmers in Holbeach Marsh, on the Lincolnshire coast, he goes on to say—and be it remembered he was at this time brought under strong convictions for his sins, ‘The distress and anguish of soul was very great to me in those days, and I was toiling at the law, and vowing and striving against sin in my own strength, and reading prayers out of the “Whole Duty of Man.” My vows and strivings were against my besetting sins; but the vows were no sooner made than I was immediately overcome, and I was sunk lower still in distress. I met with Hart’s Hymns, which I carried about in my pocket constantly, and which were in some parts very encouraging to me, and also Romaine’s Life of Faith, and Burder’s Village Sermons. These were encouraging to me. I used to vow and strive against my besetting sins; but they were too strong for me, and I was immediately overcome by them, and then I was brought into great distress of soul.’”

There is, perhaps, no temptation of Satan which harasses a child of God toiling for a manifestation of interest in redeeming love than that he has committed the unpardonable sin against the Holy Ghost. Yet the very fact of his *fearing* that he has committed it is an absolute proof that he has not; for none *can* commit it who are not dead to God and to all feeling; while this poor man has life in his soul, or he could not possibly have the slightest spiritual fear or desire. We find our friend Heffield did not escape:

“When I have been alone in the fields, I have wept at my hard fate, and cried, and then have washed my face, so that no one might know of my inward distress of mind. Sometimes I have thought of the unpardonable sin mentioned in the word of God, and fears would at times arise in my mind that, although I did not know what that sin was, yet perhaps I might have committed that sin and that the very miserable state I felt myself to be in was from the effects of that sin. At that time the case and estate of Judas, and of Esau finding no place of repentance though he sought it carefully with tears, and such others, cast me very much down.”

Referring to the man who was killed in the field, he says:

“I am lost in wonder to think how the watchful eye and tender care of the Lord has been over me, both by night and by day, and also, ‘He shall give his angels charge over thee.’ These are some of the most particular providential mercies and interpositions of divine providence towards me, before I was brought to know the Lord. The awfully-sudden death of the man that was slain before my eyes, in the midst of health and strength, was the means of stirring up afresh, not only all former convictions that I was under, but a fresh flood of them poured forth upon my guilty soul. Sin lay as a heavy burden upon my guilty conscience, as a heavy burden too heavy for me to bear. O the accusations of a guilty conscience. From the burden of sin, the guilt and the filth of sin, and the tormenting slavish fear of death and the dread of eternal torments, my heart was continually meditating terror, so that the power that Satan appeared to have upon my guilty soul was great indeed. I could almost think he would be permitted in the night season to fetch me away. A sense of the vindictive wrath of God was now

felt powerfully revealed against me as a sinner, in a broken law; and sin seemed to rage in a more powerful manner, so that I was taken captive by the devil, and there appeared nothing but destruction before my eyes. In the midst of this sore conflict, I kept all to myself, *for everybody seemed happy but myself.*"

How often this is the case, that the poor sinner with a heavy burden on his back, or rather on his conscience, thinks everybody happy but himself; yet there is a happiness in store for him which all the wealth in the world could not purchase. So our friend found it:

"I was laid aside, and had a doctor to attend me; and it pleased the Almighty in tender mercy to visit me with pardoning love and mercy in Christ Jesus. O what a sweet and blessed change was wrought in my soul! God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, shone into my heart, giving me the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ. Then he shone upon me, and I beheld him in suffering circumstances upon the cross, in blood-dyed garments, and pierced in his hands, feet, and side, pouring out his soul unto death for me, and bearing my cursed sins in his own body upon the tree, made sin for me that I might be made the righteousness of God in him. While the eye of faith beheld my blessed Saviour and Redeemer in those suffering circumstances, there was also such a resplendent light and heavenly glory that it shone forth and filled my soul with love and joy. Peace, like a mighty river, flowed through every faculty and power of my soul. The precious view of the sufferings of my blessed Saviour and Redeemer melted and dissolved my soul like wax before the flame. My heart felt broken under a feeling sense of his rich, free, and undeserved love, so that I looked upon him my cursed sins had pierced, and I mourned over his sufferings and bloody death, and felt, although the Lord had so freely forgiven me, that I could not forgive myself. The heavenly light and view of my blessed Saviour appeared to surround my soul both by night and by day, and abode with me for many weeks; and as, on the one hand, the sufferings of my dear Redeemer, as a Man of sorrows and bearing grief for me, melted my soul before the Lord, and laid me in the dust of humility at the foot of the cross, so, on the other hand, his almighty power, as Jehovah, God over all, blessed for evermore, removed all the burden of sin. The guilt and filth of sin, and all the vindictive wrath of God, revealed against me in a broken, violated law, were removed far away. All the dread of destruction and the tormenting slavish fear of death were gone, and I felt quite willing to quit this mortal life. All the accusations of Satan and conscience were removed, and my dear Redeemer stood at my right hand to save my soul. I can truly say peace was in my soul, and peace appeared in everything around me."

Farther on he says if he had a thousand tongues he could not fully describe what he felt. His "precious Redeemer" was with him "night and day."

But our limits warn us to close. The work consists of 48 pages. If we look at quantity merely, we should call it dear, as books go nowadays; but if we take the quality, we may express an earnest hope that all the copies will be sold.

CHRISTIANS are "sealed by the Holy Ghost to the day of redemption." And to this seal they trust their eternal welfare; not to naked knowledge, or speculative notions, though ever so deep. They dread to dream that they are rich when they are blind and poor; to have a name to live and yet be dead; or to be forced to fly for precarious refuge to the conjectural scheme of universal salvation, with those who hoped to be saved, because they think there will be none lost.—*Hart.*

Obituary.

SUSAN TABOR.—On May 24th, aged 53, Susan Tabor, a member of the church at Trowbridge.

My dear sister was born of God-fearing parents in 1820, at Trowbridge. From what she has told me, she had convictions, at times, from early childhood; but about the time of our dear father's death, in 1839, there was a real work of grace begun in her soul. Some time after this she was baptized by Mr. Warburton, and joined the church.

Like that of all the Lord's children, her path was one of tribulation.

Her affliction, which ended in her death, commenced in Dec., 1863, whilst residing with her brother. She was then taken ill with bronchitis, which, together with a distressing cough which followed her for about three months, reduced her very much. About this time she was seized suddenly in her head, as though she were going out of her mind. We had the advice of two or three medical men, who gave it as their opinion that her whole nervous system had received such a shock that it was impossible she could ever recover. My brother sent for me; but before my arrival they thought she had breathed her last. She revived, however, and I stayed with her a fortnight, expecting her death daily. Her sufferings at that time were very severe, such as I cannot describe. She had to be kept in the most absolute quiet, as the slightest noise, even so slight as the noise of the pen in writing, was more than she could endure; and this intense sensitiveness continued more or less throughout her ten years' affliction, which made it most trying both for herself and others.

As the doctor said she might last some time, I procured a nurse for her and returned home, visiting her at intervals. Her mental sufferings were very great, at times, as well as her bodily ones. I recollect at one time, in May, 1864, she had a very blessed season; indeed, she was as happy as she possibly could be this side of heaven. It would make this report much too lengthy were I to repeat all the precious expressions which fell from her lips at that time. One verse of a hymn which she uttered will show her peace of mind at that season (22, Gadsby's):

"He takes my soul ere I'm aware," &c.

After a time I brought her home. She improved a little so as to be able to sit up for a few hours at a time; but she soon had a relapse, and took to her bed again, from which she never more arose.

During those ten years of pain and suffering the exercises of her mind were very varied. She had an apoplectic fit about a year after her return home, when she was quite insensible for about the space of six hours; but with this exception she never lost the use of her reason, which, considering she suffered so much in her head, was quite a marvel, at which the doctor himself expressed surprise. My poor sister would sometimes say, "I feel as though I were on the rack; from head to foot nothing but torture." Again she would say, "It is more than I can bear. Surely against me is he turned." "When I cry and shout, he shutteth out my prayer." These seasons were very distressing both to her and me. Then the Lord would break in and give her a blessed promise to cheer her heart; so that sometimes she would say, "I would not change places with the Queen of England."

Just before she returned home she told me she knew not what the Lord was about to do with her, but she said, "I shall not die yet; for the Lord has given me these words:

"Gird thy loins up, Christian soldier!
Lo! Thy Captain calls thee out."

And, "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms;" which words were fulfilled to the very letter in her experience. Many times in her great trial I reminded her of that blessed promise, "The eternal God," &c. "Ah!" she would say, "was not that the case, I must have sunk to hell long before this; for never was there such a hell-deserving sinner as I feel myself to be." I once said to her, "The apostle Paul felt himself to be the chief of sinners." "Ah!" she replied; "he did not know me, or he would never have said so."

At one time her agonies were so great that she said, "I shall certainly die raving mad; I cannot endure it." At such seasons I would try to comfort her by telling her the Lord's promises would never fail. I felt sure he would bring her through this fiery trial. "Ah!" she would reply, "you are deceived in me. Those that endure to the end shall be saved; but I shall never endure." I would say, "These are the temptations of the devil." "Ah!" she would reply, "it is not all the devil. My wicked unbelieving heart is as bad as the devil." And though, through grace, she had always lived a most consistent life, I think never a poor creature had a greater sight or sense of her sinful nature than she had.

About two years ago she passed through a most painful and trying time, fearing she had committed the unpardonable sin. In fact, she was driven to the borders of despair in that temptation; but after a while the Lord mercifully delivered her from that sore temptation by applying some precious promises to her soul. After that she had this promise given to her: "The vision is yet for an appointed time. Though it tarry, wait for it. It will surely come, and will not tarry." For the last three years of her life, in addition to her previous affliction, she suffered from cancer in her chest; but as her afflictions abounded, so also did her consolations, and it was quite evident she was ripening for glory. As the pains increased, I would sometimes say, "O my poor sister, how will you endure it?" She would answer, "I must bear whatever the Lord sees fit to lay on me. Others have had to endure before me. My sins have deserved it all. The Lord can do nothing wrong. I only hope I shall not be left to murmur at his will." One time in particular her nurse came for me in the evening, saying that her pains were so agonizing she knew not how to stay and witness them. I went immediately for the doctor. He said it would be so and much worse yet; but he would send her something to alleviate the pain for the present; which he did, and she had a little sleep that night.

I will now come to the last three months of her life. Up to this period she had been supported beyond what we could have expected; so much so that her doctor would tell her how patiently she bore her pain. "Ah, doctor," she would say, "it is not my patience; it is the Lord's doings."

About this time she began to show a spirit of intense longing for Christ to reveal himself to her. "O!" she would say, "I want the dear Lord to come and tell me he is mine and I am his; and then I could die." She was like the thirsty hart that panteth after the waterbrooks; and though she always showed a love for the Lord's people, her love became, as it were, intensified to them. "O!" she said one day, "how I love the dear people of God! Do tell all of them you see how I love them. O! If I could but have a prayer-meeting once more, and hear some of them pour out their hearts before a throne of grace, as I used to do at the chapel! O! How I have enjoyed those prayer-meetings." Two of the friends called to see her soon afterwards, and read and prayed with her, which she much enjoyed. About this time also Mr. Popham, being at Trowbridge, called to see her, and spent a few minutes in prayer. After he had departed, she said, "What a blessing the Lord

has made that dear man's visit to me! How I enjoyed his weighty prayer! The Lord will bless that dear man, go where he will."

On my going to see how she was in the morning, she would sometimes say, "I have had a few sweet moments. Last night I felt as though I had the dear Saviour very near me, and as though he were just about to grant me my request; and then he withdrew himself. O how I long for him!" Her spiritual longings still increased, so that she took but little notice of her pains, though, at times, they were very severe. She would now make me read to her hymn after hymn, with some portions of the word of God, and never seemed to tire. "O!" she would say; "how sweet, how precious is the word of God! It is like a new book to me." And when I asked her where I should read, she would answer, "Anywhere you like; it is all so blessed." On my reading Jno. vi., she said, "I know his flesh is meat indeed, and his blood drink indeed. I used to partake of the sign; now I have the substance." She desired me to read Rev. vii., and dwelt with great pleasure on the last verse. "O!" she said, "those fountains of living waters! And God shall wipe all tears from my eyes." Then she said, "Now read me some of those precious hymns on death,—Gadsby's 468, 469." And when I read:

"Canst thou by faith survey with joy?"

She replied in the fullest confidence, "Yes, I can!" I was the more surprised at this, knowing what a poor timid fearful creature she had been, at times, and so afraid of death; but now all those fears were taken away. At another time she cried out, "O my precious, precious Jesus! Thou adorable Redeemer! Do come! Hasten, my Beloved, and remove these intervening days." At another time she exclaimed,

"My name from the palms of his hands," &c.

Several of her friends visited her about this time, and she talked to them till quite exhausted. I once said, "My dear, you must not talk so much; you will feel the effect of it afterwards." She said, "I must talk. If I held my peace the very stones would cry out."

Our eldest brother coming from London to see her about this time, she much enjoyed his company, praising the Lord for his goodness in calling him by his grace, and said,

"'How sweet to wait upon the Lord,' &c.

He has promised to be where two or three are met together in his name; now there are three of us met in his name. O! What a Bethel this chamber is to me!"

For the last month of her life she was troubled with continual vomitings, as the cancer was growing inwardly; so that she took no kind of food whatever for more than a month, and what she drank she quickly rejected; but the peace of God "which passeth all understanding" filled her soul. Not a doubt, not a fear crossed her peaceful breast, not a murmur escaped her lips. Once, after being very sick, and her poor mouth parched with thirst and fever, she said, "O! How I think of the dear Lamb of God when they gave him in his thirst gall and vinegar to drink! My poor mouth is very bitter; but what must his sufferings have been? O! What kind friends I have; but his friends all forsook him and fled. What are my sufferings to his? O! Why such love to me?"

"'Why was I made to hear thy voice?"

This is the greatest wonder of all to me. O! It is all of grace,—free, sovereign grace, to the vilest of sinners."

Her end now drawing near, she began to feel very exhausted, at times, but still would insist that I should read to her. One day she said, "The enemy does not come near me now; the Lord has chained him." I re-

plied, "And a mercy for you he has. He has tormented you enough, and you have proved him a liar." She said, "I have; and now I want to hear no more about him." On my reading part of 1 Cor. xv., she said, "How solemn! How grand! I shall soon know it all." She then asked me to read her a portion of Solomon's Song. I said, "Some folks don't believe in that part of scripture." She said, "That's because they have never tasted its sweetness, or else they would."

And now I come to the last week of her mortal life. I had sat up with her the two previous nights, and had gone home to take a little rest. When I returned, she said, "Can't talk." I said, "No, you are so weak." She paused awhile, and then said, "My Beloved is mine, and I am his." "O!" I said; "then that is the crowning blessing." She paused again, and then said, "Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee." I said, "Have you had those precious words applied to your soul?" She answered, "I have," her face at the same time being radiant with smiles. Soon after this she said, "The dear Lord has given me many precious promises during my affliction, and now I have lived to see them all fulfilled." Then she lifted her hands and said, "I never was so happy, never so happy, never so happy in all my life as I am now. Do come, dear Jesus, and take me. Thy chariot wheels seem long in coming. O! Do give me patience to wait thy time." She then said, "O!

"To see his face and never sin;'

that's the best of it;

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

"If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be?'

"His worth if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole world would love him too.'"

On the Wednesday morning following she altered very much. A death-like change passed over her; she appeared to be insensible, and we thought all would soon be over; but she revived again, and in the afternoon she requested me to sing the "Rose of Sharon" to her. I said, "You cannot bear it." She replied, "Yes, I think I can if you sing it softly." I endeavoured to do so; but beginning to falter, she said, "Come, go on. 'As the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters.'" I finished it as well as my feelings would allow me. She said, "How sweet! I wanted to hear it once more." I said, "This is heavenly courtship. Christ is telling you of his love, and you are telling him back again of yours; and soon the blessed marriage will be consummated." "Ah!" she said, "that is what I am longing for."

On the Friday night, as I was sitting up with her, I said, "You are now in the river. Do you, like Christian, find the bottom good?" "Yes," she said; "I do. Underneath——" She was unable to proceed. I continued, "Are the everlasting arms." "Yes," was all she could reply.

She now hailed every sign of approaching death with joy, asking several times if we thought it would now be long, saying at intervals, "Do, dear Lord, come. All my sufferings are known to thee. Do give me patience."

On the Sunday, her last day on earth, her agonies were very great indeed; but her peace of mind was not in the least disturbed. Her face was scarlet with the pains of her head all the day. In the afternoon I gave way to my feelings and burst into tears. She observed this, looked at me very calmly, and said, "My poor dear sister, it becomes us to be

submissive." "O!" I thought, "never did I see such suffering and patience combined." Surely this was the Lord's doings, and was marvellous in our eyes. Once after this she said,

"I could from all things parted be,

But never, never, Lord, from thee."

Soon afterwards she said, "I can't see." After which she became insensible, laid a few hours, and then without a sigh or struggle sweetly fell asleep in Jesus.

Trowbridge, Sept. 3, 1874.

A. ANGELL.

E. A. HALKE.—On April 16th, aged 80, Mrs. Elizabeth Atkinson Halke, a member of Zoar Chapel, Canterbury.

When the Lord first quickened her soul I have no account. She was baptized in 1839; and from that time to the day of her death was kept by divine power and held up in the narrow way by the grace of God, and, according to the grace of God given her, she walked and lived in the fear of God. She knew what it was to be often cast down by the roughness of the way, and often had to cry, "Lord, save me, or I perish." She often doubted of her interest in Christ, and, even up to 1870, never had a clear testimony in her soul, so as to be able to say, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." She had many helps by the way; so that she was kept panting after the one thing needful, and longed to fully realize that she possessed that good part which should never be taken away from her. I have often heard her say, "O, if I did but know I was the Lord's, I could leave all things here to go to him."

In May, 1870, the Lord brought her into his furnace of affliction to purge away the dross and bring forth his gold to the glory of his grace. The following words in her affliction were applied with much power to her soul: "Cast not away your confidence." And she often mentioned to a friend, after this application, "The Lord did speak those words once to me." Hymn 487 was much blessed to her soul in this affliction, and the Lord brought her experimentally to feel she was saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation.

On May 27th she said to me, "How merciful and good the Lord is to me that he does not suffer the enemy to worry me. I did not think the Lord would be so good to me as he has been." She said, "It is light now, and not dark." I replied, "At evening time it shall be light."

The next day she appeared a little better. I inquired of a person in the room if her brother had been to see her. She heard what I said, and replied, "What a mercy to have a better Brother in heaven,—Jesus." I said, "Yes; one who loveth at all times, and sticketh closer than a brother."

From the above time to the day of her death she was never suffered to sink into that low state of doubting and darkness as formerly. For nearly two years she suffered most severe pain, and kept her bed three weeks before she died, during which time I never knew any one suffer so much pain as she did, under which she often cried to the Lord to give her patience; which cry the Lord heard and answered.

On April 1st, 1874, she said, "I have been thinking how good God has been to me all my life through; and I feel he will not leave me now. The enemy," she said, "tries to tell me I do not love the Lord; but I tell him he is a liar; for I do love the Lord, and he can't beat me out of that; and, if I go to hell, I shall go loving the Lord."

On the 4th I said to her, "You will soon be home." She replied, "What a meeting we shall have there. I long to be there." I said to her, "You are not building upon anything you have done for salvation?" She replied, "O, no!"

On the 7th, when in great pain, she said, "What should I do if I had not a Saviour to look to?" I said, "Then you have a home to go to?" She replied, "O yes, O yes, Mr. Rowden."

On the 8th her mind in the morning was very comfortable, and her soul stayed on Jesus; but in the evening she said, "It is so dark. The Lord has gone from me. O Lord, do not leave me; do come again, Lord." I said to her one day, "Do you feel Jesus near you?" She said, "Sometimes I do; sometimes I do not. I did not think the battle would be so long."

A few days before her death, she said, with much feeling, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" In the former part of the 15th her soul was in much darkness; which much troubled her. She said, "He is gone away." A friend said to her, "He will come again." She slept for a little while; and when she awoke, she said, "You told me he would come again; but he has not." But a little time after this, being asked if she had the presence of Jesus with her, she replied, "Yes." And this was the last word she spoke.

36, Havelock Street, Canterbury.

J. ROWDEN.

PHILADELPHIA MASKELL.—On June 4th, aged 63, Mrs. P. Maskell.

My late dear sister was born at Mayfield, Sussex, England, of poor parents. Our father died when young, leaving our mother, with five children, on the parish. I think my sister was not sent to any school, but only taught to read. She said she lived in sin and wickedness without God in the world for 45 years. About this time the Lord began a work of grace on her heart. She was in such deep trouble of soul she knew not where to go nor what to do to ease her troubled breast. Some said she was crazy. How long she lay under the terrors of a broken law I know not; but one day, while at bark-scraping, in deep soul-trouble, these words dropped sweetly into her heart:

"Amazing grace! How sweet the sound."

"Thou art mine. I have redeemed thee." She said, "Lord, can that be true?" Then these words came: "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee. Thou art mine; and the cattle upon a thousand hills." This burst her bonds asunder, and set her soul at happy liberty in a precious Christ. Now she could go on her roadway rejoicing. She said she felt as though she had been bound with cords, and as though some one had cut them in a moment. This, I think, was in 1855 or 1856.

She was very much afflicted from a child, scarcely ever knowing what it was to have a day free from pain. She used to attend the little chapel on Heathfield Common to hear such men preach as the late Mr. Norman, and Mr. Mockford, and Mr. Stedman. I have heard her say that Mr. Mockford spoke a few words to her once on the road from chapel which encouraged her very much.

In May, 1857, in the providence of God, we came out into this country, thinking, as others have thought, we should have less trouble. O how we have been disappointed! I believe we have had ten times more. Fools, because of transgression and their iniquities, are afflicted.

I must pass by many afflictions and many mercies to the year 1860. In February or March the Lord began to lay his afflicting hand more heavily upon her, from which she suffered, more or less, till the day of her death. She was so drawn that she could only crawl or move in a sitting posture, and what this dear child of God suffered none but God fully knew. She was many times brought, to all human appearance, to death's door, and yet revived again.

She was a constant reader of the "Gospel Standard" for many years, and was many times greatly blessed through it and good men's writings

and sermons; the Bible and these were her constant companions. I never saw any other such an afflicted creature as my dear sister was. It was almost a miracle to see how she crawled about the house, at times. She was afflicted from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet.

I must come to her last days. On May 9th I went over to see her. I found her more comfortable in body and mind. She said, "I want to sing for joy;" but she could not, for want of breath and a distressing cough. This was good news to me, and I hope in answer to my poor prayers. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits. When I saw her before this I left her in a dreadful state under the powers of darkness.

On the 12th I found her in a peaceful frame of mind. I spoke to her a few words about eternal things. This seemed to revive her. She began to sing:

"'Twas the same love that spread the feast," &c.

She sang this with a loud and clear voice, and laid such stress on the last line of the verse, saying it over two or three times. Our sister E. and I joined with her; and I firmly believe we shall sing with her round the throne of God and the Lamb to all eternity. This was a blessed time, never to be forgotten. Bless the Lord, I believe he was present with us. She said, "I believe I shall make the place ring before I die." This was literally fulfilled.

On the 16th I read part of Joel i., and also Ps. cxxxvii., besides speaking to her of her interest in a precious Christ, of the prize of the high calling in Christ Jesus our Lord, the crown of glory the apostle Paul speaks of that nothing can possibly deprive us of, when she began to sing and bless and praise the Lord in such strains that I never heard before, and never saw one in such a blessed frame.

The next day I said, "You are nearly at your journey's end." She said, "I hope so." I said, "Have you any doubt as to your eternal interest in Christ?" She said, "No. I am not afraid to die." The next day was her last on earth.

THOMAS ROSE.

Marida Zallock, near Camperdown, Australia, July 28, 1874.

FANNY BOWMAN.—On Aug. 8th, aged 78, Fanny Bowman, widow of Robert Blake Bowman, and a member at Zoar Chapel, Great Alie Street, London, from 1842 until her death. She had, however, been unable to attend since the death of her husband, which took place about two years ago. At that time she was seized with a severe bodily affliction which prevented her leaving her home.

The church has lost a member who manifested the grace of patient endurance in all the afflictions which were the fruits and effects of fellowship with and vital union to the Son of God unto the end. She possessed an affectionate disposition, and her family have lost an excellent mother.

It was about 1840 that her mind became deeply exercised about her spiritual welfare. A friend (Mr. Hartshorn), who was a member of Zoar, lent her some of dear Mr. Philpot's sermons; and she very often told her niece (Mrs. Isaac Lake) of the wonderful effect those sermons had upon her mind. Indeed, she was convinced they were the means the Holy Spirit used of her conversion. Her mind was very much exercised about election; not that she disputed the doctrine, but was she one of the elect? That was her great anxiety. After some time of deep concern about her soul's welfare, she felt exceedingly anxious to hear Mr. Philpot preach, and she was directed to Zoar Chapel, where he was then engaged as a supply. All the way to the chapel she was pondering over these words: "Making your calling and election sure;"

and she felt as though she were bound in fetters, and could not get release from the effect the word election had on her mind. When she got to the chapel Mr. Philpot was not there; but dear Mr. Kershaw preached. It was a wonderful sermon to her. His text was: "Loose him, and let him go." And under that sermon her fetters, as she said, were broken. There was such a clear and glorious light of the truth of the gospel felt in her soul that she said, as she went on her road home, she could say most confidently she was one of the elect of God; and could indeed say with Toplady,

"More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heaven."

She was the subject of many trials; but her faith and confidence in the God of her salvation were so strong that it seemed never to give way, though it was most sorely tried. Two hymns were very suitable to her feelings at all times:

"To know my Jesus crucified," &c.

And

"A debtor to mercy alone," &c.

Both of these hymns were very choice to her.

For five days and nights she suffered intensely. A few hours before she died, one of her daughters opened the "Gospel Standard" for August, and read those beautiful lines, "The Other Side the Ocean;" and she seemed to calm down at hearing them read; and as her daughter read every verse, expressed herself not only by saying, "Beautiful, beautiful!" but her face seemed to beam with inexpressible joy, the words were so suitable to her case. As the last verse was read, her eyes closed, her face became radiant with heavenly smiles, and she never spoke more. So she passed sweetly and calmly to the haven of eternal rest.

D. P. GLADWIN.

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JAMES LORD.—On Sept. 5th, aged 72, James Lord, of Bolton.

He was born at Bacup, but went to live at Manchester. Here the Lord commenced a work of grace in his soul. He was in spiritual trouble and bondage too for a long time. I have heard him often refer to this. He was a hearer of Mr. Gadsby's at this time. Mr. Gadsby once took his text from Song iii. 2. Mr. G. described several streets, and amongst the rest, Little Hope Street. He went home delivered from trouble, and blest in his soul. He said to his wife, "I know where I am living now,—in Little Hope Street." The Lord continued to bless the ministry to him after this; on which account he felt a strong spiritual attachment to Mr. Gadsby.

He was a man of much exercise of soul and self-examination. He wanted to be well grounded; for he had many fears about the reality of things, and how it would be at last. Before I left the North, when supplying at Bolton, I heard him say that after he had given in his experience before the church at Manchester he was in such concern and exercise of mind that he went to Mr. Gadsby and told him he must wait a little longer before he was baptized. Mr. G. spoke to him, and wished him to see him again; at last he was obliged to cast his lot in among God's people.

The Lord prospered him much in temporal things; but he had plenty of ballast, being much and often in concern about eternal realities. This made him grave, spiritual, and solid. I never met with a man more decided in the truth than he was. He got at it through suffering. When truth was attacked, he was on his feet at once. I loved the man for his faithfulness, and so did the church at Bolton. He left Manchester 30 years ago, and went to Bolton; but did not give up his mem-

bership at Manchester for a year or two, going over to hear at Manchester. He then joined the people at Bolton, and was a deacon, I think, about 25 years, which office he held till death.

He was very useful, when ministers were absent, in conducting the service, and was never more satisfied than when with God's people, no matter how poor they were, and conversing on spiritual things. He was often exercised, about the reality of his religion; and these exercises became more weighty than ever as he drew near his end. He used to say, "I get worse and worse and a bigger fool than ever." But he was wonderfully comforted, and often rejoiced that salvation was of grace.

He was well in health the week he died,—more than usually so; went to the Wednesday night prayer-meeting, and in conducting it spoke in a very solemn manner from a portion of God's word, and gave out the following verses by Mr. Gadsby, which were sung from Gadsby's large school hymn book:

"Death is the consequence of sin," &c.

He was out on Friday attending to his business at his foundry, and calling on God's people. He was taken ill, and died the next morning. He appeared to be in no great pain of body, nor had he any fear of death. He passed away suddenly and quietly.

E. LITTLETON.

SAMUEL BAKER.—On June 3rd, aged 54, Samuel Baker, deacon of Mr. Cowley's church, Gee Street, London. He joined the late Mr. Shorter's church about 25 years ago.

He took cold in March, 1873, and never recovered from its effects. His sufferings of body were great, but he suffered more in his mind. The enemy was permitted sorely to afflict him. A kind friend, who waited upon him night and day during the last three weeks of his life, says it was very painful to witness the sore distress of his mind. He seemed, at times, fighting with the powers of hell. He was frequently calling most earnestly upon God for a clear revelation of the blood of Jesus Christ to his soul. He often said he had to call upon the name of Jesus to prevent Satan making him blaspheme. The reading of the psalms and Hart's hymns seemed to afford him some comfort. One hymn, 155 Gadsby's Selection (86 Hart), was particularly comforting to him, and at his request was repeatedly read to him; but as the end approached he could not bear the reading. His voice also began to fail more than a week before he died, so that it was with the greatest difficulty he could be understood. One friend who went to see him found him very low, both in body and mind. The friend quoted that verse, "Look upon mine affliction and pain, and forgive all my sins," when Mr. B. spoke, and said, "That is it; that is what I want; and I believe he has forgiven me all mine." At another time, when the same friend went to see him, he spoke of having confidence that all would be right; and he never lost that confidence, although so tried. He often said the Lord was so far off that he could not see him, and the enemy near to harass and torment him; but in the midst of it all there was a cleaving to the Lord.

Shortly before his death he looked round, and on being asked if he wanted anything, he replied, "No, I have found Him. That was all I wanted. I have done with all, and am ready to go when it pleases the Lord to take me."

About two o'clock on the Wednesday morning he asked for a little water; after having which he lay quiet for a few minutes, and soon afterwards asked for Ps. liv. to be read; and just as the last verse was read, he said, "Those are the words," and turned himself over and breathed his last.

Sept. 11, 1874.

A FELLOW-MEMBER.

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

DECEMBER, 1874.

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

FEAR NOT, LITTLE FLOCK.

NOTES OF A SERMON PREACHED BY MR. GODWIN IN EBENEZER CHAPEL,
HASTINGS, AUG. 31ST, 1869.

“Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father’s good pleasure to give you the kingdom.”—LUKE XII. 32.

WHAT can a living soul desire more than to have the kingdom of God set up in his soul by God the Holy Ghost; and the kingdom of glory in view in the promise of God, who has declared “he will give grace and glory; and no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly?” The Lord Jesus Christ, while on earth, talked and preached to his dear disciples in such a plain, simple, humble way and manner, showing them what was wrong, and teaching them what was right. He here tells them what they were not to fear, which they did; and then gives them a promise as to what he will do for them, and also what he will show them in the way.

Luke begins this chapter thus: “In the mean time, when there were gathered together an innumerable multitude of people, insomuch that they trode one upon another, he began to say to his disciples first of all.” Then where should a minister begin? Should not a minister follow the Lord, who came “leaving us an example, that we should follow his steps?” Is it not right, then, for a minister to begin where the Lord, that great Shepherd of the sheep, began? When he began to preach, he began by preaching the sermon upon the mount, as it is called: “And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain, and when he was set, his disciples came unto him. And he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying: Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.” Mark that little word *theirs*.—“*theirs* is the kingdom of heaven.” The travellers in the pathway to heaven lose sight of the kingdom before them, because they lose a feeling sense of the kingdom of grace within. And when they lose sight of the work of the Spirit of God in their souls, they cry with the church of old: “We see not our signs; there is no more any prophet; neither is there any among us that knoweth how long.” These are the ones that need to be encouraged. Then the dear Lord says: “Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted. Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed

are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled. Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God. Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the children of God."

Well, he began to say unto his disciples first of all: "Beware ye of the leaven of the Pharisees, which is hypocrisy." Here, then, is a caution. The disciples thought the Pharisees were far beyond them, because they were clean on the outside; and the disciples felt they were neither clean within nor without, until the Lord Jesus Christ was pleased to instruct them of his atoning blood, and justifying righteousness. And this is the case with the children of God now; for they see and feel their deformity to be so great, their shortcomings so many, they see what a Christian ought to be, and they have a desire in their souls to be real Christians. They do not want to come short in the least. They must be a just weight, 16 oz. to the pound, and they must have good measure; ah! and a little over if possible. As one says: "My cup runneth over." So they must be good measure, pressed down, and running over. But you will see, as the Lord Jesus Christ went on to instruct them, that he showed them they were in oppression under the fear of man; and he showed them what a snare they were in, as it is said: "The fear of man bringeth a snare." And: "Cursed is the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from the Lord." But, "Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is." So the Lord says here, "I say unto you, my friends, be not afraid of them that kill the body, but after that have no more that they can do; but I will forewarn you whom ye shall fear: Fear him which, after he hath killed, hath power to cast into hell; yea, I say unto you, fear him." So it is laid down very closely and very powerfully.

If you read the chapter, you will see the Lord Jesus Christ shows them that their natural mind was too much taken up with the concerns of this world,—whether they should have enough to eat, to drink, and to wear; so much so that he tells them: "Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat; neither for the body, what ye shall put on. The life is more than meat, and the body is more than raiment. Consider the ravens, for they neither sow nor reap, which have neither storehouse nor barn, and God feedeth them; how much more are ye better than they? If, then, God so clothe the grass, which to-day is in the field and to-morrow is cast into the oven, how much more will he clothe you, O ye of little faith?" And again: "Seek not ye what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink, neither be ye of doubtful mind." So you will see the Lord Jesus Christ lays down before them what is necessary for these poor souls to seek after. And he does not only lay it down, but he puts power into their hearts to seek for it, for he goes on to say: "Rather

seek ye the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added,"—mark that word *added*, "shall be added *unto you*." Again, it is said: "Wealth gotten by vanity shall be diminished, but he that gathereth by labour shall increase." It is said: "Better is a little with the fear of the Lord, than great treasure and trouble therewith." And I am sure Solomon well knew that "better is a dinner of herbs where love is than a stalled ox and hatred therewith." It matters not on whose table it may be set; there is trouble with it, discontent with it, unhappiness with it.

But we must now come to our text: "Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." Now, if we have any strong-faith people here in the letter and judgment, but are not possessed of the faith of God's elect in their hearts, they would at once say God's people ought not to have any fears. And I will tell you why they would say so. Because they have not any themselves. But my text says: "Fear not, little flock." And the Lord had to say, "Why are ye so fearful, O ye of little faith?" Again, "Fear not, for I am with thee; be not afraid, for I am thy God." And Paul says: "I was with you in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling." So we find the living family of God were always subject to fears from the very first. Even the strongest men recorded in the word of God were subject to fears when troubles and trials came on, and darkness enveloped their minds. Well, perhaps the Lord may bring up a few from his truth, and bring up a few in my mind; because, if my soul has not been brought into them, I shall make a poor hand at finding out these fears in God's children. Now, mark, God's children cannot remove these fears. No; it is God's work. And there may be some of God's living family that have come up to-night *with them*. For God has said, "Fears shall be in the way." Therefore they are in the way of the believer, and he cannot remove them.

Well, in the first place, these poor souls are very fearful whether there is the real groundwork of religion in their souls. You may say, "Do all God's people fear this?" Yes, when they are in darkness and under temptations. And Satan will be sure to work upon the infidelity in their hearts and souls to increase these fears. And not only so, but the believer is very jealous of himself, and he fears there is something in his religion different from a child of God; and he says, "I desire to be an heir of glory." But he never sees himself an heir of glory until the glorious Captain of his salvation shines into his soul; because the life of the child of God is hid very frequently from his view. But it is hid safely with Christ in God. But the child of God cannot be very easy until his religion appears. And the Word says: "When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory." This is what the soul is waiting for; the appearance of the Lord Jesus Christ. And while he is waiting in this way, the soul fears he has not the real groundwork in his heart.

Again. It is said in the word of God, "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his." This cuts two ways, for it is said: "If Christ be in you, the body is dead because of sin; but the spirit is life because of righteousness. But if the Spirit of him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, he that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by his Spirit that dwelleth in you." And very often the soul feels his dead, cold, needy state; and where is the man that can quicken his own soul? Where is the man that can revive his own spirit? They cannot. It is the Lord that revives the spirit of the humble and the heart of the contrite ones. Harken to David. He says, "Wilt thou not revive us again?" And what for? "That thy people may rejoice in thee."

To return to the text: "Fear not, little flock." The saints of old were under these fears. And we have need to examine whether *we* are in this little flock; because we are either of it or not, and the child of God will want to see whether he is one of the flock. When the Lord shows a man that he is one of this little flock, he is cut up root and branch. For what says the Lord? "Feed the flock of the slaughter, whose possessors slay them and hold themselves not guilty." And he says again: "I will feed the flock of slaughter, even you, O poor of the flock." And if he does not feel this, he fears he is deceived, and says, "What shall I do if I am deceived at last?" O, bless thee, poor soul, thou art not deceived; and I can tell you why. Because you cannot rest content without knowing your acceptance. And Ezekiel says, "And ye, my flock, the flock of my pasture, are men." Now, there is no deception in this. And he also declares: "And I am your God, saith the Lord God." But they cannot know that he is until he tells them so. They are to be gathered one by one. He has declared: "I will bring the third part through the fire." He will bring them *through* it, "and will refine them as silver is refined, and will try them as gold is tried; they shall call on my name, and I will hear them. I will say, It is my people; and they shall say, The Lord is my God." "But now thus saith the Lord that created thee, O Jacob, and he that formed thee, O Israel, Fear not; for I have redeemed thee; I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." So that they shall not be drowned. And: "When thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." Harken, then, and see how the Lord loves this little flock. And the Lord will water it every moment, lest any hurt it, and will keep it night and day.

Now let us look for a moment at Abraham. You know Abraham wanted a son, and it is said, "The word of the Lord came to Abram in a vision, saying, Fear not, Abram; I am thy shield and thy exceeding great reward. And Abram said, Lord God, what wilt thou give me, seeing I go childless, and the steward of my house is this Eliezer of Damascus?" "Fear not, Abram."

No mistake here, for he calls him by name. And what did he add to this "*Fear not?*" "I am thy shield and thy exceeding great reward. And the Lord brought Abram forth abroad, and said, Look now toward heaven, and tell the stars, if thou be able to number them. And he said unto him, So shall thy seed be." Then see what a promise there is in it. Now, the Lord had said to Abram, "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will show thee." And you will see Abram went on his way. But where did he go? "He went out, not knowing whither he went." And the Lord led him on safely. But was not Abram encompassed with fears? Was he not afraid to own Sarah as his wife, for fear they should kill him? So we see the strongest-faith man was full of fears when under dark clouds.

Again. Let us look at Jacob; for all God's children are like Jacob, of whom it is said, "This is the time of Jacob's trouble; but he shall be saved out of it." Yes; "*Saved out of it;*" mark that. The Lord appeared to Jacob at Luz in a vision, which he never forgot. It is said, "Jacob lighted upon a certain place, and tarried there all night, because the sun was set; and he took of the stones of that place, and put them for his pillow, and lay down in that place to sleep. And he dreamed, and, behold, a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven; and, behold, the angels of God ascending and descending on it. And, behold, the Lord stood above it, and said, I am the Lord God of Abraham thy father, and the God of Isaac; the land whereon thou liest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed. And, behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest; and will bring thee again to this land; for I will not leave thee until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of. And Jacob said, If God will be with me, and will keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on, so that I come again to my father's house in peace, then shall the Lord be my God."

See how the Lord the Spirit worked this in his heart. And see how the Lord brought it about. But what a trial Jacob had to go into first. He had to go and meet his brother Esau, who was coming with 400 men; and he was greatly afraid and distressed. And Jacob said, "O God of my father Abraham, and God of my father Isaac, which saidst unto me, Return unto thy country, and to thy kindred, and I will deal well with thee; deliver me, I pray thee, from the hand of Esau, for I fear him." And well he might, for he had good cause; because he had supplanted his brother Esau. "And Jacob sent forward his cattle, and servants, his wives, and children; but he was left alone; and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day. And when he saw that he prevailed not against him, he touched the hollow of his thigh; and the hollow of Jacob's thigh was out of joint; and he said, Let me go; for the day breaketh. And Jacob said, I will not let thee go, except thou bless me." And

Jacob's name was changed. "Thy name shall be no more called Jacob, but Israel; for as a prince hast thou power with God and with men, and hast prevailed. And he blessed him there." And then Jacob built an altar, and called it El-Bethel, because there God appeared unto him, when he fled from the face of his brother.

Then look at the trials in Jacob's family. He said to his sons, "Ye have bereaved of my children; Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take away Benjamin: all these things are against me." But Benjamin must go. And Israel said to his sons, "If it must be so now, do this; take of the best fruits of the land in your vessels, and carry down the man a present, a little balm, and a little honey, spices, and myrrh, nuts, and almonds: and take double money in your hand; and the money that was brought again in the mouth of your sacks, carry it again in your hand; peradventure it was an oversight. Take also your brother, and arise, go again unto the man. And God Almighty give you mercy before the man, that he may send away your other brother, and Benjamin. If I be bereaved of my children, I am bereaved." And when his sons returned and brought him tidings that Joseph was yet alive, and that he was governor over all the land of Egypt, Jacob's heart fainted; for he believed them not." Well; has your heart ever fainted within you? Because the Lord gives strength to these: "He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength." "And when Jacob saw the waggons which Joseph had sent to carry him, his spirit revived; and Israel said, It is enough; Joseph my son is yet alive. I will go and see him before I die." But when the time came for him to go, his soul sank about going down into Egypt. But God said unto him, "Fear not to go down into Egypt; for I will there make of thee a great nation." And not only so, but he says, "I will go down with thee into Egypt; and I will also surely bring thee up again." See how he sticks to his dear children. And my soul is also a witness in this matter. Then, you see, Jacob could go; and there was the best of the land provided for them, the land of Goshen.

But there may be some here that fear it may not be so well with them; but that they may go from bad to worse. Poor child of God, be not so hasty in your conclusions; for my text says, "It is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." And not only so; but there is a great Shepherd that takes care of his sheep; for he says, "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd." Now you want the minister to feed your poor soul; but he never can do it, unless the Lord does it in him, and through him. It is the Lord's work to feed his people. And then the Lord says: "He shall gather the lambs in his arms." See how tender he is. "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven."

In Deuteronomy vii. the Lord by Moses says, "He did not set

his love upon you, nor choose you, because ye were more in number than any people; for ye were the fewest of all people; but, because the Lord loved you." Here is the first cause, poor soul; and you shall prove it to be the last cause too,—his precious love.

Now let us look at Daniel under these fears. Daniel had seen much of the Lord's power in the lion's den. In chapter x. of his prophecy you will find: "In those days I Daniel was mourning three full weeks. I ate no pleasant bread, neither came flesh nor wine into my mouth, neither did I anoint myself at all, till three whole weeks were fulfilled." His strength was so reduced by the vision that he saw that he says, "There remained no strength in me; for my comeliness was turned in me into corruption, and I retained no strength. Yet I heard the voice of his words; and when I heard the voice of his words, then was I in a deep sleep on my face, and my face towards the ground." But the angel said, "O Daniel, a man greatly beloved, understand the words that I speak unto thee, and stand upright. And when he had spoken this word unto me, I stood trembling." And he told him he had come to make him understand what should befall the people in the latter days. "And when he had spoken such words unto me, I set my face toward the ground, and I became dumb. Then there came again and touched me one like the appearance of a man, and he strengthened me, and said, O man, greatly beloved, fear not;" see how he fears; "fear not; peace be unto thee, be strong, yea, be strong. And when he had spoken unto me I was strengthened, and said, Let my Lord speak; for thou hast strengthened me."

The prophet Isaiah was bid to "strengthen the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees, and to say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not; behold, your God will come." And how will he come? "With vengeance, even God with a recompense." Yes, and he will come and put all thine enemies to flight; for "he will come and save you." You cannot go to the Lord, but he will come to you. And he says, "If I go away, I will come again unto you. I will not leave you comfortless; I will come unto you. Yet a little while, and the world seeth me no more; but ye see me. Because I live, ye shall live also." And he says, "Sing ye unto her, a vineyard of red wine. I the Lord do keep it; I will water it every moment; lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day."

We see by this that the church of old was subject to these fears. But, bless his dear name, he did not cast them away. No! He says, "Thou, Israel, art my servant, Jacob whom I have chosen, the seed of Abraham my friend. Thou whom I have taken from the ends of the earth, and called thee from the chief men thereof, and said unto thee, Thou art my servant; I have chosen thee, and not cast thee away." And what the Lord has said will stand fast. What he says he will do. He will not cast us away. No; bless his dear name, I have proved this. He

says to Jacob, "Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God. I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." Then again, "Fear not, thou worm Jacob, and ye men of Israel. I will help thee, saith the Lord, and thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel." Now, we know worms are very timid things, and they never come up on a dry soil; but, let a shower come down from the clouds, up they come. And so it is with the children of God. Let the showers come down from heaven, they then take root downwards, and bear fruit upwards in praise and thanksgiving.

Again. You may perhaps ask, Were the most highly-favoured ones recorded in the Bible troubled with these fears? The mother of Jesus was in great fear when the angel came to her and said, "Hail, thou that art highly favoured; the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women. And when she saw him she was troubled at his saying, and cast in her mind what manner of salutation this should be. And the angel said unto her, Fear not, Mary." No mistake here; he called her by name. And there was a promise given her: "Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found favour with God. And, behold, thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and bring forth a Son, and shalt call his name Jesus. He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest; and the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David; and he shall reign over the house of Jacob for ever, and of his kingdom there shall be no end."

Now, mark, wherever there is a "Fear not" in the Bible there is a promise linked to it. John was the most highly favoured of all the disciples. Had he any fears? Some may say, He lay in the bosom of Jesus; and so had no room for fear. But when the disciples forsook their Master, and fled, he partook of the same fear, and forsook him also. And I am sure when he was in the Isle of Patmos he had many fears, for, speaking of himself, he says, "I, John, who also am your brother and companion in tribulation, was in the isle that is called Patmos, for the word of God and the testimony of Jesus Christ. I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day, and heard behind me a great voice, as of a trumpet. And I turned to see the voice that spake with me. And being turned, I saw seven golden candlesticks; and in the midst of the seven candlesticks one like unto the Son of man, clothed with a garment down to the foot, and girt about the paps with a golden girdle. * * * And when I saw him I fell at his feet as dead." See how he feared, until the Lord said to him, "Fear not; I am the first and the last. I am he that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death." "Fear not; I am the first, and I am the last. I am the first that took thee in hand, and I am the last that will have anything to do with thee. I finished transgression, made an end of sin upon the cross, blotting out the handwriting of ordinances which was against thee, taking them out of the way;

and therefore I have power to deliver thee from death and hell, and heaven's gates are open before thee; for I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it."

The Lord's dear people cannot always say that God is their Father; but in my text the apostles had authority to say God was their Father, and that it was his good pleasure to give them the kingdom. The Lord's people cannot be satisfied without Jesus tells them that God is their Father; for he says, "Thus shall they know that I the Lord their God am with them; and that they, even the house of Israel, are my people, saith the Lord God." And again: "And ye my flock, the flock of my pasture, are men, and I am your God, saith the Lord God." So you see the flock want the Lord to tell them so. You do not want half a Christ, like the Arminians. They say they can be saved half by works and half by Christ; but when they get to heaven's gate, though they say, "Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name, and in thy name cast out devils, and in thy name done many wonderful works?" Yet the Lord will answer them, "I never knew you. Depart from me, all ye that work iniquity." Now the Lord's dear people cannot boast of what they have done for the Lord; but they want to be able to say with David, "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will tell you what he has done for my soul."

Well, let us try to prove our faith, and see whether we have an eye to the kingdom of heaven; because you will read in the word of God that the Lord Jesus Christ tasted death for every man. But mark the following words: "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." The "bringing many sons unto glory" was the point the Lord had in view; for "I will say to the north, Give up; and to the south, Keep not back; bring my sons from far, and my daughters from the ends of the earth." What! Are the daughters as far off as the sons? Yes; it was the first woman that was made who fell into the devil's hands; and the scripture says, "The woman being deceived was in the transgression." Therefore the daughters are as far off as the sons.

But, "Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." Hearken to what the Lord says: "Ye are they which have continued with me in my temptations; and I appoint unto you a kingdom, as my Father hath appointed unto me,"—the same kingdom which the Father has appointed to him; "that ye may eat and drink at my table in my kingdom, and sit on thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel."

Dost thou want a different kingdom from this? But if you want this kingdom, you must go the same way to it, through the same trials, the same temptations, the same dark paths. And the dear Lord says, "I will go before them, and make darkness

light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them." Well then, come, poor dear tried soul, the Lord is before thee in these dark trying crooks. Yes, he is. And, bless his dear name, he says, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

Well, my friends, I must now leave these few remarks I have made upon the word of God. There is everything in the word of God to meet the case of his people. And if you have spiritual things wrought in your heart, and can compare them with the spiritual things in the Bible, this gives you a witness in your soul that you are taught by the same Spirit. And, "as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons and daughters of God."

CONSOLATION UNDER TRYING DISPENSATIONS.

WHY art thou cast down, O my soul?
 Why harass'd with doubtings and fears?
 If thou wouldst reach yonder bright goal,
 Thou must tread this valley of tears.

There Jesus hath laid up in store
 Unspeakable glories for thee;
 And when all thy trials are o'er,
 Then shalt thou his sweet presence see.

Each step brings thee nearer to heaven,—
 The mansion which Christ hath prepared;
 And soon by his hand will be given
 Thy glorious crown of reward.

What though for a moment his rod
 In chastening uplifted shall be;
 It is but to prove him a God,
 Whose love is as faithful as free.

Should stern persecution oppose
 Thy progress, my soul, courage take;
 It will but his jealousy rouse,
 Who will not his people forsake.

If such was the path Jesus trod,
 Whose steps were each one mark'd by pain,
 In order to bring thee to God,
 Thou, sure, hast no right to complain.

In patience continue a while,
 Until thy last summons shall come,
 Then Jesu's ineffable smile
 Shall welcome thy glad spirit home.

Bridgnorth, June 13.

SAML. MILLS.

A DEAD faith can no more cherish the soul than a dead corpse can perform the functions of life.—*Hart.*

A VOICE FROM SYDNEY.

My dear elder Brother Durnford, in England,—Grace, mercy, and peace be unto you, and all the saints of God in your parts, through Jesus our dear and most blessed Redeemer, to whom, with the Father and the Holy Spirit, be everlasting praise and glory. Amen. I have read some of your letters to your son, and have heard much of you, and the little hill of Zion with which you are associated, in England, by him. You will also have heard of us, by him, no doubt. I esteem him much in the Lord, and rejoice to find your child walking in the truth. It is better to fall asleep, leaving our dear children in Jesus, than to leave them all the world's wealth, in sin. Those who are in the world, and of it, and love its lusts, pleasures, and wealth, will soon be torn away from these their gods by the most relentless hand of death, which neither beggar nor monarch can turn back. They are swept off from the world they hug and stretch their arms to embrace; like the chaff of the summer thrashing-floors are they driven away. And where are they? How awful the thought! In hell they lift up their eyes, being in torments. Their once-loved world they will also see in flames, as Lot saw Sodom in a blaze. Yes, all shall see "God in grandeur, and the world in flames." All will be lost to the Christ-truth, and saint-despising worldling and empty professor, then; and they be for ever in black despair. O how awful, to see them sporting with endless damnation, and disdaining our glorious salvation in Jesus our Lord. How different, how blessedly different, with the child of God! In *Jesus beloved, chosen, blessed, and accepted; yea, baptized into him by one Spirit, even the Holy Ghost, the most blessed Comforter.* It is thus they are members of his flesh, of his body, and of his bones. Now with these it is and shall be well while time endure, and well when called to die. When others lose all, they will *gain all*. "For them to die is gain." They will gain an everlasting view of the glorious face they love, Jesus!

"Unclouded shall his glories shine,
And know no change by changing time."

They will gain an entrance into the blessed presence of their Lord, for which we so often pine here below. They will gain a right to the tree of life, and the river of the water of life, in the midst of the paradise of God. They will gain palms of victory, and songs of triumph, to wave and sing before the eternal throne of God and the Lamb. Yea, the very hand of the Lord to wipe their once poor weeping eyes dry from every tear; and not another wave of trouble shall ever roll across their peaceful breasts. Love shall then find its holy object in its source, and move in its circle of reciprocation to all eternity, to our joy and everlasting delight.

"There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours."

Dear brother, in present sorrows it is sweet to think of future joys. It cheers us in the way. I find it all along a path of great tribulation. I believe I have had bottles full of tears during the 25 years since God first revealed his Son in me, especially during the 22 years I have been trying to preach him among the Gentiles. Yet, for the honour of our Lord, who has not been a barren wilderness unto me, I must say, and I will say, I have had as many tears of joy as of grief. My own infirmities, and the infirmities of others, have given rise to the latter; the love, mercy, and pardon of our Lord have welled up the other. Bottles of tears here, with rills of comfort, too, and rivers of joy above. So then,

"Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore;
Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more."

You will have before ascertained that I have been trying to uplift the banner of Jesu's cross in much feebleness for about 18 years in Victoria, near one year in Tasmania, and about three years in Sydney. We were the means of introducing dear Gadsby's hymn book into five little causes in Victoria; and the church here, with a little cause at Ryde, used it before I came. Perhaps I have never preached a sermon for 20 years without having eight or ten verses out of this book in it, and sometimes above 20. I have often cleared Mr. Gadsby's agents clean out of all his kind of books, with those of Huntington's; yet he, or the editor of the "Standard" and "Christian's Monthly News," both of which I have constantly read and circulated, have never extended to me the least courtesy, or even noticed my communications to them. I have supposed them to be influenced against me by some ungenerous and low minds, and have left it with the Lord to maintain my cause and deal with them as shall seem good in his sight. I have been taught of the Holy Ghost to live upon the holy sympathies and condescending companionship of our Lord Jesus Christ, in which we can forego the sympathies of the saints where and when it pleases the Lord to withhold them. Yet, if it please the dear Lord to give them, we do very highly esteem them, and ever seek to cherish them to his glory. But perhaps you are ready to ask me, "To which party do you belong?" I can only say, "I do not know, brother; only this, I do belong to my dear Lord Jesus Christ, in ties of love and blood, indissolubly." I must leave others to classify me as they wish, or may be instructed to do. If you should ask me, "What are you?" I can only say, "I am such a poor sinner, and nothing at all; and Jesus Christ is my All." "Behold, I am vile." Yet, strange to say,

"With his spotless vesture on,
Holy as the Holy One."

They call me "Hyper," "Antinomian," and such like. But I have heard the Maker of heaven and earth, the great Monarch of the skies, call me "All fair, my love; there is no spot in thee." I do not hear the bad names without when the dear Lord speaks

within. Blessed be his name, he has such a voice that one word from him can, and does, drown the noise of the whole world. This dear Lord bless you, and all his dear people in England. So prays
Your very affectionate Brother in the dear Lord Jesus,

Pastor DANIEL ALLEN.

Castlereagh Street, Sydney, Nov. 30, 1872.

[Our friend is not by any means the only one who has complained of our not noticing them. The truth is, we often receive so many contradictory letters about ministers in Australia and America, some saying, "He is a good man," others, "Nay, he deceiveth the people," that like our late dear editor, we have deemed it best to wait and watch. We have, however, recently noticed our friend Allen, and expressed our belief that he is firm in the truths of the gospel and is doing a great work, though we have not agreed with everything he has written. The above letter turned up the other day only. We know not how long we have had it in our possession.]

A WORD FROM GEORGIA.

Mr. Gadsby, or as we would say *here*, brother Gadsby,—Your correspondent from this country, Ann Basham, in the August "Standard," is not nearly so isolated from her spiritual kindred as she seems to suppose. There are probably but very few Primitive, or as you call them, Strict Baptists, in the State in which she resides; and she is probably ignorant of the fact of their existence in other States of America. But there is a considerable number of them scattered throughout the various States of this mighty western empire; as there were scattered numbers in the provinces of the empire of Ahasuerus. There are in this State (Georgia) something near twenty thousand; and there are over thirty other States in the United States, though there are probably more in this State than in any other. There are four papers published amongst us: "The Signs of the Times," Middletown, New York; "Zion's Landmarks," Wilson, North Carolina; "Baptist Watchman," Nashville, Tenn; "Primitive Baptist," Raleigh, U. C. "The Signs of the Times" has, I have heard, a circulation of over eight thousand. We hold the doctrines of eternal and particular election, special redemption, effectual calling, and final perseverance. We also hold to Baptism by immersion, and that it must be done upon a confession of faith, by an elder or bishop in the church, and that no religious body is the church of Christ save the Primitive or Old School Baptist. We have no religious correspondence with any of these religious bodies. We will not commune with them, have pulpit affiliation, recognize as valid any of their religious acts; but are totally distinct and separate from them religiously. We have no theological schools, tract societies, salaried preachers, missionary boards, nor Sunday schools to teach children the love of God. We have bodies associated together, and called associations; but they have no delegated powers; and are simply meetings in which views are exchanged,

advice sought, and a general correspondence kept up. Our association in this section of Georgia, the Upatoie, comprises twenty-two churches, and numbers about one thousand communicants; and there are near twenty other such associations in this State. We have about ten elders, or bishops, or pastors, in this association, who have care of from one to four churches each; some of them having care of churches in adjacent associations. They receive the voluntary gifts of the churches; but that often amounts to but very little toward their support; hence they are generally labouring men. We are a poor people, as a rule, and are not able to give our pastors a great deal. Besides the communion, we practice feet-washing as a duty. This we do in each church once a year, at what we call our yearly meeting, generally held in July. We commune quarterly in each church, and have a church conference once in each month, at which time the door of the church is opened for the reception of members. This is held generally on Saturday, at which time there is preaching by the pastor, and also preaching on the next day (Sabbath), and baptizing, if any to be done. We have also general or union meetings. Our association has three of these district meetings yearly, generally on a fifth Sunday continuing three days; each district comprising about seven churches, that assemble at one particular church in a general meeting. We have *some* ministers, a great portion of whose time is devoted to *travelling preaching*, and are sustained by the voluntary contributions of the churches amongst whom they travel.

Should what I have already written be acceptable, I will continue it in the "Standard," hoping it will be acceptable to the saints. And should any of our brethren in England desire to emigrate to the United States, we advise them to come to Georgia.

Yours truly,

J. R. RESPESS.

Ellaville, Schley County, State of Georgia, U.S.A.,

Sept. 1, 1874.

[We have often regretted that our friends in America should reject Sunday schools. Because they are abused by some, why cannot our friends use them without abusing them? We do not view them as "nurseries for the church," and drag youth from them into the churches; yet how greatly God has honoured them in this country! Take the late Mr. Gadsby's church at Manchester. Many, we believe very many, of the members were brought up in the Sunday school, and scores have been taken to glory. Keep the children together; read and expound to them the word of God; tell them of the solemn nature of God's law, that it is an evil and a bitter thing to sin against God, and that all dying without true repentance and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, by the blessed operations of the Holy Spirit, must be cast into that place where the worm dieth not. Do this, and prayerfully leave the result with God. As to washing each other's feet, there is no objection to their doing it if they think it right; but we have several times explained that it was an Oriental pledge of hospitality, and still exists. If a visitor be welcome, in some parts, water is brought and his feet are washed. (See Luke vii. 44.) We believe 1 Tim. v. 10 means, if she have hospitably entertained the saints.]

ALL HAVE TRIALS.

Dear Friend, —I have not heard lately of your welfare. I should like to know how it is with you. Is it well with you in providence? Is it well with your family? Is it well with your soul? Is your harp upon the willows? My dear old mother used to sing,

“The deeper their sorrows, the louder they'll sing.”

And so I believe when it is daylight with me; but when it is night, I am always ready to say all these things are against me. But, in reality, I believe there is nothing against a Christian; though his faith may be sharply tried, his love may be tried, his patience may be tried, and his hope may be tried. There must be a death upon all our own religion. I find I have no religion from day to day, except what the Lord produces in my soul. The Lord will send something, or let the devil, or man, or self, smash all our own religion; and then he will give us a better. “All my springs are in thee.” I am as poor as a beggar; yea, I am only a poor beggar. I have been greatly reduced, and am obliged to beg at mercy's door for crumbs of bread of life to support my soul from sinking. I live upon charity by every word (not merely in the Bible) that comes from the mouth of the Lord; and sometimes and often have to fast. But when the Lord speaks to a hungry soul, every sweet word is precious.

You imply I have no trials, or very light ones. We are apt to get into Jeremiah's spirit, and say, “I am the (only) man that has seen affliction.” Every Christian has a cross, and a daily one. I mostly have sufficient weights to make me beg for strength,—a large young family, having to speak the word, often without a text until the last hour, and a leaky earthen vessel. When I want to preach the best, then I often preach (in my view) the worst; and when I want to save for the future and preach the worst, the oil runs, and I am obliged to preach the best, for then I cannot save it. So that I cannot tell any one when to come and hear me; yea, I do not want any one to come to hear me, for I can preach best when the Lord gives me a sermon.

Again. Now is our slack time in business. Yea, scarcely any business at all, and we do not know what to do with our few workpeople. So you see I find old Bunyan true in 1874: “The Christian man is seldom long at ease.” I do not expect much ease here, until we get home. But the Lord has promised never to leave his people; and sometimes I hope I am one of his people. If so, I shall find it true; and so will you. We may be cast down, but never cast off; never forgotten; never forsaken. We shall have some sweet tastes, visits, meltings, and strengthenings. I have proved it in the past; I want more faith for the future. Lord, increase our faith; for all things are possible to him that believeth.

Yours in the Lord,

16, Union Square, Oct. 16, 1874.

JABEZ.

JOHN RUSK'S DIARY.

(Continued from page 348.)

Thursday, Sept. 4th, 1817.—When I came out, my distress was very great, and that text came to my mind, "But seducers shall wax worse and worse, deceiving and being deceived." O how I sank! How low I was! I directly cried to the Lord Jesus, as the Searcher of all hearts and the Judge of all men: "Lord," said I, "thou art perfectly acquainted with all my life, all my profession, all my fears, all my temptations, all my backslidings, my great weakness in looking out for work, and how I sink. There is no going from thy Spirit, and no fleeing from thy presence. There is no place where the workers of iniquity may hide themselves. All things are naked and open to the eyes of thee with whom we have to do; and thou hast told us at all times to come to the light." This is the best and only way that I know of to go; but still, though I was not resisted, blessed be God, yet I was very low indeed. I read that chapter in Timothy about seducers, and went to prayer again, with the same appeals to the Lord Jesus; but O how low I was! And so I went to bed and fell asleep.

Sept. 5th.—When I awoke I felt the burden, and groaned again and again. O what a dangerous path I appeared to be in! If I go to these warehouses to look for work, I feel so resisted as if God was angry, and I get so burdened, so shut up, such unbelief, such hardness of heart, such aversion to them all as I never can describe; and, though I have often thought when I have set out to go to all the warehouses, yet after a while my burden gets so heavy I am forced to give it up. Then, if the next day I stop at home, I have often felt easy, and quiet, and peaceable, though not always, for I was not the day before yesterday. If I go to see friends, and they give me any money, then it is suggested that this is a snare, that I take advantage of them, and do not properly look out for work as I ought to do. So that I am sorely tried, go which way I will; but, as Job says, "He knoweth the way that I take." God grant that I may "come forth as gold."

I heard Mr. R. at Lant Street. Text: "They profess that they know God," &c. Heard him very well, and was not sleepy. He showed that a man may have a knowledge of God as a God of nature in the works of creation; also as a God of providence; and in the law, so as to be sure of God's justice and his own deserts; and that, though all this was very right, yet there was no salvation in it; but that we must know him as a God of love, a pardoning God. "I will give them a heart to know me," &c.

Sept. 6th.—Very poorly all day in body. Received 8s. 6d. Bless the Lord, O my soul.

Sept. 7th.—Went to chapel, but felt no particular desire for spiritual things. Heard Mr. R., but continued the same, and was sleepy. Text: "The word of the Lord is tried." At night: "Whom having not seen, we love," &c. He mentioned ten

things that may be experienced by men, and yet they cannot love the Lord Jesus. When it was over, as well as several times in the day, I was troubled about next week, and wondering what we should do, wishing to see God's hand appear, and yet ashamed that it should come by the same instruments, for I appeared to be such a burden. Consequently, all day I tried to shun them; knowing that if it was God's will I should receive anything, he would bring it to pass, without my trying and hanging about like a hypocrite, which I hate. And I can truly say that this is the way I pursue; for the Lord says "he will bring it to pass." But I am not exempt from temptations, and sore ones too, on this head. As I was going out, I saw Mr. Blackman, but appeared not to see him, knowing he would ask why I did not come to dinner. However, he found me out, and did ask me; and as we walked along he told me how God had appeared for them in providence, and put 1s. into my hand, begging my acceptance of it. I thanked him; and he said, "Come and have a bit of supper." I refused, telling him it would be too late; but he urged me much. I went and had some supper; and Mrs. B. put 3s. into my hand, and gave me some old frocks for the children. I refused nothing, knowing how much I needed it, and that it was all without my seeking, except by prayer, which is right. So I came home, wondering at God's goodness to such a wretch; for the silver and gold are his, and the cattle; consequently what I had for supper. They made me promise to go there next Sunday; but none of this is pleasing to me, though I desire to be thankful. Went to prayer, and felt humble before the Lord; then to bed.

Sept. 8th.—Awoke at 4 o'clock, much tried about this way of taking money and other things; and viewed myself going into a snare. The temptation was in the following way; viz., that I should get so used to this way of taking money that, as I was naturally covetous, by and by God would raise me a little up, and that I should hide this from these good people, and still accept their favours; and that this was the snare which God intended me to be taken in; and also that many cases would be represented to me, but I should be hardened (as I formerly was) against them. O, this appeared dreadful, that I certainly should be like Ananias and Sapphira. These things made me cry to God. But after I got up the temptation was gone. How many times I have been in this way; and it is intended of Satan to make me ungrateful to God for his mercies.

To-day I have been very dull and low, and yet too much talking in the warehouse to no purpose. Came home, sensible of my spiritual poverty. I have been very unable to work to-day, and had but little to eat; but I deserve nothing. Bless the Lord, O my soul. I asked Mr. Coffee to lend me 5s., but he lent me £1 till Saturday night; and it was a mercy he did; for working hard till 9 o'clock at night required more necessaries.

Sept. 12th.—After breakfast felt a strong love to the Lord

Jesus Christ in talking to Mr. Fuller, a shopmate, about R. G., who was driven away in his sin. Mr. F. told me how he had opposed the sovereignty of God; and I felt a love to God and his sovereignty spring up in my heart; and could have spoken much if there had been opportunity.

Sept. 13th.—This has been a good day, for I have been enabled to look forward to death with satisfaction, being delivered from the fear of it, enjoying peace and rest, and a love to the Lord Jesus; and though I worked till 9 o'clock, yet I felt very easy and quiet about it, not irritated as at other times. Received £2 3s. 6d., and paid Mr. C. the pound.

Sept. 14th.—Heard Mr. R. Text: "Why art thou cast down, O my soul?" &c. Dined and drank tea with Mr. Blackman, as I had promised to go; and also have promised next Sunday. It is not my wish, but they press me so very hard. Came home with Mr. D., but it is better to go by myself.

Sept. 15th.—Went to Conway Street; but O how sore my feet were, and I was so tired!

Sept 19th.—Not so very dull this morning, but so poorly and weak,—pains and aches in my body; I want rest. I heard Mr. R. very well indeed last Monday night. Text: "This is a faithful saying; for if we be dead with him," &c. What precious preaching! And I felt very wakeful. I intended to have gone out to-day; but really I am so unwell, I am forced to lie down. It is a cold all over me; but I hope to be at Lant Street to-night.

Last Sunday morning when I awoke I felt happy, and said to my wife, "I am sure I shall go to eternal glory." How very precious are the visits of the Lord Jesus! And how sensibly we can tell when he hides his face! For at night I felt different, and found much slavish fear and dread. Heard Mr. R. at Lant Street. Text: "Enoch walked with God." I heard him well, in answer to many petitions as I was going; and also found good in the chapel before it began. I hope to go in the morning to look out. God forbid that I should neglect the means! At night I kneeled down for a minute or two by myself in the lower room, my wife having gone up to bed, as the child cried; and I felt sweet access to the Lord Jesus! O how precious it was! After this, while in bed, I kept saying to myself, "O, dear Lord," &c. But in the morning felt a declension; could not find it the same, though not dejected in despair as formerly. After breakfast I went to five places. I received 3s. balance of a bill, and came home very dull, heartless to look anywhere else. O how backward to it! I believe I shall go on so till death. I hope I am not walking in a wrong path; but, at times, I am greatly afraid I am; but I cannot go any other way. God knows I do commit my way to him; and he also knows I have neither faith, will, power, nor heart to engage in sailmaking. Being very poorly and tired, I lay down and slept; and it has done me good.

Ps. xxxiv. 2: "My soul shall make her boast in the Lord;

the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad." Every man and woman has something to boast about; but none but God's elect, and they when salvation is applied to their hearts, and while under the influence of divine grace, can make their boast in the Lord. There are two sorts of people in our text; or rather, one people, but two experiences. The first make their boast in the Lord; the second cannot do so yet, but are glad to hear of such, and they are humble: "The humble shall hear thereof, and be glad." This is a short text, but very copious; but I shall be brief. And, first, God has been with me from my birth, preserved me, kept me, fed me, clothed me, has given me health and strength, and brought me up to years of maturity; but all this of itself will not bring us to make our boast in the Lord. Again, he has showed me my lost estate, the fall of man, the spirituality of his law, my sin, and what I stood exposed to; but all this and much more of the like teaching will not bring a soul to make her boast in the Lord. No, nor yet understanding the gospel clearly as it is in God's word; but it must be *salvation applied*. The soul must be fully delivered, and be brought to a full point, and then such can, under the influence of love, make its boast in the Lord. And this is delightful work. I have been sweetly engaged in it. Then it is we can see that God does all; that he was our God from all eternity, that he is our God now, and will be our God for ever. This boasting is well pleasing to God; and therefore the psalmist says in another psalm, "I will make my boast of the Lord all the day long."

"The humble shall hear thereof, and be glad." No man is humble by nature, and no professor, destitute of grace, is humble; but God humbles his children in the dust, and brings down their heart by labour. And this is generally a work of time. He shows them the fall of man, and their apostate state. Sin appears as it is, exceeding sinful. They know the spirituality of God's law, and tremble at his Majesty. At times he favours them with a little hope; but, alas! they soon sink again, and generally sink deeper.

And now, reader, look and see if God, in this little book, has not been with me, both as a God of providence and as a God of grace. See the many fears of a temporal nature, the cries and groans; how he has appeared, raised up friends at the nick of time, and opened doors. And also in spiritual things, the many tokens for good,—sometimes in hearing the word, sometimes in Christian conversation, sometimes in meditation and prayer; and in this way, and with these visits, he has endeared himself to me times without number. This is the way that he forms a people for himself, to show forth his praise; and he has promised that to hoary hairs and old age he will carry us. Thus I am helped to raise my Ebenezer, and say, "Hitherto the Lord hath helped me."

This extract ends Book XIII., and is signed, "Finished, Saturday, Sept. 20th, 1817. JOHN RUSK."

LIVING EPISTLE BY A DEPARTED SAINT.

Dear Friend,—I did not hear of your loss until last evening; and when I heard of it I assure you I felt my sympathy stirred, as I felt sure it must prove a very severe stroke indeed. I have heard your losses have been very great for many years, and in that way God hath “barked your vine, and laid your fig-tree bare.” Ah, my friend, 'tis thus the Lord makes his own people feel that there is nothing here on which his children can set their affections, so as to have and hold anything for long or with uninterrupted satisfaction. But the truth is, some of his dear redeemed ones have, even more than others, such a deal of carnality, such a worldly mind, and are so much set on obtaining earthly or sensual satisfaction, that he who is too wise to err and too good to be unkind sees it necessary to smite them in their tenderest parts, and often, too, to loosen them from things below; that he may not only make them feel that this is not their rest, and that it is here they are to possess no portion to satisfy; but that he may also draw them towards himself, and, by stirring up within them a concern to have that “more enduring substance,” they may become more prayerful, and have their affections so set on things which are above, where Jesus Christ sitteth. For my own part, I may say that I am continually kept with a “running and smarting sore;” and I sometimes think it is well it is so, though I must confess I feel myself the greatest coward, the most impotent combatant, and the most self-pitying creature in the world. However, I am so convinced that the dear Lord does not intend I should have much worldly or fleshly comfort; and he has brought me to feel he has proved himself infinitely wise, good, and gracious to me, though such a cumberer of the ground; and I have proved some advantage has resulted from the use of the rod in his fatherly hand, that though I sometimes fear to utter great words, such as, “Father, thy will be done, even though I may have much to suffer;” yet I must say I have a fixed desire within, namely,

“How harsh soe'er the way,
Dear Saviour, still lead on.”

I feel sure that unless the Lord cause you to “be still, and know that he is God,” and that he “doeth whatsoever it pleaseth him,” and enables you, by his blessed Spirit, to feel and say, “It is the Lord; let him do what seemeth good to him to do,” you will be unable to drop into his hands, and make an entire surrender of self and all you have and are. The Lord grant the spirit of grace and supplication to you and to others, that they may call upon the Lord on your behalf; and may the Lord in his own time heal the wound and restore comforts unto you. Yet a little while and all sorrow will cease; and O, what then? Ah, well, the Lord grant you faith and patience, and sanctify this painful event to your everlasting good. Amen.

Your and their servant for Christ's sake,

Downham, Ely, Cambs, May 16, 1873.

DAVID PEGG,

THOUGHTS ON THE SONG OF SOLOMON.

(Continued from page 358.)

CHAPTER IV.

Verse 13. "*Thy plants are an orchard of pomegranates, with pleasant fruits; camphire with spikenard.*"

We have already considered the church of Christ as a garden enclosed; we have now to reflect upon it as planted and cultivated by the Lord.

That is a solemn declaration in Matt. xv. 13: "Every plant which my heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up." This, of course, refers to the church as visible upon earth. There are no plants in the church as it is seen by the Lord in the heavenly places in Christ but those which are of the Lord's own right hand planting: "Thy people," says God, "shall be all righteous." And "they shall be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that he may be glorified." So it is here. We read of no noxious plants in this garden, no thorns and briars, but of an "orchard of pomegranates with pleasant fruits." We see, then, that the Lord, with his searching eyes of fire, discerns between the true and the false professors, and only counts those to belong properly to the church who can be spoken of as constituting a part of this garden with pleasant fruits. The same is true in respect of particular churches and individual believers. God only counts that for anything which is of his own Holy Spirit. In the heavenly places, and the truth of things, Christ is All as well as in all.

Now if we look closer at this description of the church of God we find in its true members three things: 1, *Variety*; 2, *Harmoniousness*; 3, *Oneness* in some particulars.

1. *Variety*. Here we have different sorts of trees set before us,—camphire, spikenard, saffron, &c. Thus it is in the church of God. The dear children of God have varied natural dispositions, talents, acquirements, experiences, degrees of communicated grace, and gifts of the Spirit. In the church we may find high and low, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, naturally amiable and the reverse; and all these things will have their effects in the formation as upon earth of the Christian's character and conduct. Then the Lord gives to one an eminency in some particular grace; to another in some other. A Moses is illustrious for meekness; a Solomon for wisdom; and Paul tells us "to every one of us is given grace according to the measure of the gift of Christ." Thus there will be an infinite and beautiful variety in the people of God; but, then, so far as the Spirit of Christ prevails, there will be,

2. An equally beautiful *combination* and *harmony*. See how the plants are, in the words we are noticing, grouped together. We have no single trees, no "one tree in the midst." (Isa. lxvi. 17.) Camphire is not alone in stately dignity, but camphire with spikenard, spikenard is with saffron, and so on. Here, then, we

have no solitary hermits represented, no individual Christians set forth as if they stood alone in a solitary, unapproachable pre-eminence, but all are combined and bound together, as it were, in a mutual dependence. Spikenard must not say, "I sit a queen in the garden, independent of the other trees, and self-sufficient." No. Spikenard cannot do without saffron, perhaps a much humbler plant in the estimation of some, yet essential to the glory of the entire garden. Nay, further, we must not even have the trees grouping themselves improperly into little sections. Perhaps camphire and spikenard may, in some respects, be most in harmony with one another; but spikenard, as we have said before, must be associated with saffron as well as camphire. Thus, then, the trees are planted by the Lord, and united and grouped together by him who plants. And we do not read of any tree moving out of its proper place in the garden, or even so much as desiring to be some other tree. Camphire remains side by side with spikenard and saffron, and does not say, "I will be saffron, or I will be spikenard." It is contented to be what God has made it, as well as where God has placed it. The angels that sinned proudly left their own habitation and fell into hell. Adonijah said, "I will be king;" Diotrophes loved to have the pre-eminence; but the trees in this garden are different to all this, and show us what saints and church members should be, each keeping his proper place, each serving the whole in his own particular sphere of service, and according to his own particular gifts. The spikenard in God's garden does not loftily lift up its head above the other plants, and say, "I will be first," nor intrusively thrust out its branches, pushing some lowlier, more modest plant on one side.

Further. We read not that these plants disagreed, and quarrelled, and fought against each other. Their branches are before us laden with pleasant fruits or sending forth fragrant perfumes; not rudely clashing against one another in angry strife. The gales, as we shall presently see, that blow in this garden are not those of anger and pride, but such as cause the trees to send forth more perfume round about them.

How well it would be for us ministers and people if we could duly ponder upon and profit by the lessons from these trees. Love and humility are seen here, and love envieth not, love vaunteth not itself, love seeketh not her own, love worketh no ill to its neighbour. Love, then, is a tree of pleasant fruits, and love is of God.

But we can only throw out hints. Surely our understanding readers can easily improve upon them, and see how, according to God's design and in the Spirit, there will be an infinite variety in the church upon earth. But then there is to be no idolatry, no isolation, no vaunting ambition, no despising of others; there is the unity of the Spirit as well as a comely variety dependent upon the numberless differences which are found in this life.

3. But we not only see in this description variety and harmony, but a *oneness* in some particulars. Harmony is, of course, the blending together of things having a difference; but oneness is actual likeness. Now, there are various things which God's people possess in common, and in which they exactly resemble each other. "Have we not all one Father?" "Our Father" is the proper language of all the family. There is only one Lord Jesus Christ, one faith or blessed truth on which the faith of God's children is founded and built up, and therefore only one baptism expressive of that faith,—one mode and one meaning. The experiences of God's children differ; the effects are the same,—to humble them, and show them what is in their hearts, that God may do them good in their latter end. They are all taught of God, but God may take different ways of teaching his children in some particulars. The teaching always results in their knowing themselves and God, and his infinite love to such poor sinners in Jesus Christ. They all have the same Spirit, but

"Not every one in like degree
The Spirit of God receives."

Faith, hope, love, humility, abhorrence of sin as after the inner man, aiming at a divine purity (1 Jno. iii. 9), are to be found in all the true saints of God.

Thus in a variety of particulars there is amongst them not only a sweet harmony, but essential oneness. So it is here, as set forth in these figurative expressions.

"i. All are *fruit-bearers*." (Verse 13.) Take the whole church; it is an orchard of pomegranates, of pleasant fruits. The fruits of the Spirit, which are by Jesus Christ to the glory of God, must be in all God's saints. Some trees may be greater, some smaller, some more richly laden, some less so; yet all are trees of pleasant fruits to God and Christ Jesus.

ii. All are *useful*. One may be so in one way, one in another; there is calamus as well as cinnamon. One may be called upon to more public service, another to adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in a less conspicuous sphere. As Luther well observes, "A milkmaid who does her every-day work in the position of life in which God has placed her in the Lord, and to his glory, really serves the Lord and glorifies his name better than a whole host of monks, and such like persons, with their will-worship and Christless performances."

iii. All *give the whole glory* of their salvation to the Lord. All declare, "It is not I, but Christ in me," concerning all that is of God and goodness about them. They are all trees of frankincense (verse 14); this sweet perfume of giving glory only to the Lord ascends from every one of them, from lip and heart likewise. This is one of their sweetest and surest characteristics. O, in their right mind all God's people rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh; in the Lord the whole house of Israel is justified and shall glory: "Blessed be the glory of the Lord, for his place," is the voice of the entire true church of

God. (Ezek.iii.12.) This frankincense adorns the meat-offering of their daily obedience and service to Christ. (Lev. ii.) They desire to do all to his glory, and to give him the glory of all they do in a right and proper manner.

iv. They all *pray*. All the chief spices are there. (Verse 14.)

“Long as he lives the Christian prays;

For only while he prays he lives.”

They pray for themselves to abound in all the graces of the Spirit, to adorn the doctrine of Christ, to be enabled to live as Christians should, that men may take account of them that they have been with Jesus, see his glory reflected in them, and glorify their Father which is in heaven. They pray for one another. This is one of the chief spices. They would not exclude from the love of their hearts or the prayers of their lips one of the dear children of God. Grace, they say, be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. They pray for God's ministers, that they may be faithful, fervent, fruitful ministers of Jesus, burning and shining lights. They pray for God's people that they may be delivered from sin, the world, and Satan, separated as a peculiar people to the Lord, living in peace with one another; fair as the moon in the graces of God's Spirit, clear as the sun in the righteousness of Jesus, and terrible to sin and Satan and all the foes of God as an army with banners. (vi. 10.) O how they wrestle with God in private! What confession of sin! What self-abasement at God's footstool! What supplications! What entreaties! O the sweet odours of sighs, and groans, and tears which ascend in secret to the Most High! And who can tell what blessings in this way descend from heaven upon the church of God, yea even upon nations and countries. Well may it be written: “The pillars of the earth are the Lord's, and he hath set the world upon them.” The saints, with sighs and groans, carry on the government of the world, whilst the wise men are fruitlessly plotting. O the sweet secret intercourse the saints hold with heaven! “Ask me of things to come,” says God; “concerning my sons, and concerning the work of my hands command ye me.” (Isa. xlv.)

All God's people pray, all in prayer are prevalent. Whilst the plots of men prove vain, and prayers of false characters are to God merely offensive, the prayers of saints are accepted by him. He plants them as trees of righteousness in Christ, and as trees of all the chief spices in the grace of his Holy Spirit.

But now when a piece of garden ground is selected, enclosed, planted, and even provided with a fountain of water in itself, it still requires care and cultivation. So it is with the church of God and all parts of it,—this garden of the Lord. We might notice many things here about this cultivating work. God himself, we know, is the great Cultivator; the ministers of God being used under him and by him in carrying on his work; and in this sense only are they labourers together with God, as he works in them, by them, and through them; so that all the glory must

be the Lord's. As it is written: "Solomon must have a thousand" (Song viii. 12), all the revenue of praise and glory; "those that keep the fruits thereof two hundred." Those that labour under and in the Lord receive a due and sweet reward, in the accomplishment of his will, for their labour. As this garden is upon earth, there must be much weeding and pruning work carried on; and God effects this not only by the word and the immediate workings of his Spirit, but by trials and many afflictive dispensations. God sends down showers of grace upon this favoured spot, and warms and makes it fruitful by the sweet beams of the Sun of righteousness; and all these things combining make a garden of delight for him who cultivates it. "How fair and how pleasant art thou, O love, for delights." (Song vii. 6.)

But we must not go into niceties; any child of God may enlarge upon these points, having some experience of this cultivating work as carried on in his own soul. What we want to dwell for a minute or two upon is the comfortable declaration of verse 15: "*A fountain of gardens, a well of living waters, and streams from Lebanon.*" There is a sort of abruptness in these expressions. The Lord had been speaking of, and commending his church in the former verses under the figure of a garden; but now he turns attention peculiarly to himself; and not without cause. Christ himself is the true fountain of these gardens. "With thee," says the psalmist, "is the fountain of life." It is not any measure and degree of grace received which will do to keep the soul in a fruitful, flourishing condition. No; it must always be the grace which is in Christ Jesus that the soul depends upon. Grace received, could it be cut off from the Fountain-head in Christ, would merely prove a failing stream, a brook that dries up. And God's people know how often their souls seem to be exhausted as to all sense and feeling and conscious working of grace. But the Lord remains the same; and when the things which are in us seem ready to die, he sends forth fresh supplies into our hearts, and we learn to say with the psalmist, "The Lord is the strength of my life;" the Fountain-head of all my goodness, graces, and spiritual enjoyments. Again we see where, and where only, the Lord sends forth the streams of his grace. He is a fountain of gardens, a fountain to his church and people:

"And all his streams in Zion flow
To make the young plantations grow."

Zion says, "All my springs are in thee;" and the Lord says he is a fountain not of wildernesses, improving nature and the men and things of this world; but of gardens, refreshing and making fruitful his church and people.

But the words are certainly peculiar. It is not merely said a fountain watering gardens, but of gardens; and this is just expressive of the truth. Christ in his true and proper character is a new Creator. He not only waters his gardens, but creates them. His communications in the new covenant are life and

health and fruit-giving communications. Gardens, as it were, flow forth from him. "I create Jerusalem a rejoicing and my people a joy." "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life." (Jno. vi. 63.) Christ never was God's gift for the mere improvement of this world, but for the creation of a better, forming out of the fallen race of Adam a people to his praise, creating anew unto his glory those whom the Father had given him. The fountain in this respect never ceases to flow, and still age after age, as the world grows more corrupt, is the fountain of gardens. Christ gives the Holy Spirit, who dwells always in the saints as a well of living waters; and thus, though to sense and feeling brought, at times, very low, the child of God cannot thirst with a total thirst, such as the rich man experienced in hell when he begged a drop of cold water. The blessed Spirit dwells in the saints, and is united to the faculties of their souls as the principle of a new and eternal life, a life superior to that of Adam in innocence, a life in union to the resurrection life of Jesus. All this flows down from the eternal electing love of God the Father, and the covenant of grace and peace made between the Eternal Three in Christ before the world began.

Thus there never can be in respect of the church of God a withdrawal of the blessed Spirit, as in the case of Saul, or a complete failing of faith, and hope, and love, and other graces. The fountain can never cease to give forth its waters; the blessed Spirit can never cease to be in the saints a well of living waters. Children of God pass through innumerable changes. Their enjoyments ebb and flow; their graces wax and wane; they sometimes rise into the most glorious enjoyment of God, and sometimes sink into the depths of trouble; but their life cannot be lost, their hope put to shame. The Eternal Covenant makes all sure. All their blessings come from that Eternal Covenant, ordered in all things and sure in Christ; or, as in the figure of our text, the garden of the Lord is perpetually watered by streams from above, from the lofty mountains, "streams from Lebanon."

REVIEW.

Memorials of the Life and Ministry of Bernard Gilpin, M.A.—London: Houlston and Sons, 7, Paternoster Buildings.

THOSE of our readers who really love a vital religion, and can appreciate godly faithfulness in dealing with spiritual things, will find in the "Memorials" of Mr. Bernard Gilpin a work which, we doubt not, will so far commend itself to their approval that, having once become acquainted with its value, they will feel that the book itself is its best recommendation. In reading it, we can say we have found it a blessed, profitable volume, full of weighty spiritual instruction; and we regard it as being one of the very few books published in the present day which unquestionably bear the stamp of heaven's mint upon their pages. If we should have met with a few things in it with which we cannot agree, and a few other things, which perhaps, for the want of clearer light, we cannot understand, yet we see no reason why such discrepancies between Mr. Gilpin's views and our own should allow

us to depreciate the volume as a whole, especially when such discrepancies are not about any vital fundamental truth in doctrine.

The volume commences with some interesting reminiscences pertaining to the Gilpin family. Mr. Bernard Gilpin owed his genealogical descent to a very ancient Norman family of the same name, traceable as far back as the twelfth century. So that had he been left of God to boast in so vain a thing as human distinction, he might have gloried in his honourable pedigree. But he was predestinated to be made, through grace, one of those "foolish things" of God's choice who should glory in nothing save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world was crucified unto him and he unto the world. From some impression he received in early life, he believed he was intended for the ministry; and guided as it would appear more by that impression and the light of reason than the Spirit of God, he entered his collegiate course at Cambridge with that end in view. Having completed his academic studies, he took orders in the Established Church, and became rector of St. Andrew's, Hertford; but, according to his own confession, he was at this period without an experimental knowledge of the truth of God, and ignorant of the power of real religion in his own soul. It was, however, but a short time after beginning his ministry in the Establishment when he passed "from being an easy professor of evangelical truth and became a partaker of the afflictions of the gospel;" and the same awakening power of the Lord, which brought him into deep soul conflict about his personal state as before God seems almost contemporaneously to have brought him into as deep exercise of mind about his position in the Established Church. "The impression," he says, "deepening and clearing in my mind of the danger, especially in this self-confident age, of mingling the precious with the vile and making no difference between the holy and the profane, I sat down and relieved my feelings by writing a letter to my diocesan, Dr. Kaye." This was in 1834, and about one year after, Mr. Gilpin was induced to throw up his position as rector of St. Andrew's, and thus separate his connexion with an ecclesiastical system which has not a shadow of scriptural countenance for its support; and to abide in which, in the present day, must indeed be a conscience-chafing position for any godly man who has any such exercises as those of Mr. Gilpin's.

It will be better to give in his own descriptive words what he believed to have been his state before he felt the awakening power of God on his own spirit:

"Had any one, before this, told me that I had nothing more than the form, I should have felt hurt, and denied the charge; for I was neither destitute of scriptural knowledge, zeal for the promotion of gospel doctrines, nor of very devout feelings. Had any said (which still was most true), 'You are resting in carnal security, upon a sandy foundation,' I should have replied, 'O no; far from it! I am deeply sensible of my shortcomings; I know that my only hope is in Christ alone; and trust he will enlighten and teach me more and more to the end.' But the heart which is within us is the greatest of all impostors. This I found; for I had at this time no discovery made to me of the grace and favour of God, but I received the gospel only as I may say by report, and without knowing that wherever the spiritual work of God is being accomplished in any man, he is made to prove the gospel and the law too, even the whole word of God."

He went on for some time in this state, getting, as he says, harder and blinder, and even striving to quench the light of conviction in his own conscience. His brother-in-law, ["the Rev.,"] Charles Jeffreys, to whom Mr. Gilpin was greatly attached, but whose spiritual convictions were much deeper than Mr. Gilpin's, being at this time connected

with the people under the ministry of the late Mr. Burrell, could see a difference between the religion of these people and that of Mr. Gilpin's, which seems to have raised some suspicion in his mind, whether Mr. Gilpin's religion was not radically wrong; and perhaps fearing entanglement by too close an intimacy, he rather withdrew his connexion from him. Added to this painful circumstance, which the Lord evidently used for good, it so happened, in the deeply-mysterious order of God's providence, that Mrs. Gilpin was at the same time passing, for the most part unknown to her husband, through deep soul exercise about the reality of her own profession; so that the occasional interviews which Mr. Gilpin had with some of Mr. Burrell's people, with Mr. Jeffreys, and the more frequent conversation with his own wife, led him to see that they manifested a humility, a tenderness of spirit, and a real concern for personal religion, which provoked in his breast the heart-searching question, "Who am I, that I should rest in my natural faith and intellectual religion, which enable me to split hairs in doctrine, but leave me always equally in the dark as to my actual state in the sight of God?" From this period his judgment, under the guidance of the unerring Spirit of God, began to be newly formed, his spiritual light made clearer, and his whole mind, as it were, was cast into a new mould. He says, "I saw that I understood but little, had no real contrition, no solid hope, no appropriating faith; but instead of going on labouring to frame these things, I saw that God's way set before me was to *ask* for them." His friends who before had stood in doubt of him could see that his present tenderness of heart and fear of God, and his much self-mistrust, were the seed of all vital religion; and with this supernatural change in himself, as great a change took place in his public ministrations. Through the awakening power of God attending his ministry it began to be well received by such who, being spiritually taught, had not been able to receive it before; and others, many of Mr. Gilpin's best friends, who only had an intellectual faith, resented his ministry and took great offence at the change. An extract in this place will be interesting:

"The majesty and life which I sometimes perceived in it both abased and encouraged me; and in reference to my ministry, I was frequently, more or less for about two years, conscious of a power which gently kept reproving and so alarming me, yet always caused a spring of hope in God's mercy, from these words, 'Be not dismayed at their faces, lest I confound thee before them.' And though I can truly say I was greatly confounded before God, I was never confounded before the people; nor, through his singular mercy, moved out of the way. Now, though I preached with much more tenderness and deep self-application than before, I began to perceive I was greatly disliked by many, and many charges were advanced against me; but being made very cautious in my walk, these greatly resolved themselves into one, perhaps the hardest of any to bear with patience,—that however well I meant, I was greatly clouded in my understanding, if indeed I had any; perhaps partly deranged."

This extract refers to the brief period in his ministry between his experiencing so great a change in his views of vital religion and his final separation from the Establishment. It was but a little while after this when, like the late Mr. Philpot at Stadhampton, and Mr. Tiptaft at Abingdon, Mr. Gilpin made his last utterances and parting words to be heard within the walls of St. Andrew's, Hertford. We say no more, then, about his connexion with the Established Church; but will give another extract here, which sets forth his very scriptural views of the solemn responsibility pertaining to those who assume the office of pastor over the flock and church of God, and the fearful contrast between a true shepherd of the Lord's sending and of such as run unsent:

"Wherefore I prayed much to be enabled to prove to the end God's will respecting me; for to be called upon to be a shepherd, and then to prove only an idle shepherd, the authority of his arm to be clean dried up, and the eye of his spiritual discernment to be utterly darkened, it seemed to me, as indeed it is, such an intense and withering curse from God, that I dared not even to picture it in my imagination. Yet how many, as I deeply fear, are in this state already, and lay it not to heart; and how hardly I had been for several years escaping from it myself! How many neither know how to discern the real work of God's grace in any, nor to make any distinction between the precious and the vile, except perhaps in favour of the latter; yet are not in the least aware of their fearful condition. Nay, some of them will even plead for this desperate blindness, as the necessary result of Christian charity. O, the delusion! But, on the other hand, when I reflect on the small degree in which the Spirit dispenses this power and discernment to his earthen vessels, I feel a still deeper cause for humiliation and fear.

"Wherefore I perceive this pastoral authority and discernment is a singular and rare gift from God, to be prized highly when granted even in the least measure. On the other hand, the clean and utter extinction of it is what every true shepherd will most humbly and anxiously deprecate. The Lord of the harvest knows the weakness of his servants, and has told them once for all, as one man, that they never can so separate the wheat from the tares as to leave the wheat clear; and that he will never trust them to make the attempt, lest in many cases they should confound the two. But for his husbandmen to be found nurturing the tares and neglecting the wheat; for his shepherds to be feeding the goats and starving the sheep, this is fearful; and this is what they all proceed to do, as soon as the curse which we read in the prophet Zechariah enters their hearts. May God deliver the reader and the writer from so executing the office of a Christian shepherd, or from being entangled and misled by the false direction of such!"

Respecting Mr. Gilpin's subsequent labours as a Dissenter, he preached for some time once a week at Hill Chapel, Hitchin, the people being destitute of a settled ministry. But his ministry was more permanently fixed in the providence of God at Port Vale Chapel, Hertford, where, as a true and faithful pastor and an affectionate, watchful, and attentive shepherd of his flock, he continued, by the help and grace of God, to minister for 33 years. And we can only say that such is the blessed record of his ministerial course, during those many years, that the reading of it has made us ashamed of ourselves, our preaching, and our life. It has made us to cry on our knees to God, "O unprofitable servant!" and to beg for grace to make us more according to what we see we need to be that the Lord might be more glorified by us.

We prefer now to refer to a few things in the volume in a more promiscuous way, which, with the extracts that will be given, will, we hope, serve in some measure to give our readers a fair specimen of the character and value of the work. One very prominent feature in Mr. Gilpin's character as the Lord's servant was a godly, cautious tenderness in dealing with persons under spiritual convictions. As, on the one hand, he dreaded a dead-letter faith, so he would as readily cherish, on the other hand, the very weakest faith, when he could hope that it was of the operation of the Spirit of God. The loose, superficial way in which so many in this day, whose notional knowledge of doctrine may be clear enough, will speak about faith, and the legal way in which they will upbraid souls under spiritual convictions, for their doubts and fears, would never fail to meet with its deserved rebuke from Mr. Gilpin. "You must not give way to doubts and fears; they are sinful. You must honour God by trusting in his mercy;" were words once spoken to Mr. Gilpin himself. But, says Mr. Gilpin, "I call *this*, truth misapplied. To speak thus to persons who, like my-

self, at that period, know nothing at all of the spiritual application of God's mercy in Christ to their souls is most dangerous, and, except sovereign grace prevent, most fatal." This is what we solemnly believe, and we ask if this fatal mode of dealing with convicted consciences is not the character of most of the preaching and religious teaching of the present day; and has it not much to do with breeding that false mere intellectual faith which so prolifically abounds? We believe it has, and believe the mischief which such preaching is doing is incalculable.

Mr. Gilpin, moreover, was equally cautious in contending for a spiritual application of divine truth to the heart. His remarks on this point so thoroughly meet with our approval, and accord with our own view of the matter that we shall give his judgment about a spiritual application of truth in his own words:

"Though it is not in my power to persuade those who do not already believe it that there is such a thing as a positive application by God of his word to the heart of his spiritual worshippers (and I believe few knew less how to believe it than I myself, or have been more afraid of pretending to have it), yet I cannot forbear saying that any one who felt what I did on that day would believe it from thenceforward. When the words first arrested me they seemed very beautiful, and on considering them they became as clear as the light. I was the more struck with it, because I had often endeavoured in vain to understand the connexion in times past. But now it was as though I said, 'O, I know what it all means, it means this;' and at the same time reading them through in a slight paraphrase to this effect: 'Scatter that precious seed, the bread of eternal life, abroad on the face of many waters, or amongst many people; thou shalt find it after many days, — it shall not return void.'"

The portion he refers to is in Eccles. xi.: "Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days," and the following five verses.

Now some have said, "There is a great danger of self-deception and Satanic delusion in those who, in their awakenings, are directed to seek after applied texts, and *manifestations*, as if it were another and safer way than the way of salvation through faith in Christ." We would say in reply to such remarks, that if the Lord is pleased to keep persons under spiritual awakenings, without applying any particular scripture with invincible power to their souls and without any special manifestations of pardoning grace, and yet is pleased to glorify himself by maintaining in their souls the work of faith, and thereby enabling them, though perhaps with many doubts and staggerings, to believe truly in Christ, it is the mercy of all such poor souls that they will be saved. But as it cannot be denied that the Lord in every age has graciously seen fit to *apply* his truth with a convincing power to the soul, and in thousands of instances to *manifest* himself in a very clear, powerful, and special way to many of his people; so neither can it be in the least deceptive or bordering on Satanic delusion for the servants of God to direct those who are in spiritual distress and bondage under the law, "to seek after applied texts," and the manifestive coming of the Lord in power into their hearts, enabling them to say with joy, "Lo, this is our God, and we have waited for him." We will give one instance of what, no doubt, most of our readers will regard as being a truly blessed application of the word, and as gracious a manifestation of the goodness and mercy of God accompanying the same application. The particulars form an entry in Mr. Gilpin's "Diary," and refer to one of Mr. Gilpin's most intimate friends:

"'O when wilt thou come unto me?' I conversed with my dear friend Mr. W. Maydwell, and found him very low, a great awe upon his spirit, and a keen perception of the wrath of God; with sensible darkness and rebellion,

which he deplored with great tenderness. I could only tell him I believed he would one day rejoice for this affliction. He said the Lord had given him a little hope on Monday night, while he was seeking for a testimony that the Lord had a regard for the children of men; and these words entered: 'Rejoicing in the habitable part of his earth; and my delights were with the sons of men.' The next morning they returned with great power and sweetness, and with such an unutterable feeling of the value and love of Christ as quite melted him; and he saw that his hope, his faith, his love, yea all his religion, was Christ and Christ alone. About the same time he thought of the case of Abraham, and found great delight in the words: 'He rejoiced to see my day; and he saw it, and was glad.' He saw *me*, and was glad. Being filled with love to Christ, he said, 'True, Lord, it was enough to make him glad.' And he said to me, 'How truly divine the change is, from feeling the whole heart filled with enmity to feel it thus filled with love! This is truly the work of God.'

Here, then, is a "text applied," the effects of which are "power," "sweetness," an "*unutterable feeling* of the love of Christ," hope, faith, and love all at work; in fact, such a sensible change from *feeling the heart filled with enmity to feeling it filled with love*, as to constrain the subject of the application to exclaim, "*This is truly the work of God!*" We can only say, from what we sincerely hope and trust we have known in measure of such blessed touches of the Spirit of God on our own heart, by the word applied with power, that we are often as anxiously waiting for as they that watch for the morning light.

As it respects any open vision, one or two instances of which are recorded in the "Memorials," as we have had no experience so remarkable, we must leave it among the few things in the work which, as we before said, for the want of clearer light, we cannot understand. It has always appeared to us that the Word was more against open visions in this dispensation than for them. Peter, the apostle, says, "Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." The late esteemed editor of this magazine, in his sermon, "The Performer of all Things," says, "But what did he (David) expect from heaven,—a vision in the sky, a dream by night, an audible voice, some wonderful appearance, a light beyond the rays of the sun? No. These would not reach his case. *Here* was his malady, at the *heart*. He wanted something not addressed to the outward eye, nor audible to the outward ear, but something that would drop into the very depth of his bosom, and touch the whole inward malady under which he was suffering. Therefore, he adds, 'God shall send forth his mercy and truth;' not dreams, not visions, not ecstasies, not trances, but God shall send forth his *mercy*. And *where* is God's mercy revealed? *Outwardly* in the Word of God, and *inwardly* in the heart. And it is by sending his mercy into the conscience, shedding abroad his love in the soul, *manifesting* his pardoning mercy *within*, that God saves from the reproach of him that would swallow us up." But when we are told, as in the case of a Mrs. Grimes, one of Mr. Gilpin's people, that a voice seemed to say to her, "Look up and see the eye of the Lord," and that she attended to the voice, and saw an eye looking down upon her in the midst of the open heavens, and that afterwards she saw "the whole face of the Saviour," and said, "I shall know it again when I get home," we feel it wiser to express no opinion upon it. Between the remarks of Mr. Philpot, with which we agree, and such an open vision as in the case of Mrs. Grimes, there is, to say the least, much for thought and reflection. But as none by searching can find out the Lord, nor have any right to prescribe a limit to him as it respects the way and manner

in which he may occasionally see fit to reveal himself, so neither would we wish to interfere in a matter about which, perhaps, we have no positive "Thus saith the Lord" for our guide.

We next make a passing remark in reference to Mr. Gilpin's practice as a Pædobaptist, and that in this, as in other things, he was guided by a conscientious conviction of having the approval of God, we do not doubt for a moment; but that his continuing to practise after his secession from the Establishment the rite of infant sprinkling on the plea that such an ordinance was intended by God to take the place under the New Testament of circumcision under the Old, and that infant sprinkling may be regarded as "a sign of grace between the Lord and his church," is as opposite to our view of baptism as we see the true spiritual Israel of God under the gospel to be opposite to Israel after the flesh under the Jewish economy. We have so often felt in looking into the works of Pædobaptists the force of the following lines:

"Forced texts and strain'd allusions;
False premises and false conclusions,"

that it is not with us what God commanded Abraham or what we find in any part of the Old Testament respecting Jewish worship that we can make our guide, in ascertaining what is the will of God respecting gospel ordinances and gospel worship now; but our honest conviction is that the New Testament alone

"Must be the judge that ends the strife
When men's devices fail."

As conscientiously, then, as Mr. Gilpin believed it right to continue the practice of infant sprinkling, so conscientiously do we believe that none but real believers in Christ are proper subjects for baptism, and that the only proper and scriptural mode is, not sprinkling but immersion. Mr. Gilpin, however, held fast his own view of Pædobaptism without any bitterness of spirit against his Baptist brethren, and without railing against immersion. We would wish to manifest the same spirit towards others who differ from us. Plainness of speech in affirming what is believed to be the truth of God is claimed by one as well as another; and we hope we have not gone beyond this in our remarks about believers' baptism.

Mr. Gilpin was a firm believer in the distinguishing doctrines of the gospel of Christ, and with steadfastness and decision maintained those doctrines in his ministry; but insisting much upon a meek, humble, chastened spirit, a tender conscience, and a godly fear, as being the fruit which the doctrines of grace will produce in the experience and life of those who receive the truth into their hearts in the power of the Spirit of God. Like other good men he had his particular gift, and perhaps his way and manner of setting forth truth was, in some respects, peculiar to himself. Judging from his "Notes of Sermons," and the volume as a whole, we should say his ministry was less characteristic of a spiritual unfolding of the glory of the Person of Christ, his mediatorial, substitutional character and work, than has been the ministry of some other servants of Christ, whilst it was as much distinguished by other features which made it no less valuable. It is well to be able to recognize the different gifts which God imparts to his servants, and, when there is a oneness and agreement in the truth, not to allow a mere difference of gift to prejudice the mind; but rather to bless the Lord for the faithful way in which such a phalanx of godly-taught men as Huntington, Gadsby, Vinall, Philpot, Tiptaft, Kershaw, Gilpin, and others, served their day and generation. "Difference of gift is one thing, but want of agreement in the essential truths of grace is a more justifiable reason for saying, 'No confederacy.'" The

marked difference, so traceable in the writings of the Puritans, is well observed by Mr. Gilpin in one or two of his "Letters." Upon such works of the Puritans as are legal he set but little value; but with the works of such men as Owen, Calvin, and Luther he could trace a religion which made his own spirit blend with theirs. After referring to Romaine's Letters, he says,

"I can trace the same religion, that is one answering to it as face to face in water, in such an author as Bunyan. I can trace it in Owen, I can trace it in many of our Puritan divines, and in our Reformers, and in Calvin and Luther. But in Doddridge and those like him, though there is a vast deal of fervour and zeal and definition, there still seems a lack of that humbling, emptying experience of the power of truth, which leads us, as very sinners, daily to humiliation of heart. There is in them also a confusion, at best, on all the most deeply humbling points of faith,—our entire condemnation in ourselves,—the free election of God; and so, in none of them a penetrating view of our need of a constant and perfect justification by faith alone without works. Some of them define the doctrine, but do not speak of it as a drowning man would of a rock on which he had been cast by the fury of the waves. Now I do not wish to judge them, or other people; but I say, what would all such confused statements or hold of humbling truths, and such cold definitions of our one only hope of life be, in my own case? Why, 'The form of godliness without the power of it,'—the knowledge of the truth without the love of it, and nothing, nothing more."

Again. How justly he deprecates that legal work, "James's Anxious Enquirer," a book which, like "Doddridge's Rise and Progress," has brought so many into bondage:

"Sick sinner expect no balm but Christ's blood;
Thine own works reject, the bad and the good."

I wish 'James's Anxious Enquirer' said this; but, alas! it says no such thing. James, as far as I can judge from his book, was one of those pseudo-Calvinists, who are called moderate, because, though indirectly, they bring in the covenant of works instead of the Rock, Christ Jesus. Ralph Erskine well says of the whole family of such divines,

'The law of works, into repentance, faith,
Is changed, as their Baxterian Bible saith.'

James will be very well pleased that the man should be earnest; and if he be frightened as well as earnest, he will be pleased with that too for a time, but will soon begin to reason him out of his fears, insinuating, but by no means openly saying, that his very earnestness should relieve his fears. James will also say, 'O, don't let me deceive you with vain hopes! You must give up all your sins, and not think while you love sin that you can expect God to answer your prayers.' James will gild over this dose of the dreadful law with such a nice covering of gospel words that the poor unsuspecting weakling will swallow it for gospel, and wonder why it so dreadfully disagrees with his stomach. He will begin to think that his case must be desperate indeed, for good Mr. James's gospel only makes him worse. For his very malady is that he cannot help loving sin, but good Mr. James assures him that as long as he loves sin he is only a hypocrite, and it is not salvation he is seeking for. What, Mr. James! Have you not yet found out that, notwithstanding all your religion, the flesh that dwelleth in you loves sin to this day, and that that is yourself loving it, for which you must abhor yourself, and be preserved from that love of sin by grace as independent of yourself as the wind of heaven is? That your hope, if it be a good hope, must be in God, and not in yourself, that he will be faithful to his covenant with Christ, and save you, though you are as treacherous as a rebel can be, and continue so as long as you live, even till the body of sin be destroyed out of you? That the Lord's gift of true repentance will come whenever he touches your heart with the sense of mercy, and makes you loathe yourself indeed for all your abominations? All this is not Antinomianism; it is the death of Antinomianism."

In that part of the volume where Mr. Gilpin speaks of "Romaine's Letters," whilst speaking in their praise, he says, "Surely he goes too far here and there." This is what we have always thought, and have as frequently thought the same of much that is contained in the works of Owen and others of the best of the Puritan writers. Their "duty faith" and legal appeals, instead of being what some would try and get our churches of truth to believe the glory of their works, are, as we think, "the dead fly in the pot of ointment;" and, so far from being the glory of their works, are that which greatly tends to spoil their beauty.

The limits of our magazine will not admit of our extending our remarks to a greater length. We may say, in conclusion, of "Mr. Gilpin's Life and Ministry," that a book so full of weighty, profitable reading is rarely to be met with in the present day. Either as a purchase, or as a gift from one godly friend to another, it will, we doubt not, prove a blessing in the hands of many. Like the "Letters" of Mr. James Bourne, it will, we believe, with the blessing of God, prove a means of opening up to many minds the secret of true and vital religion. Were the whole volume only letters, like those it now contains, it would be most valuable; but dividing itself into "parts," those parts being Mr. Gilpin's "Own Narrative," his "Diary," his "Letters," "Notes of Sermons," and "Dissertations;" added to which, as interspersed about the volume, being several most interesting accounts of persons known to Mr. Gilpin,—their experiences and their deaths, it all helps to double and treble the value of the work. We cheerfully give it our best recommendation, and feel thankful that Mr. R. B. Benson has been enabled in his affliction to compile the material, and place so good a book in our hands.

Obituary.

JANE TENNANT.—On June 29th, 1874, aged 61, Jane Tennant, a member of the church at Frederick Street, Birmingham.

The subject of this Obituary, though she had a clear beginning to her religion, was constantly pursued with fear, and tempted to believe that she was out of the secret. She lived without hope and without God in the world until she was between 20 and 30 years of age; when the set time arrived for God to call her by his special grace. She had a sister who feared God, and professed his name, whom the Lord took away by death. The minister who buried her spoke very solemnly at the grave, and said "he earnestly wished the death of one in the family might prove the life of another." What was said took fast hold of Jane Tennant. Thoughts of death, judgment, and eternity began to press in upon her soul with solemn weight; and she felt herself unfit to meet a holy God. Her sins were set before her, and the need of mercy and free grace was almost at once discerned. When she had been a considerable time in soul trouble, and was almost in despair, the Lord sent this scripture with great power to her heart: "Deliver him from going down to the pit; I have found a ransom." Deliverance was brought into her soul; her sins were taken away; joy and peace succeeded.

Enjoying the sweets of peace, and feeling her heart warm with love to God and his ordinances, she was baptized, and joined the church at Birch Meadow Chapel, Brosely. She was often favoured with renewals of the Lord's goodness whilst hearing the word of God preached by various ministers. In the course of God's Providence she was brought to Birmingham; and when she first attended Frederick Street, though she remembered and related what she had felt and hoped was the work

of God on her soul, she was in a very low place, and was often cast down and desponding. But the Lord had thoughts of peace and not of evil towards her; for he graciously revived his work on her heart, and, at times, caused her to return to the days of her youth. Being restored again through the word preached, which she much esteemed, and feeling a strong attachment to the people of God, she joined the church at Frederick Street, with the late Ann Mills, whose Obituary appeared in the "G. S." for Oct., 1874.

J. T. was for years a complainer, writing bitter things against herself, always suspecting her religion, tempted to believe she lacked something that the people of God possessed, and that she was a person differing from all others. Unbelief followed her everywhere, and met her at every turn; and though she was often comforted and encouraged under the preached word, the enemy of souls would constantly attack her hope and assault her faith, telling her that she would die in despair, and prove a reprobate.

Six years ago the Lord laid her on a bed of affliction. After passing through many of these exercises, he most blessedly delivered her soul, and spoke, as she said, "almost all the precious promises in the Bible to her heart." After a time the comfort and assurance of this left her, and she gradually came into her former tried pathway.

Being a very regular attendant at the house of God, we felt, when her seat was vacant, there was some lawful cause for her absence. She would say, "I know not what I should do without the preached word." Through this she was often blessed, and would occasionally say to those who preached it, "I highly esteem you for your work's sake."

When persons have walked in the ways of Christ, lived the life of faith and prayer, cleaved to the word of God, loved the brethren, and felt the love of God shed abroad in their hearts, it is not essential that they should have great ecstasies and wondrous revelations on their deathbed, to satisfy us that they are gone to heaven. Still it is very encouraging to find souls who have been so tried and tempted as Jane Tennant was, delivered from all their fears, and prove Satan to be what Christ says he is,—“a liar.”

Most of the following account was taken down as it fell from her lips during successive visits.

June 8th.—She said, "I have no hope but in the Lord. The seventh chapter of Romans is still my experience. I want to feel more of the presence of Christ. I have often found it good to be at the house of God. I am now passive in the Lord's hands, rather longing to die than to live."

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'Tis a point I long to know.'

But I have tasted his love many times; and he is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. I thirst for the wine of his kingdom." Being seized at this moment with pain of body, she cried, "Lord, give me patience. Hold out, patience. If the Lord will but give me victory, I will sing louder than all the crowd. I shall have more cause than the

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June 12th.—She said, "Do you think I shall go right? Do you think I shall be lost?" She was told that for one like her to be lost, who had experienced the life of God in her soul, and had been made to hope in his mercy, would be inconsistent with the revealed will of God. She said, "I cannot think he will let me perish, though I am such a poor thing. Death is but a shadow. The sting of death is sin." She was answered, "Yes, the *sting* of death is sin." She said, "Yes; but there is something else." Then was quoted to her, "But thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ." On being asked if she felt the sting of death, she replied, "I hope that was taken away years ago; but now I do not feel the assurance so fully as I would.

'Tis a point I long to know.'

But I have tasted his love many times; and he is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. I thirst for the wine of his kingdom." Being seized at this moment with pain of body, she cried, "Lord, give me patience. Hold out, patience. If the Lord will but give me victory, I will sing louder than all the crowd. I shall have more cause than the

rest. I am one of the worst." She then said: "Though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God. I trust he is my Redeemer. I hope in his mercy. I have nowhere else to look." After that she was much tried with darkness and unbelief, because she could not find the Lord. Still, in the midst of all this, she manifested a strong faith in the faithfulness of God, and would say in her dark and tried states of mind, "He will not forsake the work of his own hands."

June 13th.—About six o'clock in the morning, the Lord came in such a gracious way, and delivered her from all her fears. After blessing and praising God with all her heart, which made those around her to weep, she said to a friend, "Go and fetch my beloved friend and pastor. I want to tell him what God has done for my soul." When he entered the room, she stretched forth her poor withered arms toward heaven, and said with a loud voice, far above its usual tone, "He is come! He is come! I can say, 'He hath delivered my soul from the lowest hell.' I shall be with him. I see him. I see him. He intercedes for me. His blood is precious. I have no fear of death. The sting has been taken away before; but never like this. I can now say, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.'" She said the first words that came were these: "Pardoning love;" they came very gently. Then with great power this portion followed: "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name." Also the four succeeding verses. "All my sins are gone. He hath forgiven my transgressions. I have been such a wanderer, and he has saved me. Tell my dear brethren he will come to them; I am sure he will. None need despair now he has saved me. I shall meet you around the throne. I know you will be there. I have often wished I could love him as you have done; but now I can. I love Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. Many times have I gone to the house of God greatly tried and cast down, but Mr. D. has sopsoken of my character, and traced out the way, that I have returned with strength and comfort. I have also been afraid to sit down to partake of the sacrament of the Lord's supper; but when Mr. D. has been telling us there was no virtue in the sign, and exhorting us to look to the substance, and showed us that salvation was by faith in Christ and his blood, it has so strengthened and helped me that I have resolved to go on in the way. Now I know he is my Jesus. I never believed it would be like this with me. I shall never come to the Lord's table again, but I shall drink it new in his kingdom above. I have so doubted and feared, and have been so tempted to believe that there was something wrong in my religion, and that God's people possessed a secret that I was destitute of. This portion has been applied most sweetly: 'In that day thou shalt say, O Lord, I will praise thee; though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortedst me.'" She was asked if she thought she should die. She said, "Yes; but if it is the will of God to restore me, I hope never more to sin against him. I would not raise my finger in opposition to his will." Her strength was now exhausted; but she soon broke out again, saying, "It is all of free sovereign grace that I am saved. I may lose the sweetness and peace that I enjoy; but that will not alter the blessing."

June 18th.—She was kept peaceful in mind. A friend having read Psalm cxlv., which she felt very precious, she said, "Extol him very high. I know you do; but extol him more and more. I have found victory through the blood of the Lamb. Bless his precious name! I have not the same great joys, but I have the same confidence." After this she was a little stronger, and could take her food better, and said, "The Lord might raise me up again for a short time; and if he does, I hope to live to him." Psalm cvii. was much blessed to her, and she would frequently say, "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so."

June 25th.—She was much weaker in body, and said, “My soul through many changes goes; but it is a mercy to have any hope in, and desire after, the Lord. I have had much conflict, but I have not lost sight of my blessings. Through his great mercy I have not those temptations that I used to have; but there is much in my flesh that is wrong, and there is something in me that seems right. The fear of death is gone; but I want to live in his embrace. I die in peace with the brethren. If there are little ones among them, I wish to feel the least. The truths I have heard at Frederick Street are now the comfort of my soul. It is victory, victory! Ask Mr. D. to tell the people that it is Victory, Victory, through the blood of the Lamb!”

June 26th.—It was observed that she was gradually sinking, but she was mercifully sustained; and it was truly made known to her soul that the eternal God was her refuge, and that underneath were the everlasting arms. She said, “I am in the Lord’s hands, relying on his mercy. The faithfulness of God

‘Lays the foundation of my hope
In oaths, and promises, and blood.’”

After a little rest she said, “I am in a low place, but I hope it is a right place. I can say still,

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

I am in the Lord’s hands, and wish him to do just as he will with me. He is to be blessed for all he has done, and for all he is doing. ‘O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good.’” Then with much emphasis she said, “From everlasting to everlasting he is the same. I bless him for everything. There is no unkindness with the Lord.”

June 27th.—Being very weak, she was asked if she would like to go. She said, “O, no! I want the Lord to do as he thinks best, and to fetch me when he will.”

These were almost the last words she spoke that could be understood. The next day she made great effort to speak, but failed to make those around her understand.

June 29th.—A friend who called to see her, seeing one arm stretched out on a chair, asked if it were cold. She immediately worked her hand, as if to say, I know your voice; and, had I power, would stretch out my arm and shake hands with you once more.

For many years she had prayed for the welfare of her children, and longed for their salvation; and now at the close of her life she was enabled to leave them and her husband in the hands of God. Feeling that all was well between God and her soul, she could die in peace, and yet in prayer and desire for the spiritual good of her offspring. Like godly Jacob she could say, “The God which fed me all my life long unto this day, the angel which redeemed me from all evil, bless the lads.”

We can only desire that the faithful, solemn, and affectionate addresses that were poured from her lips into their ears may, through the power of God’s Spirit, weigh heavily upon their hearts; and that God may repeat his sovereign act of instrumentally making “the death of one the life of another.” “Say ye to the righteous, It shall be well with him.”

J. D.

NANCY OXENDALE.—On April 26th, aged 64, Nancy Oxendale, for 37 years a member of the church at Vauxhall Road, Preston.

There are many evidences to prove that the Lord takes especial care of his people while in an unregenerate state; and so it was with our friend. When about four or five years old she was taken by her parents in a spring cart to visit some friends. When they were returning home the horse took fright, the cart was upset, and all the company were more

or less injured. A doctor was called to see Nancy and her mother. He said he thought her mother would recover, but Nancy would die; but the Lord ordered it otherwise; for her mother died and Nancy was restored.

She was now much neglected by her father, who was a wicked, swearing man; but the Lord took care of her; so that she could say,

“When in the slippery paths of youth

With heedless steps I ran,

Thy hand, unseen, convey'd me safe,” &c.

As she grew up she commenced to attend the Independent chapel and school, where dear Mr. M'Kenzie was superintendent and teacher; and she was put into his class. It was about this time that a work of grace began to make itself manifest; for she was made to feel herself a poor needy sinner in the sight of God. She felt that she needed a greater Saviour than was set forth by their minister; and Mr. M'Kenzie being of the same mind, there was a warm soul-union between them. Mr. M'K. was forced to leave the Independents and go where he could be fed. The Lord, of his great kindness, led him to meet with a few Baptists; and she went too; and both found that this people were their people and their God their God. These were the people supported by Mr. Gadsby.

She suffered a great deal from her father, who made a practice of pawning her better clothes, till she was compelled to leave them at some friend's house during the week, and she went on Lord's day morning in her work-day clothes and changed them, and did the same at night, till she was forced to leave home. She was baptized along with 13 others by Mr. M'Kenzie in the river Ribble in May, 1836, the first Lord's day after he was chosen the regular minister of the place. Her after life was a time of much trial, both in temporal and spiritual things; for she knew what it was to want the necessaries of life, often fearing she would come to the workhouse. But the Lord was better to her than all her fears. He raised up many friends, both known and unknown, near and far off, even as far off as London. Who can limit the God of Israel?

Her days of darkness were many. In one of them I recollect her saying to me, “O, I wonder what will become of my poor soul!” I said, “You have often told me you did not begin yourself.” She replied, “Yes, I have; and I am sure I did not.” I said, “Well, Satan would not teach you what you know.” She answered, “No. He tells me as I am so dark, unbelieving, and rebellious, I cannot be one of the Lord's people; but I hope I am one.” One time a passage out of Ps. xlv. was brought with power to her mind. It was, “He is thy Lord, and worship thou him.” She said, “Lord, do help me, and I will.” It ever was a valuable portion to her. She spoke of it as long as she lived.

She suffered very much from asthma, so that she could not attend chapel much for some time. Her chief companions were the Bible, the “Gospel Standard,” the “Gospel Magazine,” and Mr. Huntington's writings, which were lent her by kind friends.

Early in March she began to show signs of dropsy, and rapidly got worse. One night she awoke my father. She was in great pain, and said, “Do pray for me, for the Lord to be with and help me, and give me a feeling of resignation to his will.” He did so, and had much liberty. I was with her many times during her last illness, and she was favoured to speak a little; but as my memory is not good, and as I did not make any notes, I cannot give much of what she said; but it rejoiced our souls to hear that the Lord fulfilled his precious promise where he has said, “I will never leave thee nor never forsake thee.”

The last evening I was with her she repeated a portion of her favourite hymn (119):

“But since my Saviour stands between,
In garments dyed in blood,” &c.

On Lord's day, April 26th, she slept six hours, and then her spirit took its flight without causing the least struggle to her body. R. O.

W. HORLEY.—On Sept. 7th, 1874, at Drayton, near Abingdon, aged 60, William Horley.

He was born in the same village as I was, and when a youth was apprenticed to a tailor. After he had served his time, he travelled into many towns in England, ultimately imbibing the awful principles of Atheism. He returned to the village with his infidel books; and his views quite shocked the minds of some who heard him speak them. I was not a sharer in those principles, but was a companion with him in breaking the Sabbath, and in taking pleasures in accordance with the desires of the flesh and the carnal mind. But it pleased God to call me by his grace; and then we parted company, at least in regard to Sabbath-breaking and carnal pleasures. I talked to him of what I felt, and tried to convince him of his error. But he would not listen to my voice; and I could not command a power with it to make him. He manifested a great hatred to my principles, and mocked and scoffed at the Bible, saying it was a mere Act of Parliament from beginning to end. My company was now so obnoxious that he would not walk with me if he could avoid it; though we had to walk from the village to the warehouse at Abingdon in which we were both employed. But the Lord's time came. He afflicted him in body and also in mind, and brought him to consider. By deep convictions the Lord brought down his proud rebellious heart, and led him to search the scriptures. He was in the providence of God removed from his native village to another, a few miles distant. When the Lord smote him to the earth, and put the cry of the publican into his heart, he sent for me to go and see him. I found that a great and most blessed change had taken place in him. No more contempt towards me; no more hard speeches against the word of God. He burned his once-prized books of infidelity; and after lying at hell's dark door, the Lord brought him up to see a heavenly day. He then came and took two rooms in the village, that he might be near me, and have my company that he once so despised. And now, instead of speaking so contemptuously of the Lord Jesus, and many dear persons named in the scriptures, in a way I cannot write, or put before the public, he exclaimed, “O my blessed Jesus! O my blessed Lord and Saviour!

“Now will I tell to sinners round

What a dear Saviour I have found,

or that *found me*, a rebel, a vile sinner, a black sinner. I want to praise him; I want to love him, but I cannot as I would!”

He was led to hear the gospel's joyful sound at the Abbey Chapel (Mr. Tiptaft's). He gave in his testimony to the church, was gladly received, and baptized. He lived a humble follower of the dear Lord in this wilderness; sometimes tried and exercised, at other times blessed and cheered. About two years ago he was again so blessed that his cup was full and flowing over; and some who used to pity him because of his awful principles, now envied him. Some who had looked upon him with scorn and contempt, now viewed him as one of the excellent of the earth. He that had been last was now to be first; and the first in their own eyes became last.

The Lord was pleased by affliction gradually to bring down his body, and that by softening of the brain. In the beginning of his affliction he was much favoured; and during the remainder he was very passive and quiet. Was not this a brand plucked from the fire? E. PORTER.

E. E. ELDRIDGE.—On Nov. 24th, 1873, aged 26, at Old Mill, Mayfield, Elam Esli Eldridge, of consumption.

It appears he was always from a child very quiet, and what may be termed of a religious turn of mind; and, as he was brought up to attend the parish church, and never had run into open sin as many do, and was very zealous, he quite thought if any went to heaven he should. While he was going on in this good way, as a strict Churchman, the Lord saw fit to open the eyes of one of his brothers, convincing him of his lost, ruined condition, so that he could no longer continue to go to the parish church, but was obliged to seek relief for his distressed soul. And finding this under the ministry of Mr. Mockford, of Heathfield, he, after a time, prevailed on Elam to go with him; and when he went he thought he liked it better than the church, and so continued to go, although still a Pharisee. The Lord soon afflicted his brother, and then Elam, in great zeal, was ready to go and read to him, which he did; and whilst so visiting his brother, finding him in distress, the Lord fastened the conviction on his soul, which never left him, that there was something in real religion he did not know. He now began to read his Bible in a very different way, and there he saw that the Lord had an elect people; and now when he went to chapel it was to know whether he was interested in God's election. Still his self-righteous spirit followed him; and often hard thoughts of God would arise in his mind to think that the Lord should choose some to life and leave the rest; and he still thought the Lord ought to reward his very moral life. At other times he would feel a love spring up in his heart towards those whom he thought were the people of God, and breathings of heart that the Lord would make him a true seeker. And it appears that one time, when Mr. Mockford was speaking, he so entered into his feelings that he felt for the first time a hope that he should one day prove his election, and should certainly know what the Lord teaches his own dear people. He said he felt such a love to the Lord and to the people of God that he could say with truth, "Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." Now he looked forward for the next Lord's day, hoping to find the same sweetness again; but he had to come away disappointed and much cast down, fearing he was altogether deceived. Still his heart was knit to the people; and as he had in previous winters had to attend to the stock, he now much dreaded the winter, fearing he should be kept away from chapel. This sent him to the Lord in prayer for him to make a way for him to have his Sundays; and after a time he found his master had intended other work for him. This made his heart glad; for he hoped the Lord really had heard his prayers. All these exercises he kept to himself, always fearing to say anything for fear he should deceive others. He often feared he had never been taught by the Lord in his righteous and holy law; but he could say with one of old, "Whereas I was once blind, now I see." Thus he went on, hoping and fearing, for a long time.

After a time the old chapel at Mayfield was bought and opened again; and about this time I trust the Lord opened my mouth in his dear name, and my way was directed to Mayfield, which being nearer for him than Heathfield, he in process of time became a constant hearer; and when our Sabbath school was opened he became the superintendent, for which place he was well suited, although he consented to take office very reluctantly, feeling his unfitness for such a post. This post he filled until he was laid by with the sickness which ultimately proved his death.

And now I will give a few of his own words respecting the trial this was to him. He said to a dear sister-in-law, "You see now the judg-

ments of God are being poured out on me for my presumption. I thought I went into that with a desire for the honour of God and the good of the children; but now I find I did not know my own heart. I can now see so much self in it."

During this affliction I visited him several times. But I should have said he somewhat recovered from the first attack, and returned for a time to his place and labour; but soon sank again in sickness, during which time I visited him, and found him deeply learning his utter helplessness even to raise a living cry unto the Lord; death staring him in the face and no power to cry; and yet so thoroughly convinced that if he died where he was he must perish. And sometimes I had my fears respecting him. Once I asked him whether he could say and feel God would be just in sending him to hell. He said, "Sometimes I can." This gave me a little hope; for I perceived he knew the difference between flesh and spirit.

But we will now come to the closing scene of his life. I will copy from a dear friend who visited him, for as I lived so far away I could only see him once a week. This friend says, "I went to visit Elam on Tuesday, Nov. 18, and found him apparently in a dying condition, and, according to his feelings, without the least hope that ever he should be saved. 'But O,' he said, 'if he cuts me off and sends me to hell, he will be a just God; and I feel that every breath will be my last. O that the Lord will have mercy on me! I know if I am saved it must be by sovereign grace alone.'

"The next day found him almost distracted under a felt sense of his lost condition; but while I was speaking in prayer the Lord was pleased to break through the darkness a little into his distressed soul. A little hope sprang up; and once during the day he said he could almost sing of mercy after all. Once he said, 'O! If he would be pleased to appear and set my poor soul at a happy liberty,—O how I would shout, "Victory, through the blood of the Lamb!"'

"Friday morning I found him still alive. I went to the bedside and asked him how he was. I had been there but a short time before he burst out as loud as he could, saying, 'All is well! He is come! Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless and praise his holy name.

"Tell poor sinners all around

What a dear Saviour I have found!"

And many times during the day, when he had strength, he tried to exalt a precious Christ for what he had done for him, a hell-deserving sinner.

"Saturday morning I found him longing to be gone, but begging for patience to wait the Lord's time, with a sweet settled peace in his soul that all was well; and then repeated the words of the poet:

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds

In a believer's ear,' &c.

And I left him, desiring to be gone."

In the after part of this day I visited him myself, and saw the peaceful calm he was in. I then said, "As a dying man I ask you, now you have found peace, is there anything different to what you have many times heard from my poor lips?" I said, "I ask this for my own sake, as I am often full of fears that I am deceiving the people;" and he said, "Nothing. Go on. It will do to die with."

On Friday, after the Lord had turned his captivity, he said to a friend, "Is this dying?" At another time he said, "If this is dying, I should have liked to have been always dying!"

On Monday, just before he died, a friend said, "Are you happy?" He said, "Yes;" and breathed his last. May our end be like his.

ELI PAGE.

CHRISTMAS.

"Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable Gift."

THANKS, everlasting thanks, be given
 For the best Gift of God in heaven.
 All gifts are here comprised in one,—
 'Tis God's own dear beloved Son.
 Amazing Gift of love divine!
 Wonder of grace,—this Gift is mine.

O whence is this, my soul, to thee,
 This Gift unspeakable and free?
 "Herein is love," so great and rare,
 That nothing can with it compare.
 I would for ever on it dwell;
 Its riches are unsearchable.

God gave his Son to bleed and die;
 Inquire, my soul, the reason why?
 It was to save thee from his wrath,
 From sin and everlasting death,
 That thou with him mightst ever dwell,
 And not be turned into hell.

O might I meditate on this
 Till lost in wonder, fill'd with bliss;
 This marvellous mystery of love
 That sent a Ransom from above;
 A Ransom none but God could find,
 Surpassing men's or angels' mind.

This depth unfathom'd I would scan,
 Jehovah's love to sinful man;
 Who his own Son to die should choose
 Rather than his elect to lose.
 Thanks, everlasting thanks, be given
 For the best Gift of God in heaven.

A. H.

ERRATUM.—A strange blunder was made last month by the compositor and overlooked by the reader, or corrector of the press. In page 440, in the paragraph by Toplady, the words "Gospel Standard" are quoted, as though Toplady had that magazine in his heart. The words ought not to have been capitalised, much less quoted; but simply have been the gospel standard, or the standard of the gospel.

NOTE.—Our attention has been directed to a remark of Mr. Huntington's, "displays and offers of grace," in page 445, Nov. No. What Mr. H. meant was, we believe, displays and expressions of grace. That he had any idea of offers of grace to dead sinners his whole works will prove to the contrary. See especially his work, "Excommunication and the Duty of All Men to Believe Weighed in the Balance."

MANY imagine themselves great believers who have little or no true faith at all; and many who deem themselves void of faith cleave to Christ by "the faith of the operation of God."—*Hart*.