



THE SOWER.

"Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters."—ISAIAH xxxii, 20.

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."—ECCLES. xi. 6.

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THE SOWER.

AN ADDRESS TO OUR READERS.

WITH the commencement of the year 1880, we again venture forth with our *Seed Basket*, having clothed the SOWER with a covering, the colour of which will be familiar to our old constituents, many of whom will, we believe, be glad to see an old friend in his original dress; and, although we do not think our readers will judge the Magazine by its outward appearance, we think the addition of the coloured cover, and four pages per month of reading matter in the body of the work, will be accepted by our friends as a considerable improvement. And now to all our readers who have obtained mercy of the Lord, or who are seeking it through faith in Christ Jesus, we desire, in a way of New Year's greeting, to say, as did Boaz to his reapers, "The Lord be with you." What better portion can we wish you than the protection, guidance, help, blessing, and presence of Him "who, above all others, well deserves the name of FRIEND"? What can be so suited to your case during your pilgrim course through this world, in which you are "strangers and sojourners"—in your afflictions, trials, and distresses, so manifold and complicated—as the tender mercies of the God of Jacob? "He fainteth not, neither is weary; there is no searching of His understanding; He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might He increaseth strength." With all of us time is swiftly passing away, and eternity is continually drawing nearer, so that our race will be but a short one, and then the great change will take place, when the dust shall return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return to God who gave it.

Another year is gone, and as you read these lines 1879 will be reckoned among those which have passed from us for ever. Many who read these pages are already walking amidst the shadows of the evening of life, their little span of time is fast drawing to a close, and the day of their departure is at hand. Dear aged ones, may you, when you come to that river which has no bridge, feel that you are in the arms of Him who conquered death, and, ere you for ever close your eyes on all below, may the eye of faith get an opening view of the King in His beauty, and of the land that is afar off, so that in that solemn hour when heart and flesh shall fail, you may apprehend Jesus near as the strength of your heart and your portion for ever. Thus may your last moments be cheered with the light of His coun-

tenance, and whenever your change shall come, may you in peace, and with joy, yield up your soul to God.

To those of our readers who are young in years we would, in all affection, say, "The Lord bless you." You who know Him, who have by faith come to "Jesus, the Mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling which speaketh better things than that of Abel," and who are resting upon the atoning work and merit of the Son of God; and to you who may be seeking Him with sorrowing hearts, we wish the same divine mercy. May the Holy Spirit lead you to the cross of Christ, and there, as poor, burdened, troubled sinners, may you by faith cast yourselves at His feet, and realise His faithful word concerning all true seekers: "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." If you need His mercy, His blood and righteousness—if you are seeking His face, calling upon His name, and waiting at His door—then we can hold out to you every encouragement to follow after Him and urge your plea, for He waits that He may be gracious to all such needy seeking sinners—yea, as Berridge says—

" His office is to purchase slaves
And give them liberty."

And since in Jesus alone is found the remedy for your malady, therefore press after Him like the poor woman of old, with a "Lord, help me!" and, as sure as she obtained the blessing she sought, so none shall ever seek to Him in vain.

To all, whether young or old, among our readers who have never been quickened by the Holy Ghost, never been made to tremble as sinners before God, nor to plead guilty to the charge of transgressing against Him, but who are still in spiritual darkness and death, still strangers to God and a Scriptural hope in Christ—to all such we say, may the Lord bless you, bless you with spiritual life and teaching, open up to you your real state and present condition, and make you to feel the power of His invincible Word, which declares "without shedding of blood there is no remission." Oh, that His arrows may enter your hearts and pierce you to the inmost depths thereof, until, like the publican of old, you are compelled to go to the feet of Jesus with the never unanswered prayer: "God be merciful to me a sinner!" for "all who" truly "call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." Unconverted reader, may this year see you a mourner at the feet of Christ, a seeker after salvation through the blood of the Lamb. All who live and die without saving faith in Him must perish for ever, for the word of Him who gives to His sheep eternal life is, "He that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only-begotten Son of God" (John

iii. 18). Oh, that some may hear the Word, feel its power, and ere long be found among that number who "believe to the saving of the soul"! And it is also our earnest prayer that to this end the reading of the SOWER may be blessed to many who as yet do not know the Lord.

And now, to all our dear friends who by their sympathies and prayers seek to help us in our work, we again appeal for renewed exertions on their part; and may the Lord give us unitedly to feel a greater devotedness to Him and His cause than we have ever before evidenced! Do not the circumstances of the times and the state of the Church of Christ call loudly for this? How diligent are the enemies of the Word of God in their endeavours to bring it into general contempt. What floods of error are carrying abroad their baneful infectives! and what worldly-mindedness, carnality, and party strifes overspread the Church of God! Brethren, it is not the time for sleep. Dangers threaten us; the enemy is alive to his work and is urging it forward. His servants are not only clever, but they manifest unwearied devotion in their pursuits; and what are we doing to oppose them? Look at their advances—the growing disregard manifested to the Word of God, and the wide-spread profanation of His day; the barefaced stalking abroad of the courted harlot of Rome, and the abounding of a religious profession, the gist of which is a *lively morality*, and the outcome of which promises to be *matured Rationalism*. And in the face of all these opposing evils the Church of the living God is, by a spirit of supineness in many, and a spirit of carnal rivalry in others, all but disabled for active service in her Master's cause. Yet we are not left without rebukes from the Lord. He has rebuked the pride and wickedness of our nation, in that He has during the past year caused His waters of adversity to overspread our land. And He is rebuking His Church for the evils found within her. Stroke after stroke has come down upon us in the removal of His watchmen from Zion's walls. But where are any gracious effects to be seen in a way of humility and repentance before Him? Alas! alas! we seem to wait for them in vain. Recently another eminent and God-honoured ambassador of Christ has been removed from the scene of his labours, and a wide breach has thereby been made in the circle in which he moved, for the late Francis Covell was, by the grace of God, a man of eminent degree in the Church of Christ and in the society of saints; so that his removal, so suddenly and unexpectedly, has not only fallen with weight upon his own flock, but it is felt to be no ordinary loss by a wide-spread circle of gracious souls. Our earnest prayer is, that this bereavement may prove to be effectual as the voice of God calling upon His flock to consider their

ways, and that ere long there may be a breaking down of that dry and hard spirit which is so prevalent among us, until the abounding of general and sincere repentance shall bring the Church of Christ with one accord, as with one voice, to exclaim, "Come, and let us return unto the Lord : for He hath torn, and He will heal us ; He hath smitten, and He will bind us up" (Hosea vi. 1). Then may we hope to have more of the presence and power of Christ among us, more of the unity of the Spirit, more brotherly love, more humility and prevailing prayer ; and then we may hope to see more of the work of the Holy Ghost in the convincing, regenerating, and gathering the lost sheep of God's Israel to the fold of Christ ; and then we may also hope to see the living Church more alive to, and energetic in the use of, those means which God has ordained to this end.

Perhaps some who read this may conclude that we are growing quite enthusiastic with respect to the subject of a revival. To any such we would, in a spirit of love, offer a few thoughts upon this point, and we hope that they may at least lead to a candid consideration and Scriptural examination of the subject. Let us, then, ask, is not a revival of pure and undefiled religion desirable ? Surely few can be found who will venture to deny that it is *greatly* needed ; but the question is, how is it to be brought about ? Can any human agency promote it ? Is not salvation wholly and entirely the work of the Lord ? To the latter question we unhesitatingly reply in the affirmative. To the preceding ones we reply, the Lord is pleased to use *instruments* for the accomplishment of His work in the world.

And now let us suggest a few things for the consideration of thoughtful, godly minds. May not the fear of promoting an empty form of religion, and of degenerating into the spirit of mere professors and graceless zealots, tend to induce the opposite extreme—a state of supineness and lethargy—under the plea that the Lord will do His own work ? which plea is correct in the abstract, but it is likewise true that He is pleased to employ means in the performing of it, and while it is well for us ever to remember how narrow the line is which separates between true and false zeal, still, to refrain from doing what is right lest we should get into a wrong spirit in the doing of it, must surely be contrary to our faith, as it also is to the rule of godly practice. Were there not in the early apostolic times some who allied themselves with the true followers of Christ who proved to be only Christians in name, "having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof" ? men who adopted a profession of the name of Jesus as a matter of policy, such as Simon Magus, Demas, and many others who turned away from the saints and went back, to walk no more with them ? Yet did the fear of making hypocrites

deter the apostles and their helpers from preaching everywhere the doctrine of the cross of Christ? Let the history of their lives and labours as given by the inspired pen decide, and from that it may be clearly seen how they laboured unceasingly, committing themselves and their work to the Lord,

And, again, does not a fear lest the use of all adoptable means for the spread of the knowledge of Christ should make hypocrites, savour more of a want of faith than of godly prudence? Is it not more consistent that we should use every means the Word of God acknowledges, and manifest a zeal for the salvation of others, becoming those who have obtained mercy, *remembering we are instruments, but the work is the Lord's*? Can we consider the love, zeal, and devotedness of the servants of Christ, as recorded in the early history of His Church, without feeling that shame belongs unto us? The well-known plea of some, "The Lord will have His own," is in the abstract quite correct, but since "it has pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe," it is well we should remember that God has ordained the means to the accomplishment of the end, and by the zealous use thereof we should so spread abroad the truth of God that with the Apostle we may say, "But if our Gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost." What we want is more closet religion, for we firmly believe that a greater individual experience of the power of the Holy Ghost would lead to enlarged and more diligent effort in the cause of Christ on the part of those who love His name. And that a withdrawing from such diligent effort for fear the means used should yield the wrong kind of fruit savours more of looking to the work of our own hands than of dependence upon the Holy Spirit, whose province it is to give success thereto. May the Lord save His people from thus dishonouring His name, through a false fear and squeamishness of spirit, which are devices of Satan for the hindrance of Christian work. The enemy is sowing his tares broadcast with all diligence while the Church is to a great extent sleeping. No exertions are spared by those who would supplant the truth of God and spoil us of our religious privileges. And shall we sit down in a state of supineness and seek to comfort ourselves with the common and abused expression, "The Lord will take care of His own"? Would a knowledge of this truth prevent any sane and godly man from using all means in his power for the preservation of the life of himself or his family, were they in apparent or immediate danger? We think not; for although we may feel assured that our lives are in the keeping and at the disposal of "the Judge of all the earth," yet we should not consider it inconsistent with our faith to use every just means for their preservation in the time of peril. Neither can we consider it

incongruous to use every lawful effort to oppose the work of those who seek to pervert the right way of God, and thereby to bring us into bondage ; but rather, that if we by a spirit of careless confidence allow the foe to succeed, "by default" on our part, we shall prove unfaithful in our stewardship.

Brethren, we speak thus because we see a mighty phalanx of enemies advancing against the truth and Church of Christ, while within her walls we find evil surmisings, petty jealousies, bitter contentions, and much self-seeking, on the part of many who profess to be disciples of Him who "made Himself of no reputation," which things promote disunion, and evidence a lack of the Spirit of Christ, to a degree far beyond what many are willing to confess. Oh, that during the year we now enter upon the saints of God may be led unitedly to seek for—and be favoured to experience it—a gracious outpouring of the Spirit of God, whose unctuous power has so often wrought wonders in the midst of the Church of Christ !

Dear readers, our prayers and labours, while spared by God and upheld therein, shall be for Zion's good ; and since it is her peace and God's glory we seek, we hope to pursue, as far as in us lies, a course of earnest, faithful work, and while we contend for the whole truth, we wish to do so in a spirit of love and meekness ; and instead of engaging in the strife-engendering disputes of clashing parties, we hope ever diligently to oppose error by a faithful setting forth of Scriptural truth as we have received it of the Lord, thereby evidencing a determination, regardless of the reproach it may bring, "to know nothing among men save Jesus Christ and Him crucified." And may we not hope that a goodly company of willing workers will come forth "to the help of the Lord against the mighty" ? We know there are many who are ready and willing to do what they can to help on the cause of truth, and we trust their ranks will be swelled by gathering numbers, who will gladly declare themselves to be "on the Lord's side," and who, by spreading abroad the knowledge of that Gospel which has been the power of God unto their salvation, will seek to honour their Lord by commending His grace. May the Lord fix deeply in all our hearts that important admonition given in His Word, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might ; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest" ! Fellow sinner, if the Lord Jesus has plucked thee as a brand from hell, He is worthy of thy strength, thy talent, thy life, thy all.

And now, dear Christian reader, as we enter upon another year, may the Lord help us to lift our eyes and hearts up unto Him, whose blessing alone can make our souls fruitful and our

work successful ! And as we remember mercies received and helps afforded during the past year, may we once again “thank God and take courage” ! Thy trials, afflictions, and sorrows encountered during the past year are now no more ; they are reckoned among the things that are past ; but the promise of thy God is still the same : “ I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee ; ” and hitherto you have found Him faithful. May the memory of His great goodness ever abide upon thy heart, and since thy Friend who lives on high is “ Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, ” may you in every future case of trial and need be enabled to trust in Him, seek to Him, and wait patiently for Him. Thus may thy heart be fixed, and in sweet communion and fellowship with Him who is the first and the last in thy soul’s affections, may you be favoured to enjoy a truly *Happy New Year!* “BRETHREN, PRAY FOR US.”

“PREACH THE WORD.”

Now that the pulpit and the press
With error teem, let me possess,
Dear Lord, a firm, unflinching care ;
To truth a faithful witness bear.

Each truth of Thine I’d sacred hold,
And not one hair’s-breadth e’er withhold ;
Whate’er is in Thy Word made known
Let me on no account disown.

Thy servant, Lord, I fain would be,
And do the work that pleaseth Thee ;
By me Thy message deign to send,
Whether it please or it offend.

Why should I scruple to declare
Truths in Thy Book that written are ?
Fearless of men I would proclaim
All there recorded in Thy name.

I would revere each solemn word
Prefaced with this, “ Thus saith the Lord ; ”
Assured, though all things else decay,
Thy Word shall never pass away.

Endue me with the power of faith,
And keep me faithful unto death ;
Let sinners, Lord, converted be
From error and from sin to Thee.

THE FISHERMEN AND THE GOSPEL NET.

BY THE LATE MR. HENRY FOWLER.

"Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men."—MATT. iv. 19.

THE sea is an emblem of the world. As the sea has in it various living creatures, and some monsters, so has this world. In the sea is "that leviathan" (Psalm civ. 26), and in the world is Satan, "the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience" (Eph. ii. 2). In the sea there are fish to be taken by net or by hook; and some that are taken are cast away as useless and destroyed. In this world sinners are gathered by the Gospel net and testimony, but all that are gathered by the preaching of the Word are not saved; for to some the Gospel is a savour of life unto life, and to others of death unto death. "The kingdom of heaven is like unto a net, that was cast into the sea, and gathered of every kind: which, when it was full, they drew to shore, and sat down, and gathered the good into vessels, but cast the bad away. So shall it be at the end of the world" (Matt. xiii. 47—49).

Fishermen may fitly represent preachers of the Gospel. The calling of a fisherman is mean and contemptible in the eyes of many, so is the ministerial office to many the most contemptible. I well remember, when in my state of ignorance, I viewed the servants of God as the worst beings in the world. Surely, I do not deserve the honour the Lord has conferred upon me! To be a preacher of Christ's Gospel truly, a man must make up his mind to bear and suffer reproach; and the more successful in the Lord's work he really is, the more reproach he is likely to meet with. It was an observation of Luther, somewhere, "that preaching that raises no persecution is not the Gospel." The fisherman is exposed to many hardships, and meets with many disappointments. One of them complained to his Master one morning thus: "We have toiled all night, and caught nothing." So it often is with God's real servants; they toil hard in prayer, in searching out the mind of God in His Word, and often labour in preaching beyond their natural strength, and see but little good done by their labours. If they are a little encouraged by the weight of their net, alas! alas! the produce turns out a dog-fish, or a tongue-fish, or a fish all head!

These disappointments have not a little puzzled and tried me; and, but for the strong hand of God, I certainly should have taken up an easier trade than a fisherman's calling long since. But such words as these are a spur to fresh exertions: "Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters." "Be instant: preach the Word in season and out of season." "In due time ye shall reap, if ye faint

not." "The foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal. The Lord knoweth them that are His." These words, and such like, encourage me sometimes, till, with fresh courage, I exclaim, "For Zion's sake I will not hold my peace" (Isa. lxii. 1).

Also fishermen endure great hardships by storms at sea, that come on sudden and unexpected, as well as by poverty at home. So do most of the servants of God "endure hardness," and many of them suffer much by poverty. Preaching the Gospel faithfully, and maintaining an honest conscience and deportment, is not the road to popularity and wealth. Fishermen, however they may be despised and neglected, are absolutely necessary; no fishermen, no fish—so the preachers of the Gospel are necessary, and God has promised to furnish Zion with them. "I will give you pastors according to Mine heart, which shall feed you with knowledge and understanding" (Jer. iii. 15). Paul says, "How shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach, except they be sent?" As fishermen are ordained by Providence to take the fish out of the sea, so the servants of God are ordained by the "Chief Shepherd and Bishop of souls," set apart by the Holy Ghost, and as truly so now as they were when He said, "Separate Me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them." God's servants are instruments in His hand to gather out His elect from the world, and from lifeless professors, who have a name to live, but are dead to God, and so destitute of real religion.

Once more, there are times when fishermen cannot fish by reason of the stormy weather, so there are times in the lives of most of God's servants when they are obliged to be silent. Penal laws and severe persecutions have silenced many of the Lord's most highly-favoured servants, as the history of the Church proves. But if nothing of that nature should be against them, there are other things which may hinder them; as, the dreadful temptations of Satan suddenly and unexpectedly seizing them, so that their courage fails, and their strength is dried like a potsherd. The strongest man in real confidence is like a bruised reed if God leave him to the power of the enemy. But Jesus holds the stars in His right hand, and out of His hand they cannot fall, though they may not shine for a time, by reason of the clouds of darkness that cover them. Or bodily infirmities may prevent God's servants from attending to their public work, as was the case with that blessed man of God, James Barry, the last thirty years of his life, and is now the case with a gracious servant of God, Mr. A—, * of Mayfield, Sussex. This must be a singular trial to a minister of Christ; but the ways of God are in the deep, and doubtless He

* Doubtless Mr. Abbott, whose ministry was made a blessing to many.

does all things right, however He may exercise the faith and patience of His children.

But when fishermen cannot fish, they appear to have plenty to do, such as mending their nets, repairing their tackle, gathering bait for their lines; so, when the Lord's servants cannot preach, they have plenty of labour. Oh, what meditation, what heart-searching, what self-examinations, what diligence, what earnest prayer to God is really necessary for a preacher of the Gospel! The preacher of Christ may work hard in the pulpit, but I believe most of God's real sons servants find harder work out of the pulpit than they do in. It will often happen, too, that when the preacher is best pleased with his labours, his hearers are not so well pleased as he may imagine; perhaps they will cavil most when he thinks they have the least reason. These things may lead some sober-minded people to think that the situation of a preacher, like that of a fisherman, is not the most enviable in the world. But, if the preacher should grow sulky with his Master, or sluggish in his work, because of the disagreeable things attending it, he should call to mind his former engagement and prayer, which was something like this: "Lord, I do not mind what I suffer, or where I am sent, so that Thou condescend to use me as an instrument for Thy glory, and Thy people's good."

Again, if the fisherman make no use, or a bad use, of his leisure time, how badly is he prepared for the next opportunity to put out to sea! But his is only a temporal loss that he may sustain thereby. Ye spiritual fishermen, well repair your nets, and listen to your Master's word, "Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men." If sin has defiled your conscience, and weakened your confidence—if you are brought into reproach through your unguarded and heedless conduct before the Church or the world—double your diligence, and hasten to God's pardon office. The doors are open night and day, and over each door is written in golden letters, large and fair, "Yea, for the rebellious also!" Go, with a blushing face and an upright heart. Repent, and do the first works, or God may turn you out of His service, and leave your name and reproach as a lasting warning to wanton and slothful labourers.

The fisherman cannot be sure of success, though all things necessary be done in order thereto; but he lets go his net and his lines, patiently waiting and hoping that the result will pay him for his toils. This may teach God's servants the necessity there is to exercise patience and hope in the midst of their many disappointments, for, as the fisherman is entirely dependent upon the providence of God for success, so are the Lord's servants in their ministerial work entirely dependent on the Lord, both for themselves and their hearers. Who can command himself, and

govern himself and his passions? And who or what human being can command the will of others? Who can bring the mind of man into sweet subjection to the laws of Christ? Paul laboured more abundantly than all the Apostles—"Yet not I" (see what humility), "but the grace of God which was with me."

Lastly, it has been sometimes noticed that if one fisherman has been a little more successful than another, the disappointed fisherman has been moved to jealousy and envy, and has put out some hasty speeches, far enough from good nature, to insult the successful fisherman. But, my reader, this infirmity is not more common among fishermen than it is among other callings. Nay, some have thought that many blessed ministers of Christ have something of the same in their constitution. But, if the fish be caught, never mind who caught it. Lord, keep Thy servants from envy! The successful party may indeed not be blameless: their success may have led them to think and speak contemptuously of their brethren. Such should study this text, "Neither is he that planteth anything, neither he that watereth anything, but God that giveth the increase." However, the deep study of this and many other texts is reserved for a bed of affliction, where generally the Lord teaches His servants many humbling lessons.

"Am I a servant of the Lord—

A fisherman of Jesus' sending?
Then let me preach His faithful Word,
Or, if not so, my nets be mending.

"O Lord, the seas are rough and high,
And I can badly stand the billows;
Cast on me Thy propitious eye,
For now my harp is on the willows.

"Direct me where, and when, and how,
To preach Thy Word with true affection,
And lowly at Thy footstool bow,
To prove I'm Thine by free election.

"Lord, give Thy servants more to feel
Their helpless state, their want of all things;
Our breaches Thou alone canst heal,
And are we not too much for small things?"

WHERE Jesus is truly the sinner's only hope; when, sensible of our sin and misery, we sigh and cry to Him, and can sing no song of triumph till He appear; then Jesus is believed on and loved. Oh! look ever in your prayers and sighs to Him. When all seems to go against you, then is the time for faith to fight and win the day.—*T. Hardy.*

OUR MARTYRED FOREFATHERS.

V.—WILLIAM TYNDALE.

THERE is no history in the world so replete with heroes and heroic actions as the history of England. Our national records present one continuous portrait gallery, hung with the most brilliant galaxy of noble and patriotic characters. These heroes may be divided into two classes—the world's heroes, and God's heroes. In the former class, we include those who have gained human esteem and favour, such as the military hero, who has earned his fame at the cannon's mouth; or the philanthropic hero, who, at great personal sacrifice, it may be, strives to ameliorate the condition of a part of the human race; or the political hero, who, at some crisis in our history, has skillfully guided our nation's helm. These men have gained the world's plaudits, are loaded with worldly dignities, and become the idols of the people. But with the second class—God's heroes—it is very different. Being taught and emboldened by the Holy Spirit, and having their affections set on things above, they take the path of ignominy and reproach. Despising all human favour and worldly emolument, these heroes "choose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." Such an hero was William Tyndale. His life-work was the translation of the Holy Scriptures into the people's tongue, and their diffusion throughout the length and breadth of the land. A more unpopular work Tyndale could not have undertaken. He met opposition on all sides; his cruel and crafty foes encountered him at every step, and tried to move him from his purpose by all the means and wiles they could summon to their aid. He was hunted from town to town like a criminal, and was subsequently burnt at the stake, because he had dared to give to his fellow-countrymen the Bible in their own language. Such an interesting career, displaying such a combination of rare and noble qualities, and evincing such a vigorous determination to accomplish one of the grandest works man has ever effected, is the subject of this paper.

William Tyndale was born in Gloucestershire, and at an early age was sent to Oxford, where he became a very proficient Greek scholar. He was a young man, as Fox tells us, "of most virtuous disposition, and life unspotted," and the perusal of the Greek New Testament of Erasmus was the means, under the influence of the Holy Spirit, of opening the eyes of Tyndale to see his lost and ruined condition by nature, and his need of such a Saviour and such a finished salvation as the Gospel proclaims. The young student soon attracted notice by the delivery of lectures

on the Gospels, and this so exasperated the Papists that he was compelled to quit the banks of the Isis, so he repaired to Cambridge, where he met with many—Bilney, Fryth, and others—who, like himself, had tasted of the sweets of the Gospel of Christ. Having completed his University studies, he returned to his native county, and became tutor in the family of Sir John Walsh, of Sodbury Hall. Here Tyndale was often engaged in long and animated discussions with the clergy and gentry of the neighbourhood on various subjects that were then receiving public attention. Religious matters were often the occasion of very hot debates, as Tyndale did not hesitate to avow his sympathy with Luther and the reforms he had commenced in Germany, and he also ably and vigorously defended the right of the laity to the Scriptures. This greatly incensed the clergy, who raised the cry of "heresy," and violently declaimed against Tyndale from their pulpits. A secret accusation was laid against him before the bishop's chancellor, but Tyndale defended himself so admirably that he escaped out of the hands of his enemies. He now began to explain the Scriptures on Sundays to Sir John Walsh and his tenantry; then he extended his labours to the neighbouring villages, and ultimately to Bristol. But no sooner had he sowed the precious seed of the Gospel, than the priests hastened to destroy it, and when Tyndale observed this, he said, "Oh, if the people of England had the Word of God in their own language, this would not happen. Without this it will be impossible to establish the truth." It was now the sublime idea entered his mind of translating and printing the Scriptures. "If God spare my life," said Tyndale, "I will, before many years have passed, cause the boy that driveth the plough to know more of the Scriptures than the priests do."

The hostility of the priests, however, was too keenly excited for him to be able to prosecute his grand work in Gloucestershire, so he resolved to go to London, hoping to gain admission to the household of Tunstal, bishop of the metropolis, whose learning Erasmus had highly eulogized. He obtained an audience of the prelate, but only to be disappointed, for Tunstal gave him no encouragement. But a wealthy London merchant, who had heard Tyndale preach in the metropolis, opened his door and gave him a cordial reception. Here Tyndale vigorously proceeded with his work. Living very abstemiously at a table loaded with delicacies, he studied night and day; and, being very eager of finishing his work with the utmost celerity, he summoned Fryth to his aid. The two scholars had been engaged about six months in their work, when a storm of persecution breaking out in London suddenly interrupted them. Rigorous search was made for all who possessed any of Luther's

works. Tyndale saw his danger, and was compelled to leave the country with a heavy heart, but determined resolution. He sailed for Germany, and, arriving at Hamburg, he unpacked his manuscripts and again set to work. Here William Roye became his assistant; and in 1524 the Gospels of Matthew and Mark were translated and printed, and sent across to Monmouth, the London merchant who had so hospitably entertained Tyndale, as the first-fruits of his labours. The merchant sent him a supply of money, which enabled Tyndale to visit Luther at Wittenberg, and from there he went to Cologne and established himself at the printing house of Quentet and Byrckmars, where he began to print an edition of three thousand copies of the New Testament in the English tongue. Great was Tyndale's joy as sheet after sheet was passing through the press, but, though every precaution had been taken to prevent discovery, the work was abruptly stopped. The Senate had ordered the printing of the Testament to cease, so Tyndale was again hindered, but his determination to accomplish the great task was too persevering to be thus baffled. Bidding his assistant follow him, he packed up the printed sheets and proceeded to Worms. Here the work of printing was speedily resumed at the house of Peter Schœfer, and two editions were completed by the end of 1525, and soon thereafter 1,500 copies were dispatched to England. The arrival of these New Testaments in our country was a marked event in our historic annals. Strenuous efforts on the part of the priests were made to stay their circulation; all the vessels arriving at the various ports were rigorously searched; edicts were promulgated against all persons who dared to read these "heretical" works; and, in short, no stone was left unturned to impede the progress of the Gospel in our land. Notwithstanding all the edicts, all the scrutiny, and all the Bible-burnings, the Word of God found its way into the most remote parts of the country, and was assiduously studied by many thousands of our forefathers. Edition after edition was printed and arrived in England, which so exasperated the authorities of the Church of Rome that they determined to arrest Tyndale. He was hunted from town to town like a criminal, and he ultimately settled at Antwerp, where he was captured and imprisoned more than a year and a half in the strong castle of Vilvorde; and on October 6th, 1536, after uttering this short prayer, "Lord, open the King of England's eyes," he was strangled at the stake, and his lifeless body consumed in the flames.

Amongst the many noble deeds Englishmen have achieved, or the many daring exploits and heroic actions in which our countrymen have participated, we unhesitatingly place Tyndale's life-work—the translation and circulation of the New Testament

—above them all. The valiant martyr bequeathed a rich legacy to his countrymen, and so long as true Bible readers and genuine lovers of Gospel truth are found in these realms, there will be some who will be ever ready to thank God for raising up such an indefatigable and uncompromising champion for the truth as William Tyndale.

J. C.

TO A SEEKING SOUL.

“And Ruth said, Intreat me not to leave thee.”—RUTH i. 16.

“Thou hast delivered my soul from death: wilt not Thou deliver my feet from falling, that I may walk before God in the light of the living?”—PSALM lvi. 13.

THOU long'st to know the Lord,
And walk in Zion's ways ;
To find within the sacred fold
A low, unnoticed place.

And when the living talk
Of peace and liberty,
Thy sad heart heaves the anxious sigh,
“Would it were so with me !”

Often in secret prayer
Thou urgest thy request :
“Make me a Christian, gracious God,
And let me find Thy rest.

“This world is dark and vain,
A weary land to me ;
But Thy sweet light on Zion beams,
And there I long to be.

“Ah ! Lord, if not alive,
Rescued from nature's death,
Why should I droop where once I throve,
And pant for purer breath ?

“Then ope my longing eyes,
The light of life to see ,
And keep my feet from falling; Lord,
That I may walk with Thee.”

Blest soul ! thy faith's sincere ;
Thy love, like Ruth's, is true ;
Thy hope, a plant from God's own hand,
In David's bosom grew.

The Lord, who made thee fear,
Will not permit thy fall ;
He'll grant the wish Himself inspired,
And Christ shall be thy All.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF THE LATE
JAMES WILMSHURST, OF CRANBROOK.

(Continued from page 330, Vol. I.)

June 2nd, 1840.—A few nights ago I was awoke by a cry of fire, which I presently learned was at the house of a cabinet-maker. I dressed, and hastened to the spot, and found the fire raging furiously. In a short time the house seemed to be one mass of flame, and nearly all hope of saving several adjoining houses seemed lost. While things were making the most threatening appearance, I hurried home, and, in spite of the arguings of unbelief, I, in my poor way, went to prayer with my wife and mother, when, behold, to the astonishment of my unbelief, prayer prevailed, and stopped the fire; for, on looking out of the window, I found the light in the air greatly diminished; and, on going to the spot, I found there was no further danger of its spreading. I stopped and rendered assistance (as I did in the first instance) in conveying water from the river to the engine, till five engines from adjoining parishes arrived, when I found my services were not really needed. Ought not this particular answer to prayer be a confirmation to my faith? I felt it was presumptuous to expect an answer, when, behold, the Lord proved more ready to answer than I was to pray!

Sunday, June 7th.—Awoke this morning soon after four, and felt I ought to rise for prayer and meditation, but suffering my thoughts to parley with the suggestion that a little more sleep was necessary for my body, or I should find myself sleepy while attending to services of the sanctuary, I directly had these words come to my mind: "Meditate on these things; give thyself wholly to them, that thy profiting may appear unto all." I immediately arose and gave myself to prayer, and to reading two or three short discourses by Dr. Owen, preached to his people on the occasion of their receiving the Lord's Supper. To-day Mr. Henry Birch* will administer the ordinance, and as I hope to be present to witness it, and have felt some exercises in my mind about walking in this ordinance, I desire to have my mind filled with suitable thoughts. Who are invited to this feast? Not the full soul, but the poor, the halt, the blind, the lame, and all that truly hunger and thirst after righteousness: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters: and ye that have no money, come ye, buy, and eat: without money and without price." Oh, my soul,

* Several members of the late Mr. Beeman's congregation left the chapel after his death, and attended the ministry of the late Mr. Henry Birch; amongst these was the writer, who filled the office of deacon for many years over this Church.

canst thou bring any price? If so, thou hast no right to the Lord's table. It is my desire to follow Christ in all His appointed ways, and in partaking of the Lord's Supper it is my desire to see Jesus set forth as crucified before the eyes of my mind; in it I would desire a growing conformity to Jesus by a dying daily unto sin and living unto Christ.

June 21st.—On Friday last my dear wife was safely delivered of a son, who seems in every way perfect and healthy. May he, like unto the Friend of sinners, grow in grace as he grows in stature, and be in favour both with God and man! Thus I have to speak again of the Lord's mercies. A few years ago, in the midst of much bodily affliction, in answer to earnest prayer, I experienced great comfort from reading the 107th Psalm, especially from these words: "Yet setteth He the poor on high from affliction, and maketh him families like a flock. The righteous shall see it and rejoice, and all iniquity stop her mouth." From the time of receiving these words I have witnessed their gradual fulfilment. Oh, that I might glorify Him more for His repeated mercies!

July 1st.—Yesterday a solemn and afflictive dispensation occurred. Mr. M—— was taken suddenly ill of typhus fever, which proceeded so rapidly that it quickly terminated in death. He has left a partner with two sweet babes to lament their loss. During the last six months he has twice been very ill, so that it may be said the Lord knocked at his heart twice, and the third time came and took him: "The Lord speaketh once, yea, twice, but man perceiveth it not." Whether this tree has fallen towards the north or to the south I know not, as I had but a slight acquaintance with him; but I would that it may be truly said on Scriptural grounds that the Lord hath taken him to Himself.

July 19th.—I have another mercy to record, which I trust the Lord will bless to the strengthening of my faith. Mrs. M——, whose husband has lately departed, has herself been brought very near to the gates of death, so that for many days her life was despaired of, her medical attendant saying it was almost, if not quite, a hopeless case. The Lord, I trust, put it into my heart to pray for her life to be spared, and that this affliction might be sanctified to her soul. I experienced much assistance from the Spirit in pleading for her, from which I hoped the Lord would hear me; and so He did, for she is now past all danger and is recovering. "Oh, that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men!" May she have a heart given her to praise the Lord, and may she find Christ as the Husband of her soul! May He step in and perform the kinsman's part, espousing her to Himself; then she will have no cause to be troubled at her recent loss.

September 8th.—Death has laid his cold and icy hand upon

another of my dear friends, who has been a real friend to me. Mr. French, after a short illness, died at the house of his son Jesse, and died, I believe, in the Lord. He was noticed to be much in prayer for some days previous to his end, and when apprised that he would not last long, he for an hour ejaculated, "Lord, help me. Vain is the help of man;" "Lord, Thou hast promised, and wilt Thou not do it?" &c.; after which, with a serenity of countenance not easily to be forgotten, he exclaimed, "My portion is the Lamb." While struggling for breath he said, "This is hard work; I wish it was over;" but presently he added, "All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come;" and soon after fell asleep in Jesus.

January 17th, 1841.—My mind has been exercised in respect to becoming a member of the Church formed under the ministry of Mr. Birch. Some time ago, in his address, he exhorted Christians to tell what God had done for their souls, for this tended to the Lord's glory. I felt reproved in my conscience for not having done so, and ever since it has been a weight on my mind. I therefore resolved to give myself to prayer and meditation, in order, if possible, to ascertain the voice of the Spirit in this matter. After following this up for some days, one morning, on rising from my knees, a voice seemed to speak to my mind, "Bring forth fruit," which seemed to imply that something was to be brought forth by me before I could be found in these ordinances. On considering the matter, I felt my experience of the Lord's dealings with my soul was a fruit necessary to be brought forth. I therefore determined to proceed in the path of duty; so, after prayer for assistance, I sat down and committed the Lord's work upon my soul to paper (and felt God's favour on my spirit in so doing), and then forwarded it to our pastor. My relation proving satisfactory to Mr. Birch and to the members to whom it was read, I was expected to come forward; but such were the artifices of Satan that all kinds of scruples were raised in my mind, and I was full of fears; so that I felt bound to open my mind to our pastor and ask his prayers on my behalf.

January 31st.—At length, after great exercise of mind, many temptations, and much prayer for direction, I have joined myself to a little company of the godly, who unitedly desire to walk in all the ordinances of God blameless. Some days ago I awoke in the morning with these words on my mind: "All men should honour the Son, even as they honour the Father: whoso honoureth not the Son honoureth not the Father, which hath sent Him." Great power rested on my spirit, so that I determined, by the help of God, to honour the Son by walking in His ordinances. Feeling thus strengthened, I was enabled to go before the Church and relate, very feebly and imperfectly, some of the

Lord's past dealings with me. I was unanimously received by them, the pastor and each of the members giving me the right hand of fellowship.

February 7th.—This day is one much to be remembered by me, having solemnly, in partaking of the Lord's Supper, received the sacred symbols of His broken body and of His precious blood. I did not find much sensible comfort in the ordinance, but trust I have the Redeemer's approbation. May it not prove a vain thing to be found walking in this sacred institution from time to time! May Jesus become more and more set forth crucified before the eyes of my mind! May I glory in nothing save in the cross of Christ, by whom I trust the world is crucified to me and I unto the world. Lord, Thou hast indeed done great and marvellous things for me, whereof I am indeed glad: help me in all things to show forth Thy praise.

March 4th.—For the last few days I have been much cast down under a sense of my barrenness; my confidence seems greatly to have given way, and Satan, as it were, stands at my right hand to accuse me. I am tempted to fear I have been presumptuous in joining myself to a Church before receiving a full and comfortable persuasion of the pardon of my sins. Again, there are some who do not scruple to pronounce the ministry I sit under as legal, and that it tends to bondage rather than to liberty. This I often feel tempted to believe, although, when I consider the matter impartially, I am obliged to conclude that just the contrary is the case. However, having felt so much bound in my spirit, and also so much peevishness and rebellion, thinking that God takes no notice of my frequent prayers, that at times I feel well-nigh in despair. Last night, when going to chapel, such was my depression that I felt my soul would refuse all comfort and consolation, if it did not amount to a full assurance of my interest in a crucified Saviour. This feeling I knew to be wrong, and prayed that it might be removed, and the result was that my soul was considerably encouraged by the truths that were advanced.

June, 1843.—My dear sister, Mrs. French, is very ill. When first taken her speech seemed to be gone, and she feared she should not be able to speak with her husband. The following words were impressed on her mind: "Fools, because of their transgressions and because of their iniquities, are afflicted." She fell under this reproof, feeling she had indulged in many things displeasing to the Almighty (although nothing that would be thought sinful by the natural mind). She especially called to mind her rebellion on account of some things which she had met with which were a cross to the flesh. The words of Job raised in her heart a hope that her affliction would prove profitable to her soul:

“When He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold.” She seemed greatly impressed that her time here would be short, there appearing (to use her own words) but one step between her and death.

June 25th.—Mr. Birch intends visiting my sister to-morrow. She has stated that she only wished to see him to tell him of the Lord’s goodness to her soul. She has been favoured with a feeling of that peace in her soul which passes all understanding. When asked if she found herself on a bed of roses, she replied that she did indeed, and never could she have thought that the Lord would so favour her. She said the Almighty had blotted out her transgression as with a thick cloud, and she had nothing to repent of but what she believed the Lord had freely and fully forgiven. Truly she may say of this affliction, with Hezekiah, “By these things men live, and in all these things is the life of my spirit: so wilt Thou recover me, and make me to live [spiritually]. Behold, on my peace came great bitterness, but Thou hast in love to my soul delivered it from the pit of corruption; for Thou hast cast all my sins behind Thy back. The living, the living, he shall praise Thee, as I do this day.”

[This dear sister fell asleep in Jesus on August 19th, 1843, deeply regretted by her family and friends.]

(*To be continued.*)

REPROOF FROM AN INFIDEL’S LIPS.

A CELEBRATED infidel (one of the former Lord Bolingbroke) was one day reading Calvin’s “Institutions.” A clergyman of his lordship’s acquaintance coming on a visit, Lord Bolingbroke said to him, “You have caught me reading John Calvin. He was indeed a man of great parts, profound sense, and vast learning. He handles the doctrines of grace in a very masterly manner.” “Doctrines of grace!” replied the clergyman; “the doctrines of grace have set all mankind by the ears.” “I am surprised to hear you say so,” answered Lord Bolingbroke; “you who profess to believe and to preach Christianity. Those doctrines are certainly the doctrines of the Bible; and, if I believed the Bible, I must believe them; and let me seriously tell you that the greatest miracle in the world is the subsistence of Christianity, and its continued preservation, as a religion, when the preaching of it is committed to the care of such unchristian wretches as you.”—*Toplady’s Anecdotes, &c.*

THAT state is surely best which keeps you dependent on God and thankful to Him; and so you shall find it in the end.

NIGHT THOUGHTS BY A WATCHMAN.

THE WATCHWORD FOR 1880—"ONWARD."

"Mark well the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way."

PROGRESS—rapid, constant, and perpetual progress—is ever being made by time, age, and history, each progressing towards their final climax when time shall be no more. The decrees of God are being accomplished, and the promises given in His Word are being fulfilled daily. Amidst all the changing, winding, perplexing, and painful events which surround us, His purpose shall stand, and He will do His pleasure. The things of man's wisdom, the arts and sciences, the governments and empires, rise and decay; mighty kingdoms fall. All earthly things are uncertain. Now they increase, now they are stagnant, now they are destroyed. But not so the things of God. His purpose, Word, and power must stand for ever. We are poor worms of earth. With us another day is gone, another week is past, another year has rolled round; we too shall soon pass away. "Here we have no continuing city." Reader, where are you going? What is your hope?

The kingdom of Christ is "the kingdom of heaven." It is eternal. It is altogether of God. There can be no stagnation nor retrogression in His reign. It must ever advance: "Of the increase of His government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon His kingdom, to order it, and to establish it with judgment and with justice from henceforth even for ever." The establishing of the throne of Christ and the enlargement of His kingdom has ever engaged the heart of Jehovah. All things under the framing hand of God conspire to bring this about. "The zeal of the Lord of hosts will perform this" (Isa. ix. 7). It is beyond the power of man to impede or hinder this glorious kingdom. It has, it does, and ever must increase with the increase of God. Constantly by the power of God souls are being translated from the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of His dear Son; and constantly the redeemed are being removed from the kingdom of grace below to the kingdom of glory above. The numbers and persons are the same. All who are the subjects of grace will inherit glory. Not one more and not one less; and, as both grace and glory are God's gifts, who can or what can prevent the progress of His kingdom? But the increase of Christ's kingdom is not to be measured by the number of churches and chapels erected in His name, neither can its strength be gauged by the multitudes who, more or less, profess to believe His doctrine. He said,

"*Many shall come in My name, and shall deceive many.*" Of old, "when there were gathered together an innumerable multitude of people, insomuch that they trode one upon another, He began to say *unto His disciples*;" and so now, His disciples to whom He speaks are in the midst of the multitude, and they only hear *His voice*—a soft, a sweet, a powerful voice. His sheep know His voice and follow Him. They are not influenced by the great noise and gaudy show of the multitude, which one day would "take Him and make Him a King," (oh, the blindness! *make Him a King indeed!*) and the next day cry, "Away with Him! Crucify Him!" But His kingdom is neither augmented nor diminished by their conduct, be it what it may. Moreover, His kingdom is extended in the midst of His enemies. Usually, the more His authority is opposed and His Person and words rejected, the more strikingly His power is seen and His dominion enlarged. "He must reign till every enemy is put under His feet."

" His kingdom cannot fail,
 He rules o'er earth and heaven ;
 The keys of death and hell
 Are to our Jesus given ;
 He all His foes shall quell,
 Shall all our sins destroy,
 And every bosom swell
 With pure, seraphic joy.

" We soon shall hear the archangel's voice ;
 The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice !"

And, as the kingdom of Christ advances in the earth, notwithstanding the opposing rage of Satan and the world, so the life of God in the soul is maintained, and progress made in the knowledge of His will and ways, although mightily resisted by foes without and foes within. But growth in grace and spiritual progress are not one even and constant onward voyage along the sea of life. No. There are many ebbings and flowings of the tide, many adverse winds and cross currents to encounter. But what is growth in grace? and what are the signs of spiritual progress? Not an increase of light in the understanding of the Word of God, not a mere regular attendance on the means of grace, nor a gift of prayer. These may be, and often are, among the evidences of spiritual progress, but these may be where there is no noticeable growth in grace. Real spiritual progress is by means of trials and temptations, and the painfulness of the trials and the fierceness of the temptations are oftentimes the measure of the growth and progress, as well as the means of it. Divine chastening and spiritual progress are frequently proportionate. As is thy strength so is thy burden, and thy strength is given with thy burden, and is increased as it is exercised by the carrying of it.

As God teaches all His children, as well as gives them "an understanding that we may know Him" (1 John v. 20), a failure in His school cannot be. But all scholars do not make the same progress, although under the same tutor. The master may give one boy ten lessons to learn in one day, and another boy only two, so that the progress is not according to the time spent at school, but according to what is learned in the time; thus the master's will, with the number and character of the lessons given, is the measure of the scholar's progress. And so the Lord instructs His children when and to what degree He pleases. There are no *self-educated* subjects in Christ's kingdom. The promise is, "All thy children shall be taught of the Lord." God instructs His children also with a fixed purpose, to qualify them each for the position He has assigned them to fill. Be not weary, then, of His correction, "for whom the Lord loveth He correcteth, even as a father the son in whom he delighteth." If He is giving thee hard and rapid lessons, thy growth in grace, may be, is rapid also; and without painful and constant discipline, progress cannot, generally speaking, be rapid in divine knowledge. Do not err in this matter. There is no easy and even path in the constant sunlight of heaven's manifested favour for Zion's pilgrims.

" Sometimes we *seem* to gain
Great lengths of ground by day,
But find, alas! when night comes on,
We quite mistook the way."

1. Real spiritual progress consists in learning yourself to be just what God's Word testifies you are—seeing and feeling that you are as a sinner faithfully described in the Scriptures. He had been in the school of self-dissection some time, and had made considerable progress in that painful but needful art, who said, "I know that in me (that is, in my flesh), dwelleth no good thing." The heavy cross, the fierce temptation, and the heartrending sorrow are neither to be feared nor shunned as should be the wretched ease which the flesh so loves.

" For more the treacherous calm I dread
Than tempests bursting o'er my head."

The strength of the ship and the skill of the pilot can be known only in rough seas; and thus you learn of God what you are in yourself, and what He is in His grace.

2. Increase in the knowledge of God, in His will, grace, and power, as it is made manifest in you and to you, is spiritual progress. The power of the sun upon the earth is not to be measured by its effects in the autumn of the year, but in the spring, when it has to thaw thick ice, hard frost, and deep snow, and bring

forth into fruitfulness the chilled sap of vegetation ; and so the power and increase of grace in the heart are known by what they oppose, overcome, and by what they produce in the soul. Evil is an active and powerful principle in the heart of man, and where there is spiritual life in the soul, there is and must be a resisting of evil. The measure of your grace is according to the fierceness of your combat with sin and Satan. You learn the power of grace in you by the continuation of the strife ; and as the conflict commenced by God's grace, so it shall be maintained by His power. Satan shall not triumph ; sin shall not have dominion. Christ gained the victory, and still holds the power over all. He has the keys of hell and of death. Your success is certain, and your reward is great. Let, then, your watchword be Onward, because your progress is heavenward and homeward.

But, as you advance, you will increasingly prove your weakness, your ignorance, and your sinfulness—your absolute dependence upon Christ for all you need—and the more you depend upon Him to keep, uphold, and guide you, the more will you realise His willingness and power to do all for you. Look back, and consider that by His grace you have been brought thus far ; and how many needful lessons have you learned by means of the painful things through which you have passed ! You could not have known these things had you come some other way. How often has the Lord appeared for you and helped you in the time of need ! Have you not proved Him to be a most merciful and faithful God ? So shall you find Him in the future as He has been in the past ; He changes not. Press on. Keep near His throne of grace, near His Word of truth, and near His house of prayer, and all shall be well. God cannot lie, and He will not deceive. “He is faithful that promised.” “Be steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord” (1 Cor. xv. 58).

In conclusion, let us not forget that Jesus said, “Follow thou Me.” You know His manner of life ; you read the truths He taught ; you sing of those who have gone the way before you—

“They marked the footsteps that He trod
(His zeal inspired their breast),
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.”

You also know that the Apostle Paul went from Church to Church “exhorting them to continue in the faith,” and that we must “through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God.” But see, it is a *kingdom* which you shall inherit ; it is an *everlasting*

rest which you will enjoy ; it is the glory of the Lord toward which you press. It is worth striving for, and it soon will be possessed. The way may be rough ; it must be short. It is no new and untrodden path you are called to walk, nor is it a strange thing which has happened unto you, but such as is common to both Leader and follower.

“ We tread the path our Master trod,
 We bear the cross He bore ;
 There’s not a thorn can pierce our feet
 But pierced His heart before.”

W. B.

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE LATE MR. FARRAR, OF CLIFTON.

OUR departed brother, Mr. Farrar, was for many years an attached hearer of our lamented pastor, the late Septimus Sears. He was a member of his Church for thirty years, and a deacon for upwards of twenty. In the course of six years he lost four of his daughters, three of whom gave unmistakable evidence that they possessed the fear of God in their hearts. The loss of so many that were dear to him proved a great trial to our friend, but in his final affliction he felt the Lord had dealt graciously with him in removing them, so that he had not the anxiety of leaving them behind him. He died September 28th, 1879, aged sixty-two.

When Mr. Lenton, his brother deacon, called to see him just before his death, he said he believed the same God who increased the poor woman’s cruse of oil and barrel of meal would take care of his dear wife. “ And now,” he said, “ I have nothing to do but to die. I long to ‘ depart and be with Christ, which is far better.’ Sometimes I have feared I should not have patience to wait the Lord’s time, but, bless His dear name, I can.” He went off very suddenly at last, and truly we may say for him “ to die was gain.”

R. B.

“ BEFORE I WAS AFFLICTED I WENT ASTRAY,” &c.

(PSALM cxix. 67.)

“ HAPPY, when affliction reduces us to obedience, and proves a thorny hedge to keep us in paths of uprightness. Oh, to be brought to this—‘ I will bear the indignation of the Lord, for I have sinned against Him.’ The Lord teach us to profit in His school, to learn His lessons well ; make and keep our hearts right in His sight.”—*Hardy*.

DEATH OF MR. COVELL.

THE year 1879 will long be remembered by many, on account of the removal by death of several men of God whose ministry had long been useful in their respective spheres of labour to the Church of Christ.

Within two days of each other, in the month of May, Mr. John Vinden, of Tenterden, and Mr. Thomas Clough, formerly of Leeds, and late of Peterborough, were called to their eternal rest, the former departing on the 24th, and the latter on the 26th of that month. On July 6th, at the ripe age of eighty-one, Mr. John Clark, of Five Ash Down, took his flight to be for ever with the Lord; and as the year was drawing to a close, Mr. S. A. Walker, M.A., of Mary-le-port, Bristol, finished his course on the 30th November. He was one of the few men in the Established Church who preached the doctrines of free and sovereign grace, and who also unflinchingly withstood the abounding of Ritualism. Then, on December 14th, Mr. Henry Walker, of Brompton, who had for many years acceptably supplied the Churches, left this world to be with Christ, which is far better; while, shortly before, on November 26th, Mr. Francis Covell, of Croydon, bade adieu to all below, and sweetly realised what he had so often prayed for—that he might “have nothing to do but to die.”

While God is thus removing His witnesses, Zion will do well to lay it to heart, for she may, in truth, regard it as a calamity. Oh, that she may humiliate herself before the Lord on account thereof, and put up many earnest petitions that He, the Lord of the harvest, would send forth more labourers into His harvest, and that “the Lord our God will be with us as He was with our fathers,” so that there may be still “a seed to serve Him, and a generation to call Him ble-sed.”

It is our present design to notice the demise of our esteemed and closely-attached friend, Mr. Covell, of Croydon, who entered his eternal rest November 26th, 1879. “He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith” (Acts xi. 24), and will be greatly missed by his sorrowing people and a large circle of godly friends who valued him as a Christian and faithful minister of Christ.

Although an account of his life and death is to be

published, we here give our readers a few particulars respecting his last days.

For some time past Mr. Covell appeared to be in failing health. He complained of pains in the stomach, and of being very tired and languid after his usual morning walk. On Wednesday evening, November 19th, he read in his chapel 2 Cor. v., and preached a remarkable sermon from Psalm cxx. 5: "Woe is me, that I sojourn in Mesech," &c., none of his hearers imagining that would be the last time they would ever hear his voice or see his face again in the pulpit, and that he would so soon cease to be a dweller in Mesech. He appeared, however, tolerably well until the morning of November 21st, when, after getting up and coming downstairs, he felt symptoms of an intestinal displacement, attended with shivering and violent retching. His usual medical attendant and much-attached friend, Mr. E—, was immediately sent for, who recommended him to return to bed, from whence he never arose again. In the evening, the doctor, feeling alarmed at the symptoms which had developed themselves, called in another medical gentleman (Dr. L—), and after consultation, they decided that an operation must be performed that night. They at once telegraphed to Guy's Hospital for the chief operating surgeon, requesting him to telegraph back whether he could come at once; but before he could reply, the telegraph office was closed; he therefore came down immediately. In the meantime, not having heard from London, and the case being urgent, the operation was performed by Dr. L—, assisted by Dr. D— and Mr. E—, the sufferer being placed under chloroform. Before undergoing the operation, Mr. Covell spoke very affectionately to his children, and kissed them; and when the doctors came into the room, he put up a short prayer that the Lord would give them skill and wisdom, and himself strength to undergo the operation, if it was His will, but that it might be according to His will in any case. Then he said, "Now, gentlemen, I am ready." The operation was successful, the system recovered from the shock, and all the symptoms were favourable, but the pulse continued very feeble. Mr. Covell remained in a state of extreme prostration during the whole of the 22nd and 23rd, and no one was allowed to see him, excepting his senior deacon for a few moments on Sunday morning. On Monday morning, for the satisfaction of Mr. Covell's friends, it was thought advisable to have further advice, and Dr. L— was again summoned, who, after seeing him, said to his family that Mr. Covell was evidently sinking, and all that could be done was to try to get more nourishment into the system, providing his stomach could retain it. Food was then administered in small quantities every ten minutes for about three hours, but the

stomach could not perform its office. Mr. Covell passed a very restless night, and was much distressed with retching. About five o'clock in the morning of Tuesday Mr. Covell appeared to be sinking, and the doctor was sent for, who said when he came, "that his life was in the balance, and it was then even possible that he might rally." Mr. Covell then prayed for his Church and people, and exhorted those around him to tell them to be kind one to another, to bear with each other's infirmities, not to look for perfection in the flesh; to take care that they fell not out by the way, but to be "tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake had forgiven them." "Tell them," he said, "I have the comfort of it now. I never tattled from one to another." It was then deemed advisable to let him see his family, two or three old friends, and the other deacon of his Church. Although in too weak a state to say very much, Mr. Covell spoke very affectionately and suitably to each individual case, but the exertion of talking produced great exhaustion and retching. During the morning Mr. Covell gave instructions relative to his private affairs and funeral, and said what he would like written on his tomb. He also said, "If anyone likes to say anything about me, they might speak (if the Lord should lead them to do so, but I have no wish to dictate to anyone) from these words, 'Remember them which have the rule over you, who have spoken unto you the Word of God: whose faith follow, considering the end of their conversation. Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.*' I love a private religion more than making a show, but if it will encourage any and honour God's dear Son, and His grace and truth, they might speak a little about me; and may some poor sinners be comforted by it." A short time afterwards, he said, "The Lord is so good; I am so blessed! No horrors make me weep."

"No guilty pangs becloud my face,
Nor horrors make me weep;
Held up and cheered by Jesus' grace,
I sweetly fall asleep."

And this he kept repeating, "I sweetly fall asleep."

"There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign."

"I stand where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er;
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Shall fright me from the shore."

"I had a sight of it a fortnight or three weeks ago in the chapel, and I thought my body would have dropped in the pulpit then,

* Mr. Ashdown spoke from these words on Sunday, December 7th, at Providence Chapel.

and my soul gone straight to heaven." Some time after, he said, "I am a poor, sensible wretch, and have nothing to rest in but the finished work and obedience of the Christ of God, and I fall into His arms, who, I believe, is taking me to heaven to sing His praise." During the day, he said, "How is it I have had so many to see me to-day? Did they announce it last evening at chapel?" He sent a message to his old friend, Mr. Smart, of Craubrook, by Mr. M——, saying, "Tell Smart I thought he would get to heaven before me, but I have got the start of him; give my love to him." In the afternoon he was so weak and exhausted that the doctor, who had remained with him, said that no one else must see him, but, so anxious were his friends to have his parting blessing, that many forced their way through to his bedroom, and when he saw them he would speak to them, but said, directly they were gone, "I am exhausted; I am exhausted; *do not let any more come in.*" One more friend called to take leave of him in the evening, to whom he spoke very affectionately, inquiring after his wife and children, and sending a message to them, but, after he was gone, Mr. Covell said, "I seemed just going into heaven, but these people drag me back again to talk to them." Some time after this he said, "Take me sweetly, lovingly! Don't leave me now, Lord; the waters are ankle deep." "It is hard work going up the hill." "I did not know the last bit would be so difficult." "Lord Jesus, pull me into heaven. He is on the other side of the cloud." "Oh, that I were there to see Him as I have longed to see Him, and serve and know Him better!" "Lord, perfect all that concerns me, and crown Thy grace with eternal glory." "Don't leave me now, Lord, or I should sink. If Thou shouldst withdraw a moment, what misery it would be." "I am a poor sinner, Lord; grace alone is of any use to me now; I have loved to speak of and exalt Thy grace, and was never more happy than when encouraging sinners to trust in Thee." "I have loved the place where Thy honour dwelleth." Several times during the day Mr. Covell inquired what the time was, and was very solicitous about those who were waiting on him. During the evening he asked if there was a fire in the room, and being told it was burning nicely, he said, "I lighted it when I came to bed on Friday, and it has been burning ever since."* A friend asked him if he would like to see it, when he said, "I have had a sight of Jesus, and that has tarnished all earthly objects. I do not want to see any earthly object again." A short time after this he said, "All my faculties are failing; I cannot see nor speak so well as I did." Once he said to some of the friends that had

* It was a gas stove.

been down stairs for meals, "You have been feasting, and I have had nothing to eat all day, but I have had the best of it," meaning he had the Lord's presence. "I will satisfy every longing soul! How His goodness abounds." After a time he became very restless, and wished continually to be shifted in his position on the bed, and every time he was laid down, said, "That's beautiful," or, "That's nice." He never once murmured or complained, but several times spoke of the goodness of the Lord in taking his afflicted son home before him. At one time he said, "The precious hymns and Scriptures keep coming to my mind so that I can't get any sleep if I would! It is wonderful how they are opened up." "What a great thing to have a real religion. Real religion begins in love; love is the root, the groundwork; without love all religion is dead." "Dying, dying! saved with an everlasting salvation. Amen! Amen!" . . . "Can't let it go. Glory, blessedness, beauty; my meditation *is* sweet."

Early on Wednesday morning, 26th, he said, "What a long night it has seemed. I thought I should have gone before this." Mr. E—— asked him if he felt any pain. He said, "No." Then he asked him if there was any conflict (as he was very restless and seemed troubled), but he answered "No; I had a little in the night, but the Lord enabled me to stand my ground." Shortly before his death he crossed his hands, his lips moved, and he was heard to say, "Hallelujah. Praise Him, adore Him. Hallelujah." These were the last words audible.

At about ten o'clock in the morning an evident change took place, after which he tried to speak, but nothing could be understood, and at a quarter past eleven he drew his last breath, and his ransomed spirit left the body to be "for ever with the Lord," in his 71st year. In concluding this we give an extract from one of Mr. Covell's sermons, "'Mark the perfect man.' Mark him in his going out in his face towards God, and his back on the world! What opposition he meets with! His friends oppose him, his relations are against him, he is likely to lose his business and be brought to beggary, and the devil is against him. Look at the opposition he meets with from all these, but God is his Friend. Mark him in his after days. Through much tribulation he enters the kingdom. Look at the trials that beset him, the things that oppress him, the doubts and fears that gather about him, that make it a thorny and trying path. 'Mark the perfect man.' Look at his end—the end of a thing is what we must look to. 'The end of that man is peace,' peace of conscience, and peace with God, so he dies in peace. Amen."

The funeral took place on Tuesday, December 2nd. A preliminary service was held at Providence Chapel, West Street, Croydon, amidst an overflowing congregation deeply mourning their loss. A

great number was there from different parts of the country, many of whom were ministers. The service was opened by Mr. Hazlerigg, who, after making a few prefatory remarks, read a part of the fifteenth chapter of 1 Corinthians. Mr. Hull then spoke in prayer, and Mr. Hatton gave an address, after which a hymn of Berridge's, selected and printed for the occasion, was sung by the congregation. “At length He bowed His dying head,” &c. (hymn 313, “Zion's Songs,” by John Berridge.) The coffin was then conveyed to Addington Churchyard, where Mr. Covell's ancestors have been buried for several generations, the hearse being followed by two mourning coaches and a very long procession of private carriages and other vehicles, while a great many went to the church on foot. The last services were performed by the Vicar of Addington and Mr. Rolleston, Vicar of Scraptoft, near Leicester, who was a personal friend of the deceased.

“THE MEMORY OF THE JUST IS BLESSED.”

“WAR A GOOD WARFARE.”

(1 TIM. i. 18.)

SOLDIER of the living God,
 Steward of the mystic Word,
 Use the gift by Him bestowed
 To the honour of thy Lord ;
 Free from Him thou didst receive,
 Man of God, as freely give.

Clad with zeal as with a cloak,
 Boldly urge thy rapid way ;
 Rooted, grounded in the Rock,
 Faithful in the trying day ;
 Stand in Jesus, thy abode,
 Safely hid with Him in God.

In Immanuel's strength go forth,
 Wrestle with contempt and shame ;
 Dare the feeble sons of earth,
 Conquer in His saving name ;
 March with Jesus for thy Guide ;
 Go ! for God is on thy side.

Bear the standard of the Lord,
 Fight thy Captain's battles well ;
 By the Spirit's two-edged sword
 Put to flight the hosts of hell :
 Single thou thy foes shalt chase,
 Armed with all the strength of grace.

Satan and the world may join,
 Hell and Death with thee engage,
 Thou art strong in strength divine,
 Safe amidst their fiercest rage :
 Jesus shall thy soul confirm,
 Lift thee up above the storm.

Vainly shall the blinded crew
 Strive thy progress to withstand ;
 Thee they never shall subdue,
 Guarded by the Saviour's hand :
 God hath said, concerning thee,
 " As thy days thy strength shall be."

But if Jesus should depart,
 For a season cease to smile ;
 Proving what is in thy heart,
 Leave thee to thyself awhile ;
 He again thy stay will prove,
 Bear thee in His arms of love.

When thou dost in secret prayer
 Find a ready, free access—
 When thou tellest all thy care
 Sweetly at the throne of grace—
 Me to Jesus then commend,
 Think upon thy distant friend.

Fix on Christ the single eye,
 His be thine, and all thou art ;
 Every moment keep Him nigh,
 Never from His side depart :
 This thy sure and constant aim—
 Enoch-like—to walk with Him.

Dauntless thou His Word proclaim,
 Tell His message to mankind ;
 Bid them, in thy Master's name,
 Take the pearl for them designed ;
 Tell them Jesus did redeem
 All that come to God by Him.

Faithful to thy sacred trust,
 Thus from strength to strength go on ;
 Stay the weak, bring back the lost,
 Labour till thy work is done ;
 Fight and conquer, end the strife,
 Then assume eternal life.

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY, 1757.

I WISH our thoughts were, more frequently than they are, upon our country. Heaven casteth a sweet perfume afar off to those who have spiritual senses.—*Rutherford*.

THE SOWER.

NOTES OF A SERMON OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH
OF MR. COVELL,

PREACHED BY MR. HULL, DECEMBER 7TH, 1879.

“*A brother beloved.*”—PHILEMON 16.

THE children of God are all brethren ; they are one family, and the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ is the Father of all who believe in His Son. They are loved, chosen, adopted, called, and manifested by faith in, and fellowship with, the Lord Jesus, who, being bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh as to His human nature, “is not ashamed to call them brethren.” And they are brethren beloved—loved and sanctified by the Father, loved and redeemed by the Son, and loved and quickened by the Spirit. They also receive the “Spirit of love,” which is given to them of God, whose love is shed abroad in their hearts by the Holy Ghost, whereby they are taught not only to love God, but also to love one another, for “every one that loveth Him that begat, loveth him also that is begotten of Him;” and this love of the brethren is spoken of as a mark of grace and life : “We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren.” This is a love which is peculiar to the disciples of Christ, to those who are born of God. It is a love which passes the love of women ; it is superior to all love which is natural, because it is of God. And there are some of the Lord’s people and servants who, by reason of the measure of grace and Spirit of Christ evidenced in them, are specially marked as beloved disciples. Such was our late dear friend, Mr. Covell, of whom we may truly say that he was “A BROTHER BELOVED,” and it is because I feel these words to be so applicable to him, that I have read them as our text this morning.

When the Lord comes into His Church and gathers one of His lilies, one of his dear saints, we are obliged to admit that He has a perfect right to do so, and that it accords with His purpose and with His word of promise concerning them ; for His purpose is, that His people shall be with Him in glory, that they shall live and reign with Him for ever and ever. Thus, when He speaks to His disciples concerning His going away, He says, “I will come again and receive you unto Myself, that where I am, there ye may be also.” This of course may have an especial reference to the second coming of Christ, when He shall “come to be glorified in His saints, and to be admired in all them that

believe;" when He shall come to gather His Church together from the four winds of heaven, and when they shall as one family be presented unto the Father with this declaration: "Here am I, and the children which Thou hast given Me."

But that sweet portion we read at the beginning of the service shows that Paul was looking to enter into bliss and blessedness before that day. He was anticipating the time when he should finish his course with joy; yea, he says: "Whilst we are at home in the body, we are absent from the Lord;" that is, we have not His visible presence as we shall have in glory. We have His presence by faith now, but to be "absent from the body is to be present with the Lord;" and the child of God, while pent in the body, is anxious to get nearer to Him, until He is seen face to face. While here below, every token of His love, every evidence of His divine favour, which we may realise, tends to draw the heart and affections to Himself, so that the objects of His love continually, more or less, experience the desire expressed in those words —

"Nearer to Thee, my God,
Nearer to Thee;"

for, while we are here in the body, there is always something wanting; and what is that? Why, that "fulness of joy, and the pleasures at God's right hand which are for evermore." If you have by faith realised some little of the Lord Jesus Christ in your soul, you will never be satisfied until you come where He fills your soul with unutterable peace, and still there will be something wanting; and what is that? Why, that you may see Him as He is, and be like unto Him; be launched from time and landed in His eternal embrace. Paul says: "He that hath wrought us for the self-same thing is God, who also hath given unto us the earnest of the Spirit." It is His good will and pleasure, when He visits His people now, that they should know and enjoy Him, and these blessed visits spoil them to everything else. The reason God's people are so carnal now is because they live so far from Him. If we had more of Christ in our hearts, we should be more dead to the world, and more assimilated to His image; we should show forth more of the power and fruit of His blessed Spirit. We may look at these things, and speak of them, and perhaps some may think but little about them; but oh, brethren, the fact is a condemnatory one. Why, the carnality of the Church of God testifies to this. Look at the discord, the backbitings, the worldly conformity, the want of spiritual life and godly fruit. What does all this say but that "to be carnally minded is death"? You who know Him, you who love Him, you who are favoured to have fellowship with Christ, let those quiet moments of retirement be the rule by which the matter is decided. Now dare you say, if

you had more of the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ in your hearts, that you would be so carnal? Oh, no! Oh, how you would then tread the world under your feet, and, with Paul, "count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord." You would rather drop the flesh if you might but enjoy that sweet bliss of seeing Him as He is. Our religion is very poor, there is but little of the Lord Jesus Christ in it, and that is the reason carnality so abounds among the professors of it. But there is one thing that will slay all the envyings and backbitings in the Church of God, and that is, five minutes' fellowship with the Lord Jesus Christ. How is it, then, that these carnal things do so abound? Where, in the case of many, are the five minutes with the Lord Jesus Christ? Where is the closet religion? Where is the heartfelt experience of Christ's love, mercy, and blood? I am speaking thus to some who lament it, and I am speaking to myself also. Can we say that we do not stand reprov'd before God? I durst not say it for the world, for I do stand reprov'd before Him, and I can utter the exclamation from my heart, "Oh, for more of the Spirit and power of Christ in my religion."

"Nearer to Thee, my God,
Nearer to Thee."

What a mercy if we should this morning feel a unity of spirit in this matter; then there will be humility and self-abasement before the Lord, loathing ourselves for our carnality, and looking up to God for the plenitude of His grace, for more life and holiness of soul, and a begging Him to deaden us to all else, so that we may closer cleave to Christ, and so be enabled to live and walk as those who have been with Jesus—not merely as those who *hope* to be with Him, but those who *have* been with Him. Someone has spoken of individuals who have looked so long at the sun that, when they turned their eyes away, they could not look upon anything else, but the form and brightness of the sun was present with them. Oh, that we could so look at the Sun of Righteousness till we could see nothing but Him as the All in all! Oh, that it was so with me that, when I look upon the world, I could see nothing but the Lord Jesus, and when I look upon myself, that I could see nothing but Christ!

When the Lord comes to gather His ministers, it makes a gap. We miss them from the circle of our acquaintances; they are missed from the family and from the Church of God. We lose them, but our loss is their gain. They "die in the Lord and are blessed." They are blessed in a twofold sense—they are "the blessed of the Lord," and the blessing of the Lord is upon them; and they are blessed in the fact that now they are "for ever with the Lord"—for ever with Him whom they sought and whom they

loved. They dwell for ever in His kind embrace. Then there is another part of the blessing—they have for ever seen an end of sin, that which gave them so much grief, and which was a continual plague to them, and they are for ever done with all care and anxiety. They have seen an end of every trouble, every trial, every affliction, every sorrow, and now they are in that land where “the inhabitant shall no more say, I am sick,” and where God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. Their “sun shall no more go down, and the days of their mourning shall be ended.”

When you die, will those who erect a stone to your memory be able, truthfully, to have those words engraved upon it, “Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord”? because it cannot be said of all. There are some who, when they lay down the body, will have done with their good things, and they will reap their evil things; and there are some that will have done with their evil things, and enter into the joy of their Lord. They shall enter into a heaven of rest and peace.

When the Lord removes His servants from His Church below, it calls for His people’s consideration. I shall only speak briefly upon this point, as I dwelt largely upon it last Lord’s day. But, I say, it calls for the Church’s consideration, and I would to God that His voice in this bereavement might wake up the slumbering hearts of those who are at ease in Zion. You may say, “Must not God’s ministers die as well as other men?” Yes, they must. But, when the Lord takes His servants from His Church below, and their pulpits are left vacant (for we see very few raised up by the Lord to *fill* their places), does it not become the people of God to search and try their ways? And, although I am not going to set him up as a perfect man, yet, in the removal of our friend Covell, it is the removal of a minister eminent in his calling, a minister sent by God, a minister owned of God, a minister blessed of God, and a minister made signally useful by God, and that to an extent which eternity will alone make manifest. He was a man who did not seek fame, but he was one that sought the glory of God and the good of souls. The remarkable way in which he was brought into the ministry proved that God had a purpose in doing it. When he was a young man he had a great impediment in his speech. The Lord, however, not only called him by His grace when still young, but He also carried on that good work in his soul, and he was at length very much exercised in his soul about speaking of the things God had done for him. They began to well up in his heart to such a degree that they were like a fire in his bones, and he said in his heart, “Oh, that I could speak of these things to men and women!” But he was so greatly exercised on account of the impediment

in his speech that, on one occasion, he fell upon his knees before the Lord and said, "Lord, I cannot preach; I stammer. How can I proclaim Thy grace? I have not the gift of speech;" and that word came with great power, "Who made man's mouth?" From that time he believed the impediment would be removed, but he looked for the removal of it in a different way from that by which it was effected. A few friends used to meet with him for reading and prayer in his own house, and he was greatly exercised about speaking to them, which he first attempted after they had closed their meeting one Lord's day evening in 1844, and the Lord was with him, and so removed the impediment in his speech that he never stammered from that time. How this proves the almighty power of God! There is nothing too great for Him to do. He says, "I will work, and who shall let it?" From that time, his mouth being opened, the Lord his God was with him, and that in a very marked way. He did not try to make himself a great man; he did not try to exalt himself by making a show in the flesh nor by making a show in the ministry. When he was dying he said, "I never sought to be honoured of men, but I sought to honour the Lord, and God has honoured my desires. What I am, I am by grace." This was a very sweet testimony, and his life proved the truth of it.

There were many people who did not care for Mr. Covell's religion, but who could not say a word against him, for he lived and walked as one who feared God; and here is the secret, brethren, "The Lord his God was with him." The Lord his God was with him in the ministry, and many openly admit there was a secret and a depth in his ministry they are at present ignorant of. There is a great deal of show in the present day among professors in general, and a great deal of pomp and fleshly consequence among professed ministers of the Gospel of Christ; but when God comes to put it into His sieve, how little is left! But the ministry of our friend Covell proved that he was endued with the power of God. He did not use excellency of speech or enticing words of man's wisdom, for, so far as mere learning was concerned, he was not a learned man. He was a man of medium parts, and yet a man that stood high above many who stood above him in the matter of education; and what was the secret of this? Why, he was anointed of God for the work. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him, and He will show them His covenant." The more I think of these things, the more I value real religion.

Thus, in his public ministry, he may truly be said to be "a brother beloved." He was a brother in the best sense of the word. He was a man who condescended to men of low estate. When he went among the friends, either at home or abroad,

what he was always feeling after was life. No matter whose company he was in, or what their speech was, he wanted to feel life. The same with the ministry. It was not the ability of the man he was influenced by, it was life he desired to find ; and if he felt there was life, he was ever ready to encourage and strengthen their hands, let them be as young in the ministry as they might, and he was always ready to lend a helping hand to one who stood in need of it. In fact, it was his delight to do it.

He was not a jealous man. He was not afraid of other men doing his work, and he knew he could not do the work of another of God's ministers ; and he never sought to imitate another man, but to walk with God and to do His will ; and if there was more of this singleness of eye to the will of God, there would be less strife in the Church. He proved himself to be a brother to the Lord's ministers, and his great desire was, that God would raise up more to fill our pulpits, and to be under-shepherds in the Church. I can testify for myself that I always found him a brother, and I valued him as "a brother beloved." From the very first time of my hearing him, I felt I was one with him experimentally. In his sermon he so picked me up, delineated my exercises, and traced out my path, that I felt I should like to know more of him. He was just the man that, the more I knew of him, the more I wanted to know.

And then, again, he was a brother to all who loved the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity—not only to the ministers, but to all the friends of the Lord Jesus Christ. Wherever he found a few who loved the Lord Jesus, they were the excellent of the earth in his esteem ; and he loved to get into conversation with them upon the things of God. What he wanted, when he went about the country, was to find the people of God ; and how glad he was when he could bear a good report of them that they loved the truth—not the form of truth only, but the power thereof.

Again, he was always found a brother to those in adversity, and, as he had the means, to lend a helping hand to those in distress, which he ever did most liberally. This reminds me of another marked instance of his call to the ministry as being of God. He was, at the commencement of his ministry, in a business at Croydon, a very old-established one, and a prosperous one for many years, being patronised by most of the leading families in the town and neighbourhood ; and it was to him a source of great pleasure to think that he should not be dependent upon the Church for a living. He wished to preach independently of all men as to any salary ; but that was not the Lord's way, for soon after the time of his beginning to preach his business began to decline, and it fell off until at last he was obliged to tell his wife that, if he did not give up business, he should be a bankrupt. He

left his business, and was congratulated by many on his being able to retire, as they thought, with a competency. But he said, "All I had in the world, when I had settled my accounts, was twenty pounds." Well, at first he had no salary, but when his people found how matters stood, they agreed to give him one. There were only very few of them at that time, but the cause grew, and the people pushed on still more, until from a few pounds they reached a hundred. But he said, "The Lord knew my circumstances, and day by day money used to come to supply my needs." For many years the Church acted nobly to him, and by their liberality he was well provided for. There was only one collection made for him during the year, and the last reached nearly £600. There was one thing I admired in friend Covell. He was not a mischief-maker, but a peacemaker, and I would to God there were more of that spirit. He was a man of peace, and never carried a seed-basket to sow discord, but, if he could prevent it, he did.

In his public ministry he was made very useful, and was often looked upon as one able to divine secrets. The fact was, he knew something of the spirit of the world, and he knew the infirmities of human nature; therefore, as he spoke of what he had seen and felt, this often touched someone, and he would say, "Oh, that God might touch their heart!" Thus he proved himself to be a brother. He did not set himself above them, but, by speaking of the workings of his own heart, he often reproved others. He laboured long and faithfully in his Master's cause, and his end was blessed. Truly it might be said of our friend, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace."

Death had no terrors to him. He was not dismayed at the thoughts of it. He met it as a man of God, and he was willing in the will of God. He was like the Apostle Paul; if it was the will of God that he should remain a while longer for the benefit of the Church of God, he was willing to do so. To those who stood around his bed, he said, "All true religion begins in love, and is rooted and grounded in love;" but he did not mean what some people represent, that theirs did not begin with trouble for sin; they were drawn by love. Here they make a great mistake in thinking that those who have trouble are not drawn by love, for the love of God is manifested in bringing us down as guilty sinners, like the publican, and in putting His fear in the heart, which fear is not a slavish, but a filial fear—a fear that is evidenced by desires to love and serve God, and all who possess it would be as holy as God is holy. Thus this fear of God will very soon be made manifest as the root of all real practical religion. We talk, brethren, about growing in grace, and sometimes fear we

are wide of the mark. But this growing in grace consists in being brought out and off from everything else to this one hope, this one name, "Emmanuel, God with us." Oh, the blessedness of having a part in the Lord Jesus Christ! And I am sure all such will be taught to sing, with dear old Daniel Herbert—

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

What a comfort for those who were around the dying bed of our late friend Covell, to see this grace abound in him in his last moments, even the grace which he so loved through his life to testify of to the Church of God! Many beside his own people feel they have lost "a brother beloved," for he was a valued friend. As far as he is concerned, he has the best of it; but his own Church especially, and the Church of God in general, have sustained a great loss. And who can supply the lack? None but God Himself. My prayer is, that He will be so graciously with our bereaved friends, to comfort and sustain their souls, that they may feel, though they have lost their pastor, they have all they need in their God. What a mercy if you and I, in our dying hours, should have Christ, the Friend of sinners, near, to thus cheer our hearts, and enable us to say, "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ"!

[As the account of Mr. Covell's death was given in last month's SOWER, much that was said in the sermon has been omitted.]

MOTTO FOR 1880—"MORE GRACE."

(JAMES iv. 6.)

M y gracious God, I pray this prayer :
O give Thy longing child "More Grace ;"
R enew my heart, and may I share
E ternal joys in yon blest place.

G rant grace from Thee to succour me,
R eviving strength to be my store,
A nd guide me to the promised rest ;
C all Thou me home, I shall be blest
E 'en now, and on for evermore.

W. H. R.

THERE is not one word in all the Book of God, if rightly understood, against a sensible sinner, that feels the plague of his heart, and who is willing to be saved in God's own way.—
Huntington.

OUR MARTYRED FOREFATHERS.

VI.—JOHN FRITH.

THE subject of our present paper was a bosom friend of William Tyndale, and a very able and clever scholar at Cambridge University. John Frith was the son of an innkeeper at Sevenoaks, in Kent, where he was born about the year 1503. At a very early age he manifested a strong inclination for learning, and his abilities attracted the notice of Cardinal Wolsey, who selected him as one of the new members of his college at Oxford, which he had founded on a very magnificent scale. In the year 1525, Tyndale being in London, Frith paid him a visit; and this appears to have been the time when he was brought, under the teaching of the Holy Spirit, and through the instrumentality of Tyndale, to a knowledge of the truth. On his return to Oxford, Frith and several of his companions soon evinced a love and attachment to the Gospel of Jesus Christ; and this fact aroused the anger of the Papists, who imprisoned them in the cellar where the salt fish of the college, used in Lent, and on Fridays and fast days, had hitherto been kept. The stench of this dungeon, however, having caused the death of four of their number, orders were given for the dismissal of the survivors, Frith amongst them, on condition that they should not go ten miles from Oxford. But the Papal party becoming so very zealous in their persecution of witnesses for the truth, Frith determined to leave England, and join his former companion, Tyndale, who was then busily employed on the Continent in translating the New Testament into the English tongue. Here he received a hearty welcome, for Frith being not only a genuine Christian, but also a brilliant genius, he was able to give his friend material assistance in his glorious and beneficent undertaking.

Hearing that Sir Thomas More, who had been a very bitter persecutor of "heretics," had resigned the Great Seal in May, 1532, Frith, with that love for his native land that characterises the majority of his countrymen, returned to England; but he soon found himself in great danger, so that he resolved again to flee. This, however, he found impracticable, for great rewards had been offered for his arrest, and spies had been placed in the seaport towns to prevent his escape. Frith had already written an admirable tract against Purgatory, which was the main cause of the fury of his enemies; and now he drew up in manuscript a short treatise, in which he gave his opinion on the Lord's Supper, and against the Romish dogma of transubstantiation, for the use of a friend. A copy of this writing fell into the hands of William Holt, a London tailor, who carried it to Sir Thomas More, pro-

bably the most zealous advocate of the Romish Mass in the country. This statesman at once ordered the arrest of the intrepid writer, who was found in Essex, on his way to the Continent. Having been brought before Sir Thomas More and the bishops, he was committed to the Tower.

During his imprisonment, several important changes took place in the country, many of which were favourable to the Reformation, so that it seemed possible that Frith might be set at liberty. One of these favourable events was the appointment of Cranmer to the archiepiscopal see of Canterbury, vacant by the death of Warham. Cranmer, although he still tenaciously held many of Rome's dogmas, yet it was well known that he had some leanings towards the "new opinions," as the ancient and Scriptural views of the Reformers and martyrs were often termed. But the zeal of Sir Thomas More for the Papacy was of such an earnest nature as to damp all hopes of Frith's escape. He wrote a reply to Frith's tract against the Real Presence, declaring that it contained "all the poison that Wycliffe, Tyndale, and Zuinglius had taught concerning the Blessed Sacrament of the altar; not only affirming it to be very bread still, as Luther does, but also, as these other beasts do, that it is nothing else." The high position and lofty attainments of the retired statesman did not daunt the heroic Frith, who answered his opponent with such profound learning and argumentative skill as that Cranmer, in after years, bore testimony to its worth, by saying that it was this reply especially that convinced him of the errors of Rome concerning the Lord's Supper. Frith gained great favour with his jailors on account of his good behaviour and sterling honesty, so they permitted him to go in and out of the Tower during the night, to consult with other godly and pious men, whilst preparing his reply to More: nor did he fail to come freely back after such glimpses of liberty, though to return was, as he knew, to die at the stake.

Frith's enemies were becoming very anxious that he should be rigorously dealt with, and that no time should be lost in erecting his stake. One of the royal chaplains, in a sermon before king Henry and his court, fiercely inveighed against the leniency with which "heretics" were treated, and he particularly complained of one who, at that moment, was a prisoner for writing against the dogma of transubstantiation. Frith was thus clearly pointed out, and Henry was too jealous of his orthodoxy to let the complaint be repeated. Cranmer and Cromwell were accordingly ordered to examine Frith concerning his views, so he was brought to the episcopal palace at Croydon for that purpose. From the Tower he was conveyed up the river to Lambeth, and during this journey he was told that his life would be spared if he would only yield a little. Both Cranmer and Cromwell were very anxious that he

should not suffer, and they tried, by various means, to move Frith from his steadfastness, or to aid him in effecting his escape to the Continent. But Frith felt himself bound, no matter what the cost, to stand by the sentiments he had written, so he resisted all the well-meant counsel of his friends. "If I should now run away," said he, "from my God, and from the teaching of His holy Word, worthy then of a thousand hells."

On the 20th of June, 1533, Frith was brought before Stokesly, Longland, and Gardiner, bishops of London, Lincoln, and Winchester, all of them fierce opponents of God's truth, and malicious enemies to those who were witnesses for it. Here the undaunted Gospel soldier displayed the same heroic spirit that had characterised him all through the various trials and persecutions he had passed, and now, in the very jaws of death, he courageously and zealously defended what he had written, because he firmly believed his opinions to be based on the only immutable and infallible foundation, the Word of God; and also because they were in accordance with the teaching and practice of the primitive Christian Churches. He was condemned by the Bishop of London to be burnt; and, on July 4th, 1533, he was brought to the stake at Smithfield. On arriving there, Frith hugged the faggots, being transported with joy because he was counted worthy to suffer for Christ's sake. A young Kentish lad, an apprentice tailor in London, was burnt with him. A priest, named Cook, called to the people not to pray for them, no more than they would do for a dog. At this Frith smiled and prayed God to forgive him; after which the fire was kindled, and these two blessed and happy martyrs were consumed in the flames.

J. C.

LOVE FOR SOULS.

"IN my preaching I have really been in pain, and have, as it were, travailed to bring forth children to God; neither could I be satisfied unless some fruits did appear in my work. If I were fruitless, it mattered not who commended me; but if I were fruitful, I cared not who did condemn. I have thought of that, "Lo, children are an heritage of the Lord, and the fruit of the womb is His reward. As arrows are in the hand of a mighty man, so are children of the youth. Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them: they shall not be ashamed, but they shall speak with the enemies in the gate." JOHN BUNYAN.

I WOULD not have believed that there is so much in Jesus as there is. It is little to see Him in a book; but to draw nigh to Christ is another thing.—*Rutherford*.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF THE LATE
JAMES WILMSHURST, OF CRANBROOK.

(Continued from page 20.)

January 21st, 1844.—A few days back my dear mother departed this life. I greatly feel her loss, but have felt the sweetness of the thought that, although she will never return to me, yet, through God's mercy, I shall go to her. I have also enjoyed the preciousness of these lines—

“ Why fear we, then, to trust
The place where Jesus lay ?
In quiet rests our sister's dust,
And thus it seems to say—

“ ‘ Forbear, my friends, to weep,
Since death hath lost its sting ;
Those Christians that in Jesus sleep
Our God will with Him bring.’ ”

To-day Mr. Birch referred to her death at considerable length; speaking with confidence that she was a daughter of peace and died in peace. He also said that she was a lover of the truth and of those that fear God, and who by her life testified of her religion. Indeed, he wished Cranbrook was filled with such people, for it would then be a happy place. He mentioned likewise that she had met with great trials in providence, but these had worked together for her good, for, in the midst of her difficulties, she justified God, acknowledging that she justly deserved all that had come upon her; and respecting her husband, whom she lost many years ago, it might be said, he had a good report of all men, and of the truth itself.

January 1st, 1851.—The Lord has crowned the past year with goodness, and His paths have dropped fatness, inasmuch as we have witnessed abundant harvests and favourable seasons for gathering in the fruits of the earth. All the Lord's works in creation praise Him, and the earth is full of His goodness. The past year has been remarkable for a great popular demonstration against an attempt on the part of the Pope to re-establish a Romish ecclesiastical hierarchy in this country. May the Lord so work as to effectually neutralise this aggression, and put the Pope and his adherents to shame, and more fully than ever establish the truth in this Protestant country. Many hearts of the godly have been appalled through this; nevertheless, let it be remembered “the Lord reigneth,” and there is no wisdom nor counsel against Him (Prov. xxi. 30). Having been informed that many Christians in London had appointed yesterday for special prayer that the Lord would interpose against Antichrist. I took the

hint, and to the best of my ability poured out my soul to the Lord ; and, amongst other things, I especially petitioned that some suitable text might be given me that would stand as an instruction and warning through the present year. Last evening, in family prayer, these words came suddenly to my mind : "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." This morning the words again came fresh upon my mind, and seemed to demand attention. I soon found them in the ninetieth Psalm, and considered them with the context. I quite feel the Lord gave me these words for my motto or watchword, and this thought was confirmed by the discourse that Mr. Birch preached yesterday, in which he so went into the exercises of my mind, that I cannot but hope that I am being led by the same Spirit as our dear pastor.

June 1st.—About a year since I requested the members and friends to join in prayer for a blessing on the ministry, and the effects have been clearly visible. Now it is on my mind to propose the same again, and really there is a great need for our doing so, witnessing as we do the low state of the Church in all things that are spiritual, and how little the Word taketh effect. May it please the great Head of the Church to pour out a spirit of prayer upon us to this end ; and have we not the promise that they shall prosper that love Zion ? My soul, pray for the prosperity of Jerusalem. The Lord helping me, I would remember her above my chief joy.

June 8th.—This evening we had a little meeting, at which we agreed to retire for prayer every Tuesday evening, for about an hour, to supplicate for Zion, that God would prosper and revive His work, bless His ministers, and our own minister especially—in short, to pray, as our minds are led, for all things relating to Zion. The good Lord enable us with one voice to pray, "Thy kingdom come." May we give Him no rest till He "makes Jerusalem a praise in the earth." "Oh, that Thou wouldest rend the heavens, that Thou wouldest come down, that the mountains might flow down at Thy presence !" "Let Thy work appear unto Thy servants, and Thy glory unto their children." May we go forth with weeping, bearing precious seed ; and then we shall doubtless come again rejoicing, bringing our sheaves with us.

August 13th.—Last Lord's day evening we had a gathering for prayer, and to encourage each other in the way to Zion. By permission of the rest I read 1 Corinthians xii., and Ephesians iv. I attempted to draw the attention of my brethren to the fifteenth and sixteenth verses of the last portion, and inferred from it that the body mystical grew in divine life and vigour, not only by continual supplies from Christ the Head of influence, but was also greatly benefited by the proportion of oil which every joint sup-

plinth to each other. Without this the body is liable to become lifeless, languid, and unhealthy. I was afterwards called upon to conclude by prayer, in which I felt much helped, and we all separated more or less refreshed, strengthened, and comforted, and cheerfully agreed to continue our retirement for prayer every Tuesday evening. The next morning, before and after I arose, many Scriptures occurred to my mind, confirming what I had tried to advance the previous evening. Paul longed to come to the brethren at Rome, that he might be with them refreshed, and that they might be comforted together with the mutual faith of each other. To Philemon he says, "The bowels of the saints are refreshed by thee, brother." The 133rd Psalm also came sweet to my mind: "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!" It is like the precious ointment descending from the head over the whole body, and like the refreshing dew of Hermon, which descends spiritually on those brethren dwelling together in the unity of the Spirit.

August 25th.—I have lately been to London to purchase some bullocks for my business. Before going I was much exercised in my mind, feeling afraid to trust myself in Smithfield Market, and thought, perhaps, I ought rather to go to Rye or Ashford markets instead. My spirit was in much hurry and confusion, but, after earnest prayer for direction, these words of Hart's fell upon my mind—

" Venture on Him, venture wholly ;
Let no other trust intrude ;"

which led me to decide upon going to London. On my arrival I had some little difficulty in finding suitable beasts, but eventually I did so, and purchased them upon reasonable terms. "Oh, that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works unto the children of men!" Truly He hath led me by a right way. Oh, that I had more faith in seeking unto Him!

Tuesday, September 16th.—Went to Ashford Market. Before going I earnestly sought the Lord to direct me, feeling that without His blessing I could not hope to prosper. All that I could get were these words: "When thou hearest the sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees, then bestir thyself." What this could mean I was at a loss to determine; however, I went and found a very full market. A friend went with me, and we purchased together, and were supplied by one salesman, at prices below what we had anticipated. It appeared to me that this salesman, knowing there was a large supply in the market, was fearful lest the drove he had to sell should hang on hand; therefore he willingly came to terms with his customers. Thus I could see the force of the words given for my direction. This Philistine was frightened,

by which means the Lord enabled me to prevail and obtain what I needed on fair and reasonable terms.

October 5th.—I have still further to speak of the Lord's goodness. My horse has long been more or less lame, and being old, I wished to sell him, but could not find a customer. However, last Wednesday I was offered £4, which I agreed to accept. After making the bargain I felt uneasy, fearing I should be put to much inconvenience, as I felt unable to spare sufficient money to purchase such an one as would answer my purpose. I thought over many contrivances, so as to make shift for a time, and then purchase one in the spring or in the winter, if one should offer, when horses are sometimes to be had cheap. However, the Lord went before to supply my need in a wonderful manner, for last Wednesday, when returning from market, I was driving the sheep I had bought, letting the horse go on before by itself. At Wittersham village my horse took the liberty of turning off the road and entering the inn stables (having an instinct from the Lord, may I not suppose?). I soon followed him, and while there I was joined by the landlord, who informed me that he had a horse which he was anxious to sell. After looking it over I made him an offer, which, after some hesitation, he accepted. It is a close, well compacted animal, and just such a one as I had thought I should like to have. Thus the Lord, who says, "The desires of the righteous shall be granted," and also that He will "fulfil the desire of those that fear Him, and will hear their cry," has fulfilled my desires in this matter, which I take as a token for good. "Praise the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits."

(To be continued.)

ONE time (writes Toplady), when I was at Giastonbury, I went to see the Torr, which is a tower situated on the top of a very high hill. The ascent was so steep, that I was forced in some places to climb up on my hands and knees. Would we enjoy God's presence, we must (through the efficacy of His influence) use our hands and knees, *i.e.*, we must be found in the way of obedience, humility, and prayer.

A CERTAIN libertine of most abandoned character happened to stroll into a church, where he heard the fifth chapter of Genesis read, stating that such and such persons lived so long a time, and yet the conclusion was, they "died." Seth lived 912 years, "and he died;" Enos, 905, "and he died." The frequent repetition of the words "he died," notwithstanding the great length of years they had lived, impressed him so forcibly with the thought of death and eternity, that, through divine grace, he became an exemplary Christian.

PRAYER.

“*Pray without ceasing.*”—1 THESS. v. 17.

It is undoubtedly the duty of all men to acknowledge the hand of the Creator in their preservation and sustentation, for from God all blessings are derived, and on Him all are dependent for each breath as it is drawn, and each mercy possessed. But *prayer* is more than this. It is a special privilege, a peculiar honour, pertaining in a special manner to the favourites of heaven. It is the approach of the servant to his Master, of the child to its Father, of the bride to her Bridegroom. The possessors of this privilege are called thereto by God, for “no man taketh this honour [of approaching the mercy-seat] unto himself save he that is called of God, as was Aaron” (Heb. v. 4). “And no man can come unto Me, except the Father which is in heaven draw him” (John vi. 44). This voice of the Lord, this drawing power, reaches the objects of His favour at the appointed time and by the appointed means; but, however or whenever the call is uttered, the immediate effect always is that it may be said of each one whose ears are opened to hear it, as of Saul of Tarsus, “Behold, he prayeth.” Moreover, in the after stages of experience there is a frequent renewal of this “call to prayer.” Every trouble, every fear, every perplexity which the Christian experiences, is the voice of the Lord saying, “Pray without ceasing.” That there is a needs-be for the constant repetition of this lesson no rightly-taught child of God will deny; because in spiritual things there is such a proneness to become lukewarm, cold, and careless, and in natural things so strong a tendency to trust too much to one’s own discretion and judgment, a trying to manage for one’s self; and, all the time things go on pretty comfortably and smoothly, there is no particular eagerness in seeking help from on high. So true it is—

“ Few, if any, come to Jesus,
Till reduced to self-despair.”

By painful, humbling experiences we prove at length there is “no help in self;” then, and ordinarily not till then, there is a looking to the Strong for strength, with the heartfelt petition—“Help me!” “Save me!” “Teach me!” “Lead me!” Now, this is prayer, the real, earnest cry of the heart before God, which is not in word only, but in power.

How often we hear at prayer-meetings a great fluency of expression, and it is very desirable that persons should express themselves properly; but we must not forget there may be, and doubtless often is (at least we feel it personally), a flow of words and but little *prayer*. Whilst we would not undervalue the form,

the conscience made tender in the sight of God will look most at the power. "The word of the Lord came to Jeremiah," as recorded in the thirty-third chapter, third verse: "Call *unto Me*." Mark, dear reader, that little word "*unto*." Thousands satisfy their consciences with *saying* prayers; God's living family want "to pray as prompted from within." They feel the necessity of their prayers reaching higher than the ceiling, and so they desire the inward teaching of the Spirit in order that they may worship Him in spirit and in truth.

Now, perhaps some tried, troubled, and tempted one, fearing he has never really prayed at all, may ask, "What is prayer?" We answer, Prayer is the operation in the heart of a "spirit of grace and supplication," which manifests itself in a variety of ways. We will illustrate our meaning by mentioning a few things which constitute real prayer.

1. *Prayer is a wrestling.* The exercises of the soul sometimes find expression, as in the case of Jacob, in the cry, "I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me." This is, perhaps, experienced in a greater degree when the arrow of conviction first enters the heart; and subsequently in times of special distress, sorrow, and desertion, when, like Jacob at the ford Jabbok (Gen. xxxii.), fear and dismay overwhelm the heart at the apparently certain prospect of destruction; and in silence and solitude—for Jacob was "left alone" (verse 24)—one broods over one's troubles, till the heart is ready to break with anguish. Things have come to an extremity; the soul feels the Lord must appear. There is a wrestling, and in this spot is proved the truth of the old adage, "Man's extremity is God's opportunity." In connection with the narrative of Jacob, there was the circumstance of the *shrinking* of the sinew of his thigh, by which we learn that all creature strength must fail; and when thus reduced to utter weakness and helplessness, it is a sign that the praying Jacob is about to be turned into the prevailing Israel. "When I am weak," says Paul, "then am I strong."

" Wrestling prayer can wonders do,
Bring relief in deepest straits;
Prayer can force a passage through
Iron bars and brazen gates."

2. *Prayer is a venturing to the mercy-seat*, even as Queen Esther ventured in unto the king, hardly knowing whether she should not be condemned for so doing, with the feeling, "If I perish, I perish." If, dear reader, you are clothed in the royal apparel of Christ's righteousness, wearing the garment of humility, standing trembling and timidly in the court of the King's palace, in the courts of the Lord's house, fearing lest you should be presuming,

and yet obliged to venture—if, like Esther you come—like her you will obtain favour in the King's sight. The golden sceptre of mercy shall be extended even to you, and the gracious, welcome words pronounced, "What is thy petition, and it shall be granted thee?"

Such venturing is always crowned with success, and how sweet it is to find the Lord is not displeased, but, on the contrary, encourages the seeker to pour out his heart at the throne of grace, enabling him to recount all his troubles to a kind, compassionate High Priest. We are persuaded some of our readers know what this experience is. Just now and then, in secret retirement, when no eye can see, it is sweet indeed to feel at liberty to tell out all; and to feel, moreover, the inward testimony of the Spirit, witnessing of Jesus, "In all their afflictions He is afflicted." At such times one can sing—

" Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend ;
Life and health and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying Friend."

3. *Prayer is a groaning from the dust.* It is an old complaint, daily renewed in the experience of the children of God, "We that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened" (2 Cor. v. 4). The soul, but yesterday admitted to taste the sweetness of communion, is perhaps to-day brought down into the depths of despondency, and unable to express its grief otherwise than by a sigh or a groan, breathed forth while grovelling in the dust of self-abasement. We do not say all the living family have to experience such sudden or such extreme transitions; but sometimes we know by painful experience the very suddenness of these changes causes the greatest questioning and the deepest perplexity. Job's ditch, Jonah's hell, Jeremiah's prison are not altogether strange places to some who will, by-and-bye, enjoy Job's present happiness, see rebellious Jonah in heaven, and unite with the once weeping Jeremiah in singing the praises of Him who "hears the groaning of His prisoners, and releases them that are appointed unto death."

4. *Prayer is the desire of the soul.* With our readers' permission we will here ask one or two close questions: Do your desires tend most toward the enjoyments of this life, or towards the enjoyment of the presence and blessing of God?—after the creature or after the Creator?—after this world and its pleasures, or after the kingdom of God and His righteousness?

Now, dear reader, if your conscience witnesses it is the former of these things you are bent on seeking, depend upon it *you will never find!* No; you will never find that enjoyment in life you

hope for, nor that satisfaction in the creature you expect; and those pleasures you so anticipate will prove like the apples of Sodom, fair enough outside, but so rotten within, they produce a loathing in the very act of tasting. If, on the contrary, you can say you desire to "seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness," you desire above all other things the blessing of God, then, dear fellow seeker, we may address you in the language of the poet—

"Those feeble desires, those wishes so weak,
'Tis Jesus inspires and bids you still seek."

Oh, yes—

"The soul that, with sincere desires,
Seeks after Jesus' love,
That soul the Holy Ghost inspires
With breathings from above."

Each desire ascending heavenward from your heart is a prayer acceptable to, and accepted by, the great God who first implanted that desire in your breast. "Prayer is the soul's sincere desire."

5. *Prayer is also a drawing near to the footstool of mercy*, and this implies a confiding, a trusting, a leaning upon Him by whom alone we may draw near; a hiding under the shadow of His wings; a clinging to the Rock that is higher than we are, and higher, too, than all our troubles and cares. Each clinging, trusting, confiding one will in due time find, with the Psalmist, "It is good for me to draw near to God" (Psalm lxxiii. 28). But, to pass on—

6. *Prayer is a thought upon His name*: "A book of remembrance was written before Him for them that thought upon His name" (Mal. iii. 16). And this thinking, if we may so say, without irreverence, is reciprocal, for in Psalm cxxxix. 17, we read, "How precious also are Thy thoughts unto me, O God! how great is the sum of them!" Just look, dear reader! God's thoughts to the sinner cannot be "reckoned up;" and yet it is as if He "takes it kindly" for the sinner to have one thought of Him. So much so, that it is set down in "His remembrance book." Oh, what matchless love! what infinite condescension!

Now, then, amidst the multitude of thoughts that rush in an impetuous torrent through the mind in the course of the day, are there none directed to His name, such as that expressed in Isaiah xxvi. 8: "The desire of our soul is to Thy name, and to the remembrance of Thee"? In the morning you may be full of fears as to how you will get through. The heart goes forth *towards*, and there is a leaning *upon* His great name.

Oh, may the Lord give you to see the preciousness of the thoughts that flow out of your mind towards the name of the

Lord. Every such thought is prayer, and the language of the Psalmist is applicable : "O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is Thy name in all the earth" (Psalm viii. 1).

7. *Submission to the Lord's will* is an acknowledgment that the soul recognises the truth that God's ways are the best ways, and by which the Christian says, "Not my will, but Thine be done," and this is the very highest form of prayer possible.

Lastly, *the act of watching is prayer* : "Looking for that blessed hope" is a sweet way of entreating the Lord to appear ; and it is this watching that pre-eminently distinguishes all real prayer.

Here we must conclude our simple tracings. These are a few ways in which the existence of a spirit of grace and supplication is manifested, and when this grace is in exercise, the child of God is taught in every dispensation to daily lift up his heart to God, whether in wrestling, venturing, groaning, desiring, drawing near, thinking on His name, submitting to His will, or watching ; and thus he is brought to obey the Gospel precept, "Pray without ceasing."

Steaford.

E. C.

ALONE, YET NOT ALONE.

THE clouds are dark above me,
The night is dull and drear,
And I more sad and cheerless ;
No earthly friend is near.

But yet I'm not forsaken,
For, as I look above,
My heart is drawn toward Jesus—
I feel that God is love.

He speaks in accents lowly :
"Make Me your constant Friend ;
Rest not on idols earthly,
Always on Me depend."

Lord, give me faith to trust Thee,
Grant me Thy love divine ;
Oh, let Thy hand sustain me ;
Say often, "Thou art Mine."

So apt my heart to leave Thee,
And from Thy ways decline ;
Let grace and truth still keep me,
And link my life with Thine.

Essex.

L. A.

MAKE others to see Christ in you, moving, doing, speaking, and thinking. Your actions will speak of Him if He be in you.—
Rutherford.

OBITUARY OF JAMES JEFFERY, OF BROCKLEY.

JAMES JEFFERY, the subject of this narrative, was born at Little Horstead, Sussex, May, 1794, of poor parents. He had but little schooling, having, like most of the children of the poor, to seek his living at an early age. He remained in his native place until the age of twelve, where he attended the parish church. In the Lord's providence he was removed to Framfield, in the capacity of servant at a farm-house, and there he remained for six years, up to the close of which period he was in utter ignorance of anything of a gracious character, seldom getting within the sound of truth, having a greater desire after the pleasures of the world, taking a part especially in out-door sports, such as the games at the country fairs, or anything of a sensual kind, suitable to his fallen and depraved nature. In the pursuit of these pleasures he felt at times some checks of conscience, which brought terror into his mind. This lasted for some time, but wore off, and feelings of an opposite nature sprang up. He could not, however, banish from his mind thoughts of a judgment to come, even wishing that there was no hereafter, that he and his lusts might be at peace.

At the age of eighteen, our friend, in the good providence of God, removed to Rotherfield, and while there he found a fellow servant who sometimes went to the Baptist chapel, and at other times to the Independent chapel. After a while our friend went with him, where at both places he was brought under the sound of the Gospel, but with no saving effect. He soon became regular in his attendance, and thought he was very religious, and wished the people to think so too. Things went on in this way with him for more than two years, till one evening, returning from the service, he was overtaken by a severe thunderstorm, and so fiercely did flash after flash strike about him, that his greatest wonder was how he had escaped. This brought him to feel that, had he been cut down, he was not in a fit state to die. This circumstance shook the foundation of his religion, and had the effect of making him more diligent in the means of grace. During the same year, a funeral sermon was preached at Rotherfield, by Mr. Attrell, from Proverbs xiv. 32: "The wicked is driven away in his wickedness, but the righteous hath hope in his death." This was a word in the Lord's hands that was brought home with power to his conscience, and as the Lord's servant was tracing out the sinner that was driven away, he felt himself condemned; but, while giving the character of the righteous that had hope in his death, and the ground and foundation of that hope, he was led to see more of himself as a guilty sinner before a just and holy God, and how he might have been justly cut off in the midst of his sins.

Another sermon from these words, "Be ye also ready," made a great impression, causing him to weep very much, and to mourn over himself as a sinner.

Up to this period he was but a poor scholar, scarcely knowing how to read, but, having a longing desire to be able to read God's Word, he bought a Bible, and that Book became his daily study. He has often referred to this circumstance—that, while he could never make sense of any other book, reading God's Word seemed to read him. Under this teaching, his mind became well stored with the precious truth. On one occasion, while reading, the Word was brought home with much power from Isaiah lxvi. 2 : "But to this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at My Word." These words melted him down, causing him to cry aloud, asking of the Lord whether He could look upon such as he felt himself to be.

From this time it became a continual concern to know whether the Lord's salvation could reach him. At times there sprang up a little hope that there was mercy for such. He also felt a springing up of love for the Lord's people, and liked to be much in their company, and listen to their conversation while going to and coming from the chapel. The Word from Revelation xiii. 8, 9, became fixed on his mind—"Whose names are *not* written in the book of life." This brought him into a great concern to know if his name was written, feeling that none but such who were written there would be saved. This proved a great trial, and he had to carry the burden for a long time. On one occasion when much cast down, he entered the chapel as the hymn was given out—

" 'Tis a point I long to know ;
Oft it causes anxious thought—
Do I love the Lord or no ?
Am I His, or am I not ?"

This proved a rich morsel to him, being so suited to his case and condition, and seemed to echo his earnest desire. It remained with him till the sermon, from Malachi iii. 16, 17 : "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another : and the Lord hearkened, and heard it," &c. The seventeenth verse was the portion blest to his soul : "And they shall be Mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up My jewels." This gave sweet encouragement that he was one of those spoken of in the text. Under these feelings he walked for some time, and looked forward with delight for the time when the doors of the Lord's house would be open, to join with the people of God in their prayers and their praises, as well as to hear the Word of God. But a time of trial was coming upon him. This Scripture was continually hovering about him, "The steps of a good man are

ordered of the Lord," and that "the Lord watched over His people for good." But, instead of taking the mind of the Spirit in them, his flesh took an undue liberty, which engendered carnal security, whereupon a spirit of slumber ensued. He slackened his spiritual diligence, and lost that tenderness of conscience which he had previously. He fell into such a frame that he was at length ensnared openly. The country fair being held in his neighbourhood, and having to pass near it, he ventured into it, where he met many of his former companions; but he had not been long in their company when such a feeling of horror darted into his mind that he got home as quickly as he could, and passed such a night as he never had before, being afraid to close his eyes in sleep, lest he should awake in hell amongst the lost. Under this terror and darkness he had to wait for a long season, with the accusations of a guilty conscience, which brought him to despair of any hope coming to such a vile and rebellious sinner. In this low and fallen condition he felt he could never go again into the company of the Lord's children. This cost him many cries and many tears, while the company of the worldling he dreaded, so that he scarcely knew what to do. But the dear Lord appeared for him. He felt in his heart that he must go again to the Lord's house, where he hoped he had been blest, nor did he go in vain. In due time the Lord was very gracious to him, in dropping a word now and again that caused a little hope to spring up that there might yet be mercy for him. There was no particular Scripture applied, but such a spirit of contrition and softness of heart came over him at times as to overpower him and melt him down under a sense of God's mercy and goodness through a crucified Redeemer. This trial taught him that "the heart was deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." From this time he hoped he could say—

"Let worldly minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me;
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace has set me free."

Our friend going so regularly to the means of grace brought him into the company of some of the members of the Church, who spoke to him about the things of God and his never-dying soul, and there sprang up a sweet union of soul between him and them, as there was also to the Lord's servant who broke the bread of life to them, which resulted in his going before the Church and stating how and when the dear Lord began with him, and his experience up to that time; whereupon he was received and publicly baptised in an open stream in 1816. This was a season great solemnity to him, and he was blest with a sweet token

that what he had gone through was in accordance with the Lord's Word and will.

At this period of our friend's life, the Lord interposed on his behalf, and delivered him from what would have proved a terrible snare. An intimacy was formed between him and a fellow servant. He sought the Lord about it, but could gain no access at the throne of grace respecting it; eventually he felt, after much exercise, that matters must remain as they were. Some time after, the young person whom he hoped to have made his wife went away and lived in adultery with a married man. This matter confirmed him in the doctrine of a special and particular Providence.

After this our friend removed back to Framfield, and there the Lord found him a suitable partner, and blest him both in providence and in grace. He lived many years under His smile, and soon had a family around him; but trials of domestic affliction overtook him, and many of them very severe ones. An afflicted wife and family sicknesses brought him very low. Work being difficult to obtain, he had to feel and tread the path of poverty; but during all these trials the Lord gave him many tokens of His favour. He had been supported and kept up under his trials by a promise that the Lord had given him in earlier days, that "his bread should be given him, and his waters should be sure." But it had to be brought about in a way contrary to his expectations. Sickness increasing in the family, he got deeply into debt. His daughter, aged thirteen years, was laid down with brain fever, and, according to human appearance, could not recover. Here the Lord blessed him with a cry on her behalf, if it could be His good pleasure, to raise her up again, or to give him submission to His divine will. The end of this trial proved the doctor's judgment of her case to be wrong, for she was spared to him and made useful in his young family.

During this period of his life, he had many times to ask of the dear Lord to send him food or work, and in many marvellous ways did the Lord answer his petitions for both. At one time, when walking along the public road, he found a sum of money that met his immediate demands; at other times, when everything seemed coming to an end, he was called to go to work; but so low were they brought at one time, that he started out to see the overseer to arrange for their going into the workhouse. While on his way, he called upon his creditor who had supplied him with the necessaries of life, to tell him of his intention, when the Lord so moved that man's heart, that he told our dear friend to go back home and he would still supply him, and sent him at once a sack of meal; thus was he blessed of the Lord, in having friends unexpectedly raised up on his behalf. These trials were never forgotten by him. He felt the Lord had in love and faith-

fulness stood by him and borne with him, while he had been indulging self-pity, hard thoughts, and murmurings against God. After passing these troubles, clouds which had for many years been gathering around him began to break. It was a turning-point in his life, for soon his hands were sufficient for him to provide for his family, and pay his arrears of debts.

God having favoured him providentially, his heart was open and his hand was ready to relieve any he knew to be in distress; for, having felt the pinching effects of poverty, he was touched with sympathy for those who were in a like condition, especially where he found such among the household of faith; indeed, in the judgment of some, he gave more liberally than they thought he was justified in doing. But the Lord had so blessed him in, and brought him through, his trials, that he felt he could trust Him for all his future path.

At this time he sat under no stated ministry, but attended the services sometimes at Five Ashdown, then at Mayfield, or at Uckfield; for in those days it was common for chapels to be closed on those Sundays when there was no minister to supply the pulpit. Going about from place to place he did not find profitable to his soul. His great love for the servants of God prevented him thinking there was anything lacking in their ministry, but he found his soul now brought into a famine of hearing the Word of the Lord. This cost him many sighs and groans, and once, when returning from chapel bewailing his barren state, he opened Mr. Hart's hymn-book upon the hymn—

“Zeal extinguished to a spark,
Life is very, very low;
All my evidences dark,
And good works I've none to show.
Prayer, too, seems a load;
Ordinances tease or tire:
I can feel no love to God,
Hardly have a good desire!”

This verse proved a great help to him, and it comforted him to know that its author had been in such a cold, dark, and dead condition; and from then he was led especially to love Mr. Hart's hymns, so that they, with the Bible and some of Bunyan's works, formed his library, and became to the end of his life his choice companions. Those who knew him could not fail to observe that he was favoured with a wonderful memory. There was not a circumstance in connection with the lives of the patriarchs, the kings of Judah and Israel, the prophets or the apostles, but he was conversant with, which made his company both savoury and instructive.

(To be continued.)

OBITUARY OF MRS. GRACE,

WIDOW OF THE LATE MR. JOHN GRACE, MINISTER, OF BRIGHTON.

ALMOST with the ushering in of the new year the work of death was renewed among our friends, and one known, by report at least, to many of our readers, and much loved by a wide circle of godly friends, was called to her eternal home and rest, after some years of affliction and suffering. We refer to the widow of the late Mr. John Grace, minister, of Brighton, a man of blessed memory in the Church of Christ. Mrs. Grace had for some time been almost wholly confined to the house through the increasing severity of her complaint, brouchitis, and during the last few weeks of 1879 she was compelled to keep her room, and finally her bed, which she did not again leave until her ransomed spirit departed to be "for ever with the Lord." Although she was not one who could talk of what some call great things as to her own experience, yet, as a partaker of grace, her conversation savoured of the fear of the Lord, and her life evidenced her to be one who had an appetite and a heart for Christ, His Word, the ministry thereof, and the blessing which makes all profitable to receiving souls. We have frequently seen her countenance beam with joy when the Word of the Lord has been found by her to be a word spoken in season, whereby her hope in Christ has been confirmed, her faith increased, her evidences cleared, and her heart enabled to hang by faith upon the all-sufficient merit and blood of Jesus, the Son of God. She took pleasure in meeting with the people of God in the service of His house, and in hearing the Word of His grace faithfully preached; but nothing short of feeding on the Word by finding Christ as therein set forth brought nigh to her heart, would give her satisfaction and peace. Some few weeks before her death, while her daughter on one occasion was gone to the house of God, she was very greatly favoured of the Lord by being enabled to view her interest in His love, blood, and covenant, of which rich streams she drank until her face beamed with delight, and she said, when her daughter returned, she felt her communion with Him whom her soul loved had been so sweet that there was no room in her heart for anything else; and to a friend who called in to see her she said how the Lord had so filled her with His goodness that she could feel satisfied all was perfectly right in His various dealings with her, both as to her afflictions, her circumstances, the family, her spiritual exercises, and all things which pertained to her salvation and peace. This blessed token of divine goodness and love seemed like an anointing for her burial, for it was not long before she was called to enter the swellings of Jordan, and there to realise the faith-

fulness and sufficiency of Him in whom all the promises are yea and amen.

Her youngest daughter, in giving a few particulars of her end, says:—

On Thursday, December 18th, I came from London to help to nurse our dear mother, whom I found very ill—not worse upon the whole than I expected to see her, and able to take an interest in many things; but as each day passed she got worse, so that we did not once have reason to hope or believe she would be restored to us. It was indeed comforting to me to find how glad and relieved she was to have me to take a share in the nursing. She said, “How wonderfully it has been all arranged! How I did beg of the Lord to direct you; and it has all been done without my saying anything.” This she said many times. It seemed as if a great load had been taken off her mind, for she had feared that the strain upon R—— would be too much.

One night, when I had put her straight and was going to the chair to rest, she said so affectionately, “Good night, my dear child; the Lord reward you for all your kindness to me.” All through her illness she was wonderfully sustained, and very patient, and so fearful lest we should be tired out. Her favourite hymn was 356, Gadsby’s—

“Does the Gospel Word proclaim
Rest for those who weary be?”

and she wanted me to read it to her the morning after I came. She seemed much to enjoy some of the hymns, and often asked for a hymn or two and a Psalm. On reading “O Zion, afflicted with wave upon wave,” she said, “That is just the hymn I wanted. I was trying to think of it this morning.” In the night, seeing R—— crying, she said, “I have thought so much about leaving you, but I feel that God will be a Father to the fatherless;” and on R—— saying, “I feel *quite* reconciled to parting with you, seeing you are such a sufferer,” she answered, “I am so glad;” and then, as if thinking aloud, she said quietly, “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—

“Confirmed by one soft secret word,
I seek no further light,
But walk depending on my Lord
By faith, and not by sight;”

and soon after—

“‘Cheer up, desponding soul,’ He said,
‘Thy sins are all forgiven.’”

One afternoon she said, "I asked them whence their victory came," and wanted the verse finished for her; then wanted, "Gold in the furnace tried," and the next hymn, "Happy the man that bears the stroke." When washing her one morning, she said—

" 'And pass the river telling
The triumphs of my King;'"

and when we had found and read the hymn, she said, "I don't think I can have been deceived, and have deceived so many good people." At another time she said, "It does not signify to me what anyone thinks of me. I want to know from the *Lord* if I am right." On the last Saturday she was quiet for some time, and we thought she was asleep, but she said, "I have not been asleep. I have had a sweet visit. I wish I could tell you all about it. Perhaps I ought not to say *sweet*, but I thought Jesus came into the room, and someone asked, 'Who is that?' and I said, 'Don't you know? It is Jesus;' and He said to me, 'Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you.' '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.'" Sitting by the side of her one day, she said to me, "I can't think but the *Lord* intends it all for me. I don't think I can be deceived."

She continued to get worse and worse. Her breathing was so distressing, and she suffered so much, that talking was a great trouble to her, and the last two days we had to go quite close to her to hear what she said. Her sufferings lasted to the end of her life, so that we could rejoice and thank God when, at ten minutes past six on the morning of the first of January, 1880, the last breath was breathed, and we knew that her sufferings were at an end, and that she had entered that "rest that remaineth for the people of God."

She was buried on January 6th, in the same grave where the remains of her beloved husband had been laid some years before in the cemetery at Brighton. Mr. Hull officiated at the funeral, and preached in Galeed Chapel in the evening from the appropriate words, "And they shall be Mine, saith the *Lord* of hosts, in that day when I make up My jewels" (Mal. iii. 17).

MORE I can neither wish, nor pray, nor desire for you than Christ, singled and chosen out from all things, even though wearing a crown of thorns. I am sure the saints are at best but strangers to the weight and worth of the incomparable excellence of Christ. We know not half of what we love, when we love Christ.—*Rutherford*.

VITAL GODLINESS.

DEAR FRIEND, THOMAS HARDY.—I was very glad to hear you and your father returned safe home from Leicester, and that your visit was not unprofitable, and what you experienced in prayer the next morning was a sure token you had found grace in the sight of the Lord. Brokenness of heart and contrition of spirit are the greatest evidences of the love of God in Christ Jesus, manifested to helpless sinners. A sense of love and mercy breaks the heart into godly sorrow, humility of mind, and love to God. Moses, in the thirty-third chapter of Exodus, from the twelfth to sixteenth verses, beautifully sets forth what are the real tokens of God's grace and favour: "For wherein shall it be known here that I and Thy people have found grace in Thy sight? *is it not in that Thou goest with us?* so shall we be separated, I and Thy people, from all the people that are upon the face of the earth." When may it be said that the Lord goeth with us, but when those blessed tokens of godly sorrow are produced by a lively sense of the Lord being nigh unto us, which produces this humility and love? Lowliness and meekness of spirit are the solid tokens of *God's love*, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. Many professors rest on outward prosperity, as the tokens of God's favour, and such are always in a high strain of blessing God, and yet are utter strangers to brokenness of heart and a sanctified cross.

I have found many times the presence of the Lord in the deepest distress; so did the three children in the fiery furnace; and I have no doubt Daniel in the lions' den, also Moses in the numberless trials in his journey from Egypt to Mount Nebo. David says God is a *present help* in trouble. Here you see, my friend, God's presence is with us *in trouble to support us, to strengthen and comfort us*, and cause us to know the blessed effects of Fatherly chastisements, which keep under the body of sin, namely, levity, highmindedness, carnal affections, &c., &c. The whole dispensation of grace is intended to humble the sinner, and to purify the affections from worldly-mindedness, and set them on things above. I would observe the life of godliness must be attended with prayer, watchfulness, *obedience to the commands* of the Lord Jesus Christ, to self-denial, resisting the lusts of the flesh, and enduring the cross, let it come in what shape it may. This only can be done by the power of God, and it is only our noediness that sets prayer to work, and watches and waits for the arm of the Lord being made bare.

Agreeable to your request, I have enclosed three of Mr. Bourne's letters. Your sister is welcome to copy them if she has time. You

can return them by post, or by a friend, when you have done with them.

Mrs. Yeomans unites with me in love to you and your family and friends.

Yours, &c.,

Leicester, March 16th, 1852.

T. YEOMANS.

DEATH OF MR. J. PERT.

ANOTHER labourer has been removed from the Lord's vineyard, whereby the Church of Christ has again sustained a heavy loss. Mr. James Pert, minister of the Gospel, Flimwell, Kent, died on the morning of January 8th, 1880, aged eighty years. He was widely known, having been in the ministry something like fifty years, during which time he travelled much, and laboured hard to supply the various Churches in a wide-spread district, among whom he was held in high esteem for his work's sake; and to many who heard him, he was made manifest as one whose ministry savoured of the Spirit and power of Christ. His bodily sufferings at the last were very severe, but they were mercifully short, he having preached on the last Lord's day in 1879, and his soul was much in communion with the Lord. He felt his work was done; and, with heaven in prospect, he was ready to "depart and be with Christ, which is far better." He was interred in the graveyard at Heathfield, in the presence of a great number of sorrowing friends from different parts. Mr. W. Smith, of Tunbridge Wells; Mr. Hull, and Mr. Mockford, took part in the funeral service; and Mr. Ashdown concluded with prayer at the grave.

INDEPENDENT Adam and the independent prodigal came both to bankruptcy and beggary; therefore trade thou with the stock of God, and thou shalt *never fail*.—*Huntington*.

SOME have written to me that I am possibly too joyful in the cross which God hath laid upon me (he was in prison), but my joy overleapeth the cross, and terminates on Christ Himself.—*Rutherford*.

JESUS is the never-tiring theme. It is He who is the precious stone, which prospereth whithersoever it turneth. On the mount of high communion He is precious; in the valley of humiliation He is precious; also unto you that believe He is precious. Faith is the Christ-receiving grace. By faith we apprehend Him, by faith know more and more of His preciousness, by faith have felt the benefit of His blood and righteousness, and by faith cast anchor on the Rock, when to sense and feeling all is dark and stormy.—*Bunyan*.

UNDER A HEAVY PRIVATE CROSS OR BEREAVEMENT.

O FAITHFUL God, O pitying heart,
 Whose goodness has no end ;
 I know this cross, with all its smart,
 Thy hand alone doth send.
 Yes, Lord, I know it is Thy love,
 Not wrath or hatred, bids me prove
 The load 'neath which I bend.

'Twas ever wont with Thee, my God,
 To chasten oft a son ;
 He whom Thou lovest feels Thy rod ;
 Tears flow ere joy is won.
 Thou ledest us through darkest pain,
 Back to the joyous light again ;
 Thus ever hast Thou done.

For e'en the Son Thou most dost love
 Here trod the path of woe ;
 Ere He might reach His throne above
 He bare the cross below :
 Through anguish, scorn, and poverty,
 Through bitterest death He passed, that we
 The bliss of heaven might know.

And if the pure and sinless One
 Could thus to sorrow bow,
 Shall I, who so much ill have done,
 Resist the cross ? O Thou
 In whom doth perfect patience shine ;
 Whoe'er would fain be counted Thine,
 Must wear Thy likeness now.

Yet, Father, each fresh aching heart
 Will question, in its woe,
 If Thou canst send such bitter smart,
 And yet no anger know ?
 How long the hours beneath the cross !
 How hard to learn that love and loss
 From one sole Fountain flow !

But what I cannot, Thou true Good,
 Oh, work Thyself in me ;
 Nor ever let my tria's' flood
 O'erwhelm my faith in Thee :
 Keep me from every murmur, Lord,
 And make me steadfast in Thy Word,
 My tower of refuge be.

If I am weak, Thy tender care
 Shall bid me fear no ill ;
 With ceaseless cries, and tears, and prayer,
 The long sad hours I'll fill :
 The heart that yet can hope and trust,
 And cry to Thee, though from the dust,
 Is all unconquered still.

O Thou who diedst to give us life,
 Full well to Thee is known
 The cross and all the inner strife
 Of those who weep alone,
 And 'neath their burden well-nigh faint ;
 The aching heart's unspoken plaint
 Finds echo in Thine own.

Ah ! Christ, do Thou within me speak,
 For Thou canst comfort best ;
 The tower and stronghold of the weak,
 The weary wanderer's rest ;
 Our shadow in the noon-day hours,
 And, when the tempest round us lowers,
 Our shelter, safe and blest.

O Holy Spirit, sent of God,
 In whom all gladness lies,
 Refresh my soul, lift off her load,
 From Thee all sadness flies ;
 Thou knowst the glories yet to come,
 The joy, the solace, of that home
 Where we shall one day rise.

There, in Thy presence, we shall see
 Glories beyond our ken ;
 The cross, known here to none but Thee,
 Shall turn to gladness then ;
 There smiles for all our tears are given,
 And for our wars the joys of heaven ;
 Lord, I believe ! Amen.

PAUL GERHARDT, 1606—1676.

ALL come not home at night who suppose they have set their faces heavenward. It is a woeful thing to die, and miss heaven ! How many a mere professor's candle is blown out and never lighted again ! Many now take Christ by guess ; therefore, I say, be sure you take Christ Himself. His sweet working in the soul will not lie ; it will soon tell whether it be Christ indeed whom you have met with.—*Rutherford*.

THE SOWER.

NOTES OF A SERMON

PREACHED BY THE LATE MR. SINKINSON, AT MANCHESTER, ON LORD'S DAY EVENING, AUGUST 13, 1871.

"He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might He increaseth strength."—ISAIAH xl. 29.

THERE is no possibility of understanding the realities of the Bible but by the teaching of the Holy Spirit. It is written, "He shall take of Mine, and shall show it unto you;" so that, if we are led to know what we are as lost, guilty sinners in the sight of God, we must be taught by the Holy Spirit. You cannot learn God's truth from your father or mother, the minister, or any of your friends. If you are taught it to purpose, it must be by the revelation of the Holy Spirit. The Apostle says, "You hath He quickened who were dead in trespasses and sins;" and again he says, "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;" so that, from the authority of God's Word, we have plenty of proof that, if we know anything of real religion, we must be led by the divine Spirit. The Lord Jesus said, "I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight." I know there are those here to-night who will endorse what I say. You know it is true in your own experience. You who have thus been led from sin to God, and are convinced of your lost condition, know that—

"It was not from the will of man,
Your soul's new heavenly birth began;
Nor will, nor power of flesh and blood,
That turned your heart from sin to God.

"Herein let self be all abased,
And sovereign love alone confessed;
This be my song through all the road,
That born I am, and born of God."

Now, in our text there is a particular reference made to power. What is that power? It is not that of the creature, but of the everlasting God. It is the power of the glorious Redeemer. The Apostle was led in a very blessed way to prove this power in a time of weakness, when faint and full of fear (2 Cor. xii. 7—10). He knew the Gospel was "the power of God unto salvation, to the

Jew first, and also to the Greek; as it is written, The just shall live by faith." This is the secret, by faith in Christ. There is the power, in the name, blood, and righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ, and divine faith realises that power. "To them gave He power to become the sons of God"—mark this expression—"even to as many as believed on His name." "Power." "I came not," Paul says, "with excellency of speech or of wisdom, declaring unto you the testimony of God;" but, "I was with you in weakness, and fear, and much trembling: and my speech and preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power." Paul knew what it was to fear, and so may you. But the faith of God's elect is a powerful principle. It is "the faith of the operation of God," and leads you to trust in Jesus as your everlasting All, and to look unto Him for salvation. Peter says, "Unto whom coming, as unto a living stone, disallowed indeed of men, but chosen of God, and precious." Yes, my friends, and faith realises that preciousness there is in Christ, for "he that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him."

"He giveth power to the faint." Here is the character that really stands in need of power, and grace, and of the manifestations of God's love to the soul. In the 107th Psalm we are told of those who were "hungry and thirsty, and their soul fainted within them; then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and He delivered them out of their distresses." It may be that some poor sinner has come here to-night feeling very faint and weak—indeed, feeling to have no strength left, and crying, "Oh, that I knew where I might find Him!" Well, I hope this word I have read may be an encouragement to you. You are sunk very low, and you feel that, if ever a poor sinner was in need of help, you are, and perhaps you fear there is none for you. Your cry is, "Will the Lord ever undertake for me? Shall I ever be brought to know Christ as my salvation? I do feel desirous to know Him—to know that He is formed in my heart the hope of glory." Then you do bring your wants to the Lord, and have some little intercourse with Him at the throne of grace. Ah! if it were not for this, some of you would have sunk into despair many years ago. There you were, in days gone by, helpless and poor, and you cried out from the very bottom of your heart, "Lord, help me!" He heard you, and raised you up by His power, for "He gathers the lambs with His arm, and carries them in His bosom." Oh, to recline on the bosom of your God—to know that He has loved you, and given Himself for you!

I remember when that word came with power, "Who loved me,

and gave Himself for me." I was translated out of a state of darkness into a heavenly place, and when the Lord brings you the blessings of His grace, wherever you are, it is a heavenly place. "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ." You know that was a heavenly place when the Lord opened up His truth to you, "According as He hath chosen us in Him."

The Lord inclined His ear in your time of weakness and soul trouble. When so surrounded with difficulties, you could not see a way out, the Lord appeared on your behalf. God has appeared and will appear for His chosen. He has given to His people many exceeding great and precious promises. They have comforted my heart many a time. If the Lord has given you a foretaste, He will see you again; if He has imparted strength once, He will surely renew it. I wish I could extol Him more. I do at times feel really cheered when I am talking to God's saints about the blessed Spirit and about Christ. It is the manifestation that brings power. The Lord giveth it. "I give unto them"—who? His sheep, His chosen—"eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand." Then this power is life. There is life in Christ. If you have been led to believe on Him, you have proved the truth of that word, "I am the resurrection and the life." My soul believes that. "He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life." Well, then, He gives power, life, grace—it is all the same thing. "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." "Power to the faint." He says, "I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground." The glorious Lord will be unto us "a place of broad rivers and streams." Where they had been faint and weary, struggling with difficulties, and having no helper, He appears on their behalf.

"Ah!" says some poor soul, "I believe what you say to be quite true, but there is no help, no power for me. I am such an outcast. I can get nothing." It may be the Lord will scatter some handfuls on purpose for you. It is a great mercy you are here; you might have been in hell. I am glad you have a consciousness of your weak state and your sinful condition. I am glad you have been led to mourn before the Lord. God has broken your heart, and He will heal it. He will give you faith to realise for yourself the power of His divine truth in your heart. Poor Hannah was a faint one—a very feeble one. There she stood in that weak, distressed condition, lamenting her barrenness, and the rejoicing of her adversary against her, and she laid her case before the Lord. When she stood before the high priest, he thought she

was a woman fond of drink, but she told him otherwise, saying, "I am a woman of a sorrowful spirit. I am not one of the daughters of Belial." Then Eli said, "The God of Israel grant thee thy petition;" and God exalted her to a high and blessed estate, and made her to sing joyfully therein; and the Lord will enable thee to sing, poor seeking one, as the prophet says, "Sing, O barren, thou that didst not bear: break forth into singing, and cry aloud, thou that didst not travail with child; for more are the children of the desolate than the children of the married wife, saith the Lord." The Lord will enlarge thy border, and bring thee forth out of the pit where there is no water, for "He gives power." He makes salvation known to His children. "Salvation belongeth to the Lord."

Then, in the next place, the salvation of God's elect is a full salvation. It includes everything the Church of God stands in need of; and it is not only full, but free. The promises are sure to all the seed. It is also a finished salvation. The Lord Jesus, who is the Author of redemption, finished the work the Father gave Him to do. "I have glorified Thee on the earth." In what way? In doing the will of His Father, and God the Father was well pleased with His blessed Son: "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

Oh, my dear brethren, God's beloved Son wrought out a salvation for His people in every way suited to their condition. He wrought it out Himself. "He trod the wine-press alone, and of the people there was none with Him." He stood there as the Captain of our salvation. He fought our battles, and conquered for us. He made an open show of all the adversaries of His Church and people. He was buried, and rose again the third day, thus triumphing over death and the grave; then He was seen of five hundred brethren, and Paul writes, "Last of all He was seen of me also, as one born out of due time;" me "who am less than the least, and am not meet to be called an apostle; but by the grace of God, I am what I am." If this is the ground of thy boasting, grace is the foundation on which thou art resting—sovereign grace—

" 'Twas grace that taught thy heart to fear,
And grace those fears relieved ;"

and—

" How precious did that grace appear,
The hour you first believed."

So it is—there is power in that grace, in that salvation which is not by works of righteousness, but according to God's mercy. My friends, we may well make our boast of these things; they are the joy of my heart.

It is impossible for human tongue to describe God's love, or the bliss it is to know that you are an heir of grace, and that the Lord has undertaken to save and guide you through this wilderness to His everlasting kingdom; and the journey will not be much longer for some of us. Do you not feel it so? Your silvery locks indicate you are moving rapidly along. Some of our dear friends have been taken from our midst. We have walked with them and talked with them; now they are gone; and by-and-bye it will be our turn. In a very few years our bodies will return to the dust, and our disembodied spirits will appear before the Lord. It is a solemn reflection. "It is appointed unto man once to die, and after death the judgment." "Our fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live for ever?" You know from daily observation, and what you feel of weakness and infirmity, as the powers of your body and mind become weakened, that your life is closing, and you feel in your latter end to need the Lord's help more and more. How you have begged the Lord to be on your side, and to give you power; and He does, does He not? That little hope is not gone yet, although you have been very low, and, according to feeling, completely shut up. Why, the Lord has come again and again and lifted you up, so that you have been enabled to trust in Him till the present hour; and the Almighty Lord will still be thy strength, for He says, "I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness." "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." Thus "to them that have no might He increaseth strength." Now, this is a point of Christian experience, not merely a doctrinal subject. It has to do with the feelings of your heart. You have learned you are weak, and that is a very important point. The Apostle says, "When I am weak, then am I strong." Men would say it is a contradiction in terms. In a natural point of view it would be so. He was speaking his own mind, feeling he was a poor dependent on the Saviour. Then, again, he says, "Out of weakness were made strong." That is a secret some here know. Poor David could say, "Through my God I have leaped over a wall." When the Lord has "given power to the faint," what wonders have been and still are accomplished! "Wonders of grace to God belong." "To them that have no might He increaseth strength." "Ah! there is nothing for me," says one. How do you know? You can't tell what God has in store for you. Your time is always ready, but His time is not yet. When the appointed time is come, the Lord will give you power and strength. You may be greatly cast down, and sunk very low, until you wonder where the scene will end, and you say, "When, oh, when will it be day?" At times

there is a little glimmer of light, but there is so much darkness you wonder whether you will ever realise that promise once so sweet, when the Lord said, "Call upon Me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me." Oh, was not that a time of reviving? You believed then that the Lord had a favour towards you. Well, "He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might He increaseth strength."

" Afflicted saint, to Christ draw near ;
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear ;
His faithful Word declares to thee
That 'as thy days thy strength shall be.' "

It has never failed, though we have thought it would. Many times He has appeared again, according to His promise. Before leaving His disciples, He led them out as far as Bethany, and He lifted up His hands and blessed them; and He leads His people out now, and imparts His blessing to His chosen. Look at the way the Lord has brought you. How wonderfully He has led you on! He appeared for you when there was no human friend to help you. "In all their affliction He was afflicted, and the angel of His presence saved them: in His love and in His pity He redeemed them." How He has helped thee, borne thee, and carried thee; given thee power and might when in thy destitute condition. That is a good proof the Lord will be thy stay. He will not leave thee in trouble to sink. When heart and flesh fail, He will be thy portion and thy strength. When thou, my friend, hast to pass alone out of this time-state, the Lord will be with thee. He will be thy support, and land thee safe at last in glory, and this now poor weak body will be brought ultimately to join the soul in heaven. Some say many of those for whom Christ died may, after all, go down to the pit from whence there is no redemption. Not one of them ever shall. Christ says, "All that the Father giveth Me shall come to Me," and, at the appointed time, God shall call them from the power and love of sin unto Christ. When the appointed time comes to quicken and bring them forth, the work will be done. Sinner, it needs divine power to quicken you and to regenerate you; and, if that work is wrought in your heart, that same power will be communicated to lead you on through this world, with all its temptations and sorrows, to the kingdom prepared for the people of God.

And now, dear aged one, whose heart is often faint, the Lord has often strengthened thee, and by His free Spirit thou hast been enabled to endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. It is in this way you have proved what the poet says—

“ No good in creature can be found,
 But may be found in Thee ;
 I must have all things and abound,
 While God is God to me.”

“ Power belongeth unto God,” and it is the gift of God. A feeling religion has its seat in the heart, and it has an effect on the life, conversation, and outward walk of the individual that is the subject of it. It will reform the drunkard, the thief, and the vilest of characters; for “ if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature.”

“ He giveth power to the faint: and to them that have no might He increaseth strength.” Well, then, poor trembling soul, here is your hope. He will give you strength according to your clay; yea, you shall see that “ all things do work together for your good,” and I hope He will enable you to praise Him. Amen.

IMPROMPTU LINES,

AFTER HEARING A SERMON BY MR. HULL, ON NOVEMBER 25, 1877,
 FROM PSALM vi. 4.

FEARLESS of death and hell—
 Oh, enviable state !
 The mercy of the Lord
 To you indeed is great.

Though troubles may distress,
 And foes your steps pursue,
 The mercy of the Lord
 Will bring you safely through.

Though former friends unite,
 And seem to wish you ill,
 Your faithful little band
 Will wrestle for you still.

Servant of God, go on ;
 Nor fear these false alarms,
 For “ underneath you are
 The everlasting arms.”

How high the favour, then,
 Which unto you is given :
 Salvation here, and soon,
 A home with Him in heaven.

May He your labours bless,
 And all your path defend,
 Is the sincere desire
 Of an unworthy friend.

AN "OLD EVERTON" TESTIMONY.

TOWARD the latter end of the last century there lived at Harston, near Cambridge, a farm labourer, named John Morden. At this time he was ignorant of his true state and condition, and lived according to the course of this world—followed after its pursuits, living in drunkenness, revellings, and such like, of the which says an inspired Apostle, "I tell you before, as I have also told you in time past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God." Poor Morden had no real religion in his heart, but, on the contrary, was foremost in the frolic of the village inn. A rumour about Everton Church and its vicar, John Berridge, spread abroad, and reached Harston. Morden and some of his companions, whose taste was kindred to his own, heard of the rumour, and on Saturday evening, when their work was done, talked the matter over, and agreed to go the next day to Everton Church, to hear more particularly the fine singing. When they arrived there, after their long journey on foot, they found the church crowded, the very windows being filled. Whilst all admired the singing, Morden was most impressed by the sermon, which none of them had come to hear. On that memorable Sunday evening, as they returned home, while his companions amused themselves by repeating the quaint sayings of the preacher, &c., Morden had thoughts of his own. He felt through all that was passing the grasp of the truth as it is in Jesus fixing on his conscience and heart. What he had heard was different from anything he had ever heard before. He felt, too, as he had never felt before. Though he did not cry out, as some of the hearers had done, he had the solemn, deep conviction that he was wrong—that he was a sinner in the sight of a holy God. The home thoughts and great searchings of heart were that night in contrast with any that Morden's cottage had ever witnessed, and this centreing in his heart, that what the preacher said was intended for him. The Lord had evidently met with him in Everton Church, and, though he scarcely knew what it could all mean, a great work was already begun. When the next Sunday came, his wife, to whom his heart was yet unknown, was puzzled that he should be going there again. The whole day was spent at Everton. Mr. Berridge noticed the stranger in the church listening eagerly to his discourses, and saw him between the services walking in the churchyard.

This went on for several weeks, till one Sunday, after the morning service was over, as Mr. Berridge was passing through the churchyard, he abruptly accosted him. "What brings you

here?" "Please, sir," said Morden, "I came first to hear the singing, but since that I've come to hear the sermon, and I want to learn more of what you've got to tell me." "Very well," said the minister, "I am glad to hear that you wish to *learn*. I would advise you to read your Bible." "Ah! sir," said the listener, "I've not got a Bible, and, if I had, it would be no use to me. I never learnt to read." "Can't read!" said Berridge. "Where do you live?" "Harston, near Cambridge, sir." "Harston! that's a long way.* Do you mean to come again next Sunday?" "Please God to spare me, sir, I mean to come, and *after that, too*." "You mean to come next Sunday. Come as early as you can. Call at my house, and I will lend you a Bible, and show you the lessons." Morden thankfully promised to come, and thus, in the bright noontide of that summer day, closed the first interview between the teacher and his new disciple under the shadow of the old church at Everton. From that day he felt a growing attachment to Mr. Berridge. True to his appointment for the succeeding Sunday morning, Morden was early at the vicar's house. Mr. Berridge gave him a hearty welcome, handed him a Bible, in which he had marked the lessons for the morning, and, tracing the lines with his fingers, he bade his pupil follow with his eye while he read the words aloud. The same course was pursued in the afternoon. After some time Morden brought with him a companion on his Sabbath day's journey. His wife became a hearer, and afterwards a convert too. When the days grew shorter, they could never get back to their cottage on Sunday till after dark; yet they were so desirous of all Christian instruction, and so delighted with the converse of some of the Christian friends at Everton, who took knowledge of them, that they would stay long in their company, and sometimes reached home so late that they scarcely thought it worth while to go to bed. On such occasions they would seek a short rest, would change their Sunday clothes for the work-day dress, and go forth, after an early breakfast, to begin the labour of the week. No condition of the weather could prevent their presence at Everton. Though they might push their way through deep snow-drifts, or return to their home drenched with rain, they felt themselves well rewarded for their exposure and their toil. Mr. Berridge began to feel a serious concern about these weekly journeys over bad roads and through all weather. He saw that these hearers were not such as he himself describes, who worship their God when the *weather suits*, or their *inclination serves*. One Sunday, when the weather was unusually bad, he sent for this couple, and gravely expressed his concern to his poor friends, earnestly dissuaded them from

* The distance from Harston to Everton is from twelve to fourteen miles.

coming to Everton, and advised them to go to their own parish church, a course to which they reluctantly agreed. After an absence of a single Sunday, during which the proposed experiment was made, Morden and his wife reappeared at Everton Church. "So, my good friends," said Mr. Berridge, saluting them after the service, "you are here again. Why don't you do as I told you?" "Ask pardon, sir," said the wife, "we did. We went to our own church last Sunday." "And why did you not go again?" "Could not get any food, sir," said the man, "and we did not like to go hungry all the week." (Harston Church at this time was one of four at some distance from each other, supplied by one curate, who started from Cambridge on horseback on Sunday morning, and visited each church successively during the day.) Mr. Berridge recommended them to try another church nearer home than Everton, but this was only tried once. "It won't do, sir," said they, to the vicar's inquiries; "we can neither get food nor comfort, and we don't mean to try again." "Well," said Mr. Berridge, "I think it is too far for you to come; we must think what else can be done. There is a meeting-house at Cambridge, where I know you will hear the Gospel preached in a nice, plain way that you can easily understand. Go there." Thus Mr. Berridge acted in the spirit of his own avowal, "I neither regard High Church, nor Low Church, nor any Church but the Church of Christ, which is not built with hands, nor circumscribed within peculiar walls, nor confined to a singular denomination." His simple friends were at first very unwilling to heed the direction to "go there," but, being urged, thither they went on the next Sunday, and found both food and comfort. Mr. Saunders, an excellent and godly man, descended from a martyr ancestry, was at that time the minister, in whom Morden and his wife at once recognised an instructor in Christ of kindred spirit to him who had been their father, and who had the privilege to say, "In Christ Jesus I have begotten you through the Gospel."

They gave up Everton with great reluctance, only yielding to the urgency of Mr. Berridge, by whom—being afterwards generously recommended to the notice of Mr. Saunders—they united with the congregation at Cambridge, and found there a fellowship of Christians, from which they were only sundered by the hand of death. They received much kindness from their new friends at Cambridge, particularly from one good man who attended Mr. Saunders' ministry, and kept open house for all Christian people who came from a distance.

After a while Morden's wife died, but he still continued to go every Sunday to Cambridge, until his extreme age prevented him from going. Then he would be taken once a month, on the

Saturday, in a farmer's cart, to attend the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, and be brought back again on Monday. He was so grievously asthmatical that he was unable to lie down, so sat up all night in a chair downstairs, and when he could not sleep, spent the time in praying aloud, and repeating verses of his old favourite Berridge's hymns. He was so poor that he received parish relief, and at last, at an extremo age, death released him on November 27th, 1804.

" Oh, happy soul, now safely past
Thy weary warfare here ;
Arrived at Jesu's feet at last,
And ended all thy care."

" Hath not God chosen the poor of this world rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom ?" R. H.

OUR MARTYRED FOREFATHERS.

VII.—JOHN LAMBERT.

THIS distinguished martyr was born in the county of Norfolk, and educated at the university of Cambridge. He became a very proficient scholar and a master of Greek and Latin, so that he translated several books from those languages into the English tongue. Through the instrumentality of Bilney, Lambert renounced the errors of Rome, and allied himself with those who were propagating the everlasting truths of the pure and unadulterated Gospel of Jesus Christ. His belief in the truth becoming known to the Papists, Lambert thought it advisable to flee ; and so he crossed the sea, and joined Frith and Tyndale, with whom he remained more than a year. He was appointed chaplain to the English factory at Antwerp, which preferment he owed to his piety as a Christian and his ability as a preacher. Here, however, Lambert was not out of the reach of his persecutors ; for Sir Thomas More, because of representations that had been made to him of Lambert's " heretical " views, ordered his arrest. He was taken and brought to London. He was tried before Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury, first at London, and then at Oxford. A long indictment of forty-four articles was read to him, to which Lambert replied in writing at considerable length. But at this juncture the archbishop died, and Lambert was then set at liberty.

Leaving Oxford, he returned to London, and there commenced a small school for the instruction of youth in the Greek and Latin tongues. Intending shortly to be married, Lambert resigned his priesthood, and devoted himself exclusively to teaching. But

God was pleased to thwart Lambert's designs, having other work for him to do that prevented his marriage.

In the year 1538, Lambert was present at a sermon preached in St. Peter's Church, London, by Dr. Taylor, afterwards Protestant Bishop of Lincoln, who was then, in many points, opposed to the teaching of the Papacy. In the course of his remarks, this clergyman made some statements upon the presence of Christ in the Lord's Supper, which Lambert, considering to be erroneous, was constrained to refute. At the conclusion of the service, therefore, he went to the doctor and stated his objections. Dr. Taylor pleaded other business as an excuse for not contesting the matter with him at that time, but he desired Lambert to give his opinions in writing, and confer with him at some more convenient season. Lambert left him, and wrote a paper containing ten arguments against the corporeal presence of Christ in the bread and wine—arguments that were supported with great force and authority by the Scriptures, the teaching of the early fathers, and common sense. Dr. Taylor, willing to discuss the matter with Lambert, consulted Dr. Barnes, who was a very earnest preacher of the day, and favourable to the truth. This clergyman, however, did not at all favour this controversy, and he recommended Dr. Taylor to submit the entire question to the superior judgment of Cranmer, who was then Archbishop of Canterbury. Thus Lambert's private discussion with Dr. Taylor became a public matter, as the archbishop ordered him to appear in open court and publicly defend his cause. Lambert appealed from this tribunal to the king's majesty.

Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, learning the particulars of this dispute, went to the king and craved a private interview. This was granted; and the crafty and cruel prelate, ever alive to his own interests, and always ready to do hurt to the cause he so intensely hated, told Henry that the world was beginning to look upon him with suspicion as a favourer of "heretics;" and, as Lambert had so stoutly attacked the dogmas of Rome, now was the opportunity for the royal monarch to silence all such assertions, by immediately proceeding against him. To this advice Henry listened, and, resolving to act upon it, he sent out a general commission, summoning all the bishops and nobles of his realm to come with speed to London, and assist the king in purging the kingdom of "heresies and heretics." The monarch decided to have Lambert brought before him; so a day was appointed for the assemblage of the nobility and gentry of the land, together with the bishops and lawyers, to hear Lambert's case.

The day arrived, and Westminster Hall, the scene of the trial, was crowded. Henry, attended by his body-guard attired in white, seated himself exactly opposite the scaffold on which

Lambert was to stand. On the right hand of the monarch sat the bishops, and behind them the legal officers, clothed in purple, according to the custom of the time. On Henry's left hand sat the peers of the realm, justices, and other nobles in their order; and behind him were the gentlemen of the royal privy chamber. Lambert, escorted by a guard of armed men, was led to the platform opposite the king. The royal president, with knitted brows and scowling countenance, commenced the proceedings by calling upon Day, Bishop of Chichester, to declare to the audience the cause of their present assembly. The bishop made a long speech, in which he stated that, although the authority and name of the Bishop of Rome were utterly abolished in England, yet the king would on no account permit "heretics" to disturb and trouble the people without punishment. Moreover, they were not to think that they were assembled at that time to make any disputation upon the "heretical" doctrine: the object of their meeting was, by the industry of himself and the other bishops, to refute and openly condemn the "heresies" of Lambert.

This oration being concluded, the king rose, and, leaning upon a cushion, turned himself toward Lambert with his indignant looks, and said, "Ho, good fellow, what is thy name?" Then the prisoner kneeling down, answered, "My name is John Nicholson, although by many I am called Lambert." "What!" said the king, "have you two names? I would not trust you, having two names, although you were my brother." Lambert replied, "O most noble prince, your bishops forced me of necessity to change my name." The king then commanded him to declare his opinion concerning the sacrament of the altar.

Lambert commenced his address by thanking God for so inclining the heart of the king to hear and understand the controversies of religion; and he hoped that, as God had endued the monarch with many brilliant gifts, He would bring about some event through him to the glory of His name. Here Henry angrily interrupted him, and said, "I came not hither to hear mine own praises thus pointed out in my presence; but briefly to go into the matter without any circumstance." At this Lambert became greatly confused, and stopped speaking, which again exasperated the king, who vehemently exclaimed, "Why standest thou still? Answer as touching the sacrament of the altar—whether dost thou say that it is the body of Christ, or wilt deny it?" To this question Lambert replied, "I answer with St. Augustine, that it is the body of Christ, after a certain manner." Then the king said, "Answer me neither out of St. Augustine, neither by the authority of any other man; but tell me plainly whether thou sayest it is the body of Christ or no?" Then the prisoner meekly replied, "I deny it to be the body of Christ."

Henry replied, "Mark well, for now thou shalt be condemned even by Christ's words: '*Hoc est corpus meum.*'"

Cranmer was now ordered to refute Lambert's arguments. The archbishop argued so gently with him, styling him "Brother Lambert," that Gardiner, after a time, interrupted him, and, though sixth in the order of disputants, began before the primate had ended. Toustal, Bishop of Durham, was the third opponent of Lambert, who was more than a match for him, as he had been for Cranmer and Gardiner. It was reserved for Stokesly, Bishop of London, who was the next speaker, to try and demonstrate the truth of the orthodox doctrine that one substance might be changed into another, as the bread was held to be changed into Christ's body. He did this by adducing the case of steam from boiling water, which, said he, "passes into the substance of air." The king and bishops were elated with this argument, and they hooted and yelled at Lambert, who, when the general clamour had somewhat subsided, shrewdly told his august audience that the water remained *itself* in the air after all.

Ten bishops in all were let loose on this defenceless man, and five hours were spent in this fruitless and despicable dispute; and during the whole of the time Lambert was compelled to stand. For a time Lambert made replies to the statements of the different bishops, but his opponents became so infuriated that they drowned his voice with their jeers and clamour. He then allowed the bishops to proceed without any interruption, except that he would now and then say a word or two for the defence of his cause.

The day was fast drawing to a close; so that torches now illumined the scene, when the royal president, desirous of bringing the mock trial to an end, addressed Lambert as follows: "What sayest thou now after all these great labours which thou hast taken upon thee, and all the reasons and instruction of these learned men? Art thou not yet satisfied? Wilt thou live or die? Thou hast yet free choice." Lambert answered, "I yield and submit myself wholly unto the will of your majesty." "Then," said the king, "commit thyself unto the hand of God, and not unto mine." To which the bullied and browbeaten martyr meekly replied, "I commend my soul unto the hand of God, but my body I wholly yield and submit unto your clemency." "Then," said the royal judge, "if you do commit yourself unto my judgment, you must die, for I will not be a patron unto heretics." The stern monarch then turned to Cromwell, and ordered him to read the sentence of condemnation.

On the day appointed for this constant and faithful martyr of God to suffer, he was brought out of prison at eight o'clock in the morning, and, after having breakfasted, was led to the place of execution at Smithfield. Lambert suffered a most cruel death,

for, after his legs were nearly burnt, his wretched persecutors withdrew the fire from him, and two of them stood on each side with their halberds, and pitched him from side to side so far as the chain would reach: whilst he, lifting up his hands, loudly cried, "None but Christ! none but Christ!" He was soon after let down again from their halberds, fell into the flames, and thus ended his mortal career. It was by the "much-tribulation" path that this valiant champion for the truth entered the place where sin and sorrow never can enter, and where he will for ever enjoy the presence of his blessed Saviour and Redeemer, to whose almighty power and all-sufficiency in the hour of death he bore witness with his last breath.

J. C.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF THE LATE JAMES WILMSHURST, OF CRANBROOK.

(Continued from page 47.)

TOWARDS the end of 1851 a very severe trial befell the writer, in the loss of one of his children, a little girl named Elizabeth. She went away from home to stay with some friends, and while there was, on one occasion, left alone in the house with some work she was doing. It is supposed that she was standing near the fire, timing herself by a clock that stood on the mantelpiece, when her pinafore accidentally took fire, and the poor child was quickly in a blaze. In her fright she rushed out of doors, screaming for help, and at length succeeded in attracting the notice of a coachman in some stables near. He at once ran to her help, taking off a leather apron he was wearing and wrapping it round her, and thus succeeded in extinguishing the flames, although he was severely burnt in so doing. Every attention was paid to the dear child, but she only survived a few hours. The grief of her relatives was very great, and the exercises of the father found expression in the words of David, "Lord, I have sinned; but these sheep, what have they done?" But he at length obtained consolation to his wounded spirit by the application of Jeremiah xxxi. 15—17, respecting Rachel weeping for her children, especially the promise at the close, "Thy children shall come again to their own border."

July 23rd, 1854.—I feel my soul to be very dark. A cloud seems to cover the throne, and my language is with Job, "Oh, that I knew where I might find Him! I would come even to His seat; I would fill my mouth with arguments. Would He plead against me with His great power? No; He would put strength in me." May the Lord once more bring me forth to the light, to behold His righteousness! May I receive "the oil of joy for

mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness," then shall I go from His presence in prayer, with my countenance no more sad. It is said that "the skin of Moses' face shone while God talked with him;" so was it with the great Head of the Church—"as He prayed, the fashion of His countenance was altered." Lord, lift Thou up the light of Thy countenance upon me, and grant unto me a transforming view of Thyself, and, while looking through a glass, though darkly, may I be changed into the same image from glory to glory, as by the Spirit of God!

*Feb. 13th, 1855.**—What with stagnation of trade occasioned by the war, there are great complaints in these parts; but personally I have great cause for gratitude, as, notwithstanding many extra expenses and the fitting up of a new shop (the old one having been pulled down), I find, after balancing my affairs, notwithstanding all my fears, that my income has just been sufficient to cover all expenses. When I compare my lot with that of my countrymen in the Crimea, how much have I to be thankful for! We have still need to pray with the Church, "Lord, give peace in our day." It was a saying of good Mr. Romaine, at the time England was threatened with invasion, that "he believed there was praying breath enough on English ground to keep the French off," which saying was verified; for I believe England, at that time, was more indebted to the prayers of the godly than to the valour of her troops. We are now engaged in war, but I much fear the spirit of prayer for our peace and welfare as a nation is at a very low ebb. Iniquity abounds, and the love of many has waxed cold. I much fear the decree is passed that England is to be punished for her sins; and this is the impression of those who live nearest to the Lord. We read in the Bible that there were times when the prophets were forbidden to pray for the Jews. When that was the case destruction was sure. Now, such is England's wickedness, that may we not fear lest the Lord should withhold the spirit of prayer from His people, so that they should not pray for us as a nation? for the true Christian cannot pray for national blessings, or any other mercies, so as to be heard and answered, only so far as the Holy Spirit prompts him thereto. "We know not what we should pray for as we ought, for the Spirit maketh intercession according to the will of God." It is, however, profitable for believers to watch unto prayer for themselves, the Church, and the nation. Paul exhorts that supplication should be made for all men; indeed it is the duty of Christians, so far as enabled, to pray for the peace of the country they inhabit, for in the literal peace

* A few of the extracts given in this Diary are from letters penned by the writer. When treating of the same subject, two paragraphs have occasionally been given under one date.

thereof they shall have peace (Jer. xxix. 7). If, however, national calamities do arise, the Lord's people need not fear, for He has promised to be to them a little sanctuary in the time of trouble; and Solomon says, "Be not afraid of sudden fear, nor of the desolation of the wicked, when it cometh: for the Lord shall be thy confidence, and keep thy foot from being taken." I do not think the wickedness of men is any less in the country than it is in the great city of London, but it is more visible there. Personally I prefer a country life, as it gives greater opportunity for sober reflection; but, without the Lord's presence in the soul, the whole world cannot make up the deficiency.

"In vain we search the creatures round;
Their every answer this—
'No pleasure can in me be found
If God is not your bliss.'"

One five minutes' communion with a reconciled God and Father in Christ in private, is capable of affording the soul greater happiness than ever was found in anything else since the world began.

June, 1857.—Our dear pastor, Mr. Henry Birch, entered into eternal peace, after an illness of three weeks, on Sunday, May 31st, 1857. The particulars of this event have been sent to the *Gospel Magazine*. His last sermon was preached on the second Lord's Day in May, from "Consider the work of God," &c. (Ecclesiastes vii. 13.)

August 17th.—I think, through the Lord's blessing, our little cause (since Mr. Birch's death) is as hopeful and prosperous as we might expect. The supplies have given general satisfaction, and the congregation has kept together. Should the Lord continue to prosper us, we hope in time to get a settled pastor. May the Lord send us one after His own heart.

(To be continued.)

Is saving grace gold; yea, infinitely more precious than gold? Then, surely, declining Christians are great losers, and have cause to be great mourners. The remission of the least degree of grace is more to be lamented than the loss of the greatest sum of gold.
—*Flavel*.

I HAVE sometimes seen more in a line of the Bible than I could well tell how to stand under; and yet, at another time, the whole Bible hath been to me as a dry stick; or rather, my heart hath been so dead and dry unto it that I could not conceive the least dram of refreshment, though I have looked it all over.—*Bunyan*.

OBITUARY OF JAMES JEFFERY, OF BROCKLEY.

(Concluded from page 57.)

ON one occasion he went to Five Ashdown to hear the Word preached. The minister on that day was Mr. Vinall, senr., of Lewes. He spoke from the words, "Wilt Thou not revive us again: that Thy people may rejoice in Thee?" (Psa. lxxxv. 6.) This discourse blessedly revived him, and knitted him in spirit to the Lord's servant who had been the instrument in thus feeding his hungry soul; therefore, he eventually resolved to go to Lewes every Lord's day, and, although the distance was over seven miles, being so blest under Mr. Vinall's ministry, the distance did not prevent him from meeting among the Lord's people there, and in due time he became one of their members. His providential and domestic trials at this time were not few, but he felt the mercies of the Lord exceeded all his troubles, for he often heard a word from the pulpit that entered into his experience and traced out his pathway, which encouraged and strengthened him in the ways of the Lord.

But a greater trial awaited him. He found the truth of Bunyan's lines—

"A Christian man is seldom long at ease ;
When one trouble's o'er, another doth him seize."

His beloved wife, who had long been afflicted, was once or twice brought to the gates of death. He was conscious that she was an idol in his affections; he therefore did not wonder at the Lord's dealings. But no sooner was she temporarily restored than his foolish heart again entwined around his idol. At length, therefore, the Lord carried out His word: "From all your filthiness, and from all your idols, will I cleanse you." His wife was taken from him by death, which was a very severe stroke, but the Lord graciously enabled him to fall flat at His feet, and fully acquiesce in His sovereign will and way, so that the trial did not appear to others as he inwardly felt it. His heart knew its own bitterness, but they could not intermeddle with his joy. This opened to him a further trial, for some, even of the Lord's people, insinuated that he lacked natural affection, which he felt keenly. He could have better borne the frown of worldlings; but this brought him near the Lord, when He gave him this promise: "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper, and every tongue that riseth against thee in judgment, thou shalt condemn." This came to him while in bed. He got up and walked about the room, blessing and praising the Lord for His mercy to him. This refreshment came to him in a time of need, not only to heal

the wounds he had received in the house of his friends, but, being left a widower with six young children, he had to see after their domestic comforts; therefore, he was often deprived of the privilege of meeting with the Lord's people, which to him was a great grief; so in this, and on other occasions, the Lord visited him, making up for the loss of the public means of grace.

The dear Lord was very gracious to him, leading him about from place to place, and this one truth he was well grounded in, namely, that the bounds of our habitation are fixed (Deut. xxxii. 8).

After the loss of his dear wife he removed to Ringmer, near Lewes, and while there, his pathway became a very perplexing one to himself. Such floods of iniquity were raised up in his heart, and sins that were hateful to him took possession of his mind, that at times he scarcely knew what he was doing. He felt that a viler wretch there could not be. There was one thing that brought some comfort to his mind—that there was no one who could charge him with any outward sin. But he became a terror to himself lest he should sin openly, and bring disgrace upon the cause of God and His truth. He ever ascribed it to the mighty power of God, for he felt his feet had well-nigh slipped. By this he learned that in himself there dwelt no good thing, and that he carried about with him a body of sin and death, and was still in possession of a carnal mind, and that it was only as the Spirit of the Lord disclosed the hidden evils of the heart that any man could know how low he was sunk through the fall. These precious truths were well trodden out by him in his after life and conversation. He attended the means at Jireh Chapel, Lewes, up to the death of Mr. Vinall, senr.; afterwards he sat under Mr. Ebenezer Vinall's ministry, and continued there till the year 1860.

At this period an important link in the chain of God's providence occurred. Our friend, who had been employed many years on a farm, had, upon a sale being made, a young horse placed under his care to bring to Mr. Martin, of Brockley Farm, Deptford. Remaining there for a few days, it was proposed to him by Mr. Martin to continue as his servant. He was greatly exercised about it, but getting an answer from the Lord, he made up his mind to settle in Deptford, attending the old chapel then standing in King Street, New Town. After this he again married, and the Lord giving him favour in the eyes of his employer, he lived in the cottage on the farm, and truly it may be said of him that his last days were his best days, both in grace and providence. That which he so highly prized was a free grace Gospel ministry. This he found, also the opportunity of meeting with the despised followers of the Lord; and no weather ever prevented him from

coming to the Lord's house whenever the doors were open. His second wife lived but a few years, so he was left alone in his cottage. There he was favoured with much of the Lord's presence, and many of His people were refreshed by sitting at his feet to learn from him some of the Lord's gracious dealings through his long pilgrimage. Worldly subjects he could not converse upon, but Christ and His cross, and the love of God, through a crucified Redeemer, to His chosen people was his never-ending theme. He was as quick to detect that which belonged to the flesh as he was to discover the work of the blessed Spirit, so that he became a nursing father to many of the lambs of Christ's fold. He removed with the friends from King Street Chapel to Counter Hill, where with five others, all of whom had been baptised, the Church was formed under the pastoral care of Mr. James Boorne, and on the congregation increasing, the people removed to Devonshire Road Chapel, Greenwich, where he continued to worship till his death, living in the love and affection of the Church and congregation. Latterly, he was so abundantly blessed in hearing the Word, such a sweet simplicity was manifest in his prayers, and such a rich savour was felt in his conversation, that many of the friends thought his end to be near, though there were no signs of weakness until the last Lord's day in November, when he heard Mr. F. Marshall, with great sweetness, from Hebrews xi. 16. Between the services, a few of the friends having met, a chapter was read, and prayer made previous to going up to the Lord's house, and it was remarked by those present the peculiar stress he laid upon the words of the Psalmist, "O spare me, that I may recover strength, before I go hence, and be no more seen." In walking to the chapel, the friend upon whose arm he was leaning noticed for the first time his steps were getting feeble. On the Tuesday following he was taken with paralysis, which left him in a prostrate condition of body and unconsciousness of mind for about three weeks. Sometimes he recognised those about him. When he was enabled to speak, it was to make known the darkness he felt in his mind.

Partially recovering consciousness on the 14th of December, he was in great distress. A portion of the Word was read and prayer offered, which brought forth sighs and groans, with an expression of hope that, through mercy, there was a corner in heaven for such a vile sinner as he. The friend quoted the lines of Mr. Hart—

" That we're unholy needs no proof ;
 We sorely feel the fall ;
 But Christ has holiness enough
 To sanctify us all."

He said, " I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth,

because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes." Many of the friends visited him, but his mind was not clear for any length of time, though at times he was evidently resting upon the foundation that God has laid in Zion for the hope of every sensible sinner.

December 21st.—During the night he was asking the Lord for another token before he was taken. About an hour later, the friend sitting up with him thought he was inquiring for something. His soul seemed full, and he said, "Lord, it is more than I can bear. Oh, bless the Lord!" He dozed off again, praising and weeping.

December 26th.—Very low and restless; appeared to be going into a fit, but revived towards morning; groaning and weeping on account of his being such a sinner; bemoaning his sad condition, exclaiming, "Eternity! eternity!" The friend said—

"Eternity! tremendous sound!
To guilty souls a dreadful wound;
But oh, if Christ and heaven are mine,
How sweet its accents! how divine!"

He replied, "I do want to see my name written in the book of life. I do want some consolation;" and repeated a verse of Mr. Hart's—

"Boast not, ye sons of earth,
Nor look with scornful eyes;
Above your highest mirth
Our saddest hours we prize:
For though our cup seems filled with gall,
There's something secret sweetens all."

Repeating the last line, he sank back in bed quite exhausted.

December 30th.—Mind wandering and very restless. A friend said to him, "You are brought into the place where Job was, who said, 'I am full of tossings to and fro; Thou scarest me with dreams, and terrifiest me through visions.'" He replied, "Ah! poor Job! poor Job! Behold, I am vile! behold, I am vile!" Soon after, his mind was wandering, but he was engaged in prayer, as he had been often heard at the prayer-meetings. From this time he sank rapidly, and expired on January 4th, 1880, in the eighty-sixth year of his age.

Thus far, this narrative has been contributed by one of our deacons, who for many years visited our friend in his humble dwelling, and was entrusted with his correspondence; for, from the fact that Mr. Jeffery could not write, he acted as his amanuensis, and this close intimacy afforded the opportunity of drawing from his lips the above account of his life, which we trust will be read with interest by those to whom he was unknown.

My personal knowledge of him covered a period of nearly twenty years, and I must say I never knew anyone kept more tender in the fear of God. This was the mainspring of his religion; it preserved him from the world, and united him to many amongst the Lord's people. If ever a man declared plainly that he sought a better and a heavenly country (Heb. xi. 16), it was Jeffery, and yet this did not arise from a dissatisfaction with his earthly lot, for, as he often said, he had not for many years seen anyone so well off as himself. Having food and raiment, he had learned therewith to be content (1 Tim. vi. 8). I feel to have lost a valuable hearer; for, if inclement weather kept young or middle-aged people away, it did not old Master Jeffery. Many a time have I seen his weather-beaten face filled with emotion when I have been enabled to break the bread of life to God's hungry poor; and he would often say, "Ah! sir, as poor Mr. Hart says—

"These are truths, and happy he
Who can well receive them."

Through infirmities his public petitions were almost inaudible to some, but many who sat near him have been refreshed when he has poured forth his petitions for himself and others. I believe I fully express the feeling of our deacons, Church members, and congregation, when I say that a pillar has been removed from the Church of God among us. No "Lo, here!" or "Lo, there!" moved Jeffery, and as he was made to stand valiant for the truth upon earth, so now he is a pillar in the house of his God above, whence he will go no more out (Rev. iii. 12).

Nor was he less a monument of God's providence. His promise to him in former years was abundantly fulfilled, for, after alterations in the farm made it necessary to pull down his cottage, his master's house was opened to him, where he received the kindest treatment in life, and the greatest respect in death and burial. I have thought that many an old father would have rejoiced at such treatment from his own children as he received from his master and mistress; and, if Paul had need to pray the Lord to have mercy upon the house of Onesiphorus, because he oft refreshed him (2 Tim. i. 16), so had Jeffery for the kindness shown him.

Before closing this already too lengthy obituary, I cannot forbear referring to his end, wherein I may anticipate the surprise of some that such a godly man and established Christian was not more favoured in his last days. But we must remember that God is a Sovereign; His ways are diverse; and we often see that those who have been doubting and fearing all their days, are much favoured on their death-bed; while some who, like our friend, could say, "I have not had a doubt for many years but what it will be right with me at last," have had their faith sorely tested

and their souls grievously assaulted by hell before they reached heaven. For many years our friend had walked comparatively free from tribulation, but in this state of mental and physical weakness, the enemy of souls took great advantage of him. He remained dormant to some subjects spoken of that he would have been fully alive to had he been in possession of all his powers, and said things that, in his right mind, would never have escaped his lips. Thus he had to prove eventually that it was through much tribulation he entered into the kingdom of God. His living testimony was, however, worth more than many dying ones; and, although it would have been gratifying to all had he made what is called "a triumphant end," yet, as the Lord has wise ends to answer by all His dealings, it may cause to some deeper heart-searchings and more spiritual profit than if his dying bed had been manifestly illuminated with heaven's glory.

I once heard of a good woman wishing that her husband, who was a godly man at the point of death, might make a glorious end, hoping that it might be the means of reclaiming an ungodly son; instead of which the good man ended his days under such a cloud that his son was thereby led to lay it to heart, for it seemed to say to him, "If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?" (1 Peter iv. 18.) Thus the mother had her ultimate desire granted, and the son would doubtless admire the way the Lord took to bring about his conversion. God may often baffle our calculations; but finally we shall know that He had a purpose in all His mysterious dispensations, for He declares, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

Jeffery has joined the blessed company of whom Watts sings—

" Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins and doubts and fears."

May it be our happiness by-and-bye to join them.

February 10th, 1880.

JAS. BOORNE.

WHEN thou art at the greatest pinch, strength shall come. When the last handful of meal was dressing, then was the prophet sent to keep the widow's house.—*Gurnall.*

THE day of the Lord is at hand, when all men shall appear as they are. There shall be no borrowed colours in that day. Men borrow the lustre of Christianity, but how many counterfeit masks will be burned in the day of God!—*Rutherford.*

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHING.

“PRAY earnestly for the Holy Spirit to impress the truth on the minds of your young hearers, for without that, instruction will do little. The results of your efforts may not appear now, but ‘God’s Word shall not return unto Him void.’ Though ‘you may sow in tears, you shall reap in joy.’”

This paragraph in the SOWER for November, under the above title, has encouraged me to offer a further word of exhortation to the self-denying teachers in our Sunday-schools, under the following interesting circumstances, which came under my own immediate knowledge.

A young woman was carried into a bed in one of our large London hospitals with a sadly disfigured head and face, from an attack of acute erysipelas. She became delirious and incoherent in her language, though it was evident that distress formed the basis of her mental trouble. Her life soon hung on an apparent slender thread; yet she recovered, and during her convalescence I was led to speak solemnly and affectionately to her on the step she had recently trodden, “between life and death” (1 Sam. xx. 3), inquiring what hopes she had of eternal salvation. With much earnestness she related her short but eventful history thus: “I was brought up under the care of kind parents, who encouraged me to attend the Sunday-school, where I was expected to repeat from memory a verse of Scripture every week. I went into service, and before I reached twenty years of age I was married to my present husband, who is a Polish mechanic. He persuaded me to give up my attendance at a place of worship; the Bible was also utterly neglected, and even a formal prayer was set aside. Since I have been ill, the many texts of Scripture I once learned, and repeated to my teachers at the school, have been brought so fresh to my memory, that I said them over and over again in my illness.” Then, with tears streaming down, she added, “But oh, they were all comforting and cheering words, not those of condemnation, but such as ‘Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest;’ ‘Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out;’ ‘Come now and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.’”

The simple relation was given with such brokenness and contrition of spirit, that it was evident that God the Comforter had caused her to taste the sweetness and the power of these texts in her delirium. She left the hospital, and we lost all further knowledge of her future conduct; but in the course of several

months she was again an applicant for admission, with a return of the former disease, which proved fatal in a few hours; not, however, before she gave most satisfactory testimony, by her broken petitions to a throne of grace, that she had found Him, the true Sabbath of her soul, the sum and substance of the Lord's day, even Him who is the resurrection and life of a poor sin-sick child of Adam.

May this simple incident encourage the minds of our Sunday-school and Bible teachers, by assuring them that they shall reap in due time the fruit of their self-denying labours, and view that seed, once cast upon barren, fallow ground, springing up into the blade and full corn of wheat, fitted for the heavenly garner. Such is the sincere prayer of their faithful friend,

Brighton, December, 1879.

GEO. CORFE, M.D.

THE MANNA, AND ITS SPIRITUAL SIGNIFICATION.

BY THE LATE HENRY FOWLER.

"And the children of Israel did eat manna forty years, until they came to a land inhabited; they did eat manna until they came unto the borders of the land of Canaan."—EXODUS xvi. 35.

THE history of Israel is a wonderful history, in which the attentive reader cannot but observe the sad depravity of human nature, and the great and astonishing patience of God. But we should never lose sight of this one thing—that God was determined to glorify His name in them; and this determination ran through all His dealings with them, and was the foundation of all His gracious acts towards them. Israel had not left Egypt two months before they began to murmur and rebel, and the Lord, to stop their murmuring, gave them a promise: "Behold, I will rain bread from heaven for you" (Exodus xvi. 4). And the Lord did so; and when the children of Israel saw it, they said, "It is manna," or, "What is this?" or, "It is a portion."

They lived on it near forty years, and it supported them, though they often loathed it. "*Man hu*" or "manna" was the name the people gave it, but the name the Lord gave it was, "bread from heaven." From this we may learn that God must explain His blessings, or, such is the sinner's ignorance, he will either question them, or call them by a wrong name. Poor sinners, quickened by the Spirit, often mistake and question the reality of their comforts, and are often heard to say, "What is it? It is a portion that seems to revive and strengthen me, but does it come from heaven?" Israel "wist not what it was;" and in a certain stage of many a quickened sinner, he knows not what judgment to

make of that which passes in his mind ; yet he lives, and is mysteriously supported from day to day ; is kept from despair and from going back into the world with the ungodly ; but it is the " bread from heaven " that supports him.

The manna was not the true bread, but may be considered a type of it. The Jews with whom the Saviour conversed (John vi.) looked no higher than Moses, and demanded of Christ a sign to prove His authority and truth of His doctrine : " What sign showest Thou then, that we may see, and believe Thee ? " But Christ directed them to look higher than Moses, even to the Father, the Giver of the manna, and Giver of Himself, the true " bread from heaven," saying, " For the bread of God is He which cometh down from heaven, and giveth life unto the world : I am the bread of life : he that cometh to Me shall never hunger, and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst " (John vi. 33, 35). And Christ repeats the same things to the same persons, who were blind to the spiritual mysteries of His kingdom, and they " strove amongst themselves, saying, How can this Man give us His flesh to eat ? " They were puzzled, and said, " This is a hard saying : who can hear it ? " The mystery of Christ's person as Mediator is a stumbling-block to all natural men. No men manifest so much ignorance and malice against Christ as those who closely apply their intellectual powers to investigate this profound mystery. This grand and most sublime doctrine, " Immanuel, God with us," the Holy Ghost alone can teach a man. The man of the finest natural endowments, of the most exalted powers of mind, of the deepest mathematical research, has no pre-eminence. The plain rustic, and the polished scholar, must sit alike at the feet of Christ to learn who and what He is. Oh, the folly, the presumption of men who attempt to teach religion as they teach the sciences, which vile practice has produced hundreds of preachers in this kingdom as ignorant of Christ as they were at the moment they were born into this world. Hence arises that jargon of confusion with which the Press teems and the pulpit rings—sounds as harsh and discordant to the ear of a spiritual man as the braying of the ass to the person who has a fine ear for music.

The manna was sent from heaven ; so was Christ, the true and heavenly bread, the unspeakable gift of the Father, given to redeem lost sinners, who deserved nothing at His hands but indignation and wrath to the uttermost. That the Mediator might be qualified to take away our sin, He was clothed with our nature, and it was so ordered in the everlasting covenant : " A body hast Thou prepared Me." In His human nature He sustained the tremendous load of His people's sins, and made a complete atonement. Nothing can be added to it, and nothing can be taken from it. This complete atonement, received in the

heart by faith, is the spiritual food by which we live, for Christ says, "He that eateth Me, even he shall live by Me." This is the life that Paul lived, as he says, "The life I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me" (Gal. ii. 20).

The manna was to be gathered fresh every morning by Israel, except on the Sabbath; and every one gathered according to his necessities. He that gathered much had nothing over, and he that gathered little had no lack. Thus they had their daily portion, and on the sixth day they gathered sufficient for the seventh. Christ is needed every day by poor, sensible sinners, and the poorer the wretch, the more welcome he is to Him. Did they *go out* to gather manna every morning? So must we, as it were, go out of ourselves, and repair to Christ only, who is the bread of God, to feed us. He that gathers most has nothing over, nothing to lay up in store, nothing to boast of; for what has he that he has not received? He that gathers little has enough for his need, and may go and gather more at the appointed time, and that is every day. "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. vi. 2).

The manna fell on the *ground*, so that they must needs stoop, if not fall on their knees, to gather it up. This may teach us that our place is to bow down with due submission. It is our interest so to do; it was theirs. There is no merit either in bowing or receiving, for no man can submit to be saved, and with cordiality embrace salvation by grace, until made willing in the day of God's power. Almighty grace humbles proud sinners, and makes them put their mouth in the dust, if so be there may be hope; makes them confess, with the leper, "Unclean! unclean!" (Lev. xiii. 45); and cry as the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner" (Luke xviii. 13). Such poor sinners gather up heavenly manna, and find it most delicious fare. Israel fed on the manna while they abode in the wilderness, until they entered the Promised Land, and there was no failure of the manna, notwithstanding the frequent rebellion and perversity of the people. How astonishing that God should bear with their manners in the wilderness! As the manna did not fail them all their journey through, so spiritual Israel is supported, and sometimes most blessedly fed, with the bread of life, with the Word of God's rich grace, and with hidden manna, even with communion with God. By these things we are encouraged all our journey through, and are preserved, looking towards the promised land of rest.

We may also observe how the Lord spreads a table for His people in the wilderness. How often is the goodness of God made known to His children in a way of providence, as in His providing bread from heaven! How often does He fulfil His

promise, both literally and spiritually, "Bread shall be given him; his waters shall be sure" (Isa. xxxiii. 16).

"Feed me, Lord, with heavenly manna,
While I tread the wilderness;
Spread o'er me Thy glorious banner,
In each hour of deep distress;
Then with pleasure,
Thy dear name I'll ever bless."

NIGHT THOUGHTS BY A WATCHMAN.

REALLY a branch, and *only* a branch—"I am the Vine, ye are the branches" (John xv. 5).

Unity—true spiritual unity—is that which the Lord would have us understand by the Vine and the branches, but not unity only; *entire dependence* is also illustrated thereby. If you would know the teaching of the Master in relation to this matter, just look at the vine in its fruitless and leafless condition, and carefully watch it in the putting forth of its leaves and the spreading out of its branches, and then consider the gradual formation and long-remaining green state of the "branch;" and lastly, mark how rapidly its rich life is flushed into precious ripe fruit, and you will learn—

First, *real oneness*. To be a Christian—a real branch—is to have the Spirit of Christ; nothing short of this is union with Him. If any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of His. The Spirit of Christ is the spirit of love—a mind to love and delight in that which He loves and delights in. He ever loved and delighted in His Father, in His Father's will and ways. He said, "I delight to do Thy will, O My God;" and, "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent Me, and to finish His work." He so loved His Father as to be willing to suffer and die to do His will. He so loved the ways of God as to find constant pleasure and unwearied delight in them. He so loved the house of God that He could not endure its desecration and pollution. He so loved the children of God that He would neither approve nor allow of their defamation in the slightest degree; yea, He so loved them as to give Himself up to labour, to suffering, and to death for their sake. Have you this spirit, this mind, and this purpose? I do not ask if you have the same degree of love and zeal, but, have you the same spirit in measure? The branches must be of the same nature as the vine, be they ever so small, or be they ever so young. Neither can the branches bear other kind of fruit than that of the vine. Notice, too, that the smallest leaf, or bud, is as much of the vine as the full-blooded grapes, but every branch must prove itself to be such by producing fruit in its season, and the fruit of the Spirit is love. To possess the

spirit of love is to have that evidence of oneness with Christ which will abide for ever. Love to God the Father, to Christ, and to the Holy Ghost the Comforter, to the truth of God and the saints of God, is a deathless principle. In the heart of God's children only can this precious grace be found. It is a real branch which has this life of the Vine in it, and being *only* a branch, the union will also be discovered by personal helplessness being known and felt.

Secondly, *entire dependence*. The branch can do nothing of itself. As it derives its being from the vine, so it must still be in union with it, and receive all its life and power from the same rich original source. There will be, therefore, repeated and painful proofs, in a *felt inability* to think or do any spiritually good thing, of being *only* a branch. Thus, while the truth of real oneness is being learned, the fact of universal inability to do good will be experienced. The vine branch quickly withers if severed from the stem. But observe, the dependence is mutual. The stem has need of the branches on which to put forth its fruit. The vine would not be known by its fruit were there no branches; but, while the branches have the honour of bearing the fruit, all the fruitfulness, as well as the growing power and life, is from the vine. This will be painfully felt when the heart is left to feel its own barrenness, bitterness, and death. The branch must know its dependence in order to glory *only* in the power of the vine. The Apostle Paul gloried in his weakness. He saw that his own inability made way for the exhibition of the power of Christ. Observe how fully he expresses himself on this subject: "*Most gladly, therefore, will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me.*" Paul gladly ascribed all to Christ. Listen to him: "*I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.*" Again, "*For we which live are always delivered unto death for Jesus' sake, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our mortal flesh.*" There are two things you should not forget, although they are frequently forgotten, namely, that the branch is *really* a branch in the winter, when it is leafless and fruitless, as much as it is when it is richly laden with grapes in the summer sun; and that it is *only* a branch when the fully ripe fruit weighs it down in autumn. Thus shall you know your real union with Christ, and give Him all the glory for your life and fruitfulness, while you rejoice with humility that you are *really* a branch, and *only* a branch. And what greater honour could be granted to a creature than this, to be a partaker of Christ, the Son of God; to have an everlasting union with, and interest in, Him, in all that He is and all that He has done, and, being a joint-heir with Him, share in His kingdom and glory for ever and ever? Walk worthy of this high and holy position.

W. B.

JOHN HAMMOND'S LAST LORD'S DAY ON EARTH.

My dear nephew, John Hammond, went to Cranleigh, Saturday, January 10. Preached on Sunday morning from 1 Timothy i. 19, "Holding faith, and a good conscience; which some having put away concerning faith have made shipwreck." The second hymn was blessed to his soul. He said he was so overcome that he could not stand up.

"The wondering world enquires to know
Why I should love my Jesus so;
'What are His charms,' say they, 'above
The objects of a mortal love?'"

The hymn before sermon, the 1039th, "Lord, we adore Thy boundless grace." While they were preparing dinner, he wrote the following letter to his wife:—

"MY DEAR WIFE,—At the conclusion of the morning service I take the opportunity of writing to you while dinner is being laid, to be in time for post, which goes out on Sundays just after dinner. I was rejoiced to receive yours this morning, and to hear the head is better. May the Lord soon raise you up again, and favour you with vigorous soul health as well as bodily health. I am continually thinking of you and the dear children. My only comfort in leaving you is to commit you to a kind Providence. I find that the cold in my chest increases. I spoke with difficulty and pain this morning, not through lack of matter, but through soreness of the bronchial tubes; was mercifully and abundantly helped, yet found the flesh weak, while the spirit was willing. I feel it to be an exceeding rich blessing to have God's peace keeping my heart and mind in Christ Jesus, so that 'none of these outward things move me; neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I may finish my course with joy, and the ministry which God, in His abundant grace, committed to me.' May He enable me, by the power of the Holy Spirit, to be more faithful and diligent in the fulfilling of my trust, and pardon all my many errors. I hope to start for home at nine o'clock, *viâ* Horsham, and to reach Landport at about 12.30."

In the evening he preached from 1 Timothy i. 16, "Howbeit for this cause I obtained mercy, that in me first Jesus Christ might show forth all longsuffering, for a pattern to them which should hereafter believe on Him to life everlasting." He was very ill when he left Cranleigh, but he felt he must go home. He got worse and worse, and on Tuesday evening, January 13, 1880, about six, fell asleep in Jesus, aged thirty-two.

- “ His soul has left its earthly nest
To soar and sing among the blest ;
He's gone from us, to dwell on high,
No more to sin, no more to die.
- “ Freed from the body of this death,
He breathes above immortal breath ;
He has received a full release,
His soul has entered into peace.
- “ Safe in the haven of desire,
His bosom glows with holy fire ;
Perfect in love, sweet songs of joy
His happy spirit does employ.
- “ No more to hunger after God,
No more to thirst for Jesu's blood ;
His favoured soul is filled with bliss,
For he is now where Jesus is.”

January 19th, 1880.

A. H.

“WHOSE FAITH FOLLOW.”

SATURDAY, May 1st, 1879, I was in a trying spot, and in the evening I read a sermon of good Mr. Covell's, from 2 Thessalonians ii. 14, with some pleasure. Sabbath morning, I was still tried, and felt very unfit to preach, so I read the other sermon of Mr. Covell's, preached the same day, from the fifteenth verse of the above chapter : “ Therefore, brethren, stand fast, and hold the traditions which ye have been taught, whether by word, or our epistle.” It was much blessed to my soul ; it made my heart soft, and caused the tears to flow from my eyes. Blessed be the name of the Lord. Then I thought it right to send a few lines to the preacher to encourage him to go on publishing his sermons, to which he sent the following reply, and perhaps, now that he is gone to heaven, it may be acceptable to the brethren.

A. HAMMOND.

May 8th, 1879.

DEAR FRIEND,—I thank you for your kind and encouraging letter, for the longer I live, the more I feel my inability and want of everything, which raises me to seek the face of God in private. Several times in private, seeing and feeling what I am, I am often surprised at the large congregations we have, but as the Lord is a God that doeth wonders, and He likes to do that which sets the world a wondering, so He is pleased to take a poor nothing like me, and speak by him to the good of His people, and thus secure the glory to Himself.

How I desire to feel more of the power of grace in my own

soul, and so realise more communion with the Lord and conformity to His will; so to love Him more and have more enjoyment of Him; but oh, my wretched heart! Oh, the evils that are there! At times, how I stink in my own nostrils, and loathe myself before Him! Nothing short of the love and blood of the Son of God could reach my case and save my soul; and, base and unworthy as I feel I am, yet, blessed be God, He has made me believe at times that He would save my soul—that I must preach free grace in its freeness and fulness, being the very subject of it—so I preach “as one having authority, and not as having received it of men.”

Years of course are telling upon me, but I have much cause for gratitude.

Yours truly,

F. COVELL.

OUR men of science now profess
 Especial wisdom to possess;
 It would appear they can portend
 When God unusual storms will send;
 Though some of them will chance apply
 To everything below the sky;
 While in His fist He holds the winds,
 And with His power the waters binds;
 Nor can a single atom fly
 Without His will who dwells on high.
 Although I am not wise as they,
 Yet this I venture here to say:
 We may expect a storm to come,
 For God is calling many home.
 Parents, who see a storm is near,
 Will warn their children home to steer.
 And is it not a solemn thought
 To those who are from heaven taught,
 That God is taking many home,
 Safe from the evil yet to come?
 Dear Covell now, among the rest,
 That man of God so greatly blest,
 Is gone to heaven, to see His face
 Who suffered in the sinner's place;
 And now he sings the song above,
 Electing and redeeming love.
 No more to feel the plague within,
 No more to war with hell and sin.
 Should a poor crawling worm like me
 To that blest home admitted be,
 To join with all the ransomed race,
 The song of “Grace! triumphant grace!”
 If I shall in that glory share,
 No poor lost sinner need despair.

A. II.

THE SOWER.

SUBSTANCE OF A SERMON,

PREACHED BY MR. JAMES BOORNE, AT DEVONSHIRE ROAD CHAPEL,
GREENWICH, ON THURSDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 26, 1880.

“*And yet there is room.*”—LUKE xiv. 22.

OUR Lord tells us that, at the last day, some shall come after He has shut to the door, saying unto Him, “Lord, Lord, open unto us!” to whom He will answer, “I know you not whence ye are : depart from Me, ye workers of iniquity” (Matt. xxv. 11 ; Luke xiii. 25, 27). Then our text will be run out, but till that time it will hold good, for it is a part of the Gospel message. As Hart says—

“To-day the Gospel calls, to-day ;
Sinners, it speaks to you ;
Let every one forsake his way,
And mercy will ensue.”

We are told that “a certain man,” which sets forth God Himself, even the Father, “made a great supper, and bade many ;” and he sent his servant at supper-time to say to them that were bidden, “Come, for all things are now ready.” But they pleaded various excuses to stay away, or, as Matthew says, “*they made light of it*” (Matt. xxii. 5). Whereupon the servant was told to “go into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in the poor, the maimed, the halt, and the blind,” *i.e.*, they who were spiritually in a poor and diseased condition. This being done, the servant tells his lord, “Yet there is room.” Here we shall notice—

I. *Who they are that room is made for.*

II. *Where room is made for them.*

I. *Who are the people?* “Ah!” says one, “that is my trouble. Day by day and night by night I am concerned about this matter. Is there room for me?” Well, we shall try to prove to you that this very exercise springs from the love of God the Father to you. There was a time when you had no such anxiety. Does it not spring from love? But you will say, “My love is so little.” True, but Christ compares the kingdom of heaven to a grain of mustard seed, and the fire of love in the heart to smoking flax, and “many waters cannot quench it, nor the floods drown it.” This the Church felt, and yet desired the Lord to set her as a seal upon His heart, and as a seal upon His arm ; for says she, “Love is strong as death ; jealousy is cruel as the grave : the coals thereof are coals of fire, which have a most vehement flame.” The more intense the love, the more cruel sometimes is the jealousy. Those whom God loves He draws to Himself, as Jeromiah says, “The Lord hath appeared of

old unto me, saying, Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee" (Jer. xxxi. 3). This drawing power is put forth to bring us from the world. This is what Isaiah calls being instructed "with a strong hand" (Isaiah viii. 11). When we were thus taken hold of we could not go back, for, though we had opportunities to have returned, God had implanted in our hearts a desire for "a better country" (Heb. xi. 16). Therefore says God, "I drew them with cords of a man, with bands of love: and I was to them as they that take off the yoke on their jaws, and I laid meat unto them" (Hosea xi. 4). Yes, dear child of God, when your heart was bleeding on account of guilt, and full of remorse, and you with the Psalmist were crying, "Mine iniquities have gone over my head; as a heavy burden they are too heavy for me" (Psalm xxxviii. 4)—when you could not, dared not, tell God He would do you wrong if He sent you to hell, feeling that your sins had procured His displeasure—even then did He not draw this petition from you—

"Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope still hovering round Thy Word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair" ?

And did you not feel, when thus broken-hearted, that you could not let the Lord go? And why was this, but because the Lord had bound the sacrifice of your broken heart and contrite spirit (Psalm li. 17) with His own cords to that Altar which sanctifies both the Giver and the gift? This brought you to the place Elihu speaks of, "He shall pray unto God, and He will be favourable unto him" (Job xxxiii. 26). Now, says our Lord, "No man can come unto Me except the Father which hath sent Me draw him;" and thus the Father was drawing you, as Kent says—

"The appointed time rolls on apace,
Not to propose, but call by grace;
To change the heart, renew the will,
And turn the feet to Zion's hill."

Here you were brought experimentally to understand what the Lord speaks of by Jeremiah (l. 4, 5), that the children of Israel and of Judah should go weeping to seek the Lord their God: "They shall ask the way to Zion with their faces thitherward, saying, Come, and let us join ourselves to the Lord in a perpetual covenant which shall not be forgotten." And now listen to the words of Christ, as the application of the parable of the unjust judge and the poor widow, "And shall not God avenge His own elect, who cry unto Him day and night? yea, He will avenge them, and that speedily, though He bear long with them" (Luko

xviii. 7, 8). Well, you may object, "I cannot say that I cry day and night." But have you not been crying this morning, through the day, and last night? and, perhaps, after being upon your knees, got into bed groaning on account of your condition? "Oh, yes," say you; "but if, after all, I am not one of the elect of God?" But, poor soul, this crying proves you to be one. Paul was a "chosen vessel" unto God, and the Lord identified him to Ananias as a praying man: "Behold, he prayeth." Here was *secret* prayer: "Thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and shut thy doors about thee, and pray unto thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret Himself shall reward thee openly" (Matt. vi. 6). You that are thus secretly seeking, keep it as close as you can; but depend upon it, the more you try, the more will it be made manifest: "He will reward thee openly." But you will say, "I don't know Him to be my Father." Well, do you think a babe knows, or is able to say "father?" No more do God's children at first, but, "because ye *are* sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of His Son into your heart, crying, Abba, Father" (Gal. iv. 6); and this may be in your heart years before you can say—

"My Father, God,
With an unwavering tongue."

And yet says God, "When Israel was a *child*, then I loved him, and called My son out of Egypt" (Hos. xi. 1); and when thus called, God said by Moses to Pharaoh, "Let My son go, that he may serve Me." What a mercy it is to be called to serve the Lord! "Being made free from sin, ye become servants to God" (Romans vi. 22). And these are brought to the Gospel feast; for says the Lord to the wicked, "Behold, My servants shall eat, but ye shall be hungry; behold, My servants shall drink, but ye shall be thirsty: behold, My servants shall rejoice, but ye shall be ashamed; behold, My servants shall sing for joy of heart, but ye shall cry for sorrow of heart, and shall howl for vexation of spirit" (Isa. lxxv. 13, 14).

"And yet there is room" for all whom Christ has redeemed. These feel the guilt and filth of sin, and desire that the Lord would take away all their iniquity. It cannot be explained away; it is felt and mourned over. "The thought of foolishness is sin." The eye is caught, the heart entangled, the tongue ensnared, and down the poor creature drops. "Lord, I hate sin—that very sin that is in me—stirring up pride, envy, lust, and evil thoughts. Cleanse Thou the thoughts of my heart. 'Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me.' 'Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.'" This was David's cry; but how was this to be done?

Not by the bunch of hyssop with which Moses sprinkled both the book and all the people. David knew the malady was within him.

“ No outward forms can make me clean ;
The leprosy lies deep within.”

Wherefore the Lord says, “ Come now ” (“ all things are now ready ”), “ and let us reason together, saith the Lord ; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow ; and though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool ” (Isa. i. 18).

Is it possible for a person to obtain pardon and not know it ? Well, I am inclined to believe that some receive a measure of this, and do not acknowledge it, because they are looking for so much more. Like Bunyan's Mr. Fearing, they are “ a little cheery ” at the cross, but they soon doubt again of their interest in the atonement, and so fear that their burden has gone off the wrong way. But what was it gave you relief from the load of guilt and weight of trouble you once felt ? Did you lose it in worldly company ? “ Oh, no,” you will say, “ I increased it there.” Or did you cover it up with a profession of religion ? “ No,” say you, “ I dared not make a profession until I had at least some hope of pardoning mercy.” Was it not, then, by the Word coming with a little power ? Did I say “ a little ” ? and yet it was not a little power which overcame your doubts, fears, and misgivings, and caused the cloud of gloom to depart from your brow. Has not the eye of faith been directed to Calvary ? There is your hope. “ And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me.” Has He drawn you ? You may say, “ I fear lest I should come short through my unbelief.” But are you seeking for mercy, pardon, and salvation in and through God's dear Son ? Have you ever felt, “ Lord, I am willing to have Thy Christ for my Christ, if He will but accept of such a sinner as I am. I stake my eternal interests on Him. I venture my all, lost or saved, sink or swim, upon Him ; but may He not take exception to me ? ” No, poor sinner ; hear His word : “ All that the Father giveth Me shall come to Me ; and him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out ” (John vi. 37). Now, you have confessed, “ I am willing to have Thy Christ ; ” and He assures thee, sinner, He will not cast thee out. But you will enquire, “ What is it to come to Him ? ” Coming is believing (John vi. 35). Then you will say, “ I find so much unbelief.” And do you not know that all God's children are more or less plagued with unbelief ? “ Lord, I believe,” says one ; “ help Thou mine unbelief.” Now, hear what Mr. Hart says—

“ Whoe'er believes aright
In Christ's atoning blood,
Of all his guilt's acquitted quite,
And may draw near to God.”

“Well,” says one, “there is my only hope. To whom can I go but to Him?” “Behold, we come unto Thee, for Thou art the Lord our God.” Therefore, says the Holy Ghost, “To Him shall men come; and all that are incensed against Him shall be ashamed” (Isaiah xlv. 24). Now, judge to which side you belong. It is one or the other—either you come, or you are “incensed against Him.” “Then,” say you, “I hope there is room for me there. I dare not say I am ‘incensed against Him.’” “Blessed is he whosoever shall not be offended in Me” (Luke vii. 23).

“And yet there is room.” All that are quickened by the Spirit shall come in. Some say that the Holy Ghost strives in everybody, but “we have not so learned Christ.” The Spirit works in the appointed way, and at the appointed time. “You hath He quickened who were dead in trespasses and sins.” He quickened you to feel, quickened you to see, quickened you to hear, quickened you to pray and to love God, so that, ere you were aware, He made you like the chariots of His willing people. And when you have been at a standstill, and have not known which path to take, how often have you heard the word behind you, saying, “This is the way; walk ye in it.” You may have looked round, wondering where it came from. It is what the Church calls “the voice of my Beloved.” Thus is the soul quickened to “hunger and thirst after righteousness,” and such are freely welcomed to heaven’s banquet. “Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price” (Isaiah lv. 1).

II. *Where is room made for them?* In His Church below, for “the Spirit and the bride say, Come.” Room is made for such in the prayers and in the affections of the Lord’s people: “I will give them a name and a place in My house and within My walls, better than of sons and daughters.” The saints discover God in His people, and glorify not their persons, but God in them, as Paul said, “They glorified God in me.” Some ministers seem to desire the people to extol them, but when Paul and Barnabas, who were true servants of Christ, found the men of Lystra coming forth with oxen and garlands to pay them undue homage, they rent their clothes, and besought the people to turn from such vanities to worship the living God. He makes room for His ministers, appoints their sphere of labour, as He said to Joshua, “I will give thee places to walk among these that stand by” (Zech. iii. 7), and finds places for His people. You may say, “I fear no room will ever be found for me.” Why not? The Lord knows what you desire and what will be best for you. He can remove the obstacles out of your pathway. We read, “The hills melted like wax at the presence of the Lord.”

“ His presence clears the foul,
And smooths the rugged way ;
He often makes the bitter sweet,
And turns the night to day.”

You may, in witnessing the people of God partake of the emblems of His dying love and sufferings, have feared room would not be made for you on account of your felt unworthiness, and because of your needy condition. But do you think that they who rightly receive the sacred symbols ever count themselves worthy, or cease to feel that they are needy sinners? No, this is the language of their hearts—

“ Lo, at Thy gracious bidding, Lord,
Though *vile* and *base*, we come.”

Is there a backslider here this evening—one who feels he has wandered far away from the Lord? Did you notice in the chapter we read from Hosea, that the Lord said He would hedge up the way of His Church with thorns, so that she should not find her paths; that, although she followed after her lovers, she should not overtake them; and declares she will then say, “I will go and return to my first Husband, for then was it better with me than now”?

“ Oh, speak the reconciling word,
And welcome wanderers home.”

“ Yet there is room.” In providential things your way may be hedged up. You cannot do as you would. “ There seems,” say you, “ but little room for an honest man to get a living.” But says God, “ Let Mine outcasts dwell with thee, Moab; be thou a covert to them from the face of the spoiler.” Yea, He can make room for you as He did for Daniel in a den of lions. “ My God hath sent His angel, and hath shut the lions’ mouths.” He can protect you, although you be as lambs in the midst of wolves.

The Lord is gathering home His people—is taking them to Himself—“ and yet there is room ” in Abraham’s bosom for many more—

“ See the suffering Church of Christ
Gathered from all quarters.”

He will perfect all that concerns His people individually and collectively. No discrepancy will be found between the number of those chosen, redeemed, and called, for “ every one shall pass under the hand of Him that telleth them.” Every mansion will be occupied, every seat filled. It shall not be said, as may be often in the assemblies here below, “ But Thomas was not there,” when the Lord made Himself known to His disciples. Every corner will be completed in the mystic building on earth, and finally the headstone will be brought forth with shoutings of “ Grace, grace unto it ! ”

“I AM IN A STRAIT BETWIXT TWO.”

(PHILIPPIANS i. 23.)

HEAVEN draws my spirit towards its blissful shore,
 And bids my heart to things eternal soar ;
 Earth holds my senses by a thousand strings,
 And, when my thoughts would mount, contracts their wings.
 From what strange cause springs this peculiar strife ?
 I long to die, yet still am fond of life :
 I bless the Lord, who lends me vital breath,
 Yet leap for joy at thought of certain death !
 When I look round, how many objects dear
 Fix on my eye, and gain upon my ear ;
 Yea, claim their various stations in my heart,
 Nor quit their claim till flesh and spirit part.
 At home, what tender cares and sweets combine,
 By means of objects this fond heart calls mine.
 Abroad, how pleasant is the frequent sight
 Of social bliss among the sons of light !
 Where many hearts with mutual kindness glow,
 Kindled by love divine, 'tis heaven below.
 Yet, though 'tis heaven's sweet dawn, it helps to bind
 To present things the captivated mind ;
 And he that's one in heart with Zion here,
 In view of heaven may drop a parting tear.
 But when the Lord Himself, with gracious power,
 Displays His glories in some favoured hour ;
 When love appears supreme upon the throne,
 And points the soul to its immortal crown,
 Loose fly the strings which held his heart to earth,
 Up spring the passions of celestial birth,
 And one bright glance of Jesus makes him say,
 “I've none on earth, in heaven I've none but Thee !”

JOSEPH SWAIN.

“PRAY WITHOUT CEASING.”

(1 THESS. v. 17.)

SAYS a poor soul, “God be merciful to me a sinner!” I sin without ceasing, but I cannot pray at all.” No? How came you to utter these words? Do they come from a feeling sense that you are a sinner, and that you must be wholly indebted to Christ for mercy and salvation? This is the very spirit of prayer, Christ Himself being Judge (Luke xviii.). You will never cease while you live to be a sinner—never cease to need the Saviour—therefore should never cease praying to Him. “He receiveth sinners.” “Yes; but this command is for *saints*.” Who is a saint? One who sees himself lost without Christ, but is justified, sanctified, and saved *by* Christ, and is “looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus

Christ unto eternal life" (Jude 21). This *looking* excites praying without ceasing. This is not to be all day on our knees, but ever to live in a humble view of ourselves, the preciousness of Christ and His salvation, a firm belief of God's promises to us in Him, and crying to be kept by God's mighty power through faith unto salvation. With such a view, such faith, and such prayer, blessed Spirit, inspire us, till faith shall be lost in sight, hope changed into fruition, and humble prayer turned into joyful praise. This is our day of prayer, therefore we are to pray every day, yea, every moment. It is not only our constant duty, but our inestimable privilege, our unspeakable mercy. Oh, how utterly miserable should we be without a throne of grace to go to, and a God of all grace to call upon; but, blessed be Christ, we have both, and are called to come boldly, that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help us.

" Remove temptations, oh, my Lord,
 And let my enemies be slain
 Which would withdraw me from Thy Word
 And plunge me in the world again :
 And, when my Bridegroom shall appear,
 Oh, may my soul be found in prayer ! "

POPERY.

THE CHAMBER OF IMAGERY IN THE CHURCH OF ROME LAID
 OPEN; OR, AN ANTIDOTE AGAINST POPERY.

A SERMON BY JOHN OWEN, D.D.

[It is evident to all that, in the present day, the power of Popery is increasing in our land, and paralyzing our Protestantism. As the only effectual barriers against it are prayer and the spreading of sound spiritual truth, we are glad to commend to our readers the excellent sermon of which the title is given above, in the hope that it may awaken prayer and may help to diffuse the light of truth. It has been recently republished by Mr. Pembrey, of Oxford, at the small cost of threepence. Instead of reviewing it, we give an outline or abridgment of it, almost in the author's own words; and we hope that many of our readers will be thereby induced to buy the sermon, study it carefully and prayerfully, and then give it away. We say *study* it, because a hasty or careless perusal of any of the writings of such a man as Owen is not likely to profit. It was substantial food that he laid before the Church of God; and substantial food needs to be well digested.]

" If so be ye have tasted that the Lord is gracious."— 1 PETER ii. 3.

WHEN false worship had prevailed in the Church of old, God showed it to Ezekiel as a chamber of imagery, wherein were por-

trayed the abominations with which religion was corrupted. My design is to take a view of the chambers of imagery of the Church of Rome, and to show the occasion and means of their erection. I shall prove that the Papists have transformed the substance and power of religion into a lifeless image; and shall ground my proof upon the following principles of sacred truth, which I draw from the text, "If so be ye have tasted that the Lord is gracious."

PRINCIPLE I. *All the benefit which men receive from the Word of the Gospel depends on an experience of its power in communicating the grace of God to their souls.*

PRINCIPLE II. *There is a power and efficacy in the Word and the preaching of it. "For the Word of God is quick and powerful" (Heb. iv. 12).*

PRINCIPLE III. *The power that is in the Word of God consists in its efficacy to communicate the grace of God unto the souls of men. In and by it they "taste that the Lord is gracious."*

PRINCIPLE IV. *There is an experience to be obtained of this power and efficacy. The first thing required for this is spiritual light, enabling us to discern the mind of God in the Word, without which we cannot experience its power. (See 2 Cor. iv. 3—6.) Then follows the taste spoken of, which is the life and substance of the experience that we contend for. It is a spiritual sense of the goodness and power of the Word in conveying the grace of God to our souls, and is let into the mind by spiritual light, without which nothing of it is attainable. To complete the experience of which we speak, there follows a conformity in the whole soul and conversation to the mind of God in the Word, wrought in us by its power.*

PRINCIPLE V. *The loss of an experience of the power of religion hath been the cause of the loss of the truth of religion; the cause of rejecting its substance and setting up a shadow or image in the room of it. This last principle is the immediate foundation of the following discourse, the object of which is to prove it, and apply it to the Church of Rome.*

The transformation of all things in religion began and proceeded on these grounds. All experience of the power and efficacy of the mystery of the Gospel in communicating grace to men's souls was lost; but they retained the general notion of it, and framed an outward image of it suited to their ignorance and superstition. Upon the reformation of religion in this country, when the truth was received in the love and power of it, and multitudes experienced the profit of it in liberty, holiness, and peace, then prisons and tortures only served to spread the profession of it, and root it more firmly in men's minds. There is but one way to deprive any people of the profession of the truth,

that is, by leading them into such profaneness and ignorance that they may lose all experience of its power in communicating the grace of God to their souls. When this is done, men will as easily lay aside the profession of religion as burdensome clothes in summer. This is the only formidable conspiracy against the profession of the truth in this nation. There is a great appearance of such a state of things at present among us; and if those ways of ignorance and sensuality be promoted, so that first the power and then the profession of truth may be lost, there is nothing but sovereign grace that can prevent the design. Whence is it that so many corrupt opinions have made such an inroad upon the Protestant religion? Is it not because many have lost an experience of the power of the truth, and so have parted with it?

But I proceed to the Church of Rome, the religion of which is nothing but a dead image of the Gospel, erected in the loss of its spiritual power. This I shall show—

I. *In things relating to the Person and offices of Christ.*

II. *In the state, order, and worship of the Church.*

III. *In respect of the graces and duties of obedience required in the Gospel.*

In all my chief aim is to show what is the only way of securing our own souls, or any Church or nation, from being prevailed against by Popery.

I. It is a general notion of truth that *the Lord Christ, in His Person and grace, is to be proposed and represented unto men as the principal Object of their faith and love.*

This is the principal end of the Gospel, to make a due representation of the Person, offices, grace, and glory of Christ unto the souls of men, that they may believe in Him, and, believing, have eternal life. Believers, having a spiritual light to behold the glory of Christ as represented in the glass of the Gospel, have experience of its transforming efficacy, changing them into the likeness of Christ Himself, which is the saving effect of Gospel power. But this spiritual light was lost among men through the efficacy of their darkness and unbelief, so that they could make no affecting discovery of Christ in the Scripture. Shall they, then, reject the notion that there ought to be such a representation made of Christ unto the minds of men as to inflame their devotion and excite their faith? This cannot be done without openly renouncing the Gospel as a fable; wherefore they will find out another way for it, by making images of Christ in wood and stone, or gold and silver. In these images, by the means of sight and imagination, they found that which did really work upon their affections, and, as they thought, did excite them unto the love of Christ. I speak not now of them as being images of

Christ and objects of adoration ; I speak of them as dead images of the Gospel. They shall do the work which the Gospel was designed of God to do ; for to this end, namely, the representation of Christ, there is in the Church of Rome a thousand times more ascribed unto them than unto the Gospel itself. The Apostle tells us that we are made partakers of Christ, and have Him present with us, by the Word of the Gospel which is preached, which is nigh unto us, in our mouths and in our hearts. "No," say these men, "we do not find that Christ is made nigh unto us by this Word ; wherefore we will ascend into heaven and bring Him down from above. We will make images of Him in His glorious state in heaven ; and we will descend into the deep, and bring Him up again from the dead, by making first, crucifixes, and then images of His glorious resurrection. This shall be in the place of the Word of the Gospel." Now, until they have spiritual light, enabling them to discern the glory of Christ as represented in the Gospel, and to let in an experience of the transforming power of that revelation in their own souls, they will not part with what they find, as they suppose, so useful unto their great end of making Christ nigh unto them.

But the principal aim of this discourse is to warn others of these abominations. If they be outwardly pressed to the practice of this idolatry, their carnal affection and superstition will be quickly won over against their convictions ; and nothing will then secure them but an experience of the efficacy of that representation of Christ which is made in the Gospel. He who lives in the exercise of faith and love in the Lord Jesus Christ as revealed in the Gospel, as evidently crucified and evidently exalted therein, and finds the fruits of his so doing in his own soul, will be preserved in the time of trial.

II. Again, it is a notion of truth that *the worship of God ought to be beautiful and glorious*. Yea, the true worship of God is the height and excellency of all glory in this world, and is declared to be more glorious than all the outward worship of the Old Testament. (See 2 Cor. iii. 6—11.) But the Apostle declares that this glory is spiritual, and not carnal. We will show briefly wherein the glory of divine worship consists.

The express Object of it is God, not as absolutely considered, but as existing in Three Persons, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. This is the principal glory of Christian religion and its worship. It consists in an ascription of divine glory unto each Person, in the same individual nature, by the same act of the mind. Where this is not, there is no glory in worship.

Its glory consists in the respect which it hath unto each divine Person in respect of their peculiar actings for the salvation of the Church. "Through Him," that is, the Son as Mediator, "we have

access by one Spirit unto the Father" (Eph. ii. 18.) Here we see that the ultimate Object of it is God as the Father. We not only worship God as a Father, but we worship Him who is *the Father*, both in relation to the eternal generation of the Son, and the communication of grace by Him unto us as our Father. This access in our worship unto the Person of the Father is the glory of the Gospel.

The Son is here considered as a Mediator; through Him we have this access unto the Father. This is the glory that was hidden from former ages, but brought to light and displayed by the Gospel. To ask God expressly in the name of the Son as Mediator belongs to the glory of Gospel worship. (See John xvi. 23, 24.) It is He who makes the persons and duties of the worshippers accepted of God. He is the Administrator of all the worship of the Church, as its great High Priest over the house of God. His presence among Gospel worshippers, the presence of a living Christ, not a dead crucifix, gives glory to divine worship. (See Matt. xviii. 20.)

It is in one Spirit that we have access unto God in His worship, and herein the Apostle places the glory of it in opposition to all the glory of the Old Testament; for the whole ability for the performance of it according to the mind of God is from the Spirit alone. By Him the sanctified minds of believers are made temples of God, and so the principal seat of divine worship. By Him the Church is led into communion and converse with God in Christ, in light, love, and delight, with holy boldness.

In these things doth the true glory of evangelical worship consist. But a spiritual light is required that we may discern it, and have an experience of its power and efficacy. Now, this light and experience were, for the most part, lost in the world at the time of the Papal apostasy. Those who had the conduct of religion could discern no glory in these things, nor obtain any experience of their power. What then shall they do? The notion must be retained that divine worship is to be beautiful and glorious. But in spiritual worship they could see nothing thereof; wherefore they set their inventions to work to find out *ceremonies, vestments, gestures, ornaments, music, altars, images, paintings, with prescriptions of great bodily veneration*; and this pageantry they call the beauty, the order, the glory of divine worship.* This is that which they see and feel, and which, as they judge, doth dispose their minds unto devotion. Without it, they know not how to pay any reverence unto God Himself. But this introduction of beggarly elements into the worship of the Church was nothing but the

* Could Dr. Owen possibly have written anything which should more forcibly tear away the veil from the abominations practised by the Ritualists of our day?

setting up a deformed image in the room of the true glory of Gospel worship.

To obtain and preserve in our hearts an experience of the power and efficacy of that worship of God which is in Spirit and in truth is the only thing that will secure us from the meretricious allurements of the Roman worship.

III. It is a persuasion among all Christians that *there is a near, intimate communion with Christ, and participation of Him, in the Supper of the Lord.* He is no Christian who is otherwise minded. There is in it an eating and drinking of the body and blood of Christ ; but this is spiritual and mystical, by faith—not carnal and fleshly. To imagine any other participation of Christ in this life but by faith, is to overthrow the Gospel. To signify the real communication of Himself and the benefits of His mediation unto them that believe, whereby they should become the food of their souls, He Himself expresseth it by eating of His flesh and drinking of His blood (John vi. 53). But many were offended, supposing that He had intended a carnal eating of His flesh and drinking of His blood : wherefore He gives an eternal rule for the interpretation of such expressions—“It is the Spirit that quickeneth ; the flesh profiteth nothing : the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life.” To look for any other communication of Christ or of His flesh and blood but what is spiritual, is to contradict Him in the interpretation which He gives of His own words. We conclude, therefore, that this peculiar participating of Christ consists in the special actings of faith with respect unto the especial and peculiar exhibition of Christ unto us in this ordinance. And these actings of faith may be referred to four heads :—

First, it acts *by obedience to the authority of Christ* in this institution. At the close of His prophetic office on the earth, and at the commencement of the exercise of His priestly office in offering Himself a sacrifice, to render them both effectual unto us, He interposed an act of His kingly office in the institution of this ordinance ; and it was in the same night in which He was betrayed, when His holy heart was in the highest exercise of zeal for the glory of God and compassion for the souls of sinners. Faith hath a special regard unto all these things, and, in its due exercise, gives the soul an intimate converse with Christ. This is peculiar unto this ordinance, and unto this way of the participation of Christ.

Secondly, there is in this ordinance *a peculiar representation of the love and grace of Christ in His death and sufferings*, with the way and manner of our reconciliation unto God thereby. The ineffable love and grace of Christ, the bitterness of His sufferings and death in our stead, the sacrifice that He offered by His blood

unto God, with the effect of it in atonement and reconciliation, being herein contracted into one entire proposal unto our souls, faith is exercised thereon in a peculiar manner, and so as it is not in any other divine ordinance or way of the proposal of the same things unto us. All these things are in parts set before us in the Scripture ; but when by divine wisdom they are contracted into this ordinance, their efficacy is more communicative unto the eyes of our understanding.

Thirdly, *faith finds the divine wisdom and sovereignty of Christ in the choice of the symbols*, or outward signs of bread and wine ; for, although the symbols are visible, yet their relation unto the things signified is to be seen by faith only, and is not discernible unto any sense or reason. Had He chosen an image or a crucifix, or any such actions as did by a natural resemblance show forth what He did and suffered, there had been no need of faith in this matter. Faith alone apprehends the union that is between the outward signs and the things signified, by virtue of divine institution. Hereby the body and blood of Christ are really exhibited and communicated unto the souls of believers, as the outward signs are unto their bodily senses ; and herein is a peculiar participation of Christ, such as is in no other ordinance whatever.

Fourthly, *there is a peculiar exercise of faith in the reception of Christ, as His body and blood are exhibited unto us in the outward signs of them* ; for, though they do not contain carnally the flesh and blood of Christ in them, yet they really exhibit Christ unto them that believe. Faith is the grace that makes the soul to receive Christ. "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." In this ordinance there is a reception of Him by faith unto all the especial ends for which He is in this way and manner exhibited.

I have mentioned these things because it is the great plea of the Papists in behalf of transubstantiation that, if we reject their carnal eating of the flesh of Christ and drinking of His blood, there is no way of receiving Christ in the Lord's Supper different from the way of receiving Him in the preaching of the Word. But by this they only show their ignorance of this heavenly mystery. Believers have *experience* of intimate communion with Christ therein, and find Him to be the spiritual food of their souls. But men, growing carnal, lost all experience of these things. They could find no efficacy in the ordinance answerable to the glorious things spoken of it. Indeed, there is nothing in it but unto faith, as the light of the sun is nothing to them that have no eyes. A dog and a staff are of more use to a blind man than the sun. Yet they retained *the notion* of truth that there must be in the Supper, as distinguished from the other means of grace, a

*peculiar participation of Christ, and by degrees they fashioned an image of this spiritual participation, until they brought forth the horrid monster of transubstantiation and the sacrifice of the Mass. Bread shall be the body of Christ carnally, the mouth shall be faith, the teeth shall be the exercise, the belly shall be the heart, and the priest shall offer Christ unto God. A viler image never was invented, and there is nothing of faith required herein. Because there is a mystery in the union between the external signs and the things signified, whence the bread is called the body of Christ, they have invented such a prodigious imagination as overthrows all faith, sense, and reason also, namely, the conversion of the substance of the bread and wine into the substance of the body and blood of Christ; and in the room of holy reverence of Christ Himself, they have set up a wretched image of an idolatrous worship of the Host; and, having lost that spiritual light whereby they might discern the efficacy of the one offering of Jesus, long since accomplished, they have erected a new image of it in a pretended daily repetition of the same sacrifice.**

This image was once set up in this nation, with a law that whoever would not worship it should be cast into the fiery furnace. God grant it to be so no more! But, if it should, nothing but an *experience* of the power and efficacy of the mystical communion with Christ in this ordinance before described will preserve us against force and fires, and the ensnarements of their pretences. There is not, therefore, on all accounts of grace and truth, any one thing more important for believers than the due exercise of spiritual light and faith unto a satisfactory experience of a peculiar participation of Christ in this holy institution.

(To be continued.)

SPIRITUAL INSTRUCTION.

“Take fast hold of instruction; let her not go: keep her; for she is thy life.”—PROVERBS iv. 13.

WHAT is instruction, Lord? I ask,
And turn to Thee for light divine;
For Thou alone hast power to teach
A heart so dull, so dark as mine.

Dwells she in philosophic schools,
The offspring of man's lordly mind?
Can erudition make me wise,
And help me endless life to find?

* The above paragraph is a stroke of the sword of divine truth, which cuts down with equal force the Ritualistic doctrine of the real presence, an artful modification of the Romish transubstantiation.

Or, if 'tis vain to seek her there,
 (Rome, Athens, Egypt, answer, "Vain!")
 Say, shall I search Thy sacred Word,
 And thence this pearl of price obtain?

Methinks I hear the Lord reply,
 "Let learned fools their wisdom boast;
 This is instruction and thy life,
 The teaching of the Holy Ghost.

"O man! he'll make thee know thyself—
 A lesson strange and hard to learn;
 Bow the stiff sinews of thy pride,
 Thy beauty to corruption turn.

"She'll clip thy wings, that thou may'st dread
 In rash presumption to aspire;
 Will show that glittering gifts may be
 But fuel for eternal fire:

"Will make thee feel the weight of sin,
 Show how My justice claims thy blood,
 And tell thee how thou stand'st accursed—
 A blot before a holy God:

"Disclose thy nature's enmity—
 A gulf immense—and teach thee well
 That nought but Christ's almighty arm
 Can pluck thee from the depths of hell.

"She'll turn thee to destruction oft,
 To make thee apt of God to learn;
 And still, whene'er thy wisdom fails,
 With gentle voice will say, 'Return.'

"Emptied, and stripped, and dark, and mad,
 Thou'lt dread the light that nature boasts;
 Content alone with knowing Me,
 The Son of God, the Lord of hosts.

"I only am instruction's end;
 And thou for ever art undone,
 Unless My Spirit bid thee seek
 Life, health, and wisdom in the Son."

Then give me, Lord, the hand of faith;
 The work is Thine from first to last;
 Strengthen and guide that hand aright,
 And I will hold instruction fast.

Thus let me clasp Jehovah's strength;
 Thus learn the virtue of His blood;
 Thus know the Lord my righteousness,
 And find eternal peace with God.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF THE LATE
JAMES WILMSHURST, OF CRANBROOK.*(Continued from page 81.)*

March 11th, 1858.—On Sunday last I was seized with a severe attack of rheumatism in my left arm, which has confined me to bed for two or three days. I am now recovering, and hope to have my arm shortly restored. I trust my business has not suffered, as those engaged in it have been extra attentive; thus the Lord has fulfilled His promise that He will not lay upon His people more than they can bear, and who pities us as a father doth his children, and “knoweth our frame, and remembers we are but dust.” Let us be content to be partakers of His gentle chastening, for was not He, for His people’s sake, “a Man of Sorrows, and acquainted with grief”? “In all our afflictions He was afflicted,” and, as a merciful High Priest, He sympathises with His suffering children. Oh, for faith to sympathise with a dear suffering Lord—

“The single boon I would entreat,
Is to be led by Thee;
To gaze upon Thy bloody sweat
In sad Gethsemane.”

About this time the wife of the writer was very ill, and was pronounced by an eminent physician to be suffering from internal cancer, but, after going to London for treatment, she quite recovered. It will be seen by the following paragraph that her recovery was attributed to its right source:—

“In our little meeting for prayer we have cause to offer thanksgivings for various mercies vouchsafed, which are obvious to all, more or less; but, personally, I cannot refrain from mentioning how thankful I feel that my dear wife, as by a miracle, is restored to health. I cannot help feeling that the prayer of good Mr. Buss, of Burwash, was heard on her behalf, for he was much led out for her, and we are told, ‘The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.’ I have often thought my own health might be benefited, should it please the Great Physician to direct me to someone to whom He had given wisdom to understand my case [inflammation of the eyes]. Past experience makes me afraid to trust my own wisdom in this matter. Yesterday I felt a little liberty in prayer respecting it, therefore I hope the dear Friend of sinners will not altogether reject my petitions.”

After the death of his pastor, Mr. Henry Birch, the writer, as deacon of the Church, was called upon to take a very active part in the carrying on of the cause, which was a source of continual exercise, giving him many errands to a throne of

grace for wisdom and strength to act rightly, regardless of men's smiles or frowns. The Lord was graciously pleased to be with him. To this he refers as follows :—

“ Soon after our pastor died, the Lord was mercifully indulgent in giving me to feel and enjoy the power and sweetness of three or four gracious promises, and particularly these words, ‘ *I will bless thee.*’ How kind and condescending that the precious Lord, in His infinite wisdom, should single out from this glorious promise just those words which were at that time applicable to my particular case ; and truly He has been faithful. Not one of His words have fallen to the ground, but all has come to pass. ‘ O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good.’ ”

When Mr. Smart came to supply regularly at Providence Chapel, Cranbrook, the writer was greatly exercised to know if the two causes ought not to be united ; but, as there were no ordinances administered, nor any meetings for prayer, at the other chapel, he was brought to a stand, and for a long time knew not what to do. The following will show his feelings and desires respecting it :—

“ A few days ago this matter returned with weight upon my mind, and these words seemed to arrest me, ‘ But I will give myself unto prayer.’ From that time I have felt a desire to be prompted by the Spirit of all grace. Yesterday, while attempting to plead respecting it, my mind seemed directed to Ezekiel xxxvii. 15 ; more or less to the end of the chapter. I noticed particularly that the two sticks were to become one in the *Lord's own hand*. It is our desire to become one with the other cause in the Lord, and, if we cannot meet and centre in Him, all attempts at union will be but binding with a string of sand. I know we are called to oneness with the Lord's people, and for this may we long and pant with sincere prayer. May it be ours to follow the Lord only in this matter, and lie passive in His hands, till we hear the Shepherd's voice, saying, ‘ This is the way ; walk ye in it.’ May His Spirit prompt us when to go and when to stay.”

February 15th, 1864.—Our dear little girl Eleanor died of fever yesterday morning. My dear wife is sadly cut up, and we all feel the loss keenly. May the dear Lord sanctify the dispensation, and graut that His resurrection power may be put forth in the hearts of us all. Amongst the dear people with whom I worship, there are scarcely any but what are under some heavy trial.

February 28th, 1865.—Oh, how I sometimes long to drink more deeply of the living waters of the Well of Bethlehem, for this can cure effectually all our spiritual maladies, and make us joyful in the house of prayer ; but, without some springing up of this in our souls, how lifeless, barren, and worldly do we become !

January 30th, 1866.—For years I have thought that something

ought to be attempted towards giving Scriptural instruction to the young belonging to the Church and congregation, but could see no way to its accomplishment, feeling my own inability, and neither could I see it much laid on the mind of any other person. I also felt my inability to lead at the prayer-meetings, yet, if I did not so attempt, there seemed no alternative but they must be given up. At length I endeavoured to lay the whole matter before the Lord, both respecting the meeting for prayer and the Scriptural training of the young. I do not think I had risen from my knees before a something seemed to say, 'If ye cannot do the lesser, how should ye do the greater?' which words seemed to imply that, if I could not trust the Lord to bestow upon me wisdom sufficient to teach the young, how could I expect His help in the greater matter of the prayer-meeting? still, my want of ability was the great stumbling-block; nevertheless, I was on the lookout to observe the leadings of Providence. At length, a lad who had been trained by the Church singers, he having a good voice and great natural ability that way, from some circumstance broke off from the Church and the Church Sunday-school, and came very regularly to our little chapel; and often of a Sunday morning, when I have gone to the chapel some few minutes before the time of opening, this little fellow has met me at the door, and, as I entered, he would fix his eyes upon me, without any meaning, perhaps, on the boy's part, but to me it seemed to say, 'Here I am, without any friends able to teach me, and I am unwilling to go where I might be taken pains with. Why don't you teach me?' After having met in this way several times, I one day came across the boy in the town, and asked him if he had quite left the Church school. He replied, 'Yes.' I then asked him if he would come to the chapel on the next Sabbath morning. Although it was pouring with rain, he was there at the time appointed. I heard him read the first chapter of John, and, whilst he was so doing, another little fellow came in and joined him. This circumstance seemed to give me courage, so that in the evening I publicly announced that any children or young people not already attached to a Sunday-school were affectionately invited to attend one at our chapel, to commence on the next Sunday morning. A young person who had been used to teaching then came forward, and offered her services for a junior class. Now, strange to say, instead of finding my mind disturbed by this matter during the services of the day, I found additional dew resting on my spirit, and in the evening, when alone with God, an old promise which had been precious some years ago came back to me with much sweetness and power. We commenced with eight children, and have now about sixteen.

February 7th.—The attempt to bring young persons together

for Scripture reading seems at present to prosper. I find it no small undertaking, but trust that I am not acting in any supposed strength or ability of my own, but in simple dependence upon Him who is the strength of the needy. If the thing is of the Lord, I shall doubtless have strength equal to my day; if it be not of Him, I would that it should come speedily to an end.

November 22nd.—I have been, in a measure, laid by for several days with inflammation in my left foot, affecting my leg upwards. I am now just able to get to the chapel and back. Last evening the prayer-meeting was unusually well attended. We are favoured just now in having two others to speak in prayer besides myself, which is more encouraging—not but what I have found the Lord's presence quite as sensibly when I have been almost alone; still, it is encouraging to faith when others come forward. Glad should I be to see greater power and unction attending the Word preached, so that many might be turned from darkness to light, and those who have already believed be aroused from the slumber into which they seem unhappily to have fallen.

May 20th, 1868.—We went yesterday to Burwash anniversary, seven in number, and truly I had a good day. I went very dark and empty, but, thanks to the Author and Giver of every good and perfect gift, light, joy, and gladness, attended with compunction, was bestowed upon me, both during the morning and afternoon services. We were also favoured to hold some pleasant and spiritual conversation during the return journey.

November 26th, 1869.—Truly I may say a good measure of blessed peace has of late been allotted to me, one who am so unworthy of the children's fare.

(To be concluded in our next.)

OUR MARTYRED FOREFATHERS.

VIII.—ANNE ASKEW.

“DRUNKEN with the blood of the saints, and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus,” is one of the features of the woman, described in the Apocalypse, upon whose forehead was this name written, “Mystery, Babylon the great, the mother of harlots and abominations of the earth.” The Popes of Rome, in virtue of their assumed right to govern the souls and bodies of men, and to say what is and what is not to be believed, have ever waged war with those who have dared, even upon Scriptural and patriotic grounds, to oppose their power and resist their tyranny. Ever jealous of their dogmas and their institutions, these pretended successors of the Apostle Peter, proudly styling themselves

“vicars of Jesus Christ,” have hunted and tormented, burnt and killed, hundreds and thousands of their fellow-creatures, whose only “crime” has been the preference of the Word of God to the dictates of Rome; and, consequently, these noble heroes of the past deserve our admiration on account of their firm adherence to the Gospel of the grace of God, at a time when such firmness and such fidelity exposed them to the wrath and indignation of the world. No matter who the offender—whether monarch or peasant, nobleman or mechanic, master or servant—if he were guilty of doubting one of the dogmas of Popery, such a person, when Rome ruled supreme, must be led to the stake. Regardless of sex, the agents of Rome have been guilty of subjecting even amiable and talented women to the most excruciating tortures; and their hearts have been so steeled by bigotry and malice that they have resorted to the most cruel arts human ingenuity could devise for the prolongation of the sufferings of their gentle victims. Can language be found strong enough to condemn this system, that so brutalizes the conduct of its votaries as to cause them to indulge their spleen and malice in actions of such a detestable and heartrending character? Such a case was that of Anne Askew; and it stands not alone on the records of Rome’s cruelties and persecutions. The history of the Papacy is one continuous narration of cruel deeds and awful tragedies, of horrible butcheries and mischievous plots; and, as these barbarities and machinations have been directed against the truth of God, resulting in the slaughter of thousands upon thousands of the saints of the Most High God, we have here sufficient proof that the Papacy is “drunken with the blood of the saints,” which is but one link in the chain of indisputable evidence, identifying that system with the great Apostacy, the existence of which was foretold by the prophet Daniel and the Apostles Paul and John.

Anne Askew was the daughter of a Lincolnshire knight, and was married to a bigoted Papist, who expelled her from home on account of her love of the Scriptures and of evangelical truth. Having a brother in the king’s body-guard in London, she naturally went to court, where, at that time, there were a number of ladies, including Queen Catherine Parr, favourably inclined towards the Reformation. These ladies held prayer-meetings in the Queen’s private chamber, and occasionally some minister of the Gospel was invited to expound portions of Scripture to them. Such a manifest love for God’s truth in such high quarters was very distasteful to the Romanists, and they determined to make an example of one of these ladies. Anne Askew was the selected victim, and she was first examined in March, 1545. Being brought before the Lord Mayor, a bigoted Papist, she was gravely

asked whether a mouse, if it ate the Host, received God or no. "I made no answer, but smiled," says our heroine in her account of these proceedings. The bishop's chancellor then sharply said, "St. Paul forbade women to speak or to talk of the Word of God." "How many women," replied she, "have you seen go into the pulpit and preach?" "Never any," was the answer. "You ought not, then, to find fault with poor women, except they have offended the law," was the clever retort.

One of her cousins, being desirous of getting Mrs. Askew out on bail, applied to the Lord Mayor, who told him to go to the bishop's chancellor, and he again referred him to the bishop, who called Anne before him, and examined her at great length. The bishop implored her to speak her words without fear, and to utter all things that burdened her conscience. She answered him that she had nought to say, for her conscience was burdened with nothing. Then Bonner told her, "If a man had a wound, no wise surgeon would minister help unto it before he had seen it uncovered. In the same manner can I give you no good counsel," added the bishop, "unless I know wherewith your conscience is burdened." "My conscience," replied the noble lady, "is clear in all things, and to lay a plaister unto a whole skin would appear much folly." Many questions were put to her concerning the Lord's Supper, to many of which she simply replied, "I believe as the Scripture doth teach." The bishop was very displeased at her taciturnity, and sharply asked her why she had so few words. Anne answered, "God hath given me the gift of knowledge, but not of utterance; and Solomon saith that 'a woman of few words is the gift of God.'" She was at length liberated on bail, her sureties being her cousin Britain and a man named Spilman, of Gray's Inn.

But Mrs. Askew's love for the Gospel constrained her to attend the meetings of the Protestant ladies at court, and, therefore, she was again arrested and brought before the Privy Council, in the year 1546. Lord Chancellor Wriothesley asked her opinion of the Sacrament of the altar. "I believe," said she, "that so oft as I, in a Christian congregation, receive the bread in remembrance of Christ's death, and with thanksgiving, I receive therewith the fruits also of His most glorious passion. That which you call your God," she fearlessly added, "is but a piece of bread; and for more proof thereof, let it but lie in the box three months, and it will be mouldy, and turn to nothing that is good." "Make a direct answer to the question," said Gardiner. "I will not sing a new song of the Lord," replied she, "in a strange land." "You speak in parables," said Gardiner. "It is best for you," she answered, "for, if I show the open truth, you will not accept it." "You are a parrot," angrily retorted the bishop. To this Anne

made a dignified answer. "I am ready," said she, "to suffer all things at your hands: not only your rebukes, but all that shall follow besides—yea, and all that gladly." A second examination followed next day. "You shall be burned," said Bonner. "I have searched all the Scriptures," replied Mrs. Askew, "yet could I never find that either Christ or His apostles put any creature to death."

She was again sent back to prison, and, being very ill, she desired to see Latimer, but this favour was not granted her. On the 28th of June, 1546, she was condemned by the Lord Chancellor and the Council to be burned, for having denied the bodily presence of Christ in the Mass. Her cruel persecutors, however, did not immediately put the sentence into execution; but, wishing to implicate others, the Chancellor and his party went to the Tower, where Anne was imprisoned, to ask her about her accomplices, naming several ladies of rank, in hopes of getting evidence against them. Anne refused to betray anyone, which so exasperated her enemies that they actually put her on the rack. Even then she gave no hint, and did not utter a cry. "Strain her on the rack again," cried Wriothesley, but the Lieutenant of the Tower refused: whereupon the Lord Chancellor, and Rich, a Privy Councillor, themselves racked her until her joints were almost torn asunder. "My Lord Chancellor and Mr. Rich took pains to rack me with their own hands," said she afterwards, "till I was nigh dead. Then the Lieutenant caused me to be loosed. Incontinently I swooned, and then they recovered me again. After that I sat two long hours reasoning with my Lord Chancellor on the bare floor, where he, with many flattering words, persuaded me to leave my opinion." What fiendish cruelty! May the Lord, of His infinite mercy, deliver us from the machinations of such a system!

On the 16th of July, the protracted sufferings of our heroine were brought to a close. Mrs. Askew, owing to her intense weakness, resulting from the cruel treatment she had received, was unable to walk, so she was carried to Smithfield in a chair. Three others were burnt with her, and for the same offence. These were Nicholas Belenian, a priest of Shropshire, John Adams, a tailor, and John Lacel, a gentleman of the court and household of King Henry. A large concourse of spectators had assembled to witness the last moments of these intrepid servants of Christ. The martyrs being chained to the stakes, Dr. Shaxton, the appointed preacher on this occasion, began his sermon; and during its delivery Anne often interrupted him by saying, "He speaketh without the Book." After the sermon, each of the martyrs offered up a short prayer. The Lord Chancellor then sent an offer of pardon to Anne Askew, if she would recant; but this

noble lady courageously replied, "I came not hither to deny my Lord and Master." Orders were now given for the burning of these martyrs, the Lord Mayor lustily crying, "Let justice be done." Thus were these blessed martyrs enveloped in flames, as holy sacrifices to God and His truth.

J. C.

LETTER BY THE LATE SAMUEL TURNER, OF
SUNDERLAND.

DEAR FRIEND in the path of tribulation, which is the path all the heirs of salvation have trod, it is a matter for encouragement and consolation to find we are treading in the footsteps of the beloved, the redeemed, and the gathered flock of the great and Good Shepherd. This was my subject last Lord's Day and Tuesday evening. I preached from Ezekiel xxxiv. 13: "And I will bring them out from the people, and gather them from the countries: and I will bring them to their own land, and feed them upon the mountains of Israel by the rivers, and in all the inhabited places of the country." It is no change of place, but an effectual change of heart, that separates the sheep of Christ from all other people. The chapter alludes to the bringing out the house of Israel from Babylon and other nations where they were scattered. But this was only typical of the deliverance of the Israel of God from the state and condition they were in, in common with the rest of mankind, and includes all the elect of God in all parts and ages of the world. Hence, the Redeemer saith, "And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear My voice; and there shall be one fold and one Shepherd." The Ephesians never moved any nearer to Jerusalem, literally, after they were called by grace, than they were before, yet the Apostle saith, "But now in Christ Jesus ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ;" and, again, "Now therefore ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens of the saints, and of the household of God;" for all the redeemed by the precious blood of Christ must, by the appointment of Jehovah, be called to the fellowship of Christ. This is the infinitely gracious will of God, and He "worketh all things after the counsel of His own will." The Lord Jesus is the Man of His counsel, ordained and appointed to execute it, hence the Saviour saith, "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me;" that is, all His sheep, all His people, all that the Father hath given to Him, for "all that the Father giveth Me shall come unto Me." Purchased by His blood, they must be brought to the saving knowledge and eternal enjoyment of it, that the ancient

prophecy might be accomplished, "To Him shall the gathering of the people be."

"Their own land," which He brings them to, signifies the privileges and blessings of a Gospel Church state, or the experience of new covenant blessings, promises, and privileges. Hence, the Apostle saith, "But ye are come to Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and Church of the First-born, which are enrolled in heaven," &c. This blessed state of spiritual rest, peace, safety, and prosperity is theirs by an eternal deed of gift. It was appointed for them, and they for it, before all worlds. It was given to "the everlasting Father" for an everlasting possession for Him and His seed; and, "if ye be Christ's, then are ye Abraham's seed, and heirs according to the promise." And the heir is lord of all, though he be but just born. The little one is as much an heir as the man grown. The latter knows and enjoys his heirship more than the other can, but this does not make him more an heir.

But in a much higher, fuller, and sweeter sense the land of Canaan, which God gave to Abraham and his seed for a perpetual possession, was a figure of the heavenly country. There the Redeemer has engaged to bring the whole of the chosen flock, not a hoof to be left behind. "Then shall the King say unto them [the sheep] on His right hand, Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." Then, my friend, will all the toils, the discouragements, the foes and fears, the trials, temptations, sighing and sorrowing of our pilgrimage through this wilderness be perfectly and eternally done away. Till then we must expect darkness and light, desertions and sweet visits, hunger and thirsts and heavenly food, troubles and deliverances, faintings and renewals of strength, foes and fears, yet preservation and salvation; readiness to halt and standing fast in the Lord, feet slipping and almost gone, and the mercy of the Lord holding us up; barren winters and fruitful summers, castings down and liftings up. It is a chequered path, often puzzling and perplexing; but all the redeemed, whom He hath gathered out of all lands, shall say, "He hath led us forth by a right way to a city of habitation.

Shall be glad to see you when convenient. The Lord bless you.

Yours affectionately,

November 26th, 1847.

S. TURNER.

To be crucified to the world is not so highly accounted of by us as it should be. How heavenly a thing is it to be deaf and dead to this world's sweetest music!—*Rutherford*.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LATE HENRY WALKER,
OF BROMPTON.

ALL the servants of God whose ministry has made room for them in the hearts of His people, occupy more or less a prominent position in the Church militant. They may differ in measure both in grace and gifts (Ephesians iv. 7), and have spheres of labour which one could not occupy for the other; for, if led by the Spirit, they cannot adopt another man's line of things made ready to their hand (2 Corinthians x. 16), but must do their own work, go in their own drift, and look for that commendation which comes to every faithful servant (Matthew xxv. 20—23), though he fill but a small corner in the Church of God. And, remembering that all who are engaged in seeking the extension of Christ's kingdom are bound to war against the world, the flesh, and the devil, holding the same essential truths, running in the same race, hoping for the same prize, and looking for the same end, if each one does not in every point see with his brother's eyes, we shall not, if we follow in our Master's steps, hastily condemn, but rather say, "He that is not against us is for us" (Luke ix. 50). And when in personal fellowship and spiritual communion we have embraced such, a bond is formed which can never be dissolved.

Our dear friend Walker, whom we knew and loved in the ministry, was called by grace when a young man. Being fond of singing, his company was courted, and he with others held their evening convivial meetings until, the fear of God taking possession of his heart, he felt so lashed in spirit that he was compelled to "come out from among them and be separate." After this he was joined to the Lord's people then meeting at Union Chapel, Chelsea, where the Word was preached mostly by supplies. Here, we are informed, were two godly men who acted as deacons. These having known Mr. Walker from childhood, took a great interest in his welfare.

After a series of changes, a minister was placed over them, whom our friend could not receive, and he, with others, separated themselves from them. At this time he had been a deacon for some years, having been chosen in place of one of his old friends, Mr. Edwell, who had gone home to glory. Mr. Edwell had occasionally supplied small causes near London, and, from age and infirmities, needed some assistance, so he sometimes took Mr. Walker to read and speak in prayer for him, and this seems to have been the peculiar way of bringing him into the ministry. We believe King's Langley was the first place he ever preached in, and this, as he has related to us, was his text:

“Can the children of the bridechamber fast, as long as the Bridegroom is with them? As long as they have the Bridegroom with them they cannot fast. But the days will come when the Bridegroom shall be taken away from them, and then shall they fast in those days” (Mark ii. 19, 20). From this time pulpits opened for him far and near, and for many years he constantly laboured as an itinerant. He was held in high esteem by many who did not greatly profit under his ministry, but he had several testimonies that the Lord owned his labours for the good of souls.

Although, by going out to preach, he was prevented from meeting with his old friends on the Lord’s Day, yet he remembered the poor and the sick by visiting them, and contributing to their temporal support, and opened his own house to speak to a few friends every Friday evening, where some found seasons of refreshment. Eventually he joined the little Church at Cranbrook, formerly supplied by Mr. Henry Birch. There he went once a month, and was looked upon as their pastor. Here, as in many other places, his short but savoury discourses, faithful admonitions, and affectionate appeals were greatly valued. On his last visit to Cranbrook, he preached from 1 Corinthians iii. 11—15, and indeed this was the last time he ever spoke in public.

For a long time his dear wife, who was in every sense a companion to him, was greatly afflicted. She died only twelve days before him, making a good end.

Many old friends called to see him, whom he affectionately greeted and blessed at their departure. A friend called from Cranbrook, when, referring to his last sermon, he said, “I have had it made over to me again that I am on that foundation, but how much have I been permitted to build that was my own; but it has been burnt up, and the fire was so sharp, I feared I should have been consumed, but I am spared, and I am *on* that foundation, and I do desire to bless Him. I am very comfortable in my mind; I am quite resigned to what is the Lord’s will.

A friend who visited him the night before he died said to him, “I have often heard you say, you would not part with the hope you have for a thousand worlds;” to which he replied, “Ah! I would not part with it *now*.” This was not many hours before he expired. His mind was in perfect peace, calmly trusting in the Lord. He breathed his last, Sunday morning, December 14th, 1879, aged seventy-four years.

May the Great Head of the Church raise up many faithful labourers as pastors and teachers to fill the places of those whom He has lately called away to their eternal rest.

“No place is mean, no pittance small,
If Christ be there, it makes up all.”

INQUIRY.

DEAR SIR,—Is it offering mockery to God when unregenerate children or adults ask God's blessing on their daily food, &c., or ask Him to preserve and protect them from all dangers and harm through the night, and thank Him in the morning for having done so ? and also for refreshing rest and sleep, and asking for temporal mercies through the day ? Or is it your opinion, based on the Word of God, that they should rather eat and drink, sleep and wake, and take no more notice than the beasts that perish ?

If you will kindly answer this at your convenience, I shall feel it a great kindness. Being the mother of a young family, I desire to know how to act in this matter as right in the sight of God.

- ANSWER.

This inquiry really answers itself as to the chief point in question, for what godly parents could think it Scriptural or desirable to bring up their children to act as unmindful of the God who made, preserves, and feeds them, as the beasts that perish ? And if we would avoid this, does it not at once appear plain that we should teach our children to acknowledge God as the Author, Preserver, and Benefactor of their lives ? And here the question arises, what course are we to pursue to this end ? Well, as our friend has named one extreme, we, in looking at the question, will mention another, which likewise should be avoided, because most delusive, that is, putting language into the mouths of unregenerate and unsaved children which is only fit for such as are by faith partakers of the grace which is in Christ Jesus ; for if parents teach them to call God "Father," and to say, "My God," "My Saviour," &c., this does not make them the children of God, nor does it prove they are such ; and, apart from the new birth and faith in Jesus, it would only be making them to speak language which they do not understand, and leading them to lay claim to that in which they have no part. How sad it would be should our children be so deceived with a mere form of words ! Much as we love them, and desire their eternal good, we hope God may ever keep us from teaching them to *consider* themselves Christians without their having passed from death unto life ; for, after all, it would be but a blind religion, a deceiving of their souls, by teaching them to substitute words and a mere form of godliness for an experience of the blood and merit of Jesus Christ ; and He declares that, although many may call Him Lord who have never been "born of God," yet He will answer them, "I never knew you !" From such teaching as this we hope all godly parents will refrain.

But may we not teach our children to acknowledge God with-

out running into the extreme we have just pointed out? We decidedly think so. We may do so by example; and would it not be most unseemly for Christian parents to teach their children to say grace at meals, &c., while they neglect to do so themselves? for children are close observers of the actions and conversation of their parents, and are often greatly influenced thereby, either for good or evil. Regularly reading the Word of God with them, family prayer, giving thanks at meals, may all be a means of impressing their young minds with the propriety of acknowledging God as the sovereign Disposer of all our temporal mercies and providential circumstances; and many instances have been known where impressions thus received have, in after years, influenced in a salutary way the life and conduct of their possessors; and, while God's Word pronounces a blessing upon those who honour Him by acknowledging His hand, having respect to His Word, and seeking His favour, ought not our children to be taught to have respect thereto? Were not many of the promises in the Old Testament spoken conditionally to the children of Israel as a nation? (see the eighteenth of Ezekiel). These promises and threatenings, which are conditional, affect the temporal state of men, although they differ from the unconditional declarations of God in the covenant of free grace concerning the salvation of His chosen, for all these promises are, in Christ Jesus, "yea and amen." Still, since a blessing attends the acknowledging of God, and He is pleased to reward those who seek Him and obey His Word, even though they have nothing more than a natural religion, is it not well to teach our children to seek His blessing? (see 2 Chron. xv. 1—7.) And is it wrong to teach a child to acknowledge God, at its meals, as the Giver of its food? Surely not. Or to ask His protection through the night? or to thank Him for the same in the morning? Surely not; for to encourage them to live heedless of His goodness in these things would be training them to live like the beasts that perish. We would not like them to be unmindful of the kindness they receive from a friend, then how much less should they be unmindful of the goodness of God. And, since there is in the present day a great laxity as to Bible teaching in our public schools, and some who profess to teach it only try to explain away many of the wonderful acts of God and the miracles of Christ, and thus sow in the minds of the young the seeds of infidelity, does it not become those who fear God, both in the family and at the Sunday-school, to try and oppose these pernicious influences by storing the young mind with godly counsel and instruction? We may do this, and, at the same time, assure them that nothing less than the new birth and an interest in Christ will benefit them spiritually, or prove even the children of godly parents to be Christians.

CHRIST ALL AND IN ALL.*

TAKE care not to acquire to such a purity that thou shalt no longer seem to thyself to be a sinner, for Christ does not dwell except in sinners. For this He descended from heaven, where He abode with the just, that He might abide with sinners. Meditate on this love of His, and thou shalt drink in His sweet consolations; for if by our labours and afflictions we attain quiet of conscience, why did He die? Therefore only in Him, by a believing self-despair both of thyself and of thy works, wilt thou find peace, for He has made thy sins His, and His righteousness He has made thine. Let us not conclude, when we sensibly feel our weakness and frailty, that all hope of our salvation is gone, and that we are banished from the kingdom of Christ. Nay, rather, on the contrary, the more consciousness we have of our weakness, the more determinately let us go unto Christ. He is not at all offended that His sheep are thus diseased and sick, nor does He on that account despise and reject them, but rather devotes Himself to their services and administers His healing hand. If any man feel in himself a love towards the Word of God, and willingly heareth, waiteth, and thinketh of Christ, let that man know that this is not the work of man's reason or will, but the gift of the Holy Ghost, for it is impossible that these things should be done without the Holy Ghost. Although in the hour of temptation God puts off His help, and all things appear as if He were asleep, or had forgotten us altogether, and had left us to be scorched by the heat of the sun by day, and by the beams of the moon by night—that is, as though He had given us up to be afflicted and destroyed by all manner of temptations by Satan, by the world, and by sin, day and night—yet it is not so. He has not given us up, as we, according to the weakness of our flesh, imagine and feel. He sees us, and regards us, and watches over us; nor does He suffer us to be so burnt as to be destroyed, nor so tempted or distressed as to be swallowed up of over much sorrow; and this all blessedly experience who call upon Him for His help, and patiently wait for it.—*Scraps from Luther.*

“ Now let the feeble all be strong,
And make Jehovah's arm their song;
His shield is spread o'er every saint,
And thus supported, who shall faint?”

“ Bound by His word, He will display
A strength proportioned to our day;
And, when united trials meet,
Will show a path of safe retreat.”

* Leaflets for letters by “Saman.” London: W. C. Boddington, Notting Hill Gate, W.

LETTERS FOR THE YOUNG.—No. I.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I have no doubt you may think me a very long time in answering your kind note, but being long days now, I don't seem to get much time for letter writing. As regards what Mr. B. M—— preached, you did not give me the connection; but I should not think he meant what you infer, for the Lord's people are in His Word called a "remnant," and you know what a remnant means. They are the fewest of all people; for "wide is the gate that leads to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat; and narrow is the way and strait is the gate that leads to life, and few there be that find it." Yet we read in the Revelation that those few are to be "a multitude which no man can number, out of every nation, kindred, tongue, and tribe." Oh, what a favour this is; so that no poor, hungering, thirsting, seeking, longing, waiting, anxious soul that wants to know that Christ died for them need despair, for that multitude is not made up yet, and, as soon as it is, this world will be burnt up. The Lord meant there were few that found it in comparison with the many who tread the broad way that leads to destruction. You know that the Lord had the pre-eminence as regards all that were to be saved, for all God's people were chosen in Christ before the foundation of the world; but Christ also has the pre-eminence in everything relative to the eternal salvation of all God's chosen people, for "it hath pleased the Father that in Him should all fulness dwell." And there are times when God's poor people can say—

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

Oh, my dear boy, what a favour it will be for you if the Lord is pleased to open your eyes, and bring you to see and feel your ruined state as a sinner, and make you to cry for mercy! Should He do this, He will certainly lead you on, sooner or later, to feel, if not say—

" To know my Jesus crucified
By far excels all things beside;
All earthly good I count but loss,
And triumph in my Saviour's cross."

I pray that this may be your happy lot. Thus I have tried to answer your question as simply as I can, and hope you will understand it; but what I want to impress upon you is, that whatever head-knowledge you may get of the plan of salvation, it will not do you the slightest spiritual good unless you are savingly

interested in it. I should indeed have felt thankful to the Lord if, instead of your desiring to get a knowledge of things which I feel are too deep for you, you had felt a desire to know that Jesus died for you, and have said feelingly with the poet—

“ Be this my great, my only care,
My chief pursuit, my ardent prayer—
An interest in the Saviour's blood,
My pardon sealed, and peace with God.”

As regards your trying to patch up a righteousness of your own, I don't exactly understand you ; but I would say, although your good deeds will never save you, pray don't leave them off. God has given us abilities to do natural good deeds. You can read His Word, go regularly to the house of God, listen to what Mr. Covell says instead of going to sleep, be honest and straightforward, obedient to your master, kind and obliging, sober and industrious ; and you have power to conquer your evil temper, and to keep out of evil company. I believe God has blessed us with natural abilities to do all these things, and I want you to try and do every one of them ; and if I have failed to mention any one good natural deed that you think ought to be done, by all means do it ; for, though the Lord never sends a poor soul to heaven for any good he can do of himself, yet He abundantly rewards those good works in this life in many ways. But I do pray that the dear Lord will never let you rest satisfied without a felt interest in His blood, and, if you have this, it will be well with you in life, well with you in death, and well with you after death. Read hymn 412 in Gadsby's Selection ; and you know that little hymn—

“ 'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live,” &c.

I remain, your affectionate brother, and well-wisher for time and eternity,

June 4th, 1878.

ARTHUR.

METHINKS, when I consider the glory there is at times upon the creatures, and that all their glory is the workmanship of God, “O Lord,” say I, “what is God Himself?” He may well be called the God of glory, as well as the glorious Lord ; for, as all glory is from Him, so in Him is an inconceivable well-spring of glory to be communicated to them that come by Christ to Him. Wherefore let the glory, and bliss, and eternal happiness that is in God allure thee to come to Him by Christ.—*John Bunyan.*

THE SOWER.

THE POWER OF GOD MANIFESTED IN AND BY
HIS WORD.

BY THE LATE HENRY FOWLER.

“The same was mighty in me toward the Gentiles.”—GAL. ii. 8.

GOD has ordained His Word to be preached ; His mind and will, as a God of justice and of grace, to be made known unto the sons of men. A standing ministry will be in the Church until the elect are gathered in and brought to a knowledge of Christ, and to a knowledge of their glorious privilege in Christ : “ Whereunto He called you by our Gospel, to the obtaining of the glory of our Lord Jesus Christ ” (2 Thess. ii. 14) ; that is, to a knowledge of their justification by Christ, to an experimental and blessed acquaintance with the Saviour, who is “ the end of the law for righteousness unto every one that believeth,” and in whose adored Person, as Mediator, are hid “ all the treasures of wisdom and of knowledge,” that poor, guilty, wretched sinners might find their happiness in Him, and in Him only. In some parts of the world, indeed, the Gospel may not be preached, none of the elect being there to call ; and in some other parts where it has long been preached, the witnesses may be slain, politically slain ; but God hath set a limited period to their mystical death, *three days and a half*, or three years and a half, reckoning a day for a year, which is very common in prophetic calculations, and quite necessary, as Daniel ix. 25, &c. Whether the witnesses have been slain in the full extent and meaning of the declaration, Revelation xi. 7, I cannot determine ; but it is the opinion of the greatest divines in this country that they have not, as Matthew Mead, Thomas Goodwin, John Gill, William Huntington, and a variety of other good men ; but time will prove the best expositor. However, this I will beg the reader to observe, that the witnesses were not to be killed until they had “ finished their testimony.” They must do the work God had designed them to do before they could be silenced ; and, though dead for a time, “ the Spirit of life from God entered into them, and they stood upon their feet ” (Rev. xi. 11) ; which shows, however the work of God by the ministry may appear at a dead stand, it is only to repair the machinery, as it were, that it may work the better, or be more declarative of the sovereignty and power of the Almighty, “ who worketh all things after the counsel of His will.”

In the context, Paul had acknowledged the mighty power of God by the ministry of Peter among the circumcision, or Jews, which, no doubt, rejoiced his heart ; for no man could

express a greater concern for the salvation of his kindred than Paul did, saying, "For I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh" (Rom. ix. 3). Howbeit, Paul's strong natural feelings and strong affection was corrected by "the Spirit of wisdom and revelation," and he was clearly led to see that the elect among the Jews had obtained the promise, "and the rest were blinded" (Rom. xi. 7). That the sovereign Lord of heaven and earth would take out a people for His name from among the Gentiles, in order that God might be glorified in them and by them, he (Paul) was appointed a minister to these poor Gentile outcasts, "and that the Gentiles might glorify God for His mercy" (Rom. xv. 9). God put forth His mighty power in Paul's ministry, as he says in the text, "The same was mighty in me toward the Gentiles." We may observe—

I. Without the power of God, the Gospel word cannot profit them that hear it.

II. That the testimony of God by His servants shall be made effectual to the regeneration of blind, dead, ignorant sinners, and to the building up of saints in their most holy faith.

I. Without the power of God, the Gospel word cannot profit them that hear it. "Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?" (Isa. liii. 1.) No man ever preached the Gospel more evangelically than Isaiah, and it appears Isaiah preached many years, even in four kings' reign, yet with but little success, especially during the reign of Ahaz, for the ways of God were forsaken, and the doors of the house of God were closed, till Hezekiah came to the throne; and the first thing he set about was to reform and restore the pure worship of God, which had been grievously neglected and abused during the reign of his father, Ahaz. Had Uzziah truly believed the report of Isaiah, he would not have assumed the priest's office by going to the altar to offer incense, neither would he have been in a rage when opposed by the Lord's servants, but would have humbled himself. God marked his arrogance and presumption with infamy. He was a leper all his days, lived apart, and was shut out from the house of God. This should serve as a check to all presumptuous mortals. Had the people in Jotham's reign believed truly the report of Isaiah, they would not have corrupted the public worship of God, as it appeared they did: "And the people did yet corruptly" (2 Chron. xxvii. 2); for, where the Word is mighty in the heart of a poor sinner, it will inspire him with the feelings of David: "O that my ways were directed to keep Thy statutes." Had Ahaz believed the report of the prophet, he would not have sacrificed and burned incense to idols, nor have profaned the vessels of the sanctuary, and trampled underfoot the

authority of Jehovah. But Isaiah's preaching was lost upon him, and the far greater part who heard him; and, "except the Lord of hosts had left unto us a very small remnant, we should have been as Sodom, and we should have been like unto Gomorrah," as he saith (Isa. i. 9). As it was in Israel's days, before that time, so it was in Isaiah's time: "The Word preached did not profit, not being mixed with faith in them that heard it."

Our Lord's personal ministry, when on earth, was received but by few, and "He spake as never man spake." Multitudes took offence at His doctrine, and many left Him after they had professed attachment to Him. According to His striking parable, there was but one out of the four classes of His hearers that brought forth fruit to perfection. Peter and Paul were both more successful in the work of the ministry than their Master; but still, it was His power working in them and by them mightily, or they would have preached in vain, had they lived and preached till this day. "Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord." God's servants are commissioned to "preach the Gospel to every creature;" that is, they are to give a full and clear statement of the mind and will of God as revealed in His own blessed Word, to warn the ungodly, and point out the only possible way for a guilty, ruined sinner to be justified before God: to show by the Word of truth what that justifying faith is that brings sweet peace into the sensible sinner's troubled bosom. In the most striking manner they should point out the danger of taking up any religion, or trusting to any fleshly feeling, duty, or performance of the creature; and men should be faithfully warned to trust not to a head-knowledge of Christ, but look after a heart-acquaintance with Him. This is all a minister of Christ is called upon to do, except *living* the Gospel he preaches, that the ministry be not blamed; for that man's ministry will have little weight with his hearers if his life and deportment be one continued piece of inconsistency. He may be ingenious; he may split and divide a text methodically; he may learn the art of speaking experimentally, as well as doctrinally; he may please giddy-headed professors, by working on their natural passions, and they may set all down for the mighty power of God; but let it be remembered, "the kingdom of God is not in word, but in power."

II. That the testimony of God by His servants shall be made effectual, &c. We have a striking proof of this by the preaching of the Apostles among the Thessalonians: "For our Gospel came not unto you in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance; as ye know what manner of men we were among you for your sake. And ye became followers of us, and of the Lord, having received the Word in much affliction,

with joy of the Holy Ghost" (1 Thess. i. 5, 6). Here we see a blessed fulfilment of the Lord's word by Isaiah, "My Word shall not return unto Me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and prosper in the thing whereunto I send it." Observe, reader, the Thessalonians "received the Word *in much affliction.*" Affliction went first, then came the joy: not as those described (Matt. xiii. 20, 21) who received the Word with joy, but, having no root, in the day of trial withered away. So it will be with all whose religion stands in the letter of truth, and not in the blessed teaching of the Holy Ghost. It was divine teaching that constrained the Thessalonians to follow the Apostles and the Lord in the regeneration; and the same mighty power attends the preaching of God's truth by His faithful servants now. How is it evidenced? First, by the removal of that thick veil of ignorance that is on the minds of men by nature. Ignorance of sin, as respects its exceeding sinfulness, is the prevailing disease of all men in their first-born estate. Through the preached Word, as conveyed to the heart by the Holy Ghost, the sinner is enlightened, so that he sees where he stands, a condemned sinner before God, and deserving His utmost wrath. He cries for mercy, but often fears he shall be eternally lost! This state is strikingly described by that man of God, William Huntington, in a poem of his, called "The Spiritual Birth," and I believe it begins thus—

"How keen are the pangs of a spiritual birth
 When its dreadful attendants invade!
 The soul is a stranger to music and mirth,
 A companion for none but the dead."

I do not suppose for a moment the author meant to say that such a soul was a fit companion for poor, dead sinners. No; for he knew by sad experience that the company of such to a tried soul is like hell upon earth. Here it is a man learns that the commandment is exceeding broad, that his righteousnesses are filthy rags; and the more the Holy Lawgiver goes forth in the brightness of His majesty as a just God, revealing Himself in His fiery law, the more the poor culprit trembles, while his heart remains as hard as a mill-stone, and love God he cannot. But the same power that kills makes alive. He that makes the deep and dangerous wound to appear will most assuredly apply the healing plaister. Oh, how mighty is the Gospel word in the hand of the Spirit!

"How sweet is the Gospel of Jesus the Saviour!
 How dear was the price that He paid for our life!
 He loved, notwithstanding our crooked behaviour,
 And shedding His blood put an end to the strife."

“ To make Himself known and His precious salvation,
 He gave us His Word and His Spirit to teach ;
 The Gospel's attended with rich consolation
 By him whom the Saviour commissions to preach.

“ Away with free-will, and the works of the sinner !
 To men of such principles never give place ;
 Give glory to Jesus, for He's the Beginner ;
 The sinner's salvation is wholly by grace.

“ Go forth with Thy servants, all-conquering Saviour ;
 Break through and deliver Thy captives by power ;
 Let sinners in darkness experience Thy favour,
 Break forth from their cell, and Thy mercy adore.”

A SERMON PREACHED AT EBENEZER CHAPEL,
 HASTINGS,

JULY 27TH, 1879, BY MR. SARGEANT.

[Taken down in short-hand.]

“ *For Thou, O God, hast proved us : Thou hast tried us as silver is tried. Thou broughtest us into the net ; Thou laidst affliction upon our loins. Thou hast caused men to ride over our heads ; we went through fire and through water : but Thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place.*”—
 PSALM lxxvi. 10—12.

Do you know anything about my text ? If you do not know anything about the end of it, do you know anything about the beginning of it ? If you do not know anything about the wealthy place, do you know anything about being proved and tried ? about having affliction laid upon your loins ? “ Thou, O God,” the Psalmist says, “ hast proved us : Thou hast tried us as silver is tried.” We prove many things literally—that is, we put them to the test, we try them, to prove what they are made of, and how they act. So the Lord proves and tries His people as silver is tried. Silver is tried in a furnace, in a hot fire ; and it is in the hot fire and fierce furnace of affliction that the Lord proves His people. They cannot be proved by nice, pleasant things. No ; it is by painful things that we are proved, and no man knows what he is till he is proved. No man knows what is in him till he is tried, and he must go into the furnace to be proved and tried. Silver, in its native state, has dross mixed with it ; and when the refiner puts the ore into the furnace, the furnace proves or makes manifest two things. It makes manifest the precious metal itself, and it makes manifest the dross that is mixed with it. So the Lord's people have two parts in them, two distinct natures. There is the dross of the flesh, the corrupt

nature, the old man of sin; and there is the precious silver of God's grace, the new man which, after God, is created in righteousness and true holiness. These two principles fight against each other. Nature fights against grace, and grace fights against nature (Gal. v. 17). There is no harmony between them. One principle loves the truth, the other hates it. The two principles can never agree, because they are essentially different; and the Lord tries His people in the furnace of affliction to prove both their nature and their grace.

We read in other Scriptures besides our text about the Lord proving His people. When the children of Israel were near the end of their journey in the wilderness, they were told to "remember all the way which the Lord their God had led them for forty years in the wilderness, to humble them, and to prove them, and to know what was in their heart." That must mean that the Lord proved His people that *they* might know what was in their heart, not that the Lord might know, for the Lord knew what was in their heart before He proved them. It was His will that His people should know, and no man knows what is in his heart till he is proved and tried.

When the Lord Jesus was upon the earth, He was on a certain occasion surrounded by a great multitude. Jesus said unto Philip, "Whence shall we buy bread, that these may eat? And this He said to prove him: for He Himself knew what He would do." Now Philip was soon proved, and we are soon proved. It does not take much to prove what poor weak things we are. Philip said, "Two hundred pennyworth of bread is not sufficient for them, that every one of them may take a little:" as though it would have been any difficulty for the Lord to produce two hundred pennyworth of bread, or any quantity, in an instant. But Philip had lost sight of the almighty power of God, and could not see how a sufficiency of food was to be obtained for such a multitude. Yet he knew, he was not a stranger to, the Lord's power, but he had at this time lost sight of it.

It was the same with Moses. Moses was a great saint—much greater than any of us—but we find that the greatest saints, when left to themselves, are poor weak things. We are liable to think that such great saints were not so weak as we are; but, when left to themselves, they were just as weak, and we have proof of it. The children of Israel in the wilderness were discontented with the manna that God gave them to eat, and they lusted after flesh. "Now," says the Lord, "I will give them flesh for a whole month." Moses begins to reason as Philip did, and he says, "Lord, I don't see how it can be done. The people are six hundred thousand, and Thou hast said, 'I will give them flesh for a whole month.' Shall the flocks and the herds be slain

for them? or shall all the fish of the sea be gathered together for them?" Now, Moses was acquainted with the Lord's power. He had seen the Lord make a way for His people out of Egypt, and through the Red Sea, but he had now lost sight of all this. And, poor sensible sinner, have you not thus been proved? I have. Though I have experienced the Lord's delivering power, yet, in dark and trying circumstances, my foolish heart has said, "Now you never can get out of this trouble. There is no way by which you can get out of it;" and I have for a time lost sight of God's power to deliver as much as if I had never experienced it. Thus, by sharp trials, the Lord proves to us our unbelieving weakness, and our proneness to reason carnally and distrustfully.

Another thing which the Lord proves to His people in the furnace is, that they are full of pride. How is it that some things which we meet with mortify us as they do? Is it not because we have so much pride? Sometimes the Lord leaves us to act unwisely, and not only are we brought to feel that we have acted unwisely, but we are sensible that others can see that we have acted so. It is mortifying to feel that we have acted foolishly, and it is still more mortifying to know that others can see it.

The Lord's ministers often suffer through pride. Sometimes in the pulpit I have been shut up, and could not get at what I wanted. I have known too that the people could see that I was in bondage, and I have been greatly mortified; and to my shame I have been vexed, not so much because the people have not been edified, and God glorified, as because I have been made to feel and look little.

In the furnace of affliction the Lord proves to us that our nature is enmity against Him—that it is opposed to His will and His way, both in grace and in providence—and we have to go into the furnace to have this proved to us. In the fire the Lord proves to His people that by nature they are infidels, for in trouble they often feel infidel reasonings about the truth of God's Word; and, when they know of men labouring to prove God's Word to be a falsehood, they feel they have no stone to throw at them, knowing that they themselves are just the same by nature, though mercifully preserved from carrying it into practice. And in the furnace the Lord proves to His people their perfect weakness. They sigh and groan under the evils they feel, but their sighing and groaning does not deliver them. They wrestle and struggle against their heart's wickedness, but continually prove that nothing short of Almighty power can help them.

In the furnace of affliction the Lord proves His people's grace as well as their nature, and thus makes manifest the silver as well as

the cross. Thus, though the Lord's people have in them desperate enmity against God and His ways, yet there is love as well as enmity. Their love to Him is such that they value five minutes' communion with Him as a greater treasure than the greatest worldly possession. Affliction and persecution for the truth's sake prove that they love God's truth, and prefer to suffer for it rather than part with it. The Lord's people, too, they love, notwithstanding that the failings and infirmities manifested by them are sometimes very trying to bear; yet it is these trying things that prove the reality of love. So the Lord's people are proved in the fire to have faith as well as infidelity, for, though tempted to give up God's Word, they cannot and do not; and in their deep troubles God is their trust, and their hope is in Him.

By trying circumstances God also proves that His people have godly fear. They are oftentimes brought into circumstances in which they must sacrifice either a good conscience or worldly advantage. Grace in operation makes them willing to suffer reproach, loss, hardship, poverty, and even death itself, rather than displease the Lord; and thus, while multitudes go any way, and are willing to please men, and get money in any way, "so do not the Lord's people, because of the fear of God."

"Thou, O God, hast proved us: Thou hast tried us as silver is tried. Thou broughtest us into the net." What is it to be brought into the net? A fish or a bird caught in a net cannot extricate itself. Being brought into the net is being brought into inextricable difficulties—I mean inextricable by our own power. It is being brought into troubles from which we cannot extricate ourselves. Sometimes it is a powerful temptation, out of which God only can deliver. Sometimes it is some other deep soul trouble in which all help but the Lord's is utterly vain. Sometimes it is a providential trial of such a nature that we can do nothing with it, and we say, "No help but the Lord's is of any use here. If I am to be relieved in this matter, the Lord must do it. It is entirely beyond all creature power." This is being brought into the net; and the Lord brings His people into these straits, from which no creature power can extricate them, to give them such proofs of His ability to deliver as they otherwise could not have had, and that thus His name may be greatly glorified.

"Thou broughtest us into the net; Thou laidst affliction upon our loins." The text does not mean the loins literally. Sometimes we say of a man, "That man has a heavy load on his back." We don't mean that he has a load on his back literally, but we mean that he has a load on his spirit. Now, the Lord lays affliction on His people. The Lord lays affliction on them when He first convinces them of their sins; then they are weightily afflicted about

their souls and their eternal state. The Lord lays affliction on His people when He hides His face from them, and He lays affliction on them in reproving and chastening them in a Fatherly way. A variety of afflictions the Lord lays upon His people, as He sees them needful, to humble them, to teach them useful lessons, to wean their hearts from the world, to exercise His own grace in them, and to make them prayerful and lively.

“Thou laidst affliction upon our loins. Thou hast caused men to ride over our heads.” By men riding over the heads of the Lord’s people is signified men treating the Lord’s people oppressively, trampling upon them, triumphing over them. But our text says the Lord causes men to do it; so in another Psalm we read that the Lord turned the heart of the Egyptians “to hate His people, to deal subtilly with His servants.” Not that God ever influenced men to hate His people, or to deal subtilly; but, in His providence, the Lord did that which drew out the enmity of the Egyptians. He increased His people greatly, and made them stronger than their enemies. This provoked the hatred of the Egyptians, and led to their using subtle means for reducing the number of the Israelites. So God, in His providence, often places the ungodly in such a position that they have the opportunity to oppress the Lord’s people, and God is said to cause them to do it, because they could not do it did not God, in His providence, place them in outward circumstances above His people, which gives them the opportunity to carry out their own inclinations to oppress and persecute the people of God.

“Thou hast caused men to ride over our heads; we went through fire and through water.” Fire and water are figures often used in the Scriptures for setting forth the afflictions of the Lord’s people. Fire discovers what otherwise would be hidden. If you kindle a fire in a dark room, it will discover the contents of that room; so the furnace of affliction which the Lord kindles in the hearts of His people brings to light their ignorance, their weakness, their heart’s evils, and their destitution by nature of all that is good. Fire also consumes a multitude of things. But few things can stand against the destructive property of fire literally. So the fire of affliction destroys our false hopes, our self-confidence, and self-dependence. Fire applied to the body is very painful; so is the furnace of affliction to the soul. It is very painful to have our sinfulness, our helplessness, and our poverty discovered to us, and to have our false hopes and fleshly confidences destroyed. So water fitly represents the troubles of the Lord’s people. When water bursts forth, it often sweeps away huge buildings and multitudes of people; so Satan’s temptations, indwelling sin, and persecution for the truth’s sake, sweep away

thousands. The Lord's people are enabled to endure these things, but that is all of God's grace.

"We went *through* fire and *through* water." But, before we get through them, we must go into them. To go into them is the first thing. You can never go through the fire and the water if you never go into them. But the Lord says He will bring His people through the fire; therefore the Lord's people are brought into the fire, and the Lord has pledged Himself to bring them through it.

"We went through fire and through water: but Thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place." When a sinner, who has been brought into distress about his sins and his soul, who has felt "a fearful looking for of judgment and of fiery indignation," who has anticipated eternal destruction—when such an one is favoured to know that Christ has died for him, that his sins are pardoned, that he is a child of God, that there is a heaven of eternal bliss prepared for him at God's right hand, then the soul is brought into a wealthy place. Then the sinner knows that Christ is his, that salvation is his, that heaven is his; then he is made feelingly and sensibly rich; then he knows that he possesses all things in Christ; then his heart is filled with love and his mouth with praises, and then he is richly recompensed for all the trouble and distress through which he has passed, and feels that what he now enjoys is worth all that he suffered before he enjoyed it.

Again, when a poor sensible sinner is brought through any deep trouble—when he is favoured to experience God's delivering power and goodness—then he is brought into a wealthy place. Whatever the trouble may have been, the sweet experience of God's delivering mercy amply repays him. His soul is enriched with love and gratitude, and the greater the trouble has been, the sweeter and the more valued is the deliverance. Such an one knows what it is to be brought into a wealthy place; and we must be brought into trouble to know anything experimentally of how God can and does deliver out of it. May God add His blessing.

IF Christ had not been cursed, I had not been blessed; if He had not been wounded, I had not been healed.—A. H.

A CONSCIOUSNESS of inbred sin will cause us to distrust ourselves, to look continually to Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh. This salutary fear, implanted in the heart through the covenant love of God, alone can keep us from falling. We shall walk over the slippery paths of this world with safety, when we tread with cautious step, leaning on our Beloved.—*Serle*.

"MY BELOVED IS MINE, AND I AM HIS."

(SOLOMON'S SONG ii. 16.)

LONG did I toil, and knew no earthly rest ;
 Far did I rove, and found no certain home ;
 At last I sought them in His sheltering breast,
 Who opes His arms, and bids the weary come.
 In Christ I found a home, a rest divine,
 And I since then am His, and He is mine.

Yes, He is mine, and nought of earthly things,
 Not all the charms of pleasure, wealth, or power,
 The fame of heroes or the pomp of kings,
 Could tempt me to forego His love one hour :
 "Go, worthless world!" I cry, "with all that's thine ;
 Go ! I my Saviour's am, and He is mine."

The good I have is from His stores supplied,
 The ill is only what He deems the best ;
 He for my Friend, I'm rich with nought beside,
 And poor without Him, though of all possesse :
 Changes may come, I take or I resign,
 Content while I am His, and He is mine.

Whate'er may change, on Him no change is seen,
 A glorious Sun that wanes not nor declines ;
 Above the clouds and storms He walks unseen,
 And sweetly on His people's darkness shines.
 All may depart, I fret not nor repine,
 While I my Saviour's am, and He is mine.

While here, alas ! I know but half His love,
 But half discern Him, and but half adore ;
 But when I meet Him in the realms above,
 I hope to love Him better, praise Him more :
 And feel and tell, amid the choir divine,
 How fully I am His, and He is mine.

"CEASE FROM MAN."

It matters little what men think of us while we live ; He that truly and finally judges us is the Lord. It will not much signify, so far as we are concerned, what men think of us when we are dead. The *praise* or *blame* of man cannot affect us in the unseen world. Man's praise cannot mitigate the pains of hell ; man's blame cannot detract from the joys of heaven. May the Lord, then, enable us to "cease from man," and do *His* will, "contending earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints," whether men approve or reprobate our conduct.

OUR MARTYRED FOREFATHERS.

IX.—JOHN ROGERS.

THE reign of Queen Mary will ever be associated with burning stakes and persecuting edicts. In all parts of the land—north, south, east, and west—men and women were haled to prison for the truth's sake. Many were the modes of suffering which they endured, for all that human ingenuity could devise was made use of in prolonging and aggravating the tortures of these martyrs. Looking at these events exclusively from this standpoint, and only taking into consideration the brutal nature of the deeds and the trials of the victims, causes one almost to drop the pen, and cease from rehearsing facts at which the heart sickens. Our indignation rises to a very high pitch when we read how men could torture their fellow-creatures in such base and degrading ways; but we stop, and allow the curtain to drop on the dark side of the picture. Whilst we hesitate not to denounce the system that sanctioned such deeds, we also correspondingly admire and applaud the courage and fidelity, the constancy and heroism, of the martyr. This is the bright side of the picture. It is the martyr's action that prompts us to recall these sweet and hallowed memories of the past, too often forgotten by us; and, by these short papers, we desire to instil into the minds of a few a keener appreciation of the invaluable privileges we enjoy. To-day, after the lapse of three hundred years, we are reaping the fruits of the labours of the Marian martyrs, for it was in the fires of Smithfield and Oxford that our liberties were forged. Our rights and liberties—the right and liberty to read God's Word in our native tongue, liberty of worship, liberty of conscience, and all that constitutes our freedom, religious, political, and social—all these ineffable blessings were purchased at a fearful cost—at no less a cost than our forefathers' blood. "What enabled them to endure all these sufferings?" is an inquiry that may suggest itself to some reflective mind. Our answer is, their faith. In the midst of the glaring flame and crackling wood we see that heroism which is of the noblest kind—the heroism of faith. At each stake stands an hero, whose faith enables him to "overcome the world" and all its snares and temptations, and to loudly shout "Victory!" in the hour of death, because of the eternal glory and honour that awaits him. This is true, genuine faith—that faith which is the gift of God—the faith of God's elect. The Apostle Paul, in writing to the Hebrew saints, says that it was by faith that *their* ancestors "subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness

were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens." "They were stoned," continues the Apostle, "they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword: they wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented (of whom the world was not worthy); they wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth." This long catalogue of suffering did the Old Testament saints endure, and it was their faith—not a natural faith, but that which is of the operation of the Holy Spirit—that kept them steadfast and patient through all their various trials. So, too, was it *their faith*—the same divine faith—that caused our martyred ancestors cheerfully to walk to the stake and sing amid the flames, rejoicing because they were counted worthy to suffer for Christ's sake. In short, the reign of Queen Mary is the "martyr epoch" of English history, and, on that account, it is one of the most sublime chapters in our national records. It is a reign dark with the cruel deeds of persecution, but bright with heroic actions of Christian courage: it is an era black with dismal and tragic events, but, nevertheless, it is brilliantly illumined with the joy and constancy of the martyr. The trials and sufferings, the torturings and deaths, of each and all of these valiant soldiers of the cross are beautiful confirmations of the following statement of the Apostle Paul: "For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principailities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord" (Rom. viii. 38, 39).

The first of the Marian martyrs was John Rogers, who received his education at Cambridge University, and was ultimately chosen chaplain to the English factory at Antwerp. Here he became acquainted with several of his own countrymen, who had, like himself, fled from their native land because of the determination of Henry VIII. to conform the people to his own religious opinions. It was during his residence on the Continent that Rogers, having severed himself from the errors and superstitions of Rome, married. After this event, he proceeded with his wife to Wittenberg, and very soon he took charge of a living in Saxony, where he faithfully and diligently proclaimed the truths of the Gospel. Here he continued till the death of King Henry, when an event happened which caused Rogers and many of his fellow Englishmen to return to the land of their birth.

Edward VI. came to the throne on the decease of his father, and nobly allied himself with those who were striving to promote the progress and establishment of true religion and Gospel liberty in this land. Soon after the accession of the young monarch, Rogers, at the request of many of his friends in England, returned

to his native shores, and unceasingly laboured in the cause of his Master. Dr. Ridley was then Bishop of London, and he gave Rogers a prebend in the cathedral church of St. Paul's, and he was afterwards one of the divinity lecturers in that church. King Edward's reign, however, was but brief, and, at his death, events took a decided turn.

Queen Mary now came to the throne, and, although she declared in Council "that, though she was fixed in her own religion, yet she would not compel others to its observance, but would leave that to the motions of God's Spirit and the labours of good preachers"—although she made this promise, yet quickly was it forgotten and ignored, as subsequent events too plainly proved. All Gospel preaching was speedily suppressed; the Privy Council and the episcopal bench were filled with Papists; a special day was set apart for the reconciliation of England to the Papal see, when the king and queen, the lords and commons, and the bishops and clergy, on bended knee, besought forgiveness at the hands of the Papal legate; and sanguinary edicts were promulgated against all who dared to preach "Christ and Him crucified." John Rogers was one of those who dared to stand up in defence of Gospel truth, for he continued to preach after the edict was published, forbidding any man to do so unless specially licensed. For his contumacious conduct, Rogers was ordered to keep close prisoner in his own house. This, however, was a far too lenient way of dealing with "heretics," and so Bonner, who was Bishop of London, removed him to Newgate, where he had criminals and thieves for companions. Three times was Rogers brought before Lord Chancellor Gardiner and the Privy Council, and three times did this noble martyr bear faithful witness for the truth before his implacable enemies.

At the first examination, which took place on the 22nd of January, 1555, the Lord Chancellor commenced the proceedings by saying to Rogers, "Sir, you have heard the state of the realm in which it standeth now?"

ROGERS: "No, my lord, I have been kept in close prison; and, except there hath been some general things said at the table, when I was at dinner or supper, I heard nothing; and there I have heard nothing whereupon any special thing might be grounded."

The Lord Chancellor then jeeringly exclaimed, "General things! general things! Ye have heard of my lord cardinal's coming, and that the parliament hath received his blessing, not one resisting it, but one man which did speak against it. Such an unity, and such a miracle, hath not been seen; and all they, of which there are eight score in one house, have with one assent received pardon of their offences for the schism we have

had in England, in refusing the Holy Father of Rome to be head of the Catholic Church. How say you? Are you content to unite yourself to the faith of the Catholic Church with us, in the state in which it is now in England? Will you do that?"

ROGERS: "The Catholic Church I never did nor will dissent from."

GARDINER: "Nay; but I speak of the state of the Catholic Church in that wise in which we stand now in England, having received the Pope to be supreme head."

ROGERS: "I know no other head but Christ of His Catholic Church, neither will I acknowledge the Bishop of Rome to have any more authority than any other bishop hath by the Word of God, and by the doctrines of the old and pure Catholic Church, four hundred years after Christ."

GARDINER: "Why didst thou, then, acknowledge King Henry VIII. to be supreme head of the Church, if Christ be the only Head?"

To this interrogation, Rogers replied: "I never granted him to have any supremacy in spiritual things, as are the forgiveness of sins, giving of the Holy Ghost, authority to be a judge over the Word of God."

GARDINER then said: "Yea, if thou had saidst so in his days, thou hadst not been alive now. What sayest thou? Make us a direct answer whether thou wilt be one of this Catholic Church or not—with us in that state in which we are now?"

ROGERS: "My lord, without fail I cannot believe that ye yourselves think in your hearts that he is supreme head in forgiving of sins, seeing you and all the bishops of the realm have now twenty years long preached—and some of you also written—to the contrary, and the parliament so long ago condescended unto it."

GARDINER: "Tush! that parliament was, with great cruelty, constrained to abolish and put away the supremacy from the Bishop of Rome."

ROGERS: "With cruelty? Why, then, I perceive that you take a wrong way, with cruelty, to persuade men's consciences; for it should appear by your doings now, that the cruelty then used hath not persuaded your consciences. How would you, then, have *our* consciences persuaded with cruelty?"

GARDINER: "I talk to thee of no cruelty, but that they were so often and so cruelly called upon in that parliament to let the act go forward—yea, and even with force driven thereunto; whereas in this parliament it was so uniformly received."

ROGERS: "I will first see it proved by the Scripture. Let me have pen, ink, and books, &c., and I shall take upon me more plainly to set out the matter, so that the contrary shall be

proved to be true; and let any man that will, confer with me by writing."

GARDINER: "Nay, that shall not be permitted thee. Here are two things, mercy and justice. If thou refuse the queen's mercy now, then shalt thou have justice ministered unto thee."

ROGERS: "I never offended, nor was disobedient unto her grace, and yet I will not refuse her mercy. But if this shall be denied me to confer by writing and to try out the truth, then it is not well, but too far out of the way."

GARDINER: "If thou wilt not receive the Bishop of Rome to be supreme head of the Catholic Church, then thou shalt never have her mercy, thou mayest be sure. If thou wilt enter into one Church with us, tell us that; or else thou shalt never have so much proffered thee again as thou hast now."

ROGERS: "I will find it first in the Scripture, and see it tried thereby, before I receive him to be supreme head. I find not the Bishop of Rome in the Creed, for the word 'Catholic' there signifieth not the Romish Church; it signifieth the consent of all true teaching Churches of all times and all ages. But how should the Bishop of Rome's Church be one of them, which teacheth so many doctrines that are plainly and directly against the Word of God? Can that bishop be the true head of the Catholic Church that doth so? That is not possible."

GARDINER: "Show me one of them—one! Let me hear one!"

ROGERS: "The Bishop of Rome and his Church say, read, and sing all that they do in their congregations in Latin, which is directly and plainly against the first of Corinthians and the fourteenth chapter. To 'speak with tongues' is to speak with a strange tongue, as Latin or Greek, &c.; and so to speak is not to speak unto men, but to God. But ye speak in Latin, which is a strange tongue; wherefore ye speak not unto men, but unto yourselves and God only."

At this juncture, the Papists raised such a clamour that Rogers was unable to proceed with his argument, and the first examination closed by our hero being taken back to prison. He made two subsequent appearances before the Lord Chancellor and bishops, and as many times returned to his cell in Newgate, where he was soundly sleeping on the morning of the fourth of February, when he was suddenly warned by the jailor's wife to prepare for the fire. He was then taken to Bonner to be degraded, of whom Rogers asked one favour—that he might speak a few words with his wife before his burning. The cruel prelate denied him even this, whereupon Rogers exclaimed: "Then you declare your charity what it is." Before leaving Newgate for Smithfield, the sheriff came to him and asked if he would revoke his abominable doctrines. "That which I have preached I will seal with my

blood!" was the brave reply of the martyr. On his way to the stake there came to meet him his wife and children, but the sight of his own flesh and blood could not move him; and so he nobly went to the stake, and there, in the presence of many witnesses, took his flight in a chariot of fire to that place where trials and persecutions are unknown.

J. C.

NIGHT THOUGHTS BY A WATCHMAN.

FEET WASHING AND FEET KISSING.

I. "HE poureth water into a bason, and began to wash the disciples' feet." Oh, what wondrous humility! what condescending love! Jesus takes the lowest office in order to teach His disciples by deed, as well as word, how to act towards each other, and to express His love to them, notwithstanding their many transgressions, down to His latest breath.

Think for a moment who it is that is thus girded with a towel. It is the Son of God; it is the Lord of glory. Yes; it was their Creator and their Redeemer. Truly, He came not to be ministered unto, but to minister. He whom thousands of holy angels serve came to be a servant for sinful men. It was Emmanuel, now crowned with glory and honour, who girded Himself with a towel and washed His disciples' feet. He humbled Himself as the Servant of God to give His own servants an example, and said, "If I then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, ye also ought to wash one another's feet" (John xiii. 14).

The feet of the disciples needed washing. They had often transgressed through ignorance and temptation. Their feet were defiled. This was known to Him; but He, loving them to the end, did not reproach them for their frailty and failings, neither did He shut His eyes to the fact of their feet being defiled. He saw what was needful to be done, and did the thing Himself. He "began to wash the disciples' feet," and to wipe them with the towel.

" Was ever grace, Lord, rich as Thine ?
Can ought be with it named ?
What powerful beams of love divine
Thy tender heart inflamed ! "

Reader, is there a brother or a sister with defiled feet known to thee? You behold their spot; you know their fall. Do not publish it in Gath. Remember *you* yourself are weak. *You* have often been overcome, and you may *yet again* fall into temptation, therefore behold what Jesus did, and "go thou and do likewise."

II. "And, behold, a woman in the city, which was a sinner,

when she knew that Jesus sat at meat in the Pharisee's house, brought an alabaster box of ointment, and stood at His feet behind Him weeping, and began to wash His feet with tears, and did wipe them with the hairs of her head, and kissed His feet, and anointed them with the ointment" (Luke vii. 37, 38). In the private feet washing in the upper room we have seen the Master's love to the disciples. In this public feet kissing in the Pharisee's house we see the openly-confessed and strongly-expressed love of the disciple to the Master. This woman, who was a known city sinner, had doubtless attended the public preaching of the Lord. His words had entered her heart as well as her ears, and brought her to repentance, and caused her to give up both her former course of life and her vile companions, for true repentance leads us to leave the sins we loved before. She felt strong affection for the Great Teacher whose words were burning as a fire in her heart, and she longed for an opportunity of making manifest her love to Him. When she knew that He "sat at meat in the Pharisee's house," she came to Him, and, standing at His feet as He reclined on a couch, her pent-up feelings found relief in copious tears, which fell upon His sacred feet, therefore she wiped them with the hairs of her head. Yes, her long hair, which was her glory (1 Cor. xi. 15), she cheerfully used to wipe His feet. His feet to her had become beautiful. He was the Messenger of peace and pardon to her soul. Those holy feet had never been defiled at any time by transgression. His walk was sinless fellowship with God continually. John saw "His feet like unto fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace" (Rev. i. 15). In the midst of fiery trials and persecutions, with soul-piercing sorrow and suffering, His feet were undefiled, and remained as firm as brass. Those feet, which were ever strong and swift in all the ways of God, might well be kissed by her who had run in the way of sin and shame. Those feet, which were treading the rugged road in order to find and save the lost and wandering sheep, might well be caressed by this restored transgressor. She kissed and anointed His feet. Jesus is the Object on which we may bestow our entire love, and please God in doing so; and the heaven-born soul is pleased to find God's image in His Son Jesus, and to worship Him. This is the only image we can worship without committing the sin of idolatry. This woman was glad to find the Person who alone could save her from her present sinful life, and deliver her from the wrath to come. He said unto her, "Thy sins are forgiven thee. Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace."

Reader, what do you think of this scene of feet kissing? Have you ever felt such drawing love to Christ? Has His pardoning grace ever enkindled such love in your heart? It may

be you are saying, "Oh, that I knew where I might find Him ! that I might come even to His seat !" Perhaps you are saying with the Greeks, "We *would* see Jesus ;" or with Mary, His mother, "We have sought Thee sorrowing." If it be so with you, then look up, however you may be cast down. Hearken to His cheering words : "If a man love Me, he will keep My words ; and My Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him." "They that seek shall find."

W. B.

POPERY.

THE CHAMBER OF IMAGERY IN THE CHURCH OF ROME LAID OPEN ; OR, AN ANTIDOTE AGAINST POPERY.

A SERMON BY JOHN OWEN, D.D.

(Continued from page 111.)

II.* It is an unquestionable principle of truth that the Church of Christ is *a body*, and hath *a head*, whereon it depends. A body without a head is but a carcase ; and this head must be always present with it.

But there is a double notion of a head, and also of a body. A natural body must have a head of vital influence, and a political body must have a head of government. So the Church, as a spiritually living body, must have a head of vital influence ; and, as an orderly society, must have a head of rule and government. All who are called Christians are thus far agreed—nothing belongs to the Church which is not united to the head. That which *holds the head* is the true Church ; that which doth not so is no Church at all. This Head of the Church is Christ Jesus alone. He only answers all the properties and ends of such a head to the Church.

How, then, is the Lord Christ so present with His Church ? The Scripture hath left no pretence for hesitation herein ; for He is so by His Spirit and His Word, by which He communiceth all the powers and virtues of a Head unto it continually. And the Spirit and the Word are inseparably united in their operation. Inasmuch as Christ is a Head of influence, the Spirit worketh by the Word ; and inasmuch as Christ is a Head of rule, the Word is made effectual by the Spirit. But the sense of this was for a long time lost amongst them that called themselves "the Church." How Christ should be the only Head of rule unto the Church they could not understand. They said He was absent and invisible, and all things would go to disorder, not

*On page 107, line thirty-one, there should be no number II. ; and on page 109, line seven, there should be no number III.

withstanding such a Headship. They would, therefore, make an image of Christ as this head of the Church, to possess the place and act all the powers of such a head ; for the Church, they say, is visible, and must have a visible head, and this was their Pope—such an image as is one of the worst of idols that ever were in the world. Unto him they give all the titles of Christ which relate unto the Church, and ascribe to him also all the powers of Christ in and over the Church, as regards its rule. But never was there a more horrid, deformed image made of so beautiful and glorious a Head. All the craft of Satan, all the wits of men, cannot invent anything more unlike Christ, as the Head of the Church, than this Pope is. It is evident wherein lies the preservation of believers from being inveigled to bow down to this image and worship it. A due sense of the sole authority of Christ in and over His Church, with an experience of the power of His Word and Spirit unto all the ends of its rule and order, will keep them unto the truth herein, and nothing else will do so.

Again, it is a notion of truth that *the Church of Christ is beautiful and glorious*. The Scripture, indeed, plainly declares this glory to be spiritual and internal: that it consists in its union unto Christ, His presence with it, the communication of His quickening Spirit unto it, the clothing of it with His righteousness, in its sanctification and purification from the defilement of sin, with its fruitfulness in obedience unto the praise of God. Add hereunto the celebration of divine worship in it, with its rule and order, according to the commandment of Christ, and we have the substance of this glory. And this glory believers do discern so as to be satisfied with its excellency. But the generality of mankind had lost that spiritual light wherein alone this glory might be discerned. They could see no form or beauty in the spouse of Christ as only adorned with His graces ; wherefore they agreed on a lying image of this glory, namely, the dignity, promotion, wealth, dominion, power, and splendour of all them that had got the rule of the Church. This corrupt image of the true spiritual glory of the Church hath been attended with pernicious consequents in the world, for it is suited only to divert the minds of men from a comprehension and valuation of that real glory wherein, if they have not an interest, they must perish for ever.

The means of our preservation from the adoration of these images is obvious from our principles. It will not be done without light to discern the glory of things spiritual and invisible, wherein alone the Church is glorious. That self-denial also, which is indispensably prescribed in the Gospel to all the disciples of Christ, is requisite hereunto ; for the mind being hereby crucified unto an estimation of secular power and riches, can

never apprehend them as any part of that raiment of the Church wherein it is glorious.

In the rule and discipline of the Church, also, there hath been as fatal a miscarriage as ever fell out in Christian religion. It is acknowledged by all that the Lord Christ hath appointed a rule and discipline in His Church for its good and preservation, and that this discipline is powerful and effectual unto all its proper ends, which are the order, peace, purity, and holiness of the Church, with a representation of the love, care, and watchfulness of Christ over it, and a testimony unto His future judgment. None dare deny any of these principles; but unto them all we must also add that the power and efficacy of this discipline, which it hath from the institution of Christ, is spiritual only. So the Apostle expressly describes it (2 Cor. x. 4, 5): "For the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds," &c. Of the power and efficacy of this spiritual discipline the primitive Christians at least had experience. For three hundred years the Church had no other way or means for the preservation of its order, peace, purity, and holiness, but the spiritual efficacy of this discipline on the souls and consciences of professed Christians; and there can be no other reason given why it should not be of the same use still unto all Churches, but only the loss of those internal graces which are necessary to make any Gospel institutions effectual. For this reason, all experience of the spiritual power of this discipline was lost amongst the most of them that are called Christians; they found it altogether useless in the Church. Wherefore they contrived a horrid image of the holy spiritual rule of the Gospel—an image consisting in outward force and tyranny over the persons, liberties, and lives of men, exercised with weapons mighty through the devil to cast men into prison and to destroy them. This is that discipline in whose execution the blood of an innumerable company of holy martyrs hath been shed—that wherein all the vital spirits of the Papacy act themselves, and whereby it doth subsist.

Unto the foregoing particular instances, with respect to the Church, I shall add one which is comprehensive of them all, or the root from whence they spring: this is concerning *the Catholic Church*. What belongs unto this Catholic Church the Apostle declares in Hebrews xii. 22—24. It is a holy, mystical society, purchased and purified by the blood of Christ, and united unto Him by His Spirit, or by the indwelling of the same Spirit in Him and those whereof it doth consist. Hence they with Him, as the body with its Head, are mystically called Christ (1 Cor. xii. 12). Next unto the forming and production of its Head in the incarnation of the Son of God, this Church, as adorned with all the graces of the Holy Spirit, is the most beautiful and glorious effect

which divine wisdom, power, and grace will extend themselves unto here below.

But that spiritual light which is necessary to the discerning of this glory was lost among those of whom we treat; they could see no reality nor beauty in these things. But they had possessed themselves of the notion of a *Catholic Church*, and they have formed the most deformed and detestable image of it that ever the world beheld, for the Catholic Church which they own, and which they boast that they are, is a society of men unto the constitution whereof there is *no one real Christian grace required*, nor spiritual union unto Christ the Head, but only an outside profession of these things, as they expressly contend—a society united unto the Pope of Rome as its head by a subjection unto him and his rule according to the laws and canons whereby he will guide them. This is that image of the holy Catholic Church, the spouse of Christ, which they have set up—a Church compacted in itself by *horrid bonds and ligaments* for the ends of ambition, worldly domination, and avarice. And it hath been as the image of Moloch, that hath devoured and consumed the children of the Church, whose cries, when their cruel stepmother pitied them not, and when their pretended spiritual fathers cast them into the flames, came up into the ears of the Lord of hosts, and their blood still cries for vengeance on this idolatrous generation. Yet this pretence of the Catholic Church is so pressed on men with sophistical artifices, secular advantages, and often with force and cruelty, that nothing can secure us from the admission of it but the means before insisted on. A spiritual light is necessary hereunto, to discern the internal spiritual beauty and glory of the true Catholic Church of Christ. Where this is in its power, all the paintings and dresses of their deformed image will fall off from it, and its abominable filth will be made to appear.

(To be continued.)

THE ordinances are the gardens and galleries of Christ, wherein He gives us of His love. Those who are humble and sincere know how often their souls have been refreshed in them, and how long sometimes the impressions they have received of divine grace and love have continued with them, unto their unspeakable consolation. They remember what they have received in the opening and application of the "exceeding great and precious promises" that are given unto them, whereby they are "made partakers of the divine nature;" how many a time they have received light in darkness, refreshment under despondencies, relief in their conflicts with dangers and temptations in and by them.—*Dr. Owen.*

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF THE LATE
JAMES WILMSHURST, OF CRANBROOK.*(Concluded from page 116.)*

July 4th, 1870.—How kind is the dear Lord in sending refreshing showers this morning, thus regarding (as I trust) the prayers offered on the past day. "Praise the Lord, O my soul: and let all flesh bless His holy name."

November 23rd.—I am more and more compelled to cry, "My leanness, my leanness! Woe unto me!" It is indeed a painful ordeal, but it is, nevertheless, the lot oftentimes of the Lord's family. All bear the same family likeness. "As face answereth to face in the water, so the heart of man to man." I received a letter last Saturday from a dear child of God, and he complained most bitterly of the same thing, and said all he could do was to keep crying, praying, and calling for help, and it was with the greatest difficulty he could keep his head above water. The Lord, I perceive, is deepening the work in his soul, and I trust he will be brought through into a wealthy place. I can but wish there was more of this heart-work amongst us as a people. There are a few—and I believe but very few—really exercised souls in our midst.

January 2nd, 1871.—Our esteemed sister in the Lord, Miss Jeffery, died on Saturday, December 31st. The circumstances of her last illness are these: About the middle of December she had the words applied, "The days of thy mourning shall be ended," which she felt would be the case. She did not quite take to her bed till December 26th. About this time she said, "I should like one more visit from my Father, one more token for good, though I do not doubt my interest." The next day she was heard to repeat the following—

" His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye,
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself shall die."

During great bodily suffering she was heard pleading thus, "Do, O Lord, have pity on Thy child now I need it! Do have pity! Thou art my Father and very pitiful." At another time she said, "If this is dying, it is hard work, but nothing to what *He* suffered." My son called to see her shortly before her end. She recognised him, and tried three times to repeat—

" 'My times are in Thy hand,' I cried,
Though I draw near the dust;
Thou art the refuge where I hide;
The God in whom I trust."

When asked if she felt supported, she said audibly, "Yes;" then said, "Good-bye! May God bless you!" These were the last words she was heard to say. She sank into a doze, and gently breathed her last without a sigh or groan.

October 30th.—May it please the Great Teacher of Israel to inscribe the lessons taught in the school upon the hearts of the children. I am persuaded that He is able, even of these stones, to raise up children unto Abraham, to cry, "Hosannah to the Son of David!" Considering the liberty I have sometimes felt in pleading for them, I feel a hope that a seed to serve and praise Him will some day be found amongst them, who will rise up to call Him blessed, and of whom it shall be said, "This is the seed whom the Lord hath blessed."

We are now come to the close of the extracts from our friend's writings, or at least so far as we think likely to prove interesting to our readers. We believe sufficient has been recorded to show that "he feared the Lord above many," and was enabled, by a meek and quiet spirit and upright walk, to ornament the profession of that name he so dearly loved. He was truly a praying man. Early morning, both in summer and winter (no matter how soon his business required his attention), he was up, and seeking the Lord for that strength he felt his need of, and again during the day, when able, he would retire for reading, meditation, and prayer. Nothing that transpired did he dare to proceed with till he had spread it before the Lord. On one occasion an aged Christian, who was greatly beholden to him for many acts of kindness, wished to reward him for it by leaving a legacy in her will; but, as there were some distant relations not very well off, he could not feel it would be right, and, after seeking for direction, he felt he must refuse to receive anything, from the application of these words, "I will not take from a thread even to a shoe-latchet, lest thou shouldest say, I have made Abram rich." All worldly company he shunned, and would retire to another room if the conversation was not profitable. Even amongst his own family he would often say, when their conversation was trifling, "In all labour there is profit, but the talk of the lips tendeth only to penury." The aged, the sick, and the poor ever found him a sincere and faithful friend, and they greatly missed him when removed by death. We have no desire to write anything to exalt the creature, but only to magnify the grace that was put into his earthen vessel. In his life he ever felt and expressed himself to be the chief of sinners and the least of all saints. By his children, his prayers, his example, and his counsel are tenderly cherished. To one of them he wrote those excellent epistles, "A Father's Letters to his Son," which appeared in the *LITTLE GLEANER* for 1878.

We shall now give some account of his last illness and death, which no doubt our friends will feel interested in perusing.

In November, 1871, he complained very much of a violent pain in his left arm. This had been weak and troublesome at times for a period of thirty-five years, which arose, in the first instance, through a cut on his thumb, followed by violent inflammation, which flew to the arm and caused the bone gradually to decay. After Christmas, 1871, the arm had become so bad that he was compelled to abstain from business, and suffered excessively with it both night and day. On the evening of January 19th, 1872, the arm burst out bleeding to an alarming extent, and, although it subsided after a few hours, it left him much weakened. He seemed to have no intimation whether his affliction was for life or death, but desired to fall humbly into the Lord's hands. He said the hymn of Hart's, commencing, "Lord, what a riddle is my soul!" had been much upon his mind. He repeated it through with tears in his eyes, and, when he came to the last verse, he repeated it twice—

"Nor spare to make me clearly see
The sorrows Thou hast felt for me;
If death must follow, I comply;
Let me be sick with love and die."

For a few days after this the pain seemed better, but his sufferings soon returned worse than before, and at times were most distressing to witness. About the latter end of February he had one day been in great agony, which seemed more than he could possibly endure. When his dear wife went in to him after tea, she found him weeping bitterly, she thought with pain; but, upon speaking to him, he said, "It is not pain; but, as I was sitting here, it seemed as though a voice said, 'I, the Lord, am come down to deliver;' and then followed, 'After that ye have suffered awhile, I will strengthen, stablish, settle you.'" Then he said, "The sting of death is past." This was a great lift, and seemed to abide with him for some time. All through March he became rapidly worse, so that further medical advice was called in, when it was decided that the arm must be amputated at once, as he was fast sinking from his sufferings. He received the decision very calmly, and soon felt his mind led to take this step, and urged that it might be accomplished very quickly. When the time arrived, he maintained his composure to a marked degree, committing himself and all his circumstances into the Lord's hands.

The operation was successfully performed, and for a time it was quite hoped he would be restored; but, towards the latter end of June, he began to decline, symptoms of dropsy showing them-

selves. Every week seemed to find him worse, yet so long as he possibly could he endeavoured to fill his place in the house of God. Very striking was the last hymn he ever gave out, and which was truly the language of his heart—

“No, 'tis in vain to seek for bliss ;
For bliss can ne'er be found
Till we arrive where Jesus is,
And tread on heavenly ground.

“'Tis heaven on earth to taste His love,
To feel His quickening grace :
And all the heaven I hope above
Is but to see His face.”

On the morning of September 9th, he was so ill that he said to his eldest son, “I feel you must now prepare to do without me. I only now desire to be quite ready to die, and for the dear Lord to take me home to Himself.”

September 11th.—He was forbidden even to sit up in the bed, owing to his complaint, and from this time was almost as helpless as a child. He said, “I am bowed down with weakness. All I can do is to look up to Jesus, and I do not think He will disappoint the hope which I have placed in Him. I cannot say so much about the state of my mind as some can ; but all I can do is to look.” He then asked for some papers to be brought to him which he had written in his younger days, as a diary. These he desired might be burnt, as they were not worth keeping ; but upon reading to him a passage from one of them, in which he related a special blessing that the Lord had bestowed upon him, he mused awhile, and then said they should not be burnt, as they contained more precious and valuable things than he remembered. He asked for the seventy-first Psalm to be read to him. He also desired a letter should be written to the late Mr. Holden, of Cranleigh, informing him of his state, “and tell him I hope I am trusting upon a sinner's only foundation. I am not harassed with doubts and fears, but all is right, all is right.”

September 12th.—Asked for Newton's hymn, “My soul, this curious house of clay,” to be read to him. To a friend who said, “I hope you find the Lord with you,” he replied, “Well, I feel a firm resting, and do not think I shall be disappointed.

“'Tis sweet to lie passive in His hands,
And know no will but His.’”

September 14th.—Early in the morning he had a very severe time of suffering, when he cried out, “O Lord, have mercy upon me, for Jesus' sake, for Thy mercy is very great !” Soon after he became calm, and continued so for some hours. His breathing now

became most difficult and painful to witness, and his words very hard to understand, so that from this time much that he said was lost. The latter part of the day he said, "I have had more light in my mind than I have had, and have had less pain, and been able to plead my cause with the dear Lord." He then had part of Hebrews xii. read to him.

September 15th.—Early this morning he was in most earnest prayer, and committed his wife and children into the hands of Him who is "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." He then cried out, "O Lord, spare me a little, that I may recover strength before I go hence, and be no more! Give me all that faith, meekness, and preparation that I need." He now sank rapidly. Once he said, "'Praise waiteth for Thee, O God, in Zion,' and not in the world;" and again, "Bless the Lord, O my soul." Besides this he said but little, except that he was continually in earnest prayer; and truly his last night on earth might be called a night of prayer.

On the morning of the 19th it was evident the end of all his sufferings, borne with so much patience and Christian resignation, was near at hand, and ere another earthly sun had set, he had the summons to enter into the presence of Him whom he had loved so long, and unto that land where sorrow and sighing are done away. Almost the last words distinguishable were a plea for the Lord to be still gracious to him, and faithful to His promise: "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." Shortly after, he opened his eyes and looked upwards, and his willing spirit had returned into the hands of Him who gave it.

"One gentle sigh their fetters breaks;
We scarce can say 'They're gone!'
Before the willing spirit takes
Her mansion near the throne.

"While they have gained, we losers are;
We miss them day by day;
But Thou canst every breach repair,
And wipe our tears away.

"Their faith and patience, love and zeal,
Should make their memory dear;
And Lord, do Thou the prayers fulfil
They offered for us here!"

[In last month's portion of the above gracious diary, the fact of the ordinances not being attended to, and there being no meetings for prayer, was referred to as a hindrance to the author uniting with the cause at Providence Chapel. A friend, however, wishes us to say that Mr. Smart preached on Thursday evenings as long as he felt able so to do, and Mr. Wilmshurst occasionally attended.]

MEMOIR OF THE LIFE AND LABOURS OF THE
LATE SEPTIMUS SEARS.

THE life of every gracious man has in it something worthy of record ; for, while all are brought to know the Lord (Jer. xxxi. 34), and so possess "eternal life" (John xvii. 3), the time it may take and the means used to that end greatly vary. Some are called, like Josiah, very early to seek the Lord God of their fathers, while others, although more rarely, are convinced of sin and saved by grace, like the dying thief, at the eleventh hour. The prayers of some may receive as speedy an answer as Saul's did, who, in three days after his call, was manifested as a brother to Ananias (Acts ix. 17) ; whereas others, like Cornelius, shall be unknown unto the disciples for years, until at length he is told, "Thy prayers and thine alms are come up for a memorial before God" (Acts x. 4), and thereupon he hears the Gospel and receives a full remission of sin.

Some experience at first much of the powerful ministration of the law, disclosing the heart's depravity; while others, as Job, Hezekiah, and Jonah, learn more of this in subsequent experiences. Then the Lord's dealings in providence and His leadings in grace are so diversified that, as Mr. Hart says, "there is no chalking out the paths of one child of God by those of another ; no laying down regular plans of Christian conversion, Christian experience, Christian usefulness, or Christian conversation." Therefore, although the Press is ever bringing forth biographies, memoirs, and obituaries of departed saints and crowned warriors, there is ever something fresh to show forth the skill and power of Him who is "wonderful in counsel and excellent in working ;" and often, by observing these things even in others (Phil. ii. 4), we are made more clearly to "understand the lovingkindness of the Lord" (Psa. cvii. 43). We are poor contracted creatures, ever trying to drive every one's course into our narrow groove, so that, by the prayerful perusal of a good man's life, comparing it with the Word of God, and contrasting with our own or with the experience of others, we may well say, "There is no searching of His understanding" (Isaiah xl. 28).

The Memoir of Septimus Sears, the late beloved Editor of this Magazine, brings its "mite" of interest to the "treasury" of biographies which already forms a part of our libraries. Much of the narrative is the reproduction of his own words, showing forth the inner man and outward walk of this dear servant of Christ who rests from his labours, and whose works do follow him.

Called to preach the Word of life when only twenty years of

age, and under great physical infirmities, having his head supported by an iron instrument, he attracted large congregations. Though weak in body, he was "strong in the Lord and in the power of His might." Thus the natural defect in him was made the forerunner of a spiritual effect upon others, so that, where there was a lack, God bestowed more abundant honour (1 Cor. xii. 24).

It is manifest that Mr. Sears valued the ministry of others, although his opportunities for hearing might have been but few. On page 93, after speaking of a season of darkness, he relates having had a remarkable blessing under the late dear Mr. Philpot. He says—

Mr. Philpot commenced prayer in these words:—"O God, the Father of all who believe on Jesus;" and a sweet ray seemed to enter my mind. My hope that I believed on Jesus, hence that God was my Father, was revived. He prayed with much humility, unction, and fervour, and I felt my heart could join in his longing desires that the Lord would bless His own Word. He read for a text, "O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted, behold, I will lay thy stones with fair colours, and lay thy foundations with sapphires. And I will make thy windows of agates, and thy gates of carbuncles, and all thy borders of pleasant stones" (Isaiah liv. 11, 12). While he described the afflicted, tempest tossed, and not comforted one to whom these gracious promises are made, I felt as if I was sitting for my very portrait, but no great special power accompanied this. At length he spoke of the Lord Jesus, the heavenly Man, as comparable to the sapphire, a stone of a heavenly blue colour, and then very solemnly inquired whether God had ever laid His dear Son beneath us as our soul's foundation. I can never describe what I felt. A beam from heaven shone upon my path; a sweet consciousness that Jesus was my foundation filled my soul. My heart melted through. Tears flowed down my face—which are very uncommon with me. I dropped my head down in the seat, and could do nothing but whisper over and over the dear name of Jesus, and say—

"O my Jesus, Thou art mine,
With all Thy grace and power;
I am now, and shall be Thine
When time shall be no more."

This was a season never to be forgotten; indeed, throughout his career Septimus Sears was ever learning more of Jesus Christ, whom he desired to know and to be like unto. His afflictions were mingled with many consolations, so that he could say—

"With mercy and with judgment
My web of time He wove;
But aye the dews of sorrow
Were lusted with His love."

Every one who really knew Mr. Sears could discern a very godly man, and one deeply instructed in the truth of God. He was an indefatigable labourer in the Lord's vineyard, and seems

to have been led in the spirit of the advice Mr. Huntington gave to one of his friends in the ministry: "Aim more at being a father than a nurse." His fervent zeal seemed only to have been checked by his continual afflictions.

To the end of his days he was a sufferer, and everything which disturbed his mind augmented his malady, but he found that "consolation" and "comfort of love" in Christ which more than compensated for all his trials.

The copyright of this volume of 254 pages, published at the low price of 2s. 6d., is the property of Mrs. Sears. The type is very good, and the volume is beautifully finished. Many of our readers have it, and prize it for its intrinsic worth and life-like steel portrait. It is with a desire that many may receive a spiritual benefit in reading it, and that the dear widow may not incur any pecuniary loss by its publication, that we thus seek for the Memoir a wide circulation.

"LEAD THOU ME ON."

OH, lead me on ; the way is dark without Thee,
 Thou great Redeemer from all sin and woe ;
 Amid life's changes may I never doubt Thee,
 But follow still when Thou dost bid me go.

"Lead Thou me on ;" Guide of the weak and dreary ;
 Be Thou my help when thorny is the way ;
 Without Thy smile my heart is sad and weary,
 But hope immortal brightens in its ray.

"Lead Thou me on ;" while storms of life o'ertake me,
 Then may Thy promise on my spirit fall—
 "Lo, I am with thee," "I will not forsake thee,"
 With heaven-born music 'mid the gloomy thrall.

"Lead Thou me on ;" there is no guide beside Thee,
 No sure, unfailing beacons but Thine own :
 If Thou art nigh, whatever may betide me
 Will only draw me nearer to the throne.

"Lead Thou me on ;" too long my soul has doubted ;
 "Come unto Me," I hear Thee sweetly say ;
 Too long cold unbelief my path has shrouded :
 Forgive me, Saviour ; hear me while I pray.

"Lead Thou me on," O Man of Sorrows, ever,
 Thou who didst bear our sin upon the tree ;
 Grant me Thy peace, and may it, like a river,
 Flow through my heart from love's unbounded sea.

Oh, lead me on till I have gained the river,
 Whose surges break on the eternal strand ;
 Then guide my spirit to the bright for ever,
 Through golden portals to the sinless land.

ANON.

THE NAME OF JESUS.

WHAT advantages sometimes have been gained by a person being allowed to mention the name of another, and so we often hear the remark, "You may make what use you like of my name." A friend once called to enquire after a situation, but was answered in the negative, being told there was not a single vacancy. As they were leaving they said, "It was through — we called," when they were asked to return, and arrangements were made for them to enter into his service.

If the mention of an earthly friend's name is so prevailing, how much more shall the name of Jesus, "that name which is above every name," prevail with God! And does not the Lord Jesus say to each of His members, "Mention My name whenever you go to God"? "Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in My name, He will give it you" (John xiv. 13, 14; xv. 16; xvi. 23, 24). "Ye ask and receive not, because ye ask amiss;" "Hitherto ye have asked nothing in My name."

Oh, that Christians pleaded more the name of Jesus! Can we come with anything more pleasing to God than His own dear Son, and ask to be accepted for His sake? When most conscious in ourselves that we are all sin, and dare not approach unto God, oh, then may we bring that precious Lamb that is without blemish and without spot, who is "holy, harmless, undefiled" (Heb. viii. 26), and seek forgiveness for His sake, pleading His holy life and merit as ours. What a mercy that sinners may thus draw nigh to a holy God! "Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift" (2 Cor. ix. 15).

LETTERS FOR THE YOUNG.—No. II.

COPY OF A LETTER RECEIVED FROM A SCHOLAR IN OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

DEAR FRIEND,—It has been on my mind for two or three days past to try and write to you, and now, with the Lord's help, I will do so. Without the Lord does help me, I can do nothing aright. I am such a poor worthless worm, I deserve nothing but hell. I have been, and am still, such a wicked sinner. I do wish the Lord would forgive me. I am afraid He will not have anything to do with me. I do pray Him to look upon me and bless me, and "be merciful to me a sinner." My poor soul does long for the Lord to take this poor stony heart away, to "create in me a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within me." I would part with everything if the Lord would forgive my sins—if He

would but give me a drink of living water. My soul does thirst after the water of life, but I have been so wicked I fear the Lord will not give me a drink. The more I try to be good the worse I seem, but I do try to ask Him to make me good. I do long to be one of the Lord's dear children—to be washed in His precious blood. The language of my heart is—

“ Oh, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean ;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.”

I hope you will not be offended with me, a poor, helpless, ignorant sinner, for taking the liberty of writing to you. I could not have done so unless the Lord had helped me. I am helpless, and can do nothing only lie at His blessed feet, crying, “God be merciful to me a sinner!” When I think of His love to poor sinners, and how kind He has been to me, I feel as if my heart would break. I have been so wicked, I am sure He would be just in sending me to hell this very minute. I do pray Him not to deal with me according to my deservings. If He did do so, I am sure I should go to hell. I am afraid it is not real what I have felt, but I am sure, whether it is so or not, I do desire above all things to be found in Jesus. Oh, if He would come and bless me, give me a new heart, forgive my sins, and make me one of His children, I feel I should not care to live. I should then be ready to die. I do not want to live in this world. I can say—

“ Weary of earth, myself, and sin,
Dear Jesus, set me free,
And to Thy glory take me in,
For there I long to be.

“ Burdened, dejected, and oppressed,
Ah ! whither shall I flee
But to Thy arms for peace and rest ?
For there I long to be.”

I do long to fly to His arms and dwell with Him for ever.

ONE LONGING TO BE FOUND IN JESUS.

Coventry, January 15th, 1879.

NOMINAL professors wish to possess both worlds ; to taste the joys of earth and the bliss of heaven ; but Eternal Truth hath said, “Ye cannot serve God and mammon.” Such profession of faith must, therefore, lead to the chambers of death, for “if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His ;” and Christ hath declared of all His true disciples, “Ye are not of the world, even as I am not of the world.”—*Scrite.*

THE SOWER.

NOTES OF A SERMON BY MR. HULL,
PREACHED NOVEMBER 23RD, 1879.

"Then Nebuchadnezzar spake, and said, Blessed be the God of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, who hath sent His angel, and delivered His servants that trusted in Him."—DANIEL iii. 28.

WHAT a mercy to apprehend the protecting hand of God, and to know something of His mercy, not only in taking us into His covenant, to care for, lead, and guide us continually, but also in a way of special and providential protection from all the foes and ills that we may be subject to all through this wilderness journey. One of old might well say, "O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in Thee." Those that trust in the Lord do at times feel and enjoy that blessedness. We know it, and have been confirmed in the truth that those are blessed who trust in the Lord, and that the blessing of the Lord, who changeth not, is upon His spiritual Israel. When Balaam saw this, he felt there was no power in him to curse Israel: "How shall I curse whom God hath not cursed? Behold, I have received commandment to bless: and He hath blessed, and I cannot reverse it." That command thrust Balaam back. He felt his purposes were frustrated, and he saw that it was impossible to curse those whom the Lord had blessed. Some of us who are here this morning have felt the blessedness of trusting in the Lord, and of being sheltered under His wing; and, when we can more or less enter into the sweet experience of the first verse of the ninety-first Psalm, "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty," then we come feelingly into that personal experience, "I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress; my God; in Him will I trust." We then know something of this blessedness, not only in our judgment, but we have a gracious experience of it, and it is a blessedness which must be felt to be understood. We may read about it, talk about it, but we cannot give ourselves the feeling of it. It is beyond compare. It is a blessedness which relieves the soul in every trouble, however great, and makes us content with our portion, and brings us into the place which the poet thus describes—

"Pleased with what the Lord provides,
And weaned from all the world besides."

Now, to live in the enjoyment of such blessedness must be a foretaste of heaven; to realize this must be a taste of that bliss

which is in store for God's suffering saints. These are blessings which do not spring out of the earth, but what is conveyed to the heart by the Holy Ghost; and, while it gives us a feeling of fellowship with the Lord Jesus Christ, what a confidence it gives! The righteous, then, truly are "bold as a lion." "Whom shall I fear?" says the soul; "'though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear.' While the Lord is on my side, while the Lord is my strength, 'of whom shall I be afraid?'" And the Apostle takes this up, and says, "If God be for us, who can be against us?" Not but men may rise up against us, but God has declared, "Behold, they shall surely gather together, but not by Me: whosoever shall gather together against thee shall fall for thy sake." Thus the Lord will give His people to ride over the necks of their enemies, and all the enemies of Christ shall submit themselves unto Him. "The foot shall tread it down, even the feet of the poor and the steps of the needy." Thus God being on the side of His people, He is their sanctuary, their place of refuge, their house of defence and munition of rocks. The Apostle might well say, "If God be for us, who can be against us?"

In the history of the Church of God these things have been exemplified again and again. Circumstances have brought them out to light, and we have them left on record. We may have a knowledge of the Word of God, and believe all we read, but trying circumstances arise which put our faith and knowledge to the test, and then we realize the truth and application of the words which we have read and believed. It is quite possible for us to know many things in our judgment which we do not practically realize until we come into the experience of them. We may have a spiritual knowledge of divine things, but if that knowledge has not been to some degree tempered by experience, it has perhaps lifted us up beyond our spiritual strength. It is something like it is in nature, when children outgrow their strength: they grow up rapidly, but the result is, it takes a series of years to establish their constitution and make their frame really strong. And this is the case with some young Christians who have been favoured to sit under the sound of the truth. They have so much knowledge, and they think themselves so strong that nothing could move them; but, by-and-bye, the day of trial comes on, and the lesson they thought they well understood has to be learned. Their knowledge is put to the test, and oh, how weak they find themselves to be! How they are brought to their wits' end, and they find their knowledge avails them little or nothing in the time of trial. Ah! and some of you aged Christians, who are much older than myself, have had to go back and learn over again the lessons your judgments had

previously received. Thus we find these things verified again and again. In the evidencing of the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ before the world, the power of God has been so often manifested, and to such a degree, that the world has been compelled to own it to be the "power of God." And what is a religion without this power? Why, a religion without the power of God is worth nothing; but an evidence of that power, how it establishes our faith, raises our hope, and gives us to feel the foundation under our feet to be good! The circumstance connected with my text is one of such evidences. It was a very manifest display of God's power and faithfulness in delivering His own children. The children of God are often perplexed because they are brought into a variety of trials. They suffer the same afflictions as are common to the world; and they wonder, if they are the children of God why they, as in this case, should suffer with the ungodly.

We cannot suppose that it was the choice of these three men to go into Babylon; but their brethren, the Jews, were sent there for the punishment of their sins as a nation; and thus, while the children of Israel were sent into Babylon for their sins, many of the children of God who were among them had to partake of that affliction. But God had His eye upon them; His care was over them, and He went before them, and bade them "seek the peace of the city whither I have caused you to be carried away captives, and pray unto the Lord for it: for in the peace thereof shall ye have peace." Thus they were to go there for a time; and God's time of trial in the case of His people is always a limited time; so Job says, "When He has tried me, I shall come forth as gold." Now Job realized that it was only for a time, and, when that was ended, he should come forth as gold. God told His people it was seventy years, and, when that time was accomplished, they should return to their own land. Thus He said He would not cut His people off, nor cast them away, but they were to go into captivity for their sins as a nation; and, when the Lord visits the sins of any nation upon it, His own people have to suffer with the rest, and thus it was with these three men. They went down into Babylon as appointed by the Lord, and, when there, they were among the number that hung their harps upon the willows. There were none among the people of the land that understood the love and mercy of God; none with whom they could assemble or take sweet counsel. They were strangers in a strange land. Well, these three men submitted themselves to the Lord, and went with the rest of their countrymen into Babylon, where Nebuchadnezzar sought to exercise a despotic control over their consciences when he commanded them to fall down before his idol. But these good men dared to stand

when the king commanded them to fall down and worship the image he had set up. They stood erect when those around them bowed themselves at the king's bidding. The command was repeated, and still they refused. The fear of God was in their heart, and that is "a fountain of life, to depart from the snares of death;" and, like Joseph, the feeling arose, "How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?" There was the command of this despotic king, and there was his terrible power and dreadful threatenings; but mark their steadfastness. "Nebuchadnezzar spake and said unto them, Is it true, O Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, do not ye serve my gods, nor worship the golden image which I have set up? Now, if ye be ready that at what time ye hear the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and dulcimer, and all kinds of musick, ye fall down and worship the image which I have made, well; but if ye worship not, ye shall be cast the same hour into the midst of a burning fiery furnace; and who is that God that shall deliver you out of my hands?" Proud boaster! How he lived to prove it was but a proud and empty display of creature importance; and so will every man have to prove his folly that boasts himself against God.

Well, they very meekly replied, "O Nebuchadnezzar, we are not careful to answer thee in this matter. If it be so, our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace, and He will deliver us out of thine hand, O king." Here was the fear of God, and this fear is a power that will prevail against all the power of sin and Satan; yea, whatever combined powers stand opposed to the fear of God, they must, sooner or later, fall before it, for the fear of God shall triumph over all. Oh, it is a mercy to be possessed of the fear and love of God! It is a mercy to be under His wing, to be upheld by His power. "Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us." There was a resting upon that almighty arm which never fails His people in their times of need; there was a confessing of that almighty power that is ever on the side of those who fear God; and they were not put to shame.

Oh, when you and I come into trial, what a mercy if we can come into it with this feeling: "Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us"! And then, how great the mercy if we can go a little farther than that, and say, "And He will deliver us"! You may be brought into trouble where the Lord will so appear for you as to make your enemies to tremble, but you may also go into trouble, and the Lord may not appear for your deliverance in the same marked way as you have before experienced, and you may not be able to say with the same confidence as before, "He hath delivered, He doth deliver, and in whom we trust that He

will still deliver us ;” but yet you may feel He is able to deliver, and also hope that He will deliver in His own time and way.

Well, here was a stand made, and a resolute one too ; but it was one made in the fear of God, and one made in the strength of God. And now we find how wonderfully this was seen to be the power of faith in God, and how it evidenced that the Spirit of Christ was with them, and that the fear of the Lord was in their religion : “ But if not, be it known unto thee, O king ”—if it should not be His will to appear for us, and bring us out of this furnace, yet—“ be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up.” Did they do wrong in this respect to the king ? They would yield their bodies—they would sacrifice all worldly good, and their lives too—but they would not sacrifice the honour of their God. They knew that to yield to the king’s command would be a reflection of dishonour upon His name, and a grief to those who loved and feared God. What a mercy when we can feel something of the love of God in our hearts that makes sin hateful ! To know something of the love of the Father in giving His Son to die for us, and to know that Christ is our Redeemer by the witnessing of the blessed Spirit, this will cause us to feel, “ How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God ? ” When the love of God is lively in the heart, how tenderly the children of God walk wherever they may go, and in whatever company they may be cast. This fear is “ a fountain of life, to depart from the snares of death.” But mark, it is not a galling yoke, but an easy one, for the will is one with these things, and they are found to be according to the desire of the heart. “ We love Him because He first loved us ; ” and we would love Him so as to serve Him with all our heart—serve Him in newness of spirit, not in the oldness of the letter—and by-and-bye we hope to be always before Him, and to “ serve Him day and night in His temple.”

Now this is heart-service, and how sweet it is to feel the heart thus dissolved before God ! Alas ! alas ! how little of this love to God is felt in our hearts—at least, how little do I feel in my heart compared with what I would ! The profession in this our day evidences but little of this sweet grace. Alas ! the world with its wide jaws seems to be well-nigh devouring many, and its spirit is so gaining the ascendancy among the professed followers of Christ that the religion that is glorifying to His name is thrust back and almost trodden underfoot thereby. But what a mercy to feel that now and again He blesses us with the power of His grace, raises our minds up from cleaving to the earth, subdues the prevailing carnality of the heart, and so overcomes all worldly lusts therein that, when He brings us back to His feet, He brings

us to the frame of mind we love to enjoy, and we can not only say, but feel, that—

“ Everything that’s dear to Him
To me is also dear.”

Their reply threw the monarch into a rage, and by his command the matter came to the fiery test. Now see on which side and in whose favour it will fall. God has said, “Them that honour Me I will honour, and they that despise Me shall be lightly esteemed.” Well, the king has them cast into the furnace, but God went before, and was with them there, so that the fury of the fire was quenched ; and when they looked that these intrepid saints should have been consumed, only their bands were burned, and they were seen to be set at liberty, and walking up and down in the fire ; and thus that fiery furnace proved to be God’s way of showing His power to save, and not man’s way to destroy these God-fearing men.

Some might think that, since God knew their faith would stand the test, as He did Abraham’s, because it was His own gift, there was therefore no need for His servants to be put through such a trying ordeal. Ah ! but God’s ways are not our ways, nor His thoughts our thoughts. This was God’s way of working in order that He should be honoured by the faith of His servants, and that proud man should be humbled at the sight of God thus highly honouring those who had honoured Him ; for they found, according to their word and faith, that God was able to deliver them from the despot’s power.

Well, the king looked into the furnace, and “was astonished, and rose up in haste, and said unto his counsellors, Did not we cast three men bound into the midst of the fire ? They answered and said, True, O king. He answered and said, Lo, I see four men loose, walking in the midst of the fire ; and the form of the fourth is like the Son of God.” Ah ! there was the secret. The Lord their God was with them in the fire—yea, even the same as when Moses turned aside to see why the bush was burning and was not consumed. He was filled with amazement at what he saw. “And when the Lord saw that he turned aside to see” this great wonder, “God called to him out of the bush, and said, Draw not nigh hither ; put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground.” The Lord was there, and thus, agreeable to His own word and immutable promise, He ever comes to deliver, for He has said, “Call upon Me in the day of trouble : I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me.”

But, in some cases, the Lord helps His people through some of their troubles more conspicuously than He does others.

Thus perhaps at times you come into trouble, and you get out of it, but there is not that visible display of God's power so that you can say with an assurance in your own soul, "Verily, the Lord has delivered me." But there are other times when He draws nigh in your trouble, and takes all the burden of it upon Himself, even everything that has caused you a distressing thought. He helps you to sing even in the midst of the fire, "The Lord is my Helper; I will not fear what man shall do unto me." Thus Paul says, "We glory in tribulations also: knowing that tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope; and hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us." Yes, there is a rejoicing sometimes even in the midst of tribulation. Do you know what it is to go down on your knees and thank God for such a trouble, and bless His dear name for the fiery ordeal, because of the good you have found in the midst of the fire, because you have learned so much of His love and of His power to help you? and you have so proved that He in wisdom and goodness performs all things that concern you, that you would not be without this experience of God and of Christ for the world. Why, it is as though the fire has welded you and Christ into one, in a way of fellowship, that you feel, as Berridge says—

" If I loved the Lord before,
I would love Him ten times more;
Drop into His sea outright,
Lose myself in Jesus quite."

Such times of love have passed over me, and I have felt them to be sacred seasons. Then I have not sought to dictate to the Lord how I should get out of trouble. No, it has been—

" Let me lie passive in Thy hand,
And know no will but Thine."

What can harm us if He is at hand? How can we be consumed if He is with us in the midst of the fire?

Well, the Lord was walking with these three men in the fire, according to His promise, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee;" and they found it to be with them as the poet has said—

" The lions will not tear,
The billows cannot heave,
The furnace will not singe thy hair,
Till Jesus give them leave."

Yes, brethren, and, whatever may be our trials, if we are in His hands, it will be well with us. Trouble may come, fiery trials may come, sore temptations may come, crosses and losses may come, but, if I can realize that God is with me, I can see the end of all will be for my good, for "all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose;" and so every dark step in thy experience will come right, and will all be made plain; for, "though these afflictions at the present are not joyous, but grievous, yet they afterwards yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness in them which are exercised thereby."

Well, the Son of God was not unmindful of the case of His servants. He was with them in the fire. So He was looking on when Stephen was about being stoned, for Stephen, looking up to heaven, said, "Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God." Yes, He was looking upon the trouble of His servant and the malice of his foes; and so it was in the case of these three. They went into the fire, but they got into the company of the Son of God there. All they lost in the fire was their bands, while they walked in sweet liberty with their heavenly Friend. That fiery furnace was a little heaven. And why? Because they walked in sweet union with the Son of God. Thus He condescended to be with them in their trouble, and to make them His care during the time they were passing through that fiery trial. Well, you may have been in trouble, and come out of it without finding the Lord's sensible presence; but, when He does draw nigh, it is all right, and as Hart sings, so you readily confess—

"The way I walk can not be wrong
If Jesus be but there."

Well, this ungodly monarch, Nebuchadnezzar, was impressed that the Son of God was in the fire with His servants: "The form of the fourth is like the Son of God." Not that he had any spiritual knowledge of Him; not that he had any love to Him; but he knew it was the Son of God. It was in a visible form he saw Him—not in human nature, as some people have said He appeared here; for, if that were so, that human nature was not made of a woman, as He is said to have taken it upon Him in the womb of the Virgin. In the case here cited, the divinity assumed the *form* of humanity; but, when He was "made of a woman, made under the law," He took our *nature* into union with His divine Person, and His divinity and humanity came into union under that blessed title, Immanuel. He was then "made like unto His brethren;" here His form was "like the Son of God."

In the early days of the Church He often appeared unto and

for His people; and, as He was with them in the beginning of the world, so He will be with them unto the end of it, for He says, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." And what His people rejoice in is, that He verifies His blessed promise that He will be with them in trouble, as we read in the latter part of the ninety-first Psalm. He there says, "He shall call upon Me, and I will answer Him: I will be with Him in trouble; I will deliver Him;" and not only that, but "I will honour Him. With long life will I satisfy Him, and show Him My salvation." That promise concerns the Lord Jesus Christ as the Servant of the Father, and it concerns those who are the friends of Christ; therefore, if you are in Christ, it concerns you, so that yours is the privilege of calling upon Him in the day of trouble; and the Lord declares, not only that He will hear them that call upon Him, but He will presence Himself with His people therein: "I will be with Him in trouble;" and not only that, but He will do something for them: "I will deliver Him, and honour Him;" and all this He did in the case of these three Hebrew children. They went into the fire to honour Him, and now He honours them, and Nebuchadnezzar is obliged to admit that it is the work of God. Now, instead of saying, "Who is that God that shall deliver you out of my hands?" he says, "Blessed be the God of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, who hath sent His angel, and delivered His servants that trusted in Him, and have changed the king's word, and have yielded their bodies, that they might not serve nor worship any god except their own God. Therefore I make a decree, that every people, nation, and language which speak anything against the God of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, shall be cut in pieces, and their houses shall be made a dunghill: because there is no other God that can deliver after this sort." No, "there is none like unto the God of Jeshurun."

Now, I hope the Lord may, by His Word, give you some little encouragement in the midst of your trials and afflictions; and, as you have seen His delivering hand in past sorrows, trials, and afflictions, that should lead you still to wait on Him, because Christ Jesus "is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them;" and no poor, convinced, and burdened sinner, who is sighing for His mercy, blood, and love, shall ever be forgotten of Him. May He continually manifest in us His delivering grace and power, and He shall have the glory.

"MANY have puzzled themselves," says Mr. Newton, "about the origin of evil. I observe there is evil, and that there is a way to escape it, and with this I begin and end."

GODLY SORROW.

A VIEW of Christ crucified will cause you to mourn and bleed for sin. His heart was melted through heaviness, and so will yours be to sorrow. His sorrow was to death, yours will be to life. As there is a sorrow to God-ward (2 Cor. vii. 9—11), so to Christ-ward; as that God is offended with sin, so that Christ was crucified by thy sin. Not to be sorry that it was done so as to wish it undone, but that thy sin should be against Him that did so much for thee unknown to thee. I do not say you are to mourn for the crucifying of Christ as your sin, as some in their rhetoric have endeavoured to persuade men that they were as the Jews, so, indeed, the Jews, when they are called, shall mourn; but this should make thee mourn—that God should crucify His Son for these sins of thine, and Christ should have such love in Him to do it; and so view every sin as dyed with Christ's blood. You cannot say, "I crucified Christ by my sins," and in that relation mourn; for that was God's act and His own; but you may say, "He was crucified for my sins," and so mourn, both as considering sin as an offence against One that loved you so, and also as considering your very sins as that which was as the weapons, as the instrument wherewith God wounded Him. And so you may go over all your sins and say, "They fetched those groans from Him, and those bitter cries; and shall His heart be made sorrowful by them, and shall not mine be for them?" Neither is it that you are to mourn for Him with a sorrow of compassion, which is all that Popish postillers would bring their hearers unto—only such sorrow as a man would have stirred up in him at a pitiful story of an innocent man, or a man of an heroic spirit, thus used. This sorrow Christ now regards not, as He did not much then, when He went to be crucified, for said He to them that followed Him, "*Weep not for Me, but for yourselves.*" He regarded not such womanish tears. But to think of thy unkindness to Him, in sinning, who endured so much so willingly to expiate these sins—this is it that is to make the heart to gush.

Again, we may mourn for our sins as the crucifiers of Christ, but not as if it were an aggravation of our sins that they crucified Him, but only of His love that would be crucified for them and by them; and so as we say, it is not the executioner kills the man, nor the judge properly that gives the sentence and delivers him up, but the fact laid to his charge—that is it may be said to have been his death; and so may our sins in all this be considered as the cause of all, *Peccatum solum homicida est*. So we may say the swiftness of our feet to do evil nailed His feet; the works of our hands drove the nails into His; for He was delivered up for our sins. Yea, and of the sorrows of

His soul, they were the more immediate instruments and executioners ; for they were particularly represented to Him, and ran every one with their bodkins and pierced Him through. He was beset, as being encompassed about with them, and pierced through and through by every one of them. There is not a sin of them but had a stab, and His soul had a stab for it ; and in that relation thou mayst mourn over thy sin and His soul and body, and mayst go forth and view every part upon the cross—His hands nailed, His side pierced, His back whipped ; and look through His side into His heart, and see it in agonies and horror, and all for these sins of mine ; yea, and caused by these sins, which will make thy heart sweat blood, as His body did, if thou hast any love to Him. But above all, thou art to consider His love in all. That is it which above all is to work in this mourning upon thy view of His being crucified. His love was stronger than death. Death could not keep Him in the grave, but His love kept Him on the cross for thee when He was provoked to come down. His pains were great, but His love more. Thy sin, and His love in all this to endure all this for thy sin—this is it must move thee.

I will say but this to you—if any of you believers, that have love in your hearts to Christ, had been alive then, and had known from Christ before that all His sufferings to come had been for your sins, and to save you from them, and your heart had followed Him to the cross full of such apprehensions, and you, as John and his mother, had stood by and viewed all that really passed then, and had still had this thought : “ All this is for me, out of love to me, and for my sins. I like a sheep have gone astray, and God now lays on Him all my sins ; ” and then had gone over in your thoughts all your sins, how would your hearts have been broken and melted !

Now, by faith, you may view Him in this narration, and in the sacraments, as really as if you had been by : so Paul says, Gal. iii. 1, 2. Therefore get your hearts to melt and break over this, and put your sins and His love into one cup and drink them off, and see how this potion will work. To bring the murderer to a dead man makes the dead man bleed afresh, but bring thy sins to Christ, and it will make thy heart to bleed afresh.

DR. THOMAS GOODWIN.

“ 'Tis well my Father keeps the key
Of all my stores, nor suffers me
To have but what I need ;
For else my foolish heart had spent
The whole, ere this, on ruin bent,
And now been poor indeed.”

OUR MARTYRED FOREFATHERS.

X.—LAURENCE SAUNDERS.

LAURENCE SAUNDERS, the subject of our present paper, was the second martyr in Queen Mary's reign. His parents were of good position, and thus able to give their son a liberal education. At an early age Saunders commenced his education at Eton school, and from there he went to King's College, Cambridge, where he made rapid and considerable progress in the learning of the age. On leaving the University, he was apprenticed to a London merchant, Sir William Chester, who was afterwards Sheriff of London the same year that Saunders was burnt at the stake. But a mercantile life proved very unsuitable to the tastes and inclinations of Saunders, as his master perceived, so his indentures were given him, and the apprentice was free. Saunders returned to Cambridge, where he vigorously set to work to master the Greek, Hebrew, and Latin languages, and ultimately he wholly devoted himself to the study of the Word of God.

When Edward VI. ascended the throne, and the religion of the Bible was established in the land, Saunders commenced his career as a minister of the Gospel. His preaching so commended itself to his hearers and those in authority, that Saunders was appointed Divinity Lecturer to the college of Fotheringay, where he laboured assiduously to awaken the sleeper, to instruct the ignorant, to reclaim the backslider, and to edify the faithful. Owing to the dissolution of Fotheringay College, Saunders was appointed a reader in the minster of Lichfield, where he acquitted himself so honourably and unblameably that his adversaries were compelled to bear testimony to his piety and his learning. From Lichfield he moved into Leicestershire, having been appointed to a benefice at Church Langton. Saunders, it appears, did not stay any great length of time in this sphere of labour, for he was soon afterwards called to take charge of the more important cure of Allhallows, in Bread Street, London, which position he occupied until the accession of Queen Mary to the throne, when he was soon marked out as the disciple of Him who "endured such contradiction of sinners against Himself."

On Sunday, October 15th, 1553, Saunders preached a sermon in his church from 2 Corinthians xi. 2, 3; and in this discourse he freely animadverted upon the change of worship caused by the accession of Mary and the establishment of Popery in the nation. The substance of this sermon was reported to Bonner, Bishop of London. In the afternoon, according to his usual custom, Saunders began to preach another sermon, when he was interrupted by an officer who had been sent by the bishop to apprehend him.

Saunders was brought before Bonner, who accused him of heresy and sedition, and requested him to write out his views concerning the dogma of transubstantiation. Saunders did so, and gave it to Bonner, who, after a long discussion with the prisoner, sent him to the Lord Chancellor, and he, being unable to refute his arguments, cried out to his officers, "Carry away this frenzy-fool to prison." For fifteen months Saunders laid in the prison, during which time he wrote many letters to Cranmer, Ridley, Latimer, and other worthy men. During the imprisonment of Saunders, efforts were made to obtain his release, and probably his friends would have succeeded, but our hero discouraged them, as clearly appears from the following letter to his wife :—

"Grace, mercy, and peace in Christ our Lord. Entirely beloved wife, even as unto my own soul and body, so do I daily in my hearty prayer wish unto you : for I do daily, twice at least, in this sort remember you ; and I do not doubt, dear wife, but that both I and you, as we are written in the book of life, so we shall together enjoy the same everlastingly, through the grace and mercy of God our dear Father, in His Son our Lord Jesus Christ. And for this present life, let us wholly appoint ourselves to the will of our good God to glorify Him either by life or by death ; and even that same merciful Lord make us worthy to honour Him either way as pleaseth Him. Amen. I am cheerful, I thank my God and my Christ, in whom and through whom I shall be able to fight a good fight, and finish a good course, and then receive the crown which is laid up in store for me and all the true soldiers of Christ. Wherefore, wife, let us, in the name of our God, fight lustily to overcome the flesh, the devil, and the world. What our harness and weapons be in this kind of fight, look in the sixth chapter unto the Ephesians, and pray, pray, pray. I would that you make no suit for me in any wise. Thank you know whom, for her most sweet and comfortable putting me in remembrance of my journey whither I am passing. God send us all good speed, and a joyful meeting. I have too few such friends to further me in my journey, which is indeed the greatest friendship. The blessing of God be with you all. Amen.

"A prisoner in the Lord,

"L. SAUNDERS."

Saunders was kept in close confinement whilst in prison, no person being permitted to see or speak to him except the jailor. One day his wife came to the gate with her child in her arms. The keeper, not daring to disobey his orders by giving her admittance, took the child from her arms to Saunders, who rejoiced at the sight of his offspring, and said that such a child

gave him more joy than a present of two thousand pounds. After his long term of imprisonment, Saunders was called up for examination before the Lord Chancellor, who asked him several questions about the sacrament of the altar. Saunders boldly avowed his disbelief of the dogmas of Rome, which so exasperated Gardiner that he cried out to his officers, "Away with him!" Saunders then left the court with these noble words on his lips: "Welcome be it, whatsoever the will of God shall be, either life or death; and I tell you truly, I have learned to die. But," continued the heroic martyr, addressing his judges, "I exhort you to beware of shedding innocent blood. Truly it will cry. The Spirit of God rest upon you all. Amen."

The prisoner was then led out of the court to an adjacent place until the examinations of his fellow-sufferers were ended, when they were all conducted back to prison, accompanied by an escort of the bishop's officers. During the time Saunders was waiting, a large concourse of people assembled, and the brave Gospel witness seized the opportunity and lifted up his voice against the Papal system, denouncing it as Antichrist, and warning his hearers of the serious consequences that must inevitably ensue from its establishment in the land.

On February 4th, 1554, Saunders was degraded by Bonner at the Compter, a prison to which he had been previously removed; and, at the conclusion of this ridiculous ceremony, the prisoner exclaimed, "I thank God I am none of your Church." On the following day, accompanied by some of the queen's guard, he began his journey to Coventry, the place appointed for his death-scene. On the morning after his arrival he was led to the stake, which was erected in the park on the outskirts of the city. The chief executioner, as Saunders was approaching the stake, said to him that he was one of those who disturbed the queen's realm with false doctrine and heresy; whereupon the martyr responded, "It is not I, nor my fellow-preachers of God's truth, that have hurt the queen's realm, but it is yourself, and such as you are, who have always resisted God's holy Word; it is you who mar the queen's realm. I hold no heresies, but the doctrine of God, the blessed Gospel of Christ. That hold I, that believe I, that have I taught, and that will I never revoke." The officer then vehemently exclaimed, "Away with him!" and away went Saunders with cheerful courage towards the stake. Having offered up prayer to the Almighty, he rose up and took the stake to which he was about to be chained in his arms and kissed it, saying, "Welcome the cross of Christ! welcome everlasting life!" and, being chained to the stake, the fire was ignited, and Laurence Saunders sweetly slept in the Lord.

NIGHT THOUGHTS BY A WATCHMAN.

“ Angels unseen attend the saints,
And guard them while they sleep.”

“ DAY unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge.” Oh, my soul, hearken thou to the declarations of the day, and attend to the narrations of the night. Now another day is gone, to return no more for ever; another night has come on, and sealed up the golden streams of nature's light. But I have still a spring of comfort and a fountain of hope. By the great goodness and power of God I am still preserved. How wonderful is Thy lovingkindness to me, O Lord! how utterly unworthy am I of Thy favour! By Thy sustaining, restraining, and constraining goodness day by day, I clearly see that Thou carest for me. Thou hast watched over me when I have been unwatchful; Thou hast guarded me when I have been off my guard; and Thou hast brought me back when I have gone astray. Thou hast held my soul in life, while others have been taken away by unexpected death. Thou hast preserved my health, while others are suffering the pains of disease. Thou hast delivered me from trouble, while others are left oppressed with sorrows and cares. Thou hast daily loaded me with benefits. And why me? Why am I thus helped? and how can I remain so unthankful with these blessings thus freely bestowed upon me?

“ For sure, of all the plants that share
The notice of my Father's eye,
None prove less grateful for His care,
Or yield Him meaner fruit than I.”

And, now the night is come, what can I say to Thee? What can I request of Thee? As Thou *hast* been my Shepherd through the waking hours of the day, so Thou *must* be my Keeper during the slumbering watches of the night; and, as Thou hast granted strength and ease to the body while awake, so give rest to the mind while in sleep. Thou alone canst guard the body from harm by day, and no one but Thyself can keep the spirit from terrors by night. I did not guide myself while awake; I cannot guard myself while asleep. Both waking and sleeping I am nothing in myself. I therefore cannot promise that, if Thou wilt protect me through this night, I will serve Thee better to-morrow, for without Thee I can *do* nothing, and with Thee I *am* nothing. But I would serve Thee with Thy own strength, and honour Thee with Thy own gifts. Grant that I may love Thee with Thy own spirit, and trust Thee with Thy own faith. In Thee I live, and move, and have my being. Fill Thy vessel with Thy treasures.

By Thy grace I would cast my all upon Thyself, and thankfully remember Thy word, that "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee." "Be merciful unto me, for my soul trusteth in Thee." I desire to wait upon Thee for wisdom and strength, in order to know more fully Thy mind, and do more perfectly Thy will; and, while waiting, would believingly sing—

- " Christ is the Keeper of His saints,
He guards them by His power;
Subdues their numerous complaints
In every gloomy hour.
- " What though they fear each dread alarm,
Tried and severely tossed?
Held by the Saviour's mighty arm,
None, none can e'er be lost.
- " He'll lead them on fair Zion's road,
Though weary, weak, and faint;
For oh, they ne'er shall lose their God,
Or God e'er lose a saint.
- " How bright His great salvation shines!
How full the vast reward!
How firm the promise still remains!
How faithful is the Lord!"

Thus Thou hast spoken words of encouragement, to assure Thy unworthy servant of Thy help and protection for a great while to come, even down to old age—yea, for ever.

W. B.

POPERY.

THE CHAMBER OF IMAGERY IN THE CHURCH OF ROME LAID
OPEN; OR, AN ANTIDOTE AGAINST POPERY.

A SERMON BY JOHN OWEN, D.D.

(Concluded from page 150.)

III. It is an acknowledged principle in Christian religion that *it is the duty of the disciples of Christ, especially as united in Churches, to propagate the faith of the Gospel, and to make the doctrine of it known unto all as they have opportunity.* This is one principal end of the constitution of Churches and officers in them (see Matt. v. 13—16; 1 Tim. iii. 15). This our Lord Jesus Christ gave in special charge unto His apostles at the beginning, and this they did with such success that, in a short time, the Gospel was said to be "preached to every creature which is under heaven" (Col. i. 23). The way, therefore, whereby they propagated the faith was by diligent, laborious preaching of the doctrine of the Gospel

unto all persons, in all places, with patience and magnanimity in undergoing all sorts of sufferings on the account of it, and showing forth an example of its power in their own virtues and graces. It is true their office and the discharge of it is long since ceased; howbeit it cannot be denied but that the work itself is incumbent in a way of duty on all Churches, yea, on all believers, as they have providential calls unto it and opportunities for it; for it is the principal way whereby they may glorify God and benefit men, which, without doubt, they are obliged unto. This notion of truth is retained in the Church of Rome, and the work itself is appropriated to themselves alone. Whatever is done unto this purpose by others, they condemn and abhor. What do they think of the primitive way of doing it, by personal preaching, sufferings, and holiness? Will the Pope, his cardinals and bishops, undertake this work? No; they abhor and detest it; wherefore they have erected a dismal image of it, unto the horrible reproach of the Christian religion, and this image consists of three parts—*the sword, the Inquisition, plots and conspiracies.*

In the first way they have carried the Christian religion into the Indies, especially the western parts of the world so-called. First, the Pope, out of the plenitude of his power, gives unto the Spaiiard all those countries and the inhabitants of them, that they may be made Christians. Upon this grant the Spanish Catholics propagated the faith, and brought in Christian religion among them; and they did it by killing and murdering many millions of innocent persons—as some of themselves say, more than are alive in Europe in any one age. This is the deformed image which they have set up of obedience unto the holy command of Christ to “preach the Gospel to every creature;” whereunto they apply that voice to Peter, “Rise, Peter, kill and eat.” So have they dealt with those poor nations whom they have devoured.

The next way used by them for the propagation of the faith is the Inquisition. So much hath been declared and is known thereof, that it is needless here to give a portraiture of it. It hath been long since opened, like Cacus’s den, and discovered to be the greatest arsenal of cruelty, the most dreadful shambles of blood and slaughter, that ever was in the world. This is that engine which hath supplied the scarlet whore with the blood of saints and the blood of the martyrs of Jesus, until she was drunk with it.

The third way consists in plots and contrivances to murder princes; to embroil nations in blood; to stir up sedition unto their ruin; inveigling and alluring all sorts of vicious, indigent, ambitious persons into an association with them, so as to intro-

duce the Catholic religion into the places which they design to subvert. This engine for the propagation of the faith hath been plied with various successes in many nations of Europe, and is still at work for the same purpose.

Had not men lost all spiritual sense of the nature and ends of the Gospel, they could never have given themselves up unto these abominations. For any to suppose that the faith of the Gospel is to be propagated by such cruelty and blood, by art and subtlety, by plots, conspiracies, and contrivances—any way but by the foolishness of preaching, which, unto that end, is the power and wisdom of God—is to declare his own ignorance of it.

There is yet among them another no less horrid image of a general principle—the principle that *God in all things is to be obeyed absolutely and universally*. As the first Essential Verity, He is to be believed in what He reveals, above and against all contradictions from pretended reasons; and, as He is the only absolute, independent Being, Essential Goodness, and the Sovereign Lord of all things, He is, without farther reason or motive, to be absolutely obeyed in all His commands.

It will seem very difficult to frame an image hereof amongst men, with whom there is not the least shadow of these divine perfections. But the order of Jesuits, the principal craftsmen of this image-trade, have made a bold attempt for the framing of it. Their *vow of blind obedience*, as they call it, unto their superiors, whereby they resign the whole conduct of their souls in all matters of religion, in all duties toward God and man, unto their guidance and disposal, is a cursed image of this absolute obedience unto the commands of God which He requireth of us. Hence the founder of their Order was not ashamed, in his epistle *ad Fratres Lusitanos*, to urge and press this blind obedience from the example of Abraham yielding obedience unto God without debate or consideration.

Let princes and other great men flatter themselves whilst they please that, on one consideration or other, they shall be the objects only of their kindness: if these men, according to their profession, be obliged in conscience to execute whatever their superiors command them, no less than Abraham was to sacrifice his son on the command of God, they hold their lives at the mercy of these superiors, who are always safe out of the reach of revenge. It is marvellous that mankind doth not agree to demolish this cursed image, or the ascription of a God-like power unto men to require blind obedience unto their commands, especially considering what effects it hath produced in the world.

I shall proceed into more particular instances in important principles of religion, wherein Christian faith and practice are most concerned.

It is a principle of truth that *there is a spiritual defilement in sin*. This the Scripture everywhere declares, representing the very nature of it by spiritual uncleanness. This pollution of sin must be purged and taken away before our entrance into heaven; for no unclean thing shall enter into the kingdom of God. Sin must be destroyed in its nature, practice, power, and effects, or we are not saved from it. This purification of sin is commenced in this life and accomplished in death, when the spirits of just men are made perfect. The principal efficient cause is the blood of Christ, which cleanseth us from all sin, and purgeth our consciences from dead works: and there is a helping cause thereof, which is trials and afflictions, made effectual by the Word and accomplished in death. But this way of purging sins by the blood of Christ is mysterious. There is no discerning of its glory but by spiritual light; no experience of its power but by faith. The work of it is gradual, and imperceptible unto anything but the eyes of faith and diligent spiritual experience.

This notion of the defilement of sin, and the notion of the necessity of its purification, were retained in the Church of Rome, but spiritual light into the glory of the thing itself, with an experience of the power of the blood of Christ as applied to the conscience by the Holy Ghost, were lost amongst them. Wherefore, to retain the use of the name of this truth, they have made sundry little images of it, creeping things, whereunto they ascribe the power of purging sin, such as holy water, pilgrimages, disciplines, masses, &c. But they quickly found by experience that these things would neither purify the heart nor pacify the conscience; wherefore they have at length formed a more specious image of it, to serve all the turns of convicted sinners, and this is, a *purgatory* after this life, that is, a subterraneous place and various means where and whereby the souls of men are purged from all their sins, and made meet for heaven when the Lord Christ thinks meet to send for them, or the Pope judges it fit to send them to Him. Hereunto the people, under their conduct, do trust a thousand times more for the purging of their sins than unto the blood of Christ. To secure work for this purgatory, they coined *the distinction of sins into mortal and venial*, the latter being such as are capable of a purging expiation after this life, though men die without any repentance of them. They have classed almost all sins under this order, and thus this image is become an engine to disappoint the whole doctrine of the Gospel, and to precipitate secure sinners into eternal ruin. To strengthen this deceiving security, they have added another invention of a *certain storehouse of ecclesiastical merits*; for whereas many of their Church have, as they say, done more good works than were needful for their salvation, *works of supererogation*, the

surplusage is committed to the Pope, to barter with it for the release of souls from the punishment of purgatory. To give it farther countenance (as one lie must be thatched with another, or it will quickly rain through), they have fancied a separation to be made between guilt and punishment. They say the sins of those in purgatory are pardoned, so that the guilt of them shall not bind them over to eternal damnation, yet they must be variously punished for the sins that are forgiven. Spiritual light and experience, with the peace with God which follows them, will safeguard the minds of believers from bowing down to this horrid image, though the acknowledgment of its divinity should be imposed on them with craft and force. The foundation of our preservation herein lies in spiritual light, or an ability of mind from supernatural illumination to discern the beauty, glory, and efficacy of the purging of our sins by the blood of Christ. By the power that is communicated therewith, the believer is stirred up unto all that exercise of faith and all those duties of obedience whereby the work of purifying and cleansing the whole person may be carried on toward perfection. (See 2 Cor. vii. 1 ; 1 Thess. v. 23 ; 1 John iii. 3.) The consequent of these things is peace with God ; and, where this is attained by the Gospel, the whole fabric of purgatory falls to the ground, for it is built on the foundation that no assurance of a justified state can be attained in this life.

It is the known way of God's dealing with believers in the covenant of grace that, after their implantation into Christ, they *should labour to thrive and grow in grace by its continual exercise, until they come to be strengthened and confirmed therein* ; and this, in the ordinary way of God's dealing with the Church, they shall never fail of ; wherefore, this confirmation in grace is that whereof believers have a blessed experience. But the sense of it was lost amongst those of whom we treat ; wherefore they formed an image of the principle, or images of both its distinct parts. The outward participation of the ordinance of baptism with them is regeneration and implantation into Christ ; and the image which they set up of confirmation in grace is episcopal imposition of hands.

It is granted among all Christians that *all our helps, our relief, our deliverance from sin, Satan, and the world, are from Christ alone* ; wherefore it is our duty, on all occasions, to apply ourselves unto Him by faith for all supplies, reliefs, and deliverances. But these men can find no life nor power herein ; wherefore an image must be set up for common use, and this is, the *making the sign of the cross*. Let a man but make the sign of the cross on his forehead, his breast, or the like—which he may as easily do as take up a straw—and this is sufficient to engage Christ unto his

assistance at any time. An experience of the work of faith in deriving supplies of life, grace, and strength from Jesus Christ will secure believers from giving heed to this trifling deceit.

It is a notion of truth that *those who approach unto God in divine worship should be careful that they be pure and clean, without any offensive defilements*. The Gospel reveals that we are purified by the sprinkling of the blood of Christ upon our conscience. But men destitute of saving faith could never attain an experience of purification in this way; wherefore they retained the notion, but made an image of it for their use—the most ludicrous that could be imagined—namely, the sprinkling of themselves with what they call “holy water” when they go into places of worship, which they borrowed from the Pagans.

All who have anything of the Christian religion in them must acknowledge that *the doctrine and grace of mortification* is of indispensable necessity unto salvation. The means on the part of Christ whereby this is wrought in believers, is the communication of His Spirit unto them, to make an effectual application of the virtue of His death unto the death of sin. The means of it on the part of believers is the exercise of faith in Christ as crucified, whereby they derive virtue from Him for the crucifying of the body of death; and this exercise of faith is always accompanied with diligence and perseverance in all holy duties of prayer, with fasting, godly sorrow, daily-renewed repentance, with a continual watch against all the advantages of sin.

Now, the mortification of their devotionists is one of the principal arguments pleaded to draw unwary souls over unto the superstition of the Church of Rome; yet they have lost all experience of its nature, and have framed an image of it unto themselves, for they place the height of it in *a monastical life and pretended retirement from the world*. But there is nothing required in the strictest rules of these monastic votaries but what may be complied with without the least effectual operation of the Holy Spirit in their minds in the application of the virtue of the death of Christ unto them; and some of those who have been most renowned for their severe mortification were men of blood, promoting the cruel slaughter of multitudes of Christians. Also, the means which they use for the attaining of it are such as are no way directed by the divine wisdom of Christ in the Scripture, such as multiplied confessions to priests; irregular, ridiculous fastings; penances, self-macerations of the body, unlawful vows, &c.

Lastly, the necessity of *good works* unto salvation, according to men's opportunities and abilities, is acknowledged by all; and the glory of our profession in this world consisteth in our abounding in them; but they are the acts and duties of true

believers only, and are in them effects of divine grace, or of the operation of the Holy Ghost. The principal mystery of their glory is, that they are utterly excluded from any influence unto the justification of sinners. Unto these good works the Papists lay a vehement claim, as though they were the only pleaders for them. But they have also excluded them out of the Christian religion, and set up a deformed image of them, for the works they plead for are such as so far proceed from their own free will as to render them meritorious in the sight of God. They thus make the heavenly reward a reward of works, and not of grace. Having, as in other cases, lost all experience of the power of the grace of Christ in working believers unto this duty of obedience, they have set up this image, in defiance of Christ, His grace, and His Gospel.

These are some of the abominations which are portrayed on the walls of the chamber of imagery in the Church of Rome; and, although they are all expressly condemned in the letter of Scripture, yet the establishment of believers against all pleas, pretences, and force for a compliance with them depends *on their experience of the power of Gospel truth unto its proper end*, in communicating unto us the grace of God, and transforming our minds unto the image and likeness of Jesus Christ.

LETTER BY THE LATE MR. JAMES WILMSHURST.

MY DEAR SISTER,—I am sorry to find by your last that the change has not been of any benefit to your poor daughter—indeed, from the nature of the complaint, I feared such would be the case. It is indeed a severe trial that you are called upon to pass through; but let this thought be of some stay to your mind, that afflictions of all kinds are the common lot of the Lord's people. Not one trial comes upon us more than is treasured up in the covenant, as one expresses it, “in number, weight, and measure.” I doubt not that your trials are viewed by you as dark and mysterious, but remember the Lord leads the blind by a way they hitherto have not known, and will, in His own good time, “make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight.” Says Mr. Hart—

“He often makes the crooked straight,
And turns the night to day.”

We are not called upon to unravel His mysterious hand when under affliction. The counsel to us at such times is plain—“Call upon Me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee.” This is a command, with the promise of deliverance annexed. “But,” say

you, "why repeat these things, which I know in theory so well?" I, however, conclude there is no harm to endeavour to put you in remembrance, although you already know them—

"Why through darksome paths we go
We may know no reason;
But we shall hereafter know,
Each in his due season.

"Could we see how all is right,
Where were room for credence?
'Tis by faith, and not by sight,
Christians yield obedience.

"Let all fruitless searches go,
Which perplex and tease us,
And determine nought to know
But a bleeding Jesus."

"Is any afflicted? let him pray," saith my namesake, speaking by the Holy Ghost; and to prayer join self-examination, as says Jeremiah: "Let us search and try our ways, and turn again unto the Lord. Let us lift up our heart with our hands unto God in the heavens" (Lam. iii. 40, 41).

May you and I, my dear sister, prove to belong to that number to whom this promise is made: "I will bring the third part through the fire, and will refine them as silver is refined, and will try them as gold is tried." Now, mark what follows—"They shall call on My name, and I will hear them: I will say, It is My people: and they shall say, The Lord is my God" (Zech. xiii. 9). Read Isaiah xliii. 1, 2, and I pray the Lord to enable you believingly to take the comfort of that passage, which, if you are found praying and seeking, belongs as much to you as to any of the household of faith. Endeavour to take comfort from this and similar promises, remembering "what was written aforetime was written for our learning, that we, through patience and comfort of the Scriptures, might have hope." To those who seek the Lord He will withhold no good thing, not even afflictions when needed. It is well when we can say, "It is good I have been afflicted." The Lord chastens whom He loves, whereas bastards often escape the rod, or, if they meet with temporal trouble, it has no sanctifying effect. The hand of the Lord not being seen by them, they become hardened and callous as respects anything Godward. When He chastens His people, it is for their profit, that they may be made partakers of His holiness. If the Lord will have our best affections weaned from the creature, and conformed to His image who was meek and lowly in heart, the means of bringing this about we are bound to leave in His hand who makes no mistake. Let us not forget that Christ, for His people's sake,

was "a Man of Sorrows, and acquainted with grief." "In all our afflictions He was afflicted." As a merciful High Priest He sympathises with His afflicted members. Oh, for faith to look steadfastly on Him who was pierced, and, in return for so much mercy, sympathise with a dear suffering Lord. We cannot have greater happiness than this. Hart, in his hymn on "The Wish," says—

"The single boon I would entreat
Is, to be led by Thee;
To gaze upon Thy bloody sweat
In sad Gethsemane."

We all unite in love to you all.

Affectionately yours,
JAMES WILMSHURST.

THE HOLY SPIRIT THE BEST TEACHER.

"All thy children shall be taught of the Lord."—ISAIAH liv. 13;
JEREMIAH xxxi. 34; HEBREWS viii. 11.

EVERY day's observation convinces me that the children of God are made so by His own special grace and power, and that all means, whether more or less, are equally effectual with Him, whenever He is pleased to employ them for conversion.

In one of my excursions, while I was in the province of New York, I was walking by myself over a considerable plantation, amused with its husbandry, and comparing it with that of my own country, till I came within a little distance of a middle-aged negro, who was tilling the ground. I felt a strong inclination, unusual with me, to converse with him. After asking him some little questions about his work, which he answered very sensibly, I wished him to tell me whether his state of slavery was not disagreeable to him, and whether he would not gladly exchange it for his liberty.

"Massa," said he, looking seriously upon me, "I have wife and children. My massa takes care of them, and I have no care to provide anything. I have a good massa, who teach me to read; and I read good book, that makes me happy." "I am glad," replied I, "to hear you say so; and pray what is the good book you read?" "The Bible, massa, God's own good Book." "Do you understand, friend, as well as read this Book? for many can read the words well, who cannot get hold of the true and good sense." "Oh, massa!" says he, "I read the Book much before I understand; but at last I felt pain in my heart. I found things in the Book that cut me to pieces." "Aye," says I, "and what things were they?" "Why, massa, I found that I had a bad heart;

massa, a very bad heart indeed. I felt pain that God would destroy me, because I was wicked, and done nothing as I should do. God was holy, and I was very vile and naughty; so I could have nothing from Him but fire and brimstone in hell."

In short, he entered into a full account of his convictions of sin, which were indeed as deep and piercing as almost any I had ever heard of; and what Scriptures came to his mind, which he had read, that both probed him to the bottom of his sinful heart, and were made the means of light and comfort to his soul.

I then enquired of him what ministry or means he made use of, and found that his master was a Quaker, a plain sort of man, who had taught his slaves to read, but who had not, however, even conversed with this negro upon the state of his soul. I asked him, likewise, how he got comfort under all this trial. "Oh, massa," says he, "it was Christ gave me comfort by His dear Word. He bade me come unto Him, and He would give me rest, for I was very weary and heavy laden." And here he went through a line of the most precious texts in the Bible, showing me, by his artless comment upon them as he went along, what great things God had done in the course of some years for his soul.

Being rather more acquainted with doctrinal truths and the analogy of the Bible than he had been, or in his situation could easily be, I had a mind to try how far a simple, untutored experience, graciously given without the usual means, could carry a man from some speculative errors; and I therefore asked him several questions about the merit of works, the justification of a sinner, the power of grace, and the like. I own I was as much astonished at, as I admired, the sweet spirit and simplicity of his answers, with the heavenly wisdom that God had put into the mind of this negro. His discourse, flowing merely from the richness of grace, with a tenderness and expression far beyond the reach of art, perfectly charmed me. On the other hand, my entering into all his feelings, together with an account to him, which he had never heard before, that thus and thus the Lord in His mercy dealt with all His children, and had dealt with me, drew streams of joyful tears down his black face, that we looked upon each other, and talked with that inexpressible glow of Christian affection that made me more than ever believe, what I have often too thoughtlessly professed to believe, the communion of saints.

I shall never forget how the poor, excellent creature seemed to hang upon my lips, and to eat my very words, when I enlarged upon the love of Christ to poor sinners, the free bounty and tender mercy of God, the frequent and delightful sense He gives of His presence, the faith He bestows in His

promises, the victories this faith is enabled to get over trials and temptations, the joy and peace in believing, the hope in life and death, and the glorious expectation of immortality. To have taken off his eager, delighted, animated air and manner, would have been a masterpiece for a Reynolds. He had never heard such discourse, nor found the opportunity of hearing it before. He seemed like a man who had been thrown into a new world, and at length had found company.

Though my conversation lasted at least two or three hours, I scarcely ever enjoyed the happy swiftness of time so sweetly in all my life. We knew not how to part. He would accompany me as far as he might; and I felt, on my side, such a delight in the artless, savoury, solid, unaffected experience of this dear soul, that I could have been glad to see him often then, or to see his like at any time now; but my situation rendered this impossible. I therefore took an affectionate adieu, with an ardour equal to the warmest and the most ancient friendship, telling him that neither the colour of his body, nor the condition of his present life, could prevent him from being my dear brother in our dear Saviour; and that, though we must part now, never to see each other again any more in this world, I had no doubt of our having another joyful meeting in our Father's home, where we should live together, and love one another, throughout a long and a happy eternity.

"Amen, amen, my dear massa. God bless you, and poor me too, for ever and ever."

If I had been an angel from heaven, he could not have received me with more evident delight than he did; nor could I have considered him with a more sympathetic regard, if he had been a long-known Christian of the good old sort, grown up into my affections in the course of many years.

Happy world, if all were Christians! or, at least, happy Christians, if they showed more of this fraternal affection to each other in the world! None can deny that so it ought to be. Oh, that every one who names the name of Christ, and believes himself to be a member of His undivided body, would pray for faith and charity to put the whole into being!

Blessed Lord, Fountain of life and love, send forth the Spirit of Thy Son into my heart, and into the hearts of all my brethren, that, waiving all mean and selfish distinctions, we may first love Thee above all things, and then each other for Thy sake with a pure heart fervently. Subdue animosities, and all the separating corruptions of the flesh, and let us consider ourselves as brethren, fellow-heirs of the grace of life, persons who shall pass an eternity together; yea, as parts of each other, and members, holy Jesus, of Thy body, Thy flesh, and Thy bones. Even so

let it be, for Thy glory, and for our present and eternal consolation through Thy grace. Amen.

" Poor pilgrims shall not stray,
Who, frightened, flee from wrath ;
A bleeding Jesus is the way,
And blood tracks all the path.

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

" Jesus saith unto him, I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life " (John xiv. 6).

" I AM A DEBTOR."

WHEN this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon glaring sun,
When we stand with Christ in glory,
Looking o'er life's finished story,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe.

When I hear the wicked call
On the rocks and hills to fall ;
When I see them start and shrink
On the fiery deluge brink ;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe.

When I stand before the throne,
Dressed in beauty not my own ;
When I see Thee as Thou art,
Love Thee with unsinning heart ;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe.

When the praise of heaven I hear
Loud as thunders to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harp's melodious voice,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe.

E'en on earth, as through a glass
Darkly, let Thy glory pass ;
Make forgiveness feel so sweet,
Make Thy Spirit's help so meet ;
E'en on earth, Lord, make me know
Something of how much I owe.

Chosen, not for good in me ;
 Wakened up from wrath to flee ;
 Hidden in the Saviour's side,
 By the Spirit sanctified ;
 Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,
 By my love, how much I owe.

Oft I walk beneath the cloud,
 Dark as midnight's gloomy shroud ;
 But, when fear is at the height,
 Jesus comes, and all is light :
 Blessed Jesus ! bid me show
 Doubting saints how much I owe.

When in flowery paths I tread,
 Oft by sin I'm captive led ;
 Oft I fall, but still arise ;
 The Spirit comes—the tempter flies ;
 Blessed Spirit ! bid me show
 Weary sinners all I owe.

Oft the nights of sorrow reign—
 Weeping, sickness, sighing, pain ;
 But a night Thine anger burns—
 Morning comes, and joy returns :
 God of comforts ! bid me show
 To Thy poor how much I owe.

May, 1837.

ROBERT MURRAY M'CHEYNE.

LETTERS FOR THE YOUNG.—No. III.

A WORD FOR THE YOUNG SEEKER.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,—I received your letter on Thursday morning last, and will now endeavour to answer it. May the Lord the Spirit give grace, so that what may be written may be useful to your soul, and glorifying to the name and Person of the dear Redeemer, the Lord of life and glory. You tell me that you feel you can do nothing. This is no small mercy. This is one of the first lessons the children of God have to learn in the school of Christ. Whether old or young, high or low, rich or poor, learned or unlearned, all, without one solitary exception, have to learn in God's own way their own helplessness and nothingness. The Lord makes His people sensibly aware of their entire dependence upon Himself for every spiritual blessing. When He first opens our blind eyes to the discovery of our lost and ruined condition, we cry out in the spirit (and frequently too in the language) of the publican of old, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" None but quickened souls ever pray this prayer from a sense of their sinnership before God. None but living souls ever feel—*really feel*—that they deserve to be cast into hell.

None but those who are blessed with heavenly light can see what sinners they are. None but those whose hearts are broken ever feel their need of the Lord Jesus Christ to heal their wounds and bind them up with the bandages of the Gospel. The Lord give you, dear child, to see that, notwithstanding all your sinfulness and undeservings, His mercy is greater than all your needs, His lovingkindness is greater than your miseries, and that His having made you to feel and mourn over your follies and faults is an earnest of good things in store for you.

I know, dear Lizzie, that you won't be able to see and feel this to be the case unless the Lord shows it to you. No words of mine will be sufficient to satisfy you on this point. All the arguments in the world cannot give rest and satisfaction to a poor mourning sinner apart from the Lord's own blessing. When the Lord first roused me from a death in trespasses and sins, I used to wander about in the fields and through the quietest lanes and places I could find, crying and sighing, groaning and mourning over my sins and transgressions against Him. Many times have I sat by the wayside, in some secluded, out-of-the-way place, pleading with the Lord to have mercy upon me for Jesus' sake. Like you, I used sometimes to think I was too great, too vile a sinner for Him to notice or regard; and even now, although I trust I have known and felt the sweets of pardoning mercy through the blood of Christ, sometimes my sins appear of such a nature that I call in question the genuineness of the work of grace upon my soul. This makes me cry out to the Lord to let me see His smiling face once more, and causes me to exclaim—

“Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear Thy witness with my heart
That I am born of God.”

I'm glad to hear, dear Lizzie, that you *long* for the Lord to “create in you a clean heart, and to renew a right spirit within you.” Allow me to put it rather differently, by saying that the Lord *has* given you a clean heart, or you would never know that you have an unclean, a sin-stained one. How came you to know that you needed a clean heart? How came you to that position in your soul's feelings—in your heart of hearts—that you could part with everything of an earthly nature if the Lord would but pardon and forgive your sins? And how came you to desire the living water of the everlasting Gospel? I know it may puzzle you to answer these questions to your own satisfaction and comfort, but so sure as the Lord has made you long after and desire these things will He, in His own good and gracious time, fill your now comfortless heart with His manifested mercy. The Word of

God declares, "Blessed *are* they [yes, even now] which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they *shall* be filled" (Matt. v. 6). The Lord has not said when they shall be filled, consequently we cannot determine the time when He shall see fit to bless a poor hungering sinner with a full feast of heavenly things in the banqueting house of His eternal mercy.

Think not, dear Lizzie, that the Lord will not grant your desires because you have been so wicked. The devil would persuade poor, longing, thirsting souls that this is the case, but the Lord will teach them that—

" 'Tis not for good deeds, good tempers, nor frames ;
 From grace it proceeds, and all is the Lamb's :
 No goodness, no fitness expects He from us ;
 This I can well witness, for none could be worse."

I recollect how I used to try again and again, when the Lord first revealed my lost and undone condition, to think good thoughts, to enkindle good desires, and to keep myself from evil ; but, like you, I seemed to grow worse and worse. Dear child, this is looking for goodness in the wrong direction. If the Apostle Paul (and he was a great and good man, was he not ?) could say, "For I know that in me (that is, in my flesh) dwelleth *no good thing*: for to will is present with me ; but how to perform that which is good I find not" (Rom. vii. 18), how much more may you and I give expression to the same feeling before the Lord ! May we be helped to look to Jesus for all our meetness and goodness. When here upon earth, the Lord of life and glory said to His disciples, "I am the Vine, ye are the branches : he that abideth in Me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit : for without Me ye can do nothing" (John xv. 5).

If, by our trying to be this or to do the other, we suppose we are going to merit God's favour and blessing, we shall find ourselves mistaken. The Lord has said, "From *Me* is thy fruit found" (Hosea xiv. 8). I believe all the Lord's people, more or less, try to work out a garment to hide their spiritual nakedness and deformity, when their eyes are opened by the Spirit of God to see their real state as sinners. Your feelings and experience, dear child, in connection with this momentous matter—the salvation of your precious soul—is by no means singular. The Lord allows His Spirit-begotten children to try, and try, and try again, but all to no purpose, to wean them from their own poor doings, till He at length is pleased, in infinite mercy and tenderness, to make Himself known as the "All and in all" to their needy souls. When He leads the soul into the knowledge of salvation, full, free, and eternal, in and by the Lord Jesus Christ, then, then indeed is the heart constrained to sing—

- “ How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer’s ear !
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear.
- “ It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 And calms the troubled breast ;
 ’Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary, rest.
- “ Dear name ! the rock on which I build ;
 My shield and hiding-place ;
 My never-failing treasury, filled
 With boundless stores of grace.”

I am rejoiced to learn from your letter, dear Lizzie, that you have your fears as to whether what you feel is real or not. This is a common feeling or feature of all the Lord’s blood-bought people. Although fears are no fruit of the Spirit, yet they are found, I believe, in the heart of every one taught of God. The Lord has spoken in His holy Word many precious “fear nots” to His fearing children. Listen to one of these: “Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father’s good pleasure to give you the kingdom” (Luke xii. 32). In connection with the fears of the Lord’s people there is a *desire* above all things to be made right and kept right; a *desire* to be found in Jesus in life and in death. Oh, how full of encouragement are the Scriptures of truth to those who feel they have only a *desire* after the Lord! “Delight thyself also in the Lord, and He shall give thee the desires of thine heart” (Psa. xxxvii. 4). Nehemiah’s language has suited me. In his first chapter, and at the last verse, he says, “O Lord, I beseech Thee, let now Thine ear be attentive to the prayer of Thy servant, and to the prayer of Thy servants, who *desire* to fear Thy name.” Is not this the very feeling of your heart, as expressed by this servant of the Most High? The Lord says in His Word, “Hope deferred maketh the heart sick; but when the desire cometh [blessed time!] it is a tree of life” (Prov. xiii. 12). Mr. Hart, in one of his hymns, says very truly—

- “ Those feeble desires, those wishes so weak,
 ’Tis Jesus inspires, and bids you still seek;
 His Spirit will cherish the life He first gave:
 You never shall perish, if Jesus can save.”

Dear child, may the Lord keep you looking and longing for His salvation! Nothing short of God’s salvation will do for a needy sinner. Everything else fails to attract the soul of a poor guilty wretch, quickened by the Holy Ghost, save the Lord Jesus Christ. He is the centre and source of all peace, comfort, joy, rest, hope, love, grace, mercy, and truth. The Lord’s people, some of them, are kept hoping and fearing, rising and

falling, groaning and mourning, desiring and crying, all through their pilgrimage here below. But how sweet the reflection—it holds good in respect of each of the Lord's quickened ones (and I believe it will be so in your case, dear anxious, longing one)—“Being confident of this very thing, that He which hath begun a good work in you will perform it [‘finish it,’ margin] until the day of Jesus Christ” (Phil. i. 6). Plead on, cry on, long on, desire on, hope on, sigh on, seek on, Christ-craving one. The Lord will, some day or other, give you to say, notwithstanding all your fears to the contrary—

“ A monument of grace,
A sinner saved by blood,
The streams of love I trace
Up to the Fountain, God ;
And in His wondrous mercy see
Eternal thoughts of love to me.”

The Lord has said, “For the vision is yet for an appointed time, but at the end it shall speak, and not lie ; though it tarry, wait for it ; because it will surely come, it will not tarry” (Hab. ii. 3). Moreover, He has said, “Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of His Servant, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light ? let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God” (Isa. l. 10).

Trusting souls are saved souls ; waiting souls are blessed souls ; ready-to-perish souls are redeemed souls ; mercy-needing souls are blood-bought souls ; feelingly naked souls shall realize that Jesus' robe of righteousness is their precious, spotless covering ; weary souls shall find Jesus to be their eternal rest ; burdened souls shall know, to their joy and satisfaction, that Jesus is their Burden-bearer. The Lord will never disappoint the hopes of the feeblest lamb of His purchased flock.

Now, my dear Lizzie, in conclusion, I would “commend you to God, and to the Word of His grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified,” praying that He may keep you and bless you with a clearer and more perfect knowledge of His great salvation, until it shall please Him to take you to Himself, to meet and mingle with those who are now before His throne. My desire for you and for myself is contained in the following verse—

“ We too amid the sacred throng
Low at His feet would fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.”

The Lord grant it, for His dear name's sake. So prays your well-wisher,

Foleshill, Jan. 19th, 1879.

J. B.

THE SOWER.

NOTES OF TWO SERMONS PREACHED BY
MR. BOORNE,

AT DEVONSHIRE ROAD CHAPEL, GREENWICH, ON LORD'S DAY,
APRIL 4TH, 1880.*

“And the Lord said unto Him, Go through the midst of the city, through the midst of Jerusalem, and set a mark upon the foreheads of the men that sigh and that cry for all the abominations that be done in the midst thereof.”—EZEKIEL ix. 4.

JERUSALEM was once the most favoured of all the cities of the earth. She was the metropolis of Palestine, “the joy of the whole earth,” and the Lord was pleased to set His name there. Yet, though so much favoured, what one city was the scene of greater judgments? for the people, having been the subjects of so much mercy, were, at the remembrance of their sins, filled with remorse by their subsequent misery. Peter says, “The time is come that judgment must begin at the house of God; and, if it first begin at us, what shall the end be of them that obey not the Gospel of God?” (1 Pet. iv. 17.) That this was fulfilled literally at Jerusalem is clear. Our blessed Lord, when upon earth, said, “Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for Me, but weep for yourselves, and for your children” (Luke xxiii. 28); and, “O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not! Behold, your house is left unto you desolate” (Matt. xxiii. 37, 38).

It is a good thing to be the recipient of God's mercies; but, when we observe lying vanities, we forsake our own mercies. This is often done individually, collectively, and nationally, and then that which should have been for our comfort is a greater source of condemnation, as was the case with Solomon, of whom it was said, “And the Lord was angry with Solomon, because his heart was turned from the Lord God of Israel, which had appeared unto him twice” (1 Kings xi. 9).

We have, in this chapter, salvation set forth for a certain

* Since the above sermons were preached, two Roman Catholics have been appointed to fill places in Her Majesty's Government; but this, as well as the admission of an atheist to Parliament, is advocated by many professed Christians. What would the early martyrs and our forefathers say to this, who delivered us from the yokes of Paganism and Popery by sealing the truth with their blood? We commend to our readers the perusal of the Bull issued by Pope Pius V. against Queen Elizabeth, in the pages of this month's LITTLE GLEANER.

people, who are particularized by a mark. They are not all to be swept away in the terrible devastation; there are some that the Lord will have mercy upon.

We shall look, first, at the abominations which are said to be done in the midst of the city; secondly, to those who sigh and cry for the abominations; thirdly, speak of Him who was sent into the midst of the city; then, lastly, inquire what mark that is which is put upon them that sigh and cry.

We shall, first of all, inquire what we are to understand by "abominations," and we shall not necessarily go into those that were known among the Jews; but we shall speak, firstly, of abominations in the world; secondly, of abominations in the Church; and thirdly, of abominations in the heart.

We shall begin on the outside. Who can shut his eyes to the abominations that are practised in the land? Who can say that there are not those evils practised now that many would have trembled at in days that are past? Look at the towering pride, the open profanity, the love of pleasure, the spread of Popery, and the floods of infidelity that are seen throughout England; and where do we find those who can say, with David, "I beheld the transgressors, and was grieved"? We beg of God day by day to deliver us; and, if spared, we shall be a favoured nation indeed. Look at the spirit of Popery. Many years ago, when an attempt was made to admit Roman Catholics to Parliament, some far-seeing men said, by so doing we should be letting in the thin end of the wedge; and the result has fully justified their fears. You may say, "It should be remembered that this is a land of religious liberty." True; but this liberty may become libertinism. Look at the Romish churches, with their lofty spires, their monasteries and nunneries. Does not the increase of these institutions testify that Popery is on the march, and that it already has made considerable progress? But shall we say Popery is only seen in her own domain? Alas! no. Turn to our Established Church—that which the late William Huntington and his followers considered a bulwark against Popery is, by her Ritualistic practice, the very flood-gate to let it in. Thus men are preparing people's minds, until many not only tolerate, but show their approbation of this religious mummery; and, even if a bishop would wish to stop such innovations, he is so hampered by law that he is often powerless to stop the flowing tide which is bearing its victims towards Rome. I was travelling in a train, a short time since, with some children who were foreigners; and, as I observed a person called a sister of mercy address herself to these little children, I thought, "Truly they leave nothing undone, so that they may cause the young to imbibe their doctrines." It is to the young they look for materials to build up their system.

Oh, my dear friends, does it not become us, even as professed Protestants, to do all we can to oppose such teaching—much more as children of God—to train up our children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and establish and maintain Sunday Schools throughout the length and breadth of our land, where the young may be taught and instructed in the holy Scriptures of truth, while we look for and depend alone upon the mighty power of the Spirit to open their hearts and make them wise unto salvation ?

But look at infidelity, how it abounds on all hands, and has found its way into our schools, and even into our pulpits, while it is publicly and boldly maintained by men of learning and science ; and we find that those things that are regarded by the discerning children of God as judgments upon man for his wickedness are set forth by them as matters of mere chance ; and while, theoretically, the fall of man is denied, yet, practically, it is seen more than ever. Think of the drunkenness, how it is seen and felt far and wide, and thousands are poisoning themselves daily with drink. Then, again, when we look at the love of dress and fashion, how this land is carried away thereby ! I thank God I have not a fashionable congregation. How some women go about, with their heads adorned more like grenadiers than modest females ; and women wearing men's attire—a thing forbidden of God to His ancient people (Deut. xxii. 5). Hear what the prophet Isaiah says : “ Moreover the Lord saith, Because the daughters of Zion are haughty, and walk with stretched forth necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go ; . . . it shall come to pass, that instead of sweet smell there shall be stink ; and instead of a girdle, a rent ; and instead of well set hair, baldness ; and instead of a stomacher a girding of sackcloth ; and burning instead of beauty ” (Isaiah iii. 16, 24) ; so do not think that the Lord takes no notice of dress.

I feel, too, it is a solemn reflection that our Queen reigns over more than two hundred millions of Indians who are Buddhists, Mahometans, and other benighted deists, and yet so little is done to teach them the truth of God. Look at the social evil, and the revolting law applying to our garrison towns. It is enough to make us blush at having thus copied other nations. These things give us a hint at the condition we are in. Can we wonder at the sheep being cut off, and the cattle dying with disease ? Can we wonder that we have, as we hear in some places, no good seed to sow ? Oh, count all the miseries that we suffer, and is it not a wonder that these things are not seen and acknowledged ? But so blind is our nation, though the Lord's hand is lifted up, man will not see.

But let us come into the pale of the Church. Can we see here

a spiritually-minded people? Oh, no! I fear, with few exceptions, carnality prevails. Worldly conversation is imported and spiritual conversation is expelled. What strife and contention, bickerings and divisions, we hear of! What selfishness and sloth there is among the professing people of God! How very few care to take up a cross for Christ! Look in the days of Whitfield, when they could come out at six in the morning to hear him preach the Gospel. Oh, my friends, what selfishness and sloth characterizes us; and some will even say, in doing that which is right, "I should not do such and such things, if I were to study myself." Why, the people of God are called upon to deny, not study themselves; and how commonly it is the case, when a child of God is spoken of, you are met by a reply which turns your mind from their graces to their failings. Such persons do not seek to cast out the beam that is in their own eye before they try to pluck out the mote that is in their brother's eye. There is a great tendency, too, to adopt the opinions of men, instead of following the Lord and His Word; as if man's authority were of more value than the Lord's. What a thirst there is too for gold; and yet "the love of money is the root of all evil, which some following after, have erred from the faith, and have pierced themselves through with many sorrows." These are but a few of the abominations in the Church of God.

Now we will come to the personal character of the children of God. Let us look at the inside. Hart says—

" Lord, when Thy Spirit descends to show
The badness of our hearts,
Astonished at the amazing view,
The soul with horror starts."

How many of you have had the dissecting knife put into your heart, to see it in all its evil and deformities? The things that are not reckoned evil by man, the child of God feels to be such. Every evil thought we may have against another is the very spirit of murder, and a glance of the eye may be the very spirit of adultery. "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked."

" Shall a Christian trust his heart—
That, alas! of foes the worst?"

How few there are who do so mistrust their hearts; but there is in reality nothing that we need be so much afraid of. He that trusts his own heart is a fool. Some of us understand better now than we could at one time Hart's hymn—

" Save us from the rocks and shelves;
Save us chiefly from ourselves."

Solomon says, "These six things doth the Lord hate : yea, seven are an abomination unto Him : A proud look, a lying tongue, and hands that shed innocent blood ; an heart that deviseth wicked imaginations, feet that be swift in running to mischief, a false witness that speaketh lies, and he that soweth discord among brethren" (Prov. vi. 16—19).

How hateful to see scorn flash from the eyes of some who think they are the Lord's people, and who profess to have the Spirit of Christ! Some may give an alms or affect a kind act, and nullify the thing they do by the spirit in which it is done. And then, concerning the tongue. "What shall be done unto thee, thou false tongue?" Take the Acts of the Apostles, and you will find for what some people would call *half* a lie, Ananias and Sapphira were struck dead. "And hands that shed innocent blood." It will be said that, as society is constituted, blood cannot be so shed by us. But may we not do it nationally, if not individually? God hates that heart too "that deviseth wicked imaginations," and "feet that are swift in running to mischief." There are some that are swift to do good to their fellow-creatures, while others are swift to mischief; for, like the petrel, they show themselves in a storm. "A false witness that speaketh lies." What! take the sacred Book in the hand, kiss it, and deliberately tell lies? God hates this. "And he that soweth discord among brethren"—that is in the Church chiefly—seeking to divide and set the children of God against each other. But whence proceeds all this but from an evil heart? God showed Ezekiel by a vision, after he had dug through the wall into the chambers of imagery, the inward parts of persons individually and collectively, and God said to him, "Turn again, son of man, and I will show thee greater abominations than these." Do you know what it is to take God's Word, and ask Him to enable you to search your heart and try your ways, as Ezekiel dug through the wall? Oh, how these corruptions are felt in the heart of the child of God! The Lord says, "Hast thou seen all this, son of man?" Oh, I know it is true, for—

"The stench infects the air, and makes
The strongest traveller sick."

Well might one say, "Woe is me, that I sojourn in Mesech, and dwell in the tents of Kedar!"

II. We come now to those who "sigh and cry for all the abominations." Now, to sigh and cry, our conscience must be made tender and our heart contrite. You will often sigh over the load you have to carry, and on account of the spiritual evils you feel from day to day. What a mercy to have the grace only to sigh! You never heard of a corpse giving a sigh. You will call to

mind Paul sighing, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" But this proceeded from life. You know there was an ancient custom of tying a dead body to a living person, until that person died under it. This was done for a punishment, and the Christian feels that, by reason of the body of sin and death, he must be loathsome to others. Yet he can sometimes sing—

"I'll bear the unequal strife,
And wage the war within;
Since death, that puts an end to life,
Shall put an end to sin."

But he is continually sighing on account of it. The children of God may begin to sigh before they begin formally to pray. They may be afraid to go to the public prayer-meeting, and may not be able to call upon God in prayer, yet the Spirit may make intercession for them "with groanings which cannot be uttered." And this sighing is on account of felt oppression. They may sometimes look upon one and say, "What a blessing such an one has had to-day!" while perhaps that person sighs inwardly also. And they not only sigh, but cry. A sigh is an inward feeling, but the cry is the outward expression; therefore says the Lord, "For the oppression of the poor, and for the sighing of the needy, now will I arise." God reads the sighing of His people, and hears their cry. God's people have felt it a trial even to pray before their family; yet what godly man could omit this, simply because he has a wife that would dislike it? But, my friends, it is a mercy when a Christian comes forth as Joshua did, who said, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." We cannot put grace into the hearts of our children, but we may Scripturally cry for them, and thus do them good against their will. Does the Lord hear groans, and shall He not also hear prayer? The publican cried, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" That one petition has been the cry of thousands of God's people. David cried unto the Lord for Him to purge him from guilt and cleanse him from filth; and the Lord says, "Take with you words, and turn unto the Lord; say unto Him, Take away all iniquity, and receive us graciously." It is said, "He will be very gracious unto thee at the voice of thy cry." They do not think to be heard for their much speaking; but He has said He will hear His people when they cry. They sigh and cry chiefly about the inbred abominations; but there is a crying about the abominations in the Church, and it would be well if we could take the cause of God's people, and cry to Him to make crooked things straight. You may say, "We cannot bring our hearts to pray for this." Perhaps you have little desire for it.

For instance, if you said, "I do not want to see such an one again," you will not very likely feel a cry in your heart for them. Oh, that the Lord would pour out of His Spirit and His power upon His children!

But then, again, the external abominations. What a mercy if those who have been wrangling about politics the last week or two were brought to sigh and cry to the Lord about the matter! Do you think any godly man would record his vote without first going to the Lord for direction? If you do anything without prayer, it looks as if it were something you are ashamed of. Can we say, "All this is come upon us; yet have we not forgotten Thee, neither have we dealt falsely in Thy covenant. Our heart is not turned back, neither have our steps declined from Thy way"? Nationally, we cannot say so. Go back twenty-five years, and I think we should have had a public fast on account of the things we have been suffering from the last few years. It is an incumbent privilege upon the children of God to sigh and cry to heaven about these things; but how fearful to see so much coquetry in high places to the Papacy, which, if it gained ascendancy, would deprive us of our civil and religious privileges. Truly the Man of Sin has planted his tabernacle in "the glorious holy mountain between the seas" (Dan. xi. 45). Oh, that the Lord may save us from what we feel and fear!

III. We must now pass on to Him who was sent into the midst of the city. Who is He that is sent? In the second verse we read that "six men came from the way of the higher gate, which lieth toward the north, and every man a slaughter weapon in his hand; and one Man among them was clothed with linen, with a writer's ink-horn by His side." I believe these six men may be looked upon as destroying angels, executing the fierce judgments of God. But there was one besides them. "And one Man among them was clothed with linen." Who is this? This was none other than the God-Man Mediator—He that was to come. He is often set forth as a man. "Behold the Man whose name is The Branch" (Zech. vi. 12); "This Man shall be the peace" (Micah v. 5). This was He that was to become man, not by alteration of nature. God's dear Son, in the fulness of time, assumed body and soul, which nature was "curiously wrought in the lowest parts of the earth," for says He, "Thine eyes did see My substance" (Psa. cxxxix. 16). This Man is set forth as clothed in linen. The Lord told Moses that Aaron should put on the holy linen garments. There was the linen mitre, the linen coat, the linen breeches, and the curious girdle of the ephod. But a greater than Aaron is here. When the apostles saw the Lord on the mount of transfiguration, His raiment was white and glistening as no fuller on earth could whiten it. The high priest,

in days of old, was compassed about with infirmities ; but Christ was holy, harmless, and undefiled. He was "a Lamb without spot and without blemish ;" and says the Church, "My Beloved is white and ruddy, the Chiefest amongst ten thousand ; yea, He is altogether lovely." Our blessed Lord had His garments stained with blood : "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah, this that is glorious in His apparel ?" He says, "I have stained all My raiment." Though He was pure and spotless, He became ruddy by the stains of His own blood ; and this Man was to go into the midst of the city. Aaron had to go into the midst of the congregation in the time of the plague. When the plague was already begun, he stood between the living and the dead ; and our blessed Lord came and stayed the plague of sin. And going into the midst shows that He was to come here below ; and so, my dear friends, this blessed High Priest comes into the midst still.

"Sinners are high in His esteem,
And sinners highly value Him."

And was not Jesus Christ the *sent* one ? "I came not to do Mine own will, but the will of Him that sent Me." "Wherefore He is able to save unto the uttermost them that come unto God by Him." He came as a servant. "He made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant." Oh, what service was put upon Him ! What was all the service of the high priest compared with His ? Take all the labours of the Levitical priesthood, in the flaying, dividing, and offering up of the victims, burning of the fat, and the incense. What was all that, compared with what Jesus Christ went through ?

He came not at His own bidding. But did He come unwillingly ? Oh, no ; each glorious Person in the Trinity was equally interested in the salvation of sinners. "Lo ! I come ; I delight to do Thy will, O God ; yea, Thy law is within My heart." He was ever engaged to do His Father's business : "My meat and My drink is to do the will of Him that sent Me, and to finish His work." He comes into the midst of the people, for He says "Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them" (Matt. xviii. 20). John saw One in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks. He said, "When I saw Him I fell at His feet as dead ;" and oh, it is a blessed thing to fall down at such a view of Jesus Christ. Says one—

"Prostrate I fall, ashamed of doubt,
And worship love divine ;
Thus may I always be devout ;
Be this religion mine."

And we find that He that is said to be clothed with linen

“reported the matter,” and said, “I have done that which Thou hast commanded Me.” Read the seventeenth chapter of John. Christ says, “I have given them Thy Word, and the world hath hated them.” He then “reported the matter” to His Father. He “reported the matter” when He entered into heaven; and the angels took up the song, “Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of glory shall come in.” He entered as a mighty Conqueror. Hell was dismayed when the almighty Victor rose, having spoiled principalities and powers, and had made a show of them openly. At the last great day He will report the matter. He says, “He that confesseth Me before men, him will I also confess before My Father and before His holy angels.”

IV. But we come to notice the business which this Man is said to perform: “Set a mark upon the foreheads of them that sigh and cry.” This is a mark that is to be affixed. The mark that God affixes is that which no mere man could imprint. We often make great mistakes in character; yea, even the keenest discernment has been baffled. None less than He that was the Sin-bearer can satisfy him that feels the weight of sin. I believe many are so far convinced of sin to make them tremble at the consequence, who never had a desire for holiness; but “without holiness no man shall see the Lord.” Many may fear sin because of its punishment; but the child of God hates it from very different reasons. Look at Ahab. He humbled himself, and God respected it as far as it went; and I believe God would respect a national fast, if we had one. It is a sign, if one can mourn for sin because of what it did to Jesus Christ, that God has forgiven him; but what God pardons, a man will never forgive himself for. I ask you, before I proceed, if you know this work of the Spirit within, causing you to mourn over sin before God, and yet know that it is all put away?

“Set a mark.” It was for identification, that the six slayers should not touch those who had the mark on their foreheads. This saved Israel from the destroying angel. “When I see the blood I will pass over you;” and so the blood of the Lamb, sprinkled upon your conscience, will cause destruction to pass you by. You may say, “I am fully aware of that, but I want to feel my sins are put away.” Paul says, “Let us draw nigh unto Him with a true heart.” I take this to be with sincerity, with uprightness, humility, and integrity; also, in full assurance of faith; that is, with a full assurance of faith in His ability to save, in His all-sufficiency, believing in the efficacy of His atonement and the completeness of redemption’s work. It does not necessarily mean a full assurance of faith in our interest in His great salvation, although it includes that. Now, where are you

looking for salvation? Say you, "I have been looking and hanging for years upon the blood and righteousness of Christ, that I may appear before God. I have no other foundation to build upon. Oh, that I could say, 'My Beloved is mine, and I am His!'" Well, if you have been led to look to Jesus Christ, and to stake your all upon Him, you will never sink to hell. Do you think you will ever sink? Say you, "I know, if once upon that Rock, I am safe." Some poor soul may be saying, "If I am represented on the breastplate of Israel's High Priest, and belong to any of the tribes of Israel, I am most like Reuben, 'unstable as water.'" But what saith Moses? "Let Reuben *live, and not die*, and let not his men be few." It is not your strength of faith that will take you to heaven, but the reality of it. Though you may be feeble as the ivy, yet you cling as the ivy does to the sturdy oak.

"Jesus, immutably the same,
Thou true and living Vine,
Around Thy all-supporting stem
My feeble arms I twine."

But you will say, "I want to know about that mark." The Lord says, in the Book of the Revelation, to the destroying angel, "Hurt not the earth, neither the sea, nor the trees, till we have sealed the servants of our God in their foreheads." This seal I take to be what Paul speaks of: "After ye believed, ye were sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise;" and He has also given us the earnest of the Spirit in our hearts, and this is equivalent to having it on our foreheads.

A good man once said to me that believing and sealing were one and the same thing; but the Word says, "*After* that ye believed, ye were sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise." There was a time when you hung your all upon Christ, and yet were not manifestly sealed; but, when you look back upon that blessed sealing-time, you have no need to go back any further. This enables you to sing—

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

And, in receiving this mark on the *forehead*, it is that it shall be known. And shall the child of God who has the light of the Lord's countenance not be known? Is there not a marked difference between a sin-burdened soul and a sin-pardoned soul? Why, the change is manifested, and sometimes it is shown in the very countenance; and I believe the countenance is often an index of

the heart. It is to be placed on their foreheads. We read in the Revelation of a company with the Lamb upon the Mount Sion, having His Father's name written in their foreheads; and having God's name upon them shows they are not their own, as says the Apostle: "Ye are not your own; ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are God's." And so now; God's people cannot do what they like, or go where they please. They have to follow His leading. "Thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way: walk ye in it." There are some of whom we have to say we cannot understand them; but, if one has received pardon, although that soul be of small capacity, God turns unto him a pure language, so that he declares plainly that he is seeking a country. "Go and set a mark." The Lord has purchased them; they are His own. How is this mark manifested? Often under the ministry of the Gospel. Paul says, "Ye are our epistle written in our hearts, known and read of all men: forasmuch as ye are manifestly declared to be the epistle of Christ ministered by us, written not with ink, but with the Spirit of the living God; not in tables of stone, but in fleshy tables of the heart." Also by this mark they are known to one another. But there is a secret mark; we read of the "sealed evidences," and none are privy to them but the Lord; and then there are the "open evidences," which may be read of all men. There is a gracious correspondence between these two; the one will tally with the other. Men of business have a counterfoil, and so God has His counterfoil: "Having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are His." "And a book of remembrance shall be written before Him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon His name." "Then shall ye return, and discern between the righteous and the wicked, between him that serveth God and him that serveth Him not." And thus, as they are marked and sealed by God, He will see that none of His shall die without it. I know some may die without manifesting the assurance they would wish for, but the family of God will never be satisfied till they awake in His likeness. They have often long to wait for Him to confirm that which He has already wrought, and—

" Ofttimes as the tempter sly
Affirms it's fancied, forged, or vain;
Jesus appears, disproves the lie,
And kindly makes it o'er again."

Jesus Christ sealed heaven's document with blood. "As for Thee, whose covenant is by blood [margin], I have sent forth Thy prisoners out of the pit where there is no water." And

how are such prisoners to be known but by sighing and crying? John Bunyan observes that religion begins in the bass key, and Hart says—

“ True, Thou hast paid the heavy debt,
And made believers clean ;
But he knows nothing of it yet
Who is not grieved at sin.”

But you may object, “ My grief is that I feel so little on account of sin. I cannot say I am altogether regardless of what I see in the streets, for I often grieve over the abominations around me, but how short I come in everything that is good ! ” It is a great mercy you are not satisfied with a slight repentance. Some can go and hear a little joy spoken of, and pass off as being comforted. But I know the feeling of every gracious soul will be, “ Lord, let me be searched to the very core, that I may prize the remedy.” You may say, “ Although God’s people may not for a time have this sealing, are there not marks whereby they may be known, yea, even to the outer world ? ” Yes ; Christ says, “ By this shall *all men* know that ye are My disciples, if ye love one another ; ” and, when God gave commandment to Ananias respecting Paul, He said, “ Behold, he prayeth.” Then, with regard to hearing the Word of life, some hear it only with the outward ear, others with the inward and circumcised ear. To some it comes in word only, to others in power. When once a soul is touched with this power, he wants it again. “ Having tasted that the Lord is gracious, to whom coming.” These are Scriptural marks, but I like to take what I consider to be the mind of the Spirit, and I believe the mark of the writer’s ink-horn is the application of Christ’s precious blood by the teaching and anointing of the Holy Ghost, as the priest in olden times had blood and oil placed upon the tip of his right ear, upon the thumb of his right hand, and the great toe of his right foot ; and, where once applied, it is found to be an indelible mark, which no time will ever efface. Marked once, they are eternally marked. All besides these marked ones shall be slain. The six men with the slaughter weapons in their hands will do their work, and they only are safe who have the mark, as those in the ark were secure while all outside perished. “ He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty ; ” and, whatever afflictions may come upon them, they shall be safe and secure. “ Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen.”

“REPENT YE, AND BELIEVE THE GOSPEL.”

REPENT! Most solemn word to fallen man ;
It both bespeaks his state, his need,
And hope of remedy, through the rich grace
Of Him who speaks ; else He had silent been,
And man unsaved.

Now the command is given to repent,
And, by the mighty power and energy
Of God the Holy Ghost displayed, the Word
Effects its end in sinner's hearts, who, feeling, cry,
And cry with feeling unto Him who saith, “Repent !”

Yea, unto Him they cry, though yet
They know Him not ; and, though condemned,
And feeling 'most past hope, they, by His Spirit's
Leading, secretly do lean to God, deploring
Much their crimes with fear and dread.
They yet cling fast, sustained by secret hope
Implanted in their breast ; oft wearied, oft cast down,
Yet rising oft from sin's debasing slough
To loathe themselves yet more, and more to seek
The pardon and the grace they need. And much
Though they repent and mourn their crimes, they find
Repentance pays no debt, nor satisfies
The offended dignity of God, which reparation
Righteously demands, and must receive—yea, hath,
All glory to His name ! God sent His Son.
The Eternal veiled Himself in feeble flesh,
And righteous walked, and humbly died, presenting blood.
Infinite price ! so made by union of Godhead
With human kind. Atouement perfect, and accepted thus
For those who shall repent and turn to God.

Thus Jesus' death revealed to sinner's hearts
Removes their guilt, their stains, all fears,
And justifies completely, perfectly ; and he who once
Stood by in filth, and guilt, and shame,
Expecting death and everlasting curse, the just desert of sin,
Now, by this vast exchange of righteousness for sin,
Of peace for guilt, of heaven for hell,
Lifts up his head with joy, looks unto God
Through Christ, nor shame, nor fear ; his heart aglow
With love and gratitude to Him
Whom now he sees—his Saviour, Friend, and God.

Horne.

G. J. W.

LOSE not sight of Christ in this cloudy and dark day. Learn
not from the world to serve Christ, but ask Himself the way.
The world is a false copy and a deceitful guide to follow.—
Rutherford.

A FEW THOUGHTS ON HEBREWS IV. 16.

“Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.”

THE Apostle gives this injunction to the saints of God upon the ground that Christ was once tempted in all points as we are, that He is still “touched with the feeling of our infirmities,” and that, as a great High Priest, He has passed into the heavens; of whom Zechariah speaks: “He shall sit and rule upon His throne; and He shall be a Priest upon His throne: and the counsel of peace shall be between them both.”

We acknowledge the priesthood of Christ; we own His Kingship; but, when we go before God, how far short we come in the experimental knowledge of the doctrine! It is in the *use* of the doctrine, as the old writers would say, that we fail; and, scared by the fear of being called “legal,” we miss many a draught of comfort which they regaled themselves with. It is to be feared Satan is making great havoc in the Church of God. As a roaring lion he is going about, seeking whom he may devour. How needful, then, it is to come to the throne of grace!

Some call their times for prayer going to a throne of grace. I do not feel it so. Oh, that I did! Too often have I to say with Job, “Oh, that I knew where I might find Him! that I might come even to His seat!” Those who find the Lord’s seat have reason to call it a throne of grace. A throne commands reverence. What awe we should have if we were ushered into the presence of Her Majesty and her courtiers! How much more when coming near to Him who is King of kings and Lord of lords. This is an ancient throne. “A glorious high throne from the beginning is the place of our sanctuary.” Solomon had an elaborate throne. A view of his princely glory so wrought upon the Queen of Sheba that it is said, “There was no more spirit in her;” and, when Isaiah beheld a greater glory than that of Solomon, even “the Lord sitting upon His throne, high and lifted up,” he said, “Woe is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips; for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts.” A throne of *grace* is the place for sensible sinners. It is thence they look for mercy. Hence the word came with the live coal to touch the prophet’s unclean lips: “Lo, this hath touched thy lips, and thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin is purged.” A view of the Lord’s majesty turned Daniel’s comeliness into corruption.

Oh, that I could get this sense of deep reverence and humility every time I call upon God! But sometimes I *do* get it, and

there is a blessed falling down before the throne of God and the Lamb ; and, as we obtain a view of this throne of grace, we feel it is a marvel. The Lord says, "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." Wherefore, seeing He also took our infirmities, Jesus was acquainted with the feeling of hunger, of thirst, and of languor. He was weary when He sat upon the well. You may say, "How could that be ? How could He who held up all things by the word of His power be the Subject of weariness and fatigue ?" "He was made in all points like unto His brethren, that He might be a merciful and faithful High Priest in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people. For in that He Himself hath suffered, being tempted, He is able to succour them that are tempted." You may think He was not tempted like you are, but my belief is, that He was tempted far more than ever we are. You may say, "How could His temptations be such as I have, and He yet be without sin ?" He was tempted, but did not fall thereby : "The prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in Me." Now, in us he has so much to work upon, and, as Hart says—

" Prone to take the tempter's part ;
Nay, oftener tempts him first."

And with reverence would I say it, that, if *one* sin had overcome Him, He would not have been an able or sufficient Saviour for us. Now, then, let us come boldly from necessity. We read of the lepers that were outside the city of Samaria : "They said one to another, Why sit we here until we die ? If we say, We will enter into the city, then the famine is in the city, and we shall die there : and if we sit still here, we die also. Now, therefore, come, and let us fall unto the host of the Syrians ; if they save us alive, we shall live ; and if they kill us, we shall but die." But you know when they went they found an abundance there, fulfilling what was said by Elisha the prophet respecting the plenty. Thus their absolute need made them venture with their lives in their hands. Having thus to come, one says—

" I am resolved to try ;
For, if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die."

But you may say, "I am ashamed ; I have no words." Fie ! let that shame go. God reads the desires of the heart. He regards even tears. God told Hezekiah, "I have heard thy prayer ; I have seen thy tears : behold, I will heal thee : on the third day thou shalt go up unto the house of the Lord." Wherefore, "let us

come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need." "Let my sentence come forth from Thy presence." The wicked will obtain nothing at the throne of God's judgment but "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." No mercy will be obtained *there*. But I am persuaded, if you sigh and cry for God's mercy in this life, with a grain of faith in your heart, you will obtain it; but you may not get what you want for years. The Psalmist desired help from the sanctuary, and you will get little helps from time to time in waiting upon the Lord. I do not always find the same help in speaking to you, and you do not always find the same help in hearing; but it is our mercy to wait upon the Lord, "that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need." If God had not looked upon us until we came to Him, we had never come at all. Then, when we were looking quite a different way, it was a time of need. Therefore He says, "Before they call I will answer." There is a set time to favour Zion.

But you may say, "I would call upon Him if I felt a deeper sense of need." At such seasons there is the greatest need to come. Depend upon it, the enemy is continually trying to throw us into some Delilah's lap; and, when we are led to discover this, we have need to spring a rattle for help. You will say, "I cannot produce a sense of need." But there will be something within disturbed about it, if you are a child of God. It is a mercy to feel needy. But, if Satan can get us into this debauched condition, that we listen not to Mr. Godly Fear, as Bunyan would say, it is indeed a sad state. Come, then, "that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need." When I find afflictions and trials, then I know it is a time of need.

And, to sum up all, we may say our whole life is a time of need. "But suppose I am rejoicing—that is not a time of need?" Oh, yes, it is.

" We always need His hand, His might,
Lest what He gives us we should lose;
Spiritual pride would soon creep in,
And turn His very grace to sin."

Thus, whether we be in adversity or prosperity, we need the throne of grace; yea, the very breath and life of the Christian is prayer. As Mr. Hart says—

" Prayer was appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give;
Long as they live should Christians pray,
For only while they pray they live."

OUR MARTYRED FOREFATHERS.

XI.—JOHN HOOPER.

"OF whom the world was not worthy." This epitaph the Apostle Paul penned to the memory of those illustrious heroes of Old Testament history—heroes who walked in the fear of God, and fought stoutly for His honour and glory, by obeying the commands of their Almighty Creator rather than submit to the dictates of puny man. This same epitaph, we are assured, may be safely and as appropriately inscribed to the memory of such men as John Hooper, who, at a period much nearer our own time, stoutly vindicated God's honour and glory, by proclaiming the Gospel of His grace in a day when power and influence were arrayed on the side of its enemies. Hooper and his martyred comrades may be justly ranked among the foremost of England's worthies, both because of the glorious work in which they were engaged, and the courage and wisdom they displayed in its accomplishment. Our martyred ancestors fought and won a battle that overturned England's greatest and most dangerous foe, by placing in power England's most trusty and most valuable friend. Bible Christianity, which has received the historic designation of "Protestantism," is that friend; and any one who has only a general knowledge of our national history is thoroughly aware that our country has invariably prospered under Protestant rule, but, on the contrary, its prosperity has as surely waned and declined under Papal domination. "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people."

In the reign of Henry VIII. there was a student and graduate at the University of Oxford whose abilities and talents, as manifested in the rapid advance he made in the study of the sciences, were attracting considerable attention. That student was John Hooper. During the prosecution of these studies God was pleased to arrest him, and bring him as a humble and docile scholar to the feet of Christ, there to learn and delight in the wonders of redeeming love. Not contented with the fashionable learning of the day, which could no more satisfy the cravings of Hooper's soul than empty cisterns could quench the desires of a thirsty man, he now devoted the major part of his time to the study and meditation of the Holy Scriptures. As Hooper, by God's grace, progressed in spiritual knowledge and understanding, it was no easy matter for him to conceal his opinions from his fellow-students, whose friendship soon gave place to open opposition when they learnt the nature of the principles he was desirous to communicate to them. He was at length compelled to quit the university. Leaving the banks of the Isis, Hooper

found a home under the roof of Sir Thomas Arundel in the rapacity of steward. His master was very fond of Hooper personally, but he also possessed a keen dislike to his religious views. Thinking that the Bishop of Winchester might be able to prove to his servant the absurdity and untenableness of his opinions, Sir Thomas Arundel dispatched Hooper with a letter to that prelate, asking him to confer with the bearer, in order to restore him to the unity of the Church. The bishop received Hooper very graciously, but Gardiner found he was unable to cause him to abandon his principles, so he commended his wit and learning and sent him home.

A short time after this discussion had taken place under the Bishop of Winchester's roof, intelligence came to the ears of Hooper which caused him to leave the country. A friend having lent him a horse, Hooper left the house of Sir Thomas Arundel and rode to the sea-side, where he embarked for France. His stay on the Continent was but brief, for he soon returned home, to be kindly entertained by Mr. Sentlow. The news of Hooper's return quickly spread, and spies were ordered to search out his hiding-place. Again he fled from the land of his birth, and this time he went to Germany and Switzerland, where he found, particularly in the towns of Basle and Zurich, God-fearing and spiritually-minded men like himself. It was at Zurich that Hooper made the acquaintance of Bullinger, the Swiss Reformer, and also of the lady whom he afterwards married.

On the accession of Edward to the English throne, Hooper deemed it his duty to return to his native country, and there to forward the cause of Christ and His Gospel. Bullinger and his friends felt Hooper's departure very keenly, and the Swiss Reformer, at their last earthly interview, thus addressed him: "Mr. Hooper, although we are sorry to part with your company for your own cause, yet much greater cause have we to rejoice, both for your sake and especially for the cause of Christ's true religion, that you shall now return out of long banishment to your native country, where you may not only enjoy your own private liberty, but also that the cause and state of Christ's Church by you may fare the better, as we doubt not but it will. Another cause why we rejoice with you and for you is this—that you shall remove not only out of exile into liberty, but leave here a barren, sour, and unpleasant country, rude and savage, and shall go into a land flowing with milk and honey, replenished with all fertility. But, with this our rejoicing, one fear and care we have lest you, being absent and so far distant from us, or else coming to such abundance and felicity, in your new welfare and plenty of all things, and in your flourishing honours, where you shall come peradventure to be a bishop, and where you shall find

so many new friends, you will forget us, your old acquaintances and well-wishers. If, however, you shall forget and shake us off, yet this persuade yourself, that we will not forget our old friend; and, if you will please not to forget us, then I pray you let us hear from you."

Hooper, in thanking his friends for their hospitality and affection, told them that they should certainly hear from him, as neither the nature of his own country, nor the pleasure of its advantages, nor the formation of new friendships, should ever cause him to forget his benefactors during his exile. "But," he added, taking Bullinger by the hand, "the last news of all I may not be able to write, for there where I shall take most pains, there shall you hear of me to be burned to ashes: and that shall be news which I shall not be able to write unto you, but you shall hear of me from other hands."

Having thus bidden adieu to his friends on the Continent, Hooper set sail for England; and, coming to London, his voice was soon heard, inveighing against evil in its various forms and shapes, and establishing the Gospel as revealing the one only way of salvation for the guilty sinner. Consistent with his profession as a Christian was his every-day life. Hooper appears to have been one of the most upright and conscientious of the English Reformers; he was a man who was actuated by pure and disinterested motives of the highest order. Talking was not a prominent feature in Hooper's character, but he was a man of sound judgment. He was no glutton, but very abstemious in his diet; yet he always took especial care that the daily wants of his poorer neighbours should be supplied from his table. Hooper was also a very diligent preacher; and, in this position, he greatly distinguished himself for his earnestness and fidelity, so that he was requested to deliver a sermon before the royal court; and, very soon afterwards, the king gave expression to his estimate of the preacher by appointing him Bishop of Gloucester. After the lapse of two years he also received, in conjunction with Gloucester, the bishopric of Worcester. During the time Hooper held this important position he was engaged in a very lengthy controversy with the Archbishop of Canterbury and his episcopal colleagues about the wearing of certain vestments that were liable to excite superstitious feelings in the minds of ignorant worshippers. Hooper unhesitatingly protested against the wearing of these Popish garments, and he wrote to the king, desiring His Majesty either to deprive him of his bishopric or permit him to dispense with the objectionable garb. To Hooper's latter request the young monarch willingly acceded; and he accordingly wrote a letter to the archbishop, requesting the omission of those ceremonies and vestments that were so decidedly obnoxious to the bishop. But

this letter, although supported by one to the same effect from the Earl of Warwick, availed not, for the bishops were determined that Hooper should either conform or resign. At length this unhappy dispute was brought to an end by the Bishop of Worcester reluctantly consenting to wear, on certain occasions, those vestments against which he had so earnestly battled. Very soon, however, these differences of opinion were forgotten amid the rage of persecution; and those who had been opponents in this vestment controversy were afterwards sincere friends and affectionate brethren for the truth's sake.

After the conclusion of this controversy, Hooper entered upon his diocesan work with that diligence that should characterize one who comes as an ambassador of Christ's Gospel. Hooper, we may safely say, was a model bishop—a pattern which his successors would have done well to emulate. So ably and so faithfully did this worthy prelate discharge his episcopal functions, that we can trace in his career those delineations of character that the Apostle Paul marked out as the becoming and appropriate features of a bishop. He was “blameless,” for his enemies, ever on the watch, were not able to accuse him of any evil deeds, except that, like Daniel, he offended them by obeying the law of his God. “The husband of one wife, vigilant, of good behaviour, given to hospitality, apt to teach; not given to wine, no striker, not greedy of filthy lucre; but patient, not a brawler, not covetous.” Hooper, we believe, was one of the most earnest and straightforward of the English Reformers; and his courage and firmness for the truth were not exceeded by any of his contemporaries. He may not have possessed the fervid eloquence of “honest Hugh Latimer,” and his scholarly attainments may not have been so conspicuous as those of Nicholas Ridley; but none of the Marian martyrs surpassed Hooper in his unwavering firmness for the truth and his unmitigated zeal for its propagation. From one end of his diocese to the other Hooper preached the Word; and, no matter how despicable the hamlet, how unassuming the building, nor how poor the audience, he availed himself of every opportunity to disseminate the grand, majestic truths of the Gospel far and wide. Hospitality to the poor was also an admirable feature in this bishop's character. Every day it was his custom, as Foxe, the martyrologist, tells us, to entertain a large number of the poor people of the city of Gloucester in the hall of the episcopal palace, and he always saw that their wants were attended to before he sat down to dine. At home Hooper's private life was strictly consistent with his public profession. Neither gambling nor swearing—so prevalent even in episcopal residences in those days—were permitted under his roof: neither courtly rioting nor pompous shows were tolerated during his

episcopate. Hooper was also a wise father, whose anxiety for his children was manifested in his personal superintendence of their training and education. In short, a bishop of this stamp England has seldom seen; and to expatiate fully on the many worthy deeds of this eminent martyr would be tantamount to writing his biography, which is not our purpose. Enough has been written to give a general idea of the character of John Hooper as a bishop, his words and deeds both proving him to have been a God-fearing, spiritually-minded man.

But a very short time elapsed after the accession of Queen Mary to the throne before Hooper received a summons to repair to London and appear before the royal court. A two-fold reason was assigned for this step. Firstly, he was to answer to the charge of usurpation preferred against him by Dr. Heath, who was deprived of the bishopric of Worcester on Hooper's elevation to that see: and, secondly, Bonner demanded his presence on account of some accusations Hooper had made against him before the deceased monarch. On the receipt of this mandate, many of the bishop's friends urged him to flee from the country—a proposal which Hooper firmly resisted. "Once did I flee and take me to my feet," replied the worthy prelate to the solicitations of his friends, "but now, because I am called to this place and vocation, I am thoroughly persuaded to remain, and to live and die with my sheep." On Hooper's arrival in the metropolis, he was commanded to appear before the queen and Privy Council, who received him very ungraciously; Gardiner, the Lord Chancellor, more especially distinguishing himself by falsely accusing and bitterly sneering at this heroic witness for the truth. Hooper, however, unmoved by the taunts and malice of his foes, acquitted himself boldly, and answered his judges in a very decided and noble manner, without any mixture of angry recrimination. He was formally deprived of his bishoprics on his second appearance before the Council, when he was treated with more disrespect and opprobrium than on the previous occasion. The next movement on the part of his opponents was to send Hooper to prison, where he was incarcerated for nearly eighteen months, and during that period he was subjected to very cruel treatment, and had also to endure intense sufferings, on account of the unhealthy position of the dungeon in which he was immured. The following is Hooper's version of this imprisonment:—

"The first of September, 1553, I was committed unto the Fleet from Richmond, to have the liberty of the prison; and within six days after I paid five pounds sterling to the warden for fees for my liberty, who, immediately upon payment thereof, complained unto the Bishop of Winchester, upon which I was

committed to close prison a quarter of a year in the tower-chamber of the Fleet, and used extremely ill. By the means of a good gentlewoman, I had liberty to come down to dinner and supper, but was not suffered to speak with any of my friends; but, as soon as dinner and supper were done, to repair to my chamber again. Notwithstanding, whilst I came down thus to dinner and supper, the warden and his wife picked quarrels with me, and complained untruly of me to their great friend the Bishop of Winchester. After a quarter of a year, Babington, the warden, and his wife fell out with me respecting the wicked Mass; and thereupon the warden resorted to the Bishop of Winchester, and obtained leave to put me into the wards, where I have continued a long time, having nothing appointed to me for my bed but a little pad of straw and a rotten covering, with a tick and a few feathers therein, the chamber being vile and stinking, until, by God's means, good people sent me bedding to lie on. On one side of the prison is the sink and filth of the house, and on the other the town ditch, so that the stench of the house hath infected me with sundry diseases. During this time I have been sick, and the doors, bars, hasps, and chains being all closed upon me, I have mourned, called, and cried for help; but the warden, when he hath known me many times ready to die, and when the poor men of the wards have called to help me, hath commanded the doors to be kept fast, and charged that none of his men should come at me, saying, 'Let him alone; it were a good riddance of him;' and he did this October 18th, 1553, as many can witness."

At length, after this long term of imprisonment, Hooper was brought before the Bishops of London, Durham, Winchester, Chichester, and Llandaff, who were appointed as Her Majesty's Commissioners to examine his case. The celibacy of priests was the question that occupied the attention of the court in the earlier stage of its proceedings. Hooper stoutly affirmed that it was lawful, according to the Word of God, for priests to marry; but his judges, ridiculing their prisoner's arguments, as persistently denied it. "Marriage is honourable in all" is the plain declaration of infallible Truth; but the Church of Rome has dared to despise and ignore the Word of God by compelling her priests to a celibate life, and thereby, as a consequence of this doctrine, the world has been deluged with gross immoralities and social disorders.

Leaving this question, Hooper was next attacked upon the real presence. Tonsal, Bishop of Durham, asked him whether he believed in the corporeal presence of Christ in the Sacrament. Hooper's answer may be anticipated. Standing firm to his convictions, he boldly replied that there was no such thing, neither

did he believe it. The worthy prisoner was then proceeding to read out of a book in support of his answer, when his opponents raised such a clamour and hubbub in the court that he was compelled to desist. The Bishop of Winchester then asked him on what authority he denied the corporeal presence. Hooper began replying to this query by quotations from the Scriptures, when he was rudely stopped by his judges, who had again created another disturbance in order to silence his utterances. After some hours had been spent in this manner the court broke up, and Hooper was again conducted to prison.

On the 22nd of January, 1555, Hooper again appeared before a number of bishops, when he was exhorted to abandon his principles and return to the Church of Rome. On this occasion, Gardiner treated his prisoner rather more courteously, and he endeavoured, by the art of gentle persuasion, to induce Hooper to forsake the standard of the cross and return to the bondage of priestism. The intrepid martyr, however, was immovable. He boldly told Gardiner that the Church of Rome was not the Church of Christ, as the Pope taught doctrines totally opposed to the doctrines of Christ. Finding that it was utterly useless to further argue the matter, Hooper was again ordered back to prison.

But a few days, however, was he allowed to rest; for, on the 28th of January, Hooper again appeared before the Bishop of Winchester and the other commissioners. On the same day Rogers was also examined by these episcopal judges; but both of them firmly held their ground, and yielded not to the solicitations of their opponents. Hooper, attended by one of the City sheriffs, was the first to leave the court. Looking back, he saw Rogers following, to whom he said, "Come, brother Rogers, must we two take this matter first in hand, and begin to fry these faggots?" "Yes, sir," replied Rogers, "by God's grace." "Doubt not," said Hooper, "but God will give strength." So these two champions for the truth, passing through a large concourse of sympathetic people, were conducted to the Compter in Southwark, with orders to appear again the following day. Accordingly, at the appointed hour, Hooper and Rogers were again brought before Her Majesty's Commissioners for the last time. The question put to them was, "Will you recant?" and the plain, decided answer was, "No!" This being their decision, they were again taken to the Compter and confined in separate chambers, so that they should not be able to comfort and edify one another. When darkness began to steal over the City, and the bustle of the day gave place to the stillness of the night, Hooper was led through the City to Newgate. This removal seems to have been done in the night to prevent the people from knowing the intentions of Hooper's enemies; but the news got wind, and large numbers of the worthy man's friends

and admirers cheered and encouraged him on his way. At Newgate, he was imprisoned for six days, during which time he was kept in very close confinement, nobody, except the keepers, being permitted to see him. Admittance, however, was given to some priests and friars, who had been sent by the Lord Chancellor to harass and worry Hooper, if possible, into a recantation of his opinions. In fact, Hooper's enemies seem to have concentrated all their energies and combined all their efforts, in order to move him from his steadfastness in the truth; but all their machinations signally failed, and the dauntless martyr kept faithful, even unto death. Bonner, Bishop of London, was also one of Hooper's visitors. This prelate came to degrade the worthy martyr, and thereby cast him out of the Church, prior to his departure for Gloucester.

On the same night after Hooper had submitted to this mock degradation, his last journey commenced. The news that he was to suffer at Gloucester caused the heroic bishop much joy; and he praised and thanked the Almighty for sending him to die amongst the people over whom he had been pastor. At length, after two or three days, Gloucester is sighted. As the procession nears the city gates, hundred of persons come forth to greet their esteemed bishop, whose ministry had been so profitable to them, and whose life had been such an example for them to emulate. Hooper, too, is delighted to see the city in which he had proclaimed the majestic and everlasting truths of the Gospel with no uncertain sound. In this city his voice had often rung out the "glad tidings" to guilty, undone sinners; here his earnest and powerful preaching had often been made a blessing to his hearers; here he had many times grappled with the legions of error and superstition; here he had bestowed a considerable portion of his substance to relieve the wants of others; and here, too, he must die. On being delivered into the custody of the sheriffs of Gloucester, he was visited by those officials, in company with the mayor and aldermen of the city. They treated Hooper in a very cordial manner, and heartily saluted him, whereupon the noble hero thus addressed them:—

"I give most hearty thanks to you, and to the rest of your brethren, that you have vouchsafed to take me, a prisoner and a condemned man, by the hand; whereby, to my rejoicing, it is very apparent that your old love and friendship towards me is not altogether extinguished; and I trust also, that all the things I have taught you in times past are not utterly forgotten, when I was your bishop and pastor; for which most true and sincere doctrine, because I will not now account it falsehood and heresy, as many other men do, I am sent hither, you know, by the queen's commands, to die, and am come where I taught it to

confirm it with my blood. And now, master sheriffs, I understand by these good men, and my good friends, at whose hands I have found as much favour and gentleness on the road hither as a prisoner could reasonably require, for which I most heartily thank them, that I am committed to your custody, as unto those that must see me brought to-morrow to the place of execution. My request to you shall be only that there may be a quick fire, shortly to make an end; and, in the meantime, I will be as obedient to you as yourselves could wish. If you think I do amiss in anything, hold up your finger and I have done; for I am not come hither as one forced or compelled to die, for it is well known I might have had my life with worldly gain; but as one willing to offer and give my life for the truth, rather than consent to the wicked religion of the Bishop of Rome, received and set forth by the magistrates in England, to God's high displeasure and dishonour; and I trust, by God's grace, to-morrow to die a faithful subject to God, and a true, obedient subject to the queen."

The scene at the stake was of a very solemn and impressive character. Hooper, accompanied by a strong body-guard, was led to the place of execution through a long line of sympathetic onlookers, who unmistakably showed their appreciation and esteem for the martyr's cause. Surrounded by a multitude of seven thousand persons, the martyr prepared himself for the stake. Seeing the large concourse of spectators, Hooper spake the following words to those about him: "Alas! why are these people assembled and come together? Peradventure they think to hear something of me now, as they have in times past; but, alas! speech is prohibited me. Notwithstanding, the cause of my death is well known to them. When I was appointed here to be their pastor, I preached unto them true and sincere doctrine, and that out of the Word of God; and, because I will not now account the same to be heresy and untruth, this kind of death is prepared for me." When all was ready for the execution, the queen's pardon was offered to Hooper if he would only recant. At the sight of it he exclaimed, "If you love my soul, away with it!" The fire was then ignited, and, after a very cruel and lingering death, Hooper had gone to be "for ever with the Lord." Thus finished the career of one of the most noble of England's "noble army of martyrs;" and we conclude our sketch of his life with a short poem on his martyrdom, composed by Conrade Gesner—

"Hooper, unvanquished by Rome's cruelties,
Confessing Christ in his last moments, dies:
Whilst flames his body rack, his soul doth fly,
Inflamed with faith, to immortality!

His constancy on earth has raised his name,
 And gave him entrance at the gates of fame,
 Which neither storms, nor the cold north wind's blast,
 Nor all-devouring time shall ever waste :
 For he whom God protects shall sure attain
 That happiness which worldlings seek in vain.
 Example take by him, you who profess
 Christ's holy doctrines ; ne'er the world caress
 In hopes of riches ; or, if fortune frown
 With inauspicious looks, be not cast down ;
 For man ne'er saw, nor can his heart conceive,
 What God bestows on them that righteous live."

J. C.

A LETTER BY THE LATE FRANCIS COVELL.

DEAR FRIENDS,—I know you feel an interest in my good, and, as I was writing to some of my friends, I felt, "I will send my friends Boorne a line."

I desire to bless God, my friends, though placed here with every comfort, that these cannot satisfy my soul. My heart is after the living God, and, though my heart is so foolish and so pleased with trifles, yet I feel that Jesus is more to me than all the world besides. At times how I can bless Him for ever looking upon me in a way of mercy, and blessing me with eternal life, and thus giving me to feel that I am saved for ever ; and, though there is so little of it springing up in my soul that it often causes me to hang down my head with shame, yet—

" Whom once He loves He never leaves,
 But loves him to the end."

I often feel what a proof I am of it. Grace suits poor sinners ; the Lord bless us with more of it.

I felt yesterday, when walking along by the river Trent, in going to preach, with the large factories before me, the smoking chimneys, the railways in view, "The thousands of busy people all seemed to say, 'What shall we eat and drink?'" In how short a time will all these things cease to be, and the place that now knows them will know them no more ! Oh, my friends, "give diligence to make your calling and election sure," and may the Lord bless you, and thus accept this line from one who can and does pray for your good.

Yours truly,

Walford, Nottingham, Nov. 13th, 1856.

F. COVELL.

FAITH is never soundly tried till it is brought into that distress that nothing but Omnipotency can relieve out of.

“THOUGH I BE NOTHING.”

MY DEAR FRIEND,—If the Lord will, I shall hope to see you at the Grove on Saturday evening, the 13th, about half-past six or seven o'clock, and may the Lord's blessing rest upon your visit. As you asked me to write to you, it has been on my mind to try and do so; but, for the most part, I do not seem to have anything worth writing about. My poverty is so great; and, when I do attempt to write to any friend, I feel ashamed of it when I have done so; and, if I call to see any of God's people, my conversation is so poor, I am ashamed of it after I leave—yea, I am ashamed of myself, for to me indeed “belongeth shame and confusion of face, but to the Lord belongeth mercies and forgivenesses.”

I have, according to your request, read your piece, and I fully agree with all you have said. I never once thought that the Lord is now preparing a place for His people, but I have always believed that it is already prepared. As you say, He Himself is heaven to His people.

“ 'Tis heaven to rest in His embrace,
And nowhere else but there.”

“I go,” He says, “to prepare a place for you,” which I understand to mean, “I Myself am that place. ‘I am the Resurrection and the Life.’ I am heaven.” I have always thought of the future state of God's people as being vastly great and blessed. It is called “an eternal weight of glory;” “joy unspeakable and full of glory.” “Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard,” neither can we conceive the greatness of the blessing.

“Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.”

Indeed, when I meditate on these things, it often seems too great and too glorious for such a great sinner as I am. When I look at myself, and my sinful, wandering, unprofitable life, I have to fall down in my soul's feeling flat in the dust before the Lord in confession, with “‘God be merciful to me a sinner!’ Of sinners, Lord, I am indeed the very, very chief. Was ever any heart so full of pride and unbelief as mine? ‘Behold, I am vile.’” I do not wonder at good old Mr. Warburton once saying in Edon Street Chapel, “There is pride enough in old John to stock a nation.” After all these years in the wilderness, I feel more and more that I am indeed “a guilty, weak, and helpless worm,” “a debtor to mercy alone;” and I often have to exclaim—

“Every door is shut but one,
And that is mercy's door.”

“ And if no grace the Lord will grant,
I must lie down and die.”

It will be a wonderful mercy if I am saved at last. How thankful I sometimes feel that the Lord of life and glory did “not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance,” and that His goodness from time to time leads me to repentance. I am sure that the Lord has been longsuffering to me ward. I am sure He has not dealt with me according to my sins, and I am sure “it is of the Lord’s mercies I am not consumed;” and I am quite sure that “salvation is of the Lord.” As my old friend Kershaw used to say, “It is a finished salvation for a finished sinner;” and he also used to say that “God’s salvation becomes growingly precious,” and so I feel it to be. How precious is the everlasting covenant of free and sovereign grace to me; and how precious is the whole work of the Lord of life and glory—His life, His obedience, His righteousness, His sufferings, His death, His resurrection, and His precious blood, which “cleanseth us from all sin;” His intercession also at the right hand of God! How little I seem to know, after all these years, of these blessed and eternal realities. I do pray the Holy Spirit to take of these precious things of Christ and show them unto me, that I may know and love Him more.

Our kind united love to yourself, Mrs. H——, and daughter.

Yours sincerely in the truth as it is in Jesus,

December 4th, 1879.

R. L.

“HIS SECRET IS WITH THE RIGHTEOUS.”

“THERE is a secret in the ways of God,
With His own children, which none others know,
That sweetens all He does; and if such peace,
While under His afflicting hand, we find,
What will it be to see Him as He is,
And, past the reach of all that now disturbs
The tranquil soul’s repose, to contemplate,
In retrospect unclouded, all the means
By which His wisdom has prepared His saints
For the vast weight of glory which remains?
Come, then, affliction, if my Father bids,
And be my frowning friend: a friend that frowns
Is better than a smiling enemy.
We welcome clouds that bring the former rain,
Though they the present prospect blacken round,
And shade the beauties of the present year,
That, by their stores enriched, the earth may yield
A fruitful summer and a plenteous crop.”

SWAIN’S “REDEMPTION.”

AN ENCOURAGEMENT TO PRAYER.

A CHRISTIAN lady narrated to me the following interesting coincidence:—

“The other day,” said she, “I happened to take up, quite casually, an old magazine, and found in it a story of a man who was converted in India, in a rather curious way. The man called on a missionary, and begged to know if he had ever heard of Dr. Hawker, and if he could direct him to any of his writings. The missionary gave him what information he possessed concerning the works of the venerable doctor, and wished to know what special reason he had for making the inquiry.

“‘Sir,’ said the stranger, ‘I once went down to the shore near the place where I was residing, in order to see a vessel sail for England. The ship was gone before I arrived, and the people who had gathered to see her off were dispersing. As I was turning to go home, I noticed, scattered along the beach, a number of pieces of paper, many of which I picked up. I found that they were tracts, written by one Dr. Hawker. I read them with interest, and God blessed them to my soul. Before then I was ignorant of the way of salvation, and knew nothing experimentally of Christ. They led me to see that Christ was everything; they led me to my Bible, to my God, to my Saviour; and now I feel a great desire to read whatever other works this good man has written, if I can procure them.’

“Such was the substance of the narrative, and it was perused by me with the most engrossing interest; not merely as an example of the strange ways in which sinners are sometimes brought by the Holy Spirit to receive Christ, but because of its remarkable coincidence with a circumstance in which I was personally interested, and which I will now detail to you.

“When I was a child, I lived at Plymouth; and my dear mother, who had long loved the Lord, was a constant attendant on Dr. Hawker’s ministry, which, in common with all who heard him, she greatly valued. My father had been dead many years; but I had one brother who was unhappily rather wild, and fast getting beyond my poor mother’s control. Living in a great seaport, he had imbibed a strong desire to see the world, and nothing would serve but that he must go to sea.

“This resolution was most painful to my mother, who laboured hard to dissuade him from it, though with little success. In her trouble she sought the counsel of her kind friend and pastor, who, soon perceiving that my brother was not likely to settle on shore, exerted his interest to procure him a berth on board an East India-man, the commander of which he knew to be a worthy man. My

mother took care that he should not depart without his Bible and a copious supply of good Dr. Hawker's tracts. The former she instructed him to read daily ; the latter she made him promise to distribute during his stay in India.

" My brother remained abroad several years, and when at length he returned, my mother, who had not forgotten the tracts, asked him what he had done with them. He acknowledged that a false shame had prevented him from giving them away, until he was upon the point of returning to Europe, when the remembrance of his promise, and his unwillingness to face his mother without some kind of performance of it, induced him to think what he could do with them ; ' so,' said he, ' I took the whole packet and strewed them along the shore, the very day we sailed. I thought, Perhaps some one may pick them up and read them, and so my mother's intentions may be fulfilled in this way.'

" My brother soon after went to sea, and we never saw him again ; but *my mother was a woman of much faith and prayer*, and she always believed that the tracts were not lost, and that her poor son also would be ultimately saved. From the tenor of his last letter home, and from the accounts we received of his dying hour, we had good ground for hope that her prayers were answered for him, and that the poor wanderer really found a rest in the bosom of his Saviour.

" As to the tracts, I had not the least expectation of hearing any more of them in this world ; but when I read the story in the old magazine, I felt convinced that my mother's prayers for a blessing on them had also been heard, for, from the agreement of place and time, I have not the slightest doubt that the tracts which the poor man picked up, and which were made the channel of light and blessing to his soul, were the identical tracts which my brother had strewn on the shore. How much farther the benefit flowing from them may have extended, eternity may yet declare."—*Mothers' Treasury*.

"LOVE NOT THE WORLD."

(1 JOHN ii. 15.)

THERE is one word too much in this text to make it agreeable to the spirit and conduct of professors. As Pharaoh said by the locusts, " Take away from me this death only " (Exod. x. 17), so many may say, ' Take away this 'not' only, for it is death to us ; then we shall like the text, and most passionately obey its commandment, ' Love the world.' " Does it not seem by the conduct of too many as though they thus read the text ? Now, do not look at Mr. Such-an-one. Look at home. See if you are not the

very person in whom the love of the world reigns. You own it ; but, instead of falling under conviction of the evil of it, you have an excuse for it. You say, “I have a large family ; I ought to obtain a fortune for them. Though I have some riches, I must get more. I must love, court, and follow the ways of the world. There is nothing to be done without industry. We must rise early, late take rest ; eat the bread of carefulness, and be all day long in pursuit of business.” Very well, this is open and honest ; the very language of the world. But do you not see gross infidelity stare you in the face ? It is plain, “where your treasure is, there will be your heart also.” You know you cannot, you dare not, say, “The Lord is my portion : what is there upon earth I desire beside Thee ?” Hear the Apostle’s decision and tremble : “If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.” Two such contrary loves cannot dwell in one heart. It matters not what profession loves such make. They may be deemed saints of God. What ! without the love of God in their hearts ? What other idea can we form of a devil but that he is destitute of the love of God ? James says, “A friend of this world is an enemy of God” (iv. 4). Well might Paul say, “The love of money is the root of all evil ;” for, like a stinking weed, it chokes the Word of God in the heart. See the reason of this exhortation, “Love not the world.” Examine whether your pursuits are most earnest after the world, to gain more riches, or to enjoy more the love of God in your heart. Consider your calling. It is to be happy in the love of God in Christ. But the love of the world opposes this and indisposes for this, therefore we must be crucified unto the world. Hard as this is to flesh and blood, yet faith in Christ makes all things possible. Love to Christ makes all things easy. ‘This is the victory which overcometh the world, even our faith’ (1 John v. 4). “The love of Christ constraineth us” (2 Cor. v. 14).

“ Thy wondrous blood, dear dying Christ,
Can make this world of sin remove ;
And Thou canst bear me where Thou fly’st,
On Thy kind wings, Celestial Dove.

“ Oh, might I now mount up and see
The glories of the eternal skies,
What little things these worlds would be
How despicable to my eyes !”

— *From Mason’s “Daily Portions.”*

FROM the time we know the Lord, and are bound to Him by the cords of love and gratitude, the two points we should have in view, I apprehend, are, to maintain communion with Him in our own souls, and to glorify Him in the sight of men.—*Newton.*

LETTERS FOR THE YOUNG.—No. IV.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have copied out and enclosed a letter by the late Mr. Hart, thinking perhaps you might find room for it in the SOWER, and that it may be the means of comforting some poor tried, seeking soul who, like myself, has a thousand fears lest, after all, he should fall away.

Yours sincerely,

Cromer, April 8th, 1880.

E. B.

A LETTER BY THE LATE JOSEPH HART.

DEAR NEPHEW,—I am glad the Lord has so far wrought on your soul as to make you concerned for its everlasting state; and I sincerely wish you may hold out to the end, and be saved. As to your fears of falling back again, they are no signs that you will fall, but rather the contrary; for none depart from God while they have any fears of departing from Him. You do well to hear the Gospel at all opportunities, as the means appointed for the good of souls; but always endeavour to look through all means to the God of grace, and depend on His strength, and not your own. When you are comforted, bless God for the encouragement; and when it is otherwise, trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon the God of your salvation. Remember, the Lord will cast out none that come unto Him, though they come ever so poor and helpless. The alteration of your frames from warm to cold, from lively to dead, is what all Christians experience; and, therefore, let not that make you cast off your confidence. Remember, we are made partakers of Christ, if we hold fast our profession to the end. "The just shall live by faith; but, if any man draw back, My soul shall have no pleasure in him." "Fear not; be of good courage; wait on the Lord, and He shall bring it to pass." When you are weak, then you will be strong, if you look out of yourself to Christ Jesus, whose strength is made perfect in weakness. Be often in secret prayer. Remember, the trial is not what frames of mind you may be in, but whether you endure to the end. The Lord strengthen, settle, and stablish you.

If I can be of any service to you, write as often as you please. Our love to you and yours.

From your loving brother,

London, December 29th, 1767.

JOSEPH HART.

P.S.—Your brother Joe never comes near me, neither his aunt.

READER, trust thou in the Father of all mercies, and the God of all consolation, for every supply.

THE SOWER.

NOTES OF A SERMON PREACHED BY MR. SEARS,
IN SPANIEL ROW CHAPEL, NOTTINGHAM, SUNDAY MORNING,
JULY 1ST, 1877.

“O My dove, that art in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the stairs.”—SOLOMON’S SONG ii. 14.

THE Song of Solomon may be said to be the Epistle to the Ephesians clothed in Oriental attire. The Song of Solomon may be said to be the text, and the Epistle to the Ephesians the commentary to the text. If Solomon had placed a motto at the head of his book explanatory of its contents, he could not have given a better one than “I speak concerning Christ and His Church;” and a better one could not be found to the Epistle to the Ephesians than parts of the Song of Solomon.

Sometimes it occurs that it is difficult to know whether it is Christ or the Church speaking in a particular passage; but it is not so with our text here. He who speaks is Christ; she to whom He speaks is the Church. Had I read the whole verse, it would not only have been an address, but an exhortation: “Let Me hear thy voice; let Me see thy countenance;” but I should not have got through it, so I confine myself to the address.

Just look at what He says to her. He tells her that she is His dove. He says she is in the clefts of the rock. Look at His telling her this. She must need be told this, or He would not have said it. A person may be one of the Lord’s doves; he may dwell in the clefts of the rock, but he may need assurance. He may need that the Lord Jesus Christ, from His own lips, should tell him—should say to him, “O My dove, that art in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the stairs.”

Now, we are first to deal with the person addressed. The Lord Jesus says she is His dove. There are two ways of looking at the Church: the Church as she stands in Christ—the complete Church for whom He laid down His life; and the Church in any given period—the called people of God that lived at any particular time. I believe it is in this latter sense that we are to take this passage. It is not true of the greater part of the Church that they are to be exalted and extolled as this verse exalts them. Thus it could not be said of the Church who are not yet called, while in their dead state, “Let Me see thy countenance; let Me hear thy voice; for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely.” No; it is the called people of God who

are here addressed. I wonder how large a congregation the Lord Jesus would have if He were here preaching from this text this morning. He knows how many there are among those gathered here who may be called His doves, to whom He could say, "O My dove, that art in the clefts of the rock." God grant that your consciences this morning may answer as to whether you are His doves or not.

"O My dove, that art in the clefts of the rock." You could not be in a better case, except you were in heaven, than to be one of the Lord's doves on earth. You are the worshipping Church on earth; but the worshipping Church is gradually and constantly passing to the glorified Church above.

What a mercy if we were all of the Church to whom Christ says, "O My dove"! I am sure, if He spoke to us about what we are by nature, it would be more suitable if He said, "Thou raven, thou eagle, thou owl, thou unclean bird of the night!" But He is not calling us by the name that would be most suitable to our natural state; He calls us by the name that is applicable to us through our union with Christ.

All the Lord's doves know something of the experience of the dove that Noah sent out of the ark. It was fitting here and there, looking for a resting-place to set the sole of its foot upon, but it could not find a single spot anywhere—nothing that it could rest its foot upon. I was once like this poor dove. I was ignorant of the truth, ignorant of the Lord Jesus Christ and His way of saving sinners. I thought I was to alter, to change my course, to read the Scriptures, and do all manner of good things to merit salvation, and then Jesus would save me; but how He would save me I did not know. I was before at rest in my sins, but the hand of the Spirit had disturbed my heart. I flew hither and thither seeking a resting-place, fancying I saw one ahead, but found it a delusion. I say I was like the poor dove; I could find no rest but in the Ark, no rest but in Jesus.

Can you not imagine that poor weary dove, moving its poor tired wings with such difficulty? It had flown hither and thither till its strength was thoroughly expended; and it felt that, unless it found a resting-place, it must sink down into the flood. Then it spies the ark, and gladly flies to its home. The hand of Noah is stretched forth and takes it in; and oh, can you not imagine its comfort? How it nestles down in the quiet resting-place Noah provides for it! Have you ever had any experience that at all coincides with this? When miserable for the want of mercy, you discovered it was only to be had in Christ. You had tried everything else; you had sought resting-places, and found them to be but illusions and snares; and at last, turning your weary feet to Jesus, you understood why Newton should say—

" In the ark the weary dove
 Found a welcome resting-place ;
 Thus my spirit longs to prove
 Rest in Christ, the Ark of grace."

I feel sure some of you have known that desire, and some have known something beyond it. You have known what it is, after your weary wanderings, to find a welcome resting-place in Jesus.

But cannot you imagine the fluttering and trembling of the dove after it reached the ark? It has brought all its fears into the hands of Noah, and it is only by degrees it recovers. Like the poor soul just brought to Christ, it can scarcely believe that at last it has found a secure resting-place; but the Lord weakens those fears, strengthens that faith, and enables the soul to rest for eternity on Christ.

There is no rest for a soul but where the law is satisfied, where justice is vindicated, and where "mercy and truth meet together." That man has found rest who has found Christ. He is the only secure Rock. It is no set of forms or ceremonies that can give you rest. The one single resting-place is the work of Jesus—to be brought to feel that you are lost, that all other refuges are vain, and to be reduced to the one hope and trust, and to come with—

" All my trust on Thee is stayed ;
 All my help from Thee I bring."

Oh, how weak, helpless, and black you feel yourself to be! But the Lord says, "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." Yes, though thou hast lien among the pots in those dirty, defiled Eastern cooking places, yet thou shalt be made white like wool, like unto the driven snow.

What a condition for a dove, to be lying among the pots! But, as He says, "Yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove;" so, poor, polluted, sin-defiled sinner, thou shalt be set free by a greater than Noah—set free by Jesus. Thou shalt "mount up with wings as eagles;" thou shalt be as the wings of a dove when all her pollution is gone, all her defilement washed away, and her feathers covered with yellow gold.

Can you understand the blackness thus set forth? Have you seen and felt the need of being washed and cleansed? and can you say, "Black, I to the Fountain fly"?

" And there have I, though vile as he,
 Washed all my sins away"!

Have you ever felt as a dove all covered with mire and dirt, her wings ruffled and dirty; and then as the dove rescued, cleansed, and exalted? The Almighty "scattered kings for her."

Oh, the poor dove has so many kings to contend against—King Doubt, King Terror, King Lust, King Pride—but they shall all be driven away, and she shall be at rest. Look what enemies the poor dove has. Hawks, eagles, and various birds of prey pursue her and frighten her; and look at the temptations, cares, snares, and trials that the Lord's true doves have to meet with—

“ My soul in this bare, stormy world
Is like some weary, frightened dove.”

Chased by Satan, and harassed by sin, think of all the vassals of hell, filled with infernal spite, chasing the poor dove, and wishing to tear her to pieces and to destroy her. Then the dove is such a defenceless thing. She has no poison or venom to fling at the enemy—no claws or talons to defend herself with. Her only defence lies in her wings; her only means of safety is in flight. Yes, she flies to her place of safety, the rock. So the poor soul flies to the refuge, the blood of Jesus, her only security, and cries out—

“ I fly to Thee for help ;
I've nowhere else to fly.”

The dove would not be wise to enter the lists with the eagle. Her wisdom lies in flying from temptation—in flying from the storm, and betaking herself to the rock. What a mercy it is to be one of the Lord's doves! Although they cannot protect themselves from their enemies, and have no might against the great company that makes against them, they may betake themselves to Christ, and shelter under His protecting wing.

There is another feature about the dove. It is an exceedingly beautiful creature; and oh, to think the Lord's people should be beautiful—that they should be admired by the Lord! I remember the case of a godly woman who was dying. She had been many years convinced of her sin; but, in her dying hours, she so lost all consciousness of this world's impurities that she said to me, “ If you'll believe me, I have been positively admiring myself. I am so clean through Jesus' blood, and clothed in the robe of His righteousness.” Oh, He is to be admired, and a sinner washed in His blood, and accepted in the Beloved, is all fair, and free from any spot of sin.

The dove's beauty comes out in the sunshine. Then it is that she is “ covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold;” and thus it is, when enjoying the blessed beams of the Sun of Righteousness upon our souls, that we can so sweetly sing—

“ Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress.”

The dove has a beauty also under her feathers, and so the King's daughter is all glorious within, but her chief beauty is her plumage, and so the saint says—

“ My beauty this, my glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord my righteousness.”

Then the dove is harmless by nature. Not so the sinner. Every sinner is full of evil by nature. If it were not for the checks of education, and the refinements of civilization acting on the moral tendencies of human nature, each sinner would become a pest to the neighbourhood he lives in, if they were to act out all they have within them. But, by the grace of the Christ of God, men become in spirit harmless as doves. They have something of the spirit of Him who wept over Jerusalem; they have a merciful spirit, that would not hurt anybody or anything in the world. They love the forgiving spirit of Stephen, and of Him who said, “ Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.” The Lord's doves dare not indulge themselves in hatred or malice against anybody or anything, except sin and the lusts and selfish pleasures of the world. They wish that all the powers of their souls were combined in a full stream against evil.

The dove is particular about what it eats. It likes clean food—so different from birds of prey, that can devour flesh or even putrid carrion. So the Lord's doves are particular. No dove in nature was ever so particular as the doves of Christ are. Offer the Lord's doves a handful of corn with a piece of carrion mingled with it. Oh, they turn from it; they are offended at it. They could eat the corn, but it has the taste of the carrion upon it. Some people say, “ Oh, I can pick out what I don't like, and take what I do like ;” but the Lord's doves must have their food quite clean. See how indignant the Apostle Paul was when writing to the Galatians, who, after he had left them, had somewhat fallen from the truth. He says, “ Though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other Gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed.” Let me observe, however, that there may be non-essential points, which need not make any difference; but in all essential points you cannot be too particular. Can you unite with us when we sing—

“ No help in self I find,
And yet have sought it well ;
The native treasure of my mind
Is sin, and death, and hell.

“ To Christ for help I fly,
The Friend of sinners lost ;
A Refuge sweet, and sure, and nigh,
And there is all my trust” }

If you can join in that with your heart as well as your voice, you are one of the Lord's doves. You will say—

“ ‘ Lord, grant me free access
Into Thy wounded side ;’

“ and let me take refuge in ‘ the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the stairs.’

“ ‘ Then, when the hour is near
When life must pass away,
Do Thou in all Thy grace appear’

“ to my faith, as ‘ the strength of my heart and my portion for ever.’” Thus the Lord's doves love clean food and clean language. Everything in Scripture that is addressed to them is clean, and they in faith accept it all. They do not say, “ I like these high doctrines, but not these precepts ; these promises, but not these threatenings.” No ; they take all. They want the whole truth. They like to trust in the doctrines, to draw in the precepts, and believe in the promises.

I must not say any more about the doves except to notice *where* these doves are. “ O My dove, that art in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the stairs.” Where are they ? “ In the clefts of the rock.” I do not think the reference here is to the Church having been placed in the everlasting rock of Christ, but the reference is to persons in the rock while on the path to glory, to those in the Church militant, because they are exhorted, “ Let Me hear thy voice, let Me see thy countenance.” They are praying souls on earth, and living souls on earth, and they need this exhortation. They need to be told that their voice is sweet, and their countenance is comely. The living souls in glory do not need the exhortation, because their doubts, and fears, and conflicts are over.

And then the elected souls that are still dead in sin, this exhortation would not suit their case, for how could the Saviour say to a soul that was perhaps in open sin and rebellion against God, “ Let Me hear thy voice, let Me see thy countenance : for thy voice is sweet, and thy countenance is comely ” ? so that we must consider it as addressed to the Church on earth—those who have been called by grace, and are still in the Church militant.

“ In the rock,” and not only in the rock, but in “ the clefts of the rock.” If He had not been a cleft rock, a pierced one, a bleeding one, He would not have done for my soul to seek rest in. He would not have done for a law-condemned, justice-stricken soul, or a sin-burdened conscience, if He had not been cleft. You have not been properly taught yet if you do not feel you need such a resting-place as this—one that can shelter you from the storms of Sinai—one that has satisfied the claims of law and

justice, and provided you with a blessed resting-place from wrath. What a mercy it is if you have been led to see your need of such a resting-place, and have fled to the "clefts of the rock."

Here you see there is a certain point of experience set forth. It is not, "O My dove, *longing* to be in the rock;" it is not, "O My dove, fluttering and struggling *toward* the rock." There are many texts that encourage such an one; but it is, "O My dove, that art *in* the clefts of the rock." Now, if a dove is in a hole in a rock, its whole weight rests on the rock; and does not my whole weight rest on a crucified Saviour? If I rest any portion on any other rock than this, I am not safe. We must depend solely on Christ. There is nothing to keep you out of hell, nothing between your soul and eternal misery, except the rock Christ Jesus, the blood of Jesus.

The dove found a hole to rest in, a secret place of rest. "O My dove, that art in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the stairs." We may look at it as if the rock were broken up into terraces or stairs, by which there might be a climbing from the ground up towards the skies; so Christ is a rock of stairs by which the soul can mount by faith from this lower earth, from the depths of sin, and from the gates of hell itself, up into the regions of God's love and to heaven. Christ is a glorious stair made of a number of steps. First, there is the step of His Person. The Person of Christ is of vast importance. Some talk of Him as a creature, a man, or an angel at most: "Some say Thou art John the Baptist, some say Elias, and some that one of the old prophets is risen again." "But whom say ye that I am?" This is the question we must ask of ourselves. I should not have a spark of hope unless I was sure of His manhood, but that hope would soon be destroyed if I did not also believe in His glorious Godhead. Then there is the step of His lovely, perfect obedience. Some people have tried to cut away this step—to say that He was not without sin—but without this step we cannot reach heaven. The law ceases not to make its demand: "Cursed be every one who has not kept this law." He is the only one who has met all its claims, and magnified it, and made it honourable. Then you come to His atoning sufferings, to His sacrificial death, to His doing and dying on Mount Calvary, to the pouring out of His precious blood. His blood—ah! this is one of the most beautiful steps of this "rock that is higher than I." This is the secret of the pardon of sin and of peace with God. Then at His resurrection there is a step: "He rose again for our justification." At His ceaseless intercession there is a step, for He is "gone to appear in the presence of God for us;" and all the promises He has given us are steps, for they are all "in Him yea, and in Him Amen, to the glory of God by us;" so that you

see Christ is a terraced rock, by which the believing sinner can become a climber. Then it is in the "secret places of the stairs," as if each terrace had its rest, its secret place, where the dove could creep in and hide itself. My soul rests and hides in that step of His law-magnifying obedience. My weary soul rests in that step of His blood, in that step of His atonement, of His kingly and priestly character and offices, and these are all "secret places" which the Lord's people know. These are secrets that only the Lord's people are let into, for "the secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him."

"O My dove, that art in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the stairs." Thus we have set forth the place *where* the dove is, as well as *what* she is. She is said to be "in the secret places of the stairs." But why should she need to be told this? Surely she must know it, if she were in the clefts of the rock. Ah! but she did now need to be told of it. It was a peculiar time with her. She had been going astray as a backslider in heart, and had got into an unfruitful, wintry state in soul affairs. There was no budding of the fig-tree, no putting forth of the tender grapes, and no voice of the turtle heard in the land; and that was why it was she needed telling it, as if He had said, "I have come to assure you that, through all the circumstances of your falling away from your first love, and going astray—through all your estrangement and backsliding—My love to you is in no degree abated. You are still My dove. I have not given you up; I still claim you, O My dove, as Mine."

And then, again, it looks as if she had brought some particular secret guilt upon her conscience. He tells her to let Him see her countenance, but what is it that makes the Church hide her face but guilt? Nothing but guilt makes it more needful for her to come to Christ, and yet nothing makes it more difficult. So she needed it all; she needed He should tell her this, to encourage her to come to Him. "O My dove, come and tell Me all your sorrows; confess to Me your sins; unbosom to Me your fears; for, though I reprove you for your sin, yet I will not cast you away." "O My dove, that art in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the stairs, let Me hear thy voice, let Me see thy countenance."

What a great thing, not only to be right, but to get the assurance that you are right! If you are one that has betaken yourself to Christ—if you are hiding by faith in His wounds—if you love clean food and hate carrion—you are one of the Lord's doves. Oh, may He assure you of it! He sometimes assures His people through His ministers: "I was told to cry unto her, and tell her that all her sins were covered." That is the way the Lord Jesus assures His people that they are His doves; and He says, "Lo, I

am with you alway, even unto the end." Sometimes the Lord assures His people by His own blessed Word. Look how He can shine upon your case and upon His Word, and make His Word speak to you, and assure you that you are His dove. I like to think of Newton's words. He said, "Judas went to hell that the Scriptures might be fulfilled; and I am going to heaven upon two crutches: 'All that the Father giveth Me shall come to Me,' and, 'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.'"

Then, again, how the soul is assured by the shedding abroad of His love in the heart! Oh, if He were to give an incoming this morning of the sweet love of Christ into your heart, and you were sweetly enjoying Him and His unchanging love, you could not doubt as to your being His dove. It would remove doubt and cast away fear.

Just look at these few things I have named. These are subjects for meditation. And now let me ask, are you one of the Lord's doves or not? I want to know how matters stand with you for eternity? We shall all have to die, and you must be doomed or saved for ever. Oh, how is it with you. Have you felt your danger? Have you felt that there is no way of escape from the hell which awaits you but Christ and His blood? You, no doubt, are far from happy in such a case; but do remember this, that there are certain things must be known and felt. Sin must be sorrowed for and forsaken; Christ must be loved and served. It is so, in a greater or less measure, with all who go to heaven. How far can you come into it? Can you come at all as a needy sinner, whose only hope is in the Lamb of God? I like what Tiptaft used to say: "Do not despise the day of small things, but we must have the things."

May God grant His blessing on these few remarks. Amen.

LADY HUNTINGDON was once speaking to a workman who was repairing a garden wall, and pressing him to take some thought concerning eternity and the state of his soul. Some years afterwards, she spoke to another on the same subject, and said to him, "Thomas, I fear you never pray, nor look to Christ for salvation." "Your ladyship is mistaken," answered the man. "I heard what passed between you and James, at such a time; and the word you designed for him took effect on me." "How did you hear it?" "I heard it on the other side of the garden, through a hole in the wall, and shall never forget the impression I received." Thus will the blessed Spirit even make His way through the hole of a wall, rather than an elect sinner should die unconverted.—*Toplady.*

“HOW HARDLY SHALL THEY THAT HAVE RICHES
ENTER INTO THE KINGDOM OF GOD.”

AMONG the rich and mighty of the earth
Few can endure the meek Redeemer's cross.
Riches and self-denial ill agree :
Humility and grandeur seldom sit
On the same sofa with a comely grace.
Well might the Lord of life declare it hard
For wealthy man to place his hope in heaven !
Such numerous objects to allure the sense,
And sense so quick and prompt to feel their force ;
These placed before the eye, and heaven unseen
(Except as faith perceives it in the Word),
Make work for faith and patience, and employ
The utmost vigour of the Christian's hope
To keep them down, and glory full in view.
Yet nothing is with God impossible :
His Spirit can subdue the love of sin,
E'en in a rich man's heart, and cause good fruit
To grow where nature so abounds with thorns.
Where wealth, with influence or power, is placed
In Christian hands, proportionably much
The Lord, who gives them all, expects in fruit.
The liberal hand of Providence expands
The liberal Christian's heart. Much he receives,
And much he scatters ; dealing all around
With cheerfulness what God bestows on him.
Fear not, rich saints, to turn your gold to seed,
And sow it in the fields of poverty.
A glorious crop, beyond your hopes, will rise,
And well reward your kindness. Ye shall reap
Of present benefit an hundred-fold,
And future sheaves of everlasting good.
The kindness of His creatures to Himself
The Saviour condescended to accept ;
And still their kindness to His saints He deems
Of the same worth, and owns it done to Him.
This is the bank where wealth accumulates
Beyond all reckoning. Trust the Lord with all,
And cent. per cent., by hundreds multiplied,
Will pour with interest on your growing stock.
There lay your bags. No iron bars nor bolts
Are needful to secure them. There no rust
Can their pure worth reduce. No thief can steal
The wealth entrusted in the Saviour's hand,
Nor can His credit fail whose word is truth,
And His vast property the universe.
Oh, then, remember what the Lord hath said,
That “ where your treasure is, your heart will be,”
And trust your heart and riches both with Him.

SWAIN'S “REDEMPTION.”

OUR MARTYRED FOREFATHERS.

XII.—ROWLAND TAYLOR.

THE trial and martyrdom of Rowland Taylor, as narrated by John Foxe in his "Acts and Monuments," is considered by some to be the finest portion of that valuable and wonderful work. To us this opinion does not seem extravagant, for, among the many sublime instances of Christian heroism recorded by the indefatigable martyrologist, it would be difficult to find one more sublime and more interesting than the case of the learned vicar of Hadleigh. His zealous care over his flock, his courageous determination not to leave the country, but face his enemies; his manly demeanour before Chancellor Gardiner, his dignified replies to the scurrilous assertions of that prelate, his calm anticipation of a cruel death, and his heroic conduct at the stake, are but brilliant portions of one of the grandest pictures in the extensive galleries of martyrology, and we fear our brief sketch will give but a faint idea of the original, as portrayed in the pages of Foxe.

Rowland Taylor was vicar of Hadleigh, a small town in the county of Suffolk, which living was presented to him by his friend Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, with whom he had previously resided for a short time. This parish had been previously aroused from its ignorance and lethargy by the preaching of Thomas Bilney, and now Dr. Taylor was sent amongst the people to declare the same everlasting truths of the Gospel that some of them had already heard. In this sphere of labour Dr. Taylor distinguished himself for his zeal and ability, and, by living a consistent life and being a liberal friend to the poor, he soon gained the affection of his flock. Many poor, deluded persons were brought to a knowledge of the truth through his ministry, and the inhabitants of Hadleigh, as a body, were devotedly attached to their pastor. But he had enemies near his door, who, on the death of King Edward, soon made their appearance, resolved to silence the worthy doctor and eject him from his parish.

One morning, as Dr. Taylor was quietly pursuing his studies in his vicarage house, he was suddenly interrupted by the ringing of the church bells at an unusual hour. He at once proceeded to the church. On arriving there he found the great doors locked, so he tried the chancel entrance, and, upon lifting the latch of the door, the doctor saw before him a priest, attired in gorgeous vestments and attended by a body of armed men, preparing to celebrate Mass! This daring intrusion, we learn from the painstaking Foxe, had been done at the instigation of two of the parishioners of Hadleigh—Foster, an attorney, and Clark, a trades-

man. Dr. Taylor, nothing daunted by the presence of armed men, asked the intruder how he dared to take part in such a proceeding without the vicar's consent and knowledge, and also, how he dared to profane the temple of God with such abominable idolatries. Foster, the lawyer, instantly replied, "Thou traitor, how darest thou to intercept the execution of the queen's orders?" The worthy doctor, however, boldly told the priest to leave the church, and this order would have been obeyed but for Clark, who, with the assistance of his comrades, forcibly ejected the rightful vicar out of his parish church, and then proceeded with their blasphemous service.

Here this matter did not end. An account of the proceeding was sent to the Bishop of Winchester, who seized upon this opportunity as a grand pretext for having Dr. Taylor apprehended and brought to London. A summons was accordingly sent to Hadleigh, ordering the vicar of that parish to appear before Gardiner and answer for his recent conduct. Notwithstanding the advice of many of his friends, desiring him to leave the country, the worthy doctor was determined to go to London and there defend his cause.

On his first appearance before Gardiner, that cruel prelate reviled and slandered him to an almost incredible extent, calling him "knave," "traitor," "heretic," and other opprobrious names. For a time Dr. Taylor maintained a dignified silence, but eventually he nobly said to his malicious opponent, "My lord, I am neither traitor nor heretic, but a true subject and a faithful Christian, and am come according to your commandment, to know the cause of your lordship's sending for me."

GARDINER: "Art thou come, thou villain? How darest thou look me in the face for shame? Knowest thou not who I am?"

"Yes," stoutly replied Dr. Taylor, "I know who you are—Dr. Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester and Lord Chancellor, and yet but a mortal man. But, if I should be afraid of your lordly looks, why fear you not God, the Lord of us all? How dare you for shame look any Christian in the face, seeing you have forsaken the truth, denied our Saviour Christ and His Word, and done contrary to your own oath and writing? With what countenance will you appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, and answer to your oath made first unto King Henry, and afterward unto Edward, his son?"

GARDINER: "That was Herod's oath, unlawful, and therefore worthy to be broken. I have done well in breaking it; and I thank God I am come home again to our mother, the Catholic Church of Rome, and so I would thou shouldst do. Our Holy Father the Pope hath discharged us of it."

TAYLOR: "But you shall not be so discharged before Christ,

who doubtless will require it at your hands, as a lawful oath made to our liege and sovereign lord the king, from whose obedience no man can quit you, neither the Pope nor any of his."

GARDINER: "I see thou art an arrogant knave and a very fool."

TAYLOR: "My lord, I am a Christian man; and you know that 'he that saith to his brother, Raca, is in danger of the council,' and he that saith, 'Thou fool,' is in danger of hell fire."

At this answer the bishop was greatly infuriated, and he angrily exclaimed, "Ye are false and liars, all the sort of you."

"Nay," replied the worthy doctor, "we are true men, and know that it is written, 'The mouth that lieth slayeth the soul;' and therefore we abide by God's Word, which ye deny and forsake."

Gardiner's next question was concerning the worthy doctor's resistance of the priest when celebrating Mass, to which Dr. Taylor made the following reply: "My lord, I am parson of Hadleigh, and it is against all right, conscience, and laws that any man should come into my charge, and presume to infect the flock committed unto me with the venom of the Popish idolatrous Mass." Still more infuriated was the cruel prelate at this outspoken reply of his prisoner, so he ordered his officers immediately to conduct him to prison, whereupon Dr. Taylor knelt down, and, lifting up both his hands, feelingly exclaimed, "Good Lord, I thank Thee! and from the tyranny of the Bishop of Rome and all his detestable errors, idolatries, and abominations, good Lord, deliver us! and God be praised for good King Edward." He was then taken to the King's Bench prison, where he was confined for nearly two years.

In January, 1555, Rowland Taylor, John Bradford, and Laurence Saunders—a brilliant trio of Christian heroes—were brought before the Bishops of Winchester, Norwich, London, Salisbury, and Durham, to answer to the charges of heresy and schism preferred against them. These three prisoners for Christ's sake were sternly ordered to give their judges a decided answer and declare their choice—whether they would abandon their scruples and have life, or stubbornly uphold their opinions and suffer death. Dr. Taylor and his intrepid comrades answered that they would not forsake the truth they had preached in King Edward's days, neither would they submit to the Romish Antichrist; but they thanked God for His great mercy in accounting them worthy to suffer for the advancement of His glorious truth. Their courage had won for them a martyr's crown. Sentence of death was now passed upon them, and these three heroes heard the words of condemnation with unspeakable joy.

After the lapse of a week the Suffolk vicar was visited by

Bishop Bonner, whose errand was to degrade him. Upon Dr. Taylor's appearance before the bishop, he was thus accosted: "I wish you would remember yourself, and turn to your holy mother Church; so may you do well enough, and I will sue for your pardon." The doctor replied, "I wish you and your fellows would turn to Christ. As for me, I will not turn to Antichrist." The bishop then informed him of the nature of his errand, whereupon Dr. Taylor refused to submit to the foolish ceremony. Finding the doctor firm in his refusal, the bishop ordered one of his officers to place the priestly garments upon the prisoner's back; and, when he had finished, Dr. Taylor jeeringly said to Bonner, "How say you, my lord, am not I a goodly fool? How say you, my masters, if I were in Cheapside, should I not have boys to laugh at these apish toys and trumpery?" At this Bonner was so enraged that he would have struck Taylor with his crozier but for the intervention of one of his servants. Bonner then cursed him, to which Dr. Taylor simply replied, "Though you curse me, yet God doth bless me."

On the same night after his degradation, his wife, his son, and his servant were permitted to sup with him. For each of his guests he had a word of warning and advice. To his son Dr. Taylor said, "My dear son, Almighty God bless thee, and give thee His Holy Spirit, to be a true servant of Christ, to learn His Word, and constantly to stand by His truth all thy life long; and see that thou fear God always. Flee from all sin and wicked living; be virtuous, serve God with daily prayer, and apply to the holy Book. In any wise see that thou be obedient to thy mother. Love her and serve her; be ruled by her now in thy youth, and follow her good counsel in all things. Beware of the lewd company of young men that fear not God, but who follow their lusts and vain appetites. Fly from whoredom and hate all filthy living, remembering that I, thy father, die in the defence of holy marriage. Another day, when God shall bless thee, love and cherish the poor people, and count that thy chief riches is to be rich in alms; and when thy mother is waxed old, forsake her not, but provide for her to thy power, and see that she lack nothing; for so will God bless thee, and give thee long life upon earth and prosperity, which I pray God to grant thee." And then, turning to his wife, he said, "My dear wife, continue steadfast in the fear and love of God. Keep yourself undefiled from Popish idolatries and superstitions. I have been unto you a faithful yoke-fellow, and so have you to me, for which I pray God to reward you, and doubt not but He will reward it. Now the time is come that I shall be taken from you, and you discharged of the wedlock bond towards me; therefore I will give you the counsel which I think most expedient for you. You are yet a

child-bearing woman, and therefore it will be most convenient for you to marry."

On the following morning, at a very early hour, when the City was enshrouded in darkness, Dr. Taylor was brought out of his cell and conducted to the Woolpack Inn, Aldgate. His wife and children, who had been waiting for him several hours, met him, when the worthy man knelt down and prayed with them, after which he arose and kissed them, saying, "Farewell, my dear wife. Be of good comfort, for I am quiet in my conscience. God shall stir up a father for my children."

After he had been delivered into the custody of the sheriff of Essex, the journey to Hadleigh commenced. On his journey, Dr. Taylor was joyful and merry, and one might have supposed from his conduct that he was on his way to a pleasant banquet. Many times did the sheriff and his officers assail the principles of the learned doctor, but without any result, as he was enabled by God's grace to hold on his way to the end. On one occasion his enemies thought they had gained their object. They were lodging at Chelmsford, and the sheriff's officers had been arguing with their prisoner, when, after a little hesitation, he gave them a reply. "Mr. Sheriff, and my masters all," said he, "I heartily thank you for your good-will. I have attended to your words, and marked well your counsels; and, to be plain with you, I find that I have been deceived myself, and am likely to deceive a great many of Hadleigh of their expectation." From these words they concluded that the learned doctor was about to abandon his principles, but their expectations were quickly disappointed. "I will tell you how I have been deceived," he continued, "and, as I think, I shall deceive a great many. I am, as you see, a man of a very large body, which I thought should have been buried in Hadleigh churchyard, had I died as I hoped I should have done; but herein I was deceived; and there are a great number of worms in Hadleigh churchyard, which would have had merry feeding upon me; but now I know we shall be deceived, both and they, for this carcase must be burnt to ashes, and they shall lose their feast." This reply not only disappointed, but greatly astonished the sheriff and his subordinates, for they marvelled at his cool contemplation of the torments that awaited him, without any trace of tremulous fear.

As the procession drew near to the town of Hadleigh, the road became lined with a crowd of sympathetic spectators, the majority of whom had heard Dr. Taylor proclaim those glorious truths for which he was about to die. Shouts of joy rang through the air as the parishioners in their turns recognized their spiritual overseer, and tears of affection suffused the eyes of many, as they saw their worthy vicar pass on to Aldham Common. Here his stake was

erected. Hundreds of people had assembled to witness the grand scene, and many were hoping to hear a few words from his lips before he died. Dr. Taylor asked permission of the sheriff to address the people, but he was refused. He then undressed and prepared himself for the stake, after which he said with a loud voice, "Good people, I have taught you nothing but God's holy Word, and those lessons I have taken out of God's blessed Book, the Holy Bible, and I am come hither this day to seal it with my blood." At this saying the yeoman of the guard was greatly enraged, and struck the heroic martyr upon the head, exclaiming, "Is that keeping thy promise, thou heretic?" Seeing that it was perfectly useless to attempt to address the assembly, he knelt down and prayed, when a poor woman broke through the crowd, and, despite the efforts of the officers to keep her back, knelt down by the side of Dr. Taylor and prayed with him. Having concluded his devotions, the learned doctor arose and kissed the stake to which he was about to be chained. The faggots were now piled at his feet and the fire kindled, when the heroic martyr exclaimed, "Merciful Father of heaven, for Jesus Christ my Saviour's sake, receive my soul into Thy hands." He then remained motionless in the fire with folded hands, till he was struck with an halberd so forcibly that his brains fell out, and the dead corpse fell down into the fire; and so ended the illustrious career of one of England's most valiant soldiers in its army of martyrs!

J. C.

"THE LORD IS THY KEEPER."

(HEBREWS ii. 18.)

STILL nigh me, O my Saviour, stand,
 And guard in fierce temptation's hour;
 Hide in the hollow of Thy hand,
 Show forth in me Thy saving power:
 Still be Thine arm my sure defence;
 Nor earth nor hell shall pluck me thence.

In suffering be Thy love my peace;
 In weakness be Thy love my power;
 And, when the storms of life shall cease,
 Jesus, in that important hour,
 In death, as life, be Thou my Guide,
 And save me who for me hast died.—*Toplady.*

Go on in the strength of the Lord, and put Christ's love to the trial, and put upon it burdens, and then it will appear love indeed. We employ not His love, and therefore we know it not.—*Rutherford.*

NIGHT THOUGHTS BY A WATCHMAN.

"My meditation of Him shall be sweet: I will be glad in the Lord."—
PSALM civ. 34.

MEDITATION is essential to education. He who does not think cannot be wise. The thoughts well employed enrich the mind. A mind well stored with heavenly wisdom is a rich mind, and a rich mind is the best of all riches. "God hath chosen the poor *rich in faith.*" It is better to have a rich heart and a poor pocket than a rich pocket and a poor heart. An aged pilgrim, with a heavy load on his back which caused him to stoop, passed two ladies, when one sympathetically said to the other, "Poor old soul!" to which he immediately replied, "Poor body, but rich soul!" This poor man's mind was filled with rich thoughts—thoughts of his spiritual and eternal wealth. His meditation was sweet; he could pity his pitiers.

First, notice the Object of sweet meditation—the Lord. There is no other person whose life, labours, and death we can study with such unmingled sweetness. There are so many failings in the best of men that the study of their lives, if fully known, calls forth sorrow and grief. Not so with the life of Christ. Whether His Person, His teaching, His labours, or His sufferings and death be under consideration, it was alike without fault. There was no error in His teaching nor half-heartedness in His work.

*"His life was pure, without a spot,
And all His nature clean."*

Though "tempted in all points, yet without sin"! What a wondrous Person! He is true God and very man. How great the grace that God should come to us, and dwell among us, in a body like our own! He was made flesh, and dwelt among us, full of grace and truth, with truth to manifest our state and condition, and with grace to change it, and for ever deliver us from it. So gracious was Jesus that John made a pillow of His breast (John xiii. 23). So glorious was He that the same disciple fell at His feet as dead (Rev. i. 17). What He was He still is—"the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever"—full of power and compassion. His power makes us revere Him. His compassion causes us to love Him. The mind to adore and the heart to love are both from Himself, for, although He is altogether lovely, till He opens our eyes we behold no beauty in Him so as to make us desire Him. How strange, and yet how true, "He is despised and rejected of men;" still, notwithstanding, He is the only Person who has both the will and the power to do them real good. But "*my meditation of Him shall be sweet.*" "How pleasant art Thou

O Love, for delights!" I will meditate of Thee in the night watches. To my soul Thou art precious, and they that know Thy name will put their trust under the shadow of Thy wings, for health, peace, and safety are in Thy wings. With Thee the poor and the afflicted find mercy. Shall I also go away? No. To whom shall I go?

"Leave Thee! no, my dearest Saviour—
Thee whose blood my pardon bought;
Slight Thy mercy, scorn Thy favour!
Perish such an impious thought!
Leave Thee—let me never, never!
Where for peace could I resort?"

How gloriously complete the work of which He said, "It is finished!" How far-extending in its soul-saving effects! It reached back to Abel; it has been extended even to me. How complete will the triumph be when the last wandering sheep has heard the Shepherd's voice, and, following Him, is safe in the one fold—the fold of heavenly bliss! There will be no soul-piercing temptations there, no heartrending dissensions. Thy hand shall put down every enemy, and Thy hand shall wipe away tears from off all faces. I will meditate of the work of Thy hands, till I behold the King in His beauty, face to face, and see the land that is far off.

Second, contemplation. Pure and spiritual minds love to dwell upon pure and spiritual matters. Isaac went out into the field to meditate. Meditation, prayer, and praise are closely joined, and can never be severed. He who spiritually meditates will pray, and he who can find it in his heart to pray shall soon find in his heart cause for praise. Praying breath cannot be spent in vain, although it be but the breath of deep heart-sighing. He regards the prayer—yea, the sighing—of the needy and the prisoners. Wait but a little and thou shalt have a new song put into thy mouth. Remember it was when Isaac was in the field that Rebekah came, and while Daniel was in prayer Gabriel was sent to him. Meditation is the ground, prayer the seed, praise the harvest. Bring the day of thy death near by meditation, the help of God near by supplication, and no calamity shall ever come to thy consternation. If thou hast a place in thy heart for Him, He has a place in His house for thee. He will fill His own house and thy heart soon.

"Such Jesus is, and such His grace,
Oh, may He smile on you!
And tell Him, when you see His face,
I want to see Him too."

"Meditate on these things."

W. B

THE WHEELS OF PROVIDENCE.

SOON after Ezekiel was taken as a captive to Babylon, a vision was twice given him of cherubims and wheels. The wheels seemed to be one within another, and all having the same appearance. Both cherubims and wheels were full of eyes round about. The wheels always accompanied the cherubims. Where the one went the other went; when the cherubims stood, the wheels stood; and when the one was lifted up, so was the other.

The intention of these visions was no doubt to represent the ruling providence of God in Christ in the affairs of the Church and of the world. They were given at a time when Ezekiel and the godly Jews much needed to be reminded of this. They were now hanging their silent harps on the willows by the rivers of Babylon, weeping while they thought of their beloved Zion, from which they had been ruthlessly led away captive.

How comforting to them to remember that all things, both in the Church and in the world, were conducted under the direction of infinite wisdom and unspotted holiness; and that, however dark, mysterious, and perplexed things might appear in the eyes of short-sighted mortals, they were yet all clear and straight in the eyes of Him who sees the end from the beginning, and who orders all things according to the counsel of His own holy will. One part of the vision, which might be particularly instructive and consolatory to them, is that which Ezekiel twice notices, namely, that the cherubims and wheels went every one straight forward. There was no crookedness, no going aside, and no turning back in their movements. . What did this seem to say?

1. There is in all events a certain distinct end, which God, who governs all things, has in view. As the cherubims and wheels went straight forward, there was an object to which they tended. A person going straight forward is supposed to have a place to which he is going, and a certain end in view. Others may be ignorant of his intention; they may neither apprehend where he is going, nor what he is going for. But he knows himself. So in the events that take place. Others may not see in those events what the object is to which they are tending, or whether there is an object at all. But, before the infinite mind of God, there is in them all a distinct end in view—an end ever worthy of Himself—and to that end He is conducting them.

Reader, if you are a child of God, how comforting is it to you to know this, amid the perplexed affairs of this world, the contradictions that present themselves in the Church, and the dark and mysterious events that occur in your own history! You may not see at present what the precise end in view may be. With

the Bible indeed in your hand, and the Spirit of Christ in your heart, you may and will have a general knowledge of the end to which God in His providence is conducting the affairs of this world ; for "the secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him ; and He will show them His covenant" (Psalm xxv. 14). You may also know that the end in view, in all that befalls yourself, is your sanctification and salvation. "For we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose" (Rom. viii. 28). Farther than this you may not know. What may be the special and more immediate object aimed at in this or that dispensation you may be ignorant of ; but it is enough there is such an object in the mind of God, and what you know not now you shall know hereafter. Joseph knew not at the time the object for which God permitted his brethren to sell him into Egypt, and his master's wife to cause him to be thrust into prison. But God had an object, and what Joseph knew not then, he knew when he was appointed lord over Egypt, and made the means of saving much people, with his own father and brethren alive. Dark and mysterious, again, as it seemed to the captive Jews that the beautiful house in which their fathers worshipped should be burned to the ground, and they themselves carried away into a foreign heathen land, God had an object in view, though they knew it not. Whatever other end was aimed at, this at least was gained—never more did Israel set up a graven image to worship.

2. While in all events God has a distinct object at which He aims, He is ever hastening the accomplishment of that object. The cherubims and wheels went straight forward. They might sometimes appear to stand, but their motion on the whole was progressive. They proceeded forward to the goal. They went straight forward, too, never deviating from the path nor turning back. So in the events of providence. Sometimes the object aimed at may be long in its accomplishment. The wheels may appear to stand. Still, however, God is hastening His purpose. "I, the Lord, will hasten it in its time" (Isa. lx. 22). Christ came not till four thousand years after the promise had been made in Eden, but God was preparing the way during that long period for His manifestation at the appointed time. So with His second appearing. For these eighteen hundred years and more, the course of affairs in the Church and in the world has been only a preparation for that event. Antichrist has only been developing himself for his final overthrow, and the world only ripening for the harvest. When God has an end in view, without interfering with man's position as a moral and responsible creature, He so orders events as to promote its accomplishment. The wheels will go forward. "I will work, and who shall let it?" (Isa. xliii. 13.)

Men may think to prevent this or that from taking place, or may resolve that this or that shall be done. But "the counsel of the Lord, that shall stand" (Prov. xix. 21). The events that take place are but the means that God employs for the accomplishment of His designs. Men themselves, acting as agents, are but the wheels in His hand. Only aiming at their own selfish and often wicked ends, they are acting as His agents in the furtherance of the objects He has in view: "Howbeit, they mean not so, neither doth their heart think so."

Sennacherib, Nebuchadnezzar, and Napoleon, in their wars and conquests, only sought their own sinful aggrandisement; but God was by them accomplishing His own wise and righteous purposes. When these have been fulfilled, He turns them back with, "Hitherto shalt thou come, and no further" (Job xxxviii. 11). Joseph must be made next to Pharaoh. But for this, his brethren, acting freely, must sell him to the Ishmaelites, who, while he was in the pit, must be passing by on their way to Egypt. By them he must be sold again to the captain of Pharaoh's guard. Through the freely committed sin of his master's wife he must be thrust on a false charge into a prison, where Pharaoh's chief butler and baker are at the same time to be confined. All these are but so many turns of the wheel towards the end in view—Joseph's being made lord over Egypt; while that is but another turn towards the saving of his brethren, and their residence in Egypt, that again being with a view to their becoming a distinct nation there, and their redemption by the outstretched arm of God as His peculiar people.

Again, Jesus Christ must redeem His people by His own blood. But for this, Judas, acting according to his own free choice, must bargain with the chief priests and elders to betray Him. Pilate must condemn Him, though only from fear of the Jews, being himself convinced of His innocence. Herod must send Him back to Pilate, though He belonged to Herod's jurisdiction. The sentence of death must be from the Roman, not from the Jew; for Christ must be crucified, not stoned. He must redeem His people from the curse of the law by being made a curse for them; and it is written in that law, "Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree" (Gal. iii. 13). Him, therefore, being delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, they took with wicked hands, and crucified and slew. Sinful as these acts were on the part of men, they were but the revolutions of the wheel in the hand of God to the redemption of sinners. Like the events in Joseph's history, they might appear to man to be tending to anything rather than the end which God had in view. The disciples thought that with Jesus all their hopes of redemption were buried in the grave. "We trusted that it had been

He which should have redeemed Israel." But the wheels had never deviated nor turned back. Every motion was one straight forward, and tending to the end.

Dear reader, God is still ruling in the events that take place. He has an end in view in them all. If you are a believer, the end He has in view with you is your perfection in knowledge and your full salvation. Your good He contemplates in every event that befalls you. Whether apparently prosperous or adverse, each event is but another move of the wheel to that good He intends you. Sometimes it may appear to be far otherwise ; but judge not according to appearance. Remember Joseph in the prison, and Jesus at Pilate's bar. Being Christ's, be assured your deepest adversities, your sorest trials, your most painful bereavements and privations, stand in the same relation to your future good that the deep humiliation of Joseph and Jesus did to their subsequent exaltation. Think not you are too insignificant to be made the object of such special regard. With an infinite God, it is all one to attend particularly to you and to a world or a universe. A single sparrow does not fall to the ground without Him ; and you are of more value than many sparrows. The very hairs of your head are all numbered. He loves you in His Son ; and, because He loves His Son, He loves and cares for you. If clouds and darkness, therefore, seem to hang upon your path, remember still the wheels are going straight forward, and that the line in which they are moving is one of unchanging love and mercy towards you, and tending ever to your real and eternal good. Let no apparently adverse event cause you to think the wheel is turning back, or even going aside. Though you may not understand how, yet assure yourself it is still going straight forward to your good.

That the divine blessing may rest upon this, so far as it is in keeping with Holy Scripture, is the humble prayer of

December 9th, 1869.

THE TRANSCRIBER.

[We commend the above weighty and excellent remarks to those of our spiritual readers who may feel deeply interested in the events of the present times ; and, instead of engaging in political strife and confiding in party influence and power, we hope, while we conscientiously use our rights as citizens, that we may ever remember that "the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth it to whomsoever He will ;" therefore be it ours to wait upon Him, remembering that "Wrestling prayer can wonders do."]

"THE virtue of my Lord is such,
My soul finds healing by a touch."

A FEW REMARKS ON PSALM CXLIII.

“Hear my prayer, O Lord, give ear to my supplications: in Thy faithfulness answer me, and in Thy righteousness,” &c.

THERE are two or three things very observable in this Psalm. The first is the case of the Psalmist in coming before the Lord. He was evidently in a very low and a very straitened case. His soul was distressed; his heart was full of trouble; but his eyes were up unto God, from whom alone was his expectation; and, in coming before the Lord at such a time, he spreads his case before His throne—opens and reveals his cause.

The Lord Jesus Christ gave a sweet admonition to His disciples: “Enter into thy closet; and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and He who seeth in secret—He who heareth thy cries in secret—shall reward thee openly.” Now, I have found it many times to be a great mercy to be thus favoured to go before the Lord in secret, where no eye could look upon me but the eye of Him that hears and answers prayer. I have often gone, in my distress and anguish, from room to room, pouring out my cries to the Lord, and have wanted no eye to see and no ear to hear me but Him. I have wanted, like Jacob, to be left alone, and have found these times to be blessed times, when the Lord has, in answer to my cry, graciously appeared for my help.

There are times when the Lord's people are compelled to speak of those things which afflict them; but they bear many things before the Lord which they would not have any know they are the subjects of but God alone. There are times also when they can carry their burdens and griefs to the throne of grace, and unbosom all their secrets, and feel there is no fear of a disclosure. Some people talk of things as being secrets, and yet they spread them abroad; but we know the Lord will not publish the secret matters which lie between Him and the soul; and when He draws us to His feet, what a blessed privilege we feel it to be that we can lay our secret troubles before Him!

Well, whatever our trouble may be, we are blessed with this privilege. But some poor soul may say, “I have been trying to-day to go to a throne of grace. I have been trying to cast my burden upon the Lord. I have been trying to believe the promise of the Lord, hoping that He will hear my prayer, and look upon mine affliction and my pain—that He will be my Deliverer and my Salvation, and that I may sing His praise; but I cannot get my soul up to this. How many times I have tried to encourage my soul in these things! But I cannot keep the ground which I once hoped I had obtained.”

But there is great help found at times in the assurance that He does not get weary of us. Zion of old said, "My way is hid from the Lord, and my judgment is passed over from my God." What made her say that? She had probably been pleading before the Lord, but He did not appear as she desired; and thus she felt as if He had passed her by. "'My way is hid from the Lord.' The Lord has left me in the dark. He will not make clear my way, neither will He hear my cry." But what saith the Lord? "Why dost thou say this?"

"Did ever trouble yet befall,
And He refuse to hear thy call?"

Did He ever prove unfaithful to His promise, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee"? "Why sayest thou, O Jacob, and speakest, O Israel, My way is hid from the Lord, and my judgment is passed over from my God? 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? There is no searching of His understanding. He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might He increaseth strength."

Oh, what a gentle reproof to our unbelief when the Lord comes in thus with His own Word! And does He not put unbelief to the blush? As the poet says—

"I chide my unbelieving heart,
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbour one hard thought of Thee."

But, when the Lord's people do come to the throne, full of defilement and affliction, how sweet it is to unbosom their complaints, and feel the tender compassion of our merciful and faithful High Priest, who understands every feeling of our heart, every oppression of our soul; and He is "touched with the feeling of our infirmities, since He was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin."

I remember being in the company of a professor, by whose conversation I felt so completely oppressed and spoiled that I was in an agony, and I opened the Bible at these words, "Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness, to be tempted of the devil;" and, if I ever knew what it was to feel thankful that the Lord knew all about me, it was then. How sweet it is to find the Lord nigh in our trouble! David says, "My

heart within me is desolate." There were two or three things that overwhelmed him. There was his sin, for he says, "Enter not into judgment with Thy servant; for in Thy sight shall no man living be justified." Now, if there had been nothing to make him afraid, he would not have spoken like that; but, feeling his sin, he trembled before God.

I know God's judgment is merciful to His saints, and He teaches them that in Jesus mercy and truth have met together; so that we can sing of both mercy and judgment at times. But, when the poor sinner feels his iniquity, like David did where he says, "Mine iniquities have gone over my head"—when he is weighted down with a sense of sin before the Lord, as he goes to seek mercy, compassion, and favour—the enemy often takes advantage then. Thus David says, "The enemy hath smitten my life down to the ground; he hath made me to dwell in darkness, as those that have been long dead." When the Lord Jesus Christ was about to be taken, He said, "This is your hour, and the power of darkness." So the enemy comes upon souls in trouble. He knows when it is the hour of darkness, and then he plies them not only with his insinuations, but with his accusations. He sought to take advantage of this time in the case of the Lord Jesus Christ; but He says, "The prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in Me." But here in us he comes and finds much evil, about which he smites the soul, and that sorely. He tells us much that is truth. He knows much of the human heart and its natural disposition, and he brings these things forward. He can read a pretty lesson to us, and he can open the glass and show us our ugly features by using the solemn Word of God; and the child of God says, "It is true. I am the character. God knows it; God sees it, and the Word of God is against me." Well, here is a case for the Lord. What is a poor mortal to do in the face of such a foe? If he tries to bring a plea, the enemy smites his lips, and says, "What part have you in the atonement? How can you draw nigh to God? By what name do you hope and believe to be saved? 'There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby you must be saved' but that of Jesus; and what have you to do with Him?" And so he smites the poor sinner down to the ground. Now, if this soul has no part in Christ, why should the enemy show such spleen, and thus cast him down? Why does he seek to stop his mouth? Does he do so with his own? They are quiet. "They have no changes: they are not in trouble as other men." They are not emptied from vessel to vessel. There is no spiritual exercise in their heart. But Satan knows that this poor, sensible sinner is disquieted, and he takes pleasure in distressing him—

“He worries whom he can't devour
With a malicious joy.”

The Psalmist was tried, overwhelmed, and desolate ; but there was a something bubbling up in his heart toward the Lord—something causing him to remember former days. He could say, “The Lord has been my help in days gone by ; He has been my Deliverer ; He has blessed me out of Zion.” But there are many of the Lord's people who at such times are not able to speak confidently of such things having been wrought in their soul. They have to say, “Oh, that I could look back, and see a token clearly ! Oh, if I could be certain that it was the work of the Spirit when I was brought down ! If I could look to a time when the Lord blessed me with repentance and the remission of sins ! Oh, if I had but these memorial stones to look upon—some hill Mizar to refer to ! But the enemy brings me into such darkness at times, and the adversary spreads his hand over all my pleasant things, and hides everything from my view that is encouraging.” Yet you may have been favoured in what you call a small way ; but, as Hart says, “I cannot call anything small which the Lord does or bestows in mercy.” But some may say, “I do not want to deceive myself, or content my soul in anything short of the real work. I want something powerful and clear.” So I in days past have many times begged of the Lord to begin the work again and make it so plain that I could not dispute it. But, instead of that, He has often suffered the enemy to bring me into such desolation that I have thought it wonderful to have a soft heart, and that the Lord should again make His mercy sweet in my experience. Oh, it is more wonderful than His making a world, that He should take a heart of stone like mine and make it like melting wax. But I have felt it, and have said, “Lord, Thou canst make my heart soft ;” and He will. There is our mercy ; and every one who feels this grace will sing, “I the chief of sinners am.” I cannot give place to any in this matter ; but there is room in this seat for all that are taught of the Spirit.

Now, the Psalmist remembered some of those past seasons of grace and salvation, and the effect was, that he stretched forth his hands unto God for fresh supplies of grace, and his soul thirsted for God, whose work had beforetime made him glad. This is the right use of a past experience. It is a good thing to remember the past ; but it would be a very bad thing to abide there. I have to beg of the Lord for a little fresh dew from heaven to revive and renew my soul, for I have lived long enough to know that the best past experience in the world is of itself but a poor substitute for the Lord Jesus Christ. It will not do to rest in what we have received. It is sweet to remember these things at times, and they often encourage me

when at the throne of grace; but, after all, it is what is past; and there are times when these things are as nothing to me in respect of rest and peace, because I so want the renewings of the Lord's grace that I have to fall before Him as a needy sinner, and say, "Lord, I am undone without Thy help. Nothing will suffice me but Thy grace;" but fears sometimes arise, and I think, "I cannot have a blessing now, and what shall I do if the Lord withholds His mercy?" I have to say, "Lord, I shall surely come to shame if Thou dost not finish Thy work." Well, this was what the Psalmist wanted. That which was past did not satisfy him, therefore he says, "'Hear me speedily, O Lord.' Be gracious once more. Show me another token for good." This is the language of a panting soul, who wants to feel God's goodness; and it is this goodness which makes the heart melt, and causes us to say, "Lord, Thou art good to needy sinners still."

"Cause me to hear Thy loving-kindness in the morning." Oh, let it come early, Lord! Make haste for my help! I like worn-out sinners for hearers. When they come among us like that, they will "abide by the stuff." It is said, "The mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains," and these are brought to it of necessity, because it is the only house of bread. There is no other place where they can find food for their souls. The Psalmist also wanted the Lord to bless him, to clear up his way, to deliver him from his enemies, and to teach him to do His will. I wish many more were truly concerned about obedience, for I find there are but few who have the doing of the will of God at heart. The Lord Jesus says, it is they that do the will of God that shall know of the doctrine and the grace of it.

And then the Psalmist cries, "Quicken me, O Lord; for Thy righteousness' sake bring my soul out of trouble," &c. Thus we find he was in the old tribulated path; and how the cries of God's people generations back suit those who are in trouble now! The sorrows of God's ancient people are theirs; the desires of His supplicating people of old are theirs; and the poor woman's prayer often suits them well, "Lord, help me!" Very frequently these things encourage my heart, and let the enemy say what he will, when he tries to persuade me that all is wrong with me, I know I want the Lord to come and make it all right. What a mercy that "He that is for us is greater than he that is against us;" and we have Jesus Christ's own pledge, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."

“WHEN Peter's sinking in the wave,
The Saviour's close at hand to save.”

PERSONAL KNOWLEDGE OF THE LORD JESUS.

How often the question is asked, "Do you know so and so?" and the answer sometimes is, "Only by name," or, "Only by sight." But, if it is one whom we love, how warmly we reply, "Oh, yes! I know him well. He is my most intimate friend." Thus may we know the Lord Jesus, not only by name, or by sight, but personally, intimately—

" More dear, more intimately nigh,
Than e'en the sweetest earthly tie ;"

and be favoured to be so much and often in His company as to drink into His spirit, and learn of Him to be meek and lowly in heart. Those who are most in communion with the Lord Jesus reflect more of His beauty, as Moses, whose face shone when he came down from the mount, though he wist it not (Exod. xxxiv. 29).

" Oh, holy-making Spirit, may
Thine influence be felt, I pray,
In this cold heart of mine ;
Be ever constant by my side,
Keep me from self, subdue my pride,
That Christ in me may shine."

And, again, we prize a gift more or less as we love the person of the giver, but still the gift is as nothing compared to the giver. We would sooner have a visit from a friend we loved than ever so nice a present from him. Thus may we love and delight in the Lord Jesus beyond anything we receive from Him—love Him Himself, and for His own sake—

" Did we His Person learn to prize,
We more should prize His grace."

It was "His own self" that bare our sins, and it is "His own self" that we crave after; for it is coming in contact with the living Person that does us good.

The following extract speaks beautifully upon this point, from 1 John i. 1, 2: "One is struck with the all-absorbing theme in the Apostle's mind—no truth nor doctrine but Jesus—and the way in which he introduces Him: 'That which was from the beginning.' It seems a natural and favourite train of thought, for he began his Gospel in the same way. Intimate as he had been with Jesus as the Son of Man, he loved to go further back and think of Him as the eternal Son of the Father. It would seem as though Jesus loved to go back in thought to the same point (Prov. viii. 22—31), where He declares that in the beginning He was rejoicing always before God; so that it is just a proof

how John had caught his Master's spirit. And then, 'which we have seen with our eyes.' Jesus said that His disciples were to be His witnesses (John xv. 27), and John could declare that it was no delusive imagination, but actual reality what he had seen. But his tender spirit was not content to bear so cold and heartless a testimony, so he added, 'which we have looked upon,' as though his heart had moved him to gaze, to watch, to look with eager eye. As, for instance, when he heard Jesus say from the cross, 'Behold thy mother!' could he ever forget how he had looked up to Jesus, while Jesus looked down upon him? Then it follows, 'and our hands have handled.' Is not this very precious experience? as if the beloved disciples of Jesus could never be content with anything short of direct personal contact with Him. He might have been heard and seen, and even looked upon at a little distance, just as when Zacchæus was in the sycamore tree, he could hear Him, see Him, and even look down upon Him with ardent delight; but it was as nothing to the joy of receiving Him into his own house. This is something nearer and dearer, involving the intimacy of personal intercourse.

"John, more emphatically than any other, enjoyed this precious privilege, 'leaning on His bosom.' There are wonderful thoughts too connected with the expression, 'the Word of life'—Life being so clothed in human form as to be rendered visible and capable of being handled; Jesus, too, being the expression of God, 'the Word of God' (Rev. xix. 13; John i. 1). It has seemed to me as if John felt he had been uttering thoughts so deep that they almost needed a word of explanation (second verse, which he adds in a parenthesis). I like to think of his nameless way of speaking about Jesus. It is all Jesus; and not so much His words or His actions as Himself. 'My meditation of Him shall be sweet.'"

AN ANECDOTE OF JOHN BERRIDGE.

IN a conversation with the late Richard de Courcy, he observed that he had for many years been preaching up self, but not Christ Jesus the Lord. I was a length of time bound and tied with Arminian fetters. John and Charles Wesley got me into their cradle, and the devil kept rocking, but the Holy Spirit, in a most remarkable manner, delivered me from the sleep of sin by slaying the legality of my heart. I used to lament the unprofitableness of my preaching; and, though I was a dealer in fire and brimstone, I could make no impression on my hearers. One day my man Thomas was sawing a sturdy piece of oak, and, as I was standing by him, he threw down his saw, and, turning to

me, he said, "Master, I must give up this job; it is so knotty." I took up the saw, and said, "Tom, let me try;" and to work I went, and, being of muscular strength, I soon overcame the difficulty.

It occurred to me when leaving the field that my preaching resembled Tom's sawing, and these words were impressed on my mind, "Who art thou, O great mountain? Before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain." I returned to my chamber, and poured out my heart to the Lord. A conviction arose in my mind that the work that God alone can perform, I looked for the creature to produce. On reflection, I found the drift of my preaching for twenty years had been to tell the sinner to put the key into the lock of the door so as to open it. I never thought of my Beloved putting His hand by the hole of the door, nor of applying to Him who has "the keys of David, who openeth and no man shutteth, and shutteth and no man openeth." On the Sunday following I took my text from Isaiah: "Ye also made a ditch between two walls, for the water of the old pool; but ye have not looked unto the Maker thereof, neither had respect unto Him." From that time God the Holy Ghost has given me better tools for my workmanship.

In addressing those whose hearts are unrenewed and unchanged, I make no propositions or calls. I cry aloud and lift up my voice, and show my people their transgressions and their sins. I then turn from the unconverted, and implore my Master to take the work in hand, to convince of sin, and to lead them to Christ. With uplifted eyes and outstretched arms I cry, "Lay hold of these rebels, O Lord, as the angel did of lingering Lot, and overcome them by Thy omnipotent power, so as to lay down their arms, to come in, that Thy house may be filled." John Berridge can do nothing but say, "Awake, O arm of the Lord!" This is my province; a step further I cannot, dare not go. For the last twelve years the Lord has in a most wonderful manner displayed the riches of His grace in giving me innumerable seals to my ministry, both in town and country—trophies of mercy, as studs in the mediatorial crown of my dear Redeemer.

WHEN men are really renewed in the spirit of their minds, their regard unto the ordinances of divine worship is, as they are appointed of God, a blessed means of communion and intercourse between Himself in Christ and their souls. By them doth Christ communicate of His love and grace unto us; in and by them do we act faith and love on Him. It is the treasure hid in the field, which, when a man hath found, he purcl aseth the whole field; but it is that he may enjoy the treasure hid therein.—*Dr. Owen.*

LETTERS FOR THE YOUNG.—No. V.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I thought the enclosed might be interesting to the readers of the *SOWER* or *GLENER*, if you think them worthy of a place. Sarah Carter was a young woman known as “the sleeping beauty.” She was laid upon a bed of affliction for twenty-seven years. For a length of time she laid in a kind of half-conscious state, mostly sleeping, and during that time almost entirely subsisted upon grapes. She was visited by many hundreds of people, no doubt mostly from curiosity. Her house, too, was just opposite where the coaches changed horses, which gave many strangers an opportunity of calling upon her. She died January 28th, 1855, aged forty-five years.

The “young friend,” who is still living, to whom the letter was written when on a visit to London, favoured me with the original to make the enclosed extracts. The two following verses are upon her grave-stone—

“Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wake to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

“Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
To 'bide beneath His sheltering wing,
Where death has lost its venom'd sting!”

Believe me, yours for the truth's sake,

Cambridge.

R. H.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,—I hope the desire you have in being numbered among my friends is not merely from a regard of this poor, suffering body, which must soon be crumbling in the dust, but from a true desire of being a fellow-member of Christ's body, a branch of the same living Vine, that we may be growing up together in Jesus, to the praise and glory of the eternal Godhead. Go as the poor publican did, crying, “God be merciful to me a sinner!” There is nothing you have done, or ever can do, to merit any favour in the sight of God, for the very thoughts of our heart are only evil, and that continually, and “who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean?” Not one. Then how can a helpless, condemned sinner make any atonement to a holy God for all his heinous offences committed against Him? If so, He need not have sent the lovely Jesus to have died to save lost creatures, which He well knew were lost for ever. He therefore gave His dear Son, that as many as believe on Him might have everlasting life. Jesus is able to supply your soul abundantly with every

spiritual blessing. He is a God hearing and answering prayer : " He heareth the cry of the needy, and saveth such as be of an upright spirit." The yoke of Jesus is easy and His burden light. He gently leads the wearers on to the delightful realms of everlasting peace, where we shall behold the face of our Redeemer with joy. His are riches of eternal life, that will endure in time and in eternity ; but we must be clothed with the righteousness of Christ before we enter that place of purity. Christ is the sinner's truest and best Friend. He is always near to them that love Him. He is the delight of their soul, the joy of their heart, and they find Him to be the sweetest company, dearer than all others. You are young and healthy, but everything in this world hangs upon uncertainty. Our health and life, with all the many blessings our dear Redeemer bestows upon us, are only lent. They may be taken from us, or we from them, in a moment. God forbid that the shortlived pleasures of a day should draw our hearts away from the unfading joy that will endure when earth and all things here below will be burned up. Whatever you may be called to endure, if Jesus is yours, nothing will be able to separate between you and your God. When stretched upon a bed of pain and sickness—yea, in life or death—He is the same, and eternal happiness will be yours for ever. Jesus is a sure and safe refuge. He keeps a constant watch over His children. Oh, pray for His Holy Spirit to teach you more of the fear of the Lord, and lead you in the way of salvation, that you may taste the inward sweetness in your own soul. Religion is not what many of the world call it—a melancholy thing. No, no ; far from it. It contains all that is worth calling happiness. All the comfort and consolation a Christian enjoys is from his union with Christ. It is his hope, his support, and peace in this life, and will be his joy and crown of rejoicing in future bliss.

May your heart be moulded into the image of Jesus Christ, that you may be brought home to His kingdom, to dwell for ever in the presence of the Most High.

From your affectionate friend in Jesus,

Stapleford, Nov. 3rd, 1841.

SARAH CARTER.

MRS. ROMAINE was once in company with a clergyman at Tiverton, who ran out with no little zeal against what he called "irresistible grace," alleging that "such grace would be incompatible with free-will." "Not at all so," answered Mrs. Romaine ; "grace operates effectually, yet not coercively. The wills of God's people are drawn to Him and divine things, just as your will would be drawn to a bishopric, if you had the offer of it."—*Toplady.*

THE SOWER.

NOTES OF A SERMON PREACHED BY MR. HULL,
AT SALEM CHAPEL ANNIVERSARY, PETERBOROUGH, JULY 6, 1880.

“Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee.”—PSALM lxxiii. 25.

THIS language is peculiar to the saints of God. None but His people can truly adopt it. We are sure that none but they have an experience of it; none but they know sufficient of themselves to bring them as needy sinners to the throne of grace; and none but they know sufficient of the Lord Jesus Christ to desire Him above all earthly good. But the Lord brings His people so to feel their need of Him that they cannot do without Him, and brings them to know so much of Him that they desire Him above and before all that can be named beside Him.

Then the language of the text will do for them—is suitable to their case—and there are times when they know what it is to look up to the Lord—to lift their eye of faith, however weak, however faint, and however tremblingly, to heaven—and say, “Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee.”

We may take these words, for brevity's sake, in two forms—first, as to what is implied; second, as to what is expressed.

First, then, there is something implied. Sometimes the language of God's people implies a great deal. Things may not be clearly or confidently expressed by them, but their language implies much. A good deal lies beneath a few words put together in the form of an expression.

These things are not clear to the world—they are a mystery to them. They cannot understand the case and language of God's people, because they are out of the secret, for “the secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him;” and so in their troubles, “the heart knoweth its own bitterness”—its own case, its own trouble, its own complaint. Others may look on the trouble while God's people are in it. Others may look on the trial while God's people are passing through it. Outsiders may make their observations as to the case and as to the character of those who are in such a case, but what a mercy that, after all, the secret is between our heart and God, and no outsider can enter into it, and none can step between us and God in it! He knows the heart of a stranger. You may be strange to yourself and strange to other people, but God knows all about that strangeness—all about those strange exercises, strange feelings, and strange trials. The things

which are strange to you are not so to Him; and, if you are strange to yourself and strange to others, you are not strange to Him, for He has been "tempted in all points like unto us, yet without sin."

Now, what does the language of the text imply?

First, need. It is the language of a needy soul. It was a blessed key-note which was struck in the first hymn given out by our friend, "One there is above all others." Aye, what a mercy that Jesus Christ is exalted above all in heaven and in earth, for He has a name which is above every name. It is our mercy that He lives, that He reigns, that He rules; and such is His power and His dominion that all must obey His word, all must be subservient to His will.

Is it sometimes a comfort to your heart to think that "the Lord reigneth"? Now, when we feel that, amidst all the confusion which abounds among the people and things of the world, the Lord still reigns, what a mercy if we can say, "And this Lord is my Friend—the Lord that lives in heaven, that reigns and rules over all—He to whom belongs might—He whose is the dominion, who is Lord over all—this Lord is my Lord, and this is my Friend." The Church of old embraced Him, and, in answer to the inquiry of the wondering world, "What is thy Beloved more than another beloved"? she sets forth His excellency and describes His glory, and then takes Him in her arms and says, "This is my Beloved, and this is my Friend." When faith can thus take hold on Jesus Christ—can thus embrace Him in the heart as "my Beloved" and as "my Friend"—what a goodly portion we have! Thus that hymn was a very sweet key-note for the service of this morning—

"One there is above all others
Well deserves the name of Friend."

I can bear witness to the truth of it. He has been a Friend to me many times—such a Friend, I have never known another comparable to Him—such a Friend, I never expect to find another like Him—such a Friend, I desire to find no other in exchange for Him. I have found an end to my wants in Jesus Christ. They all meet in Him—all my wishes and desires centre in Him. I often chide my wandering heart for roving from Him; but, thank God, I have to return to Him, for there is none I can find like Him—no other name, no other blood, no other help will suffice me but that of Christ Jesus the Lord.

Now, if you know what it is to look to the Lord as a Friend, you know what it is to need His friendship. I wish our congregations were made up more entirely of needy souls. We have some, and my heart goes out for them—my prayers ascend to God for them. They often lie weightily on my heart when I go into the pulpit.

I know what it is to be a needy scul, and, when I think of the case of the Lord's needy ones, how anxious I am that God may bless them and visit them—that His Word may come home to their hearts and meet their case!

I think what a poor physician and what a poor under-shepherd I am. I cannot even discern the secret cases of the Lord's people. We ministers may have a general knowledge of them, but there are the solitary ones—those who are solitary in trouble, in fiery trials, in temptations—and their secret sorrow is such, they cannot publish it. They come into the house of God with their secret troubles, and they go out with them; they carry them up and down, often for a long time, secret in their heart. They are secret sorrows—secret afflictions—secret burdens. I know what it is to walk in a solitary path of this kind, and to feel as if the minister did not understand me—to look into the Word of God, and to find no portion for me there—to be in the company of God's people, and find nothing to encourage me there. "Ah!" says the poor soul, "surely I am out of the secret. God does not speak to me in His Word, nor by the ministry, and the people of God do not seem to understand me. Surely, if I were a child of God, there would be some who would understand my case; but, go where I may, I am a solitary one, and 'the troubles of my heart are enlarged.'" Then I say of all such, "Lord, bring these poor people out of their distresses;" and I believe He will, for Jesus Christ's heart is as large as His arm is long, and His will is as good as His arm is strong.

Ah! friends, needy souls need the Lord. How long is it since *you* were made to feel *your* need? Some may say, "Many years." And are you needy now? I do meet with a class of people who can talk of a past experience, and put it nicely together. They say how they were convinced—how they were brought under the law—how they were made to tremble before God and to need His mercy—and how they were brought into liberty. It is all written on the page of their memory, but oh, what a long stretch they have come without knowing anything of a repetition of divine favour—of fresh revelations of God's mercy and love to their souls—of fresh experiences of the Lord Jesus Christ as their Saviour! They have a straight experience, but a stale one. They are right in doctrine, but as dry as a log of wood, and as hard as a stone. It will not do—at least it will not do for me. I should not like to die in such a stale state as that. When I get very low, my evidences beclouded, and my soul lean, how often that cry goes forth, "Oh, spare me!" What for? "That I may recover strength;" for, while I may not doubt my interest in Christ, and have no fear of hell, I do not want to die in such a lean state as that. I should not like to come into the article of death with my

heart and soul so barren as that. I want to know something more of the Lord—of the tokens of His love—of the friendship of Jesus Christ—for it is that which makes my heart happy and strong. In His presence I can live, I can suffer, I can die—yea, I can endure all things while He is near.

“ But, if the Lord be once withdrawn,
And we attempt the work alone,
When new temptations spring and rise,
We find how great our weakness is.”

We want Him again in our times of need just as much as we did at the first ; and His mercy is as sweet and as great in the progressive experience of His people—yea, often more so—than in the early stages of their Christian course. They all who are truly taught of the Spirit need the mercy of the Lord. How was it with the poor publican when he came to the house of God ? He needed something. God had wounded him, and he needed healing. He was in trouble about sin, and needed mercy. He came up with a burden, and wanted the Lord to undertake for him. He was needy, and wanted the Lord to bestow something upon him—he wanted the Lord to do something for him. He felt afraid to come. He stood afar off, with downcast look and a troubled heart ; and thus it is with poor, trembling sinners. They need the Lord’s mercy, but, if they look up to heaven, they cannot feel that they have a Friend in Him. They look on His holiness, and down they sink ; they think upon His justice, and their hearts are filled with dismay ; they look into His Word, and it is like a drawn sword. They can find no peace, no rest, no comfort ; and yet they are waiting for the Lord and on the Lord for His mercy. How is this ? Why, the Lord has put a conviction in their heart that lies deeper than all their burden—yea, deeper than their wound and distress—and that conviction is, that, if ever they obtain mercy, it must flow from God ; and, since none but God can have mercy on their souls, where else can they go ? Nowhere else. He is their only Refuge, and, with this feeling, they often resort to God with a hope for mercy, and yet feel to have no hope. What a seeming contradiction ! Yet still the Lord brings them, like the publican, smiting upon their breasts, and standing afar off, feeling to have no place among His saints ; but still their cry goes up, “ God be merciful to me a sinner ! ” It must go up, for it is the cry of necessity ; and oh, what a mercy that the God who prompts the cry has provided the mercy ! He who gives the wound has provided the healing, and has a full salvation to make known and to reveal to the trembling one who seeks His grace.

Now, do you know what it is to need the Lord after this manner ? Did you ever feel to be a poor, trembling sinner, under

the sentence of condemnation? Do you know what it is to send forth groanings to God in your distress? Oh, what a mercy if God has ever brought you thus to His feet! And perhaps some one here may say, "Yes, and what a mercy, too, that He has brought me up out of that deep trouble and distress!" Can you sing, then, as did one of old, "He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings: and He hath put a new song in my mouth"? Oh, have you been able to sing of mercy through the blood of Jesus? of mercy, rich and free, flowing from the heart of God to you, a poor, condemned soul, and delivering you from death, and bringing you up from the horrible pit and the miry clay? Then the Lord has indeed been a Friend to you, and you know it. Yes, you know something of His friendship, something of His grace, something of His love, something of His ability to save.

But perhaps there is another poor sinner here saying, "That is what I want to prove and enjoy." Well, we can only speak of the mercy of God in Christ to you. There is no balm but the blood of Jesus Christ suited to a wounded one like you. You know, if you are a God-taught soul, that none can save you but the God against whom you have sinned—against whom your transgressions are multiplied. "Ah!" you may say, "but how can I look Him in the face?" Well, you must—you must come before Him, sinner as you are; for, if you stay away, you must for ever die; but God has put that necessity in your case which is so urgent that it will bring you to Him, in spite of all your multiplied sins, even though black as hell and high as mountains. It will bring you to Him with a "Lord, save me!" in spite of all your rising fears; and we are bound to tell you that God's Word is encouraging to all such—yea, we are sure that they who seek shall find, for Jesus Christ, who gave that exhortation to poor, burdened souls, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," has also said, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."

But perhaps some poor soul will be saying, "I cannot come—what am I to do? If I could but come to Him who died for sinners, I should believe there was some hope for me, but I cannot; therefore, what am I to do?" Really I am glad when I find people get there, for those who get beyond coming will prize and praise the grace that saves those who have no power. All the Moodys and Sankeys in the world could not meet a case like that. And why not? Why, they say the sinner *must* come, and here is one that cannot come—the sinner *must* believe, and here is one that cannot believe. Ah! poor, helpless soul, I am glad that the arm of the Lord Jesus Christ is longer than all their arms put together, even if they could stretch all

round the world, for the Lord Jesus can not only reach one at the very ends of the earth, but He can reach one in the very belly of hell, as He did poor Jonah. He can and *will* come to one that cannot come to Him. He is "mighty to save." He is one well adapted to the case of a lost and helpless sinner.

I remember, some years ago, how sweet those words of the poet were to my heart, because they contain what so suited my case—

"And when, through fear, I only creep,
Or dare not move a single step,
Yet Thou canst come to me."

And it is often even now the language of my heart, when I am in the case of "the poor and needy, whose tongue faileth for thirst"—when I lie very low and am very distressed, and say, like poor Job, "Oh, that I knew where I might find Him!" But, even when I am in a maze, in darkness, and when I find in my heart an inability to pray, an inability to look to Jesus, an inability to come near to the Lord—I can then tell Him that He can come to me; and I often send up the cry, "Lord, look down from heaven on my needy soul! Oh, do visit my distressed soul, for there is none but Thyself can help me—there is none but Thyself can bless me—but Thou hast all that I can need or desire." Yes, I know He is the Friend of sinners, for He has been a Friend to me many, many times, in cases such as this.

Then art thou a distressed soul? a burdened soul? a needy soul? a poor, famishing soul? Are you in prison, bound with the fetters of unbelief? Have you no strength? no ability? Oh, what a mercy if this should be the time for the passing by of Jesus Christ, to set thee free and heal thy broken heart! What a time of love it will be to thee! If He should but come and whisper to thy heart, "Be of good cheer," what good cheer would abound in thy breast! If He should come and say "Peace," what peace would come to thy heart! Oh, precious truth, Jesus is the Friend of sinners; and oh, what a wonder of mercy it is that, if you so feel your sinful condition that your vileness seems to stand in the way of His mercy, and the desperate nature of your case seems to stand in the way of your salvation, yet, if it be in your way, it is not in His way who is "mighty to save." If the mountains are higher than you can scale, He can cause them to flow down at His presence. "Mighty to save." Blessed name! Oh, that that sufficient salvation and mighty power may be made known to His needy ones this morning!

Well, now, if you have been brought to feel your need of Jesus Christ thus—if you have been brought needy and naked to His footstool thus—can you say that He has never done you a kindness? I wish He may let you feel this morning that it is of His mercy

you are where you are and as you are, and you will not then say He has never done you a kindness.

I remember one Lord's day, some years ago, returning home with a heavy heart, lamenting my barrenness, and mourning that it had been to me so unprofitable a day, when I was suddenly brought to a stand with this thought, "What a mercy I am not in hell!" and the feeling of that mercy was so great that it soon filled my heart to overflowing. Oh, how wonderful to my view was the mercy of God in preserving a wretch like me from the pit, and in inclining my heart to seek Him as my salvation! I could not then complain that God had done *nothing* for me, but I was compelled to own that He had done *much* for me, as evidenced by the fact that I was where I was and as I was—a sinner, deserving hell, and yet out of hell—a sinner that might have been justly there, and yet having a hope in the name and blood of His dearly-beloved Son. Now, one feeling of that kind will stop your mouth from repining, and prevent your saying you know nothing of His mercy and kindness to you as a poor, undeserving sinner.

Then, again, the language of the text implies waiting; and needy souls are waiting souls—they wait upon and for the Lord. Some here, no doubt, have been needy souls for years, and are needy now—waiting for years and waiting now—and what is the cause? Why, the longer you live the more you prove your need of the Lord Jesus, and you have to go to Him for all you need in providence and grace; thus you are compelled to seek to heaven for all your supplies. Some people talk of living by faith, and walking by faith, who are, nevertheless, out of the secret; and yet, if we hear them talk, they appear to be in the possession of it, and this at times makes us very jealous—and why? Because they can say things so much better than we can—they are quite satisfied when we are full of anxiety—they walk quietly and are at peace when we are troubled and distressed on every hand. How is this? Oh, they have such a stock of faith, they can believe all God has said—every promise He has made. They believe that He is faithful to perform all these things, and that He will so manage all that all things shall work together for their good; thus they seem to get along without any contradiction, and they call this living and walking by faith. But what does it do for them? One thing it does not do—it never brings them near the Lord. They only look on what He has said, on what He has promised to do, and they are content. Now, those poor souls who really live and walk by faith can only be content as they know that the Lord *does* as He has said. God has set their heart on the receipt of what He Himself has promised, and, even if He spoke to them audibly, and did not give the good they desire, it would not satisfy them. In his trouble Jacob pleaded thus with

the Lord : "Thou saidst, I will surely do thee good." But some of these ready believers would say, "What more do you want Jacob? Cannot you believe the promise?" He did believe the Lord had made it, but he wanted the Lord to *do something for him*. The trouble stood before him, and he wanted the Lord to be with him in it, to bring him through it. God's people get into places where all the promises in His Book will not of themselves help them, but one token of His love will—one drop of mercy and one manifestation of His power will. Let the Lord but bestow some good thing on a poor, seeking soul, and oh, how it gladdens the heart, and fills the soul with peace! This is what I call living and walking by faith. Faith comes to the Lord for Him to fulfil His promise, to do what He has spoken of, and to carry out the purposes He has said He will perform. Thus faith has a hand to receive what God has to give; faith eats and drinks and lives upon what the Lord supplies. It is more than mere notion—it is an active grace which deals with heaven. Some only hear, and never receive what God has promised. They cannot say, "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what He hath done for my soul."

The Lord's people are a needy people. They must and do look to heaven for what is provided for the poor, and how glad they are that He who fills the throne of grace is a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God! They come before Him and tell Him their wants and their desires; they speak to Him of their complaints, like poor Hannah in her trouble. Yes, and the Lord knew the secret sorrow of her heart, although good old Eli did not. He made a sad mistake as to the nature of her case; but, when she told him that she had been taking her trouble before the Lord, he wished her the peace of God. Thus God's people sometimes get into trouble, and His people around them are like Job's comforters. They say, "Surely there is something wrong in your life, or you are indulging in your heart some secret sin, and God is finding it out and disclosing it. You would not be in such trouble and affliction if it were not so." Now, I know that God will visit His people's sins with the rod, and, if you never come under that rod for your sin, do not call yourself a child, for all the Lord's people know more or less of His chastenings for sin, and the man that escapes it will miss the mark, whoever he is; for, as there is not a man taught of the Spirit who can say he is free from sin, so God will make each one to mourn over and feel afflicted for sin as surely as he is a child. But then there is another way in which the adversities of the saints are to be considered, namely, that God does not only chasten His people for sin, but He likewise brings them into afflictions and troubles for the trial of their faith; and this is where the Lord's tried ones are

often misunderstood and misrepresented by those who are always harping upon the theory that there is some sin either openly or secretly indulged by them which is the cause of the Lord afflicting them. What was there in Job's case? Did not the Lord declare him to be, as to his walk, a perfect man? Did not He challenge Satan to find a fault in him, and he could not? Yet Satan knows a good deal about us. He knows what Christians ought to be. He knows when we fail in our walk, and he does not fail to tell us of these things whenever he can find an occasion, for he accuses day and night; and yet he could not accuse Job, though his three friends did by laying to his charge things which he knew not. And what did the Lord say to them? "Ye have not spoken of Me the thing which is right, like My servant Job." But it may be said, "See what a spirit Job evidenced when in the trial." Yes; but it was not to chasten him beforehand for that, that he was cast into the trial. True, it brought to light what Job little thought would ever have come forth from his heart, and he afterwards abhorred himself before God on account of it, and, having proved the sad working up of the evils of his heart under the exercise of affliction, he was brought to confess, as he had never done before, "Behold, I am vile." And would you have believed your heart to be so hard and rebellious as you have found it to be at times against God, if the evil nature of it had not been evidenced by some such circumstances of trial? These evils have been brought to light by the fiery process, and you have had to fall with shamefacedness before God on account of the naughtiness in you, and to confess with Job, "Behold, I am vile."

Now, I believe God does, and that frequently, bring some of His people into these circumstances for the trial of their faith, in order that He may make them sick of self and of the world, and more in love with Jesus Christ; and I likewise believe that the Lord mercifully leads some of us in a path of trial in order to keep us from plunging into snares and troubles of a far worse kind. He sees that our heart would be inclined by the temptation to neglect Him for something else, but He brings us into affliction, and thereby restrains our roving heart by giving us urgent business at His footstool.

Perhaps some of you can look back upon some such circumstance in your life, and you say, "Oh, how cold my heart and feeble my love to the Lord had become! How low was the life of God in my soul, and how carnal were my affections! and, if it had not been for such and such an affliction, I feel I might at that time have gone on sinking into the spirit of the world, and thereby have brought reproach upon His name: but, by means of that affliction, I was prevented saying 'A confederacy with the world,' for the Lord made me so deeply to feel my need of

Him that He brought me to His footstool a poor, troubled, and distressed sinner, and I have to thank Him for the way He took to perform the good purpose of His love in me." Ah! a good preventive against evil oftentimes is sanctified affliction; and what a mercy we at times feel it to be that the Lord takes such pains with us—that "He loads our shoulders well with woe"—and what for? Why, to keep down self-sufficiency and to take away our pride. What a mercy that we have in Him such a wise and gracious Friend! "Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee." Can I find another friend in heaven like unto the Lord? No; there is none like Jesus, the sinner's Friend. Oh, what a mercy that we can see God in Christ—that we know something of the "incarnate mystery"—that we have a Friend on the mercy-seat, on the throne of grace—a merciful, faithful, and compassionate High Priest—One that can "have compassion on the ignorant, and them that are out of the way"—One that knows our frame—our spiritual frame, our mental frame, our bodily frame—and who *remembers* that we are dust!

Some of God's people are very hard in their spirit—very ready to use the sword—and wherefore do they cut so severely at others? It may often be only because a man's natural disposition differs from theirs, that they set him down as wanting of grace. People often judge of the religion of others by what they see of their natural dispositions; but it is very wrong to do so. Do not our natural dispositions differ as much as our countenances? How we may see this in our families, among our children; and we should remember that, while grace controls, it does not change the natural disposition of its possessor. What a mercy, then, that "the Lord knoweth our frame, and remembereth we are dust." Oh, I am glad He has such a compassionate heart that, while He does not excuse sin in His people, He has mercy laid up for those poor, failing mortals who find in Him a more sympathetic Friend than they do in many of His disciples. Well, it is a great thing to have such a Friend, upon whom we can wait for sympathy and help; for, if Jesus Christ was not in heaven, it would be of no use our going there. If He did not fill the mercy-seat, and receive the prayers of His people, it would be of no use our presenting ours. But sometimes, when out of the abundance of our complaint and grief we have poured forth our supplication to God, like Hannah, we have received an answer to our petition, the remembrance of which brings us to His mercy-seat again as fresh troubles arise. Yes, I often have to come to Him as did the Psalmist when he said, "Thou hast been my help: leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation." Why, poor, burdened sinner, all the angelic hosts and all the glorified spirits in heaven could not be-

friend thee like Jesus Christ. There is not a heart in heaven like unto that of Jesus Christ, and you will never find any sympathy to be compared with the sympathy of Jesus Christ. Oh, this is a Friend above all others. He does truly "deserve the name of *Friend*;" and all who know Him may well say, "'Whom have I in heaven but Thee?' To whom can I seek but unto Thee?' Come hither, then, poor sinner, with your troubles, your distresses, your burdens, and your manifold complaints. Wait upon this Friend. He has often helped such as thee, and He never grows weary of so doing. He takes up the case of some in His Word who feared that He had left off doing them good, and He speaks to them thus: "Why sayest thou, O Jacob, and speakest, O Israel, My way is hid from the Lord?" "The Lord has hid His face from me; I get no answer to my prayer. The Lord brings no mercy, and works no deliverance for me. He has passed by my case. He will do nothing for me." Why complainest thou of the Lord thus, O Jacob? "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?" Did ever one weary Him yet? Did the whole Church of God ever weary Him? Did Jesus Christ ever tell His people that He was tired of them—that He had done all He intended to do for them? No, never! He will "save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him"—yea, "He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might He increaseth strength." Poor sinner, wait thou upon Him.

In the second place, let us notice that which is expressed in the words of our text, namely, that Jesus Christ is more to be desired than all other objects on the face of the earth.

Now, if you know something of His friendship and of the kindness of His heart, His tender pity and compassion, His covenant love, His bleeding, dying love, has it not spoiled you to all that is in the world, and blighted the charms of the world to you? Have you not turned from all the pleasures of the world as beggarly, and counted all the things so highly esteemed by men to be but loss? And what for? "For the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus the Lord." Oh, yes, the feeling with all such is, "That I may know Him, and the power of His resurrection." Now, if Christ is lovely in thy heart, is there another object that is lovely like unto Him? If Christ is the delight of thy soul, is there any other object can delight thy soul like unto Him? If thy affections are fixed there, they are weaned from all beside; and that weaning will have cost you something. I tell you, sinner, if Jesus Christ intends to have your heart, He will wean it from everything beside, however dear to you. Now, has that taken place? Come, be honest about it, as before God. There are many talk of receiving Jesus Christ, and yet they seem to have never

been called upon to give up anything for Him. They believe they can take Him to be theirs, but only in addition to what they already have—not to the forsaking of all for Him. They can eat their own bread, and wear their own apparel, if they may be called by His name; but the Lord will never own such compromising professors as these for His. They will not be admitted to His gracious presence at the marriage supper of the Lamb. They may talk about their charity, their preachings, and their miracles even, but the Lord Jesus Christ will say, “‘I never knew you.’ There is no place for you in My kingdom.” Oh, sinner, how do you stand? If Christ is not your All, you are unsaved.

Now, if you are spoiled to the world, and the world is spoiled to you, you feel at times that it is no cross for you to come out of it, to turn your back on it; and how is that? Why, because the Lord has changed your heart, and you could not find a home or resting-place in the world if you would. Now, I ask some of you who may be in good circumstances, who have a comfortable position in life—suppose all the good things of the world you now enjoy were multiplied ten thousand times, are there not some days or hours when all that would not give you the least peace, nor supply a grain of comfort to your heart?

I am at times thankful to the Lord that it is as well with me in providence as it is, and I have good cause to be. My trials began when I was very young, and they continue to come upon me still; but at times, when I look back, I have to thank the Lord for having dealt with me as He has—yea, I am often humbled by the remembrance of His mercy, for the goodness of God does lead to repentance. Thus I desire to be thankful that He is a God of providence, and that He has been known as such to me for many years; but, notwithstanding all this, I walk up and down at times and say, “Lord, if Thy providential favours were increased ten thousand times, it would not comfort me. I am miserable at heart, although surrounded with mercies;” and what is the matter? Why, I am in such a case that there is none can comfort my heart but the Lord; there is a void in my breast which He alone can fill. But I know His comforts, for they at times delight my soul; and when I want them, it is of no use my hearing or thinking of comfort in any other way than by receiving of the fulness of Jesus. But oh, the feeling of His loving-kindness and of His tender mercies, this does comfort my heart; and often when I am sunk thus low, and am sore distressed, the Lord gathers me up, and gives me to feel that He is my portion, and then I feel to want nothing more, for I have all I need in the Lord Jesus Christ, and you can never get beyond that. You may seek all the world over, but you can never find anything to equal God’s goodness in His Son. What a mercy that He is a rich Christ for needy sinners—a full

Christ for empty sinners—a suitable Christ for those who cannot do without Him! All those who thus receive and embrace Him by faith will be free to declare, “There is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee.” Yes, we at times can heartily sing—

“More of Thy presence, Lord, impart;
More of Thy image let me bear;
Erect Thy throne within my heart,
And reign without a rival there.”

The grace of God does not lessen natural affection. A man does not love his wife or his children the less because he is a child of God; not a bit of it. The feelings are often more tender, more susceptible—yea, very much more so. Sometimes it is felt by such an one to be a trial, a daily burden, that the affections should be so glued, as it were, to one or the other of those around us; and, when affliction comes, the thoughts of those we expect to leave behind are very heavy within us, and cut very keenly into our heart, for we then frequently find that they lie nearer our heart than we had thought. I have in my weakness now and again said like this, “Lord, my love is so strong to those who are near to me that I feel as though I could not die comfortably for the thought of leaving them behind;” but the Lord so comes at times and satisfies my heart with Himself that I am satisfied for myself and for my family too. I can leave all with Him, believing that He will do better with them and for them than I can. Yet I do not cease loving them, but the Lord so lifts me above all my natural ties and anxious cares, and He has my heart and affections so completely, that my will is swallowed up in His, and I would not have it otherwise. Ah! friends, there is no secret of living like unto this. Bless His dear name, when we trust Him with our all we trust a gracious Friend, a faithful Friend—One who has all ability to do “exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think.”

Now, do you know something of the preciousness of Christ? Some poor soul may say, “Oh, how little I feel of these things! I have to mourn that the world so often gets the better of my heart, and I feel so full of fleshly affections that I can only say, ‘How carnal I am!’ Oh, I would that I could live in the blessed frame of mind you have been talking of, but I am so bound and fettered by the flesh and sin that I cannot mount or fly heavenward as I would. Oh, if I could but get near the Lord so as to feel that He is ‘the Chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely’ to me!” Well, now, suppose you go on month after month like this, and feel this carnality and worldliness to burden you, and cause you to mourn over yourself as being in such a hard-hearted state, and then, if the Lord should just cast a look upon you—a

glance of His eye—and so draw you to His feet that for five minutes you could leave all the world behind, what a wonderful thing you would feel it to be that one look of His love should thus release you from all the things that had bound and burdened you! Ah! some of us have felt this change. Now, is not that wonderful grace that can overcome a heart like yours and mine thus? Oh, surprising grace, to think that He can so release us from the power and love of all these carnal things in a moment as to bring us to have them all under our feet, and to count them but dung and dross compared with Him! Friends, these things are not to be despised. The time will come when we must die and leave all most dear to us below. God will separate us from all here—yea, from the dearest objects of our heart's affection. Oh, the mercy of being made willing and ready to part with all: to be with Christ!

Some years ago there was a poor wretch who was very wealthy, and who was so in love with his money that, when he was dying, he had all the gold in his house brought to him that he might look upon it, and I have heard that it filled a peck measure; and his love of gold was such that, while drawing his last breath, he sought to grasp it with his hand, but death's dart striking him quickly, he failed in the attempt, and so went into the presence of God.

What a mercy if you know as much of Jesus Christ as to spoil you to the love of the world's wealth and pleasures! Oh, that you may feel Him to be so precious both while you live and when you come to die as to say—

“Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.”

It is sweet to feel this while we travel the wilderness through, and what Jesus Christ is to you to-day, He will be to-morrow, and as you journey onward to the end. That is to me a sweet and blessed name, “Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.” Our life is full of changes, but He says, “I am the Lord; I change not.” The Lord help us, then, to be still “looking unto Jesus;” and, as those who are crucified with Him, may we be daily saying, “Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee.” May the Lord add His blessing, and He shall bear the glory.

PAULINUS, when they told him that the Goths had sacked Nola, and plundered him of all he had, lifting up his eyes to heaven, said, “Lord, Thou knowest where I have laid up my treasure.”—*Toplady*.

"WE WOULD SEE JESUS."

(JOHN xii. 21.)

"We would see Jesus," for the shadows lengthen
 Across this little landscape of our life ;
 "We would see Jesus," our weak faith to strengthen
 For the last weariness—the final strife.

"We would see Jesus," for life's hand hath rested,
 With its dark touch, upon both heart and brow ;
 And though our souls have many a billow breasted,
 Others are rising in the distance now.

"We would see Jesus," the great Rock Foundation,
 Whereon our feet were set by sovereign grace ;
 Nor life, nor death, with all their agitation,
 Can thence remove us, if we see His face.

"We would see Jesus," yet the spirit lingers
 Round the dear objects it has loved so long,
 And earth from earth can scarce unclasp its fingers—
 Our love to Thee makes not this love less strong.

"We would see Jesus ;" other lights are paling
 Which for long years we have rejoiced to see ;
 The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing ;
 We would not mourn them, for we go to Thee.

"We would see Jesus ;" sense is all too blinding,
 And heaven appears too dim—too far away ;
 We would see Thee, to gain a sweet reminding
 That Thou hast promised our great debt to pay.

"We would see Jesus ;" this is all we're needing ;
 Strength, joy, and willingness come with the sight ;
 "We would see Jesus," dying, risen, pleading ;
 Then welcome day, and farewell mortal night.

ANON.

THE approbation of God, and the testimony of an honest conscience, are better than thousands of gold and silver.—*Philpot.*

WE sadly want heavy crosses and sharp afflictions, to make Christ's comforts welcome. What a mercy, when every other sweet becomes a bitter, and every broken cistern has leaked out its last drop! Christ will be but more sweet, and His living streams undiminished, overflowing, and for ever flowing. I wish you tastes to keep you craving, and wholesome winds that shake no fruit, but root the stock of faith more deeply in the heart.—*Hardy.*

LETTER BY THE LATE JOHN CLARK.

DEAR FRIEND,—I think with you that there ought to be more communication with each other. Where God's honour and the good of His family are sought, there is an attending of the sanctifying power of the Spirit, as the Word says, "from faith to faith;" and I am persuaded that they who watch in the Spirit, and pray thereunto with all supplication, will have an understanding therein. And by this we know the spiritual seed, for, if a soul does not often feel his need of the Spirit, sure I am he will not be sowing to the Spirit; and if he is not among the sowers, he will not be among the reapers. Let his profession be whatever it may, there will always be a flippancy about it. When the Lord walked and talked with His disciples, he opened their understanding, and this we know, that, if He does not give us light, we remain in the dark. Still, here is the difference between His people and those who are not—the one deeply feels his darkness and seeks light, while the other rejoices in some one's light for a season. John was a burning and shining light, and some were willing to walk in that for a time, like Herod, who did many things and heard him gladly, yet at last, when pride was touched, he could sacrifice the life of the man he had heard so gladly. How these things make a child of God tremble, and often is he brought into self-examination, saying, "Search me, O God, and try me, and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting;" and how hard is that lesson to learn which Mr. Hart speaks of—

"When thou art nothing in thyself,
Thou then art close to Me."

How few we find of this sort, and therefore we cannot feel union to some; but, where we find souls feeling after the power, we are at home; and this was the case with Paul, for he said he would not know the speech of them who were puffed up, but the power, for the kingdom of God stands not in word (however clear it may be in doctrine), but in power, and this is what the Word says, "They shall talk of Thy power, and of the glorious majesty of Thy kingdom." This they see in the sanctuary, power and beauty, which makes the place delightful. When I heard Mr. Henry Fowler, who in his preaching many times cleared up matters to me, he appeared beautiful, because he was one of God's priests who was clothed with salvation, and I, as one of God's saints, could shout aloud for joy. Thus I twice heard Mr. Philpot, and often have I heard the servants of God with that power which has caused the tears to flow freely down my cheeks.

A good old man, who died at Grantham some little time since,

who was brought to hear Mr. Huntington in his younger days, heard me with power the last time he heard me there. When he went home he wept much. His kind wife thought he was in sorrow about some worldly thing, but he said, "No; they were tears of joy, for these words were so sweet to him: 'Though heart and flesh fail, yet God is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever.'" In a short time he departed to a better home. He was drawing to the close of his ninetieth year. How blessed to see it: "They shall bring forth fruit in old age, to show that the Lord is upright."

"None that attend His gates shall find
A God unfaithful or unkind."

This is what His servants preach, and, "if we believe not, He abideth faithful. He cannot deny Himself." He is faithful to His threatenings, He is faithful to those whom He has called, He is faithful to every promise. "Righteousness is the girdle of His loins, and faithfulness is the girdle of His reins." May He keep us faithful unto death, and then give us a crown of life.

There are many things come to my mind which at a future time may come out; but this I can say—may every snare of the fowler be broken. May we escape, see God's hand, lean upon His arm, find His healing power, have His counsel to guide us, be joined to the living, partake of the fatness of the Root of David, be kept from all self-interested motives, be led in a plain path because of our enemies, and be among the pure in heart that shall see God.

My time is fast hastening on, being in my seventy-ninth year; and I sometimes believe God will bring me as a shock of corn fully ripe, and lay my body in peace in my grave.

My wife joins me in love to you and yours.

I remain, your affectionate friend,
Maresfield, August 7th, 1876. JOHN CLARK.

As our Lord Jesus is the great Representative of His people in heaven, He does them the honour to continue a succession of them as His representatives upon earth. Happy are they who are favoured with most of the holy unction, and best enabled to manifest to all around them, by their spirit, temper, and conversation, what is the proper design and genuine effect of His Gospel upon the hearts of sinners.—*Newton*.

"TRUE faith's the life of God,
Deep in the heart it lies;
It lives and labours under load;
Though damped, it never dies."

“FOR WE KNOW IN PART, AND WE PROPHECY
IN PART.”

THERE is one thing which I seem to see and feel, namely, how little any one, even the most highly favoured, really sees or knows of the kingdom of God. No doubt, in this time-state, very little can be really seen or known of it; but, even so far as faith is privileged to enter into the things revealed in the Word of truth, how little comparatively is seen, felt, and known! What deep mines of truth there are in the Word of God which seem at present not broken up or brought to view—I mean so as to become coined into money for the enriching of the soul—and how we need the blessed Spirit to break up for us these rich mines, and thus to give us an inheritance of these deep treasures! But I am sure that we require a spiritual mind to understand and enjoy the Word of God, and that is the reason why it is so little prized, believed in, and loved. We need a subjection of mind to the Word of truth—what the Scriptures call “the obedience of faith”—that we may take it, in the simplicity of a childlike spirit, as our guide and rule, as our instruction and consolation, as bringing eternal realities near to our minds, and lifting us up into a vital apprehension of them.—*Philpot's Letters.*

THE WISDOM WHICH IS FROM ABOVE.

IT is recorded of one of the Reformers that, when he had acquitted himself in a public disputation with great credit to his Master's cause, a friend begged to see the notes which he had been observed to write, supposing that he had taken down the arguments of his opponents, and sketched the substance of his own reply. Greatly was he surprised to find that his notes consisted simply of these ejaculatory petitions, “More light, Lord! more light; more light!” And how fully was the true spirit of prayer compressed and illustrated in these short aspirations! Could they fail of success? “If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, *and it shall be given him.*”

Greenham, being asked his judgment of some important matter, answered, “Sir, neither am I able to speak, nor you to hear, *for we have not prayed.* I may indeed talk, and you may answer as natural men; but we are not now prepared to confer as children of God.”

THOU, O Christ, art my righteousness, and I am all sin. Take what is mine, and give me what is Thine.—*Martin Luther.*

OUR MARTYRED FOREFATHERS.

XIII.—WILLIAM HUNTER.

IN this age of civil and religious liberty it is somewhat difficult for us to form an adequate idea of the state of affairs in our country during the short reign of Queen Mary. It is true that some of our ablest historians have given us very correct and vivid descriptions of those times; nevertheless, as we are in the enjoyment of such invaluable liberties and privileges, we cannot very readily, even by the aid of imagination's power, place ourselves in the position of our forefathers. In our day we can sit around the family hearth, read our Bibles, and join in family prayer without fear of interruption or intrusion; but, in Mary's days, no home-stead was safe from the inroads of Rome's zealots. Wherever any person was suspected of "heresy"—in the nobleman's mansion or the peasant's cottage—there must entrance be given to the agents of religious persecution. Often was the husband cruelly torn from the wife, and the nearest and dearest relatives separated from each other on account of "heresy." Not only so, but friends were called to witness against friends, and parents were sometimes commanded to assist the authorities in the apprehension of their own children, because they were suspected of entertaining views contrary to the teaching of Rome. Such a case was that of William Hunter, whose name does not sound so familiar to us as that of Hooper and others whose careers we have already sketched in this series of papers; but we feel that our list would not be fairly representative and complete if we omitted to find a place for this youth by the side of the veteran martyrs of the Reformation.

On the accession of Queen Mary to the throne, orders were issued to the priests of every parish, commanding them to summon all their parishioners to receive the communion at Mass during the following Easter. Among those who dared to disobey this royal mandate was William Hunter. At this time, for he was only nineteen years of age, he was an apprentice; but, when his master heard of his refusal to obey the law, he immediately desired him to leave his premises. To this the apprentice consented, and he returned to his native town of Brentwood, where he resided with his father about six weeks.

One day, as he was strolling about the town, finding the church door open, he ventured to cross the threshold and walk to the reading-desk, upon which he found an English Bible. The youth opened the sacred volume, and began studying its blessed pages, when he was suddenly interrupted by one of the bishop's officers who thus accosted him: "William, why meddlest thou with the

Bible? Understandest thou what thou readest? Canst thou expound Scripture?" To these queries young Hunter bravely replied, "I presume not to expound Scripture; but, finding the Bible here, I read for my comfort and edification."

The reading of the Scriptures was too serious an offence in the eyes of Rome to pass by unnoticed, and this officer therefore deemed it his duty to inform a neighbouring priest of Hunter's crime. This cleric severely questioned the youth concerning his arrogance and presumption in daring to read or meddle with the Bible; but he replied to the priest as he had already done to his informant, adding that he was determined to read the Scriptures as long as he lived. Hunter was then asked his opinion concerning the Sacrament of the altar. The corporeal presence William stoutly denied, affirming that he looked upon the bread and wine as figures, and he considered the Lord's Supper as an institution in remembrance of the death and sufferings of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. This answer greatly annoyed the priest, who threatened to report Hunter's heterodox opinions to the bishop.

About this time a neighbouring magistrate, of the name of Brown, heard that young Hunter entertained "heretical" views upon certain doctrines of Rome; and, in order to ascertain whether this news was correct, he sent for his father, who, he thought, would be able to tell him the truth. The poor old man said that his son had left home, and he did not know where he had gone; whereupon the justice told him that he must find him, on pain of imprisonment. "Would you," exclaimed the aged Hunter, with tears trickling down his cheeks, "have me seek out my son to be burned?" But, tears and remonstrances notwithstanding, the father must search for his son.

Not long after his departure from the magistrate's court, he accidentally met his son, when the poor father had to acquaint him with the unfortunate position in which he was placed. William, however, made no effort to escape, but, knowing the danger his father would incur if he did so, voluntarily returned with him, and the following day he was apprehended and put in the stocks for twenty-four hours. After he had undergone this punishment, young Hunter was examined, and his views being found contrary to the teaching of Rome, he was immediately sent to London to be tried by the bishop of that city.

Soon after his arrival in the metropolis, William was brought before Bonner, who commenced reasoning with him in the following manner:—

"I understand, William Hunter, by Mr. Brown's letter, that you have had communication with the Vicar of Welde about the blessed Sacrament of the altar, and that you could not agree;

whereupon Mr. Brown sent for you to bring you to the Catholic faith, from which, he saith, you have departed. Howbeit, if you will be ruled by me, you shall have no harm for anything said or done in this matter."

HUNTER: "I am not fallen from the Catholic faith of Christ, I am sure; but do believe it, and confess it with all my heart."

BONNER: "How sayest thou to the blessed Sacrament of the altar? Wilt thou not recant thy saying before Mr. Brown, that Christ's body is not in the Sacrament of the altar, the same that was born of the Virgin Mary?"

HUNTER: "My lord, I understand that Mr. Brown hath certified you of the talk which he and I had together, and thereby you know what I said to him, which I will not recant, by God's help."

BONNER: "I think thou art ashamed to bear a faggot and recant openly; but, if thou wilt recant privately, I will promise that thou shalt not be put to open shame: even speak the word now between me and thee, and I will promise it shall go no further, and thou shalt go home again without any hurt."

HUNTER: "My lord, if you let me alone, and leave me to my conscience, I will go to my father and dwell with him, or else with my master again; and, if nobody disquiet or trouble my conscience, I will keep my conscience to myself."

BONNER: "I am content, so that thou wilt go to the church, and receive, and be shriven, and so continue a good Catholic Christian."

HUNTER: "No; I will not do so for all the good in the world."

BONNER: "Then, if you will not do so, I will make you sure enough, I warrant you."

HUNTER: "Well, you can do no more than God will permit you."

BONNER: "Wilt thou not recant by any means?"

"No!" was the reply of the intrepid youth; "never while I live, God willing."

At the close of the examination Hunter was again put in the stocks for two days and nights, a crust of bread and a cup of water being the only food allowed him. Bonner then came to see him, and, finding the bread and water untouched, told his officers to release him and give him a breakfast. At the conclusion of the meal he again appeared before the bishop, when he was asked to recant. The brave youth had but the same reply to give, that he would never recant and deny his Lord and Master. The bishop asked him his age, when William told him he was nineteen years old. "Well," said Bonner, "you will be burned ere you be twenty years old, if you will not yield yourself better than you have done yet." But God is able to nerve the youth as

well as the veteran, as Hunter well knew, and so his simple reply to the cruel threat of the judge was, "God strengthen me in His truth."

During the nine months that Hunter was in prison he was brought before Bonner six times, and on the last occasion, February 9th, 1555, he was condemned, with five others, to be burned at the stake. On one occasion, Bonner tried to tempt the youth with the riches of this world, by offering a good situation and money; but William replied, "I thank you for your great offers; notwithstanding, my lord, if you cannot persuade my conscience with Scriptures, I cannot find in my heart to turn from God for love of the world; for I count all things worldly but loss and dung in respect of the love of Christ." Thus was this youthful martyr enabled, by the grace of God, to defeat the machinations of his enemies, and to endure faithful unto the end, finishing his course with joy.

Brentwood, his native town, was fixed as the place where he should close his career. On his arrival, he was met by his aged parents, who prayed unto God that he might finish as he had begun, and his mother emphatically expressed her joy at his heroic behaviour, by saying that she was glad that ever she bare such a child, who could find in his heart to lose his life for Christ's sake. To this her son replied, "For the little pain I shall suffer, which will soon be at an end, Christ hath promised me, mother, a crown of joy. Should not you be glad of that?" His parents shed tears of joy at their son's constancy, and his mother earnestly prayed that her boy might be kept faithful unto the end. He was lodged at the Swan Inn, where many of his companions in former years came to see him, some of them admiring his courage for the truth, whilst others tried to reason him out of his convictions.

On the Monday night before he suffered, he somewhat anticipated the scene at the stake by a dream, many incidents of which had their literal fulfilment. Early the next morning the sheriff commanded him to prepare for his fate. At the same time the sheriff's son whispered these words of encouragement in his ears: "William, be not afraid of these men, with bows and weapons, prepared to bring you to the place where you shall be burned." "I thank God I am not afraid," replied the undaunted youth, "for I have reckoned what it will cost me already." Hunter was then conducted to the stake, his brother Robert accompanying him, and on his way he met his father, who exclaimed, "God be with thee, son William." "God be with you, good father," said he; "and be of good comfort, for I hope we shall meet again, when we shall be joyful."

Upon the arrival of the procession at the stake, William knelt

down and prayed, after which a letter was brought from the queen, desiring him to recant. "I will not recant, God willing," answered the noble youth. He was then bound to the stake, when he addressed the magistrate as follows: "Mr. Brown, now you have that which you sought, and I pray God it be not laid to your charge in the last day; howbeit, I forgive you. If God forgive you, I shall not require my blood at your hands." A priest now came to worry the youth, who loudly exclaimed, "Away, thou false prophet! Beware of them, good people, and come away from their abominations, lest ye be partakers of their plagues." "Then," said the infuriated priest, "look how thou burnest here—so shalt thou burn in hell." William again cried, "Thou liest, thou false prophet! Away, thou false prophet, away!" The fire was then made, when the martyr's brother said, "William, think on the holy passion of Christ, and be not afraid of death." The simple reply was, "I am not afraid;" and, lifting up his hands to heaven, he cried, "Lord, Lord, Lord, receive my spirit!" and, shortly after, terminated his mortal career, which had been but short. Nevertheless, he has left a name behind him as one who lived and died for Christ, and who has now gone to be for ever with the Captain of his salvation.

J. C.

 STRENGTH EQUAL TO THE DAY.

THERE'S not a sorrow you endure
 But what a precious Christ can cure; -
 These sorrows were ordained for thee,
 But "as thy days thy strength shall be."

Thy path is marked out by God;
 He lifts His arm and shows His rod;
 But ah! 'tis all in love to thee,
 For "as thy days thy strength shall be."

God's promise must for ever stand;
 He holds you by His mighty hand,
 And all He does is rich and free,
 And "as thy days thy strength shall be."

But when you mount above the skies,
 'Tis then you'll see, with sweet surprise,
 God has fulfilled His word to thee,
 That "as thy days thy strength may be."

TEMPTATIONS and tribulations will shake us to the root; yet without them we can no more grow than herbs or corn without rain.

A LETTER BY THE LATE MR. JAMES WILMSHURST, SENR.

THE following letter was not written by the James Wilmshurst, extracts from whose diary have recently appeared in these pages, but by his father. Our readers may be interested in the following particulars concerning him. He was born at Cranbrook in the year 1763. In the providence of God he was removed to London while a young man, and worked at his trade as a cabinet maker. Whilst there he was led to hear Mr. Huntington, under whose ministry he was greatly blessed. The circumstances which led him first to seek after eternal things are not fully known, but he was quite brought into liberty under Mr. Huntington's ministry when he was twenty-six years of age, and the following letter was written during the time he was thus favoured. About this period he sought an interview with Mr. Huntington, to tell him what the Lord had done for him, and to express his wish to join the Lord's people in Church membership. When they first met, Mr. Huntington received him very abruptly, almost un-courteously—told him to tell out what he had to say. He was greatly cast down at first, but, as he went on, he felt liberty and encouraged. Presently the tears began to flow from Mr. Huntington's eyes, and, when he had done, he got up and shook him by the hand most warmly, and exclaimed, "That's it! that's it!" This interview began an intimacy which was never severed. He joined the Church, and his ticket of membership is still in possession of the family at Cranbrook.

About the year 1796 or 1797, circumstances arose which seemed to require his return to Cranbrook, in order to manage his father's business. This caused him great exercise of mind, as he did not like the thought of leaving Mr. Huntington's ministry. After a time he had the following words applied with great power: "Art thou called being a servant? Care not for it; but if thou mayest be made free, use it rather." He then decided to return to Cranbrook, where he continued till his death, which occurred in the year 1812. A little before his decease he much wished to hear Mr. Huntington once more. This he was enabled to do, as Mr. Huntington preached at Cranbrook, June 14th, 1812,* when Mr. Wilmshurst was carried in a chair to both services. On the Tuesday following Mr. Huntington visited and spent some time with him, and on the Thursday, only two days later, he died in perfect peace, much regretted by a large circle of friends, who loved and esteemed him for

* See "Huntington's Posthumous Letters," Vol. II., No. 195, p. 20, Bensley's First Edition.

the truth's sake. The Sunday Mr. Huntington preached at Cranbrook, he spoke from, "For we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened; not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life. Now He that hath wrought us for the self-same thing is God, who also hath given unto us the earnest of the Spirit" (2 Cor. v. 4, 5).

DEAR SISTER,—By the blessing of the Almighty I have the pleasure to inform you that I am enjoying good health, both in body and soul, and I hope the Almighty doth attend you with the same. I understand that you are displeased at my not writing to you before, which I acknowledge to be a fault, but I hope for forgiveness from you, as the Almighty has forgiven me, and blotted out all my transgression by the sacrifice of Himself in human flesh. You may say these are bold words—aye, and these are bold words which I dare to affirm before men and angels, for, if you look at Revelation ii. 17, you will find a white stone is given to the people of God, and no one knoweth what is contained therein but those who receive it, so you see it is a mystery to all those persons who have not received of the same. In fact, this is nothing less than the new birth which my Saviour spake of to Nicodemus, and without which no man can see the kingdom of God; and, to come to plain words, at the new birth our souls become the temple of the Holy Ghost, for Christ saith, "The kingdom of God is within you," and where that kingdom is set up, it rules our vile affections, and is continually breathing after God, and nothing less than the sensible manifestation of His love to that soul will do, for this is "the earnest of our inheritance," to assure us of our portion in the next world, as you may find written to the Church at Ephesus: "After that ye believed, ye were sealed with the Holy Spirit of Promise, which is the earnest of our inheritance" (Eph. i. 13, 14). This Spirit of Promise is that which Christ said He would send after His departure, for His disciples were very sorrowful, and He comforts them by saying, "I will pray the Father, and He will send you another Comforter, that He may abide with you for ever;" and this is a blessed "ever," never more to depart. He goes on to tell them that "the Comforter is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in My name, He shall teach you all things." Thus, from the Saviour's own words, we may see that the Holy Ghost is the Spirit of Promise spoken of by the Apostle, which is the essence of holiness and life to a believer, who cannot trust in anything he hath done or can do, but renounces everything in point of meriting the redemption of his soul, for he knows that sin committed against an infinite God requires an infinite satisfaction, therefore, none could redeem His people but

the sacrifice of Himself, as He declares in His Word, that "His own arm hath gotten Him the victory." Therefore, it is plain that satisfaction has been paid to justice without the help of the creature, and God hath wrought out a righteousness of His own, which is imputed to believers, for He saith, "Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no wise enter the kingdom of heaven." The Pharisees were as strict as any people in the world, but they wanted to be saved by their own merit, but a creature's merit never will satisfy an infinite God; therefore, if justice cannot have a better satisfaction than our own, we must perish everlastingly, for God saith, "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them;" therefore, there is no man or woman but is already condemned by the law, and, without an interest in the righteousness of Christ, we must finally perish. This righteousness is "through faith in Jesus Christ unto all and upon all them that believe; for there is no difference: for all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God; being justified freely by His grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus;" and the Word says again, "A man is justified by faith without the deeds of the law." They that do not know the love of God to their own souls will say that this leads people to licentiousness, and so it will those who will not have Christ to reign over them; but we have this plan of salvation from God Himself, who will be sought unto in His own appointed way. Christ saith, "No man cometh unto the Father but by Me." This must be plain to the weakest capacity, therefore, woe be to them who will not approve of this unspeakable gift; but the heaven-born soul is hungering and thirsting after Christ. Christ is precious to him. Holiness of life is his element, for he wishes to live as holy as an angel, and put no trust in a broken law. Christ is his all for salvation, and all his affairs for life and death are cast upon Him, and all his comfort arises from this, that his experience agrees with the Word of God.

My own sinful nature I find to be wicked to desperation, that cannot serve God, but God, who is rich in mercy, hath quickened my dead soul, and made me alive to Himself, so that it is my delight to do His will, for there is nothing so comfortable as when I am doing God's will, and when any sin presents itself there is no peace in my heart; so you see that those who are led to cast their souls upon Christ for salvation cannot but love His commandments ("He that loveth is born of God"). This is my evidence I love God, and God loves me, and I shall enjoy Him to all eternity. This sight fires my soul with love and joy, so that everything that is earthly is eclipsed. Earthly joys are but

shadows or fancies. I can turn my back upon them and say, "Too mean for me, now I have known the Lord." When I think that God died on the cross for me, I stand amazed, and say with the poet—

" Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man, His creature's, sin.

There is no discouragement for any to come to Christ for pardon, for He says, " Whosoever will, let him come ; " so if we are willing, He also is willing. If earthly parents are kind to their children, how much more shall our Heavenly Father give His Holy Spirit to those who ask ? Christ's own words are, " All that the Father giveth Me shall come to Me, and him that cometh I will in no wise cast out." Now, if we are led to believe His word, and go to Him seeking for His salvation, He is bound by His word not to cast us out.

May the blessed God be pleased to engraft His Word in our hearts, and fortify our minds against every false doctrine, for the world is full of erroneous principles, which are as pernicious to the soul as poison to the body ; therefore we may be happy to know there is a way in which we cannot err. There is God's Word to search, and a throne of grace to go to for understanding therein ; and Christ hath said, all His children shall be taught of the Lord, and, if this be our case, I am sure we are safe from any of the devil's traps. When I can see my interest in these things, I am fired with His love, and delight to be telling of His salvation from day to day.

Thus I have stated to you my happiness ; and my concern for you, my dear friends and relations, when I am filled with the comfortable sensations of God's love to my soul, is, " Oh, that my dear friends were but partakers with me, that we might rejoice together !" But I know nothing but the power of God can bring our wills over to His will, for He forced me to partake of His love, or I never had tasted it, so I am a debtor to His mercy, and by His help I will give up myself to His service.

So, to conclude, my prayer is that the Lord may do as much for you as He hath done for me. I hope this will find both you and your little family well, and may the blessing of the Almighty rest on you all for time and eternity. I have not seen you for two and a half years, but, if it please God that we meet again on earth, I hope I shall hear you speak some of the Canaan language ; but, if we meet not here, I hope to see you in mansions in the sky, singing praises to God and the Lamb for ever and ever.

From your affectionate brother,

London, July 18th, 1789.

J. WILMSHURST.

THE BELIEVER'S DEATH AND HIS HIDDEN LIFE.

"For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God."

—COLOSSIANS iii. 3.

NOT dead in sin, which they had been, as also all other quickened souls till "God, who commands the light to shine out of darkness," shines into their hearts, but "dead unto the law by the body of Christ" (Rom. vii. 4). Paul exhorts the called in Christ Jesus to reckon themselves "dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. vi. 11). This death to the law and to sin is by the body of Christ, or the complete obedience of Christ, both active and passive, by virtue of which all the elect are delivered from "the pit wherein there is no water," no spiritual refreshment, no hope, no comfort. "You hath He quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins" (Eph. ii. 1). What an awful state do all men stand in by nature! They were "conceived in sin, shapen in iniquity," and brought forth, not in purity, as some teach, but "children of wrath;" and they go forth speaking lies as soon as they are able to articulate.

Reader, has no change taken place in thy heart since thou wast born? Then be assured thou art dead *in* sin, but not dead *to* sin, as were the Colossians; and living and dying in thy present state, where Christ is thou wilt never go, for, "except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God" (John iii. 5). But, if the Lord hath quickened thy poor soul, and thou feelest thyself a poor, tempest-tossed, shipwrecked sinner, having lost thy all, and brought to complete destitution and spiritual beggary, I have good news to tell thee, namely, "thou art dead, and thy life is hid with Christ in God." Thy carnal reason, thy powerful unbelief, and thy slavish fears may prevail over thee at present, so that thou mayest not be able to enjoy the comforts of thy free and complete justification; but all these mountains (and terrible mountains they are) shall come down before thy great and almighty Captain of salvation, Jesus Christ. "Is anything too hard for the Lord?"

It may be profitable to enquire how we become dead unto sin and dead to the law, the right and proper apprehension of which momentous subject, which is only by the Spirit's teaching, will assuredly constrain the sinner to glorify God in the heart and with the tongue, as upon an instrument of ten strings. In Isaiah liii. 6, the prophet says, "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all;" that is, God our Father hath imputed our iniquities to Christ, and they were so made His own sins by this strange act that they cannot be considered ours again, in strict justice; so the Holy Ghost testifies by His servant Paul, "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 " (2 Cor. v. 21). It was an act of the Father to lay our sins upon Christ, and to make Him to be sin for us, by which He showed His boundless love and compassion : " For God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life " (John iii. 16). Those were matters transacted between the Eternal Father and His eternal and only-begotten Son, independent of man. In some sense this might be figured out in Abraham and his son Isaac : " And they went both of them together " (Gen. xxii. 6)—the father to offer him up, and the son to be offered up, without a murmur, a sacrifice. So the Antitype : " He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so He openeth not His mouth " (Isa. liii. 7).

This most astonishing mystery confounds all our carnal wisdom. There is nothing that man's fleshly wisdom stumbles at more than this branch of Gospel truth, and the prince of darkness helps him on. To hinder the poor sinner from rightly receiving this branch of Gospel truth is Satan's constant aim ; or, if the sinner hath rightly received it, Satan tries all manner of schemes to make it of no value to the receiver, either by working upon his fleshly and vile lusts to make him live wantonly, and so to abuse his Christian liberty, or by drawing him into some dark and legal notion, disposing him to add something of his own to the finished work of Christ. But between these two extremes, wild libertinism and dark legality, the child of God must steer his vessel ; and difficult indeed he will find it, as he may be variously exercised, to avoid the rocks on the right hand and on the left. He had need to be daily on the look out, and watch unto prayer, for nothing preserves the child of God from the dangerous extremes alluded to like a constant cry to the Lord for help, wisdom, and strength. This the flesh hates, and makes a determined stand against—would sooner sink into any dangerous vortex than be thus drilled from day to day.

Ah ! believer, thy salvation is sure and certain, but thy possessions must be fought for all the way to glory. However, as Israel got not the land in possession by their own sword, neither did their own arm save them, so it is, and so it will be with thee. God will make thee know that thou must " fight the good fight of faith," but it is He that giveth thee the victory. To accomplish our redemption Jesus " trod the winepress alone, and of the people there was none with Him." In that glorious warfare of His He " spoiled principalities and powers, and made a show of them openly," demonstrating by His resurrection that He had abolished and destroyed that monster's power—a blessing He had long

OUR MARTYRED FOREFATHERS.

XIV.—RAWLINS WHITE.

THE sole and infallible authority of Holy Scripture was the grand fundamental principle of the Reformation. The Bible was the potent instrumentality that transformed the face of Europe at the commencement of the sixteenth century, its glorious truths permeating the various ranks of society, and awakening those aspirations for liberty which, after an arduous and protracted struggle, were eventually realized. The clouds of ignorance and superstition in which the whole Continent was enveloped quickly dispersed before this light, and a thorough renovation—religious, political, and social—was effected in the various countries that opened their doors to receive this harbinger of prosperity and stability. God, speaking through His Word to the hearts and souls of men, aroused them to a sense of their abject condition and utter misery, and thereby illuminated their understandings, so that they were able to discern between the errors of man and the truths of the Gospel—between man's system for saving souls, and the unalterable plan of the Almighty for the same beneficent and merciful purpose, designed ere time began. The Holy Spirit guided Wickliffe, Luther, Zwingle, Calvin, and the master-minds of the Reformation past the scholastic philosophy and subtle sophisms of mediævalism to the Bible. These men were enabled, under the power and influence of the divine Teacher, to submit their reason and judgment to the revealed will of God; and from that source, and that source alone, they derived those doctrines and principles which they so earnestly proclaimed to the world. Standing before the Bible, forgetting the teaching of ages—the glosses of doctors, the edicts of councils, and the bulls of Popes—the Reformers implicitly accepted its teaching as in very truth the Word of God. With a clear and powerful ring, they proclaimed to the enslaved nations of Europe the glorious principle, "The Bible, and the Bible alone, is the one infallible rule."

"The Bible alone!" was the war-cry of the Reformers. This principle, wherever these heroes unfurled their banners and proclaimed their cause, was sure to be heard. Its publication was the knell of Rome's power and the advent of Europe's liberty. Terror and rage seized the inmates of the Vatican as its echoes reached the very gates of Rome, and edicts were accordingly fulminated against all individuals and nations that dared to espouse its cause. Kings and emperors hastened to unsheath their swords against its advocates, and the whole world seemed up in arms against it.

The long-lost Bible had at last been restored to mankind, and

its truths began to ring over the hills and through the valleys of Europe. "The Bible must be the supreme arbiter," said the Reformers. Every doctrine and practice, all ceremonies and institutions, no matter how antiquity or custom might plead in their favour, must fall unless upheld and sanctioned by the Scriptures. God, speaking through His Word to their very souls, nerved men to stand before august tribunals and irate judges, to contend for this principle. He nerved Luther to stand before the crowned heads of Europe and declare the supremacy of the Bible; and He also nerved Rawlins White, the poor fisherman of Wales, to reiterate the same principle before the Bishop of Llandaff. "I hold no opinions contrary to the Word of God," meekly said Rawlins to the bishop; "and if I do, I desire to be reformed out of the Word of God, as a Christian ought to be."

It is here we find the line of demarcation between Romanism and Protestantism. The Bible was the standpoint of the Reformers. "If," said Luther, before the emperor and grandees of Germany at Worms, "my writings are contrary to the Scriptures, I will retract;" and, on the same terms, martyrs were willing to abandon their principles and return to the bosom of "Mother Church." By the Bible must their opinions, as well as the dogmas of Rome, be tested; by that rule they must stand or fall. Thus did these wise builders, the heroes of the Reformation, lay a durable and lasting foundation, upon which there has been reared that grand edifice of truth, order, and liberty which is the glory and bulwark of our land.

From the humble ranks of society the Almighty has been pleased to raise up many of His most distinguished heroes. "Not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called: but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are." These assertions of infallible truth have been repeatedly verified by historical facts, and instances of men whom God has signally honoured in the propagation of His truth having been chosen from the humble ranks of society will readily occur to the reader. The shepherd boy David was chosen to occupy the throne of Israel, and to become the most illustrious ruler of that highly-favoured people. Amos, the prophet, "was among the herdmen of Tekoa," when he was called by God to speak in His holy name; and, passing by the scholars and magnates of the day, our Saviour selected for His constant earthly companions the poor, despised fishermen of Galilee. Coming down to modern times, similar examples meet us. The cradle of Luther, "the monk that shook

the world," was rocked in a miner's cottage; the grandfather of Calvin was a cooper by trade; Ulric Zwingli, the patriotic Reformer of Switzerland, was the son of a herdsman; and the father of our own Latimer was a Leicestershire yeoman.

We will give one other example. Rawlins White, who was honoured with a martyr's crown, was a poor fisherman in the town of Cardiff. His position in life precluded the possibility of education; and, with regard to his religious views, he was, in the days of Henry VIII., a deluded follower of the idolatry and superstition of the age. But the Almighty was pleased to open his eyes. When Edward VI. ascended the throne, and liberty was given to preach the Gospel, Rawlins embraced the opportunity of being a hearer of "the truth as it is in Jesus." Gradually the light broke upon his mind, and his allegiance to the dogmas of Rome became weaker and weaker, until he was enabled, by God's grace, to throw off the shackles of priestcraft and enjoy the liberty of the Gospel. Having heard of the Bible, Rawlins was possessed with a strong desire to study its sacred pages, but he was confronted by a very serious difficulty—his inability to read. This obstacle, however, he was determined to overcome, so he sent his son to school to learn to read English. In due time, the boy had sufficiently progressed to be able to read out of the grand old volume to his father every night after supper; and Rawlins paid such diligent attention that he was soon able to instruct and admonish others, and at length became a preacher of the Gospel.

Itinerating from place to place, proclaiming the Gospel of salvation by grace in contradistinction to Rome's idea of salvation by works, was not the way to gain favour in the days of Queen Mary. Rawlins was very quickly surrounded by spies, and dangers thickened over his head, but as the clouds became darker, the poor fisherman's heart grew stouter. He continued preaching despite the entreaties of friends and the malignity of opponents, until he was arrested in his native town as a man suspected of heresy. Rawlins was brought before the Bishop of Llandaff and his court at Chepstow, when he was desired to renounce his opinions and return to the Church of his fathers. The bishop persuaded, entreated, argued, and threatened, but in vain. Rawlins was determined, with God's help, to stand true to his colours. Under the banner of Christ he had fought, and under that same standard he would die. After many interviews and long debates, the episcopal judge ordered his prisoner to be thrown into Chepstow Gaol. From thence he was removed to Cardiff Castle, where he was confined for twelve months; and during that time he was liberally supplied with money and other relief by Mrs. Dane, a great succourer of God's persecuted ones

in those days. After the expiration of this term of imprisonment, White was again brought before his diocesan, who expostulated with the poor fisherman on his folly and stubbornness. "Return to Mother Church," said the bishop, "and all will be well." "No!" was Rawlins' firm resolve. Finding his promises and threats ineffectual, the bishop gave him one other chance before proceeding to carry out the rigours of the law, by appointing a day when it should be decided whether White should abjure and carry the taper, or remain firm and wear a martyr's crown. The day arrived. The bishop, attended by his chaplains and officers, waited for the prisoner. On the appearance of Rawlins in the court, the president opened the proceedings with a long oration, in which he animadverted upon the heretical views of the man before him, and the ravage he had committed among the flock of Christ by his preaching. Closing his address, the bishop earnestly requested Rawlins to consider his position ere it be too late. The poor fisherman replied to the bishop's address in these words: "My lord, I thank God I am a Christian man, and I hold no opinions contrary to the Word of God; and if I do, I desire to be reformed out of the Word of God, as a Christian ought to be." The bishop then said he must proceed with the law, and condemn him as a heretic. "Proceed by your law, in God's name," was the fearless response, "but for a heretic you shall never condemn me while the world stands." This intrepid answer somewhat startled the bishop, who, after a short silence, said to his subordinates, "Before we proceed any farther with him, let us pray to God that He would send some spark of grace upon him, and it may so chance that God, through our prayers, will here turn his heart." What a suggestion! Prayers were accordingly offered for White's recantation, but they availed not. The bishop again asked the prisoner, "Now, Rawlins, wilt thou revoke thy opinions or not?" The noble fisherman stoutly replied, "Surely, my lord, Rawlins you left me, Rawlins you find me, and by God's grace Rawlins I will continue." Yet another delay before proceeding to extremities! The bishop was about to pass sentence of condemnation upon the heroic martyr, when one of his chaplains suggested that it would be better to have a Mass, and perhaps during its celebration some change for the better might come over the mind of White. During the Mass Rawlins retired to a place of secrecy and there prayed, until he heard the bell ring that is usual on such occasions, when he ran to the choir door and said to the worshippers, "Good people, if there be any brethren amongst you, or at least if there be but one brother amongst you, the same one bear witness at the day of judgment that I bow not to this idol," meaning the Host that the priest exalted above his head, before which the people were to

prostrate themselves. The service having come to a conclusion, Rawlins was again called into court, when the bishop repeated his promises and threats. But Rawlins was as firm as ever. Prove that he was in error from the Word of God and he would recant ; but, failing this, he must remain obstinate. Sentence was accordingly passed upon him, and he was delivered over to the secular power.

Rawlins was now immured in the town prison of Cardiff, a very dark and loathsome dungeon being allotted to him ; and so anxious were some of his enemies to get rid of him, that they wished to burn him before the arrival of the writ of execution. This document having been received from London, preparations for his execution at once commenced. On the night before the day on which the tragic scene was to be enacted, the brave old fisherman was informed that to-morrow he must die. The news gladdened him, and he sent to his wife, desiring her to send him his "wedding-garment," for so did he style the vest in which he was to be burnt.

The day had now arrived, and at the appointed hour the door of his cell was opened, and Rawlins was conducted out of prison. A strong body-guard awaited to lead him to the stake. The sight of so many men, armed with swords and other weapons, caused the good man to exclaim, "Alas ! what meaneth it ? By God's grace I will not run away. With all my heart and mind I give God most hearty thanks that He hath made me worthy to abide all this for His holy name's sake." On his way his poor wife and children, with loud and piteous cries, met him, and the sudden sight of his dearest earthly friends pierced his heart, and his flesh shrank from the ordeal of leaving the dear ones. What a hard separation ! Shall he, for the sake of his own flesh and blood, deny his Lord and Master ? Rawlins hesitated but for a moment. "Ah ! flesh," said he, "hinderest thou me so ? Well, I tell thee, do what thou canst, thou shalt not, by God's grace, have the victory !" The stake was now in sight, and the martyr went fearlessly towards it. As he was approaching it, he fell down on his knees and kissed the ground ; and, on rising, a little earth sticking to his face, he said, "Earth unto earth, and dust unto dust ; thou art my mother, and unto thee I shall return." A smith now fastened him with a chain to the stake, when he loudly praised and thanked his God. Reeds, wood, and straw were now piled around him, the good man assisting the officers as far as he was able. All was now ready.

It being market day, a large concourse of spectators—residents and visitors—had assembled to witness the scene. Precisely in front of the martyr a kind of platform was erected, and a priest now mounted it in order to address the people. He commenced

his harangue by warmly extolling and upholding the authority of the Church of Rome, and he continued advocating one dogma after another, until he came to the Sacrament of the altar—the Mass. This sacrifice he ventured to support by the Scriptures. Rawlins, who up to this point had paid but little attention to the priest’s statements, now interrupted. Beckoning his hands to the people, the martyr shouted twice, “Come hither, good people, and hear not a false prophet preaching!” and then addressing the priest, Rawlins said, “Ah! thou wicked hypocrite, dost thou presume to prove thy false doctrine by Scripture? Look in the text what followeth. Did not Christ say, ‘Do this in remembrance of Me’?” This interruption of the priest’s address on the part of White aroused the indignation of some of Rome’s partisans, who cried out, “Put fire! set to fire!” This order was immediately obeyed, and soon the happy fisherman was surrounded with flames. Bathing his hands in the fire, the heroic Rawlins cried with a loud voice, “O Lord, receive my soul! O Lord, receive my spirit!” until he was unable to open his mouth. His legs being consumed first, his body fell over the chain into the fire, and this noble martyr, poor in this world’s goods, but rich in divine faith, was no more. The enemies of Rawlins had burnt his body, and after that they had no more that they could do; for his soul had fled to those regions where trials and persecutions find no admittance.

J. C.

“EBENEZER.”

“HITHERTO HATH THE LORD HELPED US.”

MY DEAREST B——,—The letter of dear ——, combined with your own, quite broke me down this morning with a feeling sense of the Lord’s merciful care over me, and His tender regard to my broken petitions and breathings for help for my poor boy; and, as I turned to the 145th Psalm and read it down, my soul was overcome with His goodness. Yes, the same gracious hand which, some twenty-five years since, sent the bit of gold to the almost destitute family at ——, had again anointed that blessed portion with a special blessedness; and, with an overflowing heart and eye, I could join in the song of praise, which, if you turn to the heading, you will see was for five different displays of the dear Lord in His dealings with His unworthy servants.

My dear girl, I do not want you to be brought into like circumstances, but I should like you to feel as I have felt this day, under a feeling sense of the Lord’s goodness to me. I seemed to feel last week, after sending off the money which —— gave me, that the oil was stayed, and I hoped there might be some employment on the road; but, as this week opened without hearing that my

son had been successful, my mind was a good deal tried as to how he and his family would be provided for; and I watched every post, hoping something might come along which would enable me to send off something on Tuesday evening, but nothing came. Still, the cry went up for the poor things, that in some way they might have their needs supplied; and, when I saw the heading of dear ——'s letter to be "Wednesday," it sent such a thrill through my poor soul to think the Lord should incline the heart of dear —— to supply their needs, if He had withheld the means to enable me to do so. "Let all flesh bless His holy name for ever and ever."

The return of this day brings with it the remembrance of past deliverances, and, indeed, all this week is a time much to be remembered. I took a walk on Tuesday eve to my Bethel. It has often been a sweet spot to me during the past twelve months, and I have again anointed the pillar and vowed the vow, "This God shall be my God for ever and ever," &c. Lord, help me to pay that which I have uttered. I want no other God but Thee—no idol god to draw my soul away from Thee—no helper that will set Thee and Thy deliverance aside—so may my eyes wait upon Thee until that Thou have mercy upon me, until my poor soul is safely landed in Thy sacred presence, to cast myself at Thy dear feet, and "crown Thee Lord of all."

You will remember, perhaps, to what I allude. This Friday last year was the day Mr. ——'s kind present arrived. The previous exercises and following circumstances make it a solemn time to be remembered. Oh, that I may be kept very low at His dear feet, with an abiding sense of my own weakness, and cry unto Him continually for all the strength I need to

"Fight with foes so very strong,
Myself so very weak."

I had intended writing to ——, but find my time is nearly gone; so, if you will kindly send this on to her, it will convey to them how much I feel their kindness, as well as your own. E—— has indeed been a mother to them. May the Lord bless her abundantly, and give them to see His hand going before them in all their movements, crowning them with His approbation, and enabling them to feel out His leadings by a sense of His presence; for, as dear Hart says—

"The way I walk can not be wrong
If Jesus be but there."

Now, may the Lord bless thee and keep thee, lift up the light of His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace, is the desire of

March, 1879.

Your affectionate

MOTHER.

A SOLEMN ENQUIRY.

SHALL I forbear this question to propound,
My fellow traveller, "Whither art thou bound?"
I ask not out of envy or of hate,
Where thy life's journey is to terminate.

Although this question few do take to heart,
It surely is a traveller's wisest part
To know the place where he expects to stay,
And to be certain he is in the way.

Life is uncertain—man's compared to grass,
Or to its flower, which quickly fades. Alas!
Unless we shut our eyes, we daily see
Death working all around us constantly.

There is a narrow way which leads to heaven,
Where dwell the blest, whose sins are all forgiven,
And in that narrow way all must be found
Who to that place of happiness are bound.

There is another way, immensely broad,
Which leads away from happiness and God;
And nearly all mankind, I'm safe to tell,
Are in this crowded way which leads to hell.

How, then, my friend, do matters stand with thee,
Since thou art travelling to eternity?
Answer this question; let thy conscience tell
Which path is thine—to heaven or to hell?

A. H.

THE Lord's favour is the one thing needful, which no outward advantages can compensate the want of; and the right knowledge of Him is the one thing needful, which no human teaching can communicate.—*Newton*.

EUCLID having offended a brother of his, the brother cried out in a rage, "Let me die, if I am not revenged on you, one time or other!" to whom Euclid replied, with a sweetness next to Christian, "And let me die, if I do not soften you by my kindnesses, and make you love me as well as ever."—*Toplady*.

NOTHING but realities will ever stand the brunt of time and trouble. The plated goods wear; the mock lustre fades; the potsherd, covered with silver dross, betrays its base original. The gold may be beaten, bruised, worn down, melted, shivered into dust, and each little grain will still say, "I am gold, do what you will to me, and grind me down to powder."—*Philpot*.

CHRIST OUR GREAT EXAMPLE.

THE Lord Jesus Christ says, "Learn of Me" (Matt. xi. 29).

1. To *obey your parents*. "And He went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them: but His mother kept all these sayings in her heart" (Luke ii. 51).

2. To *love one another*. "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another: as I have loved you, that ye also love one another" (John xiii. 34; xv. 9).

3. To be *content with your lot*. "And Jesus saith unto him, The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head" (Matt. viii. 20; Luke ii. 7). The other night, when comfortably in bed, I listened to the wind howling, and the rain pattering against the window, and thought of our dear Lord and Saviour, who, when on earth, had nowhere to lay His dear head. We know little of the privations He endured, and how many cold nights He passed without any shelter. Precious Lord Jesus! make us grateful, very grateful, for every comfort of this life; and, if poor in this world, let us remember that "the Son of Man had not where to lay His head."

4. To be *tender to the young*. "And they brought young children to Him, that He should touch them; and His disciples rebuked those that brought them. But when Jesus saw it, He was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God. And He took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them" (Mark x. 13, 14, 16; Matt. xviii. 10).

5. To *forgive one another*. "And be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you" (Eph. iv. 32; Matt. vi. 14; xviii. 21, 22; Luke xvii. 3, 4). Oh, for more of this forgiving spirit amongst people in general, but especially amongst Christians!

6. To be *humble*. "For whether is greater, he that sitteth at meat, or he that serveth? is not he that sitteth at meat? but I am among you as he that serveth" (Luke xxii. 27; Matt. x. 24, 25; xviii. 4; xx. 26—28; xxiii. 12). What condescension the whole life of the Lord Jesus displays! Lord, give to each of us "much humility and love."

7. To be *much in prayer*. "And in the morning, rising up a great while before day, He went out, and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed" (Mark i. 35; Matt. xiv. 23; xxvi. 39, 42, 44; Mark vi. 46; Luke v. 16; vi. 12; ix. 28, 29). If our Lord and Master, "who did no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth," needed so often to retire from the world to pray,

how much more do His sinful followers need to be much in prayer!
 "Lord, teach us to pray."

8. To *deny yourselves*. "For even Christ pleased not Himself; but, as it is written, The reproaches of them that reproached Thee fell on Me" (Rom. xv. 3; Matt. x. 38; xvi. 24). How difficult Christians find it to deny themselves, because it is fighting against one's own self; and yet we all desire grace to "mortify the old man, with its affections and lusts," and often say—

"Oh, crucify this self, that I
 No more, but Christ, in me may live."

Perhaps, if we thought more of the self-denial the Lord Jesus manifested, it might make it somewhat easier. I think the greatest was His laying aside His glory, and leaving His Father, to come into this lower, sinful world. Oh, what self-denial was this!

"Down from His shining throne on high
 The almighty Saviour comes,
 Lays His bright robes of glory by,
 And feeble flesh assumes."

We generally feel great sympathy for those who, through adverse providences, are reduced in circumstances, thinking that poverty will be much harder for them to bear than others who have never known the contrary. And was not this the case with our dear Lord and Saviour? for, though He was Lord of all, yet He became servant of all; and, "though He was rich, yet for our sakes He became poor." He knew all that He would have to suffer, and yet love in His heart made Him lay aside His glory, and endure for thirty-three years poverty, weariness, insult, and cruelty. Truly, He denied Himself!

"Yes, the Redeemer left His throne,
 His radiant throne on high,
 (Surprising mercy! love unknown!)
 To suffer, bleed, and die."

Help us, dear Lord Jesus, to learn of Thee, to deny ourselves, take up our cross daily, and follow Thee.

9. To be *compassionate*. "But when He saw the multitudes, He was moved with compassion on them, because they fainted [margin, 'were tired and lay down'], and were scattered abroad, as sheep having no shepherd" (Matt. ix. 36; xiv. 14; xv. 32; Mark i. 41; v. 19; vi. 34; viii. 2; Luke vii. 13). What compassionate words fell from the lips of Jesus, and how sweet they must have sounded to those He addressed! When the poor leper came and said, "Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean;" Jesus said, "I will: be thou clean;" and the poor trembling woman who

touched His garment was answered, "Daughter, be of good comfort;" and to another He said, "Thou art loosed from thine infirmity."

" That human heart He still retains,
Though throned in highest bliss."

"He was moved with compassion" then, and He is moved with compassion now when He sees us tired in mind or body. He Himself knew what it was, for we read, "Jesus being wearied with His journey, sat thus on the well;" therefore He is "touched with the feeling of our infirmities." Oh, to learn of Him to be tender and compassionate to one another!

10. To *visit the sick*. "And He arose out of the synagogue, and entered into Simon's house. And Simon's wife's mother was taken with a great fever; and they besought Him for her" (Luke iv. 38; Mark v. 39). Solomon says, "It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting;" and this the Lord Jesus sets before us in His life. He was mostly among those who were sick in mind or body.

11. To *have faith in God*. "And Jesus lifted up His eyes, and said, Father, I thank Thee that Thou hast heard Me. And I knew that Thou hearest Me always: but because of the people which stand by I said it, that they may believe that Thou hast sent Me" (John xi. 41, 42; Matt. xvii. 20, 21; xxi. 22; Mark xi. 22—24; Luke xvii. 6; John iii. 18).

" Faith is a precious gift,
Whene'er it is bestowed;"

and the smallest grain is acceptable to God, but we feel continual need to cry, "Lord, increase our faith!" We want faith to believe the record God has given us of His dear Son—to believe He is what the Word declares Him to be—and that says, "He is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him;" and also, "He that hath the Son hath life."

12. To be *meek and lowly*. "Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls" (Matt. xi. 29; xx. 27, 28). Oh, to possess that inward adorning, even "a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price."

13. To *honour God*. "Jesus answered, I have not a devil: but I honour My Father, and ye do dishonour Me" (John viii. 49). How true it is that those who honour God He will honour! The whole life of the Lord Jesus shows how He sought the honour and glory of God. He could truly say, "I honour My Father;" and again, "I have glorified Thee on the earth;" "Wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a name which is above every name."

14. *To let your light shine before men.* "But, lo, He speaketh boldly, and they say nothing unto Him. Do the rulers know indeed that this is the very Christ?" (John vii. 26; Matt. x. 32; John viii. 40.) The Lord Jesus did not put His light under a bushel, but on a candlestick, and it gave light to those around Him. Sometimes we hide our light, because we do not like to be thought so religious, and love the praise of men more than the praise of God. Not so our dear Lord and Master. Though He had more contempt and derision than any, yet He ever spake boldly in the name of God. How short we come in every particular! Lord, make us more like Thyself!

15. *To do good unto all men.* "How God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Ghost and with power: who went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed of the devil: for God was with Him" (Acts x. 38). Yes, dearest Lord, Thou wast ever doing good. Though often weary and worn in body, and no doubt longed for rest, yet, if one poor sinner needed help for body or mind, Thou didst go to such an one, setting us the example, "Do to others as ye would that they should do to you."

16. *To cover one another's faults.* "If I then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, ye also ought to wash one another's feet." I have heard that the Lord Jesus, in washing the disciples' feet, meant to teach them to cover one another's faults. In what a striking way Jesus does this, when He suffers no one to know what is passing in our breast, for a single hour, but Himself; and surely, if He covers our innumerable sins, and remembers them no more for ever, we ought to learn of Him to cover the failings of our fellow-creatures. "Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such an one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted. Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ" (Gal. vi. 1, 2).

17. *To hate sin.* "For mine iniquities are gone over mine head; as a heavy burden they are too heavy for me. I am troubled; I am bowed down greatly: I go mourning all the day long" (Psa. xxxviii. 4, 6; xl. 12; cii. 9, 10). How hateful sin is to the true child of God, and how bitterly one grieves over it in secret before God! Our dear Saviour, in being made sin for us, felt how hateful it was to His Father and to Himself, and therefore says, "Mine iniquities have taken hold upon Me, so that I am not able to look up." Dear fellow-sinner, it was your sins and mine that thus sorely pressed upon Jesus, so that He could not "look up," knowing how hateful sin was in the sight of God. Oh, dearest Lord, make us more and more to see and feel the exceeding sinfulness of it, and hate it with a greater hatred; and, though it may and will break our hearts again and

again, suffer it not to break our *hope* in the Gospel. "Wash us thoroughly from our iniquity, and cleanse us from our sin." It is this inward washing that we feel to need: "Wash us, and we shall be whiter than snow."

"Blush, Christian, blush; let shame abound,
If sin affects thee not with woe;
Whatever spirit be in thee found,
The spirit of Christ thou dost not know."

18. To *love your enemies*. "But God commendeth His love towards us in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Rom. v. 8; Matt. v. 44; Luke xxiii. 34). Was it not love in the heart of Jesus which produced the cry, when He hung on the cross, "Father, forgive them"? so very different to what we often feel when any one has done us a slight injury. What need we have to learn of Jesus to love our enemies, and to yearn over and pray for perishing souls!

19. To *weep with those who weep*. "When Jesus therefore saw her weeping, and the Jews also weeping which came with her, He groaned in the spirit, and was troubled, and said, Where have ye lain him? They said unto Him, Lord, come and see. Jesus wept" (John xi. 33—35). If the children of God are members of one body, should not the grief of one be the grief of the other? (1 Cor. xii. 26.)

20. To *suffer patiently*. "He was oppressed, and He was afflicted, yet He opened not His mouth: He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so He openeth not His mouth" (Isa. liii. 7; Matt. xxvii. 12). Was ever sorrow or patience so great as that of Jesus? Oh, Thou patient Lamb of God, what an example hast Thou left us! Oh, help us, help us, to follow Thee! But—

"Though great Thy sufferings, dearest Lord,
We cannot, dare not, wish them less;
No other means could us afford
The hope which we do now possess,
That we shall rise, when life is o'er,
To live with Thee for evermore."

We would only ask Thee to make us deeply grateful for Thy love in suffering, and help us, in every time of trouble, affliction, or sorrow, to remember Thee (1 Pet. ii. 23), and pray for patience.

21. In times of distress to *call upon God*. "I poured out my complaint before Him: I showed before Him my trouble" (Psa. cxlii. 2; lxi. 2; lxxvii. 2). The poor worldling in his trouble can only seek help from the creature, and perhaps, when most needed, it will be refused him; but what a privilege for the Christian to be able to say, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the

hills, from whence cometh my help," and feel, in seeking help from his God, it will not be refused him, unless the Lord, whose thoughts are so much better and higher than ours, sees what we ask for will not be for our good, and then grace sufficient to bear up under it will be granted. Our dear Saviour found relief in calling upon God when bowed down with trouble, and we, too, may take all our troubles—soul, body, or circumstances—to God in prayer; but, after making known our wants and desires before Him, we must follow the example of our great Forerunner, and say, "Not my will, but Thine be done."

22. That *power is of God*. "I can of Mine own self do nothing: as I hear I judge: and My judgment is just: because I seek not Mine own will, but the will of the Father who hath sent Me" (John v. 30; xiv. 10; Rom. i. 16). We have to learn over and over again that "without Me ye can do nothing;" but, on the other hand, may we also learn that, "through Christ strengthening me, I can do all things." Oh, that a double portion of the Holy Spirit may be poured down upon us, that the power of God might be felt to be amongst us in quickening sinners and reviving saints!

23. *Not to do your own will, but the will of God*. "For I came down from heaven not to do Mine own will, but the will of Him that sent Me" (John vi. 38; iv. 34; Matt. xxvi. 39). The Lord Jesus not only said He did the will of God, but declared that whosoever of His followers did the will of His Father in heaven, the same should be His mother, sister, or brother—

"What oneness in these words we trace
'Twixt Jesus Christ, the God of grace,
And His dear favoured few!"

24. *Not to despise the poor*. "Hearken, my beloved brethren: hath not God chosen the poor of this world rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which He hath promised to them that love Him? But ye have despised the poor. But if ye have respect to persons, ye commit sin, and are convicted of the law as transgressors" (James ii. 5, 6, 9; Luke xiv. 13, 14; Deut. xv. 11).

"Jesus, Source of our salvation,
May we now Thy nature know;
Then more bowels of compassion
We to Thy dear saints shall show:

"May the grace Thou hast imparted,
In relieving our complaints,
Make us kind and tender-hearted
To the feeblest of Thy saints."

25. *To resist Satan*. "Again the devil taketh Him up into an exceeding high mountain, and showeth Him all the kingdoms

of the world, and the glory of them: and saith unto Him, All these things will I give Thee, if Thou wilt fall down and worship me. Then saith Jesus unto him, Get thee hence, Satan, for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve" (Matt. iv. 8—10; xvi. 23). Strengthen us, dear Lord, against that roaring lion, who ever walketh about seeking whom he may devour, and by Thy resisting him in us, may we experience the truth of the words, "he will flee from you." What an example have we set before us to copy, even the Lord Jesus Christ, who could truly say, "The prince of this world cometh and hath nothing in Me." If those that copy drawings have to look at their pattern at almost every stroke, for fear of doing wrong, so we have still greater need to be continually "looking unto Jesus," if we want to learn of Him. "Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe."

A dear Christian, who is now in glory, said, "It was the oft-repeated counsel of that devoted servant of God, R. M. M'Cheyne, 'For one look at self, take ten looks at Christ;' and perhaps it cannot be too strongly urged on the people of God; for there is the greatest danger of putting Christian experience too much into the place which Christ Himself ought to occupy."

Gracious God, grant us much of the teaching and constant indwelling of Thy Holy and Blessed Spirit, that He may reveal to us more and more of Thy dear and beloved Son, Jesus Christ, that we, being rooted and grounded in Him, may be able to comprehend more of Thy great love, which indeed passes all understanding.

A CONSTANT READER.

LINES

WRITTEN BY A POOR WOMAN IN THE EDINBURGH ROYAL INFIRMARY.

Poor! Yes, I am. I glory in the thought;
But rich in Him who with His blood me bought:
Poor! yet I love my poverty to see,
That I may live in Christ, and He in me.

Poor! Yes, my soul, how glorious 'tis to know
On empty souls Christ does His love bestow!
All things are Christ's—heaven, earth, at His command—
All things are mine, for in Him do I stand.

Rich am I not in time? I'll richer be
When, face to face, my Saviour I shall see:
Filled with His fulness, joy will be complete;
I'll see His face, and worship at His feet.

"HE WILL SUSTAIN THEE."

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Peace be to thee and to thy helpers. Before I rose from my bed this morning such sweet things came to my mind in contemplating a period more than forty years ago, when a very timely word was given me by the Holy Spirit: "I will keep thee in the hour of temptation which shall come on all the world, to try them that dwell upon the earth." I little thought what they meant, or that they referred to circumstances in which, during two years and a half, I was to greatly need them. Neither did I suppose that the Lord was mercifully keeping me, according to those words, while I was in the midst of temptations, through which period my misery was so great from the awful profanity by which I was surrounded, and the workings of my conscience, which was in some measure enlightened, that nothing but the fear of a certain portion in the pit of hell kept me from the desperate act of self-destruction. What a mercy to be kept by the power of God, and what a mercy to have the promise of it. The Lord showed me His keeping and delivering power soon after, and heard my heart's prayer, which seemed too great to be put into words, and He sent deliverance from those temptations which I feared would be my ruin. The Psalmist said: "O taste and see that the Lord is good; blessed are all they that wait for Him." "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee." What an astonishing survey! "Out of the belly of hell" Jonah cried, and the Lord heard and delivered him. David said, "This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and delivered him out of all his troubles."

I believe we are much nearer to the unseen world than many people imagine. I have no doubt that God sent His angels to keep and protect me in the midst of temptations. Elisha's servant was surprised when he saw the multitude of horses and chariots for the defence and protection of God's servant. We little think of the spirits under the prince of the power of the air, and who it is that keeps us from their malice. It is well to think of the mighty power of God put forth on behalf of poor, weak, sinful men and women. What could we do against the hosts of Satan? We are no match for spiritual enemies. How marvellous it is that the Lord should speak a promise so timely. How condescending of the eternal God to protect a worm of the earth! Yea, it is surprising that the great God should speak a word of promise to any, and especially to those who feel themselves weak and sinful; that He that rolls the stars along should speak a promise of which all the powers of sin, Satan, and the world can never prevent the fulfilment. Solomon said at the

dedication of the temple, "And will God in very deed dwell with men on the earth? Behold, the heaven and the heaven of heavens cannot contain Thee." And will this great God condescend to give a promise to sinful worms? Yes, blessed be God, He does. He says to His poor people, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." "I have graven thee on the palms of my hands; thy walls are continually before Me." Has He been faithful to His word? Yes; in the forty years since that promise was spoken how many slippery places have I been in. Some stand out with a prominence which bring holy Job's words to mind: "I abhor myself." There have been others, perhaps, quite as dangerous, yet unseen. Oh, the longsuffering of the Lord! How wonderful His forbearance and compassion! As we grow older, we find out more deeply what sinners we are. Our eyes, what inlets they are to sin; our ears, also, and our thoughts, how sinful, foolish, and vain. Yet God does not break His promise. Our provocations bring the rod of correction. "Nevertheless," the Lord says, "My mercy will I not take from him." How little do we think who it is speaks the promises, and that they are all "yea and amen in Christ Jesus," to you and to me, who feel to be the most insignificant of persons, yet, marvellous to say, members of His body chosen before time, called in time, and travelling 'the road to an eternal inheritance, where we hope, when time with us shall be no more, to see the dear Redeemer's face and sing, "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood," &c.

"For the wonders He has wrought
Let us now our praises give,
And, by sweet experience taught,
Call upon Him while we live."

Leicester, Dec. 1st, 1879.

LESS THAN THE LEAST.

MY COMPANY.

WE have read of one who dreamed a dream when in great distress of mind about his spiritual state. He thought he stood in the outer court of heaven, and he saw a glorious host marching up, singing sweet hymns, and bearing the banners of victory; and they passed by him through the gate, and, when they vanished, he heard in the distance sweet strains of music. "Who are they?" he asked. "They are 'the goodly fellowship of the prophets,' who have gone to be with God." He heaved a deep sigh as he said, "Alas! I am not one of them, and never shall be, and I cannot enter there."

By-and-by there came another band, equally lovely in appearance,

and equally triumphant, and robed in white. They passed within the portals, and again were shouts of welcome heard within. “Who are they?” “They are ‘the goodly fellowship of the apostles.’” “Alas!” he said, “I belong not to that fellowship, and I cannot enter there.”

He still waited and lingered, in the hope that he might yet go in; but the next multitude did not encourage him, for they were “the noble army of martyrs.” He could not go with them, nor wave their palm branches.

He waited still, and saw that the next was a company of godly ministers and officers of Christian Churches; but he could not go with them.

At last, as he walked, he saw a larger host than all the rest put together, marching and singing most melodiously, and in front walked the woman that was a sinner, and the thief that died upon the cross hard by the Saviour; and he looked long, and saw there such as Manasseh and the like; and, when they entered, he could see who they were, and he thought, “There will be no shouting about them.” But, to his astonishment, it seemed as if all heaven was rent with seven-fold shouts as they passed in; and the angels said to him, “These are they that are mighty sinners saved by mighty grace;” and then he said, “Blessed be God! I can go in with them;” and so he awoke.

“THE POWER OF GOD UNTO SALVATION.”

DOES not all our daily and dear-bought experience convince us that in this power stands all our hope of eternal life? We have been hunted out of our false refuges by the power of the Word, and brought to embrace the Son of God as revealed by the same power to our souls. We therefore know that “the kingdom of God is not in word, but in power,” and that our faith “stands not in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God.” The preaching of the cross was once to us foolishness, but it has been made the power of God and the wisdom of God. After this power we are seeking and feeling, we may say, every day of our lives, and sometimes often through the day and the lonely hours of the night. By this power we live, and in this power we hope and desire to die, as being well assured that nothing but this power can rob death of its sting, and the grave of its victory, and land us on that happy shore where ten thousand times ten thousand will for ever sing, “Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth on the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever.”—*Philpot's Letters.*

FRUIT IN OLD AGE.

THE aged pilgrim, on her homeward journey, to her young friend in the faith,—Having borne the burden and heat of the day for more than sixty-two years, but “kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation,” I am still learning more of myself, and the evil of my depraved heart, and more and more of the truth and faithfulness of Him who knows no variableness nor the shadow of a change, though in daily experience my soul through many changes goes. I can therefore say with the great Apostle, “Not as though I had already attained, but I follow on that I may know Him,” and, as you say, be more conformed to Him.

I desire to greet you, my dear young friend, brother, and companion in this vale of tears, in that Scriptural path called “much tribulation,” honoured by the footprints of Him who was “a Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief,” and also by the cloud of witnesses who have “washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, and therefore are they before the throne.”

Well, my dear brother, it is no small mercy to be found in the good old way, “followers of them who, through faith and patience, are now inheriting the promises.” I see by the tenor of your note that you are following in the steps of your honoured father, nor have you any right to expect a smoother path. You are buckling on the harness and putting on the armour; and you know that the just have to live by faith. Through a long and tried experience I have proved that every grain of living faith has to be put into the furnace, that its genuineness may be tested; but, when tried, it will come forth as gold, for the Lord always honours the faith that honours Him by humble trust and confidence in Him; so that, while the skilful Refiner is testing our faith, we are proving His faithfulness and ever tender, watchful care over us and all our movements. And never has He taken away from before me, through a long and chequered path, the pillar of cloud by day, nor the pillar of fire by night.

I am no stranger, my dear young friend, to the path the Lord is now leading you in; but I have always found that young recruits, well drilled, make the best soldiers, and good soldiers the best officers; therefore “stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ has made you free.” Your lot is cast in perilous times. Fifty years ago I trembled for the ark of God and for the rising generation; and, having watched passing events from that time to the present, when I think of the children of the present day who are to be the men and women of the next generation, I say to believing parents, “Weep not for yourselves, but weep for your children,” believing

as I do that there will not be an open Bible in England many years longer.

As this subject lays so much upon my heart, I could not refrain from touching upon it; though, for myself, I am not taken by surprise at the rapid advance Popery is making throughout the length and breadth of our once highly-favoured but now guilty land, when I compare all that is now taking place with what is revealed and foretold in the Word of God, and especially by the mourning prophet, Jeremiah, and his successor.

But I must leave this, and refer to your note, which, could I have used the pen of a ready writer, would have been analyzed and commented upon at once. I did not for a moment think that you or your dear spouse had forgotten me, as I know how fully your time is engaged with your multiplicity of business, and your important work in the Sabbath-school; and thankful am I to find that the dear children have such efficient teachers. My kind remembrance to your dear wife. I know full well how her time is engaged with her little family and domestic duties. Be assured that, although I cannot reply to your letters, I cease not to make mention of you and yours at our common centre-point

“where spirits blend,
And friend holds fellowship with friend.”

With much love to you each, yours in the best bonds,
May 27th, 1880.

OLD SARAH.

LETTERS FOR THE YOUNG.—No. VII.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,—I am very glad the Holy Spirit has breathed eternal life into your immortal soul, so that you now feel your sins to be a burden. Remember that Satan is a cruel enemy, and, as far as he may, will resist the work of God in the soul: “But you hath the Holy Spirit quickened who were dead in trespasses and sins.” What an unspeakable mercy to have a broken heart for sin against God—to feel there is forgiveness with Him, and with a holy and reverential fear to seek after Him—for, if we love God, it is because He first loved us. You say He must seek you; so that your language is, “Seek Thy servant, O Lord.” How many in this day of light have no sense or feeling that they are in the gall of bitterness! They are mere outer court worshippers, resting satisfied in going to and coming from the house of God—entire strangers to the new birth, and to a saving knowledge of Christ—and there we should have rested but for free and sovereign grace. God loved us because He would love, and He loves His own to the end. Not one would ever go to

heaven if it were not so. "Come ye to the fountain, without money and without price."

"If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all."

You say you are so "blind and dead." So are all by nature; but who told you so? That is a lesson that every quickened soul learns, to humble them, and make them to feel—

"I can do nothing without Thee;
Make haste, my God, make haste!"

I, at the present time (only as faith enables me), cannot produce a desire for the blessing of any of God's covenant mercies, nor apply suitable promises, but feel all my springs must flow from my blessed Saviour. That hymn you quote—

"Oh, for a glance of heavenly day
To take this stubborn stone away,"

I can join with, for nothing but the "still, small voice" of the Holy Spirit can melt and move this heart of mine; although I should lie against my right if I did not acknowledge God has done great things for me by manifesting Himself by and through the gift of His dear Son, and in that He has accepted me in Christ, as "the Way, the Truth, and the Life." From experience I could say—

"The more I strove against sin's power,
I sinned and stumbled but the more;
Till late I heard the Saviour say,
'Come hither, soul, I am the Way.'"

There is a set time to favour Zion, and I believe, when you have been duly shown and have felt more what a bitter thing sin is, and daily see the awful effect of it, you will be led to see the darling Son of God, who for sinners deigned to bleed. The Lord's furnace is in Zion, and it is the office of the Holy Spirit to convince of sin; and, when God shall turn your captivity, you will not be sorry that you have been so exercised. After your faith is tried, you will remember such places you have been in. In the purposes of God every elect vessel was set apart, and they in this world in their experience will be a separate people, and cannot do and live as the world; for, if left to conform to it (which, through temptation, sometimes they may), they contract guilt and procure the rod. It is sad to see at this time how many we hope are the people of God so mixed up with the world and mere professors.

But your desire is, that you may cleave to them that love God; and what now causes you to "follow on to know the Lord" but

God's loving-kindness? for those who are bought with the precious blood of Christ are convinced that true religion is more than notion. God will, in His good time, appear for you; but the Church is in a low place, little converting or establishing, or mourning for the little honour or glory that redounds to God for the gift of His Son, and to the blessed Saviour for now interceding as our High Priest. He suffered that we might go free.

Many years we have been favoured with liberty to attend our places of worship, and, when we compare these with times that are past, and think how the saints then suffered, are we not guilty of ingratitude and unthankfulness to God, the "Giver of every good and perfect gift"? I thank God that at times He is pleased to make me sigh and groan when I hear, feel, and see what little real vitality there is among us, and what abominations are done in the land. "Will not God be avenged of such a nation as this?" Seeing and feeling what sin has done, and where by nature all are who are in the world, what a mercy to have a hope that God has given us the desire earnestly to seek His face! You will never find anything of peace in looking to self, though it is what all do. It is, "Look unto Me, and be ye saved." The enemy will sometimes get me there, but it only brings bondage. I am nothing in self but sin, and how can anything clean come from what is so unclean? Yet it is the wisdom and will of God that we should sorely feel the fall, and mourn because of it; so think it not strange if you have to walk in this way.

I shall be glad to see you or hear from you; but don't think it any disrespect if I do not write, for mind and memory fail me. My prayer for you is, that you may be kept waiting on the Lord for direction in all that is before you. The enemy is always watching, if we are not. He tempts, and then accuses.

I will now conclude with my present experience and yours, with this difference—through mercy I trust I can say I have felt the marriage complete; you are waiting for it.

"Lord Jesus, shine, and then I can
Find sweetness in salvation's plan,
And, as a sinner, plead for grace
Through Christ, the sinner's Hiding-place."

Affectionately yours,

Croydon.

ANN APPLETON.

WHEN the Lord blesses your soul, and sheds abroad His love in your heart, you will take no credit to yourself. No; you will feel that, if you had a thousand crowns, you would put them all upon the head of Christ, and if you had a thousand tongues, they should all sing His praise.—*Tiptaft.*

A FATHER TO HIS DAUGHTER.

MY DEAR CAROLINE,—

If in your heart you feel distress
Which none but Jesus can redress,
Forget me not, for I'm the same—
My only help is in His name.

If in your heart you feel a pride
You can't suppress, though you have tried,
Then think of me, for I'm the same,
For all my help is in His name.

If in your heart you feel unclean,
And fear the Lord won't take you in,
Then think of me, for I'm the same,
Yet hope my help is in His name.

If in your heart you feel a place
For full salvation, all of grace,
Despise me not, for I'm the same,
For all my help is in His name.

If in your heart you feel a want
To understand His name, but can't ;
Cast me not off, for I'm the same,
And all my help is in His name.

Yet if His name, who sits above,
Attracts your heart in holy love,
Contemn me not, for I'm the same,
For all my help is in His name.

If you His name have quite forgot,
As One whom you regarded not,
Then love me still—I'm oft the same—
But all my help is in His name.

If, when you wander from the way,
Your ear should hear Him kindly say,
"Return, My love ; behold and see
In Me thy whole felicity ;"

Then falling straight in His embrace,
And all your heart dissolved by grace,
Then write to me, for I'm the same,
And all my help is in His name.

Hackney, September 1st, 1847.

JAS. SHORTER.

To combine zeal with prudence is indeed difficult. There is often too much self in our zeal, and too much of the fear of man in our prudence.—*Newton.*

THE SOWER.

NOTES OF A SERMON PREACHED AT CROYDON,
BY THE LATE MR. F. COVELL,

ON WEDNESDAY EVENING, JULY 16TH, 1873.

“He shall deliver thee in six troubles; yea, in seven there shall no evil touch thee.”—JOB v. 19.

How true every child of God finds the Word of God to be! As soon as our first parents broke the law by eating of the forbidden fruit, God said, “Cursed is the ground for thy sake: in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life;” and there is not one of the children of God now in heaven but what proved this to be true, and we daily prove the same thing. Now, besides being afflicted with temporal troubles, in common with the rest of mankind, the child of God has troubles which are no troubles to the world. God has made sin to be a trouble to those that fear Him, and they never can be at rest until they by faith receive the remission of it through the precious blood of Christ; and oh, how troubled they are at times lest they should have no part in the blood of sprinkling! But Jesus says, “Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.” And what a trouble it is to the children of God lest they should not be found in the right way! We want to be found right. We would not miss that way for all the world. Our earnest, simple, and real cry is, “O God, guide us in Thy way; lead us in Thy paths.” We want to be found while living walking in the paths of the children of God, and at last to stand among the redeemed that praise and glorify His name in heaven. I have no doubt that there are some here before God that have been beseeching Him for weeks, or perhaps months, to assure them that it is so with them—that He has a favour towards them—that He will give them to realize His eternal love in their hearts, and will grant them His Holy Spirit to guide and keep them to the end. They would endure anything rather than be deceived at last. Sinner, all those now in heaven had the same doubts and fears, but not one of them ever missed the path; and may you be enabled to say—

“How hard soe'er the way,
Dear Saviour, still lead on.”

David cries out (and we like to have good companions), “Gather not my soul with sinners, nor my life with bloody men.” You do not want to walk with such. You do not want to be found in the paths of the ungodly. We can say in heart—at least some of

us can—"I would rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness." John says, "I, John, who also am your brother and companion in tribulation." Well, then, here are some good companions. Now, one would have thought that, if any one could have escaped trouble, and gone by a mossy path to heaven, it would have been this man, that lay upon the bosom of the blessed Son of God, who is called "the disciple that Jesus loved;" who was such a humble, loving man, and that had such sweet and glorious things revealed to him. But what do we find? He is, according to tradition, first thrown into a cauldron of boiling oil. What! a man that Christ came from heaven to die for, and to bring into the presence of God—that was one of God's elect, "predestinated unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to Himself"? What! such a man as this to be thrown into a cauldron of boiling oil? Yes, even he. But God brings him out of it. The oil does him no hurt, so he is banished unto the isle of Patmos. There they thought he was sure to be starved, or be killed by robbers or wild beasts. But you will find that, where trials abound, there will consolation abound also. John is banished by a cruel tyrant to this desolate place, and down comes the Son of God and blesses him with most heavenly and sacred revelations. "I was," says he, "in the Spirit on the Lord's day, and heard behind me a great voice, as of a trumpet;" and then he is made to see such glorious and blessed things. "Ah!" say you, "how I should like to have such revelations as he had!" Should you like to suffer as he suffered? Should you like to be banished among robbers and wicked men? "Oh, no," say you, "I should not like that." Well, remember the one goes with the other. When we read of Paul being caught up into the third heaven, and seeing and hearing such wonderful things, we say, "Oh, how nice! How I should have liked to have been with him!" But then look at the dangers he encountered, the perils he was in: "Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one. Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day I have been in the deep. In journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness." Here are dangers and trials for you. Should you like to go through such as these? "No," say you; "I don't think I could endure that." Sometimes, when I am reading of the great faith with which the Puritans were blessed, I say, "Oh, how favoured these men were! I wish I was blessed with faith as they were!"

But, as I read on, I find that these men walked about day by day with their lives in their hands. They were liable at any moment to be haled to prison and to death, and so they were blessed with faith as they needed it. But we do not read so much of their being puffed at by the devil—so tried with unbelief and a hard heart—so, although they endured things which we think we could not, yet they did not have so much to contend with from within. Now, although we are not so persecuted as they were, yet we have to contend with these inward evils, and so find the truth of my text as they did, that we shall have troubles. As John Bunyan has it—

“The Christian man is seldom long at ease;
When one trouble’s gone, another does him seize.”

Now, what think you of Christ? “Well,” say some, “if this is the way to win Christ, let me have it. I would rather walk in this way and be found in Him, than I would have all the wealth of the world and miss Him.” Ah! you are the man for heaven, and you are the man that will get there. You are just the man John Bunyan speaks of in another place, where he says that the Interpreter took Christian to a beautiful palace, in the door of which sat a man with an ink-horn and book, to put down the names of those that entered; and he saw also that in the doorway stood a number of armed men, resolved to do what hurt and mischief they could to all that went in, which made the people outside afraid to try. At last he saw a man of a very stout countenance come up to the man that sat there to write, saying, “Put down my name, sir.” He then drew his sword, and fell to cutting and hacking the armed men most fiercely; and, though he received many wounds, he at last cut his way through them, and entered the palace, when those inside said—

“Come in, come in;
Eternal glory thou shalt win.”

“Well,” say you, “if it is trouble all the way, let me have it.” You are the man for Christ, and you may depend upon it that you will find the truth of my text; and you will find this also to be true, that “He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust;” yea, “He shall deliver thee in six troubles.”

Now, whenever the Lord is pleased to take us out of trouble, and make the way a little easy for us, our prayers mostly are very lukewarm, very cold, very formal, not worth picking up; but it is when we are in trouble that we cry earnestly to God to deliver us. Oh, how we cry unto Him day and night, and come before Him continually in prayer! This is pleasing to God, and He says, “Ye shall find Me when ye search for Me with all your

heart ;” and this is what God will have. Whatever trouble God brings us into, there is a way out of it ; so He says in my text, “ He shall deliver thee in six troubles.” He not only delivers us out of our troubles, but He delivers us in our troubles. “ How do you mean ?” say some. In seeking the face of God in prayer, when there is such a submission in the heart, such a resignation in the spirit, bringing our will to be so swallowed up in God’s that we say, “ Not my will, but Thine be done ;” for, when the mind is brought into submission, and the will of God is our will, then it ceases to be a trouble ; so God delivers us in our trouble, and He also delivers us out of our trouble. This shows how our spirit is moulded to God’s ; therefore says the Son of God, when He is teaching His disciples to pray, “ Thy kingdom come ; Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.”

“ He shall deliver thee in six troubles ; yea, in seven there shall no evil touch thee.” In the Scripture a definite is often put for an indefinite number ; so, in this case, it does not mean that God will only deliver us out of six or seven troubles. No, no. If God was only to do that, there would be no hope for me, nor yet for you. But, if thou art a follower of Jesus, He will appear for thee in all thy troubles, and bring thee safe to His kingdom at last ; so, however great have been your troubles, you will say, “ Many have been my troubles, but God has delivered me out of them all.” Look in the case of David. No sooner is he out of one trouble than he falls into another ; but yet he says, “ Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all.” Look again at Jacob. He tells Pharaoh, “ Few and evil are the days of thy servant.” “ How can that agree with your text ?” say you. Look at the end, sinner. See him when he comes to die : “ The Angel which redeemed me from all evil, bless the lads ;” as though he said, “ I have had plenty of trouble, plenty of sorrow, but the Lord hath delivered me out of it all.” And let God put you into any trouble, and bring you out of it—let it be as great as it may—you will see in the end whether you have not had to bless God for it, and to say that “ He does not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men.” “ The just man falleth seven times, but he riseth again.” He comes out of the furnace like gold purified seven times. You know in your spirit that you would not have cried so to God if He had not put you into trouble ; so He puts us into trouble that good may come out of it. You would never have understood some parts of God’s Word if it had not been for trouble. You would never have cried to Him, nor sought His face in prayer as you have done, if it had not been for trouble ; and, my friends, you will never have a place in heaven if you have no trouble, for Paul says, “ Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom

He receiveth. But if ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards, and not sons." No trouble at present is joyous, but grievous; but then God is making it work for our good. Whatever trouble God brings us into, whatever may be our trials, remember this, that they do not separate us from Christ. Let it be as strong and as fiery as it may, it does not separate us from God, nor can it. The great Apostle says, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

Now, sinner, what can be stronger than that? The great Apostle had great trials and tribulations, so he ought to know whether they would separate us from God; but he says nothing can do it. He runs through the things most likely to do it, and then says that neither these nor any other thing shall separate us from the love of God—no, for God will deliver us out of them all. "He shall deliver thee in six troubles; yea, in seven no evil shall touch thee."

Now, sometimes God makes a little thing a great trouble to us. It may be but a little thing of itself, but He may make it to us a very grievous burden, a great trouble. It may make you very uncomfortable, and make you sick of the world and sick of yourself. It may make you often fall on your knees and seek the face of God in prayer, and beseech Him to deliver you from it; and yet it may be in itself but a little trouble, and a man with a great one may wonder how such a little thing can trouble you at all, while you would give anything to get it set right, little though it is in other men's estimation.

There is one thing which is at times a great trouble to the child of God, though it is nothing to carnal men and mere professors, and this is, to "make your calling and election sure." Now, you may be persuaded that there is a change in you, but is it a saving change? is it a right change? Is it being born of God? Oh, what a trouble this is to you! Your earnest cry is—

"Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;"

and

"'Tis a point I long to know,
Am I His or am I not?"

"Oh," say some, "this has tried me; this has been a trouble to me. When I have been reading the experience of the saints

in the Word of God, and have seen how sure they were of it, I say, 'Ah! I never had anything like that!' When I have been reading of David, and have seen how sure he was of it, I say, 'Oh, if I only had the assurances he had!' When I have heard the servant of God talking about faith, I would give anything to know that I was right—that I was not being deceived. How often I have gone to God in secret: 'O Lord, put me right, and save my poor sin-bitten and sin-ruined soul!'" He will, sinner. He will save all that thus come to Him. "He shall deliver thee in six troubles, and in seven there shall no evil touch thee." He will smile upon thee one of these days, and enable thee to say, "Now I know, now I know that the Lord is mine and I am His. I will sing and give praise." "He shall deliver thee."

What trouble at times is the child of God in from the buffetings of Satan! How he does perplex and torment you, and at times you think that, if you were one of God's people, He would deliver you from him. So He will, so He will. The devil does not vex and trouble carnal men like this. They have no doubts and fears. You will hear them say that God is a merciful God, but they do not feel that He is a just God, a holy God—that He hates sin, and that He will punish the wicked. "Oh," they say, "we have done this and that good thing, and He is a merciful God, so we shall be all right at last." They are not troubled as you are with temptation; they are at ease. But the devil will hurl temptations at you. He will tell you that there is no truth in God's Word. Well, then, if it is wrong, why does he take so much trouble to tell us it is a lie? If it was not true, He would not take the trouble to set you against it. If it is a lie, why does he not let us believe it, and at last drop into hell? He knows it is right, and that is why he takes so much pains to make us believe it is wrong.

Now, says the Scripture, "There is no temptation taken us but what is common to man;" and so, if there are any here before God that doubt the truth of His Word, I will (God willing) set you right. It is true. He has shed such a light into my heart, that I am as sure of the truth of it as I am that I am a living man. This trouble will make you cry out to God, "Lord, work faith in my heart to believe it;" and you will prove this to be true—that it is of no use your arguing with the devil. He will argue you out of it. He laughs at the shaking of a spear. God must do it for you, and the good Spirit will move upon your heart, and put all these things right, and make you praise and bless God. He will set you on high from him that puffeth at you. He will set you up more firm in the truth than all the parsons in the world could do; and, though in this world you shall have tribulation, yet, says the Holy Ghost by the great

Apostle, "There remaineth therefore a rest unto the people of God," and a glorious rest it is. A little while longer and we shall reach it, when the Son of God, with a sweet and blessed welcome, will say, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." But it is through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom, and we shall find trouble will come in one way or another; but we shall have to praise Him for it, and bless His name for ever and ever for what He has wrought by it. Therefore say the words of my text, "He shall deliver thee in six troubles; yea, in seven there shall no evil touch thee." Amen.

INVOCATION OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

ETERNAL Source of light divine,
 In condescending grace
 Visit this trembling heart of mine,
 Show me a Saviour's face.

How much I need Thy quickening ray
 To chase these shades of night!
 To turn my darkness into day,
 And grant me heavenly light!

Most gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 Since 'tis Thy power alone
 Can manifest a Saviour's love
 To sinners quite undone,

Guided by Thee, I would address
 The sinner's only Friend,
 And ask Him to look down and bless,
 And to my cry attend.

Should He Himself to me reveal,
 Who am so vile and base,
 Then shall I know, and taste, and feel
 The sweets of pardoning grace.

Praise to the Father's boundless love,
 Who gave His Son to die,
 To raise poor sinners far above,
 To reign with Him on high.

All honour to God's only Son
 By every saint be given;
 To Jesus, on the eternal throne,
 Sing every tongue in heaven.

BENJAMIN DRANE.

I FIND it most true, that the greatest temptation is to live without temptations. Standing waters corrupt.

OUR MARTYRED FOREFATHERS.

XV.—JOHN BRADFORD.

“By the grace of God I am what I am.” These words were penned by one who had fully learned their meaning. This was no mere theoretical statement on the part of the Apostle, but a free and frank confession, based upon a deep and tried experience, that he was a debtor to the free and sovereign grace of God. Once he was a persecutor of the followers of Jesus of Nazareth, incessantly occupied in haling men and women to prison; and, when he penned these words, the Apostle was thoroughly satisfied that, but for the grace of God, he would have continued this bloodthirsty career unto the day of his death. But he was mercifully arrested as he was on an errand of persecution. The eyes of his understanding were opened, and he was enabled to see that the truths he had so keenly opposed were the verities of the Gospel, and the people he had persecuted were the people of God. The Apostle Paul was from that day a changed man. His career, his employment, his companions, all were changed. The doctrines he had tried to extinguish he now blazed abroad, and the people he had sought to crush he now edified and comforted. Abandoning his bloodthirsty work, he became henceforward a preacher of the Gospel, labouring “more abundantly than they all; yet,” continues the Apostle, “not I, but the grace of God which was with me.” What a grand—what a wonderful—transition in the character and pursuits of the man! Paul felt it to be so, and he ascribed its accomplishment not to any virtue or power inherent in himself or in any other creature, but solely and entirely to free grace. “By the grace of God I am what I am.” Bradford, the martyr, also made a similar confession, and thus coincided with the Apostle Paul in ascribing all temporal and spiritual blessings to the free and sovereign favour of the Almighty. On one occasion, as a criminal was passing on to execution, the illustrious martyr, pointing to the prisoner, exclaimed, “There goes John Bradford, but for the grace of God!” This was the preventive and restraining power that stopped him in a career of sin and folly, curbed his lusts and passions, and enabled him to “choose the better part.”

Although they lived at very distant periods in the world's history, both Apostle and martyr were solemnly assured that the grace of God was the primary source of all spiritual blessings. By the grace of God both of them were brought, under the teaching of the Holy Spirit, to know and feel their misery as sinners, and their consequent need of mercy; and by the grace of God they were enabled to believe with that faith which is the gift of God that Jesus Christ had paid the penalty due to their transgres-

sions, and that their sins were washed away in the blood of the Lamb. "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." Both these eminent saints were debtors to free grace alone, and they were ever ready to acknowledge it, to the humbling of the creature and the praise of their Creator and Redeemer.

Manchester was the birthplace of John Bradford. The citizens of this large and populous city are reminded of this fact by a statuette of the martyr which adorns a portion of the exterior of that imposing edifice, the new Town Hall. After receiving a good education, we find him, in the days of Henry VIII., secretary to Sir John Harrington, who was treasurer of the king's camps and buildings at Boulogne. On account of his ability as a scribe, and his expertness at figures, Bradford gained the favour of his master, and became his confidential adviser in all weighty matters. A very good prospect appeared to lay before him. But a sudden change passed over the mind of the secretary, which caused him to resign his post, return to his native land, and preach the Gospel. Bradford at once proceeded to the university of Cambridge, and earnestly set to work at the prosecution of his studies; and his diligence was attended with such success that, after a few years' residence, the degree of Master of Arts was bestowed upon him. Another honour awaited him. But a short time elapsed before the Master and Fellows of Pembroke Hall offered him a Fellowship in their college, and Bradford was now considered one of the luminaries of the university.

During his residence in Cambridge, one of his dearest and most intimate friends was Martin Bucer. This worthy man had perceived that Bradford was not only a diligent and learned scholar, but a humble and sincere Christian, and one well qualified to proclaim the grand and majestic truths of the Gospel. Bucer would often suggest this matter to his friend, but Bradford's natural shyness and reserve would at once discourage the idea. But Bucer became more pressing, and would continually revert to the subject, urging Bradford to go forward as a preacher of the Gospel. Bradford shrunk from the task—not because he feared to declare the Gospel of the grace of God, but the solemn responsibility of the post awed him. On one occasion he pleaded his meagre learning—a rather ungrounded plea—as an excuse for not daring to preach the Word. But Bucer's answer was to the point. "If," said this good man, "thou hast not fine wheat bread, yet give the poor people barley bread, or whatsoever else the Lord hath committed unto thee." At length Bradford yielded; and Dr. Ridley, who was then Bishop of London, gave

him a prebend in St. Paul's Cathedral, where he diligently laboured for three years.

But the liberty of preaching the Gospel enjoyed in King Edward's days was shortlived, for, very soon after the accession of Queen Mary, those who had been most diligent and prominent in this gracious work were thrown into prison. Bradford was among the number. On August 16th, 1553, he was incarcerated in the Tower, and he was imprisoned from that time in various places of confinement until the month of January, 1555. During that long period he was variously employed. One day he would be arguing with some friar who had been sent to harass him; and the next day he might devote to the compilation of some sweet and edifying epistle to those who needed "building up in their most holy faith." At other times he would be engaged in prayer or study. Although a prisoner, Bradford was not idle. Many and constant were the discussions he had with his adversaries, and at these trying times he would preserve a surprising equanimity, and answer their questions in a concise and scholarly manner. Bradford must have possessed a remarkably calm mind and good temper, for it is difficult to discover the least ruffle or sign of discomposure in the many long discussions he had with his crafty and malicious foes. It is not our intention, however, to follow our illustrious hero through all these debates with bishops, friars, and others, so we have selected one short discussion as a sample of the whole.

During the confinement of Bradford in the Compter in London, he was visited by the Archbishop of York and the Bishop of Chichester. These two prelates behaved very kindly to him. After commending his godly life, the Archbishop of York told Bradford that, actuated by pure motives of love, he had come to confer with him on the weighty matters of religion. The archbishop then asked him the following question—"How he was certain of salvation and of his religion?"

Bradford, after thanking him for his kindness and good wishes, replied, "By the Word of God, even by the Scriptures, I am certain of salvation and religion."

YORK: "Very well said; but how do you know the Word of God and the Scriptures but by the Church?"

BRADFORD: "Indeed, my lord, the Church was and is a means to bring a man to know the Scriptures and the Word of God, as the woman of Samaria was the means by which the Samaritans knew Christ; but, when they heard Him speak, they said, 'Now we know that He is Christ, not because of thy words, but because we ourselves have heard.' So, after we come to the hearing and reading of the Scriptures showed unto us and discerned by the Church, we do believe them and know them as Christ's sheep,

not because the Church saith they are the Scriptures, but because they be so, being assured thereof by the same Spirit who wrote and spoke them."

YORK: "You know in the Apostles' time at first the Word was not written."

BRADFORD: "True, if you mean it for some books of the New Testament; but else for the Old Testament, St. Peter tells us, 'We have a more sure word of prophecy.' Not that it is simply so, but in respect of the Apostles, which being alive and subject to infirmity, attributed to the written Word more weight, as wherewith no fault can be found; whereas for the infirmity of their persons men perchance might have found some fault at their preaching; although in very deed no less obedience and faith ought to have been given to the one than to the other, for all proceedeth from one Spirit of truth."

YORK: "That place of St. Peter is not to be understood of the Word written. You know that Trenæus and others do magnify much, and allege the Church against the heretics, and not the Scriptures."

BRADFORD: "True, for they had to do with such heretics as denied the Scriptures, and yet did magnify the apostles; so that they were forced to use the authority of those Churches wherein the apostles had taught, and which had still retained the same doctrine."

(*To be continued.*)

NIGHT THOUGHTS BY A WATCHMAN.

"That which we have seen."—1 JOHN i. 3.

"WITH my soul have I desired Thee in the night," said the prophet (Isa. xxvi. 9); and very many of the Lord's tried and afflicted ones can say the same in the present day. So deep and real is true religion, that the soul's night and darkness is known and felt as well as the sunlight and the day. Not only seeing when it is light, but knowing when it is dark also, is proof that we have the power of vision. Darkness and light to a blind person can be known only in theory; but to a man with good eyes the difference between the two is known by practical effects; so what has been truly felt by the soul, either of the light of God's countenance, or of the hidings of His face amid frowning providences and soul distress, become experimental realities which are not soon forgotten.

" Oft have we seen the tempest rise ;
The world and Satan, hell and sin,
Like mountains, seemed to reach the skies,
With scarce a gleam of hope between."

But there has been a little hope, and that hope the anchor of the soul. The fervent desire for the Lord's appearing, and the earnest expectation that He will come to the help of the needy, shall never be disappointed—

“ Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears the way :
Wait thou His time—thy darkest night
Shall end in brightest day.”

I. See, here is night with the Lord's servant ; here is darkness, here are fears, here is uncertainty and soul-perplexity. The Lord's servants do not always have the candle of the Lord shining about them. Is the hill Mizar far, far back on the road where you sang with an overflowing heart—

“ I stand upon the mount of God,
With sunlight in my soul ;
I see the storms in vales beneath,
And hear the thunders roll.

“ But I am calm with Thee, my God,
Under these glorious skies ;
And to the height in which I dwell
No storm nor cloud can rise ” ?

And was not the light and the joy real ? Was it not felt ? Remember deep ravines are ever associated with lofty mountains. Was it not *through* the storm and cloud that you ascended above them ? And what if you have to say, “ Thou hast lifted me up and cast me down ” ? Truly you were in a very low place before He lifted you up, and He is able to lift you up again. Or, should you travel all the way home along the valley of the shadow of death, yet it is but the *shadow*. He who descended to the death of the cross for your sake said in agony, “ My soul is exceeding sorrowful, *even unto death*.” Ah ! He sought His Father in that awful night “ with strong crying and tears ” (Heb. v. 7). He served without sin, but not without sorrow. Murmur not at tasting the Master's cup. “ Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.”

II. Observe what the prophet desired in the night—“ Thee ”—Thou who art God—not merely light or day, not only a word of assurance to give rest to his weary soul and cheer his fainting heart. All this he needed, and more than this he desired. It was God Himself, as a Companion and Friend, he was calling for. He was saying with David, “ My soul thirsteth for *God*, for the *living God* ; ” and with Job, “ Oh, that I knew where I might find *Him* ! ” and have we not oft said—

“ Not a brief glance I beg, a parting word,
 But as Thou dwell’st with Thy disciples, Lord ;
 Familiar, condescending, patient, free ;
 Come not to sojourn, but abide with me.”

Never did a soul desire fellowship with the Lord that did not both know and love Him, at least in some measure. All who seek the Lord in the night of trouble and sorrow have some confidence in His power and willingness to help them ; and what is this but faith and hope ?

Ah ! yes, the servants of the Lord often feel dark and lonely. They are in darkness as to what may be their future lot ; they are tried with regard to their present position ; they are perplexed to know what the Master would have them do in many painful and bewildering circumstances ; but they are not in nature’s darkness, nor are they ruled by the prince of darkness. From these they have been delivered by the power of God. Notwithstanding being thus the Lord’s freemen, they know by sad experience that the tempter has great power, and that they carry about a body of sin and death, with a heart deceitful and easily deceived ; hence their fears and their sorrows. They would not be left alone one hour. They daily feel that the Master only can fit them for and enable them to accomplish His work. They have learned the truth of His words, “ Without Me ye can do nothing.” Well may their souls desire Him in whom is all their springs. “ They that do business in great waters, these see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep ;” and the more they see of His works or of Himself, the more they desire to see of both. So is it with those who have been indulged with sweet communion with Jesus. They say, “ Master, it is good for us to be here.” “ In His presence is fulness of joy.”

But we see that this great Gospel prophet was not constantly granted the joy of His presence, although he so much desired it. Well, when it is all dark and sad within—when thy heart pants for the light of His face, and sighs for the joy of His presence—then remember you are just where the prophet Isaiah was, and seeking the same Object. Most surely you shall see Him again, and your heart shall rejoice. “ Trust ye in the Lord.”

“ Yes, we will trust Thy grace,
 Though we cannot see Thy face,
 And though Thy form be shrouded in the darkness of the night ;
 Thou wilt return at length,
 And renew our failing strength,
 And in Thy own good time to us restore the joyful light.”

OBITUARY OF ELIZABETH OTTAWAY.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I do hope that it is with a single eye to the honour and glory of a Three-One God I send you the diary, and some account of the happy death, of Elizabeth Ottaway; and, if you think it fit for publication in the SOWER, it is at your disposal, hoping at the same time that it may be made a blessing to some poor tried child of God.

Elizabeth Ottaway, like many more of God's dear children, could not give the time when the Lord first began a work of grace upon her soul (that is, not just the day or the month); but, like all the rest of Adam's children, she lived in the state in which she was born for some years—an enemy to God and vital godliness, putting away all thoughts of religion in her youthful day, thinking that, when she got old, it would be time enough to become religious, and then she would turn to God and hope for the best. But God's ways are not as our ways, neither are His thoughts as our thoughts; for as far as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are His ways higher than our ways, and His thoughts than our thoughts; and, as she was one whom the Father everlastingly loved, and for whom the Son shed His most precious blood, and the Eternal Spirit agreed in covenant to convince of sin, righteousness, and judgment, it was with her as dear KENT says—

‘There is a period known to God,
When all the sheep, redeemed by blood,
Shall leave the hateful ways of sin,
Turn to the fold, and enter in.’

Although, as I said before, she could not tell the exact time when this change was wrought in her soul, yet it was made manifest that the change was wrought of God by the effects that followed; for, as the unerring truth of God declares, “The entrance of Thy words giveth light; it giveth understanding unto the simple,” so, in her case, this light coming from heaven, it began to have a heavenly effect, for that which she only knew in name before as sin now became a mighty burden, which she feared would be the eternal ruin of her soul, and she would cry out, “Oh, eternity, eternity! How can I dwell in eternal burnings?” While in this state she was led in the providence of God to Hastings, where she took a situation, and, being in real trouble about her never-dying soul, she was earnest in the search of something to comfort her heart. While there she first went among the free-willers, but, finding her wound was too deep for them to perceive, and that they could not understand her case, she was led to Ebenezer Chapel; and one day you were con-

strained to speak from these words: "For the vision is yet for an appointed time, but at the end it shall speak, and not lie; though it tarry, wait for it, because it will surely come, it will not tarry." This was a time never to be forgotten by her, for you were indeed led into her path. She came out of the chapel greatly comforted and raised to a hope—so much so that she felt as though she must have spoken to you about it; and, after she left Hastings, she sometimes felt as though she must write and tell you what had been done in her soul. Soon after she was obliged to leave Hastings, as the family she lived with left there, and went to Exeter; but she was soon called away from there, as a sister was taken ill, and she was required to nurse her. The blessed feelings that she had when hearing you did not last long; and, when the comfort of this hope was withdrawn from her, she again sank into great darkness, and was afraid it was all a delusion; and in this state she went on for several years, hanging between hope and fear. Sometimes, under the Word, the servants of God were led to speak of her exercises, and her hope was greatly revived, and sometimes while reading the Word of God in secret; but she was one of those whom dear HART speaks of—

"No big words of ready talkers,
No dry doctrine will suffice;
Broken hearts and humble walkers,
These are dear in Jesu's eyes."

She was not a person of many words, but her walk was a credit to her profession; and she showed her love to the house of God by being there as often as possible. Sometimes, after a heavy day's work, she would walk ten miles to a week evening service, alone in the dark, irrespective of the weather; so that she could say with David, in the eighty-fourth Psalm, "How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts! My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God. For a day in Thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness."

But I shall now let her speak for herself, which will show the state of her mind until the Lord brought her on her death-bed and blessedly delivered her soul. Her end was very sudden, as she was taken ill on Saturday and died the next Friday.

The following is her diary, which was found after her death:—
January, 1879.—Heard Mr. Kœvil, at Frittenden, from these words: "Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise Thy name" (Psa. cxlii. 7). My soul did indeed respond to what he said, and I felt almost sure the Lord was mine; but the next day I met with a great trial in providence, which left me feelingly

without a shadow of hope that the Lord had appeared for me; either temporally or spiritually. All I could say was, "The Lord has forsaken me."

May.—Was led to read the sermon in the *Gospel Standard* by Mr. Hazelrigg: "The Cup Passeth Away in the Drinking of it." I hope I was led to see, while reading it, the way the Lord had led me. Oh, may He still go on to lead me both in providence and grace! "Strange myself and paths appear."

May 7th.—Heard Mr. Lewis at Grafty anniversary, from Malachi iii. 2: "Who may abide the day of His coming?" &c. The Lord has assured me, by his preaching, that I am in the right way, and that I "shall abide the day of His coming."

May 8th.—Heard Mr. Lewis at Staplehurst. Came home worse than I went. Oh, Lord, do appear for me! If ever I needed Thee, dear Jesus, it is now! Do guide me! This is the prayer of my heart before God, who knoweth that I lie not.

Heard Mr. Butler, at Headcorn, from these words: "And Jabez called on the God of Israel, saying, Oh, that Thou wouldest bless me indeed, and enlarge my coast; and that Thine hand might be with me, and that Thou wouldest keep me from evil, that it may not grieve me! And God granted him that which he requested." I felt I had found the man that "told me all things that ever I did." Hope I have heard him to profit many times. Oh, what a time I had when he spoke from these words in 2 Thessalonians i. 7, 8: "The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with His mighty angels, in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God," &c. It was a solemn time indeed, and caused me closely to examine myself. May the dear Lord bless this dear servant of His!

Good Friday.—Heard Mr. Butler, at Frittenden; in the morning, from these words, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." I never had such a sight of the crucified Saviour by faith before. I was obliged to go home after the morning service, which was like tearing my flesh from my bones.

May 30th.—Heard Mr. Butler, at Headcorn, from Genesis iii. 9, 10, "Where art thou?" &c. Came home with a glimmer of hope that the Lord had called me. Do, dear Lord, make it more plain!

June 3rd.—Heard Mr. Lewis. The Lord gave me a comfortable hope that old things had passed away. His text was 2 Corinthians v. 9.

June 4th.—I felt a melting of heart. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits." "His loving-kindness, oh, how good!"

June 20th.—Heard Mr. Keevil, at Headcorn, from these words, "The poor have the Gospel preached to them." Came

home with a comfortable hope. What a privilege to be able to hear such favoured men! Lord, make me prize it more. I do hope it is more to me than silver or gold. I feel like Ruth, "Let this people be my people, and their God my God."

June 24th.—Heard Mr. Butler read and speak a little on the thirty-seventh Psalm. In prayer he told out my very heart's desire. It raised me to a hope that the Lord would grant me my request, both temporally and spiritually. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits." I did try to plead for the dear man while coming home. The Lord bless him is my heart's desire. Oh, Lord, do lead me! How much I need Thee every minute! Like a poor worm, I feel I cannot raise myself.

July 22nd.—Heard Mr. Butler. After two or three days of sin and misery (not outwardly, God be thanked!), I was sunk to where I felt no one could find me, but the dear man was enabled to speak out my very heart's feelings.

July 27th.—Heard Mr. House, at Frittenden, and at Headcorn in the evening. Enjoyed him much. Felt such a desire all day to be gone and leave this sin-polluted wilderness. His text was, in the morning, 1 Samuel xiv. 6: "It may be that the Lord will work for us," &c. I do hope the Lord was with him, to my soul's comfort. Oh, that the dear Lord would visit my soul oftener, for what misery have I felt since then! I have even doubted all, and the wretchedness I have felt for two days I cannot describe, but felt to-day a little encouragement from that hymn which begins—

" Does the Gospel Word proclaim
Rest for those who weary be?"

Then that dear man, Mr. B——, paid us a visit on Friday evening, August 1st, and read a chapter and spoke in prayer. I felt much encouraged by it. The Lord make me more like him, for surely Thou dost favour him to live much in Thy Spirit.

August 17th.—Heard Mr. B—— from Luke xvi. 24, 25. How very solemnly he spoke, and how blessedly he seemed to open up the way!

August 18th.—How highly favoured I am! Oh, dear Lord, do give me what Thy dear servant has been pleading for—a thankful heart, and help me to say, "Thy will be done." Oh, that I could live full of love to Thee, and free from sin! Mr. B—— has been here and told us how harassed he was after the people had left last night. Oh, that the dear Lord might be with him, for he needs Thee! Oh, that his petitions might be answered that he has put up, especially for father! How he has told out the very feelings of my heart Thou, O Lord, art my Witness. Do guide me, O Lord, and give me a thankful heart.

September 6th.—Mr. B—— came and stayed to dinner. Do hope the Lord sent him, for I felt so low before he came, but felt encouraged while he asked a blessing at the table, and by his conversation with father.

September 16th.—First service in Mr. Butler's room after hopping. Heard Mr. Butler from 1 Samuel ii. 8, "He raiseth up the poor," &c. I felt very much cast down when I went, but do hope the dear Lord enabled him to trace out my path, and this gives me a comfortable hope that He will grant me my petition here on earth, and let me, when these trials are over, meet with the saints of God to sing around the throne of glory. Yes, I believe and know I felt a great hope for a few minutes that I should be there. Oh, what a great mercy!

"Bless the Lord, O my soul." Oh, Lord, guide me! How much I need Thee! I have been greatly tried about writing down these few exercises, and I begged of the Lord, if it was not right for me to do it, that He would not let me, and I believe He answered my prayer, and assured me it was right. Oh, Lord, do give me the other answer that I have cried for, and do guide me!

October 15th.—Walked to Staplehurst with a friend to hear Mr. Lewis, and how deeply tried they seemed to be. It makes me fear I am not right. Oh, Lord, if I am deceived, do undeceive me!

October 16th.—Lord, guide me! How I need Thee! How hedged up my pathway seems to be! Lord, Thou canst make a way where there seems no way! Oh, do appear for me in providence and grace!

October 20th.—Heard Mr. Keevil, at Frittenden. Felt dead, dark, and stupid during the service, but do hope I knew something Mr. B—— and Mr. Keevil were talking about coming home in the van; but feel afraid the Lord is about to move Mr. B——. I feel, if He does, unless the Lord gives me more strength, it will be more than I can bear. Lord, help me to leave all in Thy gracious hands!

October 26th.—Heard Mr. House, at Frittenden and at Headcorn. Hope I can say I knew what he has been talking about. Do, dear Lord, guide me, and make me more like Mary, choosing the one thing needful!

October 28th.—Went to East Peckham anniversary. Heard Mr. Ashdown and Mr. Taverner. Enjoyed them much, especially Mr. Ashdown in the evening. He brought forth four evidences of life that the child of God had, and, bless the dear Lord, I was forced to believe I had them. Good Lord, guide me!

November 5th.—Heard Mr. Lewis from Solomon's Song. Called on my way home and had supper with Mr. B——. Enjoyed the blessing he asked at the table and his conversation very much.

How different he seems to be from me ! Oh, Lord, give me more humbling grace !

November 7th.—I have felt rather disappointed to-day in not receiving a letter from a friend, but was led to look at a hymn that reads thus in one part—

“ When, and where, and by what means,
To His wisdom leaving.”

Oh, Lord, do not leave me to murmur ! Have felt this day a degree of sweetness. On Wednesday night I hope I enjoyed some sweet meditation, and I do hope this morning the Lord did enable me to cast my idols to the moles and to the bats. “ Bless the Lord, O my soul,” for that. Oh, Lord, keep me from making idols again ! Oh, keep me humble !

(*To be concluded next month.*)

EXTRACT FROM BUNYAN.

“ *And let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity.*”—2 TIMOTHY ii. 19.

BUT this is a day that was never read of—a day wherein conversion is frequent without repentance—such a conversion as it is ; and therefore doth the Church of God now swarm with them that religiously name the name of Christ, and yet depart not from iniquity. Alas ! all houses, all tables, all shops have hanging up in them the sign of the want of repentance (Eccles. vii. 27, 28). To say nothing of the talk, of the beds and the backs of most that profess ; by which of these is it that one of a thousand for men, and for women one of ten thousand, do show that they have repentance ? No marvel, then, that the name of Christ is so frequently mentioned there, where iniquity dwells—yea, reigns, and that with the consent of the mind. I would not be austere, but, were wearing of gold, putting on of apparel, dressing up houses, decking of children, learning of compliments, boldness in women, worse in men, wanton behaviour, lascivious words, and tempting carriages, signs of repentance, then I must say the fruits of repentance swarm in our land ; but, if these be none of the fruits of repentance, then, oh, the multitude of professors that religiously name the name of Christ, and do not depart from iniquity !

“ THE Great Physician’s skill is shown,
When none can heal but He alone.”

THE PASTORATE AT CLIFTON.*

RECOGNITION SERVICES, HELD MONDAY, OCTOBER 18TH.

THE pastorate at Clifton so long and so ably filled by the late beloved Mr. Septimus Sears, which became vacant by his lamented death, has now been accepted by Mr. Frederick Marshall, of London, who for nearly thirty-five years was deacon of the cause at Gower Street Chapel. The Church and congregation feeling great gratitude to the Lord for sending them another under shepherd to go in and out before them, felt it only right to recognise the goodness of the Lord in a public manner by meeting together for united prayer, supplication, and thanksgiving, and also to give an opportunity for ministers to counsel both pastor and people, and wish them God speed. Amongst the ministers present we noticed the following—Messrs. Adams, Boorne, Brown, Fraser, Flitton, Hull, Marshall, Morriss, and Wren. The chapel was well filled both in the afternoon and evening, great interest being manifested by all present.

The afternoon meeting for united prayer was presided over by Mr. Lenton, the senior deacon, who, after speaking in prayer, gave a brief address, in which he spoke of the bereavement they had suffered in the loss of their late pastor, the exercises they had passed through respecting the choice of another, and how sincerely they trusted that Mr. Marshall had been sent them in answer to their petitions. Several ministers offered up prayer, after which Mr. Hull addressed the meeting as follows:—

“In my wanderings up and down the Bible, which I often make in search for a text, I met unexpectedly with the following words: ‘And Moses spake unto the Lord, saying, Let the Lord, the God of the spirits of all flesh, set a man over the congregation, which may go out before them, and which may go in before them, and which may lead them out, and which may bring them in; that the congregation of the Lord be not as sheep which have no shepherd’ (Num. xxvii. 15—17); and I at once felt, ‘How often has my heart and that of many others gone up for Clifton in this way!’ We loved your late minister and you for his and the Lord’s sake, believing that you both needed and desired a man to go in and out before you. Moses, at the time he wrote these words, was about to be taken away

* We could not as a rule throw open our pages for reports of meetings, anniversaries, &c., for two reasons—first, on account of our limited space; secondly, because it would alter the character of the Magazine. But, inasmuch as Clifton was the birthplace of both the *LITTLE GLEANER* and the *SOWER*, we have great pleasure in making this interesting, though necessarily very brief, report an exception.

from the people over whom God had appointed him leader, but his heart was still with them; and, though we cannot suppose that Moses regretted being taken from them, yet he was no doubt, like Paul, 'in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ;' but to abide in the flesh seemed more needful for them. Therefore, as he must leave them, he desired of the Lord another leader, or otherwise His people would be like scattered sheep. When the Lord took your late dear pastor, He took one who, it seemed, could ill be spared; for, without a faithful pastor, the lambs and sheep cannot be shepherded and watched over, and many evils are likely to arise among them to their hurt, and mischief is done before they are aware of it. You will notice that it says in the Word, 'While men *slept*, the enemy sowed tares among the wheat, *and went his way.*' He took care they should not see his black hand and his cloven foot. Now, the 'supply system' has done much, I believe, to foster the spirit of division so prevalent at the present time in the Church of Christ; and, since the Lord has said, 'I will give them pastors after My own heart,' I believe His order is the best. In answer to Moses' request, the Lord appointed Joshua, who was one of themselves, and we feel that Mr. Marshall is one of ourselves, therefore I rejoice at his appointment over you, and can but trust that it has been brought about in a right way. Some people may not approve of these services; but, if the Lord shows us a kindness, are we to put a bushel over it? Do we not often find fault with our legislators because they do not acknowledge the Lord's hand nationally? And is not the Church of God often remiss in this matter? The Lord has given you our friend Mr. Marshall as His servant, and I would have you ever remember that ministers of Christ are *His* servants, and are not to be treated as the servants of men, or be looked upon as mere hirelings. I believe you were very careful over Mr. Sears, therefore I believe you will be also over your present pastor. I trust you will all seek to encourage him, and may the Lord bless you, and cause the former days of spiritual prosperity to return upon you."

In the evening a meeting was held, at which Mr. Hull presided. After singing, Mr. Jeeves, one of the deacons, spoke in prayer. Mr. Hull then read Psalm cxxxiii., after which Mr. Fraser, of Stevenage, addressed the meeting.

Mr. Fraser said: "Dear friends, your former pastor was one of my close friends and companions. I was here at the opening of this chapel, and I recollect he said that he wished the preaching in this place to be like that of Bunyan, Owen, &c. I esteemed him as a faithful, fervent, and truthful man of God. His ministry took in the whole scope of God's Word, and

I can testify that he was as sound as sound could be. You have now another pastor sent in his place; but remember it has been said, 'God never repeats Himself,' therefore, you must not expect to find Mr. Marshall to be Mr. Sears over again. The mind, method, and manner of one man is not the same as another. Bear him on your hearts before the Lord. He will be tempted for you, he will weep for you, and Satan will thrust sore at him, and his own heart will plague him. He will, therefore, count those his best friends who pray most for him. You know, as common soldiers, how much you have to endure, and remember he, as an officer, has much more. Give him all the sympathy you can. He is not perfect, and you are not perfect, therefore bear with one another. He will want your regular attendance here; and don't come late, for you don't know how much you may lose by missing the first hymn. The work of the ministry is a *good* work, and *it is work*. It is also a solemn work, and I never want to feel it anything else than solemn; and it is a spiritual work. The Spirit teaches the man. We do not despise education. Let men get all they can, but it is only the handmaid, not the mistress; therefore your pastor will need the Spirit to prompt, to help, and to strengthen him. Dear friends, you have the whole of my heart. I would say, God bless you all."

Mr. Boorne, of Deptford, then addressed the meeting, and said: "The weather to-day has been beautiful, and we all like a cloudless sky on our wedding-day; and this we must look upon as a wedding-day betwixt pastor and people. It has been said that 'marriages are made in heaven,' and I trust it has been so with the union in this case. I have long felt a great union to Mr. Marshall, for I heard him preach his first sermon, and he heard me preach mine. Many times I have heard him preach, and felt, 'Truly thou art a man of God.' Where there is true affection it will grow, as I trust it will between you here, for your troubles and joys will be mutually shared. I trust you have asked him of the Lord. In Hart's words—

" 'Christian, dost thou want a teacher,
 Helper, counsellor, or guide?
 Wouldst thou find a proper preacher?
 Ask thy God, and He'll provide.
 Build on no man's parts or merit,
 But behold the Gospel plan;
 Jesus sends His Holy Spirit,
 And the Spirit sends the man.'

"In some respects there is a similarity between the preaching of your late and present pastors, especially in desiring that the Gospel should be preached to every creature, and that those who are partakers of the benefit should not have a dreamy, visionary

religion, but the Word of God abiding in them. Rowland Hill once said to a man who told him the Lord had met with him in a dream, 'That may be so ; but we shall want to see how you go on now that you are awake.' Your pastor will be as anxious as Mr. Sears was to preach not himself, but Christ crucified. It has been said that 'a minister should seek to draw the best picture he can of his Master, and hide himself behind it ;' but how self does try to show himself ! May God bless the union between you ; but remember that death, sooner or later, will snap the bond, and then it will be a comfort to hear, 'Well done, good and faithful servant ; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.' Brooks says we must enter into that, for it is too great to enter into us. I feel that in heaven my first work will be, with the four-and-twenty elders, to cast my crown at the feet of Jesus. Ministers, I believe, are set forth by the cherubims in Ezekiel's vision. They have the face of the ox, to show that they are strong to labour ; the face of the lion, to show that they are brave and no coward ; the face of an eagle, to set forth they must be keen-sighted ; and the face of a man, to show their tenderness ; and my dear father once said, concerning Mr. Marshall, after hearing him preach, 'That dear man is very tender ;' and I feel that he has been kept very tender ever since."

Mr. Morriss, of Hitchin, then spoke : "There has been confidence expressed that the hand of the Lord is in this matter, and I sincerely hope that, when it is proved and tried, that it will be found to be so, for, if the Lord's hand is in it, it will be sure to be tried. You have sent for Mr. Marshall to come amongst you. He might say to you as Peter did to Cornelius, 'For what intent have ye sent for me ?' It should be to declare to you 'the whole counsel of God.' If he does this, he will not be loved by every one, and I am sure the devil and his agents will not love him. The reason of Peter's success on the day of Pentecost in preaching the Gospel was because he had much of the Spirit of God, and this I believe was the reason of the success of such men as Bunyan and Berridge, for they had much to do with their Master. I have heard that the late Mr. Gadsby used to say, 'Let there be much of Christ in your preaching. Begin with Christ, go on with Christ, and end with Christ.'"

Mr. Marshall then came forward and said, "I am not a man to do things rashly. I have generally erred through being too slow rather than in being too fast. I feel that a man who succeeds one like Mr. Sears in the ministry does so at a disadvantage, because you have an ideal by which you judge the successor ; therefore, look upon me as an instrument in the hand of God. Do not come to hear me, but to hear what God the Lord shall say. I have had much to discourage me in the ministry at times. I recollect, when

I first went to Oakham to preach for Mr. Philpot, I was awed with the thought; and, when I reached Oakham station, I inwardly thought, 'The place of my trial to-morrow;' when something seemed to say, 'Don't be dejected. You know not how many prayers are going up for you.' The next day I was so helped in preaching that I never once thought of the great man. In the evening a few friends assembled at the house of a friend. When we had been there a little while, the good man looked hard at me, and said, 'Young man, don't think you will ever be a Joseph Charles Philpot, because you never will be.' After a pause: 'Young man, don't think you will ever be a William Tiptaft, because you never will.' After a longer pause: 'Young man, don't think you will ever be a John Warburton, because you never will.' I said, 'Sir, no doubt you think yourself a judge of character. All I can say is, that I would rather be plain Frederick Marshall than the greatest mimic of the greatest man in the world.' When I left next morning, I was pleased to find the good man was away on his farm. However, as I was at the station, some one tapped me on the shoulder, and I heard the same voice behind me: 'Young man, don't let what I said last night discourage you; and, to show that I have no ill-will towards you, I want you to accept this hamper.' Mr. Philpot afterwards told me that the good man thought I had got on so well that he believed it might do me good to say what he did. Thus, from time to time, 'from sinner and from saint I have met with many a blow.' Did I not hope that I really know the truths that I preach, I would rather sweep a crossing than go into a pulpit. 'By the grace of God I am what I am.' My days are fast running out to the ocean of eternity, and I want my last days to be more devoted to the Lord. Some time ago God took away my first-born son. I have never yet recovered from that blow. That son greatly loved Mr. Sears, and often expressed a desire after his death that I should be placed over his people. This news has since reached me through his sisters. How his heart would have rejoiced to have seen ~~it~~ brought about! I have been invited to pastorates several times before, but could never feel my mind led to accept them. Mr. Philpot used to say, 'You have too much on you. Your business is enough for one man, the ministry is enough for one man, and your heavy charge as a deacon over a large Church is enough for one man;' but I could not see my way clear to give either of them up till now."

Mr. Marshall, in the course of his address, gave a most interesting account of how the Lord had saved him, when a young man, from the meshes of infidelity, by bringing him into concern about his sins, and by sending His holy Word into his heart and conscience, whereby he was searched and judged. Herein he

feared there could be no mercy from God for him ; but finally he was led to behold God in Christ, and was led to see how God could justify the ungodly who believe in Jesus. He also dwelt upon his exercises respecting accepting the call to Clifton, and said how persuaded he was, from having so long known and loved their late pastor, and from having felt a sympathy with him in the line of teaching he was constrained to take, that the field of labour there would be congenial to his desires ; and, although he felt quite unequal to him both in grace and ability, yet he trusted the Church would find in him one that was careful for their souls and anxious to promote the best interests of all.

Mr. Wren, of Bedford, made a few pleasant and telling remarks on ministerial work, and stated what pleasure and edification he had felt by being present at the meeting. He earnestly desired the Lord's blessing might rest both on pastor and people.

Mr. Brown, of Colchester, in addressing a few words, said he should have suffered great loss if he had not been present to have seen and heard what had transpired at the meetings. He felt very dissatisfied with himself, but was glad to meet with men whose ministry was what he believed to be Scriptural and a living testimony of "the truth as it is in Jesus." He rejoiced with the friends at Clifton at the settlement of Mr. Marshall, and hoped the blessing of the Lord would rest upon him.

Mr. Hull then read Joshua i. 16, 17, as appropriate to the Church, who he believed would heartily respond to the remarks made by the various friends during the evening. The hymn 'With heavenly power,' &c., having been sung, Mr. Adams concluded a happy and profitable meeting with prayer.

LOVE-TOKENS.

My dear Master will make several slow advances, momentary and transient visits to thee, previous to the day of espousal. He will appear on the mountains, and many obstacles will lower their towering heads. Then He will show Himself through the lattice, which will make some slits and crevices through the old veil that is upon thy heart ; but it will not destroy the face of that covering, nor wholly swallow up death in victory. Then He will stand behind the wall, and the old strongholds will begin to shake : prejudice, enmity, hardness, infidelity, and despondency will scarcely hold together. But oh, when once He puts His hand in by the hole, and rends the caul of thine heart, then unbelief flies back, faith goes in, and love, sorrow, and evangelical repentance will flow out ; for thy bowels will be moved for Him more than ever Joseph's were over Benjamin, or the real mother over the son that Solomon ordered to be cut in two. HUNTINGTON.

HARVEST THOUGHTS.

ONCE again, in its appointed time and order, has the harvest taken its place in the seasons of the year; and we hope, through the longsuffering goodness of a bountiful Giver, it may prove a season of plenty. We find the harvest used in Scripture oftentimes in a figurative manner. The Lord Jesus compared the world to a harvest-field, and bade His disciples pray the Lord of the harvest to send more labourers into it, saying, "The harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few" (Luke x. 2). Again, we find Him comparing the preaching or teaching of the Word to sowing, &c. (Matt. xiii. 3—23; Mark iv. 3—20); and He speaks of the loss of some seed, and the springing up and ultimate fruitfulness of other. Perhaps we may, without perverting or unduly straining Scripture, liken the Sunday-school teacher, in a more humble and less honourable manner, to a sower of the seed, or a labourer in the vineyard, as the fruit gathered to the garner of heaven by their labours and instrumentality from time to time testifies. The parable of the sower seems to well represent the work of the Sunday-school, and the success and failure attending the work of seed-sowing, according to the nature of the ground where the seed is cast, and whether the various elements essential to the fruitfulness of the harvest be propitious or not; but as in nature these things are hidden from the sower, so also in this respect; and we, like him, have to sow in hope, and wait the issue, which must depend upon the Lord of the harvest alone. We are told that "he that observeth the wind shall not sow;" and are exhorted "in the morning to sow our seed, and in the evening not to withhold our hand, knowing not whether shall prosper, this or that, or whether both shall be alike good." But there is much encouragement to go on, and many great and precious promises that the labour shall not be in vain.

Pondering over some such thoughts as the foregoing in connection with teaching led to some of the following—likening the teacher to the sower, the seed to the Word, the ground to the scholars, as in the parable. How much of the seed sown seems, as it were, to fall and perish as soon as cast, not yielding even a blade of hope to the sower! It falls on ground hard by nature, and still more hardened by the various surrounding influences of vice and wickedness to which the young are exposed—some in less, some in greater measure—and it seems only cast away, leaving no apparent influence or effect upon the mind. This seems like labour lost.

Then there is other ground, when the sower, after casting the seed, sees blades of promise springing up in the attention and

good behaviour of the scholar. Hymns, portions of Scripture, &c., are learned, and a readiness and pleasure manifested in listening to the teacher, answering and asking questions, and an intelligent understanding of different parts of truth is manifested. This cheers the heart of the sower, and repays him (in anticipation) for his toil and care, and gives good reason for hope that fruit to eternal life will follow these blades of promise. Sometimes, through the mercy of the Lord, it does so, but oftentimes it does not.

As in nature there is, after the springing of the corn, much adverse weather to try it, so also in our figure. There is the wet, such as wicked companions, who, by their evil counsels and persuasions, mockings, scoffings, &c., act upon the mind as a superabundance of rain upon the earth, and the blades seem to rot and fall.

Then there is the danger of excessive frost: this seems to represent the effect of sceptical, atheistic influences upon the mind of the young. It is to be feared that, in the present day, there is great danger of this from those older in years with whom the young (boys perhaps more frequently) are associated in their work. The evil minds of such are more matured in reasoning, suggesting, and combating, than the younger ones are, and though the young may stand and contend for a while, as blades literally will stand a great deal of frost, yet, by a continuation and increasing severity, it at last succumbs. So by arguing in matters too high, without sufficient knowledge or understanding, and upon ground other than Scripture, the mind is ensnared, and it is to be feared that oftentimes the blasting influence succeeds, and again the labour seems lost, and the earth appears no more likely to yield fruit than when no corn had been sown.

Then, again, there is excessive drought to be feared. This perhaps represents the temptations to pleasure-seeking of a hurtful kind—betting, Sabbath-breaking, &c.—with which the young are continually beset: and how much seed seems lost by these means! Here again is disappointment; but sometimes the disappointment seems still greater. The blades spring, and an ear appears. Then there is still greater reason for hope, and also greater anxiety as to whether the yield will be good.

But there are many dangers still, such as blight, smut, &c. This would seem to show some who continue and grow up in the school, and seem by their general walk and conduct to give reason for hope that in time they will prove useful as teachers, or sowers, in their turn, and be perhaps united in Christian fellowship with the saints of the Lord. Sometimes, through grace, this is the blessed result; but often, alas! it is otherwise. As we have seen in

nature, so in our figure, the blighting influences of carnal pleasure, the pride of life, the vain allurements of the world, and other lusts of the flesh—the blackening, stifling smut of false doctrines, fanciful, flesh-pleasing manners and forms of worship, “falsely so-called,” where the worship of God is made secondary to the pleasing of the fancy—this and much more conspires and seems oftentimes effectually to destroy and wither up all hope of heavenly fruits, and we have to fear that such are dead, and bring forth no fruits but those of sin. And, as in nature, the nearer the approach to, and prospect of, a plentiful harvest, the greater the pain and sorrow at the fruitless issue. So it is to the sower, and he is ready to exclaim like one of old, “I have laboured in vain, and spent my strength for nought.” But whose is the greater loss? The sower loses his labour, but what of the ground? We read in Hebrews vi. of ground being “rejected, nigh unto cursing, whose *end* is to be *burned*.” But there is much reason for the sower to hope. It is said of some seed that it lieth long in the ground. In the late expedition towards the North Pole some grain was discovered which had been left many years before by previous explorers, yet afterwards, being sown, it grew and yielded increase.

A friend once related to the writer what has often been to him a source of encouragement to hope and wait. He had sown a wheat crop. A very severe winter ensued. There were no signs of the seed growing, and he at last determined to give up the hope of any return, but, before planting anything else, he knelt down, put his face to the ground as the sun was shining, and looked down the piece. He thought he saw the appearance of blades glistening in the sunshine, and so left it for a time longer, and in the end had the finest crop, I think, that he ever had from the piece of land. So, by careful observation, the sower may find many reasons and causes of hope still to continue. “Cast thy bread [or seed] upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days.” We cannot tell whether the water may carry it, nor see its germination or development, but it shall be found. We cannot suppose the sower in casting the seed knew what the fowls of the air would devour, what would perish on the stony ground, or be choked among the thorns; had he, it were foolish and unreasonable to cast it. But some fell upon good ground, and, if three parts of our labour be lost, what an infinite mercy if there is a fourth found at last to yield gracious return and increase! Who can estimate the value and honour of being the means of casting seed which shall result in the salvation, under the blessing of God, of one soul?

The Lord has graciously used figures suitable for our comprehension; but all figures, similes, &c., fall infinitely short of truly

representing in their full extent the tremendous importance of the ends signified, as eternity exceeds time, and immortality our present uncertain state, &c. But our minds are so created that we are able to apprehend the reality (with the Lord's blessing), and in some degree measure or understand the greatness of what is signified therein ; as, though we cannot hold, or even see, all the waters of the sea, yet we can hold a little of it in our hand, and know that it is part of a vast and, to us, boundless whole ; and so, knowing in some small measure the *terrors* of the Lord and the *goodness* of the Lord, may we be helped to labour and sow on, in the hope that the Lord will not suffer it to be in vain !

I have seen in some parts, when the corn has been ripe and men to reap it somewhat scarce, instead of reaping close to the ground, the men have just cut the tops with the grain, in order to get it quicker, and left the stalks to a more convenient opportunity. This seems to bring to mind the way the Lord deals in His harvest. He gathers His precious grain, when ripe, into His heavenly garner. The stalk, or body, He leaves until He shall have gathered in all the immortal grain ; and then shall the body also be gathered from the earth, and in a glorious form be "ever with the Lord." But what of that where there is no fruit (unto holiness) found ? Just as the husbandman looks upon the fruitless, sapless stalks only with anger, and gathers them to clear the ground, and burns or uses them as refuse, so will the Lord deal with the wicked, who are compared to chaff, stubble, &c.

That the Lord may graciously bless those who sow, whether by Press, pen, or tongue, and also the earth where they cast the seed of truth, and raise, by any and every means, a gracious and bountiful harvest unto Himself from amongst the young, is the earnest desire and prayer of

A TEACHER.

CHRIST saith, "The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak." Christ speaketh there of Himself. St. Paul also saith, the spirit willingly would give himself wholly unto God, would trust in Him, and be obedient ; but natural reason and understanding, flesh and blood resisteth. It neither will nor can go forward. Therefore, our Lord God must needs have patience with us.—*Luther.*

GOD will either keep His saints from temptation by His preventing mercy, or in temptation by His supporting mercy, or find a way for their escape by His delivering mercy. A Christian that lives amongst his enemies should never stir out without his armour. If you follow Satan, you will find the tempter prove tormentor ; if you follow the Spirit, you will find the Counsellor prove a Comforter.—*J. Mason.*

STRIKING FACTS.

A FAITHFUL minister now in glory, who was supplying the place of the clergyman of S——, visited the sick-bed of a parishioner. Upon telling him that he was a sinner, that he had broken the law of God, &c., the poor dying creature, collecting all his strength, rose up from his bed, and with great indignation demanded of the minister, "Who has been telling you that I am a sinner? I a sinner! Let me know who has said this, for I have a little money, and I'll go to law with him."

2. It was a Sabbath evening, and a young woman (who had been employed during the week at a factory, and had spent this day, as too many do, in idle forgetfulness of the great end for which it was ordained) was walking in her father's garden, when she heard the bell at A—— giving warning for service. "Oh," said she to herself, "I can while an hour or two away by going to church. I'll go," and immediately set off. Arrived at the place of worship, she made herself comfortable in the pew, to pass the hour as easily as she could. She does not remember anything of the sermon until, in the midst of his discourse, the minister paused and said, "Ask yourselves, my friends, with what motives you are come to church. Various are the motives of the different persons in the congregation. Some come to the house of God merely to while an hour away. Fearful thought!" How much was our friend struck with these words, knowing that this was her case, though the minister could not know it. She had never given utterance to her thoughts, and he was in the desk when she reached church, yet she fancied he looked directly at her. From that moment she seemed to hear with different ears. Her soul was arrested, her conscience was aroused, her past sins in thought, word, and deed, crowded on her memory, and tears became her sorrowful meat. The church became the place of constant resort, no longer to while away time, but to ascertain if so be there was any hope for her. Long and painful was her struggle with the law, with fear, with her own natural ignorance of the Lord's ways. Worldly habits were given up, worldly companions left; but at length the light of the Lord's countenance shone on her soul, the salvation of Jesus was rested on, and she has found peace. Not a more diligent attender on the "means of grace" can be found anywhere than the subject of these few lines.

A. H.

ALAS! that we so easily wander from the fountain of life to hew out cisterns for ourselves, and that we seem more attached to a few drops of His grace in our fellow-creatures than to the fulness of grace that is in Himself.—*Newton.*

LETTERS FOR THE YOUNG.—No. VIII.

“*He that heareth My Word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life.*”—JOHN v. 24.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—This is a precious verse which I here bring before you. It comprehends a great many things, and one at least by which we may examine ourselves. It is well, my dear friends, thus to come to the light of God's holy Word. Oh, that we valued it more! One said, “Thy Word is unto me the joy and rejoicing of mine heart;” and another saith, “Oh, how I love Thy law: it is my meditation all the day;” and, “I have stuck unto Thy testimonies, O Lord.” Can you join with the Psalmist? Is the Word precious unto you? David saith again, “Unless Thy law had been my delight, my soul had almost dwelt in silence.” The Psalmist had not the New Testament as we have, but he saw Jesus prefigured in the types and shadows then used, and he wrote of Him, for his faith looked forward to Him that should come. How precious are the Psalms to the Christian. In every exercise of his soul he can often find vent in the language of the Psalmist. They are sweet and precious words which the Lord has there given for our comfort, and how sad that some should even seek to set aside the Psalms altogether! But *they* do not fear the Lord, and, not having heard His Word, it has no abiding in them, so the language to them is strange. But oh, *I* would not part with the Psalms, and I am sure that all who have heard the words of Jesus to profit will agree with me respecting *every part* of the Bible.

“ We won't give up the Bible,
God's holy Book of truth;
The blessed staff of hoary age,
The guide of early youth.

“ The sun that sheds her glorious light
O'er every dreary road;
The voice that speaks a Saviour's love,
And calls us home to God.”

But, my dear young friends, let us think of the text at our heading. The Lord graciously comes very low, and, confirming it with two “*verily,*” says, “*He that heareth My Word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life.*” Have you ever heard the words of Jesus? Have your eyes, ears, and hearts been opened to attend unto His Word? Has it convinced you of your sin and need of a Saviour? Have you sincerely repented of your sin, and “fled for refuge to lay hold on the hope set before us”? Has the Gospel been good news

and glad tidings to your souls? Has your faith laid hold on Christ as the only Saviour, and just the One you need—One who will “save unto the uttermost,” and who “will in no wise cast out,” but graciously says, “Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest”? And oh, how sweet is rest to the tempest-tossed soul! “Rest in Christ, the Ark of grace.” Can you say with one of old, “Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief”? The disciples of old prayed, “Lord, increase our faith.” May this be your prayer, for the Scripture saith, “By grace are ye saved, *through faith*: and that not of yourselves; *it is the gift of God*.” The Word stands thus: “Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened;” but “ask in faith.”

Think, my dear young friends, of the verse here given you, and examine yourselves thereby. If you truly believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, you have “everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation;” “therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God’s;” and remember the word, “Ye cannot serve God and mammon.”

Your sincere friend and well-wisher,

ELSIE.

NO CROSS, NO CROWN.

THE Head that once was crowned with thorns
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

The highest place that heaven affords
Is His—is His by right;
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
And heaven's eternal Light.

The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know.

To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace is given;
Their name an everlasting name;
Their joy the joy of heaven.

They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above;
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.

The cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him;
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

THOS. KELLY.

THE SOWER.

THE EFFICACY OF GOD'S WORD.

BY THE LATE HENRY FOWLER.

“Is not My Word like as a fire? saith the Lord; and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces?”—JEREMIAH xxiii. 29.

By a variety of comparisons, the Lord conveys His mind and will unto us. Seeing we are dull of apprehension, He uses words expressive of things with which we are familiar.

Fire softens and melts the hardest metals, and is capable of consuming all that is consumable. The Word of the Lord tries sinners' hearts and ways, and all their carnal notions and vain thoughts of God are consumed by the fire of His Word. God's fire is attended with light, and that light discovers the darkness of the sinner's heart, but the darkness comprehends it not: “The entrance of Thy words giveth light; it giveth understanding unto the simple” (Psa. cxix. 130). This fire dissolves stony hearts, and makes the affections soft, as Job saith, “For God maketh my heart soft, and the Almighty troubleth me” (Job xxiii. 16). See how soft the fire of Christ's word made Saul of Tarsus. He that could look on with pleasure while they stoned Stephen to death, and hold the clothes of Stephen's murderers—he that could drag the disciples of Jesus, male and female, from their peaceable habitations, forth to the council to be punished—whose zeal burned even to madness, was soon melted down to prayer by the voice, “Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?”

The natural softness sometimes seen in persons must be distinguished from those feelings produced in a sinner by the light of life. There may be the most tender, humane feelings in a person, and not one spark of grace. The heathens showed Paul and his companions no little kindness—and, indeed, their kindness should make professors of religion blush—but they were idolaters, and worshipped not the true God, but had “lords many and gods many,” and would have worshipped Paul had he allowed it. God's powerful Word consumes all idolatrous notions, and turns a sinner's feet to God's testimonies, as Paul shows: “For they themselves show of us what manner of entering in we had unto you, and how ye turned to God from dumb idols to serve the living and true God” (1 Thess. i. 9). Nature cannot rise above itself. All the efforts of man leave him destitute of life. “He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life” (1 John v. 12).

God's fire consumes that confidence which in ignorance is

founded upon the free-will and ability of the creature to love, serve, and obey the holy law of God, which is a fleshly confidence, quite distinct from that well-grounded confidence begotten in the heart of a sinner by the Holy Ghost. "We are the circumcision, which worship God in the spirit, and rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh" (Phil. iii. 3). Paul, and those to whom he wrote, were once building upon a sandy foundation, trusting to their own dead performances, which was a refuge of lies; but God's fire burned them out of their nest, and destroyed their false hiding-place. Every man will ground his confidence upon some fleshly thing, till God burns it up with His fire. "The fire shall try every man's work."

This fire is also designed to warm cold hearts, and make them burn with love to Jesus Christ and His people: "Did not our heart burn within us while He talked with us by the way, and while He opened to us the Scriptures?" said the two disciples as they were going to Emmaus (Luke xxiv. 32). Thus the Word of life from the lips of Christ was a fire that warmed their heart, nor could they forget it, not to their dying day perhaps! Oh, for more of that heart-warming power which alone dissolves the desperate hardness of our flinty hearts! I sometimes tremble at my own hardness, and "wonder where the scene will end." Oh, God of my salvation, "create in me a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within me," for nothing less than Thy holy fire can warm such a cold, death-like heart as mine!

The Lord not only compares His Word to a fire, but also to a hammer, the use of which is known to every one. Of itself it is useless. It must be taken in the hand, and power must be used, with a right aim, or nothing is effected. So the Lord must use His Word by His own hand of divine power, guided by His wisdom, and then it "breaks the rock in pieces;" that is, the sinner's hard heart, fitly compared to a rock. God makes His Word to reach the sinner's conscience: "Hearken unto Me, ye stout-hearted, that are far from righteousness: I bring near My righteousness; it shall not be far off, and My salvation shall not tarry; and I will place salvation in Zion for Israel My glory" (Isa. xlv. 12, 13). There are, no doubt, different effects produced by the same power. The Word like a fire operated on Lydia's heart, and kindled in her bosom a sweet love to the Lord and His dear servants, which was evidenced in her speech and conduct: "If ye have judged me faithful, come into my house;" and, when the Apostles were liberated from prison, they entered Lydia's house, who no doubt received them joyfully. Many poor sinners have their affections first wrought upon by hearing the Word preached, but no great terror may attend them for a time. The Word has operated with a silent sweetness, slaying their

enmity, subduing their rebellion, and constraining them to love Jesus, His people, and His ways. If a sinner is brought here, he is doubtless taught of God, though his judgment may be badly informed, and the fountain of the great deep, his heart's depravity, may not be broken up or discovered to him, as it may be at a future period. Let not such write bitter things against themselves, but bless God for opening their blind eyes sufficiently to see that "there is no other name under heaven given amongst men whereby we must be saved" but the name of Jesus. The natural judgments of men may be very well informed in spiritual doctrines, obtained by reading, hearing, or conversation; and, on the other hand, the judgments of some living souls may be much confused touching many great and sublime truths. We should look more after the power of religion, which will manifest itself in them that have it, in God's good time, rather than be carried away with the noisy speech of many who are puffed up with pride and vain glory.

These remarks are intended for the encouragement of some who are weak in faith—not to make them slothful, but to stir them up to prayer and diligence, in God's appointed means, till He enables them to say, "My Beloved is mine and I am His." The case of the jailor at Philippi differs from Lydia's, for on the jailor's heart the Word of God came like a sledge-hammer. I suppose the jailor to have been a most desperate character, using the poor persecuted prisoners most cruelly; but what rebel can stand before Omnipotence? He that thrust Paul and Silas into the inner prison, and made their feet fast in the stocks, was employed the same night in taking them out of prison, taking them to his house, and washing their wounds, no doubt with weeping eyes, and feeding them at his own table with better than prisoners' fare. The earthquake shook the prison, and threw open the prison doors, but God was not seen in the earthquake, for the jailor was about to kill himself; but, when Paul's voice was heard, "Do thyself no harm, for we are all here," the Lord smote the rebel's heart with the hammer of His Word. Paul's was not a carnal weapon, but a spiritual one, and did prove mighty through God. The lion becomes a lamb, trembles before the suffering prisoners, falls at their feet, and anxiously cries, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" Thus the Word was as "a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces." Paul immediately preached to the trembling jailor the doctrine of faith and salvation by Jesus Christ: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." The word of salvation broke his hard heart, and "he set meat before them, and rejoiced, believing in God with all his house" (Acts xvi. 34); so that the same powerful word reached the hearts of *all his family*.

Whether they were all grown to the age of maturity I know not, but it is evident they were old enough to confess Jesus Christ. What a highly-favoured family! Instead of oaths and curses and all manner of abominable conversation, I doubt not but they were heard conversing of the almighty power, grace, and goodness of the Lord, and singing His high praises with joyful lips. David's sublime description of God's presence and power with Israel when they escaped from Egypt, passed the Red Sea, and at last the Jordan, to enter the promised land, may be applied to the jailor: "What ailed thee, O thou sea, that thou fleddest? thou Jordan, that thou wast driven back? ye mountains, that ye skipped like rams? and ye little hills like lambs? Tremble, thou earth, at the presence of the Lord, at the presence of the God of Jacob; which turned the rock into a standing water, the flint into a fountain of waters" (Psalm cxiv. 5—8).

- "God of all-sufficient power,
Use the hammer of Thy Word;
Let this be the joyful hour,
Let Thy captives be restored.
- "Break the stubborn sinner's heart;
Break his adamant chains;
Rays of light and joy impart
To the soul where darkness reigns.
- "Let Thy mighty Gospel's sound
Reach the imprisoned sinner's soul,
Till, like "legion," he is found
In his right mind, clothed, and whole.
- "Make the trembling soul rejoice
With Thy oil and cheering wine;
Then we'll sing with heart and voice,
'Endless praises, Lord, be Thine.'"

ONE grain of divine teaching is more valuable a million times than the highest human attainments, though they weighed tons in the opposite scale. One smile from the Fountain of bliss, the God of all grace and Father of mercies, is an earnest of an eternal "inheritance, incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away."—*Philpot*.

THE Scripture is all full of divine wisdom, and calls for our reverence in the consideration of it; and, indeed, a constant awe of the majesty, authority, and holiness of God in His Word is the only teachable frame. Proud and careless spirits see nothing of heaven or divinity in the Word, but the humble are made wise in it.—*Dr. Owen*.

LETTER BY THE LATE HENRY GLOVER.

Croydon, June 6th, 1862.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have just received yours, and cannot help smiling to find you are not the only one who is proving the love, wisdom, goodness, and compassion of God, but proving also that it is the old beaten path, as the dear Redeemer says, “In the world ye shall have tribulation;” yea, and “ye shall be hated of all men for My name’s sake;” and oh, what a mercy when we can see and feel it is for Christ’s sake! As dear brother Job said, “Why persecute ye me, seeing the root of the matter is in me?” Indeed, I think I begin to see and feel more and more that this is the reason the dear tried saints of God are so often scorned and persecuted; for, when poor Little-Faith’s penny shines bright, to the dazzling of his brothers’ and sisters’ eyes, then they will have a fling at him, and say it is only flesh or excitement; and sure I am the devil will have a fling at him, and his own wretched and unbelieving heart will often join in with them, and then it is often felt, “Where is now thy God?” And yet how strange to tell, this seems to be the way the dear Lord makes us to know the truth, and that it is no strange thing that has happened to us; for they that will live godly must suffer persecution—yes, from the world, the Church, and the devil, so that we learn that “man doth not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord.”

“Oh, how good our gracious God is!
What rich feasts doth He provide!”

And oh, how condescending and compassionate that the dear Redeemer should so tenderly reason all these matters over and over again in our hearts, that we sweetly see and feel at times it is in love to our souls, to purge and make His bride meet for the marriage supper of the Lamb! And how sweetly dear David speaks: “For Thou, O God, hast proved us: Thou hast tried us as silver is tried. Thou broughtest us into the net; Thou laidst affliction upon our loins. Thou hast caused men to ride over our heads; we went through fire and through water: but Thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place;” and this I seem to be secretly told and inwardly learning is the way the dear Lord puts things to rights and creatures in their proper place, “that no flesh shall glory in His presence,” but with solemn and sweet delight learn more and more to crown our blessed Immanuel, in real love and affection, Lord of all. Then what can we say to these things? “If God be for us, who can be against us?” and “He that spared not His dear and well-beloved Son, but delivered Him up for us all,

how shall He not with Him freely give us all things" that are needful, although flesh so dislikes the way ?

" Cheer up, ye travelling saints ;
On Jesu's aid rely ;
He sees us when we see not Him,
And always hears our cry."

My dear friend, I find and feel indeed that changes and war abide me, and they seem to increase as I am getting older ; but oh, how sweet these words were to me last week, when oppressed and in a very low place—they came so soft and sweet—" He that loveth Me *keepeth* My sayings." Yes, and I shall never forget, many years ago, the first sweet and gracious words that He spoke home to my heart with love and power, when there was " no eye to pity nor any arm to save." This has been and still is my comfort, for He hath said, " Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My Word shall not pass away." " Truly God is good to Israel, even to such as are of a clean heart ;" and " The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."

But I must leave off, for I find, as good old Daniel Herbert said, " The devil will be at his old work again." Accept our united love, and love to all the saints with you, and grace, mercy, and peace be with you, and all who love the dear Redeemer in sincerity and truth.

Yours affectionately for Jesus' sake.

To the late Mr. J. Clarke.

H. GLOVER.

" ABSOLVO TE."

" Thy faith hath saved thee ; go in peace."—LUKE vii. 50.

ONE Priest alone can pardon me,
Or bid me " Go in peace ;"
Can breathe the words, " Absolvo te,"
And make these heart-throbs cease :
My soul has heard His priestly voice ;
It said, " I bore thy sins—rejoice !"
1 Peter ii. 24.

He showed the spear-mark in His side,
The nail-print on His palm :
Said, " Look on Me, the Crucified ;
Why tremble thus ? Be calm :
All power is Mine—I set thee free ;
Be not afraid—Absolvo te."
Isaiah xlv. 22.

In chains of sin once tied and bound,
 I walk in life and light ;
 Each spot I tread is hallowed ground
 Whilst Him I keep in sight,
 Who died a Victim on the tree,
 That He might say, “ Absolvo te.”
 1 John i. 7.

By Him my soul is purified,
 Once leprous and defiled ;
 Cleansed by the water from His side,
 God sees me as a child ;
 No priest can heal or cleanse but He ;
 No other say, “ Absolvo te.”
 Matthew viii. 3.

He robed me in a priestly dress
 That I might incense bring
 Of prayer, and praise, and righteousness,
 To heaven's eternal King ;
 And when He gave this robe to me,
 He smiled and said, “ Absolvo te.”
 Zechariah iii. 4, 5.

In heaven He stands before the throne,
 The great High Priest above :
 Melchizedek—that name alone
 Can sin's dark stain remove ;
 To Him I look on bended knee,
 And hear that sweet “ Absolvo te.”
 Hebrews viii. 1.

A girded Levite here below,
 I willing service bring ;
 And fain would tell to all I know
 Of Christ the Priestly King ;
 Would win all hearts from sin to flee,
 And hear Him say, “ Absolvo te.”
 1 John ii. 1.

“ A little while ” and He shall come
 Forth from the inner shrine
 To call His pardoned brethren home ;
 Oh, bliss supreme, divine !
 Then every blood-bought child shall see
 The Priest who said, “ Absolvo te.”
 Hebrews ix. 28.

OUR peace does not depend on any change of circumstances which may seem desirable, but in having our will bowed to the Lord's will, and in being made willing to submit all to His disposal and management.—*Newton.*

HAWKER ON ELECTION.

THE mystery of election, which now excites so much bitterness in the breast of the carnal, while it calls forth the unceasing wonder, love, and praise of all the redeemed, will then [at the judgment] cease to be a mystery, and will be a matter of surprise no more. When the children of the kingdom and the children of the wicked one shall be found arranged under their respective heads, and Christ is beheld encircled with *His* family, and the devil with *his*, the whole congregated world will at once and intuitively discover that the election of grace included the whole of Christ's kingdom, and the rejection of "the *rest*" (as they are called, Rom. xi. 7) referred only to the kingdom of Satan (Matt. xii. 26); and here the mystery ends. This great truth indeed was preached to the Church, and by the Lord Himself, immediately on the fall; for, when the Lord God pronounced sentence on the old serpent, the devil, these were His words: "And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed" (Gen. iii. 15). Mark the expression—"thy seed"—that is, the seed of the serpent; and "her seed," that is, of the woman. And these are not *angels*, for there is no propagation of angels by seed; neither in Scripture are they ever so described; but the seed of the serpent are *men*, as are the seed of the woman, or of Christ, which is meant by the seed of the woman; and hence we find the different seeds uniformly marked through the whole Bible.

The Apostle John declares Cain to have been "*of that wicked one*," meaning the devil. John doth not say that he was *tempted* of that wicked one to slay his brother; but he was *of him*, that is, *his seed* (1 John iii. 10—12); and the Lord Jesus thus marked the whole race. He called them *serpents*, a "generation of vipers," which could not escape the damnation of hell (Matt. xxiii. 33); and, in the parable of the *good seed* and the *tares*, Jesus in so many words declared that the *good seed were the children of the kingdom*, and the *tares the children of the wicked one; the enemy which sowed them is the devil* (Matt. xiii. 24—40); and, if possible, in yet stronger terms, when speaking to certain among the Jews, Jesus said, "*Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do*" (John viii. 44).

Observe, in all these descriptions the Lord doth not say that they were led away with the temptations of the devil, and acting as his *servants* and *vassals*, but that they were his children; and with them, therefore, what they did was as natural (having the same nature) at it was with their father to do so.

On the other hand, the Holy Ghost hath given the marked features of the children of Christ, and shown the sure promises

which God hath given concerning them. They are said to be a *people* whom God hath formed for Himself, who shall show forth His praise (Isaiah xliii. 21); “*a remnant* in the midst of many people” (Micah v. 8); “*a chosen generation*” (1 Peter ii. 9); and concerning whom the Lord the Father hath said to Christ, “I will pour My Spirit upon Thy seed, and My blessing upon Thine offspring” (Isaiah xlv. 3). “As for Me, this is My covenant with them, saith the Lord; My Spirit that is upon thee, and My words which I have put in thy mouth, shall not depart out of thy mouth, nor out of the mouth of thy seed, nor out of the mouth of thy seed’s seed, saith the Lord, from henceforth and for ever” (Isaiah lix. 21). What can more decidedly show the features of character of the seed which mark each? and what can determine the doctrine more strongly in proof of the both kingdoms?

I have often thought that, had we the faculty of discerning spirits, as Paul had when, filled with the Holy Ghost, he declared Elymas, the sorcerer, to be a “*child of the devil*” (Acts xiii. 10), it would not only solve a thousand problems which now often perplex the Lord’s people, but it would for ever put a stop to the presumptuous reasonings of weak and foolish men, who would fain have more mercy than the Lord, and are therefore very angry with Him respecting election.

Let me not, however, be mistaken. I speak not as though I thought it were desirable to possess such a faculty in the present life—far, very far from it. Sure I am it would be productive of many evils; and therefore it is in great mercy withheld from us. But I merely say that, if we could discern spirits, it would so damp the pride of the human heart that none would be found any longer to arraign God’s wisdom and God’s justice in His exercise of *election*; for who would then find fault with God in withholding grace from the seed of the serpent? Every child of God would then see the impossibility of giving it; and in instances where, until that discernment was made, a man might lean in wishes towards another, yet, when seen, he would no longer cherish such in his bosom, but do as Moses did when he saw his rod turned into a serpent—*flee from before it*.

But let it be remembered that, though we do not possess such a faculty in this life, and cannot therefore often distinguish the *precious from the vile*, yet our ignorance of the different seeds makes no difference in the seed themselves. Christ’s kingdom and Satan’s kingdom, Christ’s seed and the serpent’s seed, are in the world, and as distinct from each other as light from darkness, and as impossible to coalesce and become one as the clay and the iron which the monarch saw in his vision (Dan. ii. 43). The great day of the Lord will explain all, and then the sovereignty

and justice of God will be unfolded, the world shall see that God's *election* hath included the whole of Christ and His seed, and the reprobation extended but to Satan and his seed. Not one of the little ones of Christ's kingdom will be found shut out; not one of the brood of the serpent taken in. Each kingdom will be found marshalled under their respective heads, and the whole plan of the divine government being laid open to view, will call forth increasing praise to God, and everlasting joy to His Church in Christ Jesus.

But conceive what paleness, what horror, what anguish of soul will overwhelm those men at the discovery who in this life, merely from their own presumptuous reasonings, and in direct opposition to holy Scripture, have impeached the divine justice in *election*, and dared to say and write such things of God as I tremble but to read, and consider too blasphemous even to copy off on paper! Is it not with an eye to such the Apostle speaks when, in his description of the last day, he saith, "Behold, the Lord cometh with ten thousands of His saints, to execute judgment upon all, and to convince all that are ungodly among them of all their ungodly deeds which they have ungodly committed, and of all their hard speeches which ungodly sinners have spoken against Him"? (Jude 14, 15); and, while such men must be struck dumb with everlasting silence, the song of Moses and the Lamb will burst forth in unceasing acclamations of praise from the whole election of grace to the God of their salvation: "Great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are Thy ways, Thou King of saints" (Rev. xv. 3).—*From Hawker's "Six Lectures on the Person, Godhead, and Ministry of the Holy Ghost."*

How hard it is to believe that not only those things which are grievous to the flesh, but even those things which draw forth our corruptions, and discover to us what is in our hearts, and fill us with guilt and shame, should in the issue work for our good! Yet the Lord has said it.—*Newton.*

AN evil heart, an evil temper, and the many crosses we meet with in passing through an evil world will cut us out trouble; but the Lord has provided a balm for every wound, a cordial for every care. The fruit of all is to take away sin, and the end of all will be eternal life in glory. Think of these words, put them in the balance of the sanctuary, and then throw all your trials into the opposite scale, and you will find there is no proportion between them. Say then, "Though He slay me, I will trust in Him, for, when He has fully tried me, I shall come forth as gold."—*Newton.*

OUR MARTYRED FOREFATHERS.

XV.—JOHN BRADFORD—(*conclusion*).

HERE the Bishop of Chichester interposed by saying to Bradford, "You speak the very truth; for the heretics did refuse all Scriptures, except it were a piece of Luke's Gospel."

To this the martyr replied, "Then the alleging of the Church cannot be principally used against me, which am so far from denying of the Scriptures that I appeal to them utterly as to the only judge."

YORK: "A pretty matter, that you will take upon you to judge the Church! I pray you, where hath your Church been hitherto, for the Church of Christ is Catholic and visible hitherto?"

BRADFORD: "My lord, I do not judge the Church when I discern it from that congregation and those which be not the Church; and I never denied the Church to be Catholic and visible, although at some times it is more visible than at others."

CHICHESTER: "I pray you tell me where the Church which allowed your doctrine was these four hundred years?"

BRADFORD: "I will tell you, my lord, or rather you shall tell yourself, if you will tell me this one thing—where the Church was in Elias's time, when Elias said that he was left alone?"

CHICHESTER: "That is no answer."

BRADFORD: "I am sorry that you say so; but this will I tell your lordship, that, if you had the same eyes wherewith a man might have espied the Church then, you would not say it were no answer. The fault why the Church is not seen by you is not because the Church is not visible, but because your eyes are not clear enough to see it."

CHICHESTER: "You are much deceived in making this collation betwixt the Church then and now."

YORK: "Very well spoken, my lord; for Christ said, 'I will build My Church;' and not 'I do,' or 'I have built it,' but 'I will build it.'"

BRADFORD: "My lords, Peter teacheth me to make this collation, saying, as in the people there were false prophets, which were most in estimation before Christ's coming, so shall there be false teachers among the people after Christ's coming, and very many shall follow them; and, as for your future tense, I hope your grace will not thereby conclude Christ's Church not to have been before, but rather that there is no building in the Church but Christ's work only, for Paul and Apollos be but waterers."

CHICHESTER: "In good faith I am sorry to see you so light in judging the Church."

BRADFORD: "My lords, I speak simply what I think, and

desire reason to answer my objections. Your affections and sorrows cannot be my rules. If you consider the order and cause of my condemnation, I cannot think but that it shall something move your honours. You know it well enough no matter was laid against me but was gathered upon mine own confession. Because I denied transubstantiation, and the wicked to receive Christ's body in the Sacrament, therefore I was condemned and excommunicated, but not of the Church, although the pillars of the Church did it."

CHICHESTER: "No; I heard say the cause of your imprisonment was for that you exhorted the people to take the sword in one hand and the mattock in the other."

BRADFORD: "I never meant any such thing, nor spake anything in that sort."

YORK: "Yea, and you behaved yourself before the Council at the first that you would defend the religion then; and, therefore, worthily were you prisoned."

BRADFORD: "Your grace did hear me answer my Lord Chancellor to that point. But put case I had been so stout as they and your grace make it. Were not the laws of the realm on my side then? Wherefore unjustly was I prisoned. Only that which my Lord Chancellor propounded was my confession of Christ's truth against transubstantiation, and of that which the wicked do receive, as I said."

YORK: "You deny the presence."

BRADFORD: "I do not to the faith of the worthy receivers."

YORK: "What is that other than to say that Christ lieth not on the altar?"

BRADFORD: "My lord, I believe no such presence."

CHICHESTER: "It seemeth you have not read Chrysostom, for he proveth it."

BRADFORD: "I do remember Chrysostom saith that Christ lieth upon the altar, as the seraphim with their tongs touch our lips with the coals of the altar in heaven, which is an hyperbolical locution, of which Chrysostom is full."

YORK: "It is evident that you are too far gone; but let us come to the Church, out of which you are excommunicate."

To this Bradford nobly replied: "I am not excommunicated out of Christ's Church, my lord, although they which seem to be in the Church and of the Church have excommunicated me, as the poor blind man was—John ix. I am sure Christ receiveth me. As I think you did well to depart from the Romish Church, so I think you have done wickedly to couple yourselves with it again; for you can never prove that which you call the Mother Church to be Christ's."

CHICHESTER: "You were but a child when this matter began."

I was a young man, and then, coming from the university, I went with the world; but I tell you, it was always against my conscience."

BRADFORD: "I was but a child. Howbeit, as I told you, I think you have done evil, for you have come and brought others to that wicked man which sitteth in the temple of God, that is, in the Church; for it cannot be understood of Mahomet, or any out of the Church, but of such as bear rule in the Church."

YORK: "See how you build your faith upon such places of Scripture as are most obscure, to deceive yourself."

BRADFORD: "Well, my lord, though I might by fruits judge of you and others, yet will I not utterly exclude you out of the Church; and, if I were in your case, I would not condemn him utterly that is of my faith in the Sacrament, knowing as you know that at least eight hundred years after Christ, as my lord of Durham writeth, it was free to believe or not believe transubstantiation. Will you condemn any man that believeth truly the twelve articles of the faith, although in some points he believe not the definition of that which you call the Church? I doubt not but that he which holdeth firmly the articles of our faith, though in other things he dissent from your definitions, yet he shall be saved."

"Yea," said both the bishops, "this is your divinity."

"No; it is Paul's," replied Bradford, nothing daunted by the sternness of his episcopal persecutors, and he added, "who saith that, if they hold the foundation, Christ, though they build upon Him straw and stubble, yet they shall be saved."

YORK: "How you delight to lean to hard and dark places of the Scriptures!"

CHICHESTER: "I will show how that Luther did excommunicate Zuinglius for this matter."

The bishop then read a statement from Luther's writings to support his assertion.

BRADFORD: "My lord, what Luther writeth, as you mind it not, no more do I in this case. My faith is not built on Luther, Zuinglius, or Ecolampadius, in this point; and, indeed, I never read any of their works in this matter."

YORK: "Well, you are out of the communion of the Church, for you would have the communion of it consist in faith."

BRADFORD: "Communion consisteth, as I said, in faith, and not in exterior ceremonies, as appeareth both by St. Paul, who would have one faith, and by Trenæus to Victor, for the observation of Easter."

YORK: "You think none are of the Church but such as suffer persecution."

BRADFORD: "What I think, God knoweth. I pray your grace

to judge me by my words ; and mark what St. Paul saith—' All that will live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution.' Sometimes Christ's Church hath rest here ; but commonly it is not so, and specially towards the end her form will be more unseemly."

YORK : " Well, Master Bradford, we leese our labour, for ye seek to put away all things which are told you to your good. Your Church no man can know. I pray you, whereby can we know it ?"

BRADFORD : " Chrysostom says, ' by the Scriptures,' and thus he often saith."

YORK : " That of Chrysostom in ' Opere imperfecto' may be doubted of. The thing whereby the Church may be known best is the succession of bishops."

BRADFORD : " No, my lord. Lyra full well writeth upon Matthew that ' the Church consisteth not in men, by reason either of secular or temporal power, but in men endued with true knowledge, and confession of faith, and of verity.' Hilary, writing to Auxentius, says that ' the Church was hidden rather in caves, than did glister and shine in thrones of pre-eminence.'"

This conference, to which we have somewhat lengthily alluded, was abruptly brought to a conclusion by the arrival of a messenger, informing the two prelates that the Bishop of Durham wished to see them on urgent business ; so they bade adieu to Bradford, wishing him well, and hoping their visit would be productive of good results. But the brave martyr was enabled to resist their machinations. Scarcely a day passed during his long confinement without a visit from some bishop, friar, or other person. All these various parties had one object in view. They wished Bradford to desert the ranks of Christ and join their side ; but, thanks be unto God, their wishes were never realized.

During his imprisonment, however, there were times of repose. John Bradford was permitted to spend some of his hours in solitude, and these periods he profitably employed in prayer, study, and writing. His letters, remarkable for their elegance of style, simplicity of language, and enunciation of Christian experience, were penned during the period when he was left alone in his cell, unmolested by his enemies. These letters attracted considerable attention, and were subjected to keen criticism in the Houses of Parliament. The Earl of Derby stated, on one occasion, that they had greatly contributed to the spread of " heresy" in the kingdom.

At length Bradford's imprisonment came to a close. On the day before his execution, he was conveyed during the night from the Compter to Newgate. On the following morning Bradford

was conducted to Smithfield, where the stake was erected at which he was to be burned. A companion joined him in the flames. John Leaf, who had been an apprentice in London, suffered at the same stake. On their arrival at the stake, around which a large concourse of spectators had assembled, the two heroes engaged in silent prayer, until they were rudely disturbed by the sheriff, who said to Bradford, "Arise, and make an end, for the press of the people is great." They then undressed for the fire. When all was ready, the undaunted martyr, with uplifted eyes and hands towards heaven, impressively exclaimed, "Oh, England, England, repent thee of thy sins! repent thee of thy sins! Beware of idolatry! beware of false Antichrists! Take heed they do not deceive you." The sheriff commanded Bradford to be quiet, threatening to tie his hands unless he was obedient. "Oh, Master Sheriff," said Bradford, "I am quiet. God forgive you this, Master Sheriff." One of the officers then said to him, "If you have no better learning than that, you are but a fool, and had best hold your peace." With the wood crackling and the flames fiercely glaring around him, the happy and peaceful martyr, now on the threshold of everlasting joy and glory, exclaimed, "Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, that leadeth to eternal salvation, and few there be that find it." A few moments more, and he was gone! Thus bravely died John Bradford, one of the most noble of England's "noble army of martyrs!"

With Popery coming in upon us like a mighty flood—with convents, monasteries, and mass-houses constantly cropping up around us—with friars, monks, nuns, priests, and Jesuits busily and craftily at work on every hand—how solemn and how timely does the dying appeal of Bradford sound in our ears: "Oh, England, repent thee of thy sins! Beware of idolatry! beware of false Antichrists!" These words might have been uttered to-day instead of three hundred years ago. Idolatry of various types is assuming large proportions in our land, and false Antichrists are deceiving vast numbers of our countrymen. Rome is again aiming at supremacy, and her efforts have been crowned with no little success. But thanks be unto God, although that system may imagine that she is on the road to success, yet the day will assuredly come when all systems of error, Rome included, will be dashed into pieces, and truth will reign "o'er the world, supreme and alone."

J. C.

WE should be in the Lord's cause like lions; in our own like lambs.

"THE Saviour's robe will fit the best
When thou art naked, quite undressed."

OBITUARY OF ELIZABETH OTTAWAY.

(Concluded from page 339.)

November 8th, 1879.—Mr. Butler has been here. Oh, Lord, do hear and answer his petitions, to prove that these hungerings and thirstings in my soul are from Thee! Oh, Lord, keep me! The very feeling of my heart is, "Give me this water, that I thirst not."

November 11th.—Heard Mr. B—— from these words, "We that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened." Truly I did believe that the text, sermon, and the last hymn, beginning, "And does thy heart for Jesus pine?" were all for me. "Bless the Lord, O my soul!" Dear Lord, do encourage Thy servant to go on to speak in Thy dear name! How I wanted to tell him that the Lord had at least blessed one poor soul by the Word, but my heart failed me. I did indeed feel the longings he spoke of, and I felt as if I had got to the place he described—as not being able to do any longer without Christ; but, bless His dear name, He did give me faith to believe He would come, and I felt, if He did not grant me an assurance before I died, Mr. Butler cannot have spoken the truth.

November 12th.—Called at Mr. B——'s and stayed half-an-hour. Hope I found it good while there, hearing him read and speak upon the fifth chapter of first Thessalonians. What a solemn chapter! It entered into my very soul, and I seemed compelled to drop a word or two how I heard him with power the night before. Although I did not tell him one quarter of what I felt, yet, as soon as I got out, I wished from my heart that I had not said what I did, for oh, what solemn searchings of heart it cost me on account of it, and I felt to beg that, if I had done wrong, the dear Lord would forgive me, and help His servant to forgive me too. Oh, Lord—

"May I never, never dare,
What I am not, to say I am."

November 18th.—Heard Mr. Keevil from the same text as Mr. B—— had the day before at Sutton Vallenge. Felt a rising of hope some part of the time, but—

"I to my own sad place return,
My wretched state to feel."

I know I should be happy if I could take the comfort that Mr. Keevil and Mr. B—— spoke of, but their saying it is of no use to me unless the Lord says it to me by them. Oh, that He would speak peace to my burdened soul, for sin is indeed a burden to me!

December 12th.—Once more I found Satan a liar, for last night,

after I had been bogging of the dear Lord to be with His servant, Mr. B——, and grant that he might be led into my pathway, to the help and comfort of my poor soul, Satan said (for I am sure it was him) that I was too far gone, and sunk too low; but, blessed be God, while the dear man was speaking in prayer, he was led to tell out the very feelings of my soul, until my hard heart melted, and I felt comforted of God; and the favour has been renewed this morning while reading dear Mr. Hull's sermon, so that now I can say, "The Lord is my Helper." Bless and praise His holy name!

December 26th.—"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless and praise His holy name," for He does all things well. Yes, I hope I have again proved that He has all power, for He has answered my poor prayer in a most wonderful way, for I did feel this afternoon a liberty in pleading with the Lord to send Mr. B—— down to pay us a visit, and also that He would come with him, or his coming would be in vain; and, soon after I had done pleading for him to come, he came, and told us that he felt secretly impelled to come by these words: "Arise, and go, and I will be with thee;" and, when he told us his exercise about coming, and the words that caused him to come, I found that the time he named respecting the words exercising his mind was just about when I was pleading that he might be constrained to come. I felt sure the Lord had sent him, and this answer to my prayer melted my hard heart for a few minutes; but, alas! what a poor weak creature I am, for after a little while this sweet feeling left me, and I returned to my old wretched state again, and remained so nearly all the evening. This caused me inwardly to groan out, "Lord, leave not my soul destitute;" and, bless His dear name, He did not, for, before Mr. B—— had done speaking in prayer, he was led by the Spirit of God to speak of my case and pathway, and my heart was broken with the dear Lord's loving-kindness. Oh, Lord, how I do hope Thou wilt ever keep me looking to Thee!

January 1st, 1830.—Woke this morning with a feeling need of the dear Lord to uphold me, for indeed I do feel to be in myself a poor helpless thing. Went this evening, all of us, with Mrs. —— to spend the evening with Mr. B——, and I enjoyed the conversation much, but especially the prayer, for I was melted into thankfulness at the thought of how I was spared and blessed. I really felt that I should like to receive the full assurance of my pardon through the revelation of the precious blood of Christ to my soul, and then be called away from this sinful world; but I desire grace to wait my appointed time. Oh, Lord, uphold me, go before me, and bless me!

January 6th.—Heard Mr. Butler from Isaiah xli. 10. The text

seemed full of comfort ; and, when he spoke of the fears and hopes of the child of God, it did me good. I hope the dear Lord did renew my strength, as the dear man was led to trace my path all through. Oh, Lord, I do desire to bless Thy holy name that Thou shouldst so favour me. How wonderful that Thou shouldst shut Thy servant up to himself, on purpose that he may bring encouragement to such a wretch as me ! Oh, Lord, do keep me from murmuring ! Do keep me looking to Thee, and enable me to leave all in Thy hands !

Here her diary ends ; and I will now relate a little concerning the blessed end of this poor, doubting, fearing child of God. What is here recorded was written by her sister and forwarded to me. She was taken ill on the 17th of January, 1880, with inflammation of the right lung ; but her state was not thought to be dangerous for several days, as others of the family had suffered from the same complaint. On Sunday, the 18th, she said to her sister, in somewhat of a doubting state of mind, " It is hard to lie here ill, and not really to know if I am right or wrong ; " but, on her sister reading a few words which were very applicable to her case, she felt a little encouraged, and said, " I think, after all, I cannot be wrong. " On Tuesday, the 20th, she became worse in body, and after a while requested her sister, who was staying up with her, to lie down on another bed which was in the same room.

And now the blessed time was come for her to have revealed to her faith that which she had been begging and waiting for for several years, for the Lord Jesus was blessedly set before her by the Comforter as her God and Saviour, and the heavenly peace and joy that flowed into her heart was such as " passeth all understanding, " so that she exclaimed, " Can it be possible ? Can it be possible " (which words she repeated four times) " that such a wretch as I am pardoned freely ? Oh, precious Jesus ! precious Jesus ! How kind to suffer so much for me—a wretch like me ! Oh, precious vision ! precious vision ! It is come ! " Then again she said, " Can I be deceived ? No, Satan ; vain is thy device ! Oh, I do think the power of the blessing will break my poor tabernacle in pieces ; but, dear Lord, thou canst give me strength to bear up under it. " Her sister then said to her, " Mr. Hull's words have come true. " She said, " Yes, indeed ; the blessed vision is come. Precious vision ! Mr. Hull shall know it if I get better, and *my name* too. " Before she was taken ill she read a sermon of Mr. Hull's in the SOWER, which was much blessed to her, and she felt a desire to write to him, but feared to give her name lest it should not prove to be a reality. But now she knew that it was a reality indeed, and she felt she could put her name to it as such. Her sister said to her, " You won't mind dying like this ? " when she said, " Oh, no ; it would only

be going to sleep, or going home." She further said, "I do not see Christ in His sufferings as much as some do. I could not bear it unless more strength were given me, for I still feel I shall sink under it." She again said, "Satan wanted to tempt me to believe that it was only fancy, but the dear Lord enabled me to resist him. Oh, these few minutes are worth living all my life for!" Once after that she said, "Lord, Thou knowest my weakness; never leave me;" and then these words were sent with power to her heart—

"I'll never leave thee, doubt it not,
In pain, in sickness, or in death;"

and she exclaimed, "I can now say, with the Psalmist, 'Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what He hath done for my soul;'" and, on her mother entering the room, she said, "Mother, it is all right, whether I live or die. The Lord will bring you through, for He is 'too wise to err and too good to be unkind.'" Her father said—

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

She said, "Oh, much softer than that." Then he said, "You don't mind lying in this frame of mind?" when she said, "Oh, no; it is so nice! I wished last night you could all come and sing, 'Oh, bless the Lord, my soul!' but I suppose I am the only one that is in a singing frame." She said once, as her friends were going to tea, "I feel I can say, with dear Covell, 'You will be down there feasting, but I shall be here having better food than you.'" She was once given, by her request, a little cold water, when she said, "Oh, how beautiful! I can have cold water, but they gave the dear Lord viuegar;" and her mother, seeing her suffer so, could not refrain from weeping, when she said, "Don't weep for me. Think how light is my affliction compared to the dear Lord's. It is only like a prick of a pin compared with what He felt." When asked if she would like to be raised up again, she said she did not want to dictate to the Lord. If it was His will to raise her up to be of any use to the children of God, she was willing; but, if it was the Lord's will to take her, she felt quite resigned.

After this most sweet and blessed manifestation of the love of God to her soul, she sank into great darkness, and the enemy was permitted to throw his fiery darts at her in a most awful way. Once or twice in particular, on the day before she died, her mind was very dark, and the agony of suffering caused by the rapid progress of the disease was dreadful to witness. Being in great pain, she cried out, through the tempta-

tion of the enemy, "And this for ever!" Then her mind became a little quiet again, and she said, "He has been a good God to me all my life, and I will not blaspheme Him now." Again, her pain being so great, she screamed out, under the dreadful assaults of the enemy. But, bless the Lord, He did not suffer her to go out of time in the dark, for on Friday, a few hours before she died, she was asked, if she could not speak, to wave her hand if she felt happy; and, just before she breathed her last, she waved her hand three times, then opened her eyes as if beholding something, and, after closing them gently, as if going to sleep, she gave one sigh, and departed to be "for ever with the Lord," January 23rd, 1880.

"One gentle sigh her fetters broke,
We scarce could say, 'She's gone!'
Before her ransomed spirit took
Its station round the throne."

Headcorn, April 6th, 1880.

THOMAS BUTLER.

"THEY SHALL LOOK UPON ME WHOM THEY
HAVE PIERCED."

OH, my Lord, I've often musèd
On Thy wondrous love to me;
How I have the same abusèd,
Slighted, disregarded Thee!
To Thy Church and Thee a stranger
Pleased with what displeasèd Thee;
Lost, yet could perceive no danger;
Wounded, yet no wound could see.

But, unwearied, Thou pursuedst me,
Still Thy calls repeated came,
Till on Calvary's mount I viewèd Thee
Bearing my reproach and blame;
Then, o'erwhelmed with shame and sorrow,
Whilst I view each piercèd limb,
Tears bedew the scourge's furrow,
Mingling with the purple stream.

I no more at Mary wonder,
Dropping tears upon the grave,
Earnest asking all around her,
"Where is He who died to save?"
Dying love her heart attracted;
Soon she felt His rising power;
He who Mary thus affected
Bids His mourners weep no more.

WHAT a great mercy to be among the living in Zion! You cannot prize it too highly.—*Tiptaft.*

“LEAVE NOT MY SOUL DESTITUTE.”

THIS prayer is by no means common. Nowadays there are comparatively few that know what it is to feel really and truly destitute in the sense here spoken of by the Psalmist. A destitute condition is by no means a pleasant one to be in naturally. It may be none of us have ever known what it is to be destitute of all this world's goods, namely, food, clothing, friends, &c. ; and I am certain that those who possess comparatively little of this world's goods have abundant cause for gratitude to the Father of all our mercies, for we are not deserving of the least of them. Oh, that we each might be enabled to carry out that exhortation, “Be ye thankful ;” and “Having food and raiment, let us be therewith content.” Oh, what a mercy it would be for each of us if, instead of murmuring and complaining, as we often do, at our lot, we were enabled to “seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness,” and feel the sweet persuasion that all these outward needful things should be added !

But it is not respecting the things of this life that the Psalmist prays this prayer, for in his right mind he knew full well that, if God would kindly undertake to be the “All and in all” of his soul's salvation, He would provide all needed good for his poor body. Thus we read, God “will give grace and glory, and no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly.” But it was soul destitution the dear man prayed against. Now, as we said before, there are comparatively few that know what it is to feel this ; but all God's people must necessarily be brought here. In the first place, the Lord, by His Spirit, convinces all His people of their ruined state as sinners—some by a very severe law-work, as it is termed, and some in a more gradual way, which was our own case—“here a little and there a little.” Thus did the Lord convince us of our sin, and bring us to see and feel our ruined state as a sinner, and our utterly destitute condition as regards our helping ourselves in any way whatever ; and the Holy Ghost convinced us that without holiness we could not stand before God, and that, in and of ourselves, we were destitute of any. He also convinced us that, unless original sin was pardoned, there could be no heaven for us, and that we were utterly destitute of any means whereby we could merit pardon or obtain the favour of God in any way ; and at times we were almost destitute of hope as to whether the dear Lord would show us that mercy that He had made us feel our need of, and had convinced us where alone it could be found, namely, in the bleeding wounds of a dear Redeemer. But, bless His dear name, He did in His own time pardon our sins, by applying that verse of Watts' hymn with almighty power—

" 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."

Oh, how we then felt that, though we were utterly destitute of any good thing, yet we possessed all in a precious Christ; and how we wished we could have then gone home with Him, to have loved and served Him throughout eternal ages!

Now, dear reader, let me ask if you have been brought to feel your destitute condition in this way? There are thousands in a profession that have never felt really spiritually destitute, therefore Christ is no Saviour to such. Now, let me tell you plainly that, though we would not, nor cannot, set up a standard of experience (as the Lord teaches His people in such a variety of ways their destitute condition), yet you must be brought up to this if you are saved. You must be brought to see and feel your lost state as a sinner before you will ever seek for mercy through Jesus Christ; and no soul will ever go to heaven without it. Oh, think on these things!

But we will proceed. It was after the Psalmist had felt all his sins pardoned that he again used this prayer, "Leave not my soul destitute." Now, the very words, "Leave not," intimate to us that, although the dear man was then feeling destitute, there had been a time in his experience when he had felt the Lord to be his All, for we find him saying, before this, "The Lord is my light and my salvation: whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life: of whom shall I be afraid?" And now what a change had taken place! He feels utterly destitute of any tokens of God's favour or of any graces of His Spirit, and he is between hope and fear as to whether God intends leaving him in that pitiable condition; and now he cries out from the bottom of his heart this short prayer, "Leave not my soul destitute." God is his All; and the dear man feels, "If God would again come into my poor soul, if He would again shine upon me, if He would again 'restore to me the joys of His salvation,' it would put everything else (however contrary it may now seem) right in a moment, for—

" Thy presence makes my heaven below,
 Thy absence makes my hell."

Now, dear reader, we will come to a little close self-examination, and try and see if our religion is the same kind as David's—for that is the only right sort—and inquire a little into how the child of God, after he has felt the sweets of pardoning love, should again be brought into such a state as to be obliged feelingly to cry, "Leave not my soul destitute." Perhaps we had

better tell, by way of illustration, how we were brought to experience these things. When the Lord pardoned our sins by the application of that precious verse before recorded, we knew comparatively little of the plague of our own heart, being then quite young. About this time, when at a prayer-meeting one Sunday morning, an old friend gave out the following hymn (No. 295, Gadsby's Selection), and said, “I trust we all know something of this”—

“I asked the Lord that I might grow
In faith and love and every grace—
Might more of His salvation know,
And seek more earnestly His face.

“Instead of this, He made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart,
And bade the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in every part,” &c.

I felt, “I don't know much of that,” though I was not honest enough to tell him so. But it was not long before the Lord began to teach me what was in my heart, and to convince me of the truth of His word that “the heart of man is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.” I felt evils to rise up in my heart that I little thought were there at all. Once in particular I remember I was sorely tempted to swear and blaspheme, and, but for the kind keeping of my covenant God, I believe the oaths would have come out of my mouth. Oh, how destitute I then felt I was of anything that was good! I truly felt that I was “a loathsome lump of self and sin,” without the power to act, or will, only as God gave it. But this prayer just suited me: “Leave not my soul destitute;” and, blessed be God, He delivered me from this temptation. Many times since then I have felt in a destitute condition, and God has delivered me. Even some little time back I got into such a hard and barren spot that I felt to be destitute of any life when I attempted to either read, pray, or attend on the means of grace, and I questioned whether I was not destitute of any evidence of being a child of God. A friend one time asked me how I liked the preaching. “Oh,” I said, “I feel destitute of everything of a right sort, and that prayer just suits me: ‘Leave not my soul destitute.’” The cries, sighs, and groans that went up to God from my poor soul for deliverance out of that dreadful state none but God and my own soul know; and, bless His dear name, He again appeared, shone into my soul, and dispelled every doubt and fear by the application of those precious words, “He will regard the prayer of the destitute, and not despise their prayer.” I felt I was just the character; and oh, how He did regard and not despise my poor prayer; for He manifested Himself as my God, my Father, and my Friend—yea,

my All ; and He so sweetly shed abroad the love and blood of a precious Christ in my poor soul as melted all my hardness, and I felt as if I could have wept my life out at His dear feet. I did not know how to leave off weeping, praising, loving, and blessing His dear name, when called from my retired position. I never had a sweeter time in my life. I would not have missed that trial and deliverance for all the world, for, if I had not been brought into such a state of destitution, a full and a precious Christ could never have been so precious to me. How I could feelingly sing—

“ Exceeding precious is my Lord,
His love’s divinely free ;
And His dear name does health afford
To sickly souls like me.”

Of course there are some of the Lord’s people who have a more even path than others, as dear Hart sings in hymn 747, Gadsby’s Selection. It is most mortifying to this poor, vile, proud nature, to be thus humbled and made feelingly destitute before God ; but it is only in this way that Christ can be known and loved, for “ the whole need not a physician, but they that are sick.” However trying it may be to learn our utterly destitute condition by nature (and it will be a trying lesson, and such a long one that we shall be learning it till our dying day), yet the more the dear Lord is pleased to teach us thus, the more we shall cease from self, the more we shall prize a precious Christ (who is the All of His people), the nearer we shall live to the Lord, and the more desirous we shall be for His presence ; and, when not feeling it, our cry will be, “ When wilt Thou come unto me ? ” and, if we get into any other sore trials when not enjoying the Lord’s presence, our cry will be with the dear Psalmist, “ Leave not my soul destitute.” How true it is that—

“ The flesh dislikes the way,
But faith approves it well ; ”

and it is also quite certain that—

“ This only leads to endless day,
All others lead to hell.”

And oh, dear reader, if you are in any trial, and, what is still more trying, are mourning an absent God, and are thus feeling destitute of all good, I would say—

“ Call on Him with unceasing prayer,
And He will show His face ; ”

for “ He will regard the prayer of the destitute, and not despise their prayer.”

A. B.

A FEW THOUGHTS ON ECCLESIASTES III. 1—4.

“To everything there is a season : and a time for every purpose under heaven.” God’s purposes were in Himself before He made the world. He laid His plans, made His arrangements, and entered into covenant to save His people before they were lost ; and treasured up all spiritual blessings for His people before man had lost his title to natural blessings. The world, with its entire fabric, the beasts of the field, the fish of the sea, sun, moon, and stars, and every other thing, were all formed to bring about His divine intentions. The Apostle, in writing to the Church at Corinth, says, “All are yours ” (in which he includes the world, life, and death), “and ye are Christ’s, and Christ is God’s.” But there is a season when God’s purposes are carried out. It was no matter of chance that the world came into existence at the period it did. We are told that “in six days God made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is: and He rested on the seventh day, and hallowed it.” There was a season when Christ came into the world. The saints were growing weary in waiting for Him, but “in the fulness of time God sent forth His Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law ;” and, although man tried to hurry Him out as soon as He came into the world, and Herod sent to inquire about Him, with design to kill Him, and afterwards His persecutors tried to take Him, and sent officers for the very purpose, yet they had not the power to do it, because His hour was not yet come. But, as soon as He knew that His hour was come, He “set His face steadfastly to go up to Jerusalem,” and even rebuked those who sought to dissuade Him from doing so ; and when afterwards the multitude came to take Him, headed by Judas, He said, “This is your hour, and the power of darkness.” And there was a season when Christ should die, when Messiah should be cut off, but not for Himself ; and there was a season when the Lord should cause the Holy Ghost to come down upon His people, and the disciples were bidden to wait for that time—to “tarry in the city of Jerusalem, until they were endued with power from on high.” “And when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place ; and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance.” There was a time, too, when Jerusalem should be taken. It seemed marvelous that such fortifications should give way, with its massive walls, about fifteen feet thick. It seemed indeed wonderful that this stronghold should ever have been overcome, but Christ had said that there should not be left one stone upon another in Jerusalem. Titus tried to save the temple, but one of the soldiers set

it on fire, for the Lord had appointed that it should be destroyed. And was it so in these things, and is it not still especially so with His dear people? There was a season that brought us into this world, and there was a time when the Lord came to rescue us, and that time was a time of love: "And when I passed by thee, and saw thee polluted in thine own blood, I said unto thee when thou wast in thy blood, Live; yea, I said unto thee when thou wast in thy blood, Live." And so all the times that we are brought into and brought through are of the Lord. We read in Daniel that the fulfilment of Nebuchadnezzar's dream was "by decree of the watchers" (Daniel iv. 17). These blessed Persons in the one glorious Trinity looked down upon earth and watched every circumstance.

"To everything there is a season." David said, "All my times are in Thy hand;" and the inspired historian speaks of "the times that went over him" (1 Chron. xxix. 30); and cannot we speak of such times? Some have passed through the quickening time, and some have had the pardoning time; and, to our grief, some of us have had a backsliding time; but we have had, to our joy, the restoring time. There have been times when we have been sorely tempted by Satan, and we have said, "We shall certainly fall. This is the sin that will cause our ruin." But the Lord has enabled us to bring out our Agags and slay them before Him, and we felt we could give up everything that He might be All in all, and so forego our projects that He might bring His purposes to pass. We cannot hurry the Lord. Abraham and Sarah tried this, but failed, and there were others who said, "Let Him hasten His work, that we may see it." Joseph also tried, by the hand of the chief butler, to procure his deliverance, but "until the time that his word came, the word of the Lord tried him." God may have given us promises, but you do not get the fulfilment yet. These things are to try our faith and exercise our patience, and it is our mercy that all are in His hands. We cannot make one hair white or black, and no man can hurry the Lord in His purposes, "therefore let patience have her perfect work." If you try to go before the Lord, you will repent of it. Children that get edged tools are likely to cut their fingers, and those that get near a fire will hardly escape burning. You have perhaps found it very difficult to know what the will of the Lord is, and have at times grown very impatient about it; but what an infinite favour it is to be *following* Him instead of trying to go before Him!

"A time to be born." Our natural birth was not an accidental thing, neither was our spiritual birth; and there is a time also to die. The Lord has mercifully hidden this time from us, and thus are we kept in exercise, for, as we know not the time of our death, it

gives the soul many an errand to the throne of grace; and, although the fear of death has brought many into bondage, yet it has brought out many a prayer from the prisoner.

'There is "a time to plant." There is a time in nature for the husbandman to plant, and God knows when to plant His plants, and so there is a time when He will implant grace in His people, and when and where He has determined to plant He will do it, and He will not pluck it up. Some persons think, when they go to hear preaching, nothing should be plucked up; but I have known some that have stood this plucking up and pulling down, and I have proved them to be the fastest friends. Jeremiah was to pluck up and throw down, as well as to build and plant. And there are some that only answer God's purposes for a time. It is so with the mere professor of religion. Wheat does not grow without chaff. It is necessary to protect it; but, after it has answered the purpose, and the wheat is matured, the chaff is removed and cast away; and so it is written, "Every plant that My heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up." Well, if the Lord has planted you, you will need His sun to shine upon you and His heavenly rains to refresh you. God says, "As the days of a tree are the days of My people." Yes, His people have days like a tree, for we may visit a tree in winter, and it looks as if it were dead, but, by-and-bye, we see a little greenness, and then the blossom and the fruit; and then there are days in which the leaf falls again; and so we find there are similar changes in the experience of the Lord's people. And what a mercy when we are enabled to see the time and to understand it! It shows often a great lack of wisdom when a right thing is done at a wrong time; and, as the child of God passes on in this world, he wants to know more and more what the will of the Lord is. He would not wish to lift a latch, but watch the Lord's leading and wait for Him.

I have at times felt that certain things would be for my good, and yet have not dared to do anything in the matter; but sometimes I confess I have lifted the latch, and afterwards have so proved my folly that I should have been glad to have put it in place again. They that are kept spiritually wise discern both time and judgment.

A FEW WORDS TO OUR READERS.

AS we close the year 1880, we wish with our concluding number to present a few words of acknowledgment and solicitation to our readers, believing that they feel a lively interest in our work, and desire the prosperity of the SOWER. We thank all those friends, then, who have kindly helped us either by contributing to our pages, by seeking to increase our circulation, or by sub-

scribing to our Printing Fund, which latter has been a great help to us, and which we wish to use for other ways of spreading truth when our funds will allow of it; and we beg them to accept this general acknowledgment, coming from our heart, as though we had written personally to every one of them. We are thankful, too, for numerous and encouraging testimonies as to the usefulness of the SOWER, and to find that it is increasingly acceptable to a large body of readers, whose spiritual profit it is our anxious concern ever to seek to promote. We pray that the Lord, whom we desire to serve and honour by seeking the spread of His truth, the prosperity of His kingdom, and the peace and good of His chosen, will add His abundant blessing, and crown our poor but well-meant labours with lasting success. Oh, that many into whose hands the SOWER may come, and who have not as yet experienced the new birth, may find in its pages something that shall truly concern their souls for eternity, and point them to the Lamb of God, who is the only hope for fallen sinners; and may many be "instructed in the way of the Lord," "nourished up in the words of faith and of good doctrine," admonished, reprov'd, restored, and consoled, by what is thus sown in hope.

And now, while we are pleased to say that our circulation has continued to increase, we must once more appeal to our readers to do their best to make the SOWER successful in a pecuniary respect. The size of our Magazines so affects the printing expenses, that it is only by a very large sale we can hope to defray them; therefore, we trust our readers will bear in mind that every one thousand increase in the circulation will give us better security against loss, and help us safely to steer through this beclouding fear. We have no desire to play the mean part of a jealous rival with respect to other magazines of sterling truth, but we think we may be bold to say that, as far as cheapness and adaptation for wide circulation are concerned, the GLEANER and SOWER have superior claims. The number of good and reliable periodicals as compared with the doubtful and bad is small, therefore we hope we shall not be looked upon with jealousy when we ask a wide circulation for ours, since we seek to please God rather than men, to be guided by principle rather than party, and to be useful rather than popular.

Wishing "God speed" to all who seek to spread "the truth as it is in Jesus," we would say in return, "Brethren, pray for us."

THE EDITOR.

END OF VOLUME II., NEW SERIES.