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

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# INDEX.

	PAGE
A Birthday Gift .....	63
A Brief Account of the late Mary Crispin .....	171
A Brief Extract of the Experience of the late Wm. Robinson .....	79
A Bundle of Myrrh .....	381
A Good Hope through Grace .....	491
"A Good Wife is from the Lord" .....	159
A Word upon Sanctification .....	202
All-Sufficiency .....	216
An Exposition of Psalm ciii. ....	431
Appropriate Crosses .....	436
"As thy days, so shall thy strength be" .....	304
"Bear ye one another's Burdens" .....	425
"Because I live, ye shall live also" .....	524
"Believe not every spirit" .....	212
"Brethren, pray for us" .....	21
Brotherly Love .....	395
Cheerful Religion .....	118
Christ our Sanctuary .....	294
Christian Condolence .....	30
Communion .....	199
Communion of Saints .....	121
Concerning the Person of Christ .....	162
Conversation among Professors .....	288
Cross Providences .....	393
Dark Sayings .....	423
Declensions from God .....	84
Editor's Address .....	5
Effusions of the Heart .....	519
Experimental Changes .....	256
Experimental Truth .....	469
"Faithful are the Wounds of a Friend" .....	467
Friendly Counsel .....	399
Friendly Words .....	289
Fruits of the Spirit .....	38
Funeral of Mr. J. Warburton .....	109
God seeth not as man seeth .....	302
"He calleth his own Sheep by name" .....	427
"He is the Rock" .....	251
"He rests in his love" .....	40
"I seek not yours, but you" .....	390
"I was brought low, and he helped me" .....	250
"I will come again" .....	209
Intercession .....	302
Jesus with us in our Afflictions .....	389
LETTERS.—W. J. Brook, 214; W. Huntington, 347; E. Littleton, 472; W. Spire, 20; J. Warburton, senr., 377; J. Warburton, junr., 196.	
Light in Darkness .....	441
"Looking unto Jesus" .....	291
Love for the Truth's sake .....	532
Lovingkindness and Tender Mercies .....	487
Meditation .....	241
Meeting and Parting .....	242
More than a Conqueror .....	113
"My Beloved is mine, and I am his" .....	33
No Separation .....	517
"O that I were a Christian!" .....	476
OBITUARIES.—Mary Amey, 94; Dinah Apps, 601; John Ashley, 178; Job Ayres, 314; Thomas Barnard, 308; Emily Betts, 222; Anna Bishop, 411; Martha Blackstone, 502; Mary Bollen, 269; Sarah Bond, 273; David Boulden, 267; Alice Brade, 409; Joseph Cannon,	

226; Philip Carr, 183; Eliza Cattell, 186; Mary Ann Chalk, 501; James Chalkley, 504; John Church, 45; Louisa Clifford, 639; Alfred Cook, 180; Samuel Cook, 358; James Creasey, 453; Elizabeth Davis, 636; John Doe, 316; Catherine Draper, 176; George Dust, 138; Maria Fisher, 95; George Forster, 450; Thomas Furlonger, 403; Theresa Gale, 451; Walter Gallaway, 85; Sarah Gay, 42; Solomon Gingell, 47; John Gore, 217; Stephen Grocbridge, 96; John Gurr, 124; William Joseph Hatton, 540; William Hopkins, 93; Rachel Howarth, 92; John Key, 410; Elizabeth Kingsbury, 364; Henry Francis Lawford, 46; Mary Lawrence, 539; Sarah and William Martin, 230; Hannah Mellor, 185; Henry Mitchell, 126; Thomas Moore, 227; Sarah Pepler, 495; Hannah Pratt, 269; Eliza Reed, 446; James Thomas Ryley, 94; William Ross, 361; Thomas B. Savig, 406; Mrs. Sears, 275; James Sheppard, 47; Caroline Siger, 127; Thomas Small, 131; Ann Smart, 265; Josiah Smith, 85; Mary Smith, 496; Samuel Smith, 402; George Speechley, 271; Henry West, 319; Mrs. West, 184; John Whitcombe, 356; Mrs. White, 224; Charles James Willard, 224; Sarah Willetts, 362; Mary Ann Willis, 272; William Willis, 307.	
"Our Sufficiency is of God" .....	83
Personal Properties of the Holy Spirit .....	528
Power given to the Faint .....	484
Promises Fulfilled .....	375
Reminiscences of the late Mr. J. Warburton .....	115
REVIEWS.—Strictures on the Doctrines and Teaching of the Salvation Army, 123; Diary of Rhoda Jane Walker, 306; Memorials of the late John Warburton, of Southill, 344.	
Right Things .....	243
Salvation to the Uttermost .....	486
Sanctified Trials .....	440
SERMONS.—By Mr. Bradford, 97; By Mr. Covell, 231; By Mr. Dennett, 51; By Mr. E. Fox, 277; By Mr. J. Kemp, 367; By Mr. J. Oldfield, 187; By Mr. J. C. Philpot, 459, 505; By Mr. Smart, 321; By Mr. Smith, 141; By Mr. Vinden, 413.	
"So run that ye may obtain" .....	473
Some of the Lord's Dealings with the late Mr. J. Lawrence .....	22, 72
Some Tokens for Good .....	438
Songs in the Night .....	298
Soul-Hunger .....	31
Spiritual Profit .....	397
Spirituality of the Law .....	525
Stormy Winds .....	65
Strength in Weakness .....	296
Sympathetic Feeling .....	515
The Curate's Letter to the Rector .....	481
"The Fathers, where are they?" .....	207
The Furniture of the Priests .....	525
The late Mr. J. Warburton .....	160
"The Lord hath done great things for us" .....	300
The Operations of the Holy Ghost .....	533
The Path of the Just .....	386
The Pathway to Heaven .....	396
The Serpent lifted up in the Wilderness .....	36
The Things which Affliction teaches .....	107
"The Vines flourish" .....	71
The Voice of Fear, and the Voice of Love .....	516
"They shall still bring forth fruit in old age" .....	159
To the Fearful .....	117
Walking with God .....	424
"Wherefore didst thou doubt?" .....	253
"Whom I love, I rebuke and chasten" .....	335

THE  
GOSPEL STANDARD.

JANUARY, 1892.

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

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

DEAR friends and brethren in our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ,—Your unworthy servant for Christ's sake has been spared to remind you that, with the year 1891, another year of our short lives has passed into eternity, and, as a consequence, we are so much nearer to that important point of time when heart and flesh must fail. O may we sweetly feel the blessedness of God being our portion when we shall have reached that solemn period. May it please the Lord to favour us with such a blessed experience of the truth many times between now and then, as earnestly that all will be well then and afterwards.

To some of us the year '91 has been one of trial and affliction. Some paths in which we have been called to travel were hitherto unknown, and had we been called to walk in them alone we must have sunk; but the Lord was gracious and merciful to a degree which we had little thought of. The eternal God was our refuge, and underneath were the everlasting arms. These great words were first spoken to us, and then they were repeated, until they seemed to get right down into the very depths of our heart; and a good word it was. We felt the sweet and blessed power of the portion all round our soul. The words seemed to drop, and drop, till they reached the very bottom, where they abode, and kept sending up their sweetness. We said, "Dear Lord, it's too great, it's too great for such a wretch!" But say what we might, the words would come up again, and shut our mouth. They were a constant stay. We felt the foundation of our hope to be God himself. He was indeed a stronghold in this time of trouble. We felt that we could trust him; and oh! to the praise and glory of his dear Name, he drew near and owned us. He knew us at this trying and solemn period; yes, he knew us as a man



would know his friend. When we were nothing but helplessness and need, yes, when we most needed him, when no one else would do, when no one else could do, then he knew us. He came and put his great and kind arms all round, right underneath; he did indeed. Our heart breaks at the thought of his kindness. O how nice it was to lie in such a tender circle—such a sweet embrace of mercy, grace, and love, as a poor wretch little expected! and there we lay, broken all to pieces, yet so sweetly held together as nothing but the good binding of God's love could effect. We knew who was at work by the power with which things were done. Our comeliness was indeed turned into corruption. We felt that a great blow had been struck, and thought that the earthly house of our tabernacle was coming down; but, for the life of us, we could not hold up a finger against it. We were quite prostrated, yet we enjoyed a sweet feeling of passiveness, more so than we ever before experienced in our life. We thought, and almost hoped, that we had done with time, and found ourselves, at times, praying earnestly that the Lord would take us to himself. We wanted to have done with self, with sin, and with Satan.

Not a few times during our journey through the desert, which has now quite covered the space of forty years, have we felt overburdened with a sense of sin, when the weight has been so loathsome and intolerable, and the fears of proving shipwreck have so much increased the burden, that we have felt that dying to get away from such a body of death would be far more preferable than life. It is more like a living death than life to live beneath the weight of such a real cross—the most real of all our crosses. Yes, many times have we felt that to get away from so foul a malady, which sticks so closely to us all the year round, and which causes so much real sorrow of heart and bitter anguish of spirit, would be a heaven in itself. Not to be able to live without doing that which you hate so much, and yet cannot get away from, is the real trial of God's child. There is a perfect hatred between sin and the true child of God, while he feels himself to be the chief of sinners; yet Satan could as well love holiness as he could be made to love sin. There can never be such a thing as reconciliation between himself and sin. In him, that is in his flesh, dwelleth no good thing, but every evil thing; yet as a child of God, sin is his grief and the plague of his life. To get away, then, from the sin of which your very nature is composed, and which you abhor more than anything

else in the world, and to be as holy as God himself would have you, and that is as holy as you yourself would be—to breathe for ever under a holy atmosphere—to be with the spirits of the just made perfect—to be one of them, serving God day and night in his temple—to be in his immediate presence—to be *with him*, to be *like him*, and to be eternally taken up *with him*, his love, blood, and grace—to have uninterrupted communion and fellowship with him and all his dear blood-bought children, without decay or change for ever and ever—must be a real heaven, and worth dying a thousand deaths for. What can death be to such, other than real gain? Paul said, “‘For to me to live is Christ.’ I live upon him now by faith; I live with him by prospect by-and-by, then it will be gain; death is the way to it, but gain to eternity follows.”

We thought that our time for this great change had come; yet the words, “This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God,” were repeating daily in our soul; also these lines (Hymn 273, Gadsby’s Selection):

“All thy wastes I will repair;  
 Thou shalt be rebuilt anew;  
 And in thee it shall appear  
 What the God of love can do.”

We mentioned this Scripture to no one, because we felt that it could not be true in our case; but the words kept coming up as if spoken straitly to us, and as though they would be heard, notwithstanding our resistance. We thought that the hymn must refer to the resurrection, so impossible did it appear that the lines could be true respecting us in this life. And when dear friends expressed their hope, and sometimes strong confidence, of our being raised up again, we felt surprised. Almost all our friends who came to see us spoke in the same way. This confidence struck us as being remarkable; we wondered at it, but were unmoved in our confidence. The fact of the matter was, that the state of our mind gave a tremendous bias to our feelings. We had a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which would be far better. We strongly leaned on that side, and did not want to come back again to this life. We felt that we were more than half out of the world; just another little touch and we should be gone. We well remember the last Sunday in February; the words were on our mind the whole of the day: “The Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to his temple.” We thought it not improbable that the Lord would come before the day was out, and say, “Come up higher.” We

were on the look-out all the day through. Oh! thought we—“*his temple! his temple!*” This was a precious morsel, and greatly relieved us from the fear of death. We put the words, with the date, on paper, that they might be found after our decease; but we kept the matter as close as death, nor have we uttered it to a creature until now. There was a solemnity in the words “shall suddenly come;” but his coming to “*his temple*” was so beautiful! oh, so beautiful to be “*his temple!*” It was as if we threw open all the doors of our soul, and could say, “Dear, dear Lord Jesus, come in, and make our heart thy little heaven, and let us live together always. Look within, dear Saviour, and see if there is not room enough for thee. Yes, sure there is; but can such grace and majesty as thine enter an abode so unfitting and beneath thee? Thy love and blood overcome me. Come in! come in! Lord Jesus.”

After doing business, to some extent, in deep waters, we were brought back again from the grave. May it please the Lord to sanctify our trials, and make them to work together for our good and his own glory. Our times are in his hands. Where would we have them? Nowhere else for all the world. O no, deep down in our souls we say, Let them be where they are. All his saints, with all that concerns them—body, soul, and circumstances—are in good hands. The entire management of all things, both in providence and grace, for their good and his own glory, is in safe keeping. No miscarrying here, even to the falling of a hair from the head, or a sparrow to the ground. The arrangement of every thing in the universe is the result of infinite wisdom and irrevocable settlement; alteration, therefore, can neither be necessary nor possible anywhere nor at any time. All the ups and downs, ins and outs, downsittings and uprisings, are grasped and bounded by his omniscience. It was a comfort to poor dear Job in his afflictions, when he had lost all but God himself, to know that he performeth the thing that was appointed for him. The nature, duration, and design of the whole, in all its various detail, was no matter of chance or accident: a settled and unalterable decree fixed the whole. The different bands of robbers, with the lightning and whirlwind, all seemingly conferring together, and bent upon one common aim—the total wreck of the poor man; yet was Job at no loss to know whence the arrows came, whose they were, and who used the bow. He was not left to look to the mere creature, and blame him, while the arrows were within him, the

poison whereof was drinking up his spirit. He calls them the arrows of the Almighty, as if he had said, "God has shot all my sheep—seven thousand—and has not left me a sheep! Yes, and he has shot a thousand oxen and asses, and has not left me one! Yes, and three thousand camels—God has shot them all, and has not left one! And all my servants, with a few exceptions—those who brought me the gloomy intelligence! And last, but not least, God has shot all my children—not a child left me!" Job says that God has done it; that God's arrows have shot them all. Then follow the wonderful words: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the Name of the Lord." Job's faith was as pure and precious as his trouble was real; and "when he has tried me, I shall come forth as gold." God did indeed chasten Job sore, but he did not give him over unto death. All our crosses, both for design, nature, and duration, come from the Lord. Trials come not forth of the dust, nor does affliction spring out of the earth. Crosses give not themselves birth; at the same time there can be no doubt that too often there is very much reason to say that "our sins have separated between us and our God." Alas! it is too true; but while the sin cannot be said to be of God, but of ourselves, yet the trial, the chastisement, is from the Lord; for "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." We are quite certain, from bitter and oft experience, that no trials bring so much pain and anguish of spirit as those which we cannot but view as the result of our own sad folly. Is it not too true that we have often played the mariner's sad part, who sees, yet strikes, the shelf? Yet this does not alter the fact that our trials, their appointment, and their performance, are of the Lord. He tries the righteous, but he does not slay them. Poor Job says that if he did, he would trust in him. Afflictions cannot come between God and his people to separate them; no, but they have often been the means of bringing them nearer to him. "Before I was afflicted I went astray: but now have I kept thy word."

We trust that some of us can say, truthfully, that we have kissed the rod and him who hath appointed it; for "Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness." We have indeed blessed God for laying us low; for the fire and the flood; because he has been with us in them. The fire and the flood with God, are better than the best places in the world without him. "I will be with thee" gives sweetness to the waters, and a

bottom to them. "I will be *with thee*" makes good swimmers of the heaviest bodies, and sinking impossible. "I will be with *thee*" means, "We will swim or sink together." Poor souls often run to Christ in their troubles, and say, "Master, Master, we perish, we perish!" No, no, poor dear souls, *that cannot be*, with Christ in the vessel. The waters, even the sea itself, is but a creature, which has its every-day existence from him who gave it being. The creature could not swallow up its Creator; that can never be. "Christ *in you*, the hope of glory," makes every vessel of mercy too buoyant (should all the seas meet in one) to sink him. Our fears affect our feelings greatly, at times, but do not unsettle or alter anything in the eternal covenant. All the Persons in the Eternal Godhead, in relation to the part each takes in that covenant, are "the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever;" and each Person is equally concerned in the care and safety of each soul interested, as well as in the whole election of grace collectively. The throne and crown—that is, all the glory of Trinity in Unity—are staked for their security.

Who among men or angels can form an adequate conception of the love of God to his people? "Behold *what manner of love!*" Nothing in the universe like it. The riches of his grace are unsearchable here. The glory of God's love to sinners saved by his grace is too dazzling to admit of human or angelic inspection to its bottom; nor is it in the power of all created intelligences, sanctified and set apart for its eternal enjoyment, to fathom such sacred depths as are found in this deep of deeps. "Oh," says the recipient of a drop of this love, "it is the grand point above all others with me to know if I have any part or lot in the matter. Oh, please say, blessed God—Oh say unto *my* soul, 'I am *thy* salvation!' Worlds untold, did I possess them, would be but the merest fraction, compared with an interest in the treasures of thy love. Oh that I could say, '*The Lord is my portion, saith my soul!*' Nothing in heaven or earth do I want so much, nor can I be content till I get at this great secret. 'My soul thirsteth for God, the living God.'" Now, could a soul, without a drop of God's love in his heart, pant so earnestly and long so vehemently for the knowledge of God's love? No such desires as these could spring from a soul destitute of grace, or where God's love is not. Such desires discover the truest and deepest love to God. That sacred spring down below in the soul is God's real love, the true and only cause of our love to him. There is but one cause of a soul's love to God, and that is

God's love itself. "We love him, because *he* first loved us." In this sacred trap have we often been caught ourselves; and oh, how beautiful it is to be well caught by the blessed Spirit of God in such sacred enclosures! To be obliged to believe, because we cannot help ourselves! Ah, *this* is the believing! This is the kind of faith we want! Yes, and this is the faith of God's elect all over the world, in every age, in every generation, and will be down to the end of the ages. The faith of God's elect fully assures the whole election of grace of their real sinnership. Only God himself can make a man believe that he is a real sinner, that he must be born again, or he can never enter into the kingdom of God. The strong confidence he has of his own sinnership is the work of God *in* him—yes, it is *in* him, and no mistake; there it is night and day, all the year round, more or less. "Oh," he says, "I am such a sinner!" Yes, *you are*, and one that God himself has made so. Not many such sacred things are to be found among sinners; but let them be found wherever they may, as dear Hart so strikingly says: "The Holy Ghost has made them so." These are such as will have nothing to do with the flattering lips of antichrist, who teaches another way to God and heaven than that taught by the Spirit of God. He is a power within them which convinces them that such is the awful nature of sin, and of their sins especially, that nothing but the very blood of God's dear Son, who is very God indeed, can cleanse *them* from their sins. All the false teachers in the world, and, were it possible, all the angels in heaven, telling them that they were not the sinners they thought and felt themselves to be, and that there was not the need they supposed there was of such a sacrifice as that of the Person of God's only-begotten Son—the faith of God's elect within him would reject their testimony. The Spirit of God has taken fast hold of the poor man, and he is not his own to believe what he likes, or what other people tell him. He belongs to that people who are taught of the Lord. He is God's pupil, and may not take or leave what he pleases. The lessons are not taken out of his own or other people's heads, but from heaven. God himself delivers his own truth, and gives light and power to receive it. The scholar and all his lessons are under divine control. All sit down at God's feet, and all receive of his words; hence their firmness in what they believe. They are as firm as heaven about the way to God: no way for them out of death to life, darkness to light, but through Christ, who alone can quicken the dead and bring them up

out of their graves—can loose them from the power and guilt of sin, and let them go. They feel, by a God-given power and influence, that without blood there is no remission of their sins; that the only atonement for sin is the blood of Jesus; that this Jesus is true, Almighty God, who sighed human breath; the Lord of life himself, who experienced death. He does not attempt to discuss so great a subject by the powers of reason; he believes what he knows that neither he nor angels in heaven can comprehend, nor does he feel that not being able to comprehend that which is simply incomprehensible takes anything from its value, beauty, and blessedness, but rather sets out its amazing worth and glory. The holy life of the holy Son of God is his soul's entire clothing and righteousness. This, and this alone, constitutes him righteous before God. He denounces creature righteousness in every form, and hates it with a perfect hatred. The more he sees of himself, the more he hates himself. The more he discovers of his universal corruption, and feels what a complete mass of pollution he is, the more he sees it to be impossible to bring a clean thing out of an unclean. What a value he now puts upon the blood and righteousness of God the Saviour! and how lovely his Person becomes in the complexity of his nature. He admires his constitution; the human and the divine natures make him so suitable, and are so essential to him as a Mediator betwixt God and man. He is all that God is; he is all that man is (sin excepted). The Divine and Eternal Majesty of the Son of God assumes the humanity. "*He* took not on him the nature of angels; but he took on him the seed of Abraham." "He was made flesh, and dwelt among us (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father), full of grace and truth." The Maker of the worlds and the heir of all things dwelt among us. Oh how wonderful is this! but oh how true we know it is! "We beheld his glory," says John. The Holy Ghost makes the same revelation to this day. "He shall take of mine, and shall show it unto you." This is how it is that we know that the Son of God is come. He shall teach you *all* things, and shall bring all things to your remembrance." This is how it is that the things concerning him—what he said and did—keep coming up within. "He (the person of the blessed Spirit) *dwelleth with you* and shall be *in you*." This is how it is that the things come up, and stick as they do. He keeps the things where they are put. *He* is to *abide* with us for ever. Oh to be the dwelling-place of God the Holy Ghost!

Oh to be the habitation of God through the Spirit! to have Christ formed in the heart (by him) the hope of glory! yea, all the glorious Persons in the one undivided and eternal essence dwelling in a sinner's heart! The great Proprietor of all things in the universe, and the universe itself; he who fills immensity; he himself is the tenant of all his blood-bought property—" *I in them, and Thou in me.*" And will Almighty God—Father, Son, and Eternal Spirit—be the tenant for ever? Yes, for ever and ever. "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?" God himself takes the inventory of the universe, and then tells us that *He* is persuaded that none of these things shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. "Here will I dwell, for I have desired it"

What a comfort it is to one whose hope in man is destroyed, to find such blessed ground for hope in the person and work of Jesus Christ! What is it that can cleanse us from all our guilt and filth? The blood of Christ. Are there riches enough in that blood to put away our sins? What riches of blood must there be in the blood of God! I know that it is said that God could not bleed. *Who was the person that bled and died?* He who made the worlds, when *he* had purged our sins. He did this by shedding his blood. It was the blood of him who is true, Almighty God. Whose blood was it, then?

"Dearly we are bought, for *God*

Bought us with *his own heart's blood.*"

"Feed the flock of *God*, which *he* hath purchased with *his own blood.*" If it means anything, it means *God's own blood—the very blood of God.* The Divine Person of the Son of God, living and dying, becomes the ransom and the righteousness of the whole election of grace; and because it is the very blood and the very righteousness of God—for we have the very terms: the righteousness of God, and the blood of God—there is an infinite efficacy in both. It is a provision worthy of God in its design and in its execution. God planned it, and God wrought it. Our debts are paid by it; our deformity is covered by it. We are complete in him. Mistake there cannot be, for the blessed Spirit of God, in every case, makes the application. "He shall convince of sin;" "He shall take of mine." *He* shall take of my blood, and apply it; *He* shall take of my righteousness, and apply it; leading the soul thus taught and wrought upon into the truth and meaning of the things, by an experimental acquaintance with them. He will open up the way, and guide you into it, and will



not leave you, but will accomplish the whole work. Oh what a mercy that not the least thing, from beginning to end, is made dependent upon the creature; for if it were, there would most certainly be a failure, and a solemn one too! All is made to depend, not on the will of the creature, but on the eternal will of God, who, from one end of the Bible to the other, makes this blessed declaration: "*I will, and they shall!*" The promise is therefore sure to all the seed. "So then it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy." He that begins the good work in you, carries it on and perfects it in the day of Jesus Christ. Oh that our religion may be of God, for nothing else will live in flood and flame!

"They went through fire and through water." This was God's way, for he was their leader; he led them into the fire, he led them through it, and he led them out of it; that is, the Lord was with them all the time, and in all the way. He brought them out into a wealthy place. Glorious Leader! still go before us, or we shall never get through. The fires and floods are so real that we must be drowned or consumed unless divinely supported. Temptations are a real fire; none can live in it if God is not with them. If there is no root of the matter within, in the time of temptation we fall away. But should the furnace be heated to the greatest degree, if one like unto the Son of God is there, we walk (and do not burn) in the midst of it. It is and must be no small cause for grief that the child of God should in so many ways and so many times fall a prey to the great enemy. He knows to his cost too well that Satan still goes up and down, to and fro, seeking whom he may (not whom he will) devour. When the Saviour himself was here, he tried to his utmost to get at him; but though he sorely tried him, yet his holy nature came out of every battle a victor, and without the slightest taint of infection. If Satan did these things in the green tree, what will he do in the dry? Alas! what has he done? How often have we been stripped, wounded, and left for dead! What would have become of us, again and again, but for the good Samaritan?—pitiful, compassionate, tender-hearted, kind, gentle, blessed being! How many times has he come just where and into what we have brought ourselves, and instead of leaving us in our wounds and miseries, with our life bleeding away, he has come to us and helped us, pouring into us his oil and wine, picking us up, and carrying us safely to a place of rest, care, and recovery, paying all expenses! If this is not sovereign goodness, what is it

And this has been his conduct not once, twice, or thrice; indeed we might well blush to say how many times. Who but God himself would or could bear with such dreadful ill manners? and yet, "All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven." What a beautiful word! Yes, and forgiven when committed against the Son of man. How *freely* he forgives poor Mary! He knew so well how much her sins pained and troubled her. He knew in what an aggravated form and in what horrid array they stood out before her; hence her tears, and the low place she takes. But see how the poor, broken-hearted creature weeps, and kisses the dear Saviour's feet! with what sorrow and what affection! "Mary, Mary, thy sins are all forgiven thee; go in peace." Ah, thou Son of the Blessed! who can help loving thee? Glory throughout all eternity crown thy blessed brow. Oh, thou sweet Jesus, to treat sinners, to treat great sinners after such a fashion! Who now, though he feels a world of guilt on his conscience, shall be afraid to approach thee? Listen to the grace that is continually pouring out of his lips—grace from the ocean of grace: "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Sweet Saviour! dear and blessed Saviour! Whose mouth so sweet as thine? Who has a tongue like thine? "Thy lips are like lilies, dropping sweet-smelling myrrh;" so beautiful, that there are none in earth or heaven like them—Oh! let him kiss us therewith—as if they were made on purpose to speak to real sinners. Thou hast indeed the tongue of the learned. Sweet tongue! Thou knowest how to speak a word in season to poor weary ones. Such lovely forms of grace, such God-like beauty, make one feel that, had we a thousand hearts, they should all be thine; or a thousand tongues, they should speak thy praise for ever and ever.

What a wonderful sound there is in these sweet words: "Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory." When the glory and majesty of the person who thus expresses himself are considered, how amazing it seems that such a value should be put upon such insignificant things as we feel we are; and how impossible it appears that such glory and such great things should be given to us. The greatness of the thing often causes doubt; it seems too good and too great to be true for me—me, "the chief of sinners, and less than the least of all saints." But these are the very persons, above all others, who will come to heaven, and behave themselves as they should when they

get there. These persons say here, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy Name give glory, for thy mercy, and for thy truth's sake." Objects of misery, having so much of God's mercy spent upon them here, will be the fittest to sing when they come to heaven, and will go on singing for ever and ever. These blessed poor, when once they get away from sin and their own deceitful and desperately wicked hearts, with the assurance that they will never more be plagued with what now they so much hate, but cannot get away from, then they will let all the people in heaven know it, and sing they will, as only sinners bought with the blood of God's dear Son can sing: "Unto him that loved us (that *loved us*), and washed *us* from *our sins* in *his own blood*, to him be glory." This must be an eternal subject, an eternal spring of sweetness and refreshing. For the present: "Blessed are ye that weep now, for *ye* shall laugh." Weep but for a span, then laugh to eternity. Sow in tears now, a space of time no longer, then reap in joy to endless ages. The tears often roll down the cheek now, but soon God will wipe away *all* tears from off *all* faces—those faces which often, now, wear such mournful colours while labouring under the burden of a body of sin, beside all the cares and sorrows which belong to the journey through the wilderness. Often we mourn sore, like the dove in the absence of her mate, the lonely and desolate one saying, "Oh, when wilt thou come unto me?" Who can laugh or sing when inward and outward things combined, and aggravated exceedingly by the Lord's felt absence, threaten to extinguish the smoking flax and break the bruised reed?

"Ye now therefore have sorrow: but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice." Who can measure the meaning of these words? Child of sorrow! Jesus Christ, the man of sorrows, knows all your griefs, has himself measured them out to you, and at the same time has measured for your special use as much grace as your trials need. "I will see you again." He often comes with an influence and a power which seem to say, "It is I; be not afraid:" and after a long, weary night of toil and darkness, fears and faintings, concluding that all things are against you, he discovers himself in such a manner as to show plainly that he has not been far away, but watching you and caring for you during the night, lest any harm should come to you, though you felt quite alone on the deep, dark waters. He sees you again; that is, he causes you to see and feel that he is not indifferent about you, that his eye

has never been off you, nor his heart away from you; that you are as near and as dear to him as ever. Blessed Being! hear his sweet and gentle voice again: "Children, have ye any meat?" "Come and dine." To show them that he could not pass a night without thinking about them, he had made a fire of coals, and cooked some food for them, and would not sit down alone, but would have the poor dear children sit down with him; they should have breakfast all together. Oh, what a truly wonderful thing it is to have a meal prepared for us by the Lord of life and glory! Jesus is up in the early morning, and has breakfast quite ready by the time the children want it; and after such a night of peril, toil, and disappointment, want it they did. Oh what grace is this! Ah, but he has done so many a time for his family. Who can be found, in heaven or earth, to think so much of his children as he? Whoever waited upon them as he does, attending to them night and day, and never a word of complaint? It is not only what he does, and has done; it is the *way* in which he does things. He makes us to feel that it all comes from his heart. And why is all this? The reason is plain: Because he will; and he wills to do so because his love and value for those whom he thus favours are unsearchable and past finding out. But can he who is so great, and pure, and holy, love such impure and unholy creatures as we feel ourselves to be? This question has arisen in the breasts of God's dear children thousands of times; it is a question which belongs to them, and them only.

"Lord, how is it that thou wilt manifest thyself unto us, and not unto the world?" Such a question never had a living root in any natural man's heart since the world began; it is the real experience of a soul humbled before God, "sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in his right mind." Brethren, the blessed Spirit make and keep us little in our own eyes, seeking not our own glory, but the glory of him who "humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, *even* the death of the cross." Oh, may there be no strife among us as to who shall be the greatest! "Learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls." "*I am among you* as he that serveth." See the Maker of the worlds, with his basin and towel, washing the feet of his disciples! Was it really *real*? It was even so. Oh, what a picture! A glory of grace is seen here which outshines the glories of the skies. "I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you." Oh, may the blessed Spirit

possess us with this selfsame spirit! May we never be left to consider such an example unworthy our imitation; his steps are so safe to walk in—his pattern so proper to copy. We deplore the solemn fact that we are such un-Christ-like things.

Oh may his Spirit be poured out upon us, individually and collectively! If we long for one thing more than another, it is conformity to the image of Christ. We would, indeed, that every thought, feeling, word, and action might be brought into captivity to the obedience of Christ; that we might walk and talk with him, and he with us, by the way, and that our heart might be made to burn within us towards him and each other with love; that he might be pleased to open the Scriptures concerning himself, unfolding the beauties and value of his Person and work, that we might know more of him, then should we love and serve him better.

We feel that we are speaking the desires of every heaven-born soul; for nothing troubles and burdens God's dear children so much as knowing and feeling that, from the beginning of the year to the end of it, their painful experience is, "The good that I would I do not: but the evil which I would not, that I do." They know so well, while they are in the body, which is dead because of sin—and every child of God has the same conflict—that no man can exist in this present state, however much he may have to do with divine and eternal things, *without* this warfare.

And now, brethren, we have not to ask pardon for making use of the words of man's wisdom. Our aim has been to speak to your hearts and not your heads. We would, above all things, have your hearts carried away with Jesus Christ and him crucified. Oh that our *hearts* may be his, and all will be well. May the blessed Spirit enable us to remember that he is "thesame yesterday, and to-day, and for ever," in all that he is and all that he has: our needs cannot be greater than his fulness can supply. There is no office, relation, or character sustained by him which we do not need, and which we are not welcome to enjoy. Christ loved the church, and gave himself for it. Love like this means a value to him of the persons loved, and his love puts a value into them; and as Christ can never lessen in value to us, so neither can we lessen in value to him. Christ and his church are so constituted—made for each other—that though they live together to all eternity, they can never be too much in each other's company, or see too much of each other. There shall not, because there cannot, be the slightest

decay or diminution of love throughout eternal ages. Here is love to perfection.

And now, dear children of God, can we better close our remarks than in the inspired words of the Psalmist?—

“Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!

“It is like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron’s beard: that went down to the skirts of his garments;

“As the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion: for there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for evermore.”

THE EDITOR.

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### REFLECTIONS.

WILL God in very deed  
 Dwell in a sinful worm ;  
 With him communion hold,  
 Nor seek from him to turn ?  
 Dwell thou in me, that I may prove  
 The overflowings of such love.

My heart, I often find,  
 Is a sore plague to me ;  
 Grant me my soul’s request,  
 That I now make to thee :  
 My every sin forgive, I pray,  
 Keep me so, prone from thee to stray.

A bulwark place around ;  
 Omnipotence is thine ;  
 Thy perfect righteousness  
 Give me, to call it mine ;  
 This will produce both joy and peace,  
 And from all bondage will release.

Thy law is just and good,  
 But there no door I find  
 That rescues me from wrath,  
 Easing the burthened mind ;  
 ’Tis through thy Son, O God, I see,  
 That thou canst save and comfort me.

Bid me on thee to lean,  
 Then doubting will be o’er ;  
 The riches treasured up  
 Are for the needy poor :  
 That state is mine, I plainly prove ;  
 Pronounce the words that thee I love.

W. WESTLAND.

## A LETTER FROM THE LATE MR. SPIRE.

Laverton, July 12th, 1865.

My dear Brother in the brotherhood of the Gospel of the grace of God,—Your sweet and savoury epistle came safe to hand, for which I beg to return you our united thanks. I have thought that surely my dear afflicted brother has been favoured by his gracious Lord in being brought into the banqueting house, and there partaking of the fruit of the tree of life, and drinking a flagon of the wine of the kingdom, which is calculated to cheer the poor drooping heart, setting the tongue and pen at liberty to tell of the wonders of grace, which is a high and sovereign favour bestowed by the King of kings on the highly-favoured subjects of his kingdom—which high privilege I am not often favoured to enjoy; yet there are times when I am indulged with a little hope that I have known something of the taste of the Bread of Life and of the wines on the lees well refined. But it is a great mercy indeed for such a poor Gentile dog as I am to partake of the crumbs that fall from his table.

Mine has been, for the most part, a gloomy path: deep waters, hot furnaces, severe trials and sharp conflicts, contrary winds and tempestuous storms; driven to and fro, and, in soul-feeling, staggering and at my wits' end: shut up and cannot come forth; sometimes down fathoms deep; tempest-tossed and not comforted; clouds of darkness lowering; waves and billows dashing as though the poor vessel must become a wreck. "My sores run in the night; my wounds stink and are corrupt;" no standing felt in the deep waters; the enemy and unbelief on the vantage ground; the worldly professor walking with stretched-out neck and wanton eyes; but my poor soul has to be greatly bowed down and go mourning all the day, only meeting with here and there a traveller who has passed this way. But wherever I find them I am satisfied that they are precious sons of Zion, comparable to fine gold; for Hart, I think, in one of his hymns, has said:

"For 'tis decreed that most must pass  
The darkest paths alone."

Perhaps my brother may be ready to ask the question: "Is it all dark, then?" No, blessed be God and the Lamb, there are times when he is kindly pleased to favour me with a blessed ray, shining into this dark dungeon and upon this dreary path; and then through his light I can walk through darkness, and can see and feel that he leadeth by a right way, that I may go to a city of habitation. At his appearance clouds and darkness must disperse, enemies are put to flight, and the battle turned to the gate; mountains are levelled to a plain, crooked things are made straight and rough places made plain, the tempest hushed to a calm, and the poor worm is then enabled to go forth in hope of that eternal life which God that cannot lie promised before the world began.

With kind love to Mrs. V. and yourself, I beg to subscribe myself Your poor unworthy Brother in the Gospel, W. S.

“BRETHREN, PRAY FOR US.”

I AM sincerely happy if my letter conduced to anything like comfort to Mrs. B. or yourself. The world is sunk in sin, and consequently in obduracy; and self has such complete possession of our hearts, that it is difficult indeed to extend any portion of our feelings in compassion for others. The word *compassion*, as I write it, reminds me of my own miserable stupidity as to the distresses of others—my want of a brotherhood of feeling with them. I own I am most struck with my inconsistency as to compassion in spiritual things; and sometimes think, that one of the strongest evidences of my unbelief, that there is such a place as hell, is the little concern I seem to feel, whether my nearest relatives are eternally happy or not. I am interested in providing necessaries and comforts for their natural wants, but the interest felt for the soul is comparatively trifling. The same miserable obduracy I have also with respect to heaven. I neither value it for myself nor others. If so, could I pass an hour, much more a day, without some blessed contemplation on its glories, and without a continual effort to raise my mind above the narrow confines and concerns of the scene around me, so as to enjoy fellowship with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ? My mind is of the true dunghill breed, always cleaving to earth. “My soul cleaveth to the dust.” Had I more of Christ, and more of heaven, I should have more love, and more feeling for all around me. I think I can conceive a man walking through this wilderness with his eyes fixed on heaven, and constantly exercising his compassion towards a lost world, in being a blessing to every man and woman he meets, rising above his tempers, humours, appetites, taste, and passions; and sacrificing all to the good of others. Such a man I behold in him “who spake as never man spake.” Such a man I see, in a great measure, in Paul, “counting all but dung for Christ.” And, alas! my dear friend, why see I not such a man in myself? The same grace that made Paul such an one, can make me one also. His hand is not shortened: he that “cut Rahab, and wounded the dragon” of sin in him, can do the same to me. I have not, because I ask not; and I ask not, because I believe not: for if I believed, I should pray that God would illustrate the power of the same grace in me. It is unbelief that lies like a worm at the root, feeds upon the sap of my faith, and destroys the fruit I should otherwise bring forth. And this is the real cause of all my obduracy and selfishness, both as to things natural and spiritual; so that we need always to take up the Apostle’s request, “Brethren, pray for us.”

H. BUDD.

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“THE Adversary’s work is always close to the Redeemer’s work; wherever we see the Good Seed falling, we may be sure that the Sower of Tares is not far off.”—*Hancock*.



SOME OF THE LORD'S DEALINGS WITH THE LATE  
MR. J. LAWRENCE, OF BLUNSDON, MINISTER OF  
THE GOSPEL.

I WAS born at Highworth, Wilts., of godly parents, in the year 1818. My dear mother died when I was about three years of age, and my father when I was about fifteen. I was thus left at a very early age to show what a slave I was to sin and Satan, running greedily into many of the most revolting sins; but at times I had many checks of conscience, which caused slavish fears. I then vowed that I would alter my course and live a better life, but, having no grace, I soon returned, "like a dog to his vomit, and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire," going still further into wickedness and becoming more daring in sin. My dear father was almost broken-hearted on my account, not knowing what to do with me. He tried in vain to keep me under restraint. Being a tailor by trade, he was much at home, and he would often make me sit by his side while he worked and read the Bible. On the Sabbath he would take me with him to the little Baptist meeting, which I hated, inventing all manner of lying excuses to get away from him.

When very young I was almost deprived of the sight of one of my eyes. I was sent to Oxford Infirmary, but did not quite recover the effects, as it left me near-sighted. My father wished to teach me his trade, but my sight being so bad, it was considered unfit for me, neither did my mind favour it. After a while a way was opened for me to go to Swindon to learn the bread and biscuit trade. I believe that my father told the person of my propensity to evil, for he was a straightforward man; but the way was now open, and I was apprenticed to the trade. Here I found many temptations to evil, and opportunities to indulge in it, for my master's was a very worldly family, and the business often called us to fairs, races, and places of that kind. This suited me, being a willing slave to sin, and it was not long before I became so captivated with it as to be the ringleader of the most scandalous and vile depredations that were carried on in the neighbourhood. To my shame, I was the terror of all moral people. My Sabbaths were spent, as much as possible, in the alehouse; and when not there, I was strolling and sauntering about, spending my time in the company of the lowest drunkards in the place, though none were lower than myself. I was also much addicted to lying, and was sometimes left to practise deeds of dishonesty, some of which my master found out, but on my promising amendment, he always forgave me.

Some time after I left home my dear father was taken ill. He was deprived of his faculties, but was at his last hour blessed with a clear passage over Jordan. He sang one of Mr. Gadsby's hymns, down to a certain point (as he before said he should), and then slept in Jesus.

All parental restraint now being gone, I adopted another mode

of vice by running away from my employer, and tramping about the country, begging my way along, and sleeping under hedges or in outhouses at night. At length I reached London late at night. Here I was, nearly starved and almost naked, alone in that great city, without money or food, or any prospect of a night's lodgings. I reached Oxford Street just as the people were closing their shops, and asked alms. Some took no notice of me, others pitied and helped me a little, but soon I was arrested as a begging vagrant, and was taken the next day before the magistrates. Being very crafty, I so far deceived them, that instead of their sending me to prison, they allowed me money to take me back again. When I got the money, I went to another part of London, where I met with some of the thieves and rogues who frequented the place, and with them I spent the money. While here a most daring robbery was planned by my companions in sin, and I was to be the one first to enter the premises. But the Lord's eye was over me, and his Divine providence interposed and stopped me. I often wonder at the Lord's goodness in snatching me from them, and I have never seen them since.

I had now to pass the nights at the different workhouses, sleeping in the casual wards. I sometimes, even now, shudder to think of the sin and wretchedness that I saw at some of these places. I left London, and begged my way along, till, by degrees, I reached Brighton; I think it was fifty-one miles. When I arrived I was in an abject state, being nearly naked and hungry; and there was not a creature in Brighton that knew me or that I knew. In this state I had cutting rebukes and alarms of conscience, with many slavish fears, and horrid temptations to destroy myself. One day, while at Brighton, I went to the sea-side, determined to throw myself in, and was just in the act, when, like a dart, these words came as though spoken to me: "What will become of your poor soul?" I then drew back, and was now tried with another suggestion, which was this: to lie down till the waves should rise and wash me in; or allow myself to fall asleep, and so, perhaps, fall in. It would not then, I thought, be self-murder. But, as I have since seen, there was the same ever-watchful eye over me then that is over me now, which so troubled me as to cause me to leave the spot. I now started for my native place. After a wearisome journey I arrived there, went to Highworth Union, and was taken in and fed, and my sister told that I was there. She persuaded my late master to be reconciled. He took me in again, and for some time I went on a little better; but before long I fell back into my old ways again, and sometimes ran away; but as often as I came back I was forgiven.

On one of these occasions I was in Trowbridge, nearly starving, when I was tempted to go outside of the town, lay down in a lonely field and die. Still the eye of God was upon me, and so troubled me that I was obliged to return. Soon after this my master died. I was getting on in years, and being somewhat steadier before he died, he wished me to stay with his widow, and

assist her in the business, which I did. After a while I married a person who lived there as servant; and I bless the Lord for having sent her there for me, as I believe that "a good wife is from the Lord." In a little time after our marriage I proved as depraved as ever, giving my wife much trouble. I again ran away, leaving her and two children with very little food or money. I went to Weston-super-Mare, but was so miserable and wretched that I could not stay there. Every child I met reminded me of my own, and the remembrance cut me to the heart.

After much trouble and many privations owing to my bad conduct, I went, at length, to Ogbourne St. George, to keep a turnpike-gate, for 3s. 6d. per week. I likewise obtained work in the village, but was still very unsteady, or we might have prospered, as my wife was an honest, hard-working woman, though not at that time manifested as a vessel of mercy.

But I now come to the time when the Lord led me in a path that I knew not. About March, 1856, after some time of hard drinking, I was constrained to look into a Bible which my poor wife had provided for me, hoping that at some time it might be made a blessing to me. I had felt much remorse the night previous, owing to my conduct. On this occasion I opened the Bible at John xiv., and read on to the end of chap. xvii. I felt myself to be a vile sinner, and could get no rest. I laid myself down on the bed. My wife was busy with the children's clothes. Whether I was in a dream or not I cannot say, but this I know, that I, with many others, appeared to be kneeling down in the wing of a chapel, and begging of the Lord for mercy, when I saw the dear Jesus come down into the chapel, and as I pleaded for mercy, my wife, hearing my prayer, ran into the room, and said, "Lawrence, what is the matter? Were you begging for mercy? I never heard you pray before!" And that was true, for neither she nor any other person ever had. I said, "Let us kneel down and pray." We both knelt down together for the first time, and I tried to pray for myself, for her, and for the dear children, and from that time I have ever prayed (little or much), and as long as I live I hope to feel the need of prayer.

After that night, for five long months, I was under the just and holy judgment of the righteous Lord. Although I could get nothing but condemnation from reading the Word, yet I could not give it up, trying to find comfort, but finding none. For many nights I have walked up and down the road crying for mercy, while others were in bed; yet I could not see how God could be just and save my soul according to his Word. O, what would I have given for one glimpse of hope? But the terrible holiness, majesty, and justice of God so opened up to me my sinfulness, vileness, and depravity, that my soul sank within me. My trouble had such an effect on my body that I was nearly unfit for business. But "there is a set time to favour Zion."

I and my son were on a journey to Hinton, when a friend, whom I hope is born of God, said to me, "How ill you seem! you look

as though you would not live long." I said, "My good woman, I shall die and go to hell; there is no mercy for me." (I had just been reading "James's Anxious Inquirer," and that demanded so much from me, and kept me in such bondage, that I felt I would not read or try any more. It seemed that I had got to this place: "If I must perish, I must perish. I can try no more.") The woman said, "I have a book that has been useful to many of the Lord's family. Will you read it?" I said, "I am not one of the Lord's children, but I will read it."

On my way back, as my son drove, I read; and in reading a piece on the sinfulness of the human heart, by D. Herbert, life, light, joy, and liberty shone into my soul. I felt that all condemnation was gone, my sins all washed away by the blood of the Lamb, and that I was clean in the sight of God the Father, through God the Son; and I said, "Dear Lord, look down upon thy child." I told him that if I had a thousand souls and bodies, they should all be his. I could scarcely keep in the cart, my heart was so broken down with love and my eyes streamed with tears. When we reached home I ran upstairs, and there I had such a time as is better felt than described.

After this, for nearly twelve months, I enjoyed much sweet communion with the Lord. If I awoke in the night, some sweet portion of Scripture or some blessed hymn came to my mind, which led me to the Lord. I went, at times, to hear the General Baptists, and sometimes to church, there being, I hope, a good man in the church at that time. My love abounded, and my zeal was great. But I had a lesson to learn—a lesson that (little or much) I have been learning ever since—that "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." The Lord suffered me to fall into a sore temptation, and that was pride. I began to think that because I lived so near to the Lord, I was much better than my neighbours. Then the Lord hid his precious face from me, and for a long time I was left to the assaults of the devil, who now turned my fierce accuser. My deceitful heart, unbelief, and the great adversary, made terrible work in my soul. All past experience was called in question, not as to whether I had really felt the things related, but whether they were of God; and it seemed like presumption to think of going to God in prayer, or to hope to have the sweet drawings I once had. I was truly in a wretched condition, the hand of God seeming to go out against me in providence. Trade fell off; for, as I could not go to the church or any of the places where I once attended, many of the influential people turned their backs upon me, and, instead of helping me, used their influence against me. The clergyman and his daughter always stood by me, even when, for the sake of Christ and conscience, I was obliged to leave the church. When in the midst of deep distress I believe the Lord stirred them up to administer to my necessities. I am persuaded that the dear clergyman is now in glory, and that his child is a vessel of mercy, but the preaching did not meet my case.

About this time I was invited to a Strict Baptist place of worship at Ogbourne St. Andrews. There I heard the gospel preached by Mr. Pocock, and a prayer, from one whom I esteemed as a sent servant of the Lord, was the whole language of my soul. This so rivetted me to the people that I never wished to leave them. But now I had another great trial: I had agreed to have a child baptized (so called) at church, but my conscience told me that it would be wrong. What was to be done? If I did not carry it out I might offend my best earthly friends, as well as my wife; but by God's help I was enabled to stand firm. At the last hour I felt obliged to tell them that I could not come. The ceremony was performed, for the last time, upon any of my children.

I continued to worship with the few friends at Ogbourne. They wished me to join them; and though I believed the ordinance of Baptism to be right, having been exercised about it, yet I could not see my way sufficiently clear. But one day as I was walking with my load upon my head, I was reading the third chapter of John, and when I came to the twenty-third verse, where "John was baptizing in Ænon, near to Salim, because there was much water there;" I said, "Dear Lord, I will now be baptized in thy name." I had such a broken and contrite heart, that I knew was from the Lord. I felt little and self-abased in my own eyes, and could bless the Lord, who had done so much for me. Accordingly, with a few others who had also been exercised, I was baptized. In obeying the command I felt a little heaven below, but the trial of faith was to follow. Soon after I had these words:

"I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,  
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress."

Things in providence now began to look blacker. Trade was gone, and I was in debt, without any prospect of obtaining a livelihood in the future. The last provisions were gone. I had no money, and could not ask for credit. I left my cart and harness with my largest creditor, instructing him to sell them in part payment of his claim. I live to prove that whatever a man may be before he is called by grace, upon his becoming manifestly a new creature in Christ Jesus he is honest in heart; and it will be a great grief to him if he cannot carry it out in practice in the sight of men, being often afraid lest he should give the world occasion to open the mouth of scorn, and grieve the family of God. He will suffer privations and deny himself. He can then honestly appeal to the Lord, telling him that he knows how he has tried and failed, but that the gold and silver, and the cattle upon a thousand hills, are his, and that the hearts of all his people are at his disposal. This my soul has often been led to plead before him, and in his own good time he has brought full deliverance.

The last money and provision being almost gone, I said to my wife, "It is Board-day, I will go and see what they will do for

us;" my body being so weak that I was unfit for work if I had had it to do. My wife, fearing we should have to go into the workhouse, cried bitterly, saying that she could never live if we were separated. Then my poor heart was broken down, but I was enabled to bring our case before the Lord. While on my knees I felt impressed to take a certain course, which the Lord helped me to carry out, and so blessed the undertaking that I was able to pay my creditors to their satisfaction, leaving a few pounds over for our use. This was a great deliverance, but having a large family and a very small trade, our stock was often very low, though never since that time have we been quite so destitute. One day in the harvest-time, as I was walking with my basket on my head, noticing the plentiful crops of wheat around, I thought, "How good the Lord is in thus providing for man and beast!" when a fiery dart from the devil was shot into my heart: "What is that to thee? it is not thine!" when these words came sweetly into my soul: "Bread shall be given thee; thy water shall be sure." Love and joy flowed into my soul, and often since have I been led to plead that promise before him.

On one occasion we were in a great difficulty, our rent being nearly due, and ten shillings were required to make up the amount. I had been crying to the Lord about it, when, one morning, as my wife and I were walking across the Downs, on looking down there lay a half-sovereign. On another similar occasion, just as I had been pleading with the Lord for a sovereign, my wife picked up one in a wheel-rut. When in the garden one day, I told the Lord that I would rather be the least help in his vineyard than sit on ten thousand earthly thrones, when these words came sweetly into my soul: "With long life will I satisfy thee, and show thee my salvation." Again my soul was broken down with love and wonder. I had just before this paid away all my money excepting a few half-pence; the bag of flour was nearly exhausted, and I had not wherewith to pay for a fresh supply; so I said, "But, dear Lord, how about the flour?" when, just at the time, one of my children ran out to me, saying, "Father, what shall the man do with the bag of flour?" I went in, and there was a man with a supply of flour. I gave him a small sum, and when he was gone, poured out my soul to him who declares that we are of more value than many sparrows. At another time of pressing need, after much prayer, had a £2 cheque sent. On another occasion a friend lent me the amount required to make up my rent. I promised to pay it in a given time by instalments, but was quite unable to do so. About this time he lost one of his best horses, and another was taken ill; the doctor said it would die. But my friend took the case to the Lord, saying, "Dear Lord, if thou wilt restore my horse, I will give poor Lawrence the money he owes me." He rose from his knees fully persuaded that his prayer would be answered, which came to pass. When he told me of it, we rejoiced together.

How many times, in such like conspicuous ways, has the Lord appeared for us!

Some time after the above exercises, the Lord was pleased to take to himself one of the children, a boy of ten months old. And here we had a very sharp trial, in addition to the loss of the child. We had arranged for the funeral to take place in the churchyard on a certain day, and that the service should be conducted outside the churchyard. But on the morning of the day fixed for the interment the clergyman came, and said that, as the child had not been baptised, he could not allow the grave to be made in the churchyard. He also added, "Now, Lawrence, you see what trouble you have brought upon yourselves by not having your child baptised!" I said, "Sir, I perceive that you are in gross error; what you call baptism, I call sprinkling, and it does the child neither good nor harm. My Bible says, 'Believe and be baptised; and my God has taught me that the path of obedience is the path owned and blessed by him.'" But my feelings are not easily expressed. Here was the corpse, and no place to bury it! The poor bereaved mother also was in great distress, and my soul was brought low. I read a psalm, knelt down, and was enabled to cast my burden upon the Lord. While thus engaged, I was impressed to go to Mr. Pope, of Marlborough, and tell him my case. I went accordingly, and when I had made known to him my difficulty, and the impression which I had while in prayer, he willingly undertook the case. The little body was conveyed there on our perambulator, a grave prepared, and the funeral took place at the same time at which it was arranged to take place (had it have been allowed) at Ogbourne. Dear Mr. Pepler gave a very solemn address at the grave. When all was over, I asked the sexton what I was indebted to him? He said, "Mr. Pope has settled that." Then I said, "Bless Mr. Pope's God, and thank him." I have mentioned the names of my two dear friends, and hope they will forgive me, as I ever wish to esteem them highly, as also others whose names I have not mentioned; but my God will not forget them or their labour of love to me for his sake.

I had been for some years exercised about the great and solemn work of the ministry. I deeply felt my unfitness and unworthiness, as well as a great unwillingness to go out, but yet, at times, the fire seemed to burn within me, and I was, as it were, speaking before a people, when it appeared to be from the Lord. Then again I sank down, and was ready to conclude that it must be the work of the flesh, and I would try to dismiss all thoughts of it. Still, I was obliged, from time to time, to beg of the Lord that if these exercises were not from him, he would deliver me from them; but if they were, that he would, in spite of the devil, the flesh, and the world, open doors for me. I believe that he sent me for a time as a Scripture Reader and Sick Visitor, and I hope that my labours were not altogether in vain. But those with whom I was connected did not, I believe, approve of all my sentiments. I was a Strict Baptist in principle, as I am now, and

ever hope to be, as I meet with no other people who carry out the precepts and doctrines of the New Testament as they do. These things I hope ever to maintain, although I know that it will bring down the slander of those who hate and oppose these things. That, however, I fear not. I must live and die for myself; and the thoughts and opinions of others concerning me will make no difference to me. I trust that Christ is my mediator; and I know that if I am found in him, it will be well. In the great day of accounts, I trust that I shall be found to be a poor sinner saved by grace, through the blood and righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ, as one given to him by the Father, and brought to him by the Holy Spirit; then God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost—summed up in a precious Christ—shall have all the glory of my salvation.

I now gave up my post as Scripture Reader, the devil assailing me with the temptation that I should either be put to open shame or that I should come to poverty, so that my wife and family would be starved at home or else have to go into the work-house. I well remember one day being on a journey from Avebury to Kennet, when I was so greatly distressed on account of these things, that it almost amounted to distraction, fearing that my past exercises concerning the ministry were not of God, the enemy taking advantage of my position in providence. My unbelieving heart also aided him, and truly it was a wretched time for my soul. But suddenly these words were applied with power: "I will make thee an able minister of the New Covenant." I had a large parcel under my arm, but was obliged to put it down, while I stood amazed at the condescension of the Lord in stooping so low as to pick up such an unworthy one. Such life, light, and liberty attended the words that my unbelief was put to the blush, the devil was compelled to flee, and my trouble was gone. I was now willing to spend and be spent for the good of the people of God, and to do anything if I could be of the least use in the Lord's vineyard.

From that time doors have been opened in a remarkable way, and, notwithstanding my many fears and much opposition, both from within and without, my good and gracious Master has ever supplied me with suitable clothing in which to stand up before his dear people. I am still dependent upon him for every needful blessing, and feel my need of his continual teaching, for none can teach like him. O that I loved him more, lived more to his honour and glory, and had more love for precious souls! O that I may never be left to dishonour his dear Name, but be kept faithful to the end!

Four years have passed away since I last attempted to commit to paper any of the dealings of the Lord with me in grace and providence. I have had many exercises about it since. I know that what I have written is the truth, yet I have had many fears lest I should not endure to the end. I humbly hope that I have been learning two very important lessons: my sinfulness



and foolishness, and the Lord's goodness and wisdom towards me, a poor, vile, worthless worm. But of late I have felt much condemned for neglecting to record his mercies, yet being fearful about making another attempt, I was constrained to make it a special matter of prayer to the Lord. On one occasion, while asking his will respecting it, I besought him to give me a token by causing me to open his Word at some portion suitable to my case. I opened upon Matt. x., which was blessed to my soul. This gave me encouragement to go on, and I begged of the Holy Spirit to lead me back, and bring to my remembrance the past Ebenezers, that they might be raised in honour to the Three-One God, the great and mighty Jehovah. May he open up to my mind his gracious dealings with me. But oh, I tremble lest, after all, I should be left to dishonour his blessed Name! I feel a desire to be made useful to his dear afflicted family, and, above all, to honour his dear Name.

*(To be continued.)*

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### CHRISTIAN CONDOLENCE.

Jan. 6th, 1827.

My dear Friend,—Last night I received the solemn tidings of the departure of your beloved, your only son. I had some impressions on my mind that such an event had taken place, as, in my morning retirement, which was between ten and eleven o'clock, all that I was enabled to utter on this point was, "that the Lord would be pleased to sanctify the afflictions of my dear friends," &c. Now, before that period, I had always somewhat given me to plead in behalf of the suffering youth; but then, I had no petition to offer on his account.

The war in the members, and the long conflict with the last enemy, are now over, and, according to my earnest hope, this youthful warrior hath now entered into the fruition of that rest which remaineth for the people of God. I said, according to my earnest hope: and this hope is cherished, first, by feeling many inward cries on his behalf; and secondly, by what I saw, and heard from him, in the hours I spent by his bed-side. Moreover, others who fear God have been enabled to present their supplications before the mercy-seat, that the blessings of the everlasting covenant of grace might flow from the dear Redeemer's fulness into his soul; and you know the God of Israel never said to the seed of Jacob, "Seek ye me in vain."

These, my dear friend, I consider as tokens for good, and if you remember the last conversation we had together, I told you "that the Almighty, in the sovereign acts of his wisdom and grace, might communicate the blessings of pardon and peace to your afflicted son, and at the same time withhold from you the manifestation of the inestimable blessing;" and you now know best whether it was so or not. I never remember reading any account of the communications of God's grace to Jeroboam's son

being made known to any one, until the Lord revealed the matter to the prophet, who proclaimed the secret to the child's mother; for by his mouth the thing appears to have been first made known. Be this as it may, we know that the Lord is a Sovereign, and reveals or withholds as it pleaseth him; and if in this afflictive dispensation he hath been pleased to withhold from you that which you so much desired, it is to answer some wise, holy, and gracious ends towards yourself. It may be so appointed in order to deaden and crucify you to all sublunary objects; to stir you up to "give all diligence to make your own calling and election sure;" to discover to your heart more of its latent depravity, by leading you to make diligent search by self-examination; "to humble you, to prove you, and to do you good in your latter end;" and to draw you, by divine power, to make up the whole of your happiness in him "who hath done so great things for you."

Now, my dear friend, if this dispensation should be attended with such blessed effects in your own soul, it will indeed be a token for good, and a sweet evidence that "all things (and even this thing) work together for good to you, who I believe loves God, and is called according to his purpose."

That this bereaving providence may be accompanied with spiritual advantage and profitable instruction, to both the mourning parents of him who has now obtained rest from all the sorrows of this miserable life, hath been the prayer of my heart. May the good Lord bless both my dear friends with an humble, passive, quiet submission to this his holy dispensation; and may you each be brought to acknowledge, from heartfelt experience, that "he hath done all things well"—well for his own glory, and well for your souls.

My wife unites in sympathy and regard to you and Mrs. S. We are but poorly in health, but this must be expected as one of the concomitants of old age.

I remain, very affectionately yours,

J. KEYT.

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### SOUL-HUNGER.

November 30th, 1814.

Long-looked-for, but is come at last. The great backwardness you manifest in writing is far from being an encouragement to me; on the contrary, your long silence (being more than a quarter of a year since I heard from you) has been not a little trying. My wife, who has generally more patience than I have, has repeatedly said, "I think it strange that Mr. M. never writes; it has a very odd appearance," and the like; and although my conduct at such times tended rather to check her chatter than encourage it, I could not help thinking that there was much propriety in what she said; not that I consider myself entitled to better treatment, but how near such apparent indifference corresponds with a profession of real friendship I must leave my

friend to judge. My feelings are as tender as most men's, but no one is acquainted with them fully, save my heavenly Father. "He knoweth my frame, and remembereth that I am dust." From him I daily receive marks of kindness, and find him to be a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.

My thoughts, of late, have been much employed upon the Christian's path through the wilderness. The Elder said unto John, "These are they who came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before (the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more" (mark that). Soul-hunger is one part of the tribulation that the spirits of the just made perfect are delivered from, but not till they get to heaven; so that while a woe rests upon the full, the blessing is upon the hungry soul. Thanks be to my God for that; for herein I read my own character; and sure I am that no soul ever hungered after heavenly bread that was not a partaker of the divine nature. "They shall thirst no more" for living waters—and a more painful sensation cannot be conceived—but shall drink of that fountain, the streams whereof, now and then, even in this wilderness, make glad the city of God. "Neither shall the sun" of prosperity, adversity, or persecution any more "light on them;" these did light on them, and very much perplexed them; but no more! A final adieu to them—an adieu for ever! When the curtain drops, and the soul says, "Farewell to the body!" there shall be no more cleaving to the dust which includes the whole of this evil world; "nor any heat" of corruptions, set on fire of hell, "for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them (happy they who hunger here), and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters (blessed are they that thirst after Jesus here): and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes," when they shall never more be found. But while here, we go forth weeping, bearing precious seed. These are scenes through which I have passed and am still passing, but I am looking forward to the bright world of endless day, and I find my hope in the Lord, who made heaven and earth, on whom I hang for life, for support, for comfort, and for all. Blessed be his Name for ever, he has brought me from all human props, and to experience the truth of these words: "vain is the help of man." On my way home to dinner to-day I had such a view of my standing in him, independent of the thoughts of men, religious or profane, learned or unlearned, high or low, rich or poor, friends or foes, as I never had before, that I can recollect, and I was enabled, in some measure, to rejoice in God my Saviour. How good the Lord is to such a worthless creature, the very fag end of creation, and the filth and offscouring of all things.

Your backwardness in writing is chiefly, if not altogether, pride. If you could write according to your wishes, and say "Well done" at the close of every sentence, no doubt I should hear

from you more frequently. But remember, my brother, man's thoughts are not often God's thoughts; what we are most pleased with in such things are mostly an abomination to him; his work is done by way of cross to the old man, and we are called upon to "be instant in season, out of season." Not that I say these things by way of inducing you to write, for however much I regard you, I had rather I should never hear from you more, than have anything but a freewill offering as it respects the new man.

I sincerely thank you for your kind invitation to Lewes; there is no family on earth that I should be more happy to see than that of my old friend and brother M., but my expectation of ever seeing you again on this side of the grave is nearly gone. Old age and infirmities creep upon me apace, which render even the thought of long journeys irksome. My sons purpose paying you a visit during the ensuing summer. They, together with their mother, unite in kindest regards to yourself, Mrs. M., and family.

Yours in bonds never to be broken,

W. HUDSON.

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

September, 1842.

As friends are wont to act and write very freely to each other, I shall avail myself of this freedom in writing to you, and give you a succinct account of the marvellous dealings of the Almighty Saviour of poor perishing sinners with such a poor worthless worm of the earth as I feel myself to be.

I was about twenty years of age, and being apprenticed to a dancing-master in the country, it was whilst engaged in that frivolity, in the service of Satan, that the Almighty was condescendingly pleased to impress my mind with such a sense and concern of an hereafter, and of an account to be rendered of the deeds done in the body, that neither fiddling nor dancing, nor the fascinating company of ladies, could ever alleviate or disperse the gloom and terror that accompanied it. I therefore became religious, went to church, said my prayers night and morning, was careful of my thoughts, and at last became so holy in my own eyes as to despise my master, mistress, and every one with whom I came in contact, the language of my heart being, "Stand by thyself, for I am holier than thou." Whilst this Babel-building was going on, and had arrived at such a height, I was standing in the kitchen one Monday morning, waiting to accompany my master in the chaise, when suddenly a light shone into my heart; it was like a flash of lightning within me, and I saw at once that all my righteousness indeed was but as "filthy rags," and my heart "a cage of every unclean bird." I marvelled at the instantaneous and wondrous change, but could not understand it. I therefore turned my feet to his testimonies, and made haste to keep his commandments; but I found, as the light increased in my understanding, that I sinned in thought, word, and deed; that "by the

deeds of the law no flesh living could be justified in his sight." The holy law of God acted as a mirror to me, reflecting and discovering my vileness before the eyes of infinite purity and here all my hope of obtaining salvation by the works of the law withered and died. I sank, in my feelings, fathoms in the "horrible pit and miry clay" of my corruptions. The dreadful forebodings of the wrath to come, and the overwhelming fears of my awful state, drank up my animal spirits to that degree which rendered me quite unfit for the company of anyone.

Here I was dwelling in the "region of the shadow of death," being bound in "affliction and iron," as the Psalmist expresses it. In this state I found no prayers in the prayer-book descriptive of my case, nor any power or capability to utter my complaints at the footstool of mercy, being condemned by the holy law of God, and condemned by the Gospel as an unbeliever. I had no hope in the Saviour, for he was not yet revealed to me; but I believed my doom was irrevocably fixed, for I felt myself to be utterly lost, and had no hope in his mercy, that being cut off; but went groaning for days and weeks, never expecting but that my wretched existence would be worn out by the intense anguish of my spirit; and in all this furnace-work did the Lord cut up my natural religion, and made me a terror to myself, so that all pretensions to the favour of the Most High by fleshly performances in alms-deeds, prayers, fastings, and good works, so called, were swept away, agreeably to what is written in Isaiah xxviii. 17: "Judgment will I lay to the line, and righteousness to the plummet, and the hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies, and the waters shall overflow the hiding-place."

The Almighty having cut up by the roots all my natural religion, I now endeavoured to keep the holy law of Moses, and to square my life, walk, and conversation by it, as far as my natural ability would enable me; but the light within my understanding still increasing, my corruptions raging with awful fury, and the Almighty himself being a swift witness against me, as he says in Mal. iii. 5, and being arraigned at his bar with my mouth stopped, I had no plea to urge why judgment should not be executed upon me; and one day, when in the coach-house, waiting to accompany my master in the chaise, being dreadfully depressed and sunk in all my natural powers, expecting to be cut down as a cumberer of the ground, these words were spoken within me—there was no audible voice or articulate sound—"I will be gracious to whom I will be gracious; and I will show mercy unto whom I will show mercy." (Ex. xxxiii. 19.) Strength was communicated to me with these words, to bear up under the dreadful load of guilt, misery, and condemnation, that I felt. One morning, while riding through Chestnut Fields, Herts, tears gushed from my eyes like a flood, from the oppressive load within, when these words were spoken to my heart, accompanied by his power: "A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench: he shall bring forth judgment unto

truth." (Isa. xlii. 3.) This sweetly operated as a cordial, and propped up my sinking heart in these desperate, fainting, and dying circumstances, accompanied with a gleam of hope, amounting to "Who can tell but I may find mercy at his hands?" But before the close of the day the sweet edge of comfort was blunted, and I felt, if possible, lower than ever in my feelings of guilt, misery, and distress. I believe I never ceased crying for mercy all the day long, and I believe and know that it arose from that principle of life within communicated to me at first. I was always afraid, when going to bed, to go to sleep, expecting that I should awake in hell, so awful was my state, feelingly; until, at last, the "Kingdom of heaven suffered violence, and the violent took it by force." (Matt. xi. 12.)

These exercises continued for some months. One night, however, when I bowed my knees to groan out my heart at his footstool, the Lord was mercifully pleased to pour into my soul the spirit of grace and supplication, and to enable me, by opening my mouth, to pour out the same in his own consecrated language; and the Holy Spirit helped my infirmities indeed, so that I arose from my knees with something of an expectation that he would appear for me, and deliver me from the dreadful state I was in.

Early in the morning these words were spoken to my heart, attended with a power that resounded through my soul: "There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." (Rom. viii.) The love of God flowed in like a mighty river, sweeping before it all guilt, misery, and condemnation. I broke out with tears of joy, love, and praise, and was carried out of myself. My heart was wrapped up in his everlasting love, and I was enabled to claim him as my own, in the language of the church (Song ii. 16): "My beloved is mine, and I am his." I never was so certain of anything in all my life as I was then, and am now, of my Lord Jesus being the portion of my soul and the lot of my inheritance. He is a heaven of inexpressible sweets and delights indeed. I neither expect nor wish for any other heaven than to be dissolved in him.

This jubilee and wedding-day lasted for many weeks; and thus has the Almighty Saviour of perishing sinners dealt with his poor worm—stripping me of my own carnal religion in the flesh, washing me in his own most precious blood, clothing me with his immaculate robe of righteousness, and giving me a heartfelt, experimental knowledge of himself, by his own almighty power. "Who hath delivered me from the power of darkness, and translated me into the kingdom of his dear Son. (Col. i. 13.)

J. G. SMITH.

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"I HAVE no hope but in mercy; and no plea but mercy! I dare not stand before God's holy Majesty on any other ground than that of free and sovereign mercy to the guilty, helpless, and the lost; flowing to sinners through the doing and dying of a merciful High Priest."—*Tanner*.

## THE SERPENT LIFTED UP IN THE WILDERNESS.

Peterborough, Jan. 10th, 1890.

Dear Mrs. J.,—According to promise, I now take up my pen, it having been laid upon my mind to do so during the whole of the past week; but feeling a little seasoned with that salt which comes from the God of all our mercies, and knowing that if he will guide my pen I shall be enabled to write something for our mutual edification, I take the opportunity. I hope you may be favoured to read the few thoughts thus simply recorded with gratitude to the great I AM, who led the children of Israel, and who still leads them through this wilderness; that you may be enabled to see the dove returning with a leaf of his love in its mouth, and that, like Noah, you may be persuaded that the waters are lowering, and that the blessed Lord has not forgotten to be gracious.

Referring to my visit to your most humble cot, I reached Oakham at twelve o'clock. J. being at home, and desiring an opportunity of a little conversation with him, I was easily persuaded to stay there until the 5.20 train left. I am of your opinion concerning him, and could wish that the soldier understood the same language. How wonderful is it that the Lord should take "one of a city and two of a family!" Truly "his way is in the sea, and his footsteps are not known." "His ways are past finding out."

J. took me inside the chapel, and showed me the seat upon which he sat when the Lord caused him to hear the joyful sound. What a union subsists between the children of God, though they may never have met with each other before! There is that oneness of spirit, blessedly verified in the words: "As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man." I have seen a letter from your daughter; and though I do not want to sew bolsters under your arms, nor to influence you by what I choose to think, yet, being blessed with a somewhat quick ear and sharp eye, I think I can discover in her language a breathing after the things of God that was not put there by flesh and blood. Neither do I think that Satan could or would prompt her to say, "I wish I could be brought to know your God, that my blind eyes might be opened; but I must wait 'till the Lord's pleasure. Will he not make it manifest in his own good time?" I can say Amen to it, because it is a good sign of a spark of life, and she comes in with that "book of remembrance that is written for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his Name." Now I must say something about the words, "thought upon his Name." You know that a person can think *about* the name, but cannot think *upon* it. As far as I am able to see, the language referred to—"upon his Name"—sounds like a wanting something that she is unable to procure unless the blessed Lord sees fit to bestow it upon her. The thinking about his Name has reference to one who imagines he can do *something*, and that God will add the

something which may be lacking. In short, man desires to have a hand in his own salvation. This is how I understand the two different modes of thought—one is the breathing of the Spirit, and the other the wisdom of the flesh. But I must leave it with him who has said, "Secrets belong to God;" and "There shall not be a hoof left behind."

"Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. 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." Oh, what a mercy is it that a place is prepared *for us!* He says (and what a blessed "if" that is), "if it were not so, I would have told you." How would he have told us if he had not gone to prepare a place for us? Why, because he would never have made himself known unto us, and it would have been impossible for us to believe, had it not been for his right hand having planted us in his courts.

"I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman. Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away." Ah, you and I say, and all God's family say, "There is no fruit in me; I cannot bring forth fruit." No, and it is not meant that we should of ourselves; for you see that "every branch in him that beareth fruit, he purgeth it." What for? "That it may bring forth more fruit." Then he says, "Now ye are clean"—not for what you are or are not in yourselves, but "through the word which I have spoken unto you." Well, what is there meant by the *word* and the *cleansing*? It is this: "In the day of prosperity be joyful, but in the day of adversity consider;" so that no flesh shall glory in his sight. We read that the Paschal Lamb was eaten with bitter herbs, illustrating the same purging. He says again, "I will bring the third part through the fire." "I sit as a refiner." Yes, blessings on his dear Name, he does it all himself, and in his own time.

I have had a token for good this morning from the Father of all our mercies, through Mr. C., who preached at Salem Chapel. The Lord led me to ask a petition that his servant should so speak that I might be able to trace some waymarks—that he would teach him by his Spirit to this end; and thus it was, for if ever the sovereign power of God, without the admixture of the wisdom of man, was faithfully proclaimed, it was this morning. He read as a lesson John iii., his text being the 14th and 15th verses: "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life." In his introduction he said, "This is a declaration of Christ made known to Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews. 'The same came to Jesus by night.'" "Ah," he said, "the people tell us that we should not come by night. I tell you, poor sinner, that is the only time we do come, in the night of our trouble. Yes, you know that when the children of Israel were bitten by the serpents, Moses was commanded to make one of brass, and set it upon a pole, so that all who looked



might live. So it is with a sin-bitten child of God, who feels the smart of it, and falls to the ground. They tell us that they fell with their faces downwards, and had to get upon their hands and knees, and then turn their heads to look at the serpent. But no such thing, poor child of God, for all sin-bitten ones who fall to the ground fall with their faces upwards." I also marked another thing which he said: "The serpent which Moses lifted up was like unto those by which the children of Israel were bitten; so the Son of man, who was made sin for us, who knew no sin, said, 'I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me.' It is said that this means all the world, if they will only look at him. Ah! but all the people are not sin-bitten like the people of God! No, it was the sovereign power of God that caused the serpent to be lifted up; and it was the same power that caused the lifting up of the Son of God, that whosoever looked or believed on him should be saved. So, poor child of God, it is his own work; you have not got a hand in it, blessings on his dear Name." He then quoted a line or two by Daniel Herbert:

"How oft I grumble and repine,  
With blessings in my hand," &c.

So you see how the Lord answered my prayer. We sung the 587th hymn, and I was melted by the last verse but one.

I am, Yours in the Truth,

W. MADDISON.

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### FRUITS OF THE SPIRIT.

My dear Friend and Brother in Christ,—I have been thinking of what our Lord said to his disciples concerning professors: "By their fruits ye shall know them." Both good men and bad men are in Scripture compared to trees, plants, &c. And John says, "Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit, is hewn down, and cast into the fire." And our Lord says, "Every branch in me that beareth not fruit, he (the Father) taketh away." As there are two sorts of trees, branches, &c., so there are two kinds of fruit. For the description of these, I must refer you to Gal. v. 19-23. The one kind is called the works of the flesh; the other, the fruit of the Spirit. The former are done by man, and are natural to him; the latter is produced in God's covenant family by the indwelling of the Spirit, and is therefore called the fruit of the Spirit.

Now I find that I possess in myself two distinct principles—flesh and spirit; and I am obliged to own that the former is too often the most lively and active. This sometimes brings me into a strait, and I am compelled to ask my dear Lord and Master whether he has implanted any good thing in me. I know all the evil is from Satan and myself, and if there is any good it comes from above, and, blessed be God, that amidst all the defilement of my polluted nature, I am not destitute of the fruit of his Spirit.

The first of these is love; and he knows that I love, or desire to love him, because he enables me to believe that he first loved me. I love his word, his ordinances, his people, and his ways. There is a great deal said in our day about love. Now I am persuaded that it is quite possible to love the world (that is, the men of the world, together with all that is fleshly and carnal), while there is no love to God and his people. This is seen every day of our lives.

The evil that I find working in myself often makes me groan, and I am ready to say, Can any good thing dwell in such a heart as mine? And yet, bless his holy Name! I am enabled to believe that he himself dwells in it, and that Christ is formed in me the hope of glory. O, my dear friends, what a conflict is continually going on! "the flesh lusting against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh; and these are contrary the one to the other, so that we cannot do the things that we would." I believe that every one of God's dear children feels and sees much more evil in himself than others can see in him; and, blessed be God! notwithstanding all the evil, there is some good fruit brought forth in them all. And it is by this fruit that we are to know them.

Where sin reigns and rules, Satan has the dominion; but where Christ sways his sceptre, the fruit of the Spirit is sure to be more or less brought forth.

But some may say, Did not Abraham, Lot, David, and Peter sin? They certainly did, but they did not live in sin. For "how shall we, that are dead to sin, live any longer therein?" To fall through temptation is a sore grief to those who are tempted; as may be seen in David, Peter, and others. But to persevere in any known sin, is to be led captive by Satan at his will; and such are sure to be led into hell, if the mercy of God does not prevent.

Knowing these awful truths as I do, you need not wonder that I am very jealous concerning my own sinful self, and that I would be very watchful over myself and all those with whom I am connected in spiritual bonds, ever desiring to remember that "except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain." Yet this is no reason why he should cease to be watchful.

There are two things which often employ my deep attention. First, that I may be assured that there is the real and genuine work of God within me; and though I believe this, I want continual tokens of his love to confirm it. Where there is love in the heart, we cannot hear too much about love. I want to be made fruitful in every good word and work.

And, second, I want to have renewed assurances concerning my call to the ministry, by its effects. I am often grieved that I do not hear more concerning conversion work. I want, if it were the Lord's will, to be instrumental in turning sinners from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God. But I know the Master of the house has appointed each servant to his work; and "I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness."

If the Lord enables me, I shall probably tell you about being a doorkeeper in the house of the Lord in my next. I love to be an indoor servant. Such become acquainted with the family, by mingling with them, in their wants, wishes, desires, and enjoyments. I love the society of the Lord's dear family, and I never wish for any other.

Allow me to add, what I have often said, Brethren, pray for me. My love be with you all in Christ Jesus.

Yours affectionately in Him,  
J. HOBBS

Hastings, Oct. 8th, 1869.

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"HE RESTS IN HIS LOVE."

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Birmingham, Sept. 24th, 1862.

My dear Brother,—I received your kind letter this morning, and was glad to hear that you are well and had a comfortable journey. I much feared that you would have rough weather. You see I am still Mr. Fearing. I sincerely hope and pray that you may be benefited by the sea air and sea water; and above all shall be glad to find, on your return, that you have had, during your absence from us, a comfortable bathe in the sea of God's everlasting love, which I trust I do know, from experience, invigorates soul and body. Yesterday morning those words (Isa. xliii. 1) were sweet to my soul: "Fear not; I have redeemed thee; I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine." O how willingly did I say to the Lord, If I am indeed thine, do use me to thine honour and glory; yes, and this is still the language of my soul, although I am in a heavy, dull state of mind this morning, and feel the force of Paul's words: "In this tabernacle we groan, being burdened." But what an infinite mercy it is, that although we are so full of changes, God's lovingkindness changes not. "He rests in his love." "Yea (says he) I have loved thee with an everlasting love: therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee." The devil oftentimes says Nay, unbelief says Nay, reason says Nay; but, blessed be God, his Yeas shall stand against all the Nays of men and devils. O for faith to see this at all times; but now two lines of Hart's strike my mind:

"Dream not of faith so clear  
As shuts all doubtings out."

I desire to be thankful that I am better, and hope to be at the prayer-meeting to-night. O, if I could go without myself, what a happy man I should be! I want daily to be more enabled, through the Spirit, to mortify the deeds of the old man of sin. O that I could enter more feelingly into the precious truths spoken of in yours, and that they were more fully enjoyed by the dear people of God everywhere, and especially by those with whom we are connected in church fellowship.

I had a rather remarkable dream the night before last. I thought I saw a number of dogs, and they bore a very threatening aspect, showing their teeth most furiously. I thought I had

one by its neck with both my hands. He tried to bite me, but could not while I held him tight. The others were grinning among themselves before me. I thought I was released from the one I but just now held, and by some means got hold of a good sharp sword, by means of which I kept them off me; yet I had to cut away fiercely. I now became a little faint-hearted, but only for a short time. I dare not give up, but felt a firm determination to fight till I died. Upon this I awoke, and there was an end of this imaginary fight.

On the following morning I was led to that passage in Psalm xxii.: "Dogs have compassed me; the assembly of the wicked have enclosed me; they pierced my hands and my feet." And I feel sure that if these dogs compassed the Head, they will also enclose the members.

"Yet here's our point of rest,  
Though hard the battle seem:  
Our Captain stood the fiery test,  
And we shall stand through him."

Farewell. May the Lord bring you all safe home. Grace reigns.  
Yours affectionately,

T. VAUGHAN.

NOR one of the elect can perish, but they must all necessarily be saved. The reason is this: because God simply wills, and that unchangeably, that all and everyone of those, whom he hath appointed to life, should be eternally glorified.—*Austin*.

GOOD old Mr. Peter Higgins, who lately departed to glory, dwelt much in the light of God's countenance, and walked in the full assurance of faith. Being asked whether he had any doubt of his salvation, he answered, in his plain, simple manner: "I was bargained for in eternity, and the price of my redemption was paid above seventeen hundred years ago; then why should I doubt? I have nothing left to doubt of.

ONE Mr. Barber (an ancestor of that Mr. Barber who, about the year 1720, officiated as minister of a dissenting congregation at Burntwood, in Essex), being a Protestant, was, in the reign of bloody Queen Mary, condemned to the flames. The morning of execution arrived. The intended martyr walked to Smithfield, and was bound to the stake. The faggots were piled round him, and the executioner only waited for the word of command to apply the torch. Just at this crisis, tidings came of the Queen's death, which obliged the officers to stop their proceedings, and respite the prisoner's sentence until the pleasure of the new Queen (Elizabeth) should be known. In memory of so providential a deliverance, by which the good man was literally as a brand plucked from the burning, he was no sooner released from his imprisonment and troubles than he had a picture made of Queen Elizabeth, decorated round with significant ornaments, and ordered in his will that the picture should be transmitted down for a memorial to future times, in the eldest branch of his family, where (says Mr. Whiston, from whom the above account is extracted) it is preserved to this day.

## Obituary.

SARAH GAY.—On May 2nd, 1891, aged 75, Sarah Gay, for fifty years a member of Providence Chapel, Lower Bristol Road, Bath.

My dear mother was called by grace when about twenty-three years of age, before Providence Chapel was built, the friends then meeting at a small chapel in Wood Street. She had been accustomed to attend church, although, when a child, she was brought up at the Strict Baptist Chapel in Trowbridge. On being invited by a friend to go to Wood Street Chapel, she complied. There the Lord was graciously pleased to meet with her in such a way that she could not cease from tears, feeling herself too vile and sinful to meet with the Lord's dear people, her sins rising like mountains before her, so that she could not lift up her head. From that time she continued to go to chapel, for, although afraid to meet with the people, she could not stay away. The Lord saw fit to send his arrows of conviction so deep that she could not rest, but wandered about with these words ringing in her ears: "Lost! lost!" "Too late! too late!" afraid to seek mercy, feeling so vile. This continued some time. Fearing, at last, she should sink in hopeless despair, she was obliged to seek for mercy, experiencing the language of the poet:

"I can but perish if I go;  
I am resolved to try;  
For if I stay away, I know  
I must for ever die."

After a while one of the members kindly lent her Herbert's Hymns, telling her that she thought there might be something there to suit her. The Lord blessed the hymns to her soul, especially the following:

"Ten thousand thousand souls there are  
Arrived on Canaan's shore;  
Ten thousand souls are entered in,  
And yet there's room for more:  
Room for the lame, the halt, the blind;  
Ah! room for such as me!  
'Twas Christ made room for such poor souls,  
By dying on the tree."

The Lord so blessed these words to her soul as to give her a little hope in his mercy and a little encouragement at a throne of grace, with the feeling: "Who can tell but the Lord may have mercy?" Afterwards the Lord gave her several portions of his Word and also lines of hymns for her soul's comfort. Several months having passed, she again sank in deep despair, fearing that she was out of the secret, but still obliged to cry for mercy.

One Sunday, being deprived of a minister, they had a prayer-meeting, the senior deacon giving out the hymn:

"O my distrustful heart,  
How small thy faith appears!"

But greater, Lord, thou art,  
 Than all my doubts and fears.  
 Did Jesus once upon me shine?  
 Then Jesus is for ever mine."

The Lord so blessed these words to her soul that she felt that her burden was gone, and could say, "The Lord is mine, and I am his," enjoying his presence for some time.

In November, 1839, the Lord manifested himself most blessedly to her, filling her room with that glorious light of which the Apostle speaks. In 1841 she was baptized, and remained a member until her death. She had to pass through many trials and hardships in this wilderness, but she always proved the Lord's promise faithful unto the end: "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." In her declining years she became heavily afflicted, and was deprived of attending the means of grace for a long time previous to her death; but the Lord was very gracious to her, often favouring her with the enjoyment of his presence. On a Sabbath morning previous to a long illness, the Lord greatly blessed her soul with that hymn (420, Gadsby's Selection) commencing: "O bless the Lord, my soul."

We heard her singing before she left her room, her soul being filled with the Lord's presence. She said, "I must try to go to chapel this morning." It was with difficulty that she did so. Mr. Bennett, from Aldershot, was preaching. She much enjoyed the sermon, saying that it was a time never to be forgotten. She often spoke of how the Lord blessed her soul. After this she had a severe illness which confined her to her room seventeen weeks. She then thought that her time was come, feeling quite resigned to the Lord's will, whether for life or death; but he raised her up again, sparing her life for three years, still being heavily afflicted, but enjoying many seasons of the Lord's presence and communion with his dear people who visited her.

In January, 1891, the Lord again saw fit to lay her aside by affliction, the doctor's opinion then being that a few days must terminate her life; but her end was not yet come. When first taken ill, she was very dark in her mind, wondering how matters would be with her in the end. A short time after, on entering her room, I said, "Mother, how do you feel in your mind?" She replied, "My dear child, very gloomy; but this I can truly say:

'Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
 Wand'ring from the fold of God;  
 He, to save my soul from danger,  
 Interpos'd his precious blood.'

I am quite sure that the Lord has not brought me here to leave me." After many tossings to and fro, the Lord broke in upon her soul with these words:

"My grace shall to the end  
 Stronger and brighter shine;  
 Nor present things, nor things to come,  
 Shall quench the spark divine."

On entering the room I soon saw that a change had taken place; tears were streaming down her cheeks, and her heart was filled with gratitude to the Lord. I said, "Mother, what is it?" She said, "Oh! the dear Lord has been again, and has given me that blessed promise, that he will be with me to the end. O bless the Lord! He is a faithful, loving friend! I do want to see some of the Lord's dear people now; I could talk to them. Bless and praise his holy Name.

'O that my soul could love and praise him more!'"

She now began to improve, being able to sit up in her chair, but still feeling that her end was very near. She often said, "My time is short. I am going home."

On the 15th April she was confined to her bed for the last time, feeling quite resigned to the Lord's will, having had this promise given to her: "At eventide it shall be light." On Sunday morning, April 26th, on my husband going into her room he found her much worse, but in a blessed frame of mind. She said, "My dear boy, this is my last Sabbath on earth. Oh, how good the Lord has been! He has brought me through another night, and permitted me to see the glorious sun shining into my room (being a very bright morning)." He called me directly. On entering the room I saw that a great change had taken place, but her soul was filled with the glory of the Lord. She said, "My dear child, I am going home. Don't grieve for me, but praise the Lord. The Lord will bless you; you have been a dear child to me. Let us rejoice. How good the Lord has been to me all these years in the wilderness! Bless and praise his holy Name." As far as her strength allowed, she sang:

"Abide with me! fast falls the eventide."

She remained in this blessed frame of mind during the whole of the day. On the following day many of the friends came to see her. She was able to talk, and even to sing with them that hymn:

"How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear;  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear."

But she was gradually sinking. Two dear Christian friends helped me to administer to her wants, and felt it a privilege to be with her. Tuesday and Wednesday, much weaker in body, but strong in the Lord. I said, "Mother, you will

'Soon be landed  
On yonder shores of bliss.'

She replied—

"With Father, Son, and Spirit,  
I shall for ever reign;  
And joy and peace inherit,  
And every good obtain.  
I soon shall reach the harbour  
To which I speed my way,

And cease from all my labour,  
And there for ever stay."

She took an affectionate farewell of her two eldest grandsons, committing them to the Lord. After a little while I enquired how she felt in her mind? She replied, "Safe, safe on the Rock. Come, thou blessed Jesus, and fetch me home." She called my husband to her, saying, "The Lord bless you, my dear; you have been good and kind to me." Wednesday, upon my brother wishing her good-night, she embraced him, saying:

"I long to lay me down and die,  
And find eternal rest."

The Lord bless you." On Thursday morning the doctor came, and said, "She cannot last long;" to which she replied, "Bless the Lord." She then asked for a Christian friend, for whom she had great regard, to come and engage in prayer. This friend had been a constant visitor throughout her illness; they had enjoyed many sweet seasons together. Before he came, the friend who was with her read the 47th and 103rd Psalms. The Lord once more gave her strength to speak of his goodness. She raised herself on her dying pillow, her face beaming with brightness, and said, "My heart is fixed; O God, my heart is fixed. Bless and praise his holy Name; it has been fixed over fifty years. O the faithfulness of my blessed Saviour! Bless the Lord, O my soul." She talked in this way for some time, then sank on her pillow, never to revive again. She lay with her eyes closed, now and then saying, "Come, thou blessed Jesus, fetch me home." At about three o'clock on Friday morning she was seized with violent pain; but she never murmured. On my asking how she felt in her mind, she said, "Satan worries me." On seeing my grief, she said, "We shall meet again." Some time after this she raised both her hands, and waved them in triumph. Her last words were, "Safe, safe." After this she seemed quite dead to pain. On Saturday morning she sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, without a sigh or groan.

I have lost a loving mother and an affectionate friend. My loss is her eternal gain. She was interred in St. James's Cemetery by Mr. Robbins, many of the friends being present.

ELLEN DILLON.

JOHN CHURCH.—On August 3rd, 1891, aged 78, John Church, of Denchworth, near Wantage, Berks.

He was a member of Zion Chapel, Wantage, and for many years a God-fearing, tried, exercised man. He was favoured, at times, by what he felt in his soul, to call the Lord a good God. It was clear, from his prayers at public worship, that he rested solely for salvation on the blood and righteousness of Jesus. He often gave out hymns 281, 471, and 938 (Gadsby's selection). He was laid aside from the House of Prayer for about a year prior to his decease. A friend and myself visited him occasionally, and his theme was still the blood and righteousness of Jesus



Christ, which, he said, would do to die by. On the Saturday before his departure, he said, "Jesus is gone;" but before the day had passed away he said to his daughter-in-law, "Jesus is come; help me to hold him." I saw him again on the 2nd August. He was very weak; but in reply to my inquiry if he felt comfortable, and if Jesus was precious to him, he said, "Yes," and passed away in a few hours.

R. W.

HENRY FRANCIS LAWFORDE.—On August 21st, 1891, at Jersey, aged 81, Henry Francis Lawford, late Postmaster to the House of Commons.

He had been a member of the church at Gower Street for over forty years. For some years past he had been afflicted with deafness, which was a great trial to him, and prevented his hearing the Word preached, though he always attended the means when able. In the midst of deep trials he was enabled to maintain a cheerful deportment, and his kindly words and smiles will be missed by many.

He passed away after a few hours' severe suffering from bronchitis, &c. Not long before he was found to have passed away he was heard in earnest prayer, and he evidently died in his sleep. My esteemed friend was a man of prayer, and had to wade through deep waters of trial and sorrow, some of them being heavy family afflictions. I have known him over thirty years, and have walked and rode with him many miles by night and by day. The following are extracts from his letters:

On July 7th, 1891, he wrote: "I must tell you, go where I will, bonds and afflictions attend me. About four days after I came here I was attacked with bronchitis, which I suffered from so long in London, and thought I should recruit my strength and get free from its depressing effects, but God's thoughts were different to mine. I was compelled to see an earthly physician. I cannot say how long I shall stay here. I do not see my way to end my days here unless God should so ordain it. I desire to be thankful for the Lord's mercies, in which I feel so deficient. O that I could say with the noble champion, Paul, that, however straitened and afflicted under frowning providences, I was contented, and approved of his merciful dispensations, even if cutting and painful to my proud heart, which is so prone to fret and kick under his gracious dealings, though discipline was necessary to make me humble and to deliver me from the bondage of Satan."

At another time: "Time with me is short; yet I can say, 'I know whom I have believed,' and I hope I shall have the presence of my Redeemer to guide me over the last sea. 'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord:' but for such to be the case, there needs be evidence of living in the Lord; for the Word reads. 'There is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus.' O, that little word '*in!*' what a deal it contains."

T. SAUNDERS.

**SOLOMON GINGELL.**—On Sept. 27th, 1891, in his 82nd year, Solomon Gingell, of Hilperton, Trowbridge, Wilts.

He rose at about six o'clock on Sunday morning to go to the prayer-meeting at seven, but had not been downstairs many minutes before he passed away to join the saints above. He was indeed a lover of the Lord's house and his people, and for twenty-seven years was never absent from our little cause. He did not believe that there was much to be obtained by running away from his home. He was wont to say :

“No more a stranger or a guest,  
But like a child at home.”

During the last few years he spent much of his time in and about the House of God. He was a contender for the truth, and for an experience of a divine change before a soul can know anything about real religion. He used to tell all with whom he came in contact, that they must be born again. This is the third member that our little church has lost in about a year, and what is most remarkable, each of them has been taken away suddenly. Thus the pillars of the Lord's house are being removed. May he be pleased to plant others, if consistent with his eternal mind. Much could be said of our dear friend, as he was greatly beloved.

A. WEST.

**JAMES SHEPPARD.**—On Sept. 29th, 1891, in the 84th year of his age, James Sheppard, deacon of the Strict Baptist Church, Corsham, quietly and peacefully passed away from the church militant to the church triumphant, after serving the church of Jesus Christ for nearly sixty years, and for about forty years an honourable deacon.

The obituary of his wife, Mary Sheppard, is to be found in the “G.S.” for May, 1873.

I believe he was born at Attworth, and for more than twenty years pursued, with all the sons and daughters of Adam, the downward road, walking according to the course of this world. He was wild, given to public-house visiting, and the evils attending such a path, although a singer in the church. But the appointed time rolled on for the Lord to unfold to him the hidden purposes of his grace. One of the means which it pleased the Lord to use was this: His wife's father being a member of the Baptist church at Braughton Gifford, invited him on a Sunday morning to the seven o'clock prayer meeting. While one of the friends was speaking in prayer, the arrow of conviction seized him; his former sins and practices were vividly brought to remembrance, and he came away from the prayer meeting with the arrows of the Almighty sticking fast within him. His former course of public-house visiting and drinking, his songs and companions, were abandoned, and he became a wanderer in a solitary way. The concerns of his soul, his sins, guilt, eternity, and the judgment, now occupied his mind. He could see no way of escap-

ing the curses of the law and the wrath of God, which his sins justly merited, and he felt that hell would be his portion. He wished that he had no soul, and that there was no eternity. This word distressed and troubled him—how he should bear the wrath of God due to his sins through eternity! I have often heard him speak of those times; but how long he was kept under the law I cannot say.

He now had to give up his Church-going and his singing. His songs were now turned to sighs and groans, and he continued to go to chapel. Here it was that his soul was delivered from the curse, guilt, and wrath, under whose power he had so long been held, through hearing a sermon preached by that man of God, well known in those parts and in those days, Stephen Dark, from these words: "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." When the dear old man came to speak of the perfect gift being Jesus in his love, work, blood, and salvation, his heart leaped within him; thus, through the ministry of the gospel, he was brought into the liberty thereof: and now his soul was filled with love, peace, and joy, and his mouth with praise. His cry now was, "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul."

He was baptized by Mr. Blake, the pastor of the church at Braughton Gifford, in 1831, and continued an honourable member for thirty-one years, and deacon twelve years. The pastor and people have been gathered home, only one remaining of those who were baptized with him. Truly the old sheep are being taken away.

In the providence of God he and his family removed to Corsham, and there being no place of truth there at that time, he continued to walk to and from Braughton for many years, his wife accompanying him as oft as she could, for they found no spiritual food at Corsham. In the year 1855, the Lord, in a mysterious way, led me to speak in this town, and in 1858 two cottages were opened for such men as Mr. Gorton, Mr. Tiptaft, and Mr. Collinge—Mr. Gadsby's hymns being used. In 1859 a church was formed on Strict Baptist principles; and in the year 1861 a chapel was opened by the late Mr. Gorton, whose memory still lives in the churches. James Sheppard and his wife cast in their lot with the few in church fellowship, and were formally dismissed from the church at Braughton. The truth was greatly opposed in those who preached it and those who espoused it.

From the origin of the cause here, the house of our friends has been like that of Jason's of old—the receptacle, shelter, and accommodation to such as those referred to by the Apostle, "who turn the world upside down," as many supplies, from various parts of the country, during the past thirty years, can testify; but now that the Lord has gathered them both home, they will be greatly missed. Oh that he would raise up others to take their place! But at present we have to mourn that it is not so.

When able to be present at public worship, you would seldom find their places empty. They loved Zion, and manifested it in word and deed. Would that there were more like them.

At service time you might see him—although the chapel was two miles distant from his home—posting towards the place, nearly double, with a walking-stick in each hand; and when unable to walk, his daughter would take him in a basket chair; but for some few months he was quite unable to be wheeled there. Several particulars were supplied by his daughter during his confinement. On one occasion he asked where the verse was to be found: “Be not deceived?” and finding it, he in a most solemn and fervent manner prayed that he might not, after all, be deceived. On another occasion he was so blessed with communion, and such sweetness flowed into his soul, that he thought the time of his departure was come, and he longed to be gone. But the vision withdrew, when he said, “I did not want to come back to earth again.”

*April 2nd.* He had read a sermon by Mr. Smith in the “G.S.,” and was much blessed and favoured in reading and meditation; when he said to his daughter, “If Mr. S. goes to heaven, I shall also go. Oh what light, life, and power entered into my heart while reading this sermon!” After this, Satan was permitted to distress and harass his poor mind, so that his countenance bespoke the conflict of his soul. Hymn 293,

“Encompass’d with clouds of distress,” &c.,

was much blessed to him at this time. On another occasion he was speaking to some friends of the way the Lord had led him these sixty years in the wilderness; the Lord’s bringing him out of nature’s darkness; compassing about Mount Sinai; being brought into gospel liberty; how the dear Lord had supplied him with every temporal mercy, and, by his grace, had kept him cleaving to his truth, cause, and people. He was much blessed in his own soul while relating the same. Hymn 198 was very sweet to him:

“Amazing grace! how sweet the sound,  
That saved a wretch like me,” &c.

Speaking to his daughter, he said, “My child, I am going home; going to leave you; going where there is no more parting. Oh what a blessed feeling is a sense of it in my poor soul!” the tears of holy gratitude flowing down his cheeks as he uttered it. “Oh, what is all the wealth of this world, compared with what I feel?” Again, speaking of Zion, he said, “I do hope the Lord will turn her captivity. Oh, the many times that my soul has been blessed in that little place! If people had their hearts and ears circumcised, there would not be so many empty seats. It is for the want of a felt sense of their poverty.”

*July 19th.* Speaking to his daughter, who was in constant attendance upon him, he said, “I awoke with those words: ‘I will look once more toward thy holy habitation.’ I have not been able, for many years, to do without my Lord’s help, and I

now want him to help me out of time into eternity, that I may see his blessed face, then 'I'll praise him as I ought.'

'Other refuge have I none;  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;  
Leave, ah! leave me not alone;  
Still support and comfort me.'

Speaking of his brother deacon at Braughton, he said, "We have walked in the fellowship of the gospel all our life without a jar. He is safely landed, and I shall soon join him above."

*Sept. 8th.* He was much favoured in reading hymn 533.

When conversing of Christ's sufferings and travail from the womb to the tomb, from thence to Bethany, and then to glory, he was quite broken down. He tried to sing, as well as his feeble voice would allow, with the sweet assurance that what he endured was for him.

*Sept. 10th.* A friend brought him some mushrooms, a thing which he had longed for, and for which he had been asking the Lord. He said, "How easy it is for my Lord to supply my temporal needs!"

*Sept. 11th.* "I long to get home, that I may behold him,

'Who once a spotless victim  
Upon Mount Calvary bled;  
Jehovah did afflict him,  
And bruised him in my stead.'

I long to praise him as I ought. I am weary of all things below, not that I have lacked anything, for I have been well waited upon, and had every comfort."

*Sept. 13th.* "I do not want any breakfast this morning. Did you hear me sing in the night? I sang the 174th hymn, every verse of it. Some time since I gave it out at chapel, and it was so sweetly blessed to my soul, that I felt a desire there and then to depart. If anyone calls to-day, do not ask them upstairs. I do not want to be disturbed, or to lose the blessedness I am realizing."

*Sept. 28th.* Taken worse to-day. In the evening he said to his daughter, "If anyone asks you how I died, tell them that I felt Christ to be 'the chiefest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely.' Oh! if people knew what I have enjoyed down at our little chapel, they would seek its welfare more than they do." This was but a very short time before he passed away.

When at home, I made a point of visiting him once or twice a week. On the Monday evening of the night in which he passed away, I called to see him, but did not think that he was quite so near the close. After conversing awhile on spiritual things, I bade him good night, when he returned the same, adding "and the Lord be with you, and bless you, wherever you may go." He quietly turned himself on the pillow, seemed like a child going to sleep, and thus he passed away, so that those watching him could scarcely tell when he breathed his last. May my last end be like his. He was interred Oct. 3rd, 1891. D. KEEVILL.

# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

FEBRUARY, 1892.

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

## THE RICHES AND WISDOM OF SOLOMON.

A SERMON PREACHED BY MR. DENNETT, AT FREDERICK STREET CHAPEL, BIRMINGHAM, ON NOV. 22ND, 1887.

“So King Solomon exceeded all the kings of the earth for riches and for wisdom.”—1 KINGS X. 23.

IN speaking a little from these words it is my desire and intention to notice:—

I. *King Solomon and what he typified.*

II. *His riches.*

III. *His wisdom.*

I. *King Solomon and what he typified.*

Solomon certainly was a very remarkable man, but the reason was he had a very remarkable God, and God dealt with him in a very remarkable way. The Lord dealt with him as he dealt not with other kings of the earth who were strangers to his grace.

i. But the first thing that strikes my mind about Solomon is this—that he had for his father a great and gracious man, even David, the king of Israel, David, the man after God’s own heart, David, whom God took from the sheepcote from following the ewes great with young, to be ruler over his people Israel; and David was faithful to the charge God gave him; for it is written: “He fed them according to the integrity of his heart; and guided them by the skillfulness of his hands.” (Ps. lxxviii. 72.)

But Solomon typified God’s own Son. As Solomon was the son of a great and gracious man; so Jesus is the Son of a great and gracious God. The Lord speaks of him as his beloved Son. In no part of Scripture is this testified of any except Jesus Christ: “This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.” This was he of whom John spake, saying, “The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father), full of grace and truth.”

(Jno. i. 14.) The Lord Jesus had a much greater Father than Solomon had; for God is called the Father of Jesus Christ: "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ." (Eph. i. 3.) Christ not only acknowledged God as his Father, but he acknowledged him as being the Father of all his people: "I ascend unto my Father, and your Father; and to my God, and your God." (Jno. xx. 17.) Sinner, if you and I have this relationship to God, all the powers of hell cannot break it, all the powers of the world cannot destroy it; "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." O, what a union!

ii. Solomon was *a son of promise*. God had promised and given to David this son. God foresaw when he would come into the world and what he was to be. So the Lord Jesus Christ was *the Son* promised and the Son given; for God had promised he would send his Son into the world; therefore before he came it was spoken of as though it were already accomplished: "Unto us a child is born, unto us a Son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his Name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God." Mark that, my friends! "*The Mighty God*." If he had been only a man, the Holy Ghost would not have called him "The Mighty God." He came by promise; as the apostle says: "When the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth his Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons." (Gal. iv. 4, 5.) What a difference there is between Solomon, who was *a son of promise* to David, and Jesus Christ, the Son of God! Solomon was a poor frail sinner, a poor worm of the earth, and could not do anything savingly for himself. What a difference between him and the Son of God, who was the Mighty God without a blemish upon him, either in body, soul, or spirit: "When he bringeth in the first-begotten into the world, he saith, And let all the angels of God worship him." (Heb. i. 6.) I believe every angel obeyed that commission, for there was neither an angel in heaven, nor one that attended Christ's birth, when he came into the world, but what obeyed that command of God: "And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising

God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men." (Lu. ii. 13, 14.)

iii. Solomon came into the world under very peculiar circumstances. God marked the sin of David with Bathsheba; but prior to the commission of that sin God had promised David he should have this son, even Solomon. What a mystery, that God should have foreseen how Solomon should come into the world, and by what means; and yet he came according to promise. But though God foresaw David's sin, he gave him no licence to commit that sin; yet not only did he commit it, but also added to it the sin of murder. Yet God foresaw it all, and that Solomon should be born of Bathsheba.

And was not Christ born under much more peculiar circumstances than Solomon? for he was born of a woman who knew not man. Mary was not a whore. No, but a virgin: "And the angel came in unto her; and said, Hail, thou that art highly favoured, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women. And when she saw him she was troubled at his presence." Then the angel told her what he had come for, and she said, "How shall this be, seeing I know not a man?" Now look at the glory and grace of God and his wonderful way of working: "The Holy Ghost (not man) shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee; therefore also that Holy Thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God." (Lu. i. 35.) O, who can declare the generation of Christ! He was David's son after the flesh, but he was David's God according to the Spirit. Therefore Solomon, though he came into the world under peculiar circumstances, Christ came under circumstances more peculiar.

iv. Solomon was born to be a king, and predestinated to be a king. Some of the kings of Israel came not out of the loins of other kings; but Solomon came out of the loins of King David, and he reigned over a very great people. Now let us look at Jesus; for it is to him I would direct your minds. He was born a King; as he said to Pilate: "To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world." Isaiah prophesied of this before he came: "Behold, a King shall reign in righteousness, and princes shall rule in judgment. And a Man shall be as a hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." (Isa. xxxii. 1, 2.) Christ is as the shadow of a great rock to us now; not a small rock, but



the shadow of a great rock; for he is "a strength to the poor, a strength to the needy in his distress, a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat, when the blast of the terrible ones is as a storm against the wall." (Isa. xxv. 4.)

King Solomon's subjects were limited; but who can tell the number of Christ's subjects over whom he reigns on earth and will reign in heaven? He is now gathering them together, and what a vast number will they be when they are all gathered home: "After this I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb." (Rev. vii. 9.) But God knows the number, and calls them all by name. He has registered all their names in heaven in the Lamb's book of life, and Christ is responsible for all of them,—for their redemption, salvation, and to bring them to eternal glory. Therefore we read: "Whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire." (Rev. xx. 15.) This makes God's people, who see these things so clearly, desire to know that their names are in the Lamb's book of life, and they put up earnest petitions to the Lord, and say, "O Lord, do show me that my name is in thy book!" Because they know that if they can once trace this they can then see that they are in Christ, that they have been redeemed by Christ, washed in the blood of Christ, and that as their names are in the book of life they must go into eternal glory. What a great multitude will Christ have when his people are all with him!

v. Great numbers came to see Solomon. People from all parts of the earth came to see his wisdom. That is just how God will bring his people from all parts of the earth: "I will say to the north, Give up, and to the south, Keep not back; bring my sons from far, and my daughters from the ends of the earth." (Isa. xliii. 6.) The Lord Jesus Christ is a great King: "Who would not fear thee, O King of nations? for to thee doth it appertain." (Jer. x. 7.) Where is the child of God who does not desire both to fear and love Christ?

II. *His riches.* Solomon had great riches. In the petition which he put up he did not ask for temporal riches, and in this God was well pleased. The Lord is always well pleased with the prayers of his people when they ask not for the things of this life, but for the things of the life to come. There is not a child of God present that has asked for spiritual blessings out of an honest heart, that

will be denied. You may say, "That is a very encouraging statement." I say again, Not one of you, out of an honest heart, ever asked for blessings far above this life and the things of this life, but God will grant you them: "He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him; he also will hear their cry, and will save them;" "Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it." (Ps. lxxxii. 10.) But though Solomon asked not for temporal riches, God gave them to him; but what were his riches compared with the riches of Christ? Let us look at Solomon's riches:

i. He had gold, and an abundance of it; but it was only the gold of this world. Christ has another sort of gold which he gives to his people, and that is his own love. What a precious gift is this! "I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich; and white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed." (Rev. iii. 18.) O what a precious thing to buy, and yet give no money for it! Solomon's gold was limited; for we read that they fetched four hundred and twenty talents of gold from Ophir. This sets forth God's unlimited love, which is from everlasting to everlasting; and to every sinner that is humbled and brought to his feet, this text applies: "I have loved thee with an everlasting love: therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee." (Jer. xxxi. 3.) Mark, Solomon was not made of gold; that was not his nature; but the nature of God is love: "God is love," and the soul that knows God as a God of love will never sink to hell. As part of Solomon's riches lay in gold; so God's riches are his love and mercy, which he bestows on the very basest and worst of sinners: "God, who is rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ." (Eph. ii. 4, 5.) Do what you may with gold you cannot change its nature, and what a mercy you can never change God's love. Not all the wickedness of his church can change his love. You may say, "It seems too good for me that God's love can be fixed upon me." My friends, it seems too good for me at times, and yet to realize it is one of the greatest things that we ever can attain to in this life. God's love is always the same; as much when we are in darkness as when we are in the light; as much when our souls are cast down as when they are lifted up in praise to God. God is love, and his love knows no change. That is your mercy and mine. Well; we hope he has loved us. Perhaps your souls can respond to that and say, "Yes, we hope he has, and we have a desire to

say with an unwavering tongue that he loved us and gave himself for us." You may say, "O that I could live in the sweet assurance of his love, and had faith to believe that he loved me before I had my being, that he loved me when I came into the world, that he loved me when in my blood, and that he will love me into heaven!" The desire of all the redeemed is to realize what Moses said, "Yea, he loved the people; all his saints are in thy hand; and they sat down at thy feet; every one shall receive of thy words." (Deut. xxxiii. 3.)

ii. Part of Solomon's riches was in silver. That sets forth faith, and all that God bestows upon his people. The apostle James says, "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?" (Jas. ii. 5.) How rich is that poor sinner who has the least measure of faith in Jesus Christ! Faith grows not out of the earth; but it comes from another country. No man in the world can produce it. We might exhort sinners dead in sins to believe, but they cannot believe. You may say, "But how sure some are of going to heaven, and what strong faith they have, and have no fears or doubts, but are always confident." My friends, the faith such have is only a manufactured faith; not the faith of God's elect which comes down freely from his mercy-seat. Think you if the disciples had had power to believe would they have cried, "Lord, increase our faith?" What a mercy it is to have a little faith! Little faith always unites the sinner's soul to Christ. Faith cannot do without Christ. If you have a little faith you will see what wicked wretches you are, have a discovery of the evils of your nature, and how you have broken God's law; and O, the fears that will attend you all your life long, more or less, lest God should deal with you after your sins! Yet you want Jesus Christ, and nothing else will do for you. You feel you *must* have him, and if you cannot find him, still you want him, and though sometimes you seem swallowed up in darkness, yet you are not in despair, and another cry rises up, like the little cloud about the size of a man's hand that rose up out of the sea, and this cry goes out of your heart to Jesus, and what a mercy it is that it cannot be suppressed!

"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."

And can he not save? Is it not written for our encouragement, "Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them?" (Heb. vii. 25.) How have we come to him? Not by sense, but by faith: "To whom coming, as unto a living stone, disallowed indeed of men, but chosen of God, and precious." You may say, "I thought I should get better and stronger." No, you will always be a coming sinner. You may have come many times, and felt Jesus supremely precious, but you are only a coming sinner still; yet when you realize his presence, it is comforting and strengthening to your soul. One of the verses in our last hymn brought back to my remembrance a sweet time I once had from them, and they again brought a refreshing feeling into my soul. Perhaps some of you felt the same, and if so, bless God for it:—

"One day amid the place," &c.

Then the poor sinner can take up the next verse and say—

"My willing soul would stay  
In such a frame as this,  
And sit and sing herself away  
To everlasting bliss."

Poor sinner, did you ever get there? If so, it took away the fear of death. Your unbelief was subdued, your sins were gone, your faith was increased, and you needed no one to tell you what real religion was, or what heaven in the nature of it is, nor did you need any exhortations to count Jesus Christ precious. What a mercy that such black and vile sinners as we are, who are of the earth, earthy, should have a little silver bestowed upon us from heaven; as the Word 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." (Ps. lxxviii. 13.)

iii. Solòmon had not only gold and silver, but also precious stones. If you put precious stones, silver, and gold into the fire they cannot be destroyed, for they are not inflammable articles like wood, hay, and stubble. But, though Solomon had precious stones, and he counted them precious, yet there was no life in them, and when he died they were no longer precious to him. But mark the difference! Jesus Christ has precious stones, and they are precious indeed to him; for we read: "Ye also, as lively stones, are built up a spiritual house." (1 Pet. ii. 5.) The stones and riches that Jesus has are his own people. What a mercy to be one of his people! How unbelief tries and troubles the

child of God. You may say, "O do not preach about unbelief! Preach all joy and comfort." My friends, I must speak of the power of unbelief, not as an evidence of life, or that it does your soul any good; but show how you are plagued with it. If you *would* believe, unbelief is present; if you would call Jesus your God with an unwavering tongue, unbelief is present. It goes to bed with you, and it is with you when you rise in the morning. It goes with you into business and is with you in conversation, and when you have spoken to any of your friends with a little confidence, then afterwards you think, "O is it right, or have I been presumptuous?" "Yes," says the devil, "you have, and it is all wrong. You never had the secret of true religion, and when you come to die, God will tear the mask off your face and the sheep's clothing from your back, and turn you into hell; for the Scripture says, 'The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God.'" (Ps. ix. 17.) These are some of the workings of unbelief.

"But let not all this terrify;

Pursue the narrow path;

Look to the Lord with steadfast eye,

And fight with hell by faith."

Poor sinner, unbelief is not what you love. I have said to you many times, and I say it again, never since you have known God have you committed that sin wilfully. I am at a point about that. I sin daily and hourly, but never do I commit the sin of unbelief wilfully. Always would I believe in God, live near his heart, and look up and say, "My Beloved is mine and I am his;" but I have to say, "Woe is me!"

But the Lord will not lose one of these precious stones. All the stones that were prepared for Aaron's breastplate, everyone was fixed in it, and not one fell out or was lost; and when the high priest went in before the living God with the breastplate, and stood before him, God found no fault with him. So the Lord has engraven his own people on the palms of his hands, and gone into heaven as their Head and Representative with their names deeply sculptured on his breast, having been pierced in hands, feet, and side for their sins. The Head and the members are one, and all these precious stones are built upon the Foundation, Christ. The apostle says, "Now if any man build upon this foundation gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, stubble; every man's work shall be made manifest: for the day shall declare it" (1 Cor. iii. 12, 13); but the stones, silver, and gold will not perish. What a mercy to be

among those who are living stones in the Lord's temple! "The Lord hath chosen Jacob unto himself, and Israel for his peculiar treasure." (Ps. cxxxv. 4.)

iv. Solomon had his jewels. And has not the Lord his own jewels? But they are not such as the people of this world take much account of. If you are going to heaven, do not expect to go with the multitude or with the great of this world. If you are in the right way you must go with those who are despised and hated. God has his elect people, and he calls them out from all the rest. I would say to you, Keep your eyes off the great people of this world and the multitude with all their professions. The Word says, "Ye see your calling, brethren, how that 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; that no flesh should glory in his presence." I have often counted it a very great honour that God put me amongst the people who are called "the sect everywhere spoken against." Flesh and blood would go quite another way, and take up with those who have only a natural religion; but when God comes and converts a sinner, he is made to walk another way, which is not after flesh and blood. Who would have thought of Ruth going with Naomi into the land of Bethlehem? for Naomi was a poor woman full of bitterness, and said, "Call me not Naomi (which signifies *pleasant*), call me Mara (which signifies *bitter*): for the Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me." (Ruth i. 20.) But Ruth said, "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee." As if she had said, "I am one with thee in spirit, though thou art a Jewess and I a Moabitess; yet 'thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.'" The Lord takes a particular care of these people, and he will have them with him at the last day: "They shall be mine in that day when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him." (Mal. iii. 17.) What will not a man do for his own son that serveth him? Why, he will do everything he can for him, and if he is in trouble, sorrow, distress, or in danger, he will try and help him out. Yea, he will almost die for him: "For a good man some would even dare to die." Then what a love God has for

his own people! He will spare them from the pains and penalties of hell, and own them in the last day when many, very many, will hear his dreadful voice, saying, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." "He shall spare the poor and needy, and shall save the souls of the needy." (Ps. lxxii. 13.)

But there was something that Solomon could not do for his people, but Christ can do it for his church. Solomon could not come down upon their souls as rain upon the mown grass, but the Lord Jesus Christ can do this, though he is now in heaven. As regards his body it is not ubiquitous, that is, everywhere present; for it is on the throne of God; yet in his Spirit he can come and fulfil the Scripture wherein it is said, "He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass: as showers that water the earth" (Ps. lxxii. 6); that is, he will come and distil his dewy presence on the soul, make his goodness known, and let us feel something of his softening grace. This Solomon could not do. Therefore David had his mind on one greater than Solomon when he said, "Give the King thy judgments, O God, and thy righteousness unto the King's Son."

There is one more thing I will speak of, and that is the riches of God's grace. Yes, who can tell the riches of God's grace? I believe there are those around the throne of God who were as deeply sunk in sin as they could possibly be, and, according to appearance, not more likely to go to heaven than those who live and die reprobates; but God rescued them by free and sovereign grace, as he did Manasseh, Mary Magdalene, and many others. But come to your own cases, for I know that is what will most concern you. You will say, "Yes, I know God rescued Manasseh, Mary Magdalene, Saul of Tarsus, and many others; I know Christ died for them and that they are gone to heaven;" but, like Asaph, you say, "Truly God is good to Israel, even to such as are of a clean heart; but as for me—" Well, what about you? Has God shown you the wickedness of your heart? Has he ever humbled you for your sins and drawn you to his feet, made his Word precious to you, and been to you the chiefest among ten thousand and altogether lovely? Has he broken your spirit? If so, he says, "To this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word." (Isa. lxvi. 2.) Has he ever done these things for you and made you to believe in him, so that for the time being he has been more to you than any in heaven or

earth? If so, that is the saving grace of God: "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out." (Rom. xi. 33.)

I love to preach to sinners' souls the saving grace of God: "Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ." (Eph. iii. 8.) What a mercy to know a little of the saving, meekening, humbling grace of God! Nothing less than this will soften the heart. I am at a point about this; for although I knew the terrors of God in my soul for years and years, and thought his judgments would fall upon me, and the earth open and swallow me up for my wickedness, for I knew I was not fit to die; yet there was something else wanted. Yes, something else must come to soften, humble, and lead the mind out in prayer to God; as Mr. Hart says:

"Law and terrors do but harden  
All the while they work alone;  
But a sense of blood-bought pardon  
Soon dissolves a heart of stone."

Nothing else will do it. O the riches of God's grace and the wonders of his blood: "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin." Let the Atheists, Unitarians, and all the religionists of the world go on running down the Lord Jesus Christ and his blood if they will, there is a day coming when they will see him; for not a person will stand before the throne of God in blindness. They shall all see him and know who he is. Mark this sentence: "Every eye shall see him, and they also which pierced him: and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him." (Rev. i. 7.) So there will not then be one blind person. The Roman soldiers did not pierce Christ under the knowledge that he was the Son of God; but when he shall appear at the last day, with his pierced hands, feet, and side, then they shall know him as the Son of God.

But O the wonders of his blood! Whilst others cry it down, we will cry it up. O precious blood, that cleanseth from all sin! As the name Solomon means peaceable, so the Lord Jesus Christ was not only peaceable, but he made peace by the blood of his cross. I never find any comfort but through that cross; but when my soul can look there, and I can approach him as the Mighty God clothed in that sacred flesh from which flowed the blood



and water, gain access unto him and find him precious, these are my sweetest times and my choicest moments. So I ever wish to keep in view that he is God, the mighty God.

III. The *wisdom of Solomon*. Solomon's wisdom was a created wisdom; that you will all admit. He brought it not into the world with him; but the Lord Jesus Christ is the essential Wisdom of God: "Counsel is mine, and sound wisdom: I am understanding; I have strength. By me kings reign, and princes decree justice." (Prov. viii. 14, 15.) He who is the Wisdom of God is made that wisdom to his people: "Who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption." (1 Cor. i. 30.) What did the Queen of Sheba say when she saw the wisdom of Solomon? She had heard a good report of him; but when she saw what a number of servants he had, the attendance of his ministers, and their apparel, and his cupbearers, and his ascent by which he went up unto the house of the Lord, there was no more spirit in her. The good report she had heard of him when in her own country gave her a desire to come and see for herself; so she left her own country and came with all her train, with the camels bearing gold, spices, and precious stones, to prove Solomon with hard questions, and everything she asked him he told her; and when Solomon displayed his wisdom by answering all her questions, the poor woman said, "It was a true report that I heard in mine own land of thy acts and of thy wisdom. . . and, behold, the half was not told me; thy wisdom and prosperity exceedeth the fame which I heard." As if she had said, "They never told me half what thou wast; never half declared thy wisdom and glory."

Well now, what does the poor sinner say that hears of Christ? I preach to you, and in my sermons try to set him forth as the chiefest among ten thousand and the altogether lovely; but how poor are my attempts to speak of him! It is my desire that you may be drawn after him, and that your souls may be in love with him. If you have a true religion you must be one with Christ; if you have true faith you cannot but believe in him, and he will sway his sceptre in your hearts and take your affections; but you must die to go to him. The Queen of Sheba had to leave her own country to come to Solomon, and you must leave this country to go to Christ, and when you see him without a veil between and all the glory that surrounds him, you will say, "The half was not told me."

And when in heaven what will your poor souls say of the ministers you have heard preach Christ on earth? You will say, "They did not half set him forth, they did not half preach him, nor half set forth his glory and excellence; but now my eyes see the King in his beauty." Perhaps the verse I am about to quote will express the desire of your souls:

"O may I live to reach the place,  
Where he unveils his lovely face;  
Where all his beauties you behold,  
And sing his Name to harps of gold!"

Is that your desire? Is it the real desire of your heart? If so, your treasure is in heaven, and "where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

### A BIRTHDAY GIFT.

Little Pattenden, April 30th, 1880.

Good morning, my dear girl. May you long live to have many returns of this your birthday; and when your aged mother's body lies in the peaceful tomb, and her happy soul is singing the new song of "Salvation to our God and the Lamb," may you in spirit join her, though still upon earth. I cannot send you a present to-day; receive this, with my best wishes and prayer that you may indeed have a present from the God of Jacob, even "the sure mercies of David." May Zion's King bring you to the banqueting house, and may Christ's banner of love be over you, that you may in faith say, "My beloved is mine, and I am his," in time and through eternity; for "Many waters cannot quench" his "love, neither can the floods" of our unbelief "drown it." Now, if the Lord would be pleased to put forth the graces of his Spirit, viz., faith, hope, and love, so as to enable you to cry, "Abba, Father"—my Lord and my God—why it will be a good present from the Lord of hosts, the King in Zion, and will, I am certain, rejoice your poor heart more than when the corn and wine and oil of the wicked increase.

You may have to wait many birthdays before you realize these blessed truths; but still press on, for the Lord says, concerning thee, that he will come to the poor seeking sinner in his own appointed time and way, and will not tarry, but will bless thee and do thee good in thy latter end. "At eventide it shall be light."

May God Almighty bless thee, my child, and thy husband, with his mercy, love, and grace, is the sincere desire of your affectionate mother,

GRACE HAMMOND.

THE most dreadful mistake that ever man fell into is to dream of heaven only to awake and find himself in hell.—*Cheever.*

*THE AGONY OF LOVE.*

WHAT prayer is that ! how deep ! how pure !  
 Hark ! hark ! my soul, draw near ;  
 It is thy God that's bathed in blood,  
 That prays and wrestles here.

Ah, yes, it is the King of Kings,  
 Jehovah veiled in clay ;  
 Each opening pore one bleeding sore,  
 To sweat the curse away.

'Twas not a few spare drops of blood  
 The Saviour shed for me :  
 From head to foot my God is wet  
 With love's deep agony.

Down o'er my Jesus' bending form  
 Great drops each other chased :  
 On, on it rolls, for guilty souls !  
 Oh height ! oh depth of grace !

No friend remained to watch with him,  
 To succour or sustain ;  
 He's left alone to struggle on  
 With vengeance, wrath, and pain.

Ye sad disciples ! wake not yet,  
 His grief is too severe :  
 Love's agony you must not see ;  
 God holds your slumbers here.

Sleep on, oh sleep ! and take your rest,  
 Until the conflict's done ;  
 God's righteous ire—Mount Sinai's fire—  
 Contends with God's own Son.

Down, down, the purple love-drops fall ;  
 Earth drank her Maker's blood !  
 Oh ! sight too high for mortal eye,  
 The agony of God.

No wrath could damp love's raging fire ;  
 Still, still the flame burns high ;  
 All wrath's condemned, all heaven's perfumed  
 With love's deep agony.

What ! oh, my soul, dost thou behold ?  
 Thy Saviour bathed in blood !  
 Fly, fly thy sin, if thou hast seen  
 Gethsemane with God.

Forbear, sad muse ! thy range forbear ;  
 Wake up, ye harps above !  
 Not earth nor heaven can sound it forth ;  
 Blest agony of love.

## STORMY WINDS.

“Stormy wind fulfilling His word.”—PSALM cxlviii. 8.

OUR God is in the heavens: “He hath done whatsoever he hath pleased.” (Ps. cxv. 3.) What he does is not always pleasing to us; we have often said, with Joseph, “Not so, my father;” but the rectitude of his movements is the same, for he never does anything inconsistent with his character in all his dealings with his people, nor with the world. Child of God, though “stormy winds” blow all your possessions and prospects into a heap of confusion and ruin, as they did Job’s house, with all his children, yet it does not contradict the paternal character of your God, nor in the least disprove the purity and immutability of his love. Should your conclusions concerning these matters be the reverse of this in your fits of rebellion, such conclusions will be overthrown, and you will exclaim, “The Lord is righteous in all his ways, and holy in all his works.” (Ps. cxlv. 17.) It is a great mercy to drop in helplessness at his feet, feeling that we have no wisdom nor power of our own, recognizing the rectitude of his movements in all things, and saying, with one of old, “It is the Lord: let him do what seemeth him good.” (1 Sam. iii. 18.) We do not always get here; we are not always in such a state of mind; nevertheless, it is a state of mind to be coveted, for the child of God cannot be very comfortable in any other. How sweet to fall at the feet of Jesus, rejoicing that the government is upon his strong and holy shoulders, and that his eye and heart are upon the welfare of his people, incessantly, in all his dealings and dispensations, in providence and grace!

The prophet Isaiah says, “He sitteth upon the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers; that stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in: that bringeth the princes to nothing; he maketh the judges of the earth as vanity.” (Isa. xl. 22, 23.) The blessed Son of God not only fills one spot in the measurement of his human nature, but in the eternity of his existence and omnipresence, he fills the whole circumference, possessing all power to “work all things after the counsel of his own will.” “Stormy winds” are subservient to this glorious end.

How quieting and consoling the thought, at times, when “Life’s contrary winds arise, with keen, perplexing, heavy gales,” that Jesus Christ, God’s Son, is omnipotent, and that the Father hath committed universal dominion into his hands, for the purpose of carrying out the eternal designs of the eternal Three, in relation to his church in her militant state and beyond! He is always watching the interest of his people, and he has but one object in his heart concerning them, and that object is their welfare; not their carnal fancies, but their profit in all things. “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.) The working may be strange to us, but that is

in his hands, and under the control of his wisdom; there we may safely leave it, fully expecting the promised issue. Our children may sometimes think us strange, even unkind, in our movements towards them, not knowing that it is their good we seek; yet riper years, and a more matured judgment, will cause them to draw a different conclusion. "If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give good things to them that ask him?" Matt. vii. 11.)

"He sits upon the circle of the earth," and he manages all the "stormy winds" thereof. His eye and his heart are fixed upon the eternal good of his people; they cost him too much to forget them, or their eternal interest and safety. He has loved them with an everlasting love; for them he became "A Man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief." They cost him his own heart's blood. "Ye were redeemed—with the precious blood of Christ, &c." Do you not think they are precious? Christ values his people; they are to him "the excellent of the earth." His delights were with them before time, and in time, and will be when time shall be no more.

How many of us are seeking to share in this royal blessing? To how many of us is the love of Christ and the blood of Christ more than all the world besides—all the gold, "learning, pleasure, or fame?" And were we in possession of such things, if called upon to give them up for his sake, could we say,

"Compared with Christ, in all beside  
No comeliness I see, &c.?"

Friends, there have been times when our soul has been in such a state that we have felt we could part with every thing, and life too, to have real fellowship with him in the blood of the everlasting covenant, which is his blood; and, if not awfully deceived, we have been favoured with such fellowship in answer to prayer, and have said, as the result, "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." (Luke ii. 29, 30.) Yes, we have said, with dear ones around us, "Lord, I can die now."

When the Lord thus blessed us, "stormy winds" were blowing around and within us, but it was "Jesus, through the blood and storm, we sought;" and no wonder, for we felt lost without him. Let a poor wretch feel and know this to be the case, and feel afraid of sinking into a deserved and dreaded hell! No great wonder if he is heard to cry out—

"Wealth and honour I disdain,  
Earthly comforts, Lord! are vain;  
Hear my never-ceasing cry!  
Give me Christ, or else I die."

We believe it will be all right with these poor, feelingly lost ones. "He hath not said to the seeking seed of Jacob, Seek ye my face in vain." (Isa. xlv. 19.) The Lord help thee to go on seeking, poor sinner, though you feel "vilest of all;" the day will

come when the Holy Ghost will manifest Christ, and lead you to enjoy a sweet release through the atoning blood of Christ. You may feel to be the greatest sinner that ever lived, and be made deeper and deeper acquainted with it, and at times cry out, "Oh Lord, what a wretch am I!" well,

"Sinners can say, and only they,  
How precious is the Saviour!"

The more we know of this, and the glory of Christ, the humbler we shall lie. It is not possible to know Jesus Christ, and be strangers to ourselves. Great sinners need a Mighty Saviour:

Mighty to save! He saves from hell;  
A mighty Saviour suits me well;  
A helpless wretch am I;  
With sin oppressed, by law condemned,  
With neither feet nor legs to stand,  
Nor wings from wrath to fly.

Mighty to save! He saves from death;  
O may I, with my latest breath,  
His might and power proclaim.  
Ye sinners lost, and wretched too,  
He came to save such worms as you,  
And mighty is his name."

Such a Mighty Saviour we need, for "Our iniquities, like the wind, have carried us away." Yet he hath gathered the winds in his redeeming fists (or hand). Oh the wonders of redeeming love! "The fall wrought the channel where mercy should run." Whoever could have thought that out of that world of human beings, carried away with the winds of iniquities, God, in infinite wisdom, love, and grace, will raise a world of redeemed and justified souls, through his dear Son, to show forth his praise for ever and ever? Such is our God, and such are his ways: "Stormy wind fulfilling his word."

Some people say, "Well, no doubt there is a little wrong; but if we take a little trouble, reform, join the Temperance Society, and do our best, God will have mercy." What poor stuff, what delusion, what a lie! "The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint: from the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it." "Ye must be born again." "Without shedding of blood there is no remission of sin." If God clears our souls, he will do it consistently with the perfections of His Majesty; and how can that be done but in and by Christ Jesus? In him and his finished work, "Mercy and truth have met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other." Blessed be God for his unspeakable gift.

For the sake of his redeemed people he is managing "stormy winds." It is true they are looked upon as the offscouring of all things ("The scrapings from all round; scum and filth"); it always has been so, and it will be so. "Away with such a fellow from the earth, for it is not fit that he should live."

(Acts xxii. 22.) As with the Master, so with the disciples. "Crucify him! crucify him!" (John xix. 6.) Yet these are the people for whose sake God preserves the world. "Ye are the salt of the earth." (Matt. v. 13.) For the sake of gathering these people together, God preserves the whole; and when he has gathered them all together, he will roll it all up as a scroll. Till then he will sit upon the circle of the earth, displaying the excellencies of his covenant character in managing "stormy winds" for the welfare of his eternally-loved ones.

It is his word that "stormy winds fulfil." Now, his word is characteristic of himself. Our words are the unfolding, the uttering of our thoughts, and our thoughts are in character with our minds. God's word is in character with his eternal mind, with his eternal decrees, with his eternal thought. "The thoughts of his heart shall stand to all generations." (Ps. xxxiii. 11.) "For ever, O Lord, thy word is settled in heaven." (Ps. cxix. 89.)

We believe the when, the where, and the force and effect of "stormy winds" are under his control, and are for the accomplishing of the eternal purposes of his eternal mind, thought and word. Now, when God favours us to take this view of "stormy winds," and blesses us with the spirit of resignation, feeling his word is being fulfilled, then we can say, in our small measure, what Job did when stripped of all: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." (Job i. 21.)

Though it is not the lot of every child of God to be stripped, as Job was, causing him to say, "Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither;" yet you may have been brought into such a state of mind, through the trial of faith, or "God's controversy," that your soul has abhorred dainty meat" (Job xxxiii. 20); or, as the psalmist says, "Their soul abhorreth all manner of meat." (Ps. cvii. 18.) Oh, when the Holy Ghost leads his people into the depths of their own wicked hearts, and allows Satan to stir up the corruptions and abominations within, what a solemn effect it does produce! what a negative it puts upon everything in this life! and how afraid they are to touch anything! "Truly they wander in the wilderness in a solitary way" (Ps. cvii. 4), and the "stormy winds" of temptation blow with such terrific force that they have expected to go down to rise no more; then, Peter-like, they have cried out, "'Lord, save me.' And immediately Jesus stretched forth his hand, and caught him, and said unto him, O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" (Matt. xiv. 30, 31.) Now, the Lord "commandeth and raiseth the stormy winds" to fulfil his eternal word, his immutable decrees. Not only so, but "stormy winds" give him an opportunity of showing the power of his word in stilling them; even "his eternal power and God-head." See the poor disciples in a storm, driven to their wits' end: "Master, carest thou not that we perish?" (Mark iv. 38.) Poor things, they had not much faith in his unceasing care over

them, and for them. All this he seemed to pass over for the time. At their request he speaks to the winds and the sea, and all is quiet. The poor disciples began to look at each other with surprise, and said, "What manner of man is this, that even the wind and the sea obey him?" Is it possible they are so ignorant of his proper person? It certainly appears so. Are we better than they? No, not a bit. "Poor blind creatures of a day, and crushed before the moth."

"With Christ in the vessel I smile at the storm," said the poet; but we have felt afraid that he has not been in the vessel in some of the storms which we have been called to pass through. Oh thou base, unbelieving heart! "Thou savourest not the things that be of God." The Lord make us deplore this besetting sin, and give us an overcoming faith. There is no where God's people are directed to go but he goes with them, accomplishing the word of his grace: "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." (Heb. xiii. 5.) O, poor affrighted one, "stormy winds" don't make him run away! He does not desert the people of his choice, the people of his purchase, the people of his conquest! O no:

"The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,  
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;  
That soul, though all hell should endeavour to shake,  
I'll never, no never, no never forsake."

"Stormy wind fulfilling his word" has proved his faithfulness to his people, in the trials, temptations, and persecutions through which they have been called to pass, in all ages of Zion's history; and each child of God has his testimony of the same to bear in his life. The psalmist said, "Thy faithfulness reaches unto the clouds." (Ps. xxxvi. 5.) Oh, poor tried one, midst all thy felt rebellion, and vileness, and unfaithfulness, "he abideth faithful: he cannot deny himself." (2 Tim. ii. 13.) It is true. "Clouds and darkness are round about him," yet "justice and judgment are the habitation of his throne." (Ps. xcvi. 2.)

The Lord once said to us, "Trust in the Lord, and do good: so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." At the time the words were spoken we were passing through deep trial of soul, through the temptations of Satan and our own rebellious heart, on account of certain providential things transpiring at the time; truly it was a "stormy wind," and it seemed to blow every bit of religion out of us; but oh, when the Lord spoke the above words into our heart, they quieted the rebellious wretch, and we dropped at his blessed feet in the sweetest state of humility of mind, and resignation of heart, his will and way to approve; and how faithful he has been to that promise, yes, and every step of our journey through life. "O Lord, to us belongeth confusion of face." "Thou in faithfulness hast afflicted us," and sustained us, and delivered us; and we are convinced that "By these things men live, and in all these things are the life of my spirit."

The Lord, speaking to his people, says, "I will even betroth



thee unto me in faithfulness, and thou shalt know the Lord." "Thou shalt know the Lord." Mark! Thou shalt know him to be faithful to his marriage vow; he will not break the contract; no, bless his Name, he will not defile his spotless character in breaking his promise; though Zion said, "My Lord hath forgotten me." O Zion! how can you charge him with such conduct? "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee. Behold, I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands; thy walls are continually before me." (Isa. xlix. 14-16.) The "stormy winds," or trials of his saints, are his chariots in which he approaches them, unfolding his gracious character as their faithful Friend and Husband, and are so many methods of making himself known unto them, and proving his faithfulness in times of greatest sorrow; which cause them to speak of their best friend in terms of the highest praise possible for them in their present state. Yes, they will speak well of Jesus before friends and foes. When Polycarp was brought before the tribunal of Rome Pagan, "The Proconsul asked him if he was Polycarp; to which he assented. The former then began to exhort him:—Have pity on thy great age—and the like. Swear by the fortune of Cæsar—repent—swear—and I will release thee—reproach Christ." Polycarp said, "Eighty-and-six years have I served him, and he hath never wronged me, and how can I blaspheme my King who saved me?" Blessed Polycarp! noble man of God! enabled to be faithful to his King in the midst of "stormy winds" of persecution, through the faithfulness of his King to him. Well might one say,

"Strong in the strength which God supplies,  
Through his eternal Son."

Poor tried one in the midst of life's storms, canst thou not say of Jesus, your King, with dear old Polycarp, the martyr, "He hath never wronged me?" But how often have we wronged him! Yet he hath borne with us, manifested his faithfulness, showing himself "to be God, not man." A few more storms, then the last will come: but even that, viz., the storm of death, will fulfil his word, and be regulated by his power: "The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death." No doubt many of God's people much dread the last conflict, and are saying, "Will the Lord be with me in the manifestation of his presence? Will it be light with me then? Will the enemy of my soul be kept at a distance? Shall I be favoured with an overcoming faith in exercise, when I come into the swellings of Jordan? Oh to die triumphantly, by faith, in him who is death's death!" Well, when called to pass into the last "stormy wind," and each before the last, we would say, with our poet,

"O thou, whose strength-reviving arm did cherish

Thy sinking Peter, at the point to perish;

Reach forth thy hand, or bid me tread the wave!

I'll come, I'll come: the voice that calls will save."—A.P.J.

## "THE VINES FLOURISH."

BY DR. GILL.

As an evidence of the spring being come, and which puts it beyond all doubt, is the flourishing of the vines: "The vines, with the tender grape, give a good smell." By vines we may understand the several distinct congregated churches of Christ, or else particular believers; see Ps. lxxx. 14, 15; Isa. v. 7, and xxvii. 3: who may be called so, 1. Because of their fruitfulness. The vine is a fruit-bearing tree; it produces very fine and excellent fruit; especially the vines in the land of Canaan did, of which there is a famous instance in Num. xiii. 23; saints being engrafted in Christ Jesus, the true vine, and receiving life and nourishment from him, do, by abiding in him, bring forth much fruit, and such as is not to be found in others; not wild and sour grapes, such as Christ's Father takes no delight in, but such as he is pleased with and glorified by. 2. Because of their dependence on Christ. The vine-tree does not grow up erect of itself; for if it is not fixed to a wall with nails, or supported by something else which it lays hold on, it creeps along the ground. Saints do not grow up erect of themselves, but lean upon Christ, are supported by him, and so grow up in him. 3. For their tallness in Christ. Vines, being propped, will run up a great height; saints being engrafted in, and upheld by Christ, who is himself higher than the heavens, grow up from shrubs to taller trees; from babes in Christ "to the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ;" and, by virtue of grace and strength, received from him, arise from a low and mean state and condition unto a much higher one, until at length they arrive unto the full possession of the "prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." 4. For their weakness and unprofitableness in themselves. The vine is a weak tree, and, as has been observed, cannot bear up itself. Saints are weak in themselves, though strong in Christ; they can do nothing of themselves; they can neither perform duties, subdue corruptions, nor withstand temptation; but they "can do all things through Christ strengthening them." The wood of the vine is of very little worth or use, as appears from Ezek. xv. 2, 3; and is obvious enough to everyone's observation. Saints are but poor, worthless, and unprofitable creatures of themselves; their best works and most excellent performances are neither profitable to God nor can they procure salvation to themselves; but are all as an unclean thing, and as filthy rags; they are unworthy of the least mercy they enjoy, and therefore it is a wonder of grace that God should in any respect be mindful of them. 5. For their durableness. Though the wood of the vine is but weak and worthless, yet it is said to be very lasting and durable. Saints, however weak and worthless in themselves, yet shall continue and abide for ever in Christ; they are born of an incorruptible seed; they are built upon a rock, and secured by almighty power, so that they shall never perish, but shall for ever enjoy the incorruptible inheritance that is reserved for them.

SOME OF THE LORD'S DEALINGS WITH THE LATE  
MR. J. LAWRENCE, OF BLUNSDON, MINISTER  
OF THE GOSPEL.

(Continued from page 30.)

At one time I had to go to Upavon to speak in the Lord's name. It was in the winter, and very cold. I had expected to meet a friend to help me on my way, but was disappointed, and not having the means to ride from Marlborough, I had to walk all the way (about fourteen miles). It grew dark before I arrived there, and as I was but poorly clad, I felt the cold, cutting winds very much. I became quite peevish and fretful, when these words came to me with power: "Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." O how ashamed I was of my murmuring spirit, and besought the Lord to forgive me. When I reached the house of dear Mr. S., a good supper and a comfortable bed awaited me, and I cried, "Dear Lord, I am satisfied!" for I saw how much better I was cared for than my Lord and Master. On the Lord's day, after the evening service, a friend requested me to call on the morrow at the house of Mr. W., who gave me a good pair of thick black trousers and a waistcoat. "We are of more value than many sparrows." Another time, as I was going to the same place, my wife said to me, "How badly you want a hat! for yours is very shabby." I replied, "The Lord will soon send me one, for I have been pleading with him to clothe me in garments fit to go out in his Name." On the Monday morning I was instructed to call at the shop of Mr. H., and obtain a ten shilling hat. "The very hairs of your head are all numbered." Another time, when I was very badly off for shirts, &c., having to speak at Lea on the Sunday, a friend said to me on the following morning, "I hope I shall not offend you if I offer you a pair of new breeches and gaiters, and two new shirts." O how my poor soul was broken down at the goodness of the Lord in thus again providing for me, "the chief of sinners, and less than the least of all saints." When I got home and tried them on, I found them a good fit. We were reminded of dear Huntington. "O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!" One time I was speaking at Oxford. My shoes (the only pair I had) were very bad, when a friend very kindly gave me a good pair. The Lord knows what we need, and for years he has seen fit to clothe me; but with shame I confess how many times I have been filled with cursed unbelief. But, bless his dear Name, "If we believe not, he abideth faithful."

When coming home from Upavon, one Monday morning, in a very low state of mind, and could not see the blessing of the Lord attending my poor attempts to speak in his name, I began to question whether after all it was his will for me to go out. I felt that unless I had another token of it from him I could

never again stand up in his name. I therefore begged of the Lord, that if he had indeed sent me out in his name, he would cause someone to pass in a conveyance and ask me to ride. In a few minutes a man drove past, but when about twenty yards off he stopped, and said, "Are you Mr. Lawrence?" Upon my answering "Yes," he asked me to step in. He then said, "I once heard you preach at Pewsey, and am thankful that I did. My name is Huntley, and I live at Sharcott Mill. Whenever you are in this neighbourhood, call at our house and take some refreshment; if I am not at home, my wife will make you welcome." This appeared to me to be a token from the Lord, and my soul was melted again at his goodness in thus hearing and answering prayer. Some time after this, being again at Upavon, I was walking on the same road. It was very hot, and I was so tired as to be often obliged to sit down. A man driving past stopped, and said, "Where are you going?" I told him, when he said, "You can ride with me; I work for Mr. Huntley, of Sharcott Mill." After my making known to him who I was, he further said, "I have heard master and mistress speak of you; I am sure they would be very glad to see you." I consented to go with him. We met Mr. Huntley in the yard, who kindly asked me in to take some refreshment, and his wife made me very welcome. Before leaving home, I had been asking the Lord to appear for me again in providence. I had a bill to meet on the following Tuesday, and I feared that I should give the enemy cause to rejoice, as I knew that I could not meet it unless the Lord supplied me from some unknown quarter. I did not say a word about it to my friends, although it was heavy on my mind, but I soon found that the Lord had been before me in this also. When Mr. Huntley came in, he said, "After meeting you on the road some time ago, and asking you to call at my house, I put a sovereign in my pocket for you, and carried it about with me for some time, but as you did not call, and I had not seen you since, I began to question whether it was the Lord's will for you to have it; but I now see that it is; so, although I have not the sovereign, here are twenty shillings in silver." Surely the gold and silver are the Lord's, as well as the cattle upon a thousand hills. At one time I had to go to Goring Heath to try to speak, but had no money to pay the fare. As I could not walk there, I was compelled again to make my complaint known to him who hears and answers prayer. On that same morning my wife found a two-shilling piece and a half-crown, which was enough for me to start with. I told the friends how I was supplied with means to come to them, and many tears were shed. "Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the lovingkindness of the Lord." I was one day reading that blessed book of dear Tiptaft's as I was walking along with my load of goods for sale, feeling much ashamed of my little self-denial compared with that much-favoured man of God. Before I left home that morning I had been making my

requests known to him who is the Keeper of Israel, who neither slumbers nor sleeps, as I was again desirous of meeting a bill, but had not the means. As I was thus walking and reading, I met dear Mr. S., who, after a few words, said, "How much money have you with you? Can you let me have five shillings?" I said "Yes," and gave it to him. He then told me how he had been exercised about me, feeling an impression that I was in want of money, but, as he had nothing less with him than a half-sovereign, he thought that was too much to give me, so he would take the five shillings and give me the half-sovereign. He put the amount into his purse, and began to fold it up, when suddenly he unfolded it, and taking out the five shillings, said, "You must have it all." I then told him how I had been pleading with the Lord that morning for the amount which he had given me, and we both wept together. "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."

Thus, from week to week, have I been experiencing the providential dealings of the Lord with unworthy me. But let not my reader suppose that it has been owing to any goodness of mine, or that I have done anything to merit this. No, I confess with shame that of all the Lord's family I am the most undeserving. Many times since receiving pardoning mercy and the Spirit of adoption has the enemy come in like a flood; and had not the Spirit of the Lord lifted up a standard—the Lord Jesus—against him, I must have sunk to endless ruin.

One night when in bed, the baby being fretful, my wife ill, and myself far from well, I was trying to pacify the babe, when the enemy came to me with the temptation to destroy the child. This continued for about twenty minutes, and every moment I thought I should be overcome by it. I could not pray. But suddenly the blessed Spirit caused me to groan, being sorely burdened, and I cried for mercy and deliverance, when, blessed be his Name, he set the poor captive at liberty. "Who is a God like unto our God, who thrusts out the enemy from before us?" At another time, when in a very weak state of body, I was left to much self-pity, and was sorely tempted to curse God. For a whole day and part of the next I was in this state, when, blessings crown his holy brow, he gave me these sweet words: "I will heal thy backslidings, receive thee graciously, and love thee freely." Surely "His way is in the deep, and his path in the mighty waters." One day, while nursing one of my children, the temptation to destroy it was repeated, when these words were applied: "The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin." There is a fountain daily open for sin and uncleanness, for the house of David and for the inhabitants of Jerusalem.

When returning from Baydon on one occasion, my soul was very much led out for the salvation of my family, when these words were sweet: "All thy children shall be taught of the Lord, and great shall be the peace of thy children." The next day

we received two letters stating that one of our sons had been thrown out of a car, and his head badly injured, and that we must come at once if we wished to see him alive. We both went, his mother crying, and saying that we should never see him alive. I also was much distressed, but the words just mentioned were a good support to me. When we arrived, we found him alive, and he began slowly to recover. He is still living, and may he, with the others, be brought, in God's good time and way, to fear his Name. On inquiry, I found that he was thrown out of the car just at the same time that the above words were so sweet to me.

On one occasion I was much straitened for money to meet a creditor. I was engaged to supply at Swindon on the Lord's day, and on the Friday evening before, Mr. S. was preaching there. I went to hear him, and was so blessed that I thought I should like to speak to him, but felt too unworthy. I thought, "How can I, such a poor, peevish worm speak here after such a man?" So I resolved not to go to the house where the supplies stayed, until Mr. S. was gone away, feeling afraid to meet him. But when I arrived at the house I found that he had been too late for the conveyance, and was obliged to return. I was then introduced to him, when, after a little conversation, he gave me a sovereign. I then told him how I had been exercised, and of the difficulty in which I was then placed, and we could clearly see that he had not been detained in vain, and that the Lord had a purpose in sending him back. "Bless the Lord, O my soul."

Being once more in similar difficulties, I desired the Lord to appear for me again. A dear friend (Mr. M.) was so strongly impressed that I was in need of money that he was constrained to go out of his way in order to meet me. He gave me the amount I then stood in need of, and often afterwards proved a friend indeed to me.

One Lord's day in January, 1870, I spoke at Goring Heath. I think I never experienced such a blessed time in speaking to any people, and they testified to its being a special time, as the Lord brought home the word spoken with power to the souls of many. My soul was so full that I could not eat my dinner. The deacon said, "Your poor body needs food." I told him before leaving that I felt sure that I had some very heavy trial to pass through. I was so much exercised about my family, that I was five hours in walking from Swindon. Upon my reaching home, the first words I heard were, "Oh! father, Amelia is dying!" I ran up stairs, and found her very ill indeed. She had been begging of the Lord to spare her till I got home. The Lord, however, graciously restored her again, but three others were taken ill of the same complaint, who, for six weeks, could not be left, night or day. Two boys, one eight years, the other fifteen years of age, died; the other two were restored. This was a trial for faith indeed. Being very cold, sharp weather, my body weak, and having to labour during the day, with little or no rest at night, my soul began to sink within me. One day, while trying to sell a few

things in order to supply the wants of those at home, and the enemy tempting me to fear that we should be starved, these words came to me with power and sweetness: "My God shall supply all your need." This brought quietness and peace. I had not gone far before Mr. B. put two shillings into my hand; and when I reached Marlborough Mr. S. gave me half-a-crown. Some one had also left two shillings with Mrs. P. for me; so that I again proved that the Lord had gone before me. Having a scanty supply of bed clothing for such an extreme case, a friend sent a large quilt, which came as an answer to prayer. From that day, as long as the illness continued, the promise was fulfilled, both in providence and grace.

Some time ago a friend sent me the foregoing account of our dear departed brother, with the request that I should give a short account of his last days, and send it for insertion in the "Gospel Standard."

I am indebted to a friend (Mrs. Watts) for the following. She says, "I have been acquainted with the late Mr. Lawrence for about eighteen years; but having no dates to which to refer, I am entirely dependent on memory. I think that it was about eighteen years ago that he left Ogbourne and came to live at Upper Stratton, near Swindon, when he became intimately associated with the churches near, but retained his membership at Ogbourne, ever feeling a great interest in that place. When I first knew him, as indeed all through his life, he was much tried in providence, and many and striking were the interpositions of God in his behalf. On one occasion, when much tried, his wife said that she feared they should have to go to the workhouse. He became much distressed, and asked for the Bible. He opened on a portion which was much blessed to him, and on kneeling down with his family in prayer, he had sweet access to a throne of grace. When he arose he told his wife he felt sure that deliverance was at hand. He then went for a walk to a neighbouring village, where he met with a friend who very cordially received him, and on his leaving gave him a cheese and a sovereign. Many such clear answers to prayer I have heard him relate, but not having particulars I must pass them by. In a short time he removed to Swindon on account of his business (he was a sweets' manufacturer), occupying the same house in which he had lived as an apprentice. While here he once went with some friends to Calne Anniversary. After staying a day or two with a friend, he walked home through Hilmar-ton (he occasionally supplied at that place). He called to see an old afflicted friend, and entered into conversation with his friend's daughter respecting the ministers they had heard at Calne. She said that she had felt encouraged, but that she had heard him in times past with more power and sweetness than she had felt that day. She then related, with much feeling, a few occasions on which his ministry had been much blessed to her. This was a word in season to him, for he was much exercised and burdened in his mind, fearing that his ministry was quite useless, and he

admired the sovereignty and condescension of the Lord in using him as an instrument. Before he left his friend gave him a very nice suit of clothes, of which he stood in great need. He used to walk a great many miles to the various places where he supplied, being too poor to ride. He would also walk many miles to hear, when he had the opportunity, as well as to the prayer meetings, so that when removed he was greatly missed by surrounding friends."

While still at Swindon his sight much failed, and he went into an hospital in London for treatment; but though he seemed benefited for a time, he never again recovered his sight clearly. Inflammation following one of the operations, he quite lost the sight of one eye. He often spoke of the goodness of God to him during this time, and of the kindness he met with while in London. One remarkable providence he used to relate with much feeling: While at the hospital, confined to his bed, a portion of the ceiling above gave way, and a great quantity of *debris* fell around his bed, but, to the astonishment of those present, did not injure him at all.

From this time he was often laid aside; and when able to go out at all, it was in much weakness, especially during the summer.

A railway company requiring the premises where he lived, he left Swindon, and went to live at Kingsdown, near Stratton. It was while living there that his wife died. She had been a faithful helpmate to him through all his trials, working hard to bring up their large family, and above all, gave evidence of possessing the fear of God. She was no talker, and having but little education, she always shrank from company. The cause of her death was cancer in the breast, from which she suffered much. She was ill for a long time; and our dear friend was much tried in his mind as to how he should meet the expenses of her illness; but supplies came as soon as they were needed, sometimes from the most unlooked-for sources. She died March 17th, 1883, aged 62 years, leaving behind a satisfactory testimony of her interest in the Redeemer. A heavy doctor's bill, the result of this long and trying illness, was a great burden to him, and he oftentimes besought the Lord for help, dreading to bring any disgrace on the cause of God, which was a very tender point with him. A few friends, however, united together, and raised the sum required. This was a time of thanksgiving to our friend.

During the last few years he lived at Blunsdon he suffered much from exhaustion and weakness of the nerves, of which his old adversary took advantage. He was often very low in his mind, and much tempted to believe that he was altogether deceived. Still he was remarkably firm on the doctrines of grace, as the security of the Church. Once when speaking in a very desponding way, I reminded him of several instances of his ministry being signally blessed of God, and of the many living souls who had testified to their being refreshed by him; when he said, with tears, "Yes, they are right, but I am afraid I am wrong, yet I sometimes feel a little encouraged upon looking back."



On another occasion, when reading to him Isaiah lxiv., he seemed quite helped from the words, "Those that remember thee in thy ways . . . in those is continuance, and we shall be saved."

On being asked to dictate a few more particulars of the Lord's dealings with him, he said he was afraid he should prove wrong in the end, and he must wait till he felt better in his mind. He said he felt sure that the things recorded by him were quite true, but he had been many times tempted to destroy the papers.

A friend of his (Mrs. C.) visited him a few weeks before his death, and at his request read to him the 16th John. He seemed to receive great comfort from the words—"I will see you again," &c. He would oftentimes speak with great confidence of the safety of God's dear people, but would add, "I am afraid the blessings laid up for them are not for such as I."

For some years he received a pension from the "G. S. Aid Society." This gladdened his heart many times, as he was very poor. On one occasion when I visited him, he said to me, "Friend P., I think I am out of the secret altogether, and the money that I am receiving from the Society is for the Lord's poor ministers. I should like to be honest. Will you write to Mr. G. for me, and tell him that I thought I was right in taking the money, but as I am now out of the secret, they must not send me any more. I am so sorry that I have deceived them."

I asked him if he had knowingly deceived them? to which he replied, "No, I would not have deceived them for a thousand worlds." I said, "I don't think you have deceived them, for there is a God-fearing woman at Wallingford that tells me she was awakened under your ministry many years ago; and many of God's dear people have been blessed under your ministry;" to which he replied, "'Bless the Lord, O my soul;' I may be right after all."

Two days before his death I visited him again. The pain of body must have been very great, as I could hear his groans long before I got to his house. I stood still for some time, and felt I could not go in to see him in such agony. However I ventured to the door, and was told by his daughter that it was no use going up to see him, as he had not taken any notice or spoken to anyone since the day before. She ran upstairs, and said, "Father, would you like to see Mr. P.?" To her astonishment, he replied, "Yes, tell him to come upstairs." As I spoke to him, his countenance brightened. I said, "Friend, where is your hope now?" He said, "In Jesus," and then repeated the verse:

"My hope is built on nothing less  
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness," &c.

I said, "Then the truths you have loved and preached will do to die with after all." He said, "Yes."

"How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,  
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word," &c.

I was in conversation with him for about half-an-hour. He

seemed to be very much blessed in his soul, and as I was leaving him he said "I shall soon be home. Give my love to all the dear people of God that inquire after me, and tell them that I shall die in peace." He soon after became unconscious, and peacefully passed away from a world of sin and sorrow to be with his dear Lord for ever and for ever.

He died on June 26th, 1888, aged 70 years, and was buried by Mr. E. Chappell, in the Upper Stratton Cemetery.

J. PAINTER.

#### A BRIEF EXTRACT OF THE EXPERIENCE OF THE LATE WM. ROBINSON, OF STAMFORD,

Which was found after the decease of his widow, who survived him until 18th May, 1891. She departed after two days' illness, leaving a sweet testimony to the Lord's faithfulness and his supporting grace to her soul, according to the word which was with her the last week or ten days of her life (Isaiah xxvi. 3): "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace," &c. Her age was 80 years.

Letters of her late husband were inserted in the "G.S.," Nov., 1861, Oct., 1864, Jan., 1868, March, 1869, and Aug., 1872; and there is a desire felt that the following fragment should not be lost. His Obituary appeared in the Supplement of the "G.S.," Nov. 1867, and Mr. Philpot has added a note affectionately expressing his esteem for W. R.

Stamford, Nov. 14th, 1860.—It hath pleased the Lord, for several years past, during the winter season, to deprive me of that measure of health and strength by which I have been enabled to labour with my hands for the bread which perisheth, which has been a very heavy cross, but I hope I have been led to see the hand of the Lord towards me in it, both in providence and grace. As the God of providence, he hath fed, clothed, and supplied all our temporal needs in a very marked way, so that I am constrained to say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."

As the God of all grace, also, I hope I can sometimes say with the Psalmist, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted." I trust it has been a means, in his hands, of showing me what a poor, blind, ignorant, vain, stupid, and hell-deserving sinner I am in and of myself before his heart-searching eye, and that it is all of his goodness and mercy that I am not consumed.

This bodily affliction has been a means, in the hands of the Lord, to cause me to come unto him with all my cares, to appear for me, and bring a sense of pardon and peace into my poor, sin-burdened conscience, by an application of the precious blood of his own eternal and only-begotten Son, who is Emmanuel, God with us.

The blessed Jesus has at times been very precious to my soul; yea, "the chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely." I felt that word, "His mercy endureth for ever," a very great

support to my poor mind last winter. What should a poor creature like me do were it not so? but, blessed be his dear name, he hath said, "His mercy endureth for ever," and that is enough, when faith can realize it in its sweetness and power. We want nothing else but God's mercy; that is everything to us; all the world calls good or great appears as nothing, and less than nothing, and vanity. I have often had very gloomy thoughts about death and eternity of late. Death has appeared a most solemn thing indeed; and I am confident that nothing can remove its sting, which is sin, but an application of the precious blood of Christ to the conscience, by the power of the blessed and Holy Spirit of the living Jehovah; and a view, by faith, of him as the Lord, our righteousness, peace, and complete justification, and salvation from all evil to everything that is holy, happy, and blessed, and that to all eternity. Dear Lord, I would ask the question; Is it too much for a worm like me to expect such an unspeakable favour at thy hands? I know thy Word says that thou didst "so love the world as to give thy only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." That heart-cheering word, "Whosoever," holds out the greatest encouragement to every poor, vile, helpless sinner. Sometimes I think it is too much for a wretch like me ever to expect, who has sinned and rebelled against him with such a high hand and outstretched arm; but what a mercy, he says, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." "Who is a God like unto thee, that pardoneth iniquity, and passeth by the transgression of the remnant of his heritage? he retaineth not his anger for ever, because he delighteth in mercy. He will turn again, he will have compassion upon us; he will subdue our iniquities; and thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea." What a precious promise! My soul felt the sweetness and blessedness of it some time ago, when labouring under a sense of sin and misery on account of my many backslidings and departings in heart, lip, and life, from the God of all my mercies. How he has visited my poor, cast-down, helpless soul oftentimes, when I have feared he had cast me off for ever; when it has pleased him to melt me down under a felt sense of his blessed presence, causing self-abhorrence and self-loathing before him, and a falling into his hands, for him to do with me as seemeth good in his sight. It is a very blessed spot, to feel that we are the clay and he our heavenly Potter, for him to mould and fashion us after his own most blessed image; then it is we are enabled, by his grace, to submit to his righteous will in all his dealing with us, both in providence and in grace, and to bless and praise him even for afflictions.

I would just note down some of the deliverances, in a providential way, the Lord hath wrought for a poor unworthy creature. On one occasion I very narrowly escaped being burnt to death; at another time, when alighting from an empty waggon,

I was knocked down and run over, and though I escaped with a slight bruise, it might have seriously injured me, on account of the very rough state of the road; at another time I was almost within a hairbreadth of having my breast-bone shattered to pieces by the kicking of a horse; twice have I fell a considerable distance, through the ladder breaking, with a load on my back; once was I run over by a waggon-load of coals, but mercifully escaped with a bruise on one of my knees. There are several other instances might be mentioned, but I forbear, merely naming these to shew the watchful care and kind providence of Almighty God towards such a worthless wretch. He has ever been mindful of me, though I have so often been unmindful of him. Many times has he visited me when I have forsaken him, and sinned and rebelled against him. What a wonder-working God he must be, ever to look with an eye of compassion or lend an attentive ear to such a monster as I very frequently feel to be! His grace must be sovereign, free, and distinguishing indeed. I have been very much troubled, of late, in my mind, with solemn thoughts about death and eternity. It has appeared a very wonderful thing indeed, and also a most solemnly important matter with me, how I stand before the heart-searching Jehovah; whether I am in the real possession of that true religion, which the Lord alone can bestow by putting his fear into the heart, causing a hatred to all that is sinful in one's own self as well as in others, and feeling deep self-abhorrence on account of the base workings of a vile, depraved nature, which is corrupt to the very core, and made willing to take a very low place, with the mouth in the dust, if so be there may be hope; and feeling, at times, a drawing out of soul and affection after a manifestation of Jesus' love and blood, made known with a sweet constraining power to the heart and conscience, bringing with it a sense of pardon and peace. This, and this alone, is the religion my poor soul longs to enjoy, however short I may fall of it. I feel sure I cannot die happy without it. I do hope and trust there are times and seasons when the name of Jesus is very precious; yea, more precious than thousands of gold and silver; more to be desired than honey or the honeycomb. I think I may truly say I have learnt two lessons in this affliction: one is my utter helplessness as it regards temporal things, and the other is my complete destitution in the things of God. Oh the misery and wretchedness these feelings many times have caused in my poor soul, on account of the peevish, fretful, and rebellious state I have been in. On the other hand, it hath shewn me, under God, the necessity of true humility, patience, and submission to the will of God; and that "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." I am therefore brought feelingly to say, The good that is done on earth, the Lord alone doeth it.

## NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

- G**od's mercy is great, 't is sovereign and free,  
To souls who thus long his glory to see ;  
We long for his presence our spirits to cheer ;  
Oh may this be granted to us this New Year.
- O** Lord, do bestow upon us thy grace,  
For truly we feel ourselves to be base ;  
We long for thy mercy, and would be sincere ;  
Oh may this be granted to us this New Year.
- S**ave us from all sin, within and without,  
That we may, through grace, stand firm in thy truth ;  
We long for thy power and thy holy fear ;  
Oh may this be granted to us this New Year.
- P**roving, we do hope, thy love in the past ;  
'Mid all that we are, thou surely hast blest ;  
We long now to thank thee, and be of good cheer ;  
Oh may this be granted to us this New Year.
- E**nough, dearest Lord, if thou do but bless,  
And send out thy light, thy truth, and thy grace ;  
We long for this power, poor sinners to cheer ;  
Oh may this be granted to us this New Year.
- L**oved by thee, dear Lord, we love in return,  
Or would, if we could ; oh may this love burn ;  
We much long to feel it, to save from despair ;  
Oh may this be granted to us this New Year.
- S**ave us from all snares, which do so abound,  
And cause us to hear that one " joyful sound ;"  
We long, Lord, to hear it, and thy name revere ;  
Oh may this be granted to us this New Year.
- T**each us to renounce all things but thy cross,  
And count them, at best, but dung and but dross ;  
We long thee to follow, if thou us prepare ;  
Oh may this be granted to us this New Year.
- A**gainst all the malice of Satan and men,  
May one, and may all, be helped firm to stand ;  
We long to be faithful : dear Lord, do appear ;  
Oh may this be granted to us this New Year.
- N**othing but thy grace can help such as we ;  
From all other things do help us to flee ;  
We long, in our troubles, for thee to be near ;  
Oh may this be granted to us this New Year.
- D**efend us, we pray—thy people and land,  
And never may we disown thy great name ;  
We long for thy presence ; then we will not fear ;  
Oh may this be granted to us this New Year.

A nchor'd on the rock, may we feel to be,  
Then we shall not sink, but sail safe in thee ;  
We long for thy guidance, that right we may steer ;  
Oh may this be granted to us this New Year.

R emember, dear Lord, each poor doubting saint,  
Who oft is cast down, and ready to faint ;  
We long to be Jacobs, and wrestle in prayer ;  
Oh may this be granted to us this New Year.

D ear friends in the Lord, may all grace abound,  
And truth be our shield from lies all around ;  
We long for this blessing, to live in his fear ;  
Oh may this be granted to us this New Year.—W. B.

[The above lines came too late for insertion in January.]

### “OUR SUFFICIENCY IS OF GOD.”

Oxford, Feb. 20th, 1811.

My dearly beloved friend,—I received your kind letter, and am always glad to hear from you, and can feel for you in all your tribulation, knowing that afflictions and crosses, temptations and tribulations, fall to the lot of all the children of God in this world; and as I find in my own experience those conflicts to grapple with, so I find, likewise, we have need to be emptied from vessel to vessel, or we are too apt to settle on our lees.

Wonderful are the Lord's ways and works in exercising us; whatever he works in our souls, it is to accomplish some good effect; and you and I find it so, when the Lord makes darkness light and crooked things straight. Then there is no grief of heart, when we call to remembrance our daily troubles, seeing we are brought to experience these peaceable fruits of righteousness brought forth thereby. I well know, my Brother, what it is to be shut up, and cannot come forth. Neither can we put one grace in exercise, nor think a good thought, nor speak a good word, that the ever-blessed Spirit may have all the glory of his office character, in quickening us, in reviving the work, and taking the things that are Christ's and showing them unto us; for our sufficiency is all of God, and not of ourselves. We require a great deal of this teaching to keep us from legal workings and striving in our own strength. Indeed there is a needs-be that we should be tried with various changes, that we may grow out of ourselves and more into our Covenant Head, to purge away the dross and tin. As good Hezekiah saith, “By these things men live, and in all these things is the life of my spirit; so wilt thou revive me and cause me to live.” Many blessed lessons we learn by these exercises; but this is not all; for there is one common foe, the devil, who is daily at work upon the old man of sin, under which at times we groan, being burdened; and we shall groan as long as we are in this world. By this we learn to place no confidence in the flesh: and we sensibly know that in our flesh dwelleth no

good thing. Then the most holy and blessed Spirit takes of the things of Jesus Christ, and shews them to us. He leads us to look to the cross, where the whole body of sin was nailed. Blessed be his holy Name, he bore our sin in his own body on the accursed tree, that the body of sin might be destroyed. Though it now wars and fights against the new man, it shall nevermore overcome either it or us. Grace shall reign; sin shall not have dominion over you; for ye are not under the law, but under grace. My dear Brother, what dry, barren, parched ground we are in ourselves, when every grace of the Holy Spirit is out of exercise. No budding hope, no lively faith, love, meekness or patience. But the reverse of all these: despondency, unbelief, enmity, stubbornness, and fretfulness, till we are quite bewildered. Though this be the case with us, the language of the better covenant is, "Fear not, and I will be with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee by the right hand of my righteousness." These promises are true, and his faithfulness will make them good to all his family. "If we believe not, he abideth faithful; he cannot deny himself." We are exhorted to trust in him for the fulfilment of these promises, which is his work.

A few of us still meet at my house as usual, to speak of the goodness of the Lord, and to encourage each other in the way to the kingdom, and read Mr. Huntington's books, which we find very profitable, when the Lord is pleased to be with us, and make one amongst us.

Yours affectionately,

T. TOMS.

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### DECLENSIONS FROM GOD.

ALAS! how prone am I to fall into sin, and to leave the Fountain of living waters! My infirmities often prevail against me, and, contrary to the better will of my soul, drag me into the snares and bondage of corruption.

I have sinned: What shall I say unto thee, O thou Preserver of men? If thou leave me to myself; if thou recover me not; I am gone for ever. "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

Thus I mourn and am vexed, when my corruptions are ready to overpower me. I should be lost, but for thy merciful aid: I must perish entirely, if the blood and righteousness of my dear Redeemer were not again and again applied to save and to comfort me.

O what a miserable body do I bear about with me! It is the very load, and plague, and prison of my soul. And yet how foolishly do I love it, and care for it; and how much more time do I spend in nourishing this evil flesh, than in seeking the peace of God, or the advancement and prosperity of my immortal mind! I am ashamed, as a christian, that I am not more ashamed of these things.

SEARLE.

## Obituary.

**JOSIAH SMITH.**—On October 15th, 1890, aged 72, Josiah Smith, of Rock Cottage, Frittenden.

Our friend was only laid aside one week, being at Providence Chapel, Cranbrook, the place where he delighted to be, only a week before his death. He has told me how the Lord met with him when in the company of a number of his old companions, and convinced him of his solemn state as a sinner. It was while drinking at a public-house. And so deeply did he feel that he should sink to hell, that he began to go first to one place of worship and then another, but could hear nothing but condemnation sounding in his ears, from such words as these: "The soul that sinneth it shall die." In this condition he continued for many months, until he felt that such a vile sinner as he was never would have mercy shown to him, and therefore he must give it all up. None of the ministers to whom he had listened could tell him where he was nor the state of his mind, until, if I remember rightly, he heard Mr. Birch, who so exactly described his case that he really thought some one must have told him all about him. Here the Lord appeared for him, delivered him, brought him into the liberty of the Gospel, and he enjoyed the peace of God in his soul.

He would often meet me, when going to supply at Cranbrook, and drive me to his house, when our conversation has been chiefly on the best things—the blessing of the Lord that maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow therewith.

He attended the ministry of Mr. Smart for many years, and at times was greatly favoured. He was a humble man of God, and loved to meet with God's dear people. He could say, in the language of Dr. Watts,

"My soul shall pray for Zion still,  
While life or breath remains;  
There my best friends, my kindred dwell;  
There God, my Saviour, reigns."

ELI FOX.

**WALTER GALLAWAY.**—On August 9th, 1891, aged 77, Walter Gallaway, of Broadwell Mill.

My dear uncle was born at Lechlade, Gloucestershire, in the year 1813, where he was brought up to regularly attend the parish church, to observe its forms, and was duly confirmed; but although outwardly moral and religious, yet many were the convictions, when very young, that all was not right between God and his own soul; and notwithstanding a form of godliness, he was soon made to feel the arrows of distress, and find he had no hiding-place. While vainly trying to satisfy his conscience, he would often, after the labours of the day, read over with an elder brother the church prayers.



At the age of sixteen an event happened that he never forgot and many times named: He was asked by his sister to witness the ordinance of Believers' Baptism at Fairford, when ten females made a public profession of their faith in the Lord Jesus. This (to him) solemn service the Lord was pleased to use in sealing home conviction upon his soul, and in stripping off his supposed goodness. While witnessing these believers follow their Lord through the watery grave, he felt that there was a reality in their profession, and a mark upon them which he had not; and to use his own words, he felt they were saved and he was lost—but not saved because they were baptized. His distress of mind, and sorrow on account of sin, as the Lord opened his eyes to see the vast difference between a form of religion and vital godliness, quite spoilt his church-going, neither could he be satisfied with their prayer-saying, and all their forms possessed an unutterable emptiness to him. His friends and companions could not see why he should be in such fear and trouble as they watched his daily life; but a new light had shone into his soul; a light that manifests darkness had turned his eyes within, where he discovered, to his dismay, something of what he was in God's sight. A sermon preached by a Mr. Breeze, from the words, "Behold I stand at the door and knock," at the General Baptist Chapel, where he now attended, still further deepened his distress under the realization of his true state before a holy God, whose searching law had to do not with his outward conduct only, but with the hidden recesses of a heart felt to be deceitful above all things and desperately wicked.

I have often heard him relate how, on one occasion, he was compelled to stop the horses, kneel down at the plough-tail in the middle of the field, and with bitter tears ask the Lord to have mercy upon his soul, feeling himself a poor lost sinner. He obtained mercy, and in after years was never happier than when enabled to sing to the praise of the mercy he had found; or when, in his own simple, warm-hearted way, he tried to encourage young inquirers, and discover if there was the least spark of divine life in their souls.

The writer is not able to give the time and place of his first deliverance, but it was during his attendance at the Baptist Chapel in his native town, where all his spare time was employed in reading a little Testament which he always carried with him, together with a book, given by his sister, called the "Believer's Pocket Companion;" but God's holy Word was ever the book of books to him, and much sweetness and joy he was often favoured to receive in its perusal.

He was baptized at Filkins, on Christmas Day, 1838, with an elder brother and sister, and joined the church at Lechlade, feeling an union to those who he believed loved the Lord Jesus, walking in peace with those to whom he was united in church-fellowship till his removal from the town, in 1842, unto the spot where the Lord prospered him, and where he remained all his life.

He continued to go to the little chapel at Filkins, then belonging to the one he had left, until his marriage in 1846. The Lord saw fit to take from him his beloved wife after a happy union of only four-and-a-half years, leaving him with two little children. This was a heavy trial to him, and a loss that was never re-filled; though his heavenly Father had mercifully provided, in his only daughter, a faithful nurse for the weakness of his declining years. Hymn 289 was a great comfort to him. A chapel being built by the people with whom he still stood a member, in the village nearer his home, he attended there for some years, and was made deacon; but from this time he gradually became dissatisfied with the various ministers, who tried to flog the people into doing what they could not do themselves. Occasionally, too, he heard the ministers who supplied at the cause of truth at Alvescott; and the more he fed on the Word as preached by them, the more unsettled and unable to bear the yoke of bondage, with those who did not value an experimental ministry, he became. On opening his mind to a dear ministerial friend about his perplexity in feeling obliged to leave his old friends, the smiling reply was, "Stop there as long as you can;" and very shortly the matter was settled for him, and he had to come out and separate from them. Following upon this decision he heard the late Mr. Doe in a very special way, and was much blessed in his soul, saying "Whether in the body or out of the body I cannot tell." He felt very happy and humbled down under the Lord's goodness.

We remember, on a visit to London about this time, how gracious the Lord was to him in hearing the late Mr. Gorton, at "Zoar," Great Alie Street, and returning home he was glad to keep behind his friends, for his cup overflowed with joy. On his sister asking him if anything was the matter, he said, "Nothing; but I am so full of the love of Christ that I wish to go to my room to be alone." It was not long after this he felt constrained to join the dear people at Alvescott, feeling such a close union with them. Mr. Doe was favoured to hear his testimony, with that of three others, who were received into church fellowship by the late Mr. Mortimer, February, 1869.

Here he was indeed "no more a stranger or a guest, but like a child at home;" and this spirit was ever manifest the whole twenty-two years he was permitted to stay with them, until his translation to the church triumphant.

He had the privilege to see his daughter join seven years after himself; and it was a day of rejoicing with him to see her baptized, with eleven others, and travel the same path, often speaking of the mercy of having one always near him in full sympathy with his spiritual exercises. His place at chapel was always punctually filled, if it was possible for him to get there.

Some years ago, in the winter, he was confined to his room during a very serious illness. He was much tried, being in great darkness of mind, and the thought of leaving his children seemed un-

bearable; but the Lord, in tender mercy, broke in upon his soul with hymn 356, and he said, "I can leave all;"

"My willing soul would stay  
In such a frame as this," &c.

We pass by many similar seasons until the Jubilee of the "G.S.," which was a most blessed day to him; and he was one of the warmest of the many warm hearts that gathered together. Before leaving his bedroom that morning he had a sweet melting season from Ps. cxxii. "I was glad when they said unto me," &c. Mr. Taylor's sermon he much enjoyed, as he did also Mr. Warburton's; and the writer well remembers how his face shone, as he spoke of that day, many times afterwards.

Though favoured above many with a sweet assurance, and much patience in affliction of body, yet it was not all sunshine; and a time is remembered in which he fell into great distress of mind; which lasted for some time, and made him cry night and day unto the Lord for a token of his favour, again proving man's extremity was God's opportunity; for after nights of sorrow joy came in the morning, and he could say,

"Yes, I to the end shall endure,  
As sure as the earnest is given."

At another time he was melted to tears in reading 1 Kings xix. 11, 12. He would say frequently,

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

The following hymns were very precious to him at different times: 133, 135, 261, 471, 1014, 1091, 940, 950, and 289; and the old Standards he had in his possession afforded him much profitable meditation.

In the last few years of his life he suffered from shortness of breath and extreme weakness, but his sick room was often a Bethel to his soul. One time the words were made very precious, "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee." He enjoyed much of that "peace of God that passeth all understanding," which made it pleasant and profitable to visit him; to the many that came he gave a hearty welcome, and was ever ready to speak of spiritual things.

After the confinement of last winter he was able to get to chapel once more, in February, as he was anxious to be at the church meeting, when several persons were coming forward to give in their experience (his nephew among the number). He gave out hymn 268:

"If Jesus kindly say, and with a whispering word," &c.

Altogether it was a good day to him spiritually, though his poor body was very weak. He was able also to be out at the baptizing service, and to partake of the Lord's Supper when the new members were received into the church.

In May he was seized with another attack of bronchitis; though weak, he was kept very patient. He would say, in his suffering,  
"What are these to Christ's? They gave him vinegar to drink; you"

have brought me something better;" and the tears would roll down his cheeks as he spoke. He felt quite conscious that his time would not be long, and told the friends so who came, giving them encouragement and good counsel. He enjoyed, one night, hymn 1082, saying to his daughter, as he read it down, "This is just my experience." He seemed a little better for a few weeks, and heard Mr. Dennett preach on his last visit. His wish to hear Mr. Knill on July 12th was granted, when each felt it would be the last time. He was unwell and unfit to go, but was much blessed under the word (Isa. xlv. 4): "And even to your old age I am he; and even to hoar hairs will I carry you," &c.

The eternal faithfulness and loving-kindness of a Covenant God were blessedly spoken of by the preacher and fed upon by the hearer. After this service he remained to the Lord's Supper, and was taken home from chapel never to return to the house of God he loved so well. The next time this ordinance was administered was the day his happy spirit took its flight from this scene of shadows and sorrows into that land where the shadows flee away and sorrows are unknown; where no emblems are needed in remembrance; for there the Lamb in the midst of the throne doth lead them to fountains of living waters, and is adored by all the blood-washed throng in glory, with a perfect service of love, and without any weakness to tire them, as they ascribe all praise and glory to his holy name. These blessed anticipations were the joy and constant theme of our dear friend.

On July 14th, I visited him, and noticed his increased weakness. He said, "My poor mind is stayed on Christ, who is all in all to me." He had spent all night in sickness, which continued to the end. On mentioning the hymn, "What is this world to me?" he gladly finished it, emphasizing the words, "When will my Saviour come?" The next Tuesday he felt very comfortable, and to friend H., who called, said, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness," &c.; also to Mr. and Mrs. P., who came to bid him a last farewell, he spoke with confidence of the goodness of the Lord to his own soul, of his love to the cause and people at A——, exhorting them to strive for its peace and prosperity.

Throughout that night he was tried and harassed, lest his confidence was not justified; but this temptation (for such he called it) was removed the next day, and he dwelt much on the hymn,

"One there is above all others,  
Well deserves the name of friend," &c.

July 30th, he much enjoyed the hymn,

"O for a closer walk with God," &c.,

and spoke of it with much freedom to Mr. M., saying, "I feel that frame now; I am so happy." To his daughter he said, "It's perfect peace. There is no fear in love. I have no trouble whatever."

July 31st, feeling very ill, he said, "I want to go home to be with my dear Jesus.—

‘There shall I bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.’”

Then, parting with one and another of the family, and seeing them overcome, he said, "It won't be long before you will come to me; the Lord bless you; we shall meet in heaven."

August 2nd. Felt very happy, saying,

"On the Rock of Ages founded," &c.

Being Sunday, he asked to be read to, wishing for his favourite hymn,

"If Jesus kindly say," &c.,

which suited him well. Two friends calling, speaking of the cause at A—, he said, "Let *nothing* keep you away. I am now reaping the benefit." The 103rd Psalm was read, and prayer enjoyed, giving each a parting blessing.

Next morning he was sweetly meditating on the words,

"There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers;  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heavenly land from ours."

Tuesday. Very weak and prostrate. These words were very sweet to him: "O, glorious hour! O, blest abode!

I shall be near and like my God;"

and then said, "The Lord give me patience to wait his time."

Thursday evening. A friend saw him, and said to him, "He will keep them in perfect peace." His reply was (mark this), "Because he trusteth in thee."

On the Friday before his death, he spoke to a friend of the goodness of the Lord to him, in surrounding him with so many mercies, and kind Christian friends. He was about to leave them, he said, "but it will be to join the saints above." He named its being sixty years since he had first known the Lord. At night, the 23rd Psalm was read and enjoyed.

He was blest with sweet nearness to the Lord until the end, and frequently, in prayer, used the following words, with much feeling:

"And he who now directs my course,  
Will soon convey me home;" &c.

"Yes, I shall see his face,

And never, never sin;

There from the river of his grace,

Drink endless pleasures in."

Saturday afternoon. Extremely weak. Being asked what was on his mind; at first he said, "Nothing in particular, but very comfortable;" and afterwards quoted his favourite hymn:

"Jesus is precious, saith the word;

What comfort does this truth afford!

And those who in his name believe,

With joy this precious truth receive."

His daughter repeated the next three lines; then he finished, with all his remaining strength—

“To them he is more precious far  
Than life and all its comforts are:  
More precious than their daily food;  
More precious than their vital blood.”

He was rather wandering for a time, and this was the only intimation which those watching him had that his time was so near; so gradual was the unclenching accomplished, and so imperceptible the taking down of the earthly tabernacle. On leaving him, late on Saturday night, he was calm, waiting for the summons. To my inquiry as to the state of his mind, he replied, “Quite comfortable.” These were the last words to me, and he breathed his last a few hours afterwards. He would not have anyone to sit up with him (as he was always so fearful of giving trouble) until this, his last night, when he was too weak to refuse.

He was seized with palpitation of the heart at twelve o'clock on Saturday night, which caused him great suffering to bear, and his friends to witness, almost depriving him of speech; but a friend saying, “The conflict will soon be over,” he said, as he was able to get breath, “Yes;” also, “I am going home;” and “Dear Jesus.” The last words he uttered were, “Meet me in heaven,” twice over, and then quietly breathed his last, in his daughter's arms, at 3.15 a.m. on Sunday morning.

J. K.

I became acquainted with Mr. Gallaway in the year 1875, when supplying at Alvescott and Bampton. Those times of spiritual communion and fellowship will never be forgotten. He was greatly interested in the peace and prosperity of Zion. The doors were seldom open, but he was to be seen filling his place in the sanctuary, giving proof that he was a partaker of the same grace as the Psalmist, who said, “I have loved the habitation of thy house, and the place where thine honour dwelleth.” He was of a meek and quiet spirit. I have witnessed the tears of love and gratitude flowing down his face when conversing of the sovereign, discriminating, and effectual grace of God, as displayed towards such a poor, vile, unworthy creature as himself.

I have now been connected with the people of God for fifty years, and I never knew a person in whom those two graces of the Spirit—humility and love—shone more conspicuously than in my dear departed friend. These are ornaments in the church of the living God. Oh that they more abounded in our churches!

Many years ago, in reply to his request that, if I survived him, I would bury him, I promised to do so. His wife having been laid in the General Baptist Burial Ground, Lechlade, it was his wish to be buried there also. On Friday, August 14th, many friends and relatives being present, his mortal remains were conveyed to the chapel, when our highly-esteemed brother J.

Wheeler gave out that well-known hymn (466, Gadsby's selection): "Why do we mourn departed friends," &c., which was sung with solemn feeling by the large number of friends who had assembled to pay the last tribute of love to the dear departed.

Portions of God's word were read, and an address given to an attentive audience. When repeating the words, "In sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection to eternal life," we felt that they were never more appropriately used. After another suitable hymn being sung, and the benediction pronounced, the friends separated, when much mutual affection was manifested.

D. K.

RACHEL HOWARTH.—On August 22nd, 1891, aged 62, Rachel, the wife of John Howarth, deacon of the church at Bury, Lanc.

She was brought up to attend the public worship of God from her youth, but, like all the rest of Adam's posterity, the gospel had no charms for her. It was a pleasure for her to have an opportunity of staying at home to do any domestic work, while the rest of the family were at chapel; and actually made an agreement with her elder sister to do her work for three months, on condition that she should receive for her services a large brooch. It was during these three months that the Lord began a real work of grace in her soul, by convincing her that she was a guilty sinner in his sight; and her distress was aggravated by the feeling and fear that she had sold her immortal soul for a brooch. She thought of Esau, who sold his birthright for a morsel of meat; and of Judas, who sold his Master for thirty pieces of silver; and concluded that she was just such a character, and that the same awful end awaited her.

After this she again began to attend the chapel, but nothing appeared to relieve her distress for a long time. Hearing the gospel, reading the word, bending the knee in prayer—all seemed to be in vain; there was a continual fear that she would die a reprobate, and be lost for ever; but eventually it pleased the Lord to direct his servant, the minister, to read those words for a text: "Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." The words went with power and sweetness into her heart; she felt that every expression in the text was for her; the tormenting fear vanished away, and she felt that she was a lamb in the flock, that God was her Father, and that it was his good pleasure to give her a kingdom that fadeth not away.

This special manifestation of the Lord's pardoning mercy she often spoke about, and in her darkest moments was enabled to turn to this, and to say, with Hart, in hymn 107:

"To look on this when sunk in fears,  
While each repeated sight,  
Like some reviving cordial, cheers,  
And makes temptation light."

She was baptized on April 7th, 1867, and for twenty-four years she was a consistent member of the Church of Christ at Bury. She was dearly beloved by all who knew her. Godly sincerity, sobriety, and humility were stamped upon her everyday life. She was a lover of good men, and of good things; a peacemaker, and a peace-lover. She was an attentive hearer of the word, and was often encouraged under it. It was her joy to hear the Lord Jesus Christ exalted. Her only hope of salvation was placed in his atoning blood and justifying righteousness. Her trials were many, some very severe, but she proved the truth of those lines of Cowper, hymn 320:

“Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.”

Her last affliction was very short and very severe. On Aug. 18th diarrhœa set in, which brought her very low; then followed a stroke, which left much pain in her head, so that she was not able to say much. I visited her on Friday, the 21st. She appeared far spent, but was quite sensible. She recognized me, and just gave a sweet smile. Her dying words were:

“Nothing in my hands I bring,  
Simply to thy cross I cling.”

All those who knew her feel that her husband has lost a good wife, her daughter a good mother, and the Church a good member; but we have this well-grounded hope, that both their and our loss is her eternal gain.

It brings a sweet, heavenly feeling in my spirit while I write this short sketch of one whom I loved so well; and earth appears very small in my esteem, and glory all the more desirable.

R. MOXON.

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WILLIAM HOPKINS.—On Oct. 11th, 1891, somewhat suddenly, aged 77 years, William Hopkins, for over forty years a member of the Strict Baptist Chapel, Broad Blunsdon, Wilts.

On the 8th October, while raising a small ladder, he internally injured himself, and was compelled to take to his bed. On Thursday and Friday he was much in prayer. On Saturday the doctor advised him to undergo an operation. He asked the advice of a friend who was waiting upon him, who said, “If you think it would be for the best, I would advise you to do so.” Previous to his being put under the influence of chloroform, he shook hands, wished her good bye, and said, “If I never wake again, have hymn 466 (Gadsby’s Selection), ‘Why do we mourn,’ &c., sung at my funeral.” After passing through the operation, he gradually sank, saying very little, being so weak. He passed away without a sigh, at about four o’clock on Sunday morning. When speaking to me some time previously on the solemnity of death, he said, “How will it be with me then?” I replied, “If we are right in life, we shall be so in death, his grace being sufficient for us through the swellings of Jordan.” He was a very humble man, and feared lest he should say what he really did not feel.



The Cause will much miss him, as he took an active part in the services. I can truly say that the loss to me of my dear father will be his eternal gain.

M. A. LINDSEY.

JAMES THOMAS RILEY.—On Oct. 16th, 1891, aged 27, James Thomas Riley, of Accrington.

After feeling unwell for a few days he took to his bed. The doctor pronounced the malady to be typhoid fever, which in a few days terminated in death. He was brought up in our school and attended our chapel from a boy, but we do not know if he ever said much about soul-matters till now. On the day he died we noticed that he was much in prayer. On our going into his room he expressed much feeling and affection, and asked us to pray for him. On our consenting, he said, "The Lord help you; I am glad to see you; I shall be dead before morning. If we never meet again, may we meet in glory." He said, with much emphasis, "Oh, what glory! no tongue can tell." By his manner he appeared to feel much while we were in prayer; after which he said, "What is death? it is nothing! it is the afterwards! Oh, what a terrible thing to stand before a just and holy God out of Christ, and to be sent to that place of torment for ever. This is a solemn place to be brought to. If some saw me and heard me speak in this way, they would perhaps say it was fanatical; but let them come here, they would find it otherwise. Oh, to die in Christ is to awake in glory! Oh that this may be my lot! There is nothing to stay here for; all here is rubbish. I do not wish to get better; no, I want to be with Christ." Now, turning to his father, and taking him by the hand, he said, "Father, you have been a good friend to me." Seeing his wife weeping, he said, "Dear wife, I am going to leave you, but I have prayed the Lord to take care of you and bless you." He then prayed aloud for some time, asking the Lord to wash him and make him clean; to receive his spirit, and take him to glory. His father asked him if sensible at the last, and not able to speak, and he felt it was well with him, to hold up his hand. He replied, "I will, father." Shortly before he breathed his last, he lifted up his hand and quietly passed away, without a struggle or a sigh.

B. R.

MARY AMEY.—On October 23rd, 1891, aged 76, Mary Amey, who entered her eternal rest after a long affliction.

She was for many years a member of Gower Street, but latterly of "Jireh," Forest Gate. Mr. Hemington baptised her. We have heard her speak many times of the blessing she received under the word, especially on one occasion from 1 John v. 7, 8. She was at times greatly exercised about her eternal safety. On visiting her, which we did many times during her affliction, we were favoured to hear her say many things which were made very profitable to us. She had many fears about coming to

Forest Gate, lest it should prove a dry and barren place; but the Lord put it into the heart of a friend to build a place where the Gospel of God should be preached according to the principles advocated in the "G.S.," where both she and her departed husband found a home, the Lord making their path plain, and blessing them in it. She was favoured with the application of many portions of the word, which the blessed Spirit, the gracious Remembrancer, brought again to her mind in her afflictions, as if to say, "My counsel shall stand." The words, "Ought not this woman, a daughter of Abraham," &c., were applied with much power, which kept her crying to God, day and night, to appear for her, which he graciously did before she departed this life. The 741st hymn was made very sweet to her. She was much harassed by the enemy till within about three weeks before her spirit took its flight to be where neither sin, Satan, nor sorrow could reach her. She said she had no wish to get better, and was thus made quite willing to depart and be with Christ. Many portions were found in her book which had been made a blessing. Her affectionate family were kind and attentive to her in every respect, by whom she will be much missed. We have lost a real friend and helper, in her prayers, attendance, and support. The Lord graciously regard us by bringing others in of a like spirit.

F. ALLEN.

MARIA FISHER.—On Nov. 1st, 1891, aged 74, Maria, widow of the late Richard Fisher, of Stratton.

She was a member of the church at Blunsdon Hill until the church was formed at Stratton, when she, with others, withdrew and joined it. She entertained the ministers who supplied here, and always welcomed any Christian friend to her house, her feelings being such as those expressed by Lydia when she said, "If ye have judged me faithful, come into my house and abide there." When very near her end she was so anxious for the comfort of the ministers that she wanted to be helped out of bed and go to another room, thinking her own would be more comfortable for them. She charged me particularly to do the best I could for them, now that she could not. She was a very little talker, but her walk and conduct were such as become a Christian.

She was taken ill on Monday, Oct. 26th, and died the following Sunday, her complaint being influenza. A friend who called to see her remarked that she was very weak, when she said, "Yes, but I want to be strong in faith." I said, "Little Faith got as safely to heaven as Greatheart, mother." "She said, "Yes." Sometime after this she said, "I am going to see Elizabeth and the other one" (meaning her two daughters, who died twenty and twenty-one years ago). I said, "Yes, Eliza and father too." She said, "Yes, they are all gone, and I am going too." I said, "Yes, you are going to your home in heaven, are you not?" She smiled, and said, "Yes." At another time, her speech being almost gone, so that it was with difficulty that she

could say anything, she said, "It will soon be over." I said, "What a great thing it is to be right at last, is it not?" She said, "Yes." I said, "You feel to be right at last, don't you?" She said, "Yes." After this she said very little, but, with her eyes fixed above, and her hands raised every now and then, as if to reach something, and a peaceful smile on her countenance, she lay for some time. We could hear a gentle word at times, such as "Bless the Lord," &c.; then, nature being entirely exhausted, she calmly fell asleep in Jesus, and entered an eternal Sabbath of rest. Though in her lifetime she was the subject of much misgiving, yet in death, when asked if she was comfortable, she would say, "Yes, it is all right."

"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace." E. C.

STEPHEN GROOMBRIDGE.—On Nov. 7th, 1891, in his 62nd year, Stephen Groombridge, of Withyham, Sussex.

He was for twenty-seven years a most consistent and peaceable member of the church at Forest Fold, Crowborough. It may be truthfully said of him, as the late Mr. Tiptaft often used to remark, "What a mercy to be well laid in the grave!" It was no small comfort to him in his dying days and hours (as he was conscious up to the last) to be enabled at times to look back and see how the Lord met with him, and had led him on in the wilderness; how he was cut down by conviction, stopped in his open rebellion against God and his truth, and brought out of the world. Two days before he died he said, "What a mercy that these things were not left until now; but instead of the trouble I then was in, to find (as I do at times) peace and rest, in hope of interest in a finished salvation in the person and work of the Lord Jesus Christ." His testimony to the last was that he had no other hope but this, of eternal life and acceptance before God. He was supported by this and wanted none other. He died in this satisfaction, and in the faith. His thirst for the Gospel was striking. He said to his wife frequently, "O, how I should like to hear the Gospel preached again!

"If such the sweetness of the streams,  
What must the fountain be?  
Where saints and angels draw their bliss,  
Immediately from thee!"

E. LITTLETON.

"SURELY, O God, I could not long after thy presence if I did not know the sweetness of it, and love thee in some measure; and I could not know that, but by the revelation of thy Spirit in my heart; nor love thee at all, if thou hadst not first loved me."—*Toplady*.

It is an infallible evidence of interest in God's eternal election to be able to say and feel as Ruth did. "Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." This is the language of the faith of God's elect in every age of the world.—N. A. C.

# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

MARCH, 1892.

MATT. v. 6; 2 TIM. i. 9; ROM. xi. 7; ACTS viii. 37, 38; MATT. xxviii. 19

## SEEING THE KING IN HIS BEAUTY.

A SERMON PREACHED BY MR. BRADFORD, OF EASTBOURNE,  
OCT. 31st, 1883.

“Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty.”—ISAIAH xxxiii. 17.

WHAT a very encouraging promise this is for God’s dear people.—“*Thine eyes.*” You see it refers to the eyes of God’s dear people—to the eyes of faith. The Lord is here speaking to “people that have eyes,” and he says, “Bring forth the blind people that have eyes, and the deaf that have ears.” This seems to be one part of the ministry, to encourage the blind that have eyes, and the deaf that have ears, and instrumentally to bring them forth. So it is a good thing to be more or less used of God for these matters. Well now, this promise, you see, is, that these people shall see the King in his beauty.

*Firstly.* We would notice some of the things the people of God see, before they see the King in his beauty.

*Secondly.* We would notice the King.

*Thirdly.* The promise,—“Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty.”

If the Lord were to fulfil this text in the case of some seeking soul, what encouragement it would afford! O how glad it would make us! I believe it is very common for God’s people to droop considerably. One has said—

“Why, drooping saint, dismayed?  
Does sorrow press thee down?  
Has God refused to give thee aid?  
Or does he seem to frown?”

First. The Lord is pleased to show his people certain things, before they really value the work of Christ and his blood for that salvation which Christ has provided, which the Father ordained, and which the Holy Ghost reveals. One says, “I have seen an end of all perfection,” *i.e.*, in the Lord’s sight; and unless we have seen an end of all

perfection in ourselves, we have not really looked for true perfection in the Lord—I do not believe we have. God brings his people to see that they are undone; he brings them to see that they are lost and ruined in the fall; and he gives them to see that they can never get to heaven unless they go by Jesus Christ—unless the Holy Ghost is pleased to take them in hand, purge their hearts and consciences, and land them safe in heaven. Now I do hope there are several of us here this evening that have been shown something of these things, that have had revealed to us something of our state as sinners in the sight of God. I am quite aware that we are surrounded by people that cry out, This is unnecessary. There are plenty of people in Eastbourne who say that it is no good at all for a man to know himself; but we are sure it is needful, before a sinner will really and truly prize redeeming love and God's power. So if there is a sinner here blind to his own condition, whether old or young, I know very well you do not prize the blood of Christ. It is useless for a man to fancy he loves the Lord, and is going to heaven, unless he has been shown by the Spirit of God, and has seen in the Lord's light, something of his sin, guilt, helplessness, and ruin. I would not give the smallest amount for a man's religion, if he has not had his heart opened; and it is no easy work; it is a Divine work, altogether super-human, to open the heart. To have the heart opened, is indeed to be blest of God. We know that sometimes the Lord does this very gradually, and that the incorruptible seed springs up, the child of God knows not how. But it does spring up, it must spring up, because of the covenant of grace, because of God's perfections, because of Jesus Christ, because of the Holy Ghost; it must spring up into everlasting life. And it seems to me, that the beginning with most people is in a very gradual way—just a little breathing, just a little light, so that they see men as trees walking. Nothing is seen clearly, whether it be doctrine or experience. No, there is a little light which the Lord has given to the poor sinner upon his fallen condition and ruin, and his need of free grace and dying love; and if the Lord is pleased to show onethis in any small measure, he will show him, in his own time and way, what he has provided. Berridge says to such, "Be patient and steady, and wait on him still." Now you have seen that you are a poor vile sinner; a poor unprofitable sinner; you have seen, by grace, that you can do nothing well, and that Jesus Christ is a free Saviour. If you have seen these

things, it is because the Holy Ghost has enlightened your understanding; and whenever the Holy Ghost is pleased to enlighten the understanding, he will warm the heart in his own good time—I am sure he will. I know the trial often is, waiting God's time—that is my trial. I do not know how to wait God's time. I am such a creature of haste. I want everything done in an hour; and everything that comes across my path, I want made clear at once. But this is not God's usual way of working: he is pleased to abound in all wisdom and prudence. I am sure, in the case of all that go to heaven, God completely stains the pride of all human glory. He has determined to bring all human glory down. We have glanced at two or three things God brings his people to see, and if he brings you to see your destruction and death, light is sure to come. If the life were lodged in your hands, it would soon be lost; but it is lodged in the hands of a dear Redeemer, therefore what God has stored up there is sure, and he has promised to give him the sure mercies of David. "What!" the poor sinner will say: "Mine eyes? Will that ever come to pass? Is it possible that my eyes will ever see the King in his beauty? I am afraid God will not give such a great blessing to such a worthless worm, to such a hard-hearted, earth-bound, polluted creature as I am! Surely the blessing can never affect me!" This arises from unbelief. God has designed that it shall come to pass, that it shall be proved, enjoyed, and entered into by faith; he has designed it, and no mortal can ever frustrate God, or turn him aside. Mortal man does not like God's way of dealing out blessings to his people. But you see, God is enthroned on highest light, and will never be turned aside, or consult dying mortals, as to the course he is to take.

Secondly.—"Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty." It does not say when: no particular time is given us, but it is laid down positively that "thine eyes," the eyes of sensible sinners, the eyes of contrite souls, the eyes of them that fear the Lord, that hope in his mercy, and that are led to believe on Jesus Christ—their eyes shall see the King in his beauty. Jesus Christ is the King that is here referred to, and a glorious King he is too. He is King of Righteousness and King of Peace. There would be no peace if there were no righteousness. "The work of righteousness shall be peace." This was fulfilled when Jesus Christ wrought out righteousness for his people. We find that those who lived before Jesus Christ appeared, went to heaven through him, as well as those who have

gone since. There has never been but one way to heaven. Christ was trusted in, in old times; he was beloved, depended on, believed in, seen, and enjoyed by faith. Abraham knew him; and since he has been here, and gone home to glory, he has sent his good Spirit down with treasures of grace, and opened poor sinners' eyes and hearts to discern his beauty. O! the King is Jesus Christ—King of Righteousness, King of Peace, King of Saints, King of Glory. He is the reigning, ruling, controlling King. I am not a bit afraid but he can control whatever God's people may have in themselves. He can control the conscience; he can very soon bring about a very different state of things from what we feel to be in, in our hearts. He does control the hearts of his people in mercy and love. He has controlled or removed all that stood in the way of their going to heaven, so that nothing now really stands in the way. But then, in themselves, they find there is so much in the way, that sometimes they are tempted to think that God will not have anything to do with such poor creatures as they are. I know that those who are not taught of the Lord can have no sympathy with the burdened and afflicted; whereas some of us feel more sympathy with those than with high-flying lights. We know what human knowledge has done and is doing for people—lifting them up. It is the grace of God that humbles, mollifies, meekens, and softens. O for more of the Spirit of Christ! O for more of the power of this reigning King in our hearts and consciences!

Now this blessed King is Prophet and Priest as well. He is the Prophet to teach his people their need of himself, by his Spirit; the Priest, because he has made full atonement; and their King, to control them while in this world, and to save them by his grace. The Lord Jesus is King. Some only want him as Advocate. They can talk very fluently about him as an Advocate, but they do not want him in their hearts, in their homes, in their shops, behind their counters, or in secret, because he is too holy; they do not care for the fear of God really and truly; they can tell untruths, often have a lie ready, and can sometimes take an oath, use language forbidden, or indulge themselves in other sins, and can say, "By grace we are saved." But then, while he is walking in sin, what evidence have we that a person is saved? We must wait till a person is saved from his sin before we can admit that he has any evidence of salvation: I refer to outward sin, because we are not saved from indwelling sin, as long as we are on

the earth. The Word of God is very plain on this matter; we find that sin will be the trial of the people of God as long as they are here. But Christ—blessed be his name!—as King in Zion, has laid down paths for his people to walk in, and we find his people saying, “We will walk in his paths.” There is no compulsion whatever, no taking people in hand to drive or punish them; they say, “We will go.” That is what I like to feel in myself, and to see manifested in others. You know one poor soul had been up to Jerusalem to worship, and was returning, reading the Scriptures; and I hope we may be enabled to walk in his footsteps in this matter, to read the Scriptures; for if a child of God slights what King Jesus has laid down in his word, I do not see how he will prosper. It would not surprise me for any soul to get lean, unfruitful, well nigh starved, if the Scriptures were laid aside unread, because God intended to sanctify his word to those who are led to search into it. He works all things after the council of his own will, and he says, “Them that honour me I will honour.” So we look on the Lord’s ordinances as paths to walk in—not as essential to salvation; because we find that the dying thief, and many more, went to heaven unbaptized,—of course you must be aware there is no resemblance between sprinkling and the thing signified. Just sprinkling a little drop of water on one part of the body cannot represent the sufferings of the Lord Jesus Christ. He suffered in body and in soul; his sufferings were acute—intense. Well, now, baptism is a striking emblem, though, of course, there are some of God’s people fail to see with us on this subject; and where we do not see together, we must try to agree to differ; it is no use falling out over it, not a bit, because that does not do us any good, either side. I believe strife is of no avail, whether in the pulpit or in conversation; still, if we have convictions concerning a subject, it is right for us to abide by them; so we do quietly, and I hope steadfastly, abide by our convictions. O, it is very evident, very clear to me, the Ordinance of Believers’ Baptism is of God. I must confess there is nothing in the word of God more clear to me than that. It is plain enough. But Baptismal Regeneration has no foundation in the word of God, none whatever; and we are acquainted with some who have a knowledge of the original language. I know an old clergyman in the town who has a very good knowledge of Greek, and if we talk about the subject of baptism, he says, “Of course you have the best of it; I know that very well.” And he says if an adult went to



a clergyman in the Church of England, and wanted to be immersed, he would be obliged to do it, though some would not like to do it, because they would think it troublesome. Now, baptismal regeneration is taught in the Prayer Book, and some good men know it very well, and are very sorry about it. If the English language is to be understood, it is there, and we sometimes quote from the Prayer Book, because there are blessed things in some of the Articles, and other parts. The Lord is King. It is not so much what is said of the ordinance, as what the Lord makes it; and he gives abundant honour to what is despised. At one time I could not see as our Baptist friends do, till the Lord was pleased to show me. "A man can receive nothing, except it be given him from above." When the Lord was pleased to open it up to me, to anoint my eyes with eye-salve, and melt my soul into thankfulness through this Institution, and give me love to himself, there was conviction soon brought, as to where the Ordinance of Believers' Baptism came from, and an answer to the question, "Is it from heaven, or of men?" You see—

"The way the Shepherd trod,  
We freely choose to go;  
Moved by the powerful love of God,  
We leave this world below."

We call it Believers' Baptism, because it is for believers—yes, for believers. We find that on the day of Pentecost, when Peter preached such a memorable sermon, the Holy Ghost worked by his ministry, and three thousand souls were converted; they knew not what to do; they were pricked in their hearts about their eternal state, and cried out, "Men and brethren, what must we do to be saved?" Then they had faith given them to see Jesus Christ, and were baptized. This was the way for them, because they were believers; so it is for believers now, not specially for those that have long standing faith and experience, but really and truly, it is for babes in Christ, as well as young men and fathers. There is no stage of experience that can be spoken of, that excludes a child of God from following the Lord Jesus Christ, at least you will not be able to find one in the Scriptures. I have looked in the Testament; for I have wondered whether one should remain a few years, to prove whether he is in the faith or not; whether he should remain four or five years outside a truly Christian Church. But I do not find anything of that sort, anywhere in Scripture. We read of deacons,

that they shall be proved, because the office of deacon is very important—looking after the sick, praying with them, and attending to them. So let them be proved, then let them use the office of a deacon, being found blameless.

But with regard to church members, I fail to find anything to prove that they should be kept four or five years before they are admitted to the ordinances of believers' baptism and the Lord's Supper. We ought, I know, on the other hand, to be careful (I am not afraid of using the word "ought"). I do not know how it is with you, but I seek for life. If I can find the root of the matter—the love of Christ, brokenness of heart, humility, and a love to God's people—in persons, I know I am right in encouraging them. I am satisfied about that, whoever might say, "Do not settle people down short of Christ." Why, my dear friends, poor troubled sinners need all the little encouragement they can get; and if they get a little encouragement under the word, or in the ordinances, it does them good. If I were to appeal to some of you that have been in the Lord's ways many years, that have been baptized, sat at the Lord's table, and are in Church-fellowship, you would say it has been a blessing, because it has been a means of stirring you up when dead, carnally-minded, and cold. It is a solemn thing to sit at the Lord's table, and it is a solemn thing to walk in the ordinance of believers' baptism. It is a very solemn ordinance; it sets forth the sufferings and resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ. It sets forth the believer's death to the law, to the world, and to sin, in and by Christ; and it sets forth his resurrection and life, in and by Christ. I know very well; if you could see all it sets forth, you would not need any man to teach you what you hear about, though it might tend to confirm you. It is a fact, whether we speak, hear, or walk in the ways of Zion, we want the blessed Spirit. Now it is recorded, "He that knoweth his Lord's will, and doeth it not, shall be beaten with many stripes." I do not say this to bring anyone into bondage, or to drive them into this ordinance, but the word says so. It is very blessed to see the King in his beauty in the ordinances, or in the Scriptures. Oh! his beauty excels all human beauty; his beauty eclipses all the beauties of this world; they all fade, that they do! There have been times when it was so with me. I should like to have one more special visit from the Lord, that I should, so that all human beauty might fade away, and all the glories of this world be under my feet; and this I wish for you—this I wish to be the

lot of those dear friends about to follow their Saviour. They have tasted that the Lord is gracious, and enjoyed a sweet hope of heaven in their souls; the Lord has visited them in mercy, and I trust he may teach them, keep them, and exercise their souls, and cause them increasingly to love Zion's ways, the saints, and the word of the Lord. We should like to be a means of leading them on, step by step, and of leading them to Jesus Christ. I dare say there are some here to-night, thinking a good deal of their own case. I dare say you are wondering whether the Lord has called you, and thinking if you were right, you would like to follow the Lord. One says,

"Let all obedient souls  
Their grateful tribute bring,  
Submit to Jesus' righteous rules,  
And bow before the King."

If there were no hell, if there were no heaven, we would be holy, that we would; we would be conformed to the image of Christ, we would love him, and walk according to his word. But O how we fail! I must confess I do for one, and my sins tell me I need free salvation; my sins tell me I need the blood of Jesus Christ, and the richest, purest, freest mercy. May the Lord then bless us with all we need, and give us to see the King in his beauty, and to enjoy the mercy, blood, blessed righteousness, sanctification, pardoning love, and peace, that are laid up in him, for all that feel their need. Amen.

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#### SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LORD'S DEALINGS WITH THE LATE DAVID SMITH, MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL AT ZION CHAPEL, SIDDAL, HALIFAX.

[A portion of the following has already appeared in the "C.M.R." of last month, which many of our friends may not have seen.]

My dear lamented father began to show symptoms of the illness which proved to be fatal to him a few days previous to visiting the church at Manchester, on the 20th of December last year, and the members of the family endeavoured to dissuade him from going, on account of the threatening acuter form of his complaint, bronchitis, but the engagement being the last one he had arranged from home, he felt very desirous to fulfil it, and accordingly went, along with his wife, to Mr. Lewis', Old Trafford, one of the deacons of the Manchester Chapel. On his arrival he said to Mr. Lewis that he had made the attempt to come and fulfil this last engagement, even if he died in the attempt. His illness rapidly developed during the evening, and the doctor had to be called in. He could not preach on the following day, but was compelled

to remain in bed, and every attention given him. He remained a week at Mr. Lewis's house, and recovered sufficiently to venture home, which he accordingly did on the 26th December. He revived a little, but during the following week the complaint assumed an acute form, and Doctor Ainley, of Halifax, was called in, who applied means which relieved him from acute pain, but he gradually sank, losing consciousness about thirty-six hours before his death. Previous to losing consciousness he was frequently heard praying in these words: "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

On Saturday morning, the 2nd January, at about five o'clock, he quietly fell asleep in Jesus, without a groan or a sigh, and his disembodied spirit joined the company of the redeemed from among men.

On the 5th January, the day of the funeral, a large number of friends from a distance attended to pay their last respects to the body of the departed. The service was held in the new chapel, which was crowded with a company of true sympathisers. Mr. Moxon, of Bury, conducted the service, the following being the substance of his address:—

My dear Christian friends,—You are all aware that death has paid a visit to the adjoining household, and has captured a spirit and taken it away, and has left us a corruptible body, which has been brought into this chapel, and will shortly be taken into yonder cemetery to mingle with the mother earth until the great resurrection morn. The subject of this visitation is our beloved friend and brother, Mr. David Smith. We are hereby taught that man is mortal.

When I first became acquainted with our lamented brother he was as strong and as vigorous as any man in this vast congregation; now he lays silent in this coffin before me, and ere another hour has passed away we shall have laid his poor body in the cold grave. This may be a matter of indifference to some who may be here this morning, but let all such remember that what we are doing to-day with the body of our dear friend\* may be done with some of yours before another week has run its round. There is not a possibility of any individual here escaping the grim monster, death. It is God's decree that man must die, and after death the judgment. We may take what care we please to preserve our lives; but, when the appointed hour comes, we must pass away. May the Lord solemnly impress all our minds this day with a due sense of our mortality, and make us wise unto salvation. We are taught by this event that man has a soul, but it has departed, the spirit has taken its flight; but where? Blessed be God, we can answer that question. We do not hesitate to tell you that the soul of our dear brother is in heaven, in glory, in peace. Do you ask how I know this? I answer, The

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\* John Isaac Smith, a grandson of Mr. Smith, who was at the funeral on Tuesday, died on Thursday. In the midst of life we are in death.

testimony of God's Word is sure. It says, "he that believeth on the Son of God hath everlasting life;" and all who knew our dear friend can testify that he was a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ. He knew and felt himself to be a sinner, but he knew and felt that Christ was his Saviour.

For more than a quarter of a century I have known Mr. Smith as a minister of the Gospel. The first time I heard him preach the Lord made his ministration a special blessing to my soul, and ever since that time I have esteemed him as a sent servant of God. His ministry consisted chiefly in two things: laying sinful man low in the dust, and exalting the Lord Jesus Christ. He is now gone from our midst; and he will be greatly missed by this church, and many other churches far and wide.

The following acrostic was written by Mr. Bailey, one of the deacons at Manchester:

D evoted to his Master's cause, of kind and loving heart,  
 A man of sterling truth was he, courteous in every part;  
 V aliant for truth he ever was; he wielded well the sword;  
 I nvincible his arguments, all based upon the Word;  
 D etermined to know nothing but the Saviour crucified,  
 S alvation was his glorious theme; on this he lived and died.  
 M an loved him for his manly worth, the Christian loved to see  
 I n him that meek and lowly walk of sweet humility.  
 T rue! he is gone, and we shall see no more his kindly face,  
 H eaven has received another proof of Christ's Redeeming Grace.

After the funeral a service was held in the Chapel at Siddal, which was crowded, when about sixteen ministers and deacons from other churches addressed the meeting, each bearing testimony to my father's character as a minister of the Gospel, as a public man, and as a friend.

At the first meeting held by the church at Zion Chapel Siddal, after the decease of their late pastor, the following resolution was passed and confirmed:—

"That the members of this church, of which, for a period of nearly thirty-two years, our lately deceased pastor, Mr. David Smith, has had the oversight, tending with a true shepherd's care, ministering in spiritual things and temporal things constantly, willingly, and ungrudgingly, without fee or reward, except that of the deep attachment and unabating love of a now bereaved and sorrowing flock, beg to record upon the pages of the church minute-book their deep and heartfelt grief at the loss we have sustained by his removal, praying for humble submission to the will of a Covenant-keeping God, who raised him up to great usefulness in the church of Christ. Their deep admiration of his unselfish devotedness to the true interests of the church, his untiring energy of purpose in furthering the ministrations of the Gospel of the Grace of God, his readiness at all times to contribute of his substance for the purpose of maintaining a living, faithful, and regular ministry in this and many other churches in various parts of the country. His faithful adherence to and

unflinching advocacy of the doctrines held by the denomination called Strict Baptists. That he kept nothing back that was profitable to us, that the Lord the Holy Ghost very markedly blessed his labours in the Gospel of Christ Jesus our Lord, to the conversion, building up, and comforting of many immortal souls, numbers of whom have preceded him to the rest that remaineth. And further, this church records its gratitude to Almighty God, that in his all-bountiful providence he spared our late pastor to behold the erection and completion of the new chapel, which he regarded as a memento of God's goodness to himself providentially and spiritually for over fifty years. And also this church begs to record its gratitude for the great blessings conferred upon its members individually and collectively during the pastorate of our departed under-shepherd, and prays that he who ever remaineth the All-sufficient, Immutable, and Faithful God, may give to his sorrowing widow, the members of his family, and each member of this church, grace to seek him and serve him. That his divine presence may abide with us still—uniting, strengthening, and establishing our hearts more and more in his Truth and Fear, and increasing our numbers with such as he has ordained unto eternal life. And we further pray that to this end the Great Shepherd of the Church Universal will raise up and send amongst us, from time to time, servants, faithful stewards of the mysteries of the Gospel, men after his own heart, who will labour to feed his people with the true Bread of Life, and get unto himself a great and glorious name in this part of his vineyard for ages to come, uniting its members in the bonds of love, and that he may give us everlasting consolation and good hope through grace, comforting our hearts and establishing us in every good word and work; and, finally, grant us to enter into that incorruptible, undefiled, and unfading inheritance reserved in heaven for every heir of salvation, and that to reign with him for ever and ever in the kingdom of his Father and our Father. And to this resolution we, the members of this church, set our hands and names." Yours truly, JOSEPH SMITH.

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#### THE THINGS WHICH AFFLICTION TEACHES.

Dear Friend,—Grace, mercy, and peace be unto you. Though all Galloway should have forgotten me, I would have expected a letter from you ere now; but I will not expound it to be forgetfulness of me. Now, my dear brother, I cannot show you how matters go betwixt Christ and me. I find my Lord going and coming seven times a day. His visits are short, but they are both frequent and sweet. I dare not for my life think of a challenge of my Lord. I hear ill tales and hard reports of Christ from the tempter and my flesh, but love believeth no evil. I may swear that they are liars, and that apprehensions make lies of Christ's honest and unalterable love to me. I dare not say that I am a dry tree, or that I have no room at all in the

vineyard; but yet I often think that the sparrows are blessed who may resort to the house of God in Anwoth, from which I am banished. Temptations, that I supposed to be stricken dead and laid upon their backs, rise again and revive upon me; yea, I see that while I live temptations will not die. The devil seemeth to brag and boast as much as if he had more court with Christ than I have, and as if he had charmed and blasted my ministry, that I shall do no more good in public; but his wind shaketh no corn. I will not believe that Christ would have made such a mint to have me to himself, and have taken so much pains upon me as he hath done, and then slip so easily from possession, and lose the glory of what he had done; nay, since I came here I have been taken up to see the new land, the fair palace of the Lamb. And will Christ let me see heaven, to break my heart, and never give it to me? I shall not think that my Lord Jesus giveth a dumb earnest, or putteth his seals to blank paper, or intendeth to put me off with fair and false promises.

I see that now which I never saw well before. 1. I see that faith's necessity in a fair day is never known aright; but now I miss nothing so much as faith. Hunger in me runneth to fair and sweet promises; but when I come, I am like a hungry man that wanteth teeth, or a weak stomach having a sharp appetite, that is filled with the very sight of meat; or like one stupefied with cold under the water, that would fain come to land, but cannot grip anything that may be cast to him. I can let Christ grip me, but I cannot grip him. I love to be kissed, and to sit on Christ's knee, but I cannot set my feet to the ground, for afflictions bring the cramp upon my faith. All I now do is to hold out a lame faith to Christ, like a begger holding out a stump; instead of an arm or leg, and cry, Lord Jesus, work a miracle. O, what would I give to have hands and arms to grip strongly and fold heartsomely about Christ's neck, and to have my claim made good with real possession! I think my love to Christ hath feet in abundance, and runneth swiftly to be at him, but it wanteth hands and fingers to apprehend him. I think I would give Christ every morning my blessing, to have as much faith as I have love and hunger; at least, I miss faith more than love and hunger.

2. I see that mortification, and to be crucified to the world, are not so highly accounted of by us as they should be. Oh, how heavenly a thing is it to be dead, and dumb, and deaf to this world's sweet music! I confess that it hath pleased his Majesty to make me laugh at children who are wooing this world for their match. I see men lying about the world as nobles about a king's court, and I wonder what they are a-doing there. As I am at this present, I would scorn to court such a weak and petty princess, or buy this world's kindness with a bow of my knee. I scarce now either hear or see what it is that this world offereth me; I know that it is little that it can take from me, and as little that it can give me. I recommend morti-

fiction to you above anything; for, alas! we but chase feathers flying in the air, and tire our own spirits for the froth and overgilded clay of a dying life. One sight of what my Lord hath let me see, within this short time, is worth a world of worlds.

3. I thought that courage, in the time of trouble, for Christ's sake, was a thing that I might take up at my foot: I thought that the very remembrance of the honesty of the cause would be enough: but I was a fool in so thinking. I have much ado now to win to one smile; but I see that joy groweth up in heaven, and it is above our short arm. Christ will be steward and dispenser himself, and none else but he. I now therefore count much of one drachm-weight of spiritual joy; one smile of Christ's face is now to me as a kingdom, and yet he is no niggard to me of comforts. Truly, I have no cause to say that I am pinched with penury, or that the consolations of Christ are dried up; for he hath poured down rivers upon a dry wilderness like me, to my admiration; and in my very swoonings he holdeth up my head, and "stayeth me with flagons of wine," and "comforteth me with apples." My house and bed are strewed with kisses of love. Praise, praise, with me. O, if you and I betwixt us could lift up Christ upon his throne, howbeit all Scotland should cast him down to the ground! Write to me your mind concerning C.E. and C.Y., and their wives, also I.G., or any others in my parish. I fear I am forgotten amongst them, but I cannot forget them. The prisoner's prayers and blessing come upon you. Grace, grace be with you. Your brother in the Lord Jesus,

9th February, 1673.

S. RUTHERFORD.

### FUNERAL OF MR. JOHN WARBURTON.

Feb. 12th, 1892.

Dear Mr. Coughtrey,—I enclose Address of my dear friend in Jesus Christ, Mr. Hemington, of Devizes, who officiated at the interment of our dear Brother Warburton, at Southill, and as I thought you might not have a correct copy, I enclose it, and testify to its having been taken down quite correctly; and as I see you intend having it printed in "G. Standard," this is an exact copy thereof. May the God of Israel, even our own God, bless you abundantly.

Yours for Jesus' sake,

ISAAC SMITH.

The pretty village of Southill was on Monday, Jan. 25th, 1892, the scene where the mortal remains of Mr. John Warburton, for the last forty-seven years pastor of the Baptist Chapel there, were deposited. Mr. Warburton died on Tuesday week from bronchitis and influenza, at the advanced age of 76, and extraordinary expressions of regret were evoked throughout the whole country. Commencing his ministry in 1844, Mr. Warburton speedily drew a large congregation together, his discourses being



full of simplicity, reverence, and power. He preached on the first Lord's Day in 1892, and administered the Lord's Supper, being then in his usual health. On the second Lord's Day, however, he was too ill to preach, and gradually sank, and died at 2.30 a.m. on Tuesday, the 19th inst. His funeral took place on Monday afternoon, and was attended by hundreds from all the country near, the roads leading to the village presenting a busy appearance, carriages and other vehicles passing just before the ceremony in quick succession, and foot passengers being numerous. The time fixed for the service to commence was two o'clock, but before that time the chapel was filled to overflowing with a sympathetic audience, quite 800 people being present. The pulpit was hung around with black cloth. It being impossible to take the coffin into the chapel, by reason of the narrowness of the aisle and the low ceilings, it was placed in the porch, while the solemn and impressive service was proceeding. The coffin bore the following inscription:—

JOHN WARBURTON,  
Born August 18th, 1815,  
Died Jan. 19th, 1892,

and was of polished oak, with brass fittings. No wreath or floral tribute was permitted to be placed on the coffin or grave. Mr. Hemington, of Devizes, was the officiating minister, assisted by Mr. Oldfield, of Godmanchester. Hymn 844, "Fountain of life, who gavest us breath" (to be sung at the interment of a believer), was given out as a commencement of the solemn service. Mr. Hemington, at its conclusion, said that his dear brother's death and the two last lines of the hymn were almost too much for his feelings. He greatly needed God's help to keep nature under its proper restraint whilst he read the 15th chapter of the 1st Epistle to the Corinthians. After a hymn for the burial of a saint, Mr. Hemington, in a touching manner, said it was a most solemn and mournful event in God's providence that had brought them together that afternoon. According to his natural feelings he should have been glad indeed to have sat in that chapel the day before and that afternoon to have heard his dear departed brother proclaiming from that, his own pulpit, the exceeding riches of God's truth. It was to him a most painful and poignant duty to discharge, in being called to commit his body to the tomb: No human face ever wore a more cheerful expression when preaching the blessed gospel than did their dear departed brother. When his soul was enlarged and all aglow with the fire and liberty of the gospel which he proclaimed, when the Spirit of the Lord rested upon him, as they well knew it often did, he was like the great Apostle, determined to know nothing amongst men but Jesus Christ and him crucified. Like other servants of God he had his own peculiar complexion of mind, and it was only natural to him to manifest in the house of God, in his own domestic circle, and in the homes of his friends, a characteristic cheerfulness which sometimes rose to little flights of humorousness. But he

could honestly declare that he never heard any of those remarks without their being counteracted by deep solemn utterances of God's eternal truth. So that in giving them his honest opinion of him as a servant of God, he would say that he was no dull, heavy minister of Jesus Christ, but was one of the most lively, animating, and soul-stirring ministers to be found either in our own or in any other denomination, and dived down into the mystery of sin and iniquity, the fall of man, the total ruin of all mankind, and of salvation alone by the Son of God, into which, as he advanced in his ministry, with advancing years he dived deeper. And there was always a freshness and a variety and an originality in his preaching. It was no moulding up of still matter with him; it was no methodical spinning out of mere doctrine in a dry systematic way with him; but he preached the gospel of the Son of God in the work of his very heart, just as he had tasted and handled and felt the Word of Life for himself. He was persuaded that were God to permit their deceased brother, whilst he was thus speaking to them, to drop into his bosom a whisper whilst he stood before the throne of God, it would be, "Say not too much about me, but speak to the people for their good, and tell such that need to be told that if they live and die without hope in the Lord Jesus Christ, they will perish for ever. Before they can ever follow me, to be where I am, they must be born again. They can never appear before God as justified sinners, unless they be, as I was, led by the Holy Ghost, and washed in the fountain of Christ's most precious blood." Whilst tens of thousands, the preacher went on to say, had already, through the invincible power of God, been stopped in their mad career from the power of Satan! what numbers had died and gone to glory! yet what multitudes there were in the world—and it was not for him to say how many were there that afternoon—who were not only born in sin, but had lived their whole lives in it. What then? It was inconceivable to contemplate. No change could take place in a man after death; they could not be saved if not saved by the Son of God before they died. Fools made a mock at sin, but they would not mock at sin when they stood face to face with an eternal God. The whole of Europe had been moved with the deepest emotion, with the deepest concern, at the loss of a Prince, but God came to the Prince as well as to the pauper. God's ministers were but mortal, and he had seen fit to deprive that Church of his own servant, of their own beloved pastor, who for so many years, reaching almost to fifty, had with earnest zeal laboured amongst them. No man knew what death was, and Scripture did not tell them, and once taken it was irrevocable—once launched into that vortex, they must be there for ever and ever. It was nothing but a false figment of the human mind, and an accursed delusion, to suppose that men in hell would be burnt up and nothing remain; they would burn for ever, and ever, and ever, and ever; he was sure his dear brother would live for ever, and ever, and ever, and ever! God could

save in the last five minutes of this life, but not afterwards. They had come that afternoon to pay—he would not say the last—a tribute of esteem to their dear minister, and many friends and servants of the Lord who did not belong to the church had come to pay a tribute of esteem to his mortal body. God knew that he (the preacher) loved him, and what precious times they had had together. Once the devil tempted his brother, and he went to the pulpit distracted in mind; but he preached one of the most Christian exalting sermons on that occasion that he (the preacher) had ever heard from his lips. It was not only that he admired the sermon, but there was such sweetness and power in it that he scarcely knew when the sermon was ended, how to read the hymn for the tears which filled his eyes. After the service was over, he said to me, O Hemington! I don't know that ever I have been so tempted as I was this morning. Before going into the chapel, the devil said, "Now is the time; you have often feared it would come; now it has come, when God will make it manifest that you are not his servant at all, but only an hireling." His congregation had reason to remember that occasion as one of the sweetest when Mr. Warburton visited them. It did the preacher good to once occupy the pulpit of his brother though he was not worthy to stand there after such a man, but God knew he wanted his peaceful religion. The preacher read some of the very statements that fell from his lips before he died. On Monday, January 18th, a few hours before he died, he did not seem so well in the afternoon. He was asked if he thought he would get better. He said, "I don't know." He was asked if God was good to him. He replied, "Very. Precious, precious." He repeated two lines of a hymn, and said, "Bless the Lord, O my soul." Again in the evening he said, "Blessed Jesus," and then added, "God is faithful." Later on he said, "The blessing of the Lord maketh rich and he addeth no sorrow." "I have no sorrow." These were his last words, and he quietly and peacefully passed away at twenty-five minutes past two, without a sigh, struggle, or groan.

A short prayer concluded the service, and a procession was formed to the grave. The coffin was deposited in a brick grave close to the right wall of the chapel-porch. Mr. Hemington pronounced "Dust to dust," &c., and Mr. Oldfield said a few very suitable words.

[The letter accompanying the Address which has been sent us, will, we hope, be deemed sufficient explanation for its appearance, although it reaches us at the last minute, as it were. Its insertion will prevent disappointment to those of our readers who saw the note given on the wrapper of the "G. S." for February.—Ed.]

[We purpose giving something from Mr. D. Smith's book, "Abounding Grace," next month, as the pressure of correspondence for this month renders it impossible to do as we would have liked in several respects. We ask the indulgence of our friends in this time of great trial and tender our deepest sympathy to the sick and bereaved.—Ed.]

## MORE THAN A CONQUEROR.

Dear Friend,—I am now come again in all my filth, as it respects my carnal nature, for Satan and the evil of my heart have for a long time kept me in bondage; but, blessed be the Lord, that the dew drops have this day descended upon me, shivering my flinty heart to pieces, and causing it to flow with thanksgiving and praise. O how my heart did bless and magnify the Lord for such favour! He looked in upon me with these words: "Delicious drops, like balmy dew," &c., which were followed by his everlasting love, and melted my heart into nothing. O how clearly could I see the covenant engagement between the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! and how sure I was of my interest therein! Everything around me seemed to rejoice with me. How sweet these words were to me: "The heavens are full of thy majesty, and the earth is filled with thy praise." Surely I had a little heaven begun upon earth; my past folly appeared to be all forgotten, and I was betrothed to the Lord in righteousness. O what a close union subsisted between God and my soul, and how did I long to fly away to be with my dearly beloved spouse. Everything was right and well with me. O blessed place and happy spot! and O, sweet Jesus! What a softness in my hard heart did I now feel, for the Lord is come! He is come, he is come in the riches of his grace and in the fullness of his glory. This causes joy unspeakable; for I am at a loss, at this moment, how to set it forth; but, blessed be the Lord, there is now springing up again, and I still cry out, "Spring up, O well." Bless his precious name, he is most sweet; yea, he is the "altogether lovely" to my soul, and the "chiefest among ten thousand." I feel that I could die at this moment, that I might be with him, for I now seem to have a sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection. But you may say, "Don't be too sure;" and it may, perhaps, be quite right to give this caution; but O, my dear friend, I have the sweet witness within that all is right between God and my poor soul, and that I shall come off more than a conqueror through him that has loved me and given himself for me. The heaven of heavens cannot contain him, and yet he dwells in my poor heart. I can say, with that dear man of God, the late John Warburton, whom I love with all my heart: "I felt that I could bless, I could praise, and that I could rejoice in the God of my salvation without a fear or a doubt in my heart." O, I say, is not this heaven begun below? Surely it is; but when we enter the mansions of eternal glory, then shall we realize the full bliss of it. "O," say you, "I have no doubt of this being your case, but, could I say such things as these for myself, what would I not give?" "Poor soul, what have you to give? Nothing but a sinful, polluted heart; and this the Lord has got possession of. Yes, he has, whether you doubt it or not. Blessed be the Lord's dear name for his rich grace, atoning blood, and sanctifying love."<sup>1</sup>

O my dear friend, this has been a happy day with me, and my soul seems to be, even now, in glory. O the rich consolation it is to see the eternal God reconciled to such a vile, sinful wretch, who deserves nothing but his wrath and displeasure! But again I can bless his dear name that he has not dealt with me according to my sins and transgression, but according to his own mercy and love. O, could you but rejoice with me, then how should we extol the Three-One God in our hearts and affections! The Lord knows what desires and cries have gone out of my heart for you, that your soul might magnify the Lord, and your spirit rejoice in God your Saviour, as mine now doth; then I know that all would be well with you: not that I have a doubt about it; no, no. Do not misunderstand me because I say, "then it would be well with you:" I mean, that then you would feel it to be so. Bless the Lord's dear name, who has put a true filial fear in your heart and mine, although I know that I am one of the vilest sinners upon the earth. He has not left me, in the hour of temptation, to fall a victim to the devil—to fall into any outward sin, so as to bring any disgrace upon the cause of God, and likewise to bring guilt and distress upon my own mind and conscience; and I hope and trust that he may ever keep me, for I feel that if I am left but for one hour, I am gone for ever. O, the torment of the damned! how dreadful the thought! But my dear Lord has come to-day, and given Satan such a deadly wound, that he has fled, with all his hellish crew; and I could wish in my heart that he may never return; but I know that, while in the flesh, we shall have "wars and rumours of wars;" but I also know that we have a Captain who will be sure to gain for us the victory over sin, death, and hell—I say *for us*; for Justice is now satisfied on our behalf, because Christ has gone to the end of the law for righteousness, and has redeemed our souls from the curse, he having been made a curse for us.

Now, ponder over these things in your own mind, and let not unbelief and your own wicked heart give God the lie, because you know that you feel a hungering and thirsting after righteousness, and this is a real evidence that there is life in your soul; and in some future day you will "be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge;" and I know that this will fill your heart with blessing and praise to the God of all grace.

But I must conclude by saying, May the blessing of the Lord rest upon you, with "the precious things of heaven, for the dew, and for the deep that coucheth beneath, and for the precious fruits brought forth by the sun, and for the precious things put forth by the moon, and for the chief things of the ancient mountains, and for the precious things of the lasting hills, and for the precious things of the earth and fulness thereof, and for the good will of him that dwelt in the bush," so that you may be "blessed in your going out and in your coming in; in your lying down and in your rising

up; in your basket and in your store;" then you will know that the Lord is "the shield of thy help and the sword of thy excellency;" and then shall it be said, "thine enemies shall be found liars unto thee; and thou shalt tread upon their high places." These are the greatest blessings that we shall find while we are on this side of eternity; but, blessed be God, our hope is fastened to that within the veil. But I must leave off. Believe me to be yours in Jesus Christ, T. BEECHER.

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### REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE MR. WARBURTON.

February 10th, 1892.

My dear Mr. Gadsby,—During the last week or two, since the loss of our dear and valued friend, Mr. Warburton, it has been running through my mind to put down and send you a few reminiscences of him.

I feel it is a great personal loss to yourself, seeing the deep attachment of your father and his to each other, and the almost (as I suppose) life-long acquaintanceship, and, later on, *brotherhood*, which has existed between you both; it is indeed a personal loss more keen than ordinary to yourself. How many friends you have followed, some in body and others in spirit, to the grave, since many of them had quite expected to have followed *you!* There cannot be many of your earlier spiritual friends left now!

With Mr. W. has passed away, I believe, the last of the few who first met together and joined hands in starting what is now the church at Gower Street. So far as I know, our friend Mr. Belch is the only one remaining who attended those first meetings. Mr. B. was not then a member, having been baptized only a few years since. The name of another of the first friends there (as I am told) appears in the same list of deaths in the "G.S." as Mr. W.—George Dust, whom Mr. W. remembered. The deacons very properly had the pulpit draped in black as a mark of respect, and the church has passed a vote of sympathy with the church at Southill in their deep loss.

At his last visit, the Sunday after Mrs. W. was buried, he, both in prayer and preaching, expressed his gratitude that the church had been kept so far sound in the faith in which it had been started, and had not been left to be either drawn or driven into erroneous doctrines, and solemnly charged us against it, by whomsoever such attempts might be made.

Two circumstances always seemed to deeply impress Mr. W. when he paid us his annual visit to Gower Street: how the small commencement of only five, in Eden Street, had grown to such

large proportions (see "C.M.R." 1888—p. 47—"History of Gower Street Chapel"); and a remark he once heard your honoured father make in the pulpit there—Speaking of the righteousness of Christ, he exclaimed: "It is a righteousness which *the devil cannot mur,* and, speaking with reverence, which *God cannot mend!*" Mr. W. seemed never to forget the grandeur with which

the words rolled from your father's lips. I never knew him pay us a visit without being affected with these two considerations.

I think few, if any, who were privileged to attend the Jubilee Celebration of the "G.S." at the Memorial Hall, will ever forget the voice with which he, during the evening service, now and again repeated his text: "*Lift up a standard for the people!*" Perhaps few knew how much he was tried about taking that service. Walking up Gower Street, with Mr. Gray and myself, after the morning service (in July), he stopped short suddenly, and said it was useless to think anything of his taking any such a part, as he was sure he should only be made, or make himself, a fool before so many ministers as would be there, and more able than himself, and he could not, or *would not*, do it. His dear partner stood smiling by. Mr. Gray asked him if the Lord had ever left him in the work yet. He was obliged to acknowledge, "No." But then he had never been in such a position as was then proposed. Mr. Gray told him that it was all settled, and he must do the best he could; which seemed to *silence*, but by no means *satisfy*, Mr. W. Last autumn, we had the pleasure of his company one night at our home. Walking with him to the station in the morning, we talked of the matter. He told me that what tried him most about the matter was, lest his foolish tongue should be left to let slip something or other which would set people in the congregation nodding and tittering, which, though often the cause of, he *abominated*. I said, "There was nothing of that!" He replied, with his face and voice full of animation at the remembrance, "No, I didn't see one; not a 'sowl!' It was a blessed time!"

Being at Shefford in October last, we were favoured to see him once in his own house, and hear him preach in his own pulpit. His text was, "And Enoch walked with God: and he was not; for God took him." (Gen. v. 24.) Referring to the oft-repeated words in the chapter—"and he died"—he expressed his conviction that the same would soon be said of John Warburton. The Lord had so graciously and frequently communed with him since the loss of his dear wife, especially in the night seasons, that he felt he should not be here long. His appearance did not seem to give that warrant for his expression which a few weeks have shown was not unfounded. He seemed to be much helped in the sermon; first speaking of the threefold significance of the name, Enoch (if I remember right)—one instructed, dedicated, and sanctified; and went on to show how all the Lord's saints were Enochs in these senses: and then how they were favoured to

walk with God' in their desires, faith, groaning, love, &c.; and to meet any objecting or fearing minds, said, "You don't walk with *yourself* in these exercises, do you? No! And you *can't* walk with the *devil* in them? No! Then it *must be with God!*" Very many times since has my mind wandered back, and I can seem to hear him giving out the closing hymn (960), and the singing of the first and last verses:

May the Lord, in his infinite mercy, appear for the church at Southill in their widowed state, giving them another pastor of like mind, if his pleasure; and O that he might be pleased, in this increasingly cloudy and dark, dark day, to raise up many who should be indeed useful and profitable in his universal church. May he greatly bless you in your few remaining days.

Yours very truly,

C. JEFFERIES.

### TO THE FEARFUL.

WEAK believers are sometimes apt to be afraid that they are not in the number of God's elect. They can, indeed, say with David, "Blessed is the man whom thou chooseth, and causeth to approach unto thee;" but they are not clearly satisfied that this blessedness is theirs. For my own part, I look upon it as one of the best symptoms of a regenerate state, when a person is ardently desirous to know his election of God. Granting, however, that thousands of converted people have not attained to those heights of exalted consolation as to be able to say, with an unflinching tongue, "Thou hast chosen me and not cast me away:" yet is there some secret comfort even in waiting upon God for the joy of his salvation, in seeking the light of his countenance, and in crediting the truths and promises of the gospel at large. To those who are by grace led thus far, I would beg leave to propose the following questions:—Art thou desirous of choosing God in Christ to be thy Father, thy portion, and thy covenant God—here and for ever? If you are, it is one happy proof that God has chosen thee to salvation, through sanctification of the Spirit and belief of the truth. You could not choose him, if he had not first chosen you. Is love to God in any measure kindled in thy heart? Or, if you are in any doubt as to this, do you wish to love him? Would you be glad to receive him, and to hold him fast, as your chief and only good? Take courage. Wishing is a degree of love. No man ever wished for the thing he altogether hated. A wisher for Christ is a lover of Christ. Is the law of God written on thy mind? that is, Can you say with the apostle, that "to will is present with you," and that you "delight in the law of God after the inward man?" Would it make you easy and happy, and would you have the supreme desire of your heart, were you to be holy as God is holy, and pure as Christ is pure? Then you may add, as the apostle does, "I thank God through Jesus Christ." The Lord would not thus have written his law (however imperfectly at present) upon thy heart, if the pen of his own free grace had not first written thy name in the Book of Life. Yet stop not here, but pray for the witness of the Holy Spirit to bear unclouded testimony to thy spirit that thou art a child of God. Wait the appointed time, and God will set that promise as a seal upon thy heart: "Fear not, for I have redeemed thee; I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine."

A. TOPLADY.



## CHEERFUL RELIGION.

Dear Friend,—With a melancholy pleasure, and at the same time self-abasement, I heard your lectures on man's heart as fallen by original apostasy, and the dreadful epidemical disease of sin, which has spread itself over the whole soul. (Isa i. 5, 6.) When you dissected and anatomized the heart of man as before and after conversion, you went into the private closet of my heart, and the underground vaults, where you have dug up some of the bones of the old man, that have long lain rotting there.

Here is the general exchange for corruption (Mark vii. 21); here the world and the devil often meet together; here they correspond, trade, and traffic; and Satan well knows this is the best place for vending his contraband goods, having so many friends that court the heart and recommend his wares, viz., vain thoughts, worldly imaginations, evil and impure sensations, earthly affections, inordinate desires, ambitious views, high-mindedness, riches and sinful pleasures, or Pharisaical righteousness, moral confidence, unscriptural hopes, formal sanctity, uncovenanted mercy, &c., &c.

Satan takes a turn round these walks, and pays his compliments (if I may so say) to the inmates of my soul, who are his good friends, every day, aye, every hour; he tries all ways to find out the constitutional sin, or what the Apostle calls, my most easily besetting sin. (Heb. xii. 1.) He has baits for all sorts of corruptions, and he endeavours to time his assaults. Sometimes he bids good-morrow to one lust or corruption, sometimes to another, and so makes his cruel visits from one place of the soul to another all day long, and never bids good-night; for even when I go to bed he lays down with me, and sometimes in my sleep he haunts and awakes me.

If I go into my closet, in order to lock myself up from the busy world, this impertinent intruder, the devil, will break in there too, without asking my leave; and so in the family, and even in the sanctuary, the house of God, I am dogged by this roaring lion. (1 Pet. v. 8; Rom. viii. 21.) Sometimes he snatches the preached word from me in a way of forgetfulness; sometimes presents other objects to my view, and sometimes would have me make an ill use of it, by misapplying it. Sometimes I pray as if I was praying to a wooden god, without a proper sense of his divinity and omniscience, and so only word it with God. By the way, I would not charge the devil with more than is his just due, for I know my own corrupt heart sometimes invites Satan to come in, and has often entertained and bid him welcome.\*

Oh, how I ought to be humbled, that I have so often fetched a chair for Satan, the tempter, to sit down in, while he has entertained himself upon the lusts and affection of my soul; and has

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\* Alas! how often do even the best of Christians tempt the devil to tempt them.

he not had the insolence sometimes to tempt me to sin from the aboundings of grace? O horrid injection! And sometimes such cogitations have worked upon the imagination and the heart in and under ordinances. What power Satan's temptations have had, and how often the seeds of sin have sprung up, and blossomed, and budded, and brought forth fruit, to my sorrow as well as shame, I cannot express; but I would open the matter with soul-abasement to the eye of him who looks down into my heart, and sees all the workings of iniquity within me.

Respecting what you are now upon, it is pleasing to find experience answers experience, as face to face in a glass. (Prov. xxvii. 19.) There is a prodigious alliance formed by the empire of hell, the God of this world, and by unbelief, with all its train of sins, in the heart of every natural man, and the unrenewed part in every true believer; this is the threefold cord that is not easily broken; this is the grand alliance, Sir; thus the case stands; and on these accounts my soul has often bled; afraid of myself, afraid of the devil, afraid of every one, and sometimes afraid even of my God. (Job xxiii. 15, 16.) I have sometimes had hopes that grace had enthroned itself in my heart, and I have had, as it were, a cessation from corruption, at least in some branches; the war has seemed to be at an end almost, and I have often sung a funeral song of victory over (as I thought) a dead corruption; but Satan has called up all his forces, and fired again, and with his fire-balls has set the whole city of my soul into a flame, and there has been a resurrection of the monster sin again.

Oh, pity me, all you combatants in the field of battle! that know the force of temptation, and are haunted, as I am, with these ghosts continually. The devil sometimes gets me down and buffets me with the sin that most easily besets me, and then turns accuser, and brings railing accusations against me; and if he cannot keep me from a throne of grace, he makes me go limping and halting there, afraid to open my mouth; and sometimes I can only hold up my hand at the bar, and cry, Guilty! guilty!

And now, Sir, let me ask you, Is this balm in Gilead for an old stinking sore, as well as for a constant, running one? a sore that I thought had been healed long ago, but breaks out again and again with its bloody issue. Is there a physician?—What! for such a nauseous, defiled, stinking, as well as weak and sin-sick soul as mine? I truly need a physician within as well as without: Christ and his blood and righteousness to justify and acquit, and the blessed Spirit to sanctify and cure the inward diseases of my soul; for what would it avail a condemned malefactor, to be pardoned and acquitted of his crimes, if he had the gaol distemper upon him, and was to die by it?\*

Indeed, God never justifies, but he sanctifies. Election is God's mark to know his own children by. Calling and sanctification

\* The real Christian desires to be freed from the love and power of sin, as well as from the guilt, condemnation, and punishment due to it.

are our marks,\* by which we come to know that we ourselves are his elected children. Oh, then set forth the work of the Spirit in a rebellious will, a blind understanding, a hard heart, a stupid conscience, and vile affections; renewing and sanctifying all these powers, and so proving it to be truly the work of God and not of man. This gospel sanctification I need, and earnestly desire; and if you could help me in the present prospect, of the eye of Christ scanning the hidden parts of man, it would be doing a good piece of service, not only to me, but perhaps to many others who may be in the same case.

Dear Sir, may you be helped to lay open the inward powers of the soul and the deceitful arts of the body, for the alarming and rousing the stupid and careless, and for the search and inquiry of every real Christian, both with regard to the principle, growth, and activity of grace, or the decays and witherings of it; what interest God has in the heart, and how much sin and Satan have; † what advances heaven-ward, or what loitering, backslidings, or falls there are found too often in the way to glory.‡

I am, dear Friend, yours, &c.,

J. BERRIDGE.

*"YE ALSO HELPING TOGETHER BY PRAYER FOR US."*

2 Cor. i. 11.

BLESS thou thy servant, Lord;  
Anoint his lips with grace;  
Reveal to him thy Word—  
Spirit of holiness.

May grace to him abound;  
Be wisdom to him given;  
Teach him, Lord, to propound  
The mysteries of heaven.

Guide him, Lord, in thy way,  
And keep him, lest he roam;  
Be thou his strength and stay  
For all the time to come.

A.S.

\* Not of our own procuring, but the work of God's love, grace, and Spirit in the soul.

† There is no man so perfectly renewed by the grace of God, but has and will have, as long as he is on this side the grave, more or less of inward corruption. This made the apostle Paul groan, being burdened, and to cry out, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" (Rom. vii. 24.)

‡ Some Christians find many more stumbling-blocks in their way than others; but all have their trials, temptations, and hindrances of one kind or another, either from sin, Satan, and the world, or their own deceitful hearts; which will excite them constantly to watch and pray, that they may be enabled to press forward in spite of all opposition, and at last come off as more than conquerors through him that hath loved them.

## COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

Bradford, June 9th, 1890.

My dear Brother,—I have just read your letter in the "G.S." of April last, and it was made such a blessing to my poor soul, that I felt like a hind let loose, and like David, when he said, "For by thee I have run through a troop: by my God have I leaped over a wall" (2 Sam. xxii. 30); and under the dew and unction of the Spirit (I hope) I sat down and penned the following, but have been afraid to send it until now; for something within kept saying that it was all rubbish, and therefore not fit for a child of God to read; I, too, felt certain that you would throw it into the fire. Well, my brother, if it is the language of a hypocrite, and you detect it, be honest and tell me so, for I would not be deceived in these things for ten thousand worlds, yet many times I fear that I am, and shall at last prove to be a castaway.

Whilst reading your letter I blessed God that there was one left who dare write upon both sides; for my religion has two sides—a bright side, at times, and great darkness at other times. If I may speak the truth, mine is more darkness than light, more sour than sweet; my physic is more like aloes than honey, and my walk is more of a pilgrimage than a progress; I am full of tossings, sometimes questioning all that the Lord has done for me; but it is our mercy that we are interested in that covenant which the devil cannot upset or alter, and that God is not changeable like ourselves. If I did not know that you were a poor finite creature, and could not read the thoughts of another, I should have said that you had borrowed mine: for if you had had some powerful telescope, and fixed it on the top of your chapel, and so have been able to see my poor heart—my going out and coming in; witnessed faith throwing out unbelief, and unbelief throwing out faith; for do not faith and unbelief dwell in one soul? Do not faith and unbelief go together? Did not the poor man cry out, "Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief?"—I say, had you been able to see my poor heart, you could have more clearly described its exercises.

I have heard some people say that they have a nature that only required a match to be applied, and it would "go off;" but I find that I have a nature that will "go off" without a match. Just throw a lighted match into a barrel of gunpowder, and what an explosion there will be! and that is what the devil does so many times in my poor soul. Are you saying that I reach a chair for the devil to sit down upon, and that I ought not so to do? My brother, he helps himself to one, for he hates to see me upon my knees praying to the God of heaven that he would bless my soul. And when the Lord melts my hard heart with his goodness, and tells me that he loves guilty, worthless me, O how does the enemy storm and rage in my poor soul, crying out, "What presumption is it on your part to think that God can

ever love you!" and then he will throw this suggestion into my mind: "If you were a real child of God, you would be more prayerful, more spiritually-minded, and spend more time at a throne of grace." And when God has seen fit to lay upon me some cross or affliction, either in mind, body, or circumstances, he then comes again with that great IF: "If thou wert a child of God, he would not lay his hand upon thee so long at a time; neither would he leave thee so long to grope in the dark, nor in so grievous a manner: but God lays his hand thus heavily upon thee, and therefore thou mayst persuade thyself that thou art not his child, and that thou art altogether out of the secret." But we must expect our Master's lot: see him coming up out of the water, the heavens opened, and a voice saying, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Then comes Satan, saying, "If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread;" and I think it was as much as to say that he could not, and therefore was not the Son of God.

O my brother, Satan is a mighty prince and a wily serpent; and if either force or fraud may distress us, no child of God shall escape his hands. He spared not the green tree; what then will he do in the dry? But is there no remedy for us from all this woe that comes to us by Satan? Yes, blessed be our God, who hath not left us a prey unto his teeth, but hath given his Son to be a Prince and a Deliverer; and as he came off more than a conqueror, so shall every poor devil-dragged child of God, for I believe that "the weakest saint shall win the day," whether I am one or not.

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

but that can never be, for if one such soul came to hell—which is impossible—it would pray there, and would be turned out.

May God bless you, my brother, and help you to wait patiently, until he say, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

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

Yours truly,      J. ILLINGWORTH.

THE SUN is glorious and beautiful, but if the moon and every star had as much brightness it would not be so peculiarly admired. Thus the mercy of God toward his elect is so much the more admirable by being contrasted with his wrath against the reprobate.—*Parr.*

I HAVE all things and abound: our gracious God hath promised that our bread shall be given and our water shall be sure; and to the praise of his Providence I can say, that I have always found the promise verified, for he is a God keeping covenant, and full of faithfulness.—*Macgowan.*

## REVIEWS.

*Strictures on the Doctrines and Teachings of the Salvation Army.*  
By C. Hemington. 2d. London: F. Kirby, 17, Bouverie St.

We venture to think that no one unacquainted with the doctrines and teachings of the Salvation Army can believe it to be what it really is, unless they read for themselves Mr. H.'s tract, in which you have nothing that Mr. Hemington hears or imagines: you have Booth's picture drawn by his own pen; and as the strange figure rises up before you, an involuntary shudder runs through you. The pure truth of God is grossly mangled by his interpretations, and made to say just the opposite of what it means. Calvinism and Calvinists are the subjects of his bitterest hatred. We are not sure that he has a word to say against any other sect in the world; but against these, the old hatred is breathed with much fervour. Let these poor people congratulate themselves on the fact that they are so far removed in principle and practice from a system so full of presumption and blasphemy as to secure the Pope General's anathema. We may bless God that we are not owned, but denounced, by a man who discloses his real character by trampling upon God's Gospel and God's people with all the malice and daring of one of the latter-day enemies of the church of God, and a true branch of antichrist. We have purposely withheld quotations from Mr. H.'s tract, that you may get it, and see with your own eyes the awful figure presented for your inspection; and when the magnitude of the subject is taken into consideration, we believe your verdict will be that Mr. H. has given you in his tract, "*much in little.*"

"I KNOW myself to be a child of God, and an heir of glory," said Mr. Hart, on his death-bed; adding, "Judas was lost, that the Scripture might be fulfilled; be fulfilled; but the Scripture would not be fulfilled if I should not be saved."

GOOD Mrs. Wicks, of Cambridge, when on her dying bed, requested her family to pray that God would stay his hand: "I am so full of consolation," said she, "that the frail vessel of my heart can hold no more. I cannot sustain the divine manifestations with which I am favoured. Beg of the Lord to moderate them until I get out of the body." A little before her departure she said, "All the promises that, during the time of my pilgrimage below, have been sent home to my soul, are now given me together in a cluster."

A GODLY minister, being in a consumption, came to Ashby (near Fawsley, where Mr. Dod lived), for the benefit of Mr. Dod's counsel and conversation. He was much bowed down with doubts and fears; and, a little before his death, asked Mr. Dod, "What will you say to me, who am going out of the world, and can find no spiritual comfort?" Mr. Dod answered, "And what will you say to Christ himself, who, when going out of the world, found no comfort, but cried out, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?'" This speech much refreshed the dying minister a little before he went to his heavenly inheritance.—*Toplady.*

## Obituary.

MR JOHN GURR.—On February 11th, 1891, aged 58, John Gurr, of Chiddingly, a member of the Dicker.

He had been poorly a long time before, and very low in his mind, when he often used to say, "I shall not live long; I shall die before you, mother; Death has been my companion nearly all my life." He had been a professor of grace for many years, and, I believe, a real possessor. The first time he went to see the doctor, he came home, and, sitting down, burst into tears and said, "I shall never get better; where shall I go when I die?" From that time he began to sink in his mind; but at times felt reconciled to death, and was very happy. He wished the school children to sing when he was buried, "for when they are singing over my grave," he said, "I shall be singing in heaven." He became paralysed, and suffered dreadfully in his back and sides, getting weaker in mind and body. His cry was, "I shall be lost after all, and have to dwell with wicked men and devils. How can I bear it! Do, Lord, save a great sinner; don't let me be lost;" and such dreadful thoughts would arise in his mind, that he was sorely afraid he should say something bad; but the Lord preserved him from that. He would break out, sometimes, and say, "What does it all mean? I am like a mark set up to be shot at. I shall never have any peace in this world, nor in that to come. Oh that I had never been born!" Then he would pray for mercy, and for God to break his hard, unbelieving heart, saying, "Mighty to save: What wonderful words!" He afterwards exclaimed, "I shall sing 'Victory, victory, through the blood of the Lamb;' it is all right now, mother; we have sung his praises on earth, and we shall sing them in heaven; the Lord is taking away my tin and dross, to make me meet for heaven." He would sing, "Rock of Ages," "God moves in a mysterious way," and "How firm a foundation!" clapping his poor hands, and saying, "What three blessed 'nevers' in the last verse!" After this, he again sank into his low, dejected state, and would say, "I have not a mercy; I shall suffer here, and have nothing to look forward to but misery. I shall die distracted or mad. Oh that I had never been born!" The reading of the book of Job gave him a little ease, seeing that others before him, and all the Bible saints, travelled the same way, all against flesh and blood. "These are our schooling days; we have hard lessons to learn before we prize free grace. We learn the song of Moses and the Lamb by heart-felt experience." A few friends occasionally came on a Sunday evening, and held a little prayer meeting, as he so lamented not being able to meet with the Lord's people as he used to do. He would sing with them, and often said, when they were gone, "I do like it; I do like it; if I am lost at last." If he saw it lighten or heard it thunder, he would say, "How grand! What majesty! Oh, should I not like to see Christ come in the clouds with all the saints and holy angels with him." I said, "Should

you not fear?" He replied, "No; I could venture on him, and would sing, 'Awake, my soul, in joyful lays.'" His heart was often broken at the goodness of God in sending so many kind friends, and for their kindness to him and to us. "'It is the goodness of God that leads men to repentance;' the goodness of God breaks the heart. May the Lord bless all the friends who were kind to us; break their hearts with his love, when they come into deep waters. Thank them all for their remembrance of us." We were not aware that his end was so near. He had been very restless all day, and very low. In the morning he said to me, "I feel so dejected, and lower than ever; I shall die soon."

I read or sang to him, as he could scarcely bear anything; and at night, when his father had his tea with him, he looked at him so happily, and said, "What shall we do, Father? what shall we do?" His father asked if he wanted moving. He replied, "No," and broke out praying: "Lord, have mercy on a great sinner. Do save me, Lord. Land me safe through the Jordan. Open wide the pearly gates, and let me into rest. Come, Lord, come, and 'I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness.'" He looked so happy, and said, "Do you think I shall go to heaven after all?" His father answered, "I feel sure you will, for God will answer the prayer of the destitute, and will hear their cry." His countenance bespeaking the joy that he felt, he said, "I have a sweet hope that after all I shall go there; I believe I shall." His pain had left him, and his dejection and fears were gone; he fell asleep, and when we went again into his room, his spirit had fled, without a sigh or groan, instead of dying distracted. A wonder-working God is Christ the Lord. JANE GURR.

Our dear friend, John Gurr, was baptized at Eastbourne by Mr. Drake. In the providence of God he was removed from Eastbourne to Chiddingly, and was received into the church at the Dicker, on December 27th, 1869.

He was a very quiet, consistent member of the church, and very useful in the Sabbath-school, taking a great interest in the children. He was a teacher there.

He was a praying man, and desired the peace and prosperity of the cause. We felt a close union to him in soul-feeling.

His last affliction was a very painful one, borne with much patience and in great weakness. I visited him many times during his affliction, and always, after a little conversation, he would wish to sing a hymn or two. Many of the friends frequently met there to sing and pray together. The singing sometimes seemed to ease his pains, and he used to feel refreshed rather than otherwise. He was at times sorely tempted by the enemy and unbelief. We have seen him almost as low as he could be, and we have seen him as comfortable and as happy as he could be in believing. Faith, at times, triumphed over unbelief, and he was enabled to believe in sure victory over every enemy, and that he should "overcome through the blood of the Lamb."



We saw him a short time before he died, and found him resting on the finished work of Christ, with a good hope that all would be well. His end was rather sudden. The Lord shortened tribulation days, and he was taken from the evil to come. Thus our dear friend was called from the church militant to join the church triumphant above. Our loss is his eternal gain.

WILLIAM VINE.

HENRY MITCHELL.—On May 1st, 1891, Henry Mitchell, at Lovell Farm, Cuckfield, formerly of Woodmancote, Sussex.

He was a hearer at Bolney Chapel from a child, and for many years used to give out the hymns there.

It might be truly said of him, He was one that feared the Lord above many. Though much tried as to the reality of his religion, the work was very gradually deepened in his soul, and during his last illness he was enabled to speak of the way the Lord had led him for many years.

To a kind friend who was with him, he spoke of several portions of the word of God, that had been blessed to him when in deep distress: Psalm cxxv. 1, "They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever;" also Psalm lxxvi. 10, "Surely the wrath of man shall praise thee; the remainder of wrath shalt thou restrain." He also mentioned Ephesians ii. 18: "For through him we both have access by one Spirit unto the Father;" and shortly before his last illness those words were very sweet to him: "Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." The hymns, he said, were so sweet, and as fresh as ever; one especially:

"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."

Once after a very trying night, feeling almost bereft of hope; early in the morning, with tears in his eyes and a very bright countenance, he said,

"Though painful at present,  
'Twill cease before long,  
And then oh how pleasant  
The conqueror's song!"

Our friend often heard him pleading with the Lord; and he would look at her, and say, "Oh that I might know him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable unto his death."

Being partially paralysed, he could not speak the last few days of his life; but his mercy was, he had not a religion to seek in his dying hours, and we feel assured he is now in the presence of him he so longed to enjoy while upon earth.

In the month of September, 1887, he gave up his business, and came to live with his eldest daughter at Bolney, who was a

very great comfort to him, they being much attached to each other, and were real companions in spiritual things.

He was now much nearer to the chapel, and could get there without fatigue. After he had been at Bolney some short time, he had a fit, the effects of which never quite left him; but when he had recovered in measure, he again resumed his post, giving out the hymns, which he continued to do as long as he was able; but soon he became deaf, and it was often a trouble to make him understand; even then he used to like to go to the chapel once a day, and sit in the vestry with his daughter, who found the hymns, chapter, and text, for him. He seemed to enjoy reading and meditating, and he has often told me, he has had some good times while so engaged. He said the Lord was very good to him, and felt that he was in his right place.

The cause of God lay very near his heart. He was much attached to the late Mr. Thomas Blanchard, and enjoyed his ministry very much; in fact, nothing seemed to grieve him more, than to hear anything spoken against the Lord's servants.

I have often had the opportunity of spending a little time with him, and can say they have often been very refreshing seasons, especially as he drew towards his end. On one occasion, after having had a very sleepless night, he looked up, and said to me, "I have been meditating on my dissolution for several hours during the night, when I could not sleep;" at another time he said, "I never thought I should come to this: I have to learn now, more than ever, the depravity of my heart and Satan's devices, for he has been telling me I am nothing but a hypocrite, and that I am a dishonest man, which tried me very much for a time, till I began to think where it came from, and then I said, "Now Satan, can you tell me of one instance in all my life, when I have defrauded any man?" At this the snare was broken, and he felt, after all, that the Lord was on his side.

In his prayers he often seemed much led out on behalf of his family, and also his grandchildren, that the dear Lord would have mercy on them, and bring them to a knowledge of their need of mercy.

The last time I saw him was on the 12th of April. Through affliction in my family I was not able to fulfil my engagements for Bolney at that time. He was quite prostrated, but could converse clearly for a short time; and I can truly say that the few words he spoke were very precious to me, and I felt that he was in a most enviable place; all he said seemed to show that he would soon be where sin and sorrow would for ever cease.

May God answer his many prayers in his own good time.

LUTHER MILLER.

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CAROLINE SIGGS.—On July 19, 1891, in her 68th year, Caroline Siggs, at Trinity Hospital, Bristol.

She was born at Cranbrook, in September, 1823. Her father was of French extraction, his family name being de-Sigge, but

took the name of Siggs. In his early days he served in the Navy, and fought at the battle of Trafalgar, under Nelson. He was brought to know the Lord, and settled at Cranbrook, where he sat under the late Mr. Isaac Beeman's ministry, and gave out the hymns for him for many years. Our sister was the eldest child, and, under Mr. Beeman's ministry, was brought to know herself as a sinner, and pardon was sealed home with power by the Holy Ghost when about sixteen years of age. Mr. Henry Birch, who sometimes preached at Cranbrook, was made a great blessing to her in the days of her first love. In the spring of 1840 she went to London, where she was favored to hear some of the Lord's choice servants. For a time she attended Mr. Stevens' ministry at Mears Court, but ultimately settled under the ministry of Mr. Bowes, at Blandford Street Chapel, where she was baptized by him, on 27th September, 1840. She remained a member twenty-two years, during which time she enjoyed communion with some very choice characters. In 1862 she removed to Bristol, where, for many years, she devoted her untiring energies to reading the Scriptures in the houses of the poorest classes in the slums of the city, and in reclaiming young women from a life of sin and vice to that of honest labour. In this sphere she excelled, and was made a great blessing to this sunken class. She attended the police courts to defend these poor creatures when in trouble, before the magistrates; and although diminutive in stature, she possessed a commanding manner of speech, and great ability in pleading their cause. She was held in high esteem by the magistrates for her labour of love. In 1870 she opened an adult Bible Class, to which it was our privilege to belong, and we shall never forget her masterly manner in expounding the Scriptures. She gave a series of lessons on the titles of the Lord Jesus, which were powerfully impressed on our mind, and have been of much service to us since. We much regret that the diary of her work in the city was destroyed with a host of letters, soon after her decease, which, no doubt, would have been highly interesting and worth recording.

In 1871 she cast in her lot with us. She was indeed a mother in Israel—an ardent lover of God's servants and truth, in which she possessed keen discernment; and although a thorough critic, yet a humble, consistent Christian. She was always found in her seat in the Lord's house when opportunity offered. In 1880 she had a paralytic seizure, which altered her much, and necessitated her to give up her city work, which was a great trial to her. Two magistrates visited her during this illness, and, as a recognition of their esteem for her labour of love, offered her a home in Trinity Hospital, which provides two rooms and a weekly allowance, established for the aged and infirm. A portion of her diary we preserved, and a few extracts will give her own words about this period and later on.

Nov. 4, 1877, Sunday morning.—Went to the house of God, but with feeling very cold and formal. Mr. W. preached from Prov.

xxiii. 23 : "Buy the truth, and sell it not." I prayed before I went that the Lord would bless his word; did not realise the power of the truth in my own soul as I have done the few past Sabbaths. I feel grieved I am so little affected by its precepts. What a mercy to be found treading his courts! "Why was I made to hear his voice?" etc.

March 24, 1878.—Heard Mr. H. with great power from Jer. xxxi. 21 (part): "Turn again to these thy cities, O virgin of Israel." O Lord, make thy word spirit and life to thy poor ones who feel helpless and undone.

Tuesday, 26th.—Went to the prayer meeting; felt it good. What a solemn position do poor mortals occupy when addressing the King of kings! Angels veil their faces, who have never sinned, when they cry, "Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord God of Hosts;" then who and what are we, that we should be favoured to approach the great I AM? It is through Jesus we approach, in Jesus we are seen, and for his sake we are heard.

On April 9, 1881, I was elected an inmate of Trinity Hospital; had a slight seizure in September last year; in consequence, was laid aside from work in the city. It depressed me for some time. I made it a matter of prayer to the Lord to make a way for me out of it, and to let what was done be his doing. I had waited long for the answer; at length it came, not in the way I thought, but I was to be laid aside by affliction for a time, a cloud darkening my prospects, and unbelief very strong; yet the Lord was making a way for me. The first seven verses of Psalm xxxvii. were a great support to me; "thou shalt be fed" was particularly so. At last it came—a home for me, a rest from toil and labour. Mr. H. made a remark, the last time I heard him, on our loins being girt with truth. He said one thread in the girdle was thanksgiving—a thankful heart for mercy received in answer to prayer. I thought of Mr. Hart's hymn:

"Be thankful for present,  
And then ask for more."

Sept. 20th, 1884.—Heard Mr. T. very sweetly upon the Canaanitish woman. The Lord said, "Great is thy faith." She had great faith and great difficulties, he remarked. Let us seek to go at all times to the great Storehouse, Christ Jesus, and with the hand of faith take down a parcel of strength and open it; there we find, "As thy days thy strength shall be." He portions out our strength. Another parcel is hope, another humility, another faith. "Lord, increase our faith." In the spring of the present year we noticed a marked change in her; she became so feeble, and was often prevented from attending the means of grace. In April she wished us to make her will, gave every instruction as to her funeral, and what she wished to be put on her grave stone. She purchased her grave in 1882, and had the first seven verses of Psalm xxxvii. put on her stone. These verses were those which were blessed to her soul in her first illness. She viewed death without the least dismay. All her arrangements were concise

and simple, and were carried out accordingly. She attended Rehoboth on Sunday, June 5, for the last time. On Tuesday following she called at our house, and was taken so poorly that my wife had to take her home in a cab and put her to bed. She rallied a little, and was able to get up, but ultimately took to her bed three weeks previous to her death. It was our privilege, with others, to visit her often. Her large knowledge of the Scriptures, and her great love for the doctrines of sovereign grace, made these visits very savoury. The forepart of her illness she was under a cloud. One Friday afternoon we found her in this condition. She exclaimed, "Oh how impetuous I get! I sometimes fear I shall be wrong at last." We reminded her that the Lord had graciously promised not to quench the smoking flax or break the bruised reed; and pointing to the smoke going out of a chimney opposite her room, we told her that the living desire she had in her soul to love the Lord was like the smoke going upwards to him who created that desire, and would satisfy it. We quoted the verse in dear Toplady's hymn:

"Tarry his pleasure then"—

With emphasis she said,

"Wait the appointed hour;  
Wait till the Bridegroom of your souls  
Reveal his love with power."

We quoted several passages with a view to comfort her, and these she repeated with vigour and feeling. A week before her death the Lord sweetly chased away her fears, and she awoke with these sweet words on her mind: "Now are we the sons of God," &c. She told her sister, who was nursing her, that the Lord had sweetly appeared with deliverance from her captive state. She now felt happy in the Lord. To a brother minister who visited her, she said she was on a firm foundation, and felt her union with the Lord, adding, she should soon be home. She exhorted him to be faithful, and not to fear what man may say; but to seek to exalt the Lord, and he would graciously support him. About this time a respectably-dressed woman called, and wished to see her. On approaching her bedside, she told our sister that she heard she was ill, and wished to see her before she died, to thank her for her kindness to her years ago, being instrumental in rescuing her from a life of sin and vice to that of an honourable position, which she now occupied in society. The interview was very touching, as both wept, and our sister spoke to her of the sweet hope she had beyond the grave, and reminded her that she, too, would soon be brought into the presence and solemnity of death.

The Friday before her death we called on her, and had a very sweet interview. We were favoured with sweet liberty in prayer to the Lord on her behalf. She was in a sweet frame of mind, and referred to her vacant seat at chapel, saying there was a vacant seat in her Father's house above awaiting her. She expressed her entire resignation to the Lord's will, and her enjoy-

ment of his grace and presence. To my dear wife, who was weeping, she said, "Don't cry; I am firm on the Rock. I shall meet you in heaven. I shall soon be home." Her expression was heavenly. She wished to be remembered to all friends. This was a solemnly blessed season, not easily forgotten. On the Saturday morning we called to see her on our way to the station, as we were going out of town, and found her sweetly sleeping. As we looked on her peaceful face, we told her sister that she would soon be with the Lord. On the Sunday morning, just as we commenced the service of the Lord's house, she fell asleep in Jesus, and entered into the joy and presence of her Lord, whom she loved and followed over fifty years. We received the intelligence from a friend on Monday morning. We were led to say to some friends, "Our church has lost one of its most useful and worthy members; one ever ready to help in any good work; but our loss is her eternal gain." She was a mother in Israel, and delighted in the service of the Lord. Her last acts of love to us, as a people, was to collect the money and purchase a pulpit Bible, also to make a cushion for same, the cover of which she only completed a few weeks before she was taken ill. Truly "the memory of the just is blessed." May it be our privilege to follow her example, inasmuch as she followed her Lord.

J. I. PARKER.

THOMAS SMALL.—On Sept. 18th, 1891, in the 70th year of his age, Thomas Small, many years a member of the church, meeting at Providence Chapel, Bath.

In writing an obituary of our departed friends, it is not that we would extol the dead, for that can do them no good, but to show forth the faithfulness of Jehovah to his tried and tempted people, in the fulfilment of his own promise: "And even to your old age, I am he, and even to hoary hairs will I carry you; I will bear, I will carry and will deliver you." How sovereign and distinguishing is the grace of God, and he bestows it upon whom he will, without merit or deservings. He has said, "I will take you, one of a city, and two of a family, and bring them to Zion."

The subject of this obituary was one of a family whom the Lord had been pleased to honour greatly. His father, William Small, whose letter appeared in the "G.S." for March, 1887, was a godly man, and deeply taught, as his letter will show. We well know that "it is not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." Suffice it to say, that in his early days he was by nature "a child of wrath, even as others; but God, who is rich in mercy, for his great love, wherewith he loved him," quickened him when dead, brought him to a knowledge of his sinnership and of his just desert, which, when he felt, made him cry to be saved from the wrath to come.

About this time, his brother John (whose obituary appeared in the "G. S.," August, 1889) was exercised in the same way, which was a great help to him, as they communed one with an-

other, and prayed, and wept, and rejoiced together, for more than forty years. He joined the church with his brother, and was baptized by the late Mr. Hunter, nearly 40 years ago. He was deeply taught the mystery of iniquity, and often mourned, and would cry out, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" Well do I remember when a few of us met together for prayer in the Abbey Green, many years ago, the hymn (739) which he gave out bespoke the feeling of his soul: "No help in self I find," &c.; and the 314th in particular:—

"How sore a plague is sin!" &c.;

also Toplady's hymn (471):

"Prepare me, gracious God," &c.

He loved a searching and discriminating ministry, such as that of the late Messrs. Tiptaft, Warburton, Philpot, Mountfort, and others. Truly it might be said that he was a man of prayer; and many of his expressions which he was wont to use, such as—"Cast me not off in the time of old age," "Forsake me not when my strength faileth," "Oh to be found in him!" seem to bring days that are past fresh to our mind. His prayers were greatly prized, and are greatly missed. Of late years he had been accustomed to visit our aged friend, Mrs. D., once or twice a week, for reading and prayer, and they often found it profitable together. But to come to the close. The Lord was pleased to lay his hand upon him early in the spring, for two or three weeks, and he was very comfortable in his mind. He told me he never thought he should have been enabled to bear it as he was, with that calmness of mind. Afterwards he rallied for a few weeks, and came out again, until another return of the weakness of body and utter prostration brought him down; and added to this, fear, darkness, and remembrance of past sins, brought such distress and anguish of mind that at times it was painful to see him. I used to call in and see him on Saturdays, before I took my journeys, not knowing whether I might see him upon my return. On one occasion I read to him the 6th psalm, and as I read, how his soul responded, saying, "Yes—Yes—How long, Lord?—How long?" Under his darkness of mind and weakness of body, he was left to say (perhaps impatiently), as other saints have said (Elijah and Jonah), "Take away my life, Lord, for I am no better than my fathers—let me die—let me die." Still he was not without moments of respite and hope, and then he would say:—"The Lord is good; The Lord is good; but I am so bad! O, what have I said? do pardon, Lord; do forgive." He had but very little sleep for a month, so that he was quite exhausted.

On the last Saturday and Sunday before he took to his bed, the Lord was pleased to give a little ray of light, removed that fear and terror of death, and made him willing to die; as he said to his daughter, upon her return from chapel, "I want to go home." "Where?" she said. "I want to go home to glory. I want to go home to glory."

'Weary of earth, myself, and sin,  
Dear Saviour, set me free;  
And to thy glory take me in,  
For there I long to be.'

The dear Lord himself put him to bed, as a mother puts her infant to sleep, and watched over him, until his ransomed spirit took its flight, to be "absent from the body, and present with the Lord,"

"Far from a world of grief and sin,  
Eternally with God shut in."

"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace."

"We give thee thanks, we sing thy praise,  
For calling thus thy children home,  
And shortening tribulation days,  
To hide them in the peaceful tomb."

W. S.

JANE WITTS.—On September 30th, 1891, aged 55, Jane Witts, of Reading, Berks., a member of Zion Strict Baptist church at Hawthorn, Victoria, and wife of Thomas Witts, minister of the said church.

She was born into this world of pain and sorrow, of which she had no ordinary share, Jan. 26th, 1836. Her mother, Sarah Tull, had been brought out of the Church of England some time previous, and constrained to follow the Lord through the despised Ordinance of Believers' Baptism; she sought to bring up her children in the good ways of God and under the sound of Gospel truth. At the early age of sixteen years, the Lord the Spirit appears to have quickened her soul into Divine life under the preaching of the late Dr. Marston, who, being young in the way himself, was made useful to some young converts, my late wife among them. Subsequently (in a year or two) she was baptized with five or six others, and received much soul profit from his ministry, as he could come down to her experience. Days of rejoicing and soul prosperity were her happy lot, as the Bridegroom was at the feast at some seasons. But the days came when he was taken away, and a fast was the consequence. The late John Vinden, minister of Tenterdon, was a member of the same church, and felt a soul union with Jane; and she often spoke with much respect and spiritual affection of him. Strange to say, only a few days before her departure, she said to our daughter Ellen, that in a dream last night she saw Mr. Vinden, and another person, who might be dead for all she knew; that she had conversed and saw him so very plainly. The writer, being in South Australia supplying a destitute church for two Sundays, heard nothing of this till she was gone the way of all the earth. Ellen not thinking the time so short for sojourning here took but little notice of what she said about it. Yet it seems conclusive it was a hint that she was soon to be among the spirits of just men made per-



fect. "But there is that is destroyed for want of judgment." Knowing, as we did, that she was hastening to the tomb, conscience seems to upbraid for not making some notes months ago, as she often spoke of her departure drawing near; but I never heard her express any dread of death, perhaps on account of two things: 1. Having a good hope through grace; and 2, Many bitters in the cup of life since we had been married, together with much bodily suffering and acute pains for the last year of her life, which made life a burden instead of a blessing. Again, much darkness of mind, with only now and then momentary rays of light to cheer the gloom, took away all desire for mortal existence to be prolonged.

As we said, she had a good hope through grace, which may be gathered from the following circumstance out of many: When the Lord was gone, the devil set in. After being dandled on the knees and sucking the breasts of Zion's consolations—the sincere milk of the word—the weaning time came, and she was sorely distressed as to whether she had any part or lot in the matter, as "her hope seemed lost, and she cut off for her parts." She was standing by the side of the river, as she told me, and the spot is well known, but whether meditating self-destruction or not I now forget, as it is many years ago since she related the circumstance. But all at once she was sweetly blest and delivered, from the 3rd verse of the 166th hymn (Gadsby's selection):

"Should worlds conspire to drive me thence,  
Moveless and firm this heart shall lie;  
Resolved (for that's my last defence)  
If I must perish, there to die."

That was the language of her soul, to cleave to the cross of Christ, to his blood and righteousness, his doing and dying, as having no other hope. And this may be truly said to be an anchor to the soul, sure and steadfast, and good hope indeed. After that event, I think it was, she passed through many months of severe suffering from a poisoned hand.

Her attendance at the house of God was regular, and though never much favoured, as some are, yet it appears that she lived in the Lord. So much concerning her earlier years would not be recorded, only for what may look extremely meagre at the close of her life, to some who read the obituaries in the "G. S." But as a good man once said, "Tell me how they lived, and I will tell you how they died": that is, if they live in the Lord, they die in the Lord, and their works do follow them, as is solemnly ratified by the Holy Ghost. (Rev. xiv. 13.)

We became united March 21, 1869. I told her before we were married, that if she were ever my wife to expect plenty of hard fare, poverty, and tribulation, which commenced from that day forward. But she has remarked to me several times of late years, when the God of all our mercies has shone upon our path in providence and grace, "Well, I bless God for the way he has led us, and made me to know what real religion is. And I often

look back and see how very little I knew of real things when we were in the church at Reading, or before I knew you." Her sinnership was more deeply learnt, like her partner's, by the things she suffered, and the hard rebellious thoughts stirring up the enmity and wrath lurking at the bottom of the heart.

The same diligence in seeking the kingdom of God was observed after our marriage as before. For when we were hearers at Great Alie Street, London, she managed, as a rule, to get out twice on a Sunday, though we had three children. In the morning the youngest, a few weeks old, would be carried thither, and in the evening all would be put to bed, the infant with a sugar teat in its mouth, saying, "I can leave them with the Lord." Out of the hundreds of times she did this (for she had six children), I never remember any evil consequences arising, or even coming home and finding them crying, or awake. All mothers have not her faith, though a better mother to her children could not be; but she made not idols of them, and that may make some difference. This is simply true. What she was as a wife, a mother, or a member, she was by the grace of God; and scores of times, when I have seen her prudence, care for the writer, and the cause of God, I have thanked him for her. Having a good voice, and a good ear, she led the singing in our worship in George Street, Sydney. It seemed that I had found favour, or obtained it, when the Lord gave her to me (Prov. xviii. 22) to assist in the service of God's house, and to help us through without confusion or breaking down. She had been separated from the religious world, to "serve God in newness of spirit, and not in the oldness of the letter." This was her aim and object, therefore an indisposition or bad weather could not keep her at home if at all possible to attend the worship of God. This was often a cause of gratitude, to see that the kingdom of God was first sought. Much affliction of body and mind, and the hidings of the Lord's face, kept out much of the legal dregs, and rejoicing in externals if Christ was not there, which made her a woman of a sorrowful spirit; though, as my daughter says, she heard mother tell one of the friends in conversation lately, that she often got a lift in our private evening worship from her husband's remarks. Singular enough my daughter should leave her work and come in at this moment, not knowing its utility, to tell me about it, though I often suspected such to be the case. She had learnt the stern fact so hard to learn: "Vain is the help of man," therefore the Lord was acknowledged in private if anything came through close relationship. Some unexpected turn of God's hand in manifesting his great goodness to us (and indeed their name is legion) often melted her into tears of gratitude; and her speaking of more than one answer to prayer, shows that she lived by faith on the Son of God, who loved her and gave himself for her. To come to her last days. When I was invited for six months to supply the church at Hawthorn, with a view of taking the pastorate, she was left

in Sydney with our youngest son, a boy ten years of age. A nervousness took hold of her at my absence, in addition to heart disease, from which she had been suffering for two or three years. After a few weeks she was prostrated with inflammation of the liver, and kept her bed for some days. She was afraid to let me know the worst of the case, lest I should be too much troubled about her, and inconvenience the cause of God at Hawthorn, though she thought at one time, as she told me afterwards, that she should never see me any more. As soon as she was able to get about again, and believing by her feelings that she was not long for this world, she made up her mind to come to Victoria, so as to be with her partner in her last hours, let the future be what it might as touching the Hawthorn Church. A kind friend hearing me make the last statement enclosed a £10 note to help to bring her down, and a few other friends in the church gave £5 more. It was visible that her late illness had left a marked change, but we were in hopes that the summer months and change of air would improve matters. But no; a hacking cough, gathering no strength, loss of appetite, sleepless nights, and weary days, being seldom free from pain, left unmistakable signs that she was going the way of all the earth, of which she spoke with composure and without the least regret.

I went to Adelaide on Sept. 10th to supply a church at Salisbury, S.A., for two Sundays, having fears at times lest she should be taken ere I returned, though the Lord had not intimated to either of us that her death was so near at hand; and because her mind was so gloomy, I thought some powerful word to make known the holy will of our gracious Lord would be given. This was our thought, having marked out the way for him to work, because numberless obituaries prove, beyond all dispute, that he so deals with his departing saints. On the Sunday, being a fine warm morning, she got to the chapel, being only a few steps across the road, and heard with some comfort Mr. Polley. She received but little comfort at any time, except from some portions which spoke of darkness, exercise of mind, &c. One Wednesday evening, after our return from the Prayer-meeting, she said "I have been reading Lamentations iii.; it seems so applicable to my case." A Sunday or two before I left for S.A., in the afternoon, she asked me if I knew where those words were: "There's not a groan, nor wish, nor sigh, but penetrates his ears." (Hymn 509, 3rd verse.) I replied, "No, nor had I any recollection of ever seeing them." She replied, "They are in our Hymn Book, I know." Our daughter and I both searched, but strange to say could not find them just then. While we were at the evening service she found them herself, and probably found more comfort from them than if we had found them for her, as she appeared a little bright.

On the 25th Sept., when I returned, the signs of death's approach were apparent; and when I asked how she felt, she replied, "Very ill (as I could see); and I didn't know that you

would ever have seen me any more. And I don't know that the Lord is not taking me now." Hearing of the sudden departure of one whom we believed, to say the least of it, was unsound in doctrine, rejoicing in Jesus, she said, "It is a question with me whether it be genuine, for I have no rejoicing." I spoke of the goodness of the Lord, and his presence; the great liberality of the poor friends in S.A.; and offered her over eleven pounds. She replied, "I have done with these things." No smile on her countenance indicated that she was extremely dark; and the gloomy shades began to hover about her yoke-fellow. Suggesting the propriety of calling in medical aid, she said, "Wait a day or two" (as she had always doctored herself and family with homœopathic medicines, believing they were the most beneficial). But she was persuaded that no power on earth could do her any good. As she appeared, as I thought, slightly worse the next day, Saturday, I sent for the doctor, who found that she was suffering from two complaints, viz., congestion of the lungs and flatulence, but apprehended no immediate danger. On the Sunday she appeared a trifle better, though her pains were most acute; and the next day she seemed worse, if anything, shifting about every two or three minutes to get ease, or relieve her pain; but not one murmur or hard thought about God's dealing with her escaped her lips. She was remarkably patient, poor soul! In the evening when offering up prayer on her behalf, after reading the Word and feeling some sweet liberty, I said, "Ah, the Lord will not take you without giving some manifestation." Though the "Lord had made the clouds his chariot" since my return, I could not give up the plan I had, so to speak, marked out for him, viz., some striking testimony of his love to her soul. On the Monday evening she wanted us to read, but persons coming in prevented. Opening on Ps. lxxxviii. promiscuously on Tuesday morning I was struck with one of the verses that my eye rested on, and how much of that psalm I had to tread out in former years in India, and asked her if I should read it? She nodded assent; and I read slowly, commenting as I went on, she, by the motion of her head and lips, finding a little comfort as I remarked that there was not one redeeming feature in the whole psalm, yet inspired by the Holy Ghost, to show that it was the saints' pathway, at least some of them. The doctor called in the afternoon, and said she was going, which I was persuaded of a few minutes before he came in. Her speech failed now and then, and she could only articulate a word between whiles, such as "*Washed.*" I said, "What, in the blood of Jesus!" She replied, "Yes." There was evidently much that she wanted to express, but could not. Seeing me overwhelmed with grief, she said to one standing by, "What is the matter with him?" as much as to say, "There is nothing the matter with me," as all pain had ceased, we believe. She kept on trying to talk, but her voice was so thick, that none of the friends could catch it (though she was sensible till within six hours of her death), save the words "Jesus," "Mercy," and

so forth; she would reply "Yes" or "No" to any question. I said, "You will soon be in glory, won't you, my dear?" "Yes," without the least hesitation; "and I shall meet you there, shall I not?" "Yes," she said. One of the deacons said, after asking if she knew him, "You have a good hope, through grace, have you not, Mrs. Witts?" She responded, "Yes." He said, "Good night." She said, "Good night, Mr. Ward," plainly and distinctly, which were about the last words she spoke, and passed away at twenty minutes past six in the morning of Wednesday, Sept. 30th.

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GEORGE DUST.—On November 26th, 1891, in the 85th year of his age, George Dust, of Brixton.

He was born at Potton, spent part of his early life at Blunham, Bedfordshire, and thence came to London, at first meeting with the cause at Keppel Street, Russell Square, afterwards attended Gower Street Chapel, in the time of the ministry of the late Mr. Fowler, and for many years subsequently. He was well known to many of the friends of those days. Like many others of the Lord's people, he was a very tried man in soul matters, as well as in his temporal affairs, travelling chin-deep in both senses. In early life he was a Pharisee of the stricter sort, for many years working hard for life, and thereby fully thinking to merit and gain the favour of God, until, by and by, the life of God was breathed into his soul in a quiet way, and with it the fierce light of the holy law of God shone, in which he was made to discover what he was as a poor helpless sinner before God; that his state by nature was just what the Word of God said it was, and that all his fleshly religion was but as filthy rags before God. This first lesson in the school of Christ, through the convincing power of the ever-blessed Spirit, he held in the fullest assurance of faith all through a long series of years, being unshaken to the day of his death. Following this, his first lesson, came the teaching of the way of salvation—in its plan—according to the sovereign arrangement of a well-ordered covenant of grace, sealed with the promises, oath, and blood of the dear Son of God, Jehovah Jesus, purposed in Christ before the world began; and with the same precious faith he held on to this covenant of grace with a firm grip. His constant prayer was, that God the ever-blessed Spirit would make and keep him right in the things of God's Truth, and not let him be deceived on any account; to be kept from deceiving himself or anyone else, well knowing he could not deceive God, who knew each heart of man, and saw down into the depths of its deceitful workings; and though it is declared in the Word to be deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked, it is all open and plain to the eyes of him with whom we have to do; and that if he was deceiving himself in any wise, in these eternal things of his holy truth, he would, in the riches of his mercy, show it to him, and undeceive him; that it was, and must ever be, the work of the Holy Spirit to teach and lead his people

aright. Thus he ever confessed himself—as he was made deeply watchful, and read the workings of his own evil heart—that he was indeed “Dust” by nature as well as by name; hence that sacred covenant of grace was every way suited to his case; that there was salvation in no other way: “Not by works of righteousness that we have done;” “By grace are ye saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves;” for “this is the work of God, that ye believe,” and that according to the working of his power—the same *power* that raised the body of Jesus from the grave. This is my soul’s only hope—the precious merits of the life, work, sufferings, sacrifice, and blood of a precious Christ.

The writer had over forty years’ knowledge of the life and walk of Mr. Dust. Always found him upright, sober, honest-dealing, and *kind-hearted* with those with whom he had business transactions, often to his own loss and hurt. He was one who heavily “judged” himself (1 Cor. xi. 31), which ever made him take and keep a very low place—for the most part walking and “sitting alone,” and in “silence.” (Lam. iii. 28.) However, he was brought through his “much tribulation,” and to fall asleep within the folds of the 40th Psalm, “I *waited* patiently for the Lord,” &c.

It was to this tried soul that those letters of the late Mr. Robert Pym, Rector of Elmley, were addressed, which have appeared in the “G.S.” many years ago, with whom he became, through the writer, acquainted. On one occasion he made the long pilgrimage-journey from London to Yorkshire to see each other face to face, and to “speak of the things with which they each had been made acquainted touching the King.” He was often called—by those who were about him—one of Mr. Bunyan’s “Mr. Fearings,” ever “Ready-to-halt.” He was a close student of the Word of God, prizing the Psalms, the Gospels, and the Epistles of the Apostles Paul, John, and Peter; ever, in conversation, quoting from their several testimonies, the doctrines of the covenant, and the clear characteristics of man or woman who had been blest with regenerating grace, yet ever *unsatisfied* as to his own interest in the same blessed features of a living soul, suggesting to those listening to him: “O thou of little faith! wherefore dost thou doubt thine own interest in covenant love?” After many years of failing health and increasing weakness, and latterly for months unable to leave his house, his breath failing him, he then became unable to leave his bed; but as the end approached his faith was strengthened, the fear of death was gone, and his many doubts gave up the ghost, so that he even longed to be gone, desiring patience to wait the Lord’s time. The writer visited him Nov. 22nd, instead of going to chapel, and found him still in the body, feeling great weakness, and wandering much during the night. His voice was now difficult to understand; yet, finding who it was that was at his bedside, he began to speak—rather preach—on the chief things from the Word of God, going on and on from one Scripture to another, upon the doc-

trines of the Gospel in the so well-ordered covenant, and fine and clearly marked lines of the Christian character, going back to forty or fifty years ago, when he heard someone speak, one Lord's Day afternoon, that word: "We are not of them that draw back unto perdition," &c.; showing how clear and strong his *faith* and mind were when upon these subjects, though at times his mind would wander away to speak of something quite apart from his theme, for a brief space, then return again, telling how he never saw, till lately, such a beauty, grandeur, and glory in the Gospel of Christ as he saw it now; that his words failed to utter it, and that he would not change places with all the great ones of the land, and what they might possess; for the blessed hope he now felt he had, that it was beyond all praise. Then he would go on to the other side, of those who are set forth in the Word of God, as shown to us in the Parable of the "foolish virgins;" and with what solemnity he spoke of those who held fast *the truth*, and that "in unrighteousness"—in a twisted, or in some mangled form (Rom. i.), turning *the truth of God into a lie*, worshipping and serving the creature more than the Creator; even others, besides the Roman Catholics, who professed to preach Christ and his Gospel whilst ignorant of the *new birth*; and such dying in that state—if grace prevent not—as the tree falls, so will it lie (quoting Matt. xxv. 41-46); and that there will then be found those who will "reply against God," even after the Lord had declared them to be under the "curse;" and that *that is now their condition*, as preachers, with all their followers—"the blind leading the blind."

Later on, he fell into a state of unconsciousness, and so quietly breathed his last on the 26th, "like a shock of corn fully ripe for the garner." His last words were: "I want rest—the rest that remaineth for the people of God, and who has said, 'They shall enter into rest,' and 'peace that passeth all understanding.'"

WILLIAM HARRODINE.

"You tell me I have but a few moments to live," said the late Mr. James Hervey to his physician: "Oh! let me spend them in adoring our Great Redeemer." He then repeated Psalm lxxiii. 26: "Though my flesh and my heart fail me, yet God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever;" and he expatiated, in a most striking manner, on these words of the Apostle: "All things are yours, life and death; for ye are Christ's." "Here (said he) is the treasure of a Christian. Death is reckoned in this inventory; and a noble treasure it is. How thankful am I for death, as it is the passage through which I go to the Lord and Giver of eternal life; and as it frees me from all the misery you now see me endure, and which I am willing to endure as long as God thinks fit: for I know he will, by and by, in his own good time, dismiss me from the body. These light afflictions are but for a moment, and then comes an eternal weight of glory. O! welcome, welcome death! Thou mayest well be reckoned among the treasures of the Christian. To live is Christ, but to die is gain."

# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

APRIL, 1892.

MATT. v. 6; 2 TIM. i. 9; ROM. xi. 7; ACTS viii. 37, 38; MATT. xxviii. 19

## THE AXE LAID TO THE ROOT.

THE FIRST SERMON PREACHED IN THE NEW CHAPEL AT  
SIDDAL, BY THE LATE DAVID SMITH.

“Ye must be born again.”—John iii. 7.

YOU will find the words of my text in the third chapter of the Gospel by John, and at the seventh verse, which reads as follows: “Ye must be born again,” and from which I shall try to make a few remarks to you this morning, and in so doing I shall use great plainness of speech.

My text is a very short one, but one of great importance, inasmuch as it contains the doctrine of “*the new birth.*” Some of you may say of this doctrine, as the children of Israel said of the manna, “What is it? for they wist not what it was.” Few people in this religious age seem to know what this new birth is; we seldom hear it proclaimed in the pulpit or advocated by the press. I have read doctors of divinity and what are termed learned men, but they are nearly all as ignorant of the new birth as the poor heathens are who never heard the Gospel proclaimed; and if the Lord had not made use of a few poor unlearned fishermen to preach his Gospel, I dare not have undertaken to speak about the new birth; but seeing that God has made use of such poor feeble things for the good of his church, I venture to say a little on this subject, for I am sure God is not confined to what are called “learned men” to unfold the riches of his grace to poor sinners. O, if he were, it would be woe unto them, for I believe many of those learned men are infidels at heart, and are making merchandise of the people who are led captive by them. Such a priest, such a people. Human learning, without God’s grace, is injurious to the church of God, and on that account God says, “I will destroy the wisdom of the wise and will bring to nothing the understanding of the prudent.” (1 Cor. i. 19.) “But God hath chosen the foolish things of



this 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." (verses 27, 28.) There is a true and real Gospel, the blessings of which save the souls of the needy, but the learned, so called, do not preach it. The "reverends," the "right reverends," and the "fathers in God," the pope, the cardinals, the bishops, and the priests who are not born again, preach works instead of grace as a groundwork of salvation; but God's Word says, "By the works of the law shall no flesh be justified." (Gal. ii. 16.) Again, "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." (Eph. ii. 8, 9.) The doctrine of the new birth, and salvation by grace, are, as their Author was,

"Scandal in the Jew's esteem,  
And folly to the Greek."

But the doctrine of the new birth and salvation by grace are preached by every sent servant of God, but condemned by every man-made preacher, because he has never been brought to feel his need of salvation. This I shall try to prove, and in so doing I shall bring a "Thus saith the Lord" in proof of every statement I make.

If any of you do not approve of what I say, you will not approve of what the Word of God says. The Lord says, "He that hath my word, let him speak my word faithfully. What is the chaff to the wheat? saith the Lord." (Jer. xxiii. 28.) I believe God sent me to preach his Word nearly thirty years ago; I have done so, and he has blessed it to the calling and comforting of many of his people in this country. Yes, and I believe he will bless every sent servant with seals to his ministry, and give him souls for his hire. Every man sent of God preaches God's truth faithfully, but those whom God hath not sent preach another Gospel. The Galatians had much trouble with preachers of that class, to whom the Apostle said, "But 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." (Gal. i. 8.) Then if any man, learned or unlearned, preach any way to heaven except by the new birth, he has "no light in him." Such men have a name to live while dead, dead in sin, dead in a profession, and deceived by Satan. Many of them get into the minister for "a piece of bread." Many of these are destitute of thy

grace of God, and know nothing of the new birth; hence we see them fall away in the hour of temptation and disgrace their profession. Then some people say they have "fallen from grace;" but not so, they have fallen for want of it. It would be a mercy if the churches were rid of such parsons, for they are a pest to society. With such a state of things in the religious world, you need to be careful "how you hear, and what you hear," lest you be deceived. Men place signboards over their shop doors to advertise the goods they sell, or announce what kind of business is done within. I have had the words of my text engraved on a stone over the doorway of this chapel, that it may "be seen after many days," for it points straight to heaven. I have had those words engraved there that every person may know that the doctrine of the new birth is preached in this chapel, and that the doctrines of grace are maintained here; for it is written, "Let no man deceive you by any means: for that day shall not come, except there come a falling away first, and that man of sin be revealed, the son of perdition." (2 Thes. ii. 3.) We are evidently living in times of falling away, when the son of perdition is making himself manifest in various forms. We need not think it strange that men, even learned men, fall away and draw disciples after them, for God's Word declares that it shall be so. Some are setting aside all creeds, some are denying the fall of man, some are denying the atonement, some are denying the divinity of Christ, some are denying eternal punishment, and others are huddling things together by Amalgamations, Associations, Unions, &c., so that the world at present, in a religious sense, is a "hurly-burly," a mass of confusion and uproar, and the devil is at the bottom of it all. What will become of us in the end, the Lord alone knows, but my impression is that he will come with "a rod," and with his "whip of small cords," and drive the buyers and sellers out of the temple, and separate the chaff from the wheat. But I must not dwell longer on these things, but get to the words of my text, which are, "Ye must be born again."

I have thought the words of my text would be very appropriate words to speak from on the occasion of the opening of this new chapel, as I had reason to believe there would be a mixed multitude here this morning. We are commanded to "try the spirits whether they are of God: because many false prophets are gone out into the world." (1 John iv. 1.) To try a thing properly we must put it to the test, as the analyst puts gold into the fire to

separate it from dross and tin; for it is written, "Every man's work shall be tried by fire." (1 Cor. iii. 13.) We should try our religion by the Word of God, and not by the notions of men, for, alas! "many among them shall stumble and fall, and be broken, and be snared, and be taken. (Isa. viii. 15.) "To the law and to the testimony: if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them." (Isa. viii. 20.) There is no spiritual light in any unregenerate man, however learned he may be. He may have much worldly wisdom and much apparent sanctity; yes, and much scientific knowledge too, and yet be shut up in Nature's darkness. We are at a loss to tell how far men may deceive through hypocrisy, when God's Word says, "For such are false apostles, deceitful workers, transforming themselves into the apostles of Christ. And no marvel; for Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light. Therefore it is no great thing if his ministers also be transformed as the ministers of righteousness; whose end shall be according to their works." (2 Cor. xi. 13-16.) We should examine our religion by the word of unerring truth, to prove whether it is of the flesh or of the Spirit, because all religion is of the one or the other. Our Lord says, "That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." (John iii. 6.) Think of that text all through my sermon, as it will, I hope, bear upon it to a lesser or greater degree. In what I have to say upon the importance of the new birth I shall be very plain and truthful, and will try to keep a clear distinction between that which is of the Spirit and that which is of the flesh, and between that which is of man and that which is of God, for on this important subject I would not deceive you for all this world; and I may say that my intention is to find out, if possible, whether you are born again or not, for I should like every one of you to know, before you leave this chapel this morning, whether you have passed from death to life or not; and I want you to do as the good old Bereans did, viz., to "search the Scriptures, and see whether these things are so." I do not want you to be carried away by what deceitful men say, but by what God's Word says, because you will have to be justified or condemned by it. My text is a portion of God's Word, and says, "Ye must be born again." Do not forget it. I intend to preach to you this morning what I really and truly believe, fearless of any man's frown, whether he believe what I say or not. I know my preaching this morning will clash with the

preaching of the day in which we live, but I must leave that. My business is to preach God's Word faithfully, and leave the result with him. If he apply the Word it will be profitable, but if not, it will fall on barren soil. I intend to lay the axe to the root of all false doctrines, such as man's merit, creature goodness, and everything else that is set up by man as a substitute for the new birth, and I want you to listen carefully to all I say. I want you to examine your own selves whether you be in the faith. "Know ye not your own selves, how that Jesus Christ is in you, except ye be reprobates?" (2 Cor. xiii. 5.) In this day, when men are departing from the truths of the Gospel, parsons and people seem to be very ignorant of the new birth. In this dark and cloudy day, a poor needy sinner has to seek for a morsel of spiritual food as an old hen has to find a grain of corn in a heap of chaff in a farm yard.

Most of our parsons have no knowledge of the new birth and experimental religion, therefore they cannot feed the church of God with food convenient. They never tell their hearers that they must be born again, but tell them that they must give their hearts to God, and that is all he requires. Poor deluded and deluding men! A dead man cannot give his heart to God. I mean a man dead in trespasses and sins. He cannot give his heart to God, or give him any other acceptable sacrifice until he is born again. He can no more do so than a corpse can come out of the grave and perform the functions of life. "Without me," says Christ, "ye can do nothing." When God has given a new heart, and renewed a right spirit within a man, he will accept them, but not before. Man's merit and self-righteousness will never carry a man to heaven. Like the broken plank, they will break down in a time of need. Without the grace of God and the blessings of the new birth, no man can get to heaven, however much learning and religion he may have. It is written of all such men, that "they are ever learning, but never able to come to a knowledge of the truth." (2 Tim. iii. 7.)

No man can come to a knowledge of sin and the plague of his own heart until he has been born again, and that knowledge is given by God the Holy Ghost. With that knowledge God gives faith, the faith of God's elect, without which he cannot see the kingdom of God. No other faith will stand the fiery darts of the devil. No other faith will stand the persecutions of men. But that faith will

“Stand every storm, and live at last,”

for it is the gift of God. My text stands in the Bible like a tower of strength which cannot be overthrown by all the sophistry and carnal reasoning of men; no, not of men of learning and science. It declares, “Ye must be born again.” It should sound in our ears like a tolling bell; and I am just thinking what a solemn thing it will be if any man in this chapel dies before he is born again. There is no hope whatever of any man or woman getting to heaven who has not been born again; therefore it is the “one thing needful.” It is the very spark of spiritual life implanted in the soul by which a man discovers his lost condition, and which leads him to Christ for salvation as “The only name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.” What are riches, honours, wealth, or fame, in comparison to the new birth? They are but gaudy toys and fleeting things. “What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?” (Matt. xvi. 26.) “Christ is the way, the truth, and the life,” and to believe that, a man must be born again. The new birth is the first thing a man needs, and the first thing God gives to qualify him for heaven, nor can he get there without it, therefore “Ye must be born again.” Then, poor sinner, ask thyself these two solemn questions: “Am I born again?” and “Has there ever been a divine change wrought in my soul?” My text is like a finger-post on the highway to heaven, pointing “the manslayer to the city of refuge.” There is no way to heaven but by the new birth, for Christ says, “He that climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber.” (John x. 1.) There is no back door by which you can get to heaven. To get there, you must be born again. Everything short of the new birth is an hindrance in the way to heaven, therefore to get there “Ye must be born again.” O how plainly it is written, “Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat: Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.” (Matt. vii. 13, 14.) None but those who are born again can find that narrow pass that leads to heaven, for all other persons are “blinded by the god of this world.” O then, what a mercy it is to be born again by the Spirit of God. It is written, “The whole world lieth in the hands of the wicked one,” or “in wickedness.” This is a proof of the fall in Adam the first, and, unless

you are raised up out of that fall by Adam the second, you must perish. The new birth is the narrow way of regeneration; you must be born again before you can perform one spiritual action or breathe one spiritual desire. You cannot get to heaven by your fancied good works, for the Scriptures declare plainly that "salvation is not of works," either in whole or in part, "lest any man should boast." They say, "if it be by grace, it is no more of works: otherwise grace is no more grace." (Rom. xi. 6.) I believe salvation is by the grace of God alone, without the works of man, and to be saved by the grace of God alone, you must be born again.

The words of my text were spoken by our Lord himself to a very learned and religious man—"a Master in Israel"—but to one who, up to that time, had not been born again. He said, "How can a man be born when he is old? can he enter a second time into his mother's womb and be born?" These questions were those of a carnal man. A man destitute of the grace of God cannot understand what the new birth is. He is blind, and cannot see. No man by human learning and fleshly religion can ever obtain heaven, while the poorest beggar obtains it "without money and without price." I do not believe that the doctrine of the new birth is taught by the learned professors at our colleges in Cambridge and Oxford. Those learned gentlemen are about as ignorant of the new birth as the learned Nicodemus was. But my text says, "Ye must be born again;" and my intention is to keep as closely to it as I possibly can, "for forms of religion abound, and are upheld, and are applauded, and received as all that is needed." Oh! friends, what a solemn state of things! We live in a day when

"Guides say, 'Lo here, lo there,  
On this, on that side keep;'  
Some overdrive, some frighten back,  
And others lull to sleep."

We live in a day when errors abound on every hand, and I believe it is because the runners after false lights and false fire have never been born again, as it is written, "Behold, all ye that kindle a fire, and compass yourselves about with sparks: walk in the light of your fire, and in the sparks that ye have kindled. This shall ye have of mine land; ye shall lie down in sorrow." (Isa. i. 11.) Then, you may say, "Cannot we get to heaven if we do good and be good? Not if we go to the church or chapel? What! not if we have been baptized and joined the church,

and sit down at the communion table? What! not if we strive with all our rational powers of body and soul? What! not if we feed the poor and give alms? What! not if we support charitable institutions, missionary societies, bible societies, and other religious societies? What! not if we are Sunday school teachers? What! and not if we be elders, deacons, and preachers?" In answer to all those questions, I say "No, not with all these, and a thousand more such things, for they are all works of the flesh without the grace of God. Many such things are fruits of the new birth where grace has been implanted in the soul, but they are not the cause of it." As a proof that works and intercessions of saints cannot get men to heaven, just hear what the learned Popish Cardinal Antonelli says in his will, which was left to the world a few years ago. He says, "Before anything else, I commend my poor soul to the infinite mercy of God, trusting that through the intercession of the Most Holy and Immaculate Mary and my patron saints, St. Peter, St. Paul, St. James, and St. Louis, he may grant me remission of my sins, and make me worthy of the eternal glory of paradise." You see the learned old Cardinal, with all his works, learning, &c., and with the intercessions of the Immaculate Mary, the three Apostles, and the French King, were not sufficient to get the old man to heaven. He might just as well have trusted in as many jackalls. His religion begun in the flesh, and it ended in the flesh. He never believed in the precious blood of Christ as a sin-atonement sacrifice, or he would have pleaded for forgiveness through the Saviour's blood. The fact of the matter is, that his eyes had never been opened by faith to see Christ crucified for sin; and there are millions of his sort who are all deluded by the devil. Human learning, without the grace of God, blinds the eyes and hardens the heart.

If God had not arrested me by his law, and afterwards revealed his Son in me, "the hope of glory," I should have been an infidel; I do not mean a religious infidel, though such abound, but I should have been an atheist, and denied the very existence of a God, for there is not one in a thousand preachers who is teaching the right way to heaven. They all seem to be led captive by the devil at his will. It may truly be said of nearly all of them, "Ye are of your father, the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do." (John viii. 44.) But there is a right way to heaven, and it is by the new birth, and there is no other. "All men have not faith." (2 Thes. iii. 2.) Faith is God's gift, and

before a man can get it, it must pass from the hand of the Giver into the hand of the receiver as a coin passes from one hand to another. It is with the faith of God's elect that man believes to the saving of the soul. It is not with a dead faith "without works" that a child of God believes unto life, but with a living faith in the Son of God, the Lord Jesus Christ. It is written, "In whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them." (2 Cor. iv. 4.) Paul said concerning his brethren, "For I bear them record that they have a zeal of God, but not according to knowledge. For they being ignorant of God's righteousness, and going about to establish their own righteousness, have not submitted themselves unto the righteousness of God." (Rom. x. 2, 3.) The self-righteous Pharisees of this generation are not a whit better than those in Paul's day. They are all wrapped up in a form of godliness, but destitute of the power. Paul tried to convince his brethren that they were wrong—that their works could not save them; and, as a convincing proof, he says, "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge. . . . And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." (1 Cor. xiii. 1-3.) Is not this sufficient to prove every statement I have made in reference to human learning and the works of the flesh, as being of no avail in the matter of salvation?

If men would put things in their proper place, and call them by their proper names, I could give them credit for many things they do; that is to say, if they would call their set forms and religious ceremonies "Moral salvation;" because to teach morality is a good thing, a thing which ought to be taught in every house in our land. But morality is not the grace of God, or the new birth, but with many professors it passes as counterfeit coins pass among the ignorant for real ones. Deceit may justly be written on all false doctrine, and it should be condemned as of the flesh. I believe it is both a duty and a privilege for a good man, whom the Lord has blessed with much of this world's goods, to give a portion of it to the poor, and to the support of charitable institutions; and many of them do so, and after they have done all, they say, "We are unprofitable



servants." Solomon says, "A good name is more to be desired than great riches;" and I am sure that such men get to themselves "a name and a praise in the earth," and they go down to their graves honoured and respected by all who know them.

I have already said that "salvation is not by works, but by grace," and here I will add, "That except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven." The Pharisees had, as they believed, a grand righteousness, by which they thought to get to heaven, but it was not enough to do the deed. Let me just show you of what it consisted, and then you can compare yours with theirs, and see how far it excels. The Pharisees were far extended; they substituted human inventions and traditions in the room of God's Word, and affected to make a great show of religion in outward things; they were proud, covetous, unjust, superstitious, and hypocritical. They had great learning, sanctity of manners, and were exact observers of the law. They fasted often, made long prayers, paid their tithes scrupulously, and distributed much alms; but this was vitiated and corrupted by a spirit of pride, ostentation, hypocrisy, and self-love. "Like whited sepulchres, they appeared beautiful without, while within was rottenness and corruption." (Matt. xxiii. 27.) Christ said to them, "Outwardly ye appear righteous to men, but within ye are full of hypocrisy and iniquity." The man-made parsons, and self-righteous workmongers of our times, are as far from the mark as those high-flying professors of old were. Then, I say, if your righteousness does not excel the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, you cannot enter the kingdom of heaven.

"Not all the outward forms on earth,  
Nor rites that God has given,  
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,  
Can raise a soul to heaven."

To get there you must be born again and be clothed in the righteousness of Jesus Christ, or you will never get there. And I may tell you that if ever you be clothed in Christ's righteousness, you will renounce your own filthy garment, for self-righteousness is hateful in the sight of God. All that you can do while in a natural state is not enough to land your soul in heaven without the grace of God. Just hear what the prophet Micah says on this subject, for I like a good scriptural witness in the court to bear testimony to what I say. He says, "Will the Lord

be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil? shall I give my firstborn for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul?" (Micah vi. 7.) I answer, No:

"All for sin can not atone,  
Christ must save, and Christ alone."

The same unalterable, unflinching voice, speaks to you: "Ye must be born again." It speaks to rich and poor, to the learned and unlearned, to the fashionable and the gay, to the poverty-stricken beggar, to the professor and non-professor, "Ye must be born again." It should speak alike in the palace, in the workshop, in the hospital among the sick, and among the blooming with health. It changes not for the scorner's contempt, the worldling's power, or the sceptic's laughing smile. This unflinching voice declares, "Ye must be born again." We should look at my text as earnestly as men look at a will in which they hope they have an interest, for all men are not interested in the same will; for instance, when Simon, the sorcerer, saw that by the laying on of the hands of the Apostles the Holy Ghost was given, he offered them money, saying, "Give me also this power, that on whomsoever I lay hands, he may receive the Holy Ghost. But Peter said unto him, Thy money perish with thee, because thou hast thought that the gift of God may be purchased with money. Thou hast neither part nor lot in this matter: for thy heart is not right in the sight of God. . . . For I perceive that thou art in the gall of bitterness, and in the bond of iniquity." (Acts viii. 19-23.) Yet it is said of this Simon, that "he believed and was baptized." But his faith was like reprobate silver which "the Lord hath rejected," and his baptism a mere cloak of hypocrisy. Then, my friends, examine yourselves, whether you are in the faith, for you may have believed with a Simon's faith, and you may have been baptized by immersion, and after all you may never have been born again. Many, alas! now-a-days, madly talk of converting their fellow-sinners; yea, and they almost speak of sinners converting themselves. Delusion indeed. They say that sinners are brought in; and then if, after a little while, they fall from their profession, they say it is a proof that true believers may, after all, perish. No such thing. With the voice of Scripture, plainly and positively, we solemnly and firmly declare, No such thing. All natural religion is begun in the flesh, and will give way in the hour of temptation. All such religion is like the crackling of thorns under a pot, and will end in smoke.

May God the Holy Ghost be pleased, of his blessed will, to awaken you from a state of death in sin, and bring you to know what the plague of your own heart is, and cause you to cry, "What must I do to be saved?" You will then know experimentally what it is to be born again, but not until then. Do I hear someone say, "What is the new birth?" and "How am I to know whether I am born again or not?" These are two important questions, but which I will answer as plainly and as scripturally as I can. The new birth is a divine change wrought in the heart of a poor sinner by the power of the Holy Ghost, when that sinner is awakened out of the long sleep of death in which he had been lying from the time of his first birth, for he was "born in sin and shapen in iniquity," and in that state he is said to be "far from God, far from righteousness, and without God, having no hope in the world." The new birth is the special work of the Holy Ghost; and when the sinner is raised from death to life, he begins to pray to God for mercy, from divine life implanted in the soul, and that person can never be unborn; and the person who is the subject of the new birth had no more power over it than he had over his first birth. He could neither help it nor hinder it. God the Holy Ghost requires no help from man to accomplish this work. He does it when he will and where he will, without consulting mortals. "He quickeneth whom he will." I believe God has determined "The time and place and manner how eternal favours he'd bestow." As one of our poets puts it, where he says,

"There is a period known to God  
When all his sheep, redeemed by blood,  
Shall leave the hateful ways of sin,  
Turn to the fold, and enter in."

And the reason is, that God the Spirit has entered into the soul and taken possession of it. And I believe that such a person can never perish, for he has fled to lay hold on the hope set before him. Such a person is one of God's elect, made manifestly to be so by God the Holy Ghost, and is born of God. It is written of all God's elect, "Being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever." (1 Peter i. 23.) And, blessed be God, it is written of all us who are born again, "For whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord: whether we live therefore, or die, we are the Lord's." (Rom. xiv. 8.) That being so, we can never perish.

“What cheering words are these!  
 Their sweetness who can tell?  
 In time, and to eternal days,  
 'Tis with the righteous well.”

“God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined into our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.” (2 Cor. iv. 6.) And that is one mark of the new birth. Again it is written, “And you hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins; wherein in time past ye walked according to the course of this world . . . and were by nature the children of wrath, even as others. But God, who is rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ.” (Eph. ii. 1—5.) Surely this is another proof that we are born again, for we have witnessed this divine change in our own souls, and therefore we are born of God. Again it is written, like so many “apples of gold in pictures of silver,” “Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises: that by these ye might be partakers of the divine nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust.” (2 Peter i. 4.) What need have we of further witness? Surely if we are made partakers of the divine nature, we are born again. This divine blessing is God’s gift, and he who is blessed with it is born again, whether he be black or white, rich or poor, bond or free. This blessing is bestowed on the vilest and basest of sinners, or it would never have been bestowed on me; and the effects of it make me sometimes sing—

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

I believe, as I have before said, that the new birth is the work of the Holy Ghost, and that it is done in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, as it is written: “The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit.” (John iii 8.) Now, if this life-giving wind has ever been blown into your poor souls, you are born again, and you are the children of God: “And if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ.” (Rom. viii. 17.) It is this divine blessing that makes all the difference there is between one man and another in this sin-cursed world. It makes a man love what he once hated, and hate what he once loved.

It makes a drunkard into a sober man, a thief into an honest man, and a bad neighbour into a good one; and that favour flows through the sovereign grace of God to poor hell-deserving sinners. And I desire to give him all the praise of it. It is written again, "The entrance of thy words giveth light; it giveth understanding unto the simple." (Ps. cxix. 130.) I believe that light and life are given at one and the same time—light to see, and life to feel; and when these are received, the subjects of them are born again, and are new creatures in Christ Jesus. They have passed from death to life; and of them it may be said, "Old things are passed away, and behold, all things are become new." After David had been quickened by the Spirit of God, he said, "The Lord is my light and my salvation." When God shines into the soul of a poor sinner, that light opens up to him the depravity of his fallen nature, and he discovers his sinnership. Then he begins in earnest to cry to God for mercy, as a newborn babe cries for the milk of the breast, that it may feed and thrive and grow. It is from divine life given that it cries to God for mercy. Such a one has then discovered that he has a soul that must live for ever either in heaven or hell; and such a man may have been a blasphemer before, and asked God to damn his own soul, but he now, with the same tongue, pleads for mercy, and asks God to pardon his transgression and forgive his iniquities. He now sees with new eyes and a new understanding, and you never hear another oath drop from his lips. Wherever you see a man like that, you see a spiritually reformed man—a man that fears God and eschews evil, for he is born again; and he sings, as he travels along,

"Grace taught my soul to pray,  
And pard'ning love to know;  
'Tis grace that's kept me to this day,  
And will not let me go."

And here I would just say that it was God's love, and not creature merit, that caused this divine change. Such men and such women are the sheep of Christ, of whom he says, "I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish." They are his own peculiar people, his treasure, his jewels, and of them he says, "Where I am, there shall ye be also." You must see that God has prepared them for that state by changing their hearts, by renewing their will, and by the new birth. Nothing less could prepare them for a place among them that are sanctified. Paul prayed for these where he says, "And the very God of peace sanctify you

wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it." (1 Thes. v. 23, 24.) These people are the purchase of Christ's blood, said to be "bought with a price." This makes them dear to him. He has conquered them by his grace, and "redeemed them by his own blood out of every nation, and kindred, and people on earth." O what favoured people are God's chosen and redeemed people! They are "the light of the world," and "the salt of the earth," and will one day, ere long, occupy "a throne of glory and a crown of righteousness," the blessings of which arise out of the sovereign love and mercy of a covenant-keeping God. They are "sanctified by God the Father, and preserved in Jesus Christ, and called." (Jude 1.) They are called by God's grace on earth with a holy calling, and they will be called up into heaven when they die. They will hear the voice of their beloved say, "Come up hither, all ye blessed of my Father, and enter into a kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." It is a mercy, my friends, to be a called sinner. The Psalmist says, "Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, and our secret sins in the light of thy countenance;" and "When thou with rebukes dost correct man for iniquity, thou makest his beauty to consume away like a moth." Every man and woman who has been called by God's grace can say that those words of the Psalmist are true to the very letter, for they have felt a sense of them in their own souls. I know I felt the weight of them in my poor soul fifty years ago, when a sense of conviction for sin was wrought therein by the power of the Holy Ghost; and I believe many of you have felt the same, and you and I have been praying men and praying women ever since. Yes, and we shall be such while life or breath remains in us. We can no more live without prayer than a fish can live out of water. Our prayer is that we may be preserved from evil, and be "kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation." Now, if we have been condemned by God's law, and have been justified by God's grace, we are born again, and we shall go to heaven when we die as sure as Christ is there, but we shall find the way to it to be one of tribulation, for that is the legacy left to every one that is born of God, as a sort of ballast to keep us near to God. It is a good preservative against formality and the fashions of this vain world. It is written, "The Lord killeth, and maketh alive: he woundeth, and

his hands make whole." But he will never forsake his people. Blessed be God, we have been enabled to believe in Christ Jesus, and he says for our consolation, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, 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.) Is not this enough, if the Lord had said no more? But again it is written—and I love what is written—"We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." These words have been made a blessing to many poor children of God when they could claim no other portion of God's Word to assure them of an interest in Christ. Oh! what cheering words they are: they drop like honey from the honeycomb. When Christ was about to leave his disciples, he said, "And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever; even the Spirit of truth, whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him: but ye know him; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you." Oh! what blessed promises bestowed on worms of the earth: they make me sometimes sing—

"Grace! 'tis a charming sound,  
Harmonious to the ear;  
Heaven with the echo shall resound,  
And all the earth shall hear."

Those who are born again "have bread to eat that the world knoweth not of." With them "it is not winter all the year round." They are sometimes lifted up out of the beggarly elements, and above all their doubts and fears. God the Holy Ghost comes into their hearts, and tunes their tongues to praise the God of heaven. It is then that Christ comes into his garden, making the sweet spices give a goodly smell. One of the quickened into life says, "And in that day, O Lord, I will praise thee: though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortedst me. Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust, and not be afraid: for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song; he also is become my salvation." (Isa. xii. 1, 2.) The members, the church, the mystical body of Christ, are all, in due time, "begotten again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for them." (1 Pet. i. 3, 4.) When such portions are applied, they make the newborn one say,

“ If such the sweetness of the streams,  
 What must the fountain be?  
 Where saints and angels draw their bliss,  
 Immediately from thee.”

It is then that joy and peace “flow like a river,” and when the name of the Lord is “like ointment poured forth.” These are the refreshings from the presence of the Lord to the newborn babes, and they are the joys of the saints. Blessed be God, we have received Christ into our hearts, the hope of glory, and for us it is written, “As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name: which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God.” (John i. 12, 13.)  
 Friends,—

“ The sinner born of God,  
 To God will pour his prayer,  
 In sighs or groans or words expressed,  
 Or in a falling tear;”

And they are often heard to say,

“ 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 believe all these are born again, whether they are Jews or Gentiles. Sighs, cries, groans, hungerings, thirstings, longings, and falling tears, are signs of life, and are proofs that the subjects of them are born again, for all such have been translated out of the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of God’s dear Son. Yes, and they have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins according to the “riches of his grace.” We have been the subjects of those sighs, cries, &c., to a lesser or greater degree, and they are the evidences that we are born again, for we have tasted that the Lord is gracious; and we have at times felt Christ to be so precious to our souls that we have said—

“ Our full souls could hold no more  
 Of everlasting love;”

and for the time being we have enjoyed a little heaven on earth. At those times we have had no doubt of our personal interest in Christ and his salvation, but could say, “I am thine, and thou art mine.” At such times we have wished for the wings of the dove, that we might fly away and be at rest. And we should have done so if a body of sin and death had not held us back. These blessings are the fruits



of the Spirit, such as love, joy, and peace, and are more “to be desired than gold, yea, than fine gold.” No hypocrite ever tastes love like this: it is richer than angels’ food. Our Lord says, “These things are hid from the wise and prudent, but are revealed unto babes.” (Luke x. 21.) Oh! my friends, what a mercy to be a child of God! yea, even a babe in Christ, for such are sometimes “fed at the breast and dandled upon the knee;” and say—

“A crumb of mercy, Lord, I crave,  
Unworthy to be fed  
With dainties such as angels have,  
Or with the children’s bread.”

My friends, you cannot deny that such persons are born again—born of God, born for heaven and eternal happiness beyond the grave. I cannot but desire to encourage such on their way to that city that is fair and on high, for of all of them it is written, “Ye have an unction from the Holy One, and ye know all things” (1 John ii. 20); and “the anointing which ye have received of him abideth in you, and ye need not that any man teach you” (verse 27).

My friends, I have in my plain and humble way pointed out to you the way of life, and I believe there is no other; therefore to find it “Ye must, ye must be born again.” May God add his blessing. Amen.

[We have felt that the best way of introducing the book of our late dear friend, Mr. D. Smith, on “Abounding Grace,” would be, not to give extracts, as in that case we should scarcely know where to begin, or where to leave off; but to give the above sermon, on a vital subject: “Ye must be born again”—a doctrine which, although so full of vital importance, is seldom if ever found in the greater part of modern books, or heard of from the lips of the greater part of modern preachers; and yet this great truth, which our Lord spoke to Nicodemus, equally applies to every person who comes into this world; for unless a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God. In this sermon you have the real nature of true religion set forth. The preacher, having an experimental acquaintance with the great truths of the Gospel himself, discovers much heart-work, as he deals with the subject like a workman who needeth not to be ashamed. The author tells you where he got his own religion from, and how he came to preach the doctrines of sovereign grace, with many other things which will be found to be of particular interest, and edifying.

We deeply sympathise with the church and congregation, whose loss, in such a true and dear servant of God, must be felt to be great indeed.—*Ed.*]

“WHAT SAYEST THOU OF THYSELF?”

John i. 22.

*In* self I place no trust;  
*From* self no good proceeds;  
*Of* self I dare not boast;  
Boasting to ruin leads.

*In* Christ all good I find;  
*From* him I good receive;  
I through this gracious Friend  
Eternal life shall have.

“THEY SHALL STILL BRING FORTH FRUIT IN OLD  
A G P ”

Dear Sir,—We have read your New Year's Address with a little sweetness, and we hope it will still be a comfort to us when we are spared to read it again. We can walk with you in the path of afflictions, having passed through many seasons of trial, family affliction, and death, with so many things connected therewith; and I have passed through many trying afflictions in my own person, so that I can walk with you in that road. Varied hath been the path: sometimes, light and liberty; then again, darkness, sighs, and groans, with Satan's dreadful temptations, flesh and world—all unite to try the faith of the child of God.

“Precious faith, by thee we stand,  
And hope to see the promised land.”

The good Lord be with you in your work as Editor and Minister of Christ. I have sent a few lines which I wrote in a time of affliction on my bed.

Another year of time is gone;  
What mercy shown! what wonders done!  
Though feeble, we have been sustain'd,  
Midst change, and grief, and death, and pain.

Thousands from time have pass'd away,  
By various means, on land and sea;  
Why are we spared, Almighty God?  
Is it to feel thy chastening rod?

If that's the way thy love to show,  
And we thyself more fully know;  
Help us to say, “Thy will be done,”  
Although corrected as a son.

Now spared another year to see,  
Lord, ever keep us near to thee;  
Help us, by prayer and faith, to be  
Daily coming, O Lord, to thee.

S. DEVON.

[We are glad that this dear child of God, with all the infirmities which belong to the ripe age of 91 years, has been favoured to find a little sweetness and comfort in reading the New Year's Address. We have been much encouraged by the same testimony from several quarters.—ED.]

“A GOOD WIFE IS FROM THE LORD.”

MR. NEWTON'S attachment to his wife, I was going to say, was extreme. Some have wondered at this, as she seemed to them to have few, if any, attractions. But neither strangers nor friends could have known her like himself; and we may be assured love and esteem so deep and durable were not expended on little worth. Besides, God had in many ways remarkably employed her, both as his preserver and benefactress. He has told the public what supports and frames the Lord gave him at her decease,

and how he inferred from them that it was the will of God he should not lie by from his official duties, but perform them as at other times, regardless of the opinion or censure of the world. Accordingly the reminiscent heard him preach, while she lay unburied, from "He hath done all things well;" a text which not every divine could safely have taken on such an occasion. He also, the following Sunday, preached her funeral sermon, from Habakkuk iii. 17, 18: "Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation." This text, he said he had never taken before, keeping it in reserve for his greatest affliction, should he be exercised with it. And here a curious thing was observed. When he came to speak of Mrs. Newton (which he did with a voice rather tremulous at first), he said, it might seem strange for him to speak of the excellences of his wife, but he hoped he might be permitted to mention candidly a few of her faults or failings. He then spoke of her excessive attachment to himself; of her judging and estimating others by their regard to himself, &c.; which had the effect (though in the simplicity of his character he meant not so) of leading his hearers to think and ask, "If these were her chief faults, what were her excellences?"—*Toplady*.

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#### THE LATE MR. WARBURTON

The following letter from the family of the late Mr. John Warburton, gives us his last days and his last words.

OUR dear father had been remarkably well the last few months of his life, and his ministry had of late been much blessed to the people, as many testified, and some of our dear friends said they thought the Lord was about to take him home before long. Since our dear mother's death he had talked much about spiritual things to his family and friends, and would often prefer conversing with us on this blessed subject rather than being in his study alone reading. Whenever he has spoken about family matters, he would always end with the best things, thus showing that his "conversation was in heaven." On one occasion he said, "It is not trouble that breaks me down; it is the goodness of the Lord, and sometimes it is more than I can bear." We had also noticed of late how unusually long he would be in asking the blessing at table, and tears of gratitude would often flow from his eyes before partaking of the meal. He would often speak of his past trials and the deep waters of affliction he had passed through, where he said, at times, there was no standing, and how the Lord had passed before him in the way, and delivered him, making "the crooked things straight and the rough places plain." He would also speak very freely about his last long family trial, and how wonderfully the Lord had appeared for him in making a way for our dear brother in a foreign land; and on one occasion, when

speaking of this, he said, "I would not have been without that trial for the world, for I should never have seen such a glory in God's providence as I do now."

Thus he went on from week to week, enjoying much of the Lord's presence, until Saturday, January 2nd, when he passed a day of great darkness, as he told the people on the Sunday, that no one but God and himself knew what he went through on that day: "O the wrestlings I had with God! but could get no access." He preached, however, on the Sunday, January 3rd, from 2 Cor. xii. 7, 8, administered the Ordinance in the afternoon, and concluded the service by giving out hymn 948.

On the following Tuesday, January 5th, he was taken ill with bronchitis and influenza; he passed a restless night, but expressed a wish to come downstairs on Wednesday morning, which he did, and on entering the room he repeated the well-known hymn with emotion: "Rock of Ages, shelter me," and added, "O what a mercy to have this Rock, when everything else fails!" From this time, every day he became weaker, and his cough was very distressing, yet he never once murmured nor complained; he was indeed patient all through his severe affliction, although he was a great sufferer. On Sunday, January 10th, he said, "I have said all I wish to say in my pulpit, and I wish to take nothing from it. I can die upon the truths I have preached." On another occasion he said, "Jesus Christ! No name so long, so meet, so full; it is the foundation of our faith, our hope, our love; for he hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places." Again, "The Lord is my trust." When asked how he felt in his mind, he said, "No particular joy, but a firm resting upon the blood and righteousness of a precious Christ. I seldom experience much joy in affliction." It was said to him, "Our loss will be your gain." He answered, "Yes, like Paul, my gain." Thus he went on from day to day, being quite passive in the Lord's hands; and every now and again he would affectionately address his children. On one occasion, in the middle of the night, he said to the unworthy writer, "Don't you fret; the Lord will provide for you." He also said a great deal we could not possibly understand, his voice being so very weak, but could often catch these words: "O come, Lord Jesus! Bless the Lord!" And whenever we asked him if he thought he should get better, or wished to, his answer would always be either, "I don't know," "I have nothing to do with it," or "Just as the Lord will." On Monday, the 18th, he said four times to my youngest sister, Lizzie: "O my dear child! The Lord bless you!" And late in the evening, only a few hours before he died, he said, "The blessing of the Lord maketh rich, and addeth no sorrow." I said, "You have that blessing, father." He answered, "Yes, I have no sorrow." "No sorrow" were his last words; then, after giving an affectionate farewell look at each of his children present as they went up and kissed him, he closed his eyes, and sweetly, quietly, and peacefully passed away, without a sigh or groan. R. FANE.

## CONCERNING THE PERSON OF CHRIST, BY WHOM GRACE REIGNS.

BY ABRAHAM BOOTH.

THE person of Christ, considered in connection with his work, is a copious and exalted subject, infinitely deserving our most attentive regard. For his person is dignified with every excellency, divine and human; and his work includes every requisite for the complete salvation of our guilty souls.

The constitution of the Redeemer's wonderful person was the effect of infinite wisdom, and a manifestation of boundless grace. In the hypostatical union of the divine and human nature of Christ is the foundation of our hopes of eternal happiness laid. By the personal union of these two natures, he is rendered capable of performing the work of a Mediator between God and man: For if he had not possessed a nature inferior to that which is divine, he could neither have performed the obedience required, nor suffered the penalty threatened by the holy law; both of which were absolutely necessary to the salvation of sinners. Nor was it sufficient for him barely to assume a created nature; it was necessary it should be that which is common to men. The law being given to man, the obedience required by it, as the condition of life, was to be performed by man—a real, though sinless, man. For the wisdom and equity of the supreme Legislator could not have appeared in enacting a law for the use of mankind, if it had never so much as in one instance been honoured with perfect obedience by any in our nature. And as man was become a transgressor of the law, under its curse, and bound to suffer eternal misery; it was necessary that he who should undertake his deliverance, by vicarious sufferings, should be himself a man. It would not have appeared agreeable that a different nature from that which sinned should have suffered for sin. Had the infinite Sovereign been pleased to have redeemed the angels that fell, we may with reverence suppose that it would have appeared suitable to divine wisdom, that their Redeemer should have assumed the angelic nature. But as man, having lost his happiness, was the creature to be redeemed, and the human nature, having lost its excellence, was the nature to be restored, it was necessary that redemption and this restoration should be effected in the human nature. "For as by the disobedience of one man, many were made sinners," brought under condemnation and liable to eternal death, "even so, by the obedience of one man, Jesus Christ, must many be made righteous"—be delivered from condemnation and accepted to everlasting life.

It was necessary also that the human nature of Christ, in which he was to accomplish our deliverance, should be derived from the common root and fountain of it in our first parents. For it does not appear suitable, to answer the various purposes designed by the assumption of it, that it should be created immediately out of nothing; nor yet that his body should be formed

out of the dust of the earth, as was the body of the first man because, on that supposition, there would have been no such alliance between him and us, as to lay a foundation for our hope of salvation by his undertaking. It was necessary that he should sustain the character and perform the work of a Redeemer, should be our near kinsman, to whom the right of redemption belonged. So it was declared in the first promise: "The seed of the woman," and no other, "shall bruise the serpent's head." He was not only to assume the nature of man, but to partake of it by being made of a woman. Thus he became our kinsman, our brother; according to that saying: "Both he that sanctifieth and they who are sanctified are all of our nature; for which cause he is not ashamed to call them brethren." Amazing condescension this! that the Son of the Highest should become the child of the virgin; that the God of nature should become the seed of her who, with a bold presumptuous hand, plucked the fatal fruit, which entailed death on all our species; that he, whom angels adore, should appear in our nature when sunk in ruin, that he might obey, and bleed, and die for our deliverance! What words can express, what heart can conceive, the depth of that condescension, and the riches of that grace, which appear in such a procedure?

It was absolutely necessary, notwithstanding, that the nature in which the work of redemption was to be performed should not be so derived from its original fountain as to be tainted with sin, or partake, in any degree, of that mortal defilement in which every child of Adam is conceived and born. It behoved us to have such an high priest as was "holy, harmless, and separate from sinners;" for, as a priest, he was to atone for our sins and ransom our souls. If the human nature of Christ had partook in any measure of that pollution which is hereditary to us since the fall, it would have been destitute of the holy image of God, as we are before regeneration, and, consequently, he would have been rendered incapable of making the least atonement for us. He that is himself sinful cannot satisfy justice on the behalf of another; for by one offence he forfeits his own soul. Here, then, the adorable wisdom of God appears in its richest glory, in that, though it was necessary our Surety should be man, and the seed of a woman, yet that he should be conceived in such a manner as to be entirely without sin. Yes, Jesus, though born of a woman, was absolutely free from the guilt of the first transgression, and from every degree of that natural depravity which is common to all the offspring of Adam. And as the immaculate purity of our Mediator's humanity is an article of the last importance to the salvation of our perishing souls, so it is frequently and strongly asserted in the sacred writings. The perfect rectitude of his heart, and the unspotted sanctity of his life, are there displayed in the most lively colours.

A little to explain and illustrate the important truth, it may be of use to consider: How it is that we, who are the natural

descendants of Adam, became guilty through the first transgression, and are made partakers of a depraved nature. As to the guilt of the first disobedience, it may be observed: That the whole human nature subsisted in our original parents when it was committed, and that Adam was our federal head and public representative. Hence it is that his sin became the sin of us all, is justly imputed to us and charged upon us. In him, as our common representative, we all sinned. Such being our natural state, as the descendants of an apostate head, we justly bear this humbling and awful character—"children of wrath" by nature.

But Adam was not a federal to Christ. The Lord from heaven was neither included in him nor represented by him. He was not included in him; for the blessed Jesus was conceived in a way entirely supernatural, and born of a virgin. He was not born in virtue of that prolific word by which the great Creator blessed the connubial state before the fall—"Increase and multiply;" but in virtue of the promise, made after the fall, when Adam ceased to be any longer a public person. He was not represented by him, for our grand progenitor was a representative to none but his natural offspring. The holy Jesus, therefore, not being naturally descended from him, could not be represented by him. And, indeed, it appears highly incongruous for us to imagine that he who was of the earth, earthy, should be the representative of him who is the Lord from heaven; of him who is in all respects his great superior. It could not be that one in personal ruin with the Son of God shall acknowledge Adam for his Covenant-head. Our Lord, therefore, had no concern in his guilt, as a descendant from him; which is the case of all his natural posterity. The promised Seed not being included in that covenant under which the first pair stood, could not be chargeable with any part of that guilt which attended the violation of it. Original guilt becomes ours by virtue of Adam's relation to us as our representative, and hence it is imputed to us by a righteous God. If we had not been in some way involved in the first transgression, before it was imputed to us, it could not justly have been charged upon us. It is not the imputation of Adam's offence that makes it ours, but being legally ours, in consequence of our relation to him, it is justly imputed to us.

Nor could the Lord Redeemer be liable to the necessary consequence of Adam's sin; that is, a deprivation of nature. This immediately followed as the natural effect of his first transgression; which transgression being committed by him, as our representative, is legally ours; and hence it is that we share with him in its natural and awful effects: in other words, we derive a corrupt nature from him, because we were guilty with him. Nor was the imputation of his offence to us the cause of this awful effect, but his offence being legally ours prior to that imputation. But, as Christ was not concerned with him in original guilt, having no connection with him as a federal head, the natural consequence of that guilt could not take place in him as

it does in us, being represented by Adam, and descended from him, according to the common course of nature. Thus was the human nature of Jesus Christ entirely free from all contamination; and thus that "holy thing" which was formed in the womb of the virgin, by the power of the Most High, was constituted a second Adam, in opposition to the first. This production of the human nature of our glorious Immanuel, being in a way supernatural and divine, is called the creation of a new thing in the earth: thus Christ became a partaker of the nature which had sinned, without the least sinfulness of that nature.

It was absolutely necessary, also, that our Mediator and Surety should be God as well as man: for as he could not have obeyed, or suffered at all, if he had not been possessed of a created nature; so, if he had been a mere man, however immaculate, he could not have redeemed one soul: yea, though he had been possessed of the highest possible created excellences, they would not have been sufficient; he would still have been a dependent being; for as it is essential to Deity to be underived and self-existent, so it is essential to a creature to be derived and dependent. The loftiest seraph that sings in glory is as really dependent on God, every moment of its existence, as the meanest worm that crawls. In this respect, an angel and an insect are both on a level. Every rational creature, therefore, whether human or angelic, having received existence from the Almighty, and being continually dependent on him as the all-producing, all-supporting First Cause, must be bound to perpetual obedience by virtue of that relation in which he stands to God as his Maker and Preserver. It is highly impious to suppose it possible for any creature to supererogate, or do more in a way of obedience to him from whom he receives his all, than he is under the strongest obligations to perform for himself, in consequence of his absolute and universal dependence: and whatever is previously due from any one, on his own account, cannot be transferred to another without rendering the first devoid of that obedience which it is absolutely necessary for him to have. Universal obedience, in every possible instance, is so necessary in a rational creature, as such, being dependent on God and created for his glory, that the omission of it, in any degree, would not only be criminal, but expose to everlasting ruin.

The righteousness, therefore, of a mere creature, however highly exalted, could not have been accepted by the Sovereign of the universe as any compensation for our disobedience. For whoever undertakes to perform a vicarious righteousness must be one who is not obliged to obedience on his own account. Consequently, our Surety must be a divine person, for every mere creature is under indispensable obligations to perfect and perpetual obedience. And, as our situation required, so the gospel reveals a Mediator and Substitute, thus exalted and glorious: for Jesus is described as a divine person, as one who could, without any arrogance or the least disloyalty, claim independence; and,



when thus considered, he appears fit for the task : but of such a person we could have had no idea, without that distinction of persons in the Godhead which the Scriptures reveal. Agreeably to this distinction, we behold the rights of the Deity asserted and vindicated, with infinite majesty and authority, in the person of the Father ; while we view every divine perfection displayed and honoured in the most illustrious way by the amazing condescension of the eternal Son ; by the humiliation of him, who, in his lowest state of subjection, could claim an equality with God. Such being the dignity of our glorious Sponsor, it was by his own voluntary condescension that he became incarnate, and took upon him the form of a servant. By the same free act of his will, he was made under the law, to perform that obedience in our stead, to which, as a divine person, he was no way obliged.

The necessity there was that our Surety should be a divine person, might be further proved by considering the infinite evil there is in sin. That sin is an infinite evil, appears from hence. Every crime is more or less venious, in proportion as we are under obligation to the contrary . for the criminality of any disposition or action consists in a contrariety to what we ought to possess or perform. If, therefore, we hate, disobey, or dishonour any person, the sin is always proportioned to the obligations we are under to love, honour, and obey him ; and the obligations we are under to love, honour, and obey any person, are in proportion to his loveliness, dignity, and authority. Of this, none can doubt. If, then, infinite beauty, dignity, and authority, belong to the immensely glorious God, we must be under equal obligations to love, honour, and obey him ; and a contrary conduct must be infinitely criminal. Sin, therefore, is a violation of infinite obligations to duty ; consequently, an unlimited evil—and deserving of infinite punishment. Such being the nature and aggravations attending our crimes, we stood in absolute need of a Surety, the worth of whose obedience and sufferings should be equal to the unworthiness of our persons and the demerit of our disobedience. If to the evil there is in every sin we take into consideration the countless millions of enormous crimes that were to be expiated, the vast number of sinners that were to be redeemed, and the infinite weight of divine wrath that was to be sustained—all which were to be completed in a limited and short time, in order to reconcile man to God and effect his eternal salvation—we shall have still stronger evidence in proof of the point.

Were a defence of the proper Deity of Christ my intention, the Scriptures would furnish me with ample matter and abundant evidence in favour of the capital truth ; for the names that he bears, the perfections ascribed to him, the works he has done, and the honours he has received, loudly proclaim his eternal divinity. But I waive the attempt, and proceed to take notice, that it was necessary our Surety should be God-man, in unity of person. This necessity arises from the nature of his work, which is that

of a Mediator between God and man. If he had not been a partaker of the divine nature, he could not have been qualified to treat with God; if not of the human, he would not have been fit to treat with man. Deity, alone, was too high to treat with man; humanity, alone, was too low to treat with God. The eternal Son, therefore, assumed our nature, that he might become a middle person, and so be rendered capable of laying his hands upon both, and of bringing them into a state of perfect friendship. He could not have been a Mediator, in regard to his office, if he had not been a middle person, in respect to his natures. Such is the constitution of his wonderful person; and hence it is that he bears the name, Immanuel; God with us, or in our nature.

The perfect performance of all his offices, as priest, prophet, and king, requires this union of the divine to the human nature. *As a Priest.* For it was necessary that he should have something to offer; that he should offer himself. But pure Deity could not be offered. It was requisite, therefore, that he should be man, and taken from among men, as every other high priest was. And had he not been God, as he could not have had an absolute power over his own life, to lay it down and take it up at his pleasure; so the offering of the human nature, if not in union with the divine, would not have made a proper atonement for our transgressions—would by no means have expiated that enormous load of human guilt, which was to be borne by him, and for which he was to suffer. Nor could his sufferings have been accounted an equivalent, in the eye of justice, to that everlasting punishment which the righteous law threatens against sin; which must have been the sinner's portion, as it is his just desert, if such a glorious Sponsor had not appeared and been admitted on his behalf. But when we consider that he who suffered, "the just for the unjust," was God-man, we cannot but look upon him as perfectly able to bear the punishment and perform the work: for as the infinite evil of sin arises from the majesty and glory of him against whom it is committed, so the merit of our Surety's obedience and sufferings must be equal to the dignity of his person. How great, how transcendently glorious are the perfections of the eternal Jehovah! so great, so superlatively excellent is the atonement of the dying Jesus! *As a Prophet.* For had he not been the omniscient God, he could not, without a revelation, have known the divine will respecting his people; nor could he have had a perfect acquaintance with that infinite variety of cases in which they continually stand in need of his teaching in every age and nation. And if he had not been man, he could not so familiarly, in his own person, have revealed the divine will to them. *As a King.* For if he had not been God, he could not have ruled in the heart and been Lord of the conscience, nor could he have been able to defend and provide for the church in this imperfect and militant state; neither could he in his own right, have dispensed eternal life to his followers,

or everlasting death to his enemies at the last day. And if he had not been man, he could not have been a head, either political or natural, of the same kind with the body to which he is united, and over which he is placed, and King in Zion; consequently, he could not have sympathized with the members of his mystical body, as he evidently does. But as his wonderful person is dignified with every perfection, divine and human; as he possesses all the glories of Deity, and all the graces of immaculate humanity; these render him a Mediator completely amiable and supremely glorious—an adequate object of the sinner's confidence, and the believer's joy.

Hence it appears that Christ is a glorious, a divine Mediator; a Mediator that has power with God and with man. He must be "able, therefore, to save to the uttermost," to all perfection and for ever, "all that come to God by him." The obedience of such a Surety must magnify the law, and render it truly venerable; must have an excellence and a merit incomparably and inconceivably great; it must be of more value than the obedience of all the saints in the world, or of all the angels in glory. The sufferings underwent by this heavenly Substitute, the sacrifice offered up by this wonderful High Priest, must be all-sufficient to expiate the most accumulated guilt, omnipotent to save the most horrid transgressor; for his obedience is that in worth which his person is in dignity—this, infinite in glory; that, boundless in merit.

As the greatness of an offence is proportioned to the dignity of the person whose honour is invaded by it, so the value of the satisfaction made by the sufferings of anyone must be equal to the excellence of the person satisfying. Sin being committed against infinite Majesty, deserved infinite punishment; the sacrifice of Christ is of infinite worth, being offered by a person of infinite dignity. It was the sacrifice, not of a mere man, not of the highest angel, but of Jesus, the incarnate God; of him who is "the brightness of the Father's glory," and head over all the creation. As the infinite glory of his divine person cannot be separated from his humanity, so infinite merit is necessarily connected with his obedience and sufferings. In all that he did, and in all that he underwent, he was the Son of God; as well on the cross as before his incarnation; as well when he cried, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" as when he raised the dead and reversed the laws of nature. He was Jehovah's Fellow when he felt the sword of justice awake upon him; he thought it no robbery to assert an equality with God, even when he was fastened to the bloody tree and expired under a curse. Was the sin for which he suffered infinitely evil? the person who satisfied is infinitely excellent. Did an infinite object suffer in his honour by our offences? the injury is repaired by an infinite subject making an atonement for them. Our sin is infinite, in respect of the object; our sacrifice is infinite, in regard to the subject. Jehovah considered our Surety as the Man his Fellow,

when he smote him; we should consider him under the same exalted character, when we believe on him and plead him before God. "Here is firm footing; here is solid rock." In the divine dignity of the Redeemer's person, and the consummate perfection of his work, there is an everlasting basis laid for faith, the assurance of faith, the full assurance of faith—a basis, firm as the pillars of nature; immovable as the eternal throne.

Whereas if, with the Socinians, we suppose that Jesus had no existence before his conception in the womb of the Virgin, and so look upon him as a mere man; or if, with the Arians, we imagine him to be a kind of super-angelic spirit, united to a human body; yea, though we should compliment him, as some of them have done, by ascribing all divine perfections to him, except eternity and self-existence, which is absurdly impious; yet we rob him of proper Deity, we make him a dependent being, we reduce him to the rank of creatures, and deprive ourselves of that foundation of confidence in him, which his true character affords: for we can never persuade ourselves that the sufferings of a mere creature, for so short a time, could be accepted by the most high and holy God as a righteous compensation to his law and justice for the sins of innumerable millions of hell-deserving transgressors. Hence it is that they who deny the eternal Godhead of Christ, in general deny that he made satisfaction for sin to divine justice. Thus far they are consistent and (what they affect to be called) rational. But they would do well to consider whether they are able to satisfy justice themselves, or how they can expect admission into the kingdom of glory by the sin-avenging God, without any satisfaction made for their crimes: for certain it is, that he who governs the universe is inflexibly just, as well as divinely merciful. The just God and the Saviour is his revealed character. As such we must know him and trust in him, if we would escape the wrath to come.

Here let the reader admire and adore the love of the eternal Father, and the condescension of the divine Son.

*The love of the eternal Father.* For the glorious person described is the Son of God, and the Father's gift to sinful men; in comparison with whom, all creatures and all worlds bestowed upon us for an inheritance would be trifling and next to nothing: for all created things are equally easy to divine power, being only the effects of the simple will of God. The formation of an angel or an insect, of a thousand systems or a thousand grains, is the same to omnipotence; for which reason there could be no real comparative greatness in any such gifts. If, therefore, the eternal God would manifest his love to an uncommon degree; if he would declare his perfections and gratify his mercy in blessing his offending creatures, so as to have an appearance of doing violence to himself; it must be giving his only-begotten Son, who is one in nature and equal in glory with him—by giving him to be their substitute, their propitiation, and Saviour. In this view, how great the propriety, how striking the beauty of that say-

ing:—"He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?" Here divine love appears to the utmost advantage; here it shines in all its glory: for its rich donation is infinitely excellent, and the blessedness resulting from it is consummate and eternal. Such is that view which the Gospel gives of divine, redeeming love. But if we reject the Deity of Christ, we obscure its glory, we weaken its force, nay, we destroy its very being.

*The condescension of the divine Son.* That he who was in the form of God, and thought it no robbery to be equal with God; that he whom angels obey, whom seraphs adore, and before whom they veil their faces, as conscious of their own comparative meanness, or as dazzled with the blaze of his infinite glories; that he should become man, take upon him the form of a servant, perform obedience and submit to death, even the most infamous death of the cross, is amazing! But that he should thus die for sinners, for his enemies, and pour out his blood for such as were in actual rebellion against him, is unspeakably more amazing! These are demonstrative proofs that the Lord Redeemer is as much superior to his creatures in the riches of his grace as he is in the depths of his wisdom or the acts of his power. Let all the heavens adore him! and let all the children of men be filled with wonder and burn with gratitude! for this glorious Redeemer is accessible by sinners, was designed for sinners, and on them his power and grace are magnified.

Once more. Let my reader contemplate, with wonder and joy, the infinite honour which is conferred on the human nature, in the person of the great Mediator: for it is in everlasting union with the Son of God, is now seated on a throne of light, is the most glorious of all creatures, and the eternal ornament of the whole creation. Yes, believer, he on whom you rely, in whose hands you have entrusted your soul, still wears your nature, while he pleads your cause. That very body which hung on the cross and was laid in the grave; that very soul which suffered the keenest anguish, and was exceedingly sorrowful, even unto death; are now, and ever will be, in close connection with the Godhead. Mysterious, ineffable union! big with wonder and replete with comfort! How encouraging is it to consider that as Jesus is still clothed with humanity—that very humanity in which he suffered afflictions and trials of every kind and degree—he cannot forget his tempted, despised, afflicted people, in this militant state. In himself he sees their image; in his hands he beholds their names. He feels for them, he suffers with them; he never will, he never can, overlook their persons, or be unmindful of their best interests.

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Is this the resting-place to which the weary pilgrims are brought after a moment's trouble below? Glorious rest! I have often heard, I have often longed for the possession of thee when tossed with the tempest of life: Happy I! Blessed peace! Uninterrupted joy and permanent rest!—*Macgowan.*

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE LATE MARY CRISPIN, Who died Nov. 20th, 1891, in her 70th year. She was formerly a member of the church at Liverpool, but of late years a member of the church at Southport, and sister to the late Mrs. Vaughan, of Bradford (see Obituary, July, 1890, "Gospel Standard.")

She was baptized, with the writer, in Shaw Street Chapel, Liverpool, Feb., 1850, now nearly forty-two years ago, by that man of God, the late George Gorton, whose ministry was made a great blessing to us both. We have been acquainted with each other for nearly half a century, and during our pilgrimage journey in this desert land we have often taken sweet counsel together, speaking to each other of the pathway she had to travel to her better home. She was more or less afflicted in body for some years previous to her departure, and was a widow for the last twenty years, being left with eight children to support and educate, which the Lord enabled her most wonderfully to do, and has now left them all in comparatively comfortable circumstances; but this was not accomplished, in her widowhood and weak state of health, without being brought into trial upon trial, and affliction upon affliction; yet the Lord wonderfully supported her by his grace through it all.

She could look back at the wonder-working hand of her God in sparing her so long for the benefit of her family.

Her life and experience (as our days) were full of troubles and full of changes. Sin within, and Satan and the world without, will keep a Christian from rest till he comes to rest in the bosom of Christ. The life of a Christian is a race; and what rest have they that are still running their race? The life of a Christian is a warfare; and what rest have they that are still engaged in a constant warfare? The life of a Christian is the life of a pilgrim; and what rest hath a pilgrim who is still travelling from place to place? A pilgrim is like Noah's dove, that could find no rest for the sole of her foot. The fears, the snares, the cares, the changes, &c., that attend believers in this world, are such that will keep them from taking up their rest here. A Christian hears that word often sounding in his ears: "Arise, for this is not thy resting-place." For a week previous to her departure she was apparently unconscious of anything that took place, and during the whole of that time scarcely spoke at all. She then passed away in a sweet sleep, without a struggle or a groan. On her memoriam card her hope is fully expressed:

"My hope is built on nothing less  
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness." J. KNIGHT.

Some letters written by her to a particular friend, upwards of 20 years ago, state somewhat of the trials and exercises of her soul when the Lord first called her by his grace; from which we give the following:

My dear Friend,—I feel truly vexed with myself for not writing

to you sooner. I have had you much upon my mind, but of late have felt so dark and miserable in myself, that I had no heart to write. My prayer for some time has been, "O Lord, shew me another token for good; do, dear Lord, grant me another sweet evidence that thou art mine, and that I am thine." That great sin, the sin of unbelief, does plague and pester me at times, so that I go mourning because of the oppression of the enemy. On the first Lord's day in next month it will be twenty-one years since I was baptized and joined the church at Shaw Street; that was the happiest day of my life, for in passing through the water the dear Lord manifested himself in such a glorious manner, speaking these words with much power: "For in thee I am ever well pleased." I could then say, "My beloved is mine, and I am his." I should like to have died, and gone to be for ever with my precious Jesus, who had done such great things for me; but, my dear Friend, if the Lord will enable me, I will now go back, and tell you a little of the trouble and sorrow I passed through previously; and as Solomon says, "As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man." I trust, whilst I am writing my experience, that you will be able to say, when reading it, "I have been there; yes, I have felt just like that." If so, the Lord will appear and deliver your soul. Yes, I believe he will, and you will be able to praise him for evermore. The Lord never gives a desire after him, but he will fulfil it in his own time. "He will regard the prayer of the destitute and not despise their prayer." "The weakest saint shall win the day,

Though earth and hell obstruct the way."

When the Lord first quickened my soul, I wondered how it was that I could not read the books I had formerly taken delight in. I wondered what was the matter with me. O how very wretched I was! I thought I could not live long, and then what would become of my immortal soul? That word, Eternity, followed me day and night. Eternity! Eternity! I felt I had a soul that would live for ever. With what different feelings I now went to chapel; for up to this time I merely went to please my husband and friends, but now I listened to hear if there could be mercy for such a wretch as I? Mr. M'Kenzie was preaching for us at that time. For several months I was very miserable, and Mr. M'Kenzie said so much upon election, that it caused much hatred to rise up in my heart, both to him and to the truth of God. I thought everyone ought to have a chance of being saved; but one week-night he was preaching in the vestry from these words: "We have also a more sure word of prophecy; whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the day-star arise in your heart." As he was speaking of the day dawning, there came such a loud "Who can tell?" that I really thought someone near me had spoken the words. This caused a little hope to spring up, with "Who can tell but the Lord may have mercy upon you?—yes, such a black sinner as you!"

After this, at times, I got a little comfort at chapel, and all the hatred and enmity I had felt to God's election and Mr. M'Kenzie, were taken away. I longed to speak to him; and as he was then staying at my father's, I sometimes went over on purpose, but could not open my mind to him. About two months after this I was confined, and in the evening father came to our house to tell mother that Mr. M'Kenzie had broken a blood-vessel and was very ill. Mother came upstairs and told me, little thinking he had such a place in my heart. I was very ill afterwards, and the devil set in upon me, telling me I had committed the unpardonable sin in thinking too highly of him, and could never be forgiven, but should certainly go to hell. I sank fathoms; for before this I sometimes thought I should be set at liberty under Mr. M'Kenzie's preaching, but now I feared I should never hear him again. The anxiety of mind I suffered brought me down very low in body, and I was so ill, the doctor did not know what to think of me, and advised me to go into the country and try change of air; so father took a cottage at Bootle, a nice watering-place about four miles from Liverpool. I was obliged to have a servant who could take the entire management of the children, for I took no interest in them or anything else. I used to wander about the shore like one distracted, appearing on the border of despair. For months I could not bear the smell of meat; indeed I almost starved myself. I thought I should go out of my mind, and die in a lunatic asylum; and when I fell upon my knees, something seemed to say, "It is no use for you to pray." Then these words came to my mind: "'The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.' Now, if you were to ask Mr. M'Kenzie, or father, mother, or your sister Vaughan, there might be hope." I now believe it was Satan who quoted that passage to distress me, for I could not open my mind to anyone.

I wrote many letters to dear Mr. M'Kenzie, but did not send them. I carried them for some time in my pocket, and then burnt them. In the field before the house there were some horses. I used to watch them playing about, and often wished that I, like them, had no soul, for I felt myself one of the greatest sinners out of hell, and feared every day would be my last. I was afraid to go to sleep, lest I should wake in that place where hope never comes. My husband was quite distressed about me, and would ask what was the matter; but I could not tell him. I used to search the Scriptures, but generally read those portions which condemned me. But one day, while reading the words of Solomon in Ecclesiastes, I was arrested with this passage: "For to him that is joined to all the living there is hope: for a living dog is better than a dead lion. For the living know that they shall die: but the dead know not anything." I thought, "Can I be a living soul? because I feel that I am dead; for it says, 'The dead know not anything.'" I seemed to get a little comfort, but soon sank again, so that my life became a burden. I went to chapel Sunday after Sunday, but there was nothing for me, and



I was tempted to give it all up. One Sunday I sank so low, I made up my mind that if I received no comfort I would never go again. I had been greatly exercised all the week, begging the Lord to have mercy upon me; and as I was walking to chapel, these words came to my mind: "If thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence;" and I felt a spirit of prayer to plead the words. When I got to chapel there was a strange minister, and he gave out the hymn, "God moves in a mysterious way," &c. His text was, "He sent his word, and healed them, and delivered them from their destructions." Every word of the sermon appeared for me, just as though there was not another person in the chapel. My trouble was all gone, and I felt a sweet hope spring up in my heart, and such love to the dear Redeemer, that I could do nothing but weep for joy.

I remember it was a lovely morning as I went to chapel; the sun shone brightly; but I saw no beauty in anything. When I came out, all was changed; I saw and felt beauty in everything; I was like another creature, blessing and praising the Lord, with a good hope in his mercy, and in his most glorious salvation. I felt very comfortable all that day and part of the next; then I began to doubt again, when these words came: "Be not deceived with false hope." I thought, "Is it a false hope after all?" I said, "O Lord, do not let me be deceived, for I dread that more than anything." I thought I would write to my husband's father, who was a gracious man, and tell him what I felt, and ask him if he thought it was the Lord's work; but after the letter was gone, what would I not have given to have had it back again? I was greatly exercised, the enemy telling me that all I had felt was a delusion. In a few days I had a reply—such an encouraging letter! The dear old man said it was the Lord's work, and if he had meant to destroy me he would not have shewed me such things as he had done. Instead of being comforted, I cried nearly all day, thinking I had deceived him, and was again tempted to give it all up, and think no more about religion; and I made up my mind that I would never speak to anyone again; he was the first, and he should be the last. In the evening, before my husband came home, I wondered what I should do with the letter. Should I shew it to him, or burn it? but just as I was going to put it in the fire, these words came with sweetness and power, "I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not." I did not know, for three months after, that they were in the Bible, but shall never forget the effect they produced: all was calm within. When my husband came in, I gave him the letter, and the next day wrote to sister Vaughan, and that was the first time my own relatives knew of my exercises. After this, the Bible appeared like another book. I enjoyed much sweetness in reading it, especially the Psalms. What soul-union I felt to David! Yea, the Psalms were my meat and drink. I felt such love to the Lord's people and his servants, that I longed for the services, and was sure to get comfort every time—brother Vaughan was then

supplying for us. I now began to be greatly exercised about baptism. I tried to put it away, and even prayed for the Lord to take it from my mind. I thought I had no right to go through that solemn ordinance until I could feelingly say, "Jesus is mine, and I am his." I had a good hope, but I wanted full assurance, and I did not think it right to be baptized without it. The exercises of my mind made me quite ill again, and I was constrained to ask the Lord to make it quite plain the following Lord's day, under the preaching, and if I was the right character, to lead the minister to take a baptizing text, and preach a baptizing sermon. I did not tell anyone what was upon my mind; it was between the Lord and my own soul. The next Lord's day, Mr. Vaughan took this text: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature. He that believeth, and is baptized, shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." He went into every objection I had felt, and said, "Perhaps there is some soul here who is exercised in this very way: How do you know but that the Lord will reveal himself to you by the water?" That was the case with him; and as he spoke, my heart leaped, and I wished there had been water that very night, that I might have gone into it; my trouble was all gone, for I felt it would be so with me. I was very comfortable all the week, and on the Saturday I invited brother Vaughan to our house, and told him how I had felt under his sermon. He seemed pleased, and said, "Then I suppose I may propose you." But as soon as I had told him, I sank again in my feelings, and said, "No, I'm afraid." "Well," he said, "still make it a matter of prayer." After he had gone, how very miserable I felt, to think I should begin to doubt again so soon. I could get no nearness of access to the Lord, and I felt condemned. One night I went to bed feeling very low, and dreamed that I was walking with some of our members in the street, and we came to a large piece of water, when one of them said, "Mrs. Crispin, you will have to go through that piece of water; there is no way out of this place but through the water." I thought I looked, and saw three broken, steep steps, and I shrank, and said, "I can never go down those steps." But they said, "Look at the other side." And I thought when I looked across, there were no steps on the other side; the sun shone brightly, and the water was quite smooth. I awoke at the edge of the steps, feeling so miserable, my heart going up to the Lord, begging him to appear for me. Then came many passages to my mind, such as—"If ye love me, keep my commandments;" "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you;" "This people have I formed for myself; they shall shew forth my praise;" and others. So I was obliged to send to tell brother Vaughan, and he said he was very glad to propose me.

After my baptism the sun shone for several months. I enjoyed much of the Lord's reconciled countenance, and could say, "When Jesus, with his mighty love, &c."

Honours crown his dear brow for ever, for saving such a wretch as I, one of the vilest of the vile. Soon after I joined the church, I remember brother Vaughan preached from these words: "Let the inhabitants of the rock sing; let them shout from the top of the mountains." The sweetness and savour of that sermon lasted for months; so you see, my dear friend, I feel a double union to him. I have heard you speak highly of him; that is the grace of God in your heart, which makes you love his servant. "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." I was very sorry to hear of his illness, but hope it will be the Lord's will to spare him for many years to his family and the church of God. I trust you are better, both in body and mind; hope on, pray on, and the Lord will deliver you, I doubt not, in his own time and way. My poor afflicted husband gets worse and worse. I little thought, twenty years ago, when I wanted to die, what my life was spared for; but we know that it is through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom. You will be tired of reading this rambling epistle, so will draw to a close, asking you to excuse all my imperfections. Shall be very pleased to hear from you. Ever yours,  
 MARY CRISPIN.

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## Obituary.

CATHERINE DRAPER.—On Sept. 18th, 1891, aged 58, Catherine Draper, of Littleton, West Lavington, Wilts.

Her father died suddenly, leaving her mother with five children, she being the eldest daughter. When eighteen years of age she had a long and severe illness, after which the Lord met with her in the night season, and brought her to see her state as a ruined, undone sinner in his sight. I cannot give the exact words which the Lord used to bring her out of darkness into his marvellous light; but suffice it to say that her after life proved it to be a real work of grace. She was very soon brought to seek out the people of God, and to feel that they were the excellent of the earth. She began to attend the Strict Baptist Chapel at Avebury, where she was favoured to hear Mr. Tiptaft, and from that time she left the Established Church, which she had been brought up to attend. Being of a warm, loving disposition, and deeply exercised with eternal realities, it was her meat and drink to be speaking or hearing of him whom her soul loved. She often looked back to those days with pleasure, desiring to enjoy more of the Lord's presence, and a repetition of the good hearing times she had under Mr. Philpot, Mr. Mortimer, and others. She was baptized by the late Mr. Pocock, on the 29th June, 1859, and continued an honourable member there until after our marriage in 1866, when, in the providence of God, we came to Littleton. She then resigned her membership at Avebury church, and joined the one at Market Lavington, in 1876. She had for some time previously been in a very dark and mournful state, but the Lord favoured her with a clear deliverance out of the bon-

dage and darkness under which she had laboured, so that she could sing and rejoice in him, exulting in his goodness and mercy.

An extract from a letter, written to some dear friends, will best describe the state of her mind:—"I should be exceedingly glad of the opportunity of conversing with you on the precious things of God, which I trust I have felt in my own soul. My husband wished me to write about three months ago, as just before that time the Lord blessed our souls greatly, my heart and mouth being filled with his praise. You know that I was generally in much bondage of soul, never feeling to be really delivered. I had helps by the way, and many seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, with strength for every time of need; but there was always something wanting. Satan tempted my soul with his fiery darts in such a distressing way that I was afraid I should be left to despair, but the Lord broke into my soul in a very sweet and blessed manner. When my husband was baptized he was much blessed in his soul, and I was cast down in soul-feeling; but our faithful God did not leave me there, for on the following night, when, fearing lest I should sink to rise no more, he appeared for my relief. O how my soul rejoiced in the Lord! and what love and praise and blessedness I felt! The promises were mine; and as they flowed into my soul, my tongue was obliged to give utterance to them. This blessing lasted two or three days. Oh the goodness of God, in blessing our souls at the same time! It was our meat and drink to love and praise him. The 34th and 116th Psalms were exceedingly precious; and we wanted other dear saints of God to rejoice with us. But I have had to come down from that blessed mount to be tried and tempted again, so that I often painfully prove that I am still in the wilderness, and wonder how it will be with me in a dying hour. But I must say, I feel as I never did before; for when far from the Lord, there is a hope and expectation that he will revive me again."

Oftentimes before this visit sleep departed from her eyes, so anxious was she to know her state before God, frequently saying she should be lost for ever. An afflicted body, with very many trials, caused her to be of a somewhat sorrowful spirit. She often pleaded with the Lord for those near and dear to her, not forgetting the Church of God, and mourning over the low state of Zion.

- She had been for more than twenty years subject to attacks of chronic bronchitis, which prevented her, during the winter and spring, from attending the means of grace, sometimes for several months together. This was a heavy cross, as she loved to meet with the Lord's people. She also suffered from rheumatism, which finally developed into acute rheumatic fever. She took to her bed on the 19th August, her sufferings being very great. The Lord, however, did not leave her, for she was enabled to sing several precious hymns. One morning she repeated, with great feeling, the following verse:—

“O might I climb those higher skies,  
 Where clouds and darkness never rise;  
 There he displays his powers abroad,  
 And shines and reigns the Incarnate God.”

During the greater part of the last week of her life she was unconscious, except at intervals of a few moments, when, on one occasion she said, “My times are in thy hands.” At another time, “Happy; no more pain; ‘Rejoice in the Lord’—yes, yes, yes.” At another, “All is well; all forgiven; Hallelujah.” She frequently repeated the name of Jesus; also, “Let me go!” Her speech was very indistinct, owing to her tongue being swollen. We hoped, at one time, that she would be raised up again, but on Friday, Sept. 18th, she passed away to be for ever with the Lord. “Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.”

M. DRAPER.

JOHN ASHLEY.—On Oct. 21, 1891, John Ashley, aged 49 years.

From his youth he grew up, bearing unmistakable fruits of the fall, and wandered to great lengths in sin. He left home several times, where he had heard the instruction of his godly mother, who often cautioned, warned, and reproved him for his course of conduct. I well remember mother telling him that “the way of the transgressor is hard;” but nothing had any effect upon him to stop him in his mad career. However, he did get tired of his course, and returned home. Soon after this he married, and attended church with his wife; and while there, and repeating some of their formal rounds of worship, his mouth was shut, and he began to question himself thus, “How can I repeat such things, and say, ‘I believe in God the Father,’ &c.?” He now felt he must go elsewhere to seek something for his never-dying soul. He next attended the General Baptist Chapel, but he found little or nothing of the state of his soul described, for he felt himself to be a lost sinner, beyond the power of God to save. He sought to the Scriptures, and found that God had a people whom he chose from among men, but there was as yet no hope for him. But God had shot the arrow of conviction into his heart, so that he could not quiet his conscience. But after this he fell into a state of indifference, in which he remained about five years. His wife, who had felt the importance of her soul’s salvation, spoke to him concerning the neglect of prayer, which was made a means of awakening him. He now felt an increasing desire to know whether God would pardon him; he attended more regularly at chapel; he also sought the company and advice of his mother, who was a believer in the doctrines of grace, and rested on the finished work of Christ for salvation. The “Generals,” who are ever ready for numbers, were anxious to catch him in their net, and make him one with them. He felt that there were some godly persons amongst them. I well remember him saying how glad he was when he found that it was possible for him to be saved. He allowed the matter to

go on so far, that if he had tried to stop it, he felt it would have been denying Christ, so he was baptized by their minister, and became a member with them. But he could find no food for his soul; it was not a full and free Gospel for such an empty sinner as he felt himself to be, consequently he sought for it elsewhere, and occasionally came to Kettering, where he felt a union to the people, and a love to, and relish for, the truth. After a time he came to Kettering to live, and also cast in his lot with the few tried, exercised, and despised members who composed the church. His prayers testified that he felt himself to be a great sinner, needy, naked, and unclean. He was often exercised about the safety of his soul, and longed for another token for good. About the 13th September he was compelled to lay work by, and it became evident that his strength was spent. From his first being laid up he was very comfortable in his soul, and felt the support of his religion when he most needed it. He often said how good God had been to him. The enemy was kept at a happy distance, and he enjoyed communion with his God. His strength of body gradually failed, but his inward man was renewed to the last. On October 7th he said it seemed as though he was on a bridge, and there was a breach in it which he could not cross; it seemed that he must be lost, but just then Jesus came and made the breach up. O how precious this was to him! A friend asked him one day whether he feared death. He said he had nothing to fear. He said he could not believe that he who had sought him out in his profligacy, and made him to feel the weight of his sins, and that salvation was wholly by Christ, and had set his hope in God, "would leave him at last in trouble to sink." But he did not seem as firm some time after. I was saying that the Lord would never leave those who trusted in him; when he said, "But suppose that was taken away from me!"

On October 16th he had passed a comfortable night. I found him very weak, but cheerful. I had been entreating the Lord to bless him with some foretastes of heaven, so that his soul might be full of the blessing of the Lord, and his mouth with praise. He said, "George, the Lord has never left me yet." I said, "No, and I believe he never will." I then told him what I had been praying for. He said, "I often praise the Lord when no one else knows, but I can see that you want to *know* a little." I shall never forget how he seemed to muster up all his strength, and lifting up both his hands, said, "I do bless the Lord for his goodness to me, a brand; bless his precious name!" Fearing his exertion might make him worse, and bring on shivering fits again, I told him not to say anything more then. He said, "I don't mind what it brings on; you shall know that the Lord has been very good to me in this affliction. O, I would bless him if I was stronger, but my body will not bear it. I have lacked nothing but a thankful heart." One day he said Satan had been suggesting an easy way out of the world, and it was awful. Mr. Feazey and Mr. Keeble visited him, for which he felt very thank-

ful. I did not put forward to read and pray with him, but when he wished it I complied. The night before he died he asked me, and afterwards said, "How good is a little prayer!" He sank rapidly at last, and passed away without a struggle. G. A.

ALFRED COOK.—On October 23rd, 1891, aged 71 years, Alfred Cook, Minister of the Gospel at Ebenezer Chapel, Luton, for 47 years. Interred in the General Cemetery by Mr. Ashdown, of London.

My dear husband lived a life of sin and gaiety up to the age of nineteen years, at which time the Lord sent into his heart the arrow of conviction, which nothing removed till the Holy Spirit of God revealed to him Christ, the sinners' Friend, sealing home peace and pardon through the blood of his cross. When a youth, horse-riding and the race-course were among his greatest pleasures. In the month of May, 1839, when returning home from the race-course, his brother met him, and said, "If you had died on that race-course, where had your soul been?" He made no reply, but conscience answered, "In hell!" The arrow sunk too deep to be extricated, his soul-trouble increased, and his terrors became so great that he feared his own shadow! Struck down, as it were, at one blow, guilty and condemned by the holy law of God, he had nothing to plead, feeling himself a poor lost sinner, yet begging for mercy for Jesus' sake, anxious to know how he could be saved—every opportunity he had, and in every secret place, trying to call upon the Lord, and searching the Scriptures. He read much in the Psalms, also in Proverbs, and finding the characters of the righteous and the wicked so strikingly portrayed, begged of the Lord that he might be one of the righteous. His distress continued till October, which was about six months, when it seemed intolerable, and he almost wished to know the worst of it. One evening being in the orchard at Noke Mill (his birthplace), where he was begging for mercy for Jesus' sake, suddenly Christ was revealed to the eye of his faith in all his agony and suffering upon the cross, the sight of whom relieved him of his heavy burden of sin and guilt, bringing into his soul sweet pardon, peace, and liberty, filling his heart with contrition, love, gratitude, and joy unspeakable. The happy effects of this sweet deliverance continued a year. I have heard him remark that it was like the young man in the law, who, when he had married a new wife, was not to go out to war or be charged with any business, but was to be free at home one year. While this enjoyment and sweet communion with his dear Saviour continued, it seemed to him as though all his enemies were dead, for he did not remember feeling a lust stir; all was calm and peaceful. But alas! he had to come down from these heights of enjoyment, to find that sin was still within, and to mourn the hidings of the dear Saviour's face. He was afterwards called to endure (as a good soldier of Jesus Christ) persecutions, trials, and temptations, from without and within.

The first place he attended was the Baptist Chapel at Hempstead, where he was baptized; he was also a teacher in the Sabbath school, and was often much noticed by the minister and superintendent. I think he had been called upon, a few times, to give an address. At that time my husband knew nothing of difference in sentiment, and had never heard of the doctrine of election. I think it was his brother who first mentioned those subjects to him, and wished him to hear Mr. Newborn, who was going to preach at Chesham. He did so. Mr. N. took his text from 1 Kings x. 8, 9, "Happy are thy men," &c. My dear husband heard well; it was such preaching that he had never before listened to. From that time he became very dissatisfied, and was at last obliged to leave the General Baptists and go with his brother to Gadsden Row. His call to the ministry was in the following manner: One Lord's day morning he went with his brother as usual, and the minister did not come. Mr. Ambrose, the deacon, went to him, and said, "You must preach this morning." He replied, "I cannot," and was much surprised, but after much persuasion, he at last made the attempt.

It was very remarkable that he had been greatly exercised about the ministry for four years, and had begged of the Lord to take the burden off, but could not get rid of it; and that morning he had a text so laid on his mind that he preached from it, viz.: "For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our heart, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." When coming down the pulpit stairs, Mr. A. met him and said, "That will do." He replied, "That is the first and the last." The old gentleman told him that he would have to preach again in the afternoon. My husband replied, "I cannot; I have preached all I know." Mr. Ambrose said, "Go with me, and have some refreshment; then take a walk in the fields, and the Lord will help you again in the afternoon."

Soon after he was asked to preach at Ebenezer Chapel, Luton, one Sabbath. After which he continued to come, and became their pastor, driving from Moor Mills for twenty years, through all sorts of weather, summer and winter, through temptations, discouragements, and heavy trials, outward and inward. He was always at his post, and in time, never absent but once, through a serious illness, at which time he was unable to preach for five months.

The cause was in a very low state when he first came; but in time the Lord so blessed and increased it under his ministry, that in about three or four years the present chapel was built. The Lord graciously gave him some souls for his hire, and seals to his ministry. The searching word, through the application of the blessed Spirit, by him as the instrument, has been the means of deepening the work in some, as also of comforting and establishing the Lord's called people in the precious truths of the Gospel. Many have been gathered home to glory.



My dear husband has now joined the happy throng, and with the glorious multitude casting his crown at the feet of that precious Saviour who has washed them from their sins in his own blood, and made them kings and priests unto God, to reign with him for ever and ever.

The cause of his death was cancer, which made its first appearance about a year and a half previous to his decease. Notwithstanding he continued to preach till within four months of his death, when he was obliged to give up, which was a very great trial to him.

The affliction was so grievous, and his sufferings, at times, so intense, that he could see but very few of his friends, and was unable to converse much. He told me one day that Satan had been very busy with him, but could not shake him off his foundation. He knew in whom he had believed, and spoke of his call, his deep soul-trouble, and his gracious deliverance through the revelation of Jesus Christ to his soul. Before he took to his bed he used to read, or have read to him, Job, the third chapter of the Lamentations, fourteenth and seventeenth chapters of John, and likewise the Psalms, but could only bear to hear a few verses at a time; also the sufferings of Christ, and his agony in the garden; some of Hart's Hymns—871, 872, 873; and Dr. Watts', 22 and 23, first book: one begins, "What vain desires, and passions vain;" and the other, "Absent from flesh." At one time he said to his daughter, "If some were to come to my death-bed to judge of my religion, they would almost think I had none; but it is my mercy that I had the real thing before I came here." He often used to quote John Newton: "Don't tell me how a man dies, tell me how he lives." At one o'clock on Friday, 23rd October, he awoke, saying to his daughter, "I have had such a happy dream; I thought I was in such a bright and beautiful place, surrounded with many happy beings. I thought I was preaching, but was sorry to awake and find that it was only a dream." After that he asked the time; his daughter told him it was four o'clock. He said, "I shall be in heaven to-day at about six." We saw a great change; he was unable to speak, but made signs for his family all to come to the bed-side. He took each of our hands, and bade us good-bye. After which he wanted to be raised up. Everything having been put straight, like dear old Jacob, he gathered his feet up in the bed, and seemed as though he gladly hailed the messenger, and gently breathed his soul away at one o'clock noon. We are left to mourn the loss, myself of a tender, loving husband, and his children of a most kind, affectionate father. The church is left in a widowed state, to mourn the loss of a faithful, loving, and beloved pastor. May it be a sanctified stroke to us all. We have had the warning voice from his own dear lips for a long time. The Lord grant we may hear the rod and he who hath appointed it. May he in mercy raise us up another faithful shepherd, to feed his people with knowledge and understanding.

take the precious from the vile, shew the sinner his real state, and Christ the only way, the truth, and the life. F. COOK.

[The late Mr. Cook was a good and gracious man, and deservedly loved and valued by his people, whom he faithfully served in the Gospel of God for nearly half a century. He was an unassuming, humble, yet, withal, a bold, unflinching, and experimental preacher of the doctrines of sovereign grace. We well remember hearing him (before we began preaching ourself), now near forty years ago, loving him for his work's sake, and esteeming him very highly; the word coming to us with power and unction, commended him as a true and dear servant of God. The plain, simple, forcible utterances appeared to come from his heart. He spoke as one who knew, and felt, and understood the subject for himself, and left not a doubt in our mind but that it was so. We looked forward to his coming, although it was not, perhaps, more than once in the year, if so often. From that time to the day of his death we held him in affectionate esteem, and feel that the church and people at Luton have sustained a great and serious loss in the removal of one from their midst who lived and lovingly laboured for them, in word and doctrine, with a distinct and certain sound, to be depended upon amidst all the changes which he was called to experience, and they were not a few. He was a tried man, within and without, but the Lord stood by him, brought him safely through, delivering him out of all his troubles, and blessing him in his life and in his ministry; and though his afflictions were great and painful, they were sweetly sanctified, the Lord giving him many tokens of his love, and at last a blessed end and entrance into his kingdom and glory.

We deeply sympathise with the church, the widow, and the family, and pray the Lord to abundantly sanctify the trial. The Lord send the church another man after his own heart, and of the same firm and abiding principles as our late beloved friend.—Ed.]

PHILIP CARR.—On Nov. 28th, 1891, aged 58, Philip Carr, of Tunbridge Wells.

He was convinced of his state as a sinner before God when quite young. At the age of seventeen years he was wont to open his mind to a good woman of the name of Saunders, and was much encouraged by her conversation. He was not led to feel the depths of human depravity as some of the Lord's people are, but he felt enough of its power to cause him to cry unto God for mercy. The Lord gave him sweet tokens of his love at times, which raised up in him a hope in that mercy.

He was apprenticed to a draper at Ramsgate, where his soul was encouraged, from time to time, in hearing the truth preached. On one occasion he attended the celebration of the ordinance of believers' baptism at Matfield Green. His father, who was a good man, prayed that it might be impressed upon his mind. He was led on, step by step, to see and feel that there was no salvation out of Christ, and he now became more deeply concerned about his soul, praying that the Lord would grant him some assurance that he was saved in Christ with an everlasting salvation. "And the Lord granted him his request." Under the influence of this gracious visit he was baptized at Ramsgate. While in this happy frame of mind he wrote to inform his brother, who in reply expressed the pleasure the contents of his letter afforded him. He also quoted the following words: "Them that hon-

our me I will honour, and they that despise me shall be lightly esteemed." I believe this truth is very manifest in the day in which we live. May the Lord grant his people more real love to the ordinances of his house.

Eventually he joined the church at Rehoboth Chapel, Tunbridge Wells, in 1877, soon after its formation afresh by Mr. Hull and myself. He was chosen superintendent of the Sunday School, which office he held until he was laid aside by affliction. He was naturally very delicate; but owing to the peculiarly painful character of his present ailment, he was advised to undergo an operation, from which he appeared to be recovering; it became necessary, however, that a second should be performed, and whilst under the influence of chloroform, he passed away. His death is felt by many, for he was of a kind and generous disposition, and a real peacemaker, which rendered him an ornament to his profession.

On the 27th, I was with him for about half-an-hour. He seemed cheerful, but had been tried in his mind about what he had to pass through. He was comforted, however, by these words being applied with power to his soul: "My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness;" also the last verse of Hymn 118 (Gadsby's selection). I don't think he anticipated joining the blest throng so soon, though I noticed, when I had read and engaged in prayer with him, and was about to leave the room, how warmly he shook hands with me; and when I said, "I hope the Lord will bring you safely through," he replied, "I am in his hands." When I had left the room, he said to his wife, "I do love Mr. S.; he is like a father to me."

He has left a loving wife and relatives to mourn their loss, the church a loving member and consistent Christian, and the school a kind-hearted superintendent; but our loss is his eternal gain. We sorrow not as those without hope. May the Lord impress this solemn event upon our minds as a church and congregation, so that we may "give diligence to make our calling and election sure; for if we do these things we shall never fall: for so an entrance shall be ministered unto us abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ" (2 Pet. i. 10, 11).

W. SMITH.

MRS. WEST.—At Eastbourne, Dec. 31st, 1891, in her 83rd year, Mary, widow of W. J. West, M.R.C.S., Tonbridge.

She was very musical, and was much valued in worldly society in her early married life; but the Lord was pleased to bring her to a concern about her state, and she felt great anxiety as to what would become of her, till one morning the words sounded in her ears: "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light" (Eph. v. 14); and she was blessed with faith to behold the Lord Jesus Christ as her Saviour. She joined in worship with a few people meeting in a room at Tonbridge,

where she found the food her soul wanted, but as they did not practice baptism, and as that ordinance was laid with might on her mind, she went up to London with two friends to be immersed, and often spoke of how she had felt herself helped and protected there.

Mr. West died in 1849, and for some time Mrs. W. resided at Winchelsea, and sat under the ministry of the late Mr. J. West in the Established Church; but her principles were so much respected by him, with whom she was on intimate terms, that he always gave her notice when christenings were going to take place, in order that she might absent herself. After several removals she went to Eastbourne, about thirteen years ago, thinking to end her days with her daughter there; but God's thoughts are not as our thoughts. The health of the mother, which had been failing, improved considerably, while the daughter fell down with a paralytic seizure, and, after seven years' helplessness, died in 1886. Mrs. West was, when health permitted, a most constant attendant at Grove Road Chapel, and much attached to the people there; and as Mrs. Bradford, when referring to her, said, "She was like a child at home, and was always there when she could get, that I feel satisfied about. You never found her giving her ear to fables or to another Gospel; she was too established in the truth to go away to ramble or to roam; and I have no doubt she is now at rest, and gone to live for ever with her Lord."

Writing from Tirlé, where she had gone for a little change in July, she said, "I feel very dull and barren without Christian Society, yet am I helped from above; for,

'In every trouble, sharp and strong,  
My soul to Jesus flies;  
My anchor-hold is firm in him,  
When swelling billows rise.'

And in August she wrote to a friend: "What a mercy we can both say, 'Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.'"

She was taken ill in September, and though relieved by treatment, was much more feeble than she had been. In the latter part of December she was attacked by influenza, and on the 23rd lost the use of one side; she was very quiet and composed, and seemed to take but little notice, but on the 30th rallied considerably till evening, when she suddenly became worse, and at about nine o'clock expressed gratitude that her grand-daughter was with her; and on Hymn 303 being repeated, at the lines,

"Safe into the haven guide;  
O receive my soul at last;"

she looked up, smiled, and said, "Yes, that is it," which were the last words she was heard to utter.

HANNAH MELLOR.—On Jan. 27th, 1892, aged 83, Hannah, Relict of the late George Mellor, of Glossop, and eldest daughter of the late George Beard, late Pastor of the Strict Baptist Chapel,

Charlesworth. She was interred on Jan. 31st, by Mr. J. Barnes, who gave a solemn discourse. Her first convictions date from when she was about eleven years of age. She accompanied her father to hear the late Mr. Gadsby. She joined the church about the year 1844, and was baptized by her father; and whenever health and weather would permit, was constant in attendance on the means of grace. Mother of a large family, and of a weakly constitution, her faith was much tried: she proved that passage true, "Through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom."

She was much blessed in reading Mr. Philpot's sermons and the writings of John Rusk, that appeared in the "Standard" some time ago. The writer saw her a few days before her last illness: on informing her of the death of the late David Smith, she said how she had enjoyed reading the piece written by him: "I am like a Pelican of the Wilderness, an Owl of the Desert, and a Sparrow alone on the House Top." •

Of late she frequently repeated the first verse of Hymn 386; also Hymn 471 was a favourite of hers.

I come now to her last illness. She was only confined to her bed for about a week. When asked by her daughter-in-law how she felt in her mind, she replied, "Very comfortable; and afterwards repeated, very impressively, Hymn 144: "Jesus my all to heaven is gone." She suffered, at times, great pain, with difficulty of breathing; yet amongst it she was heard to repeat the first verse of Hymn 408: "O what shall I do my Saviour to praise?" and shortly afterwards, "Why tarry his chariot wheels so long?" Shortly before death, they raised her up a little, and she was heard to say, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit;" and thus, as the Psalmist says, "She fell on sleep," and peacefully passed away.

J. M.

ELIZA CATTELL.—On December 15, 1891, Eliza Cattell, of Saffron Walden, aged 45 years.

She had known the Lord for upwards of twenty years, was baptized at Cambridge in 1871, and, on removal here, was united with the Strict Baptist Church, where she continued a member until her death. She had a trying path to walk in for several years, and particularly during the last twelve months of her life; but several ministers and others who visited her during her severe afflictions, rejoiced at the grace of God manifested in her, in supporting, comforting, and lifting her above her sorrows. She knew no other hope or resting-place for her soul but the finished work of Christ. Once, during great pain and prostration, she said,

"Our sorrows in the scale He weighs,  
And measures out our pains;"

I shall be sure not to have *one* too many. And what are my sufferings, compared with the sufferings of Christ? His whole life was a life of privation and suffering. He had not where to lay his head," &c.

R. H.

# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

MAY, 1892.

MATT. v. 6; 2 TIM. i. 9; ROM. xi. 7; ACTS viii. 37, 38; MATT. xxviii. 19

## THE SALVATION OF GOD.

A SERMON PREACHED BY MR. J. OLDFIELD, AT EARL'S BARTON, JULY 15TH, 1890.

"We will rejoice in thy salvation, and in the name of our God we will set up our banners: the Lord fulfil all thy petitions."—PSALM xx. 5.

THIS Psalm is said to be a Psalm of David, who was the king of Israel, as you all know. It also says in the index that its contents are "the church blessing the king in his exploits," and her confidence in God's succour.

How are we to understand this? I understand it in this way: that David, the king of Israel, was personating the church in these words, and speaking for the church, for the people of God, and he is speaking of another and a greater king than himself. O then it was the language of David, a member of the church; the language of the church of God under the Old Testament dispensation: that is to say, before the coming of Christ; before that great Warrior appeared; before that great battle was actually fought which Jesus was to fight, according to the purpose of God, for the salvation of his people.

The church, in looking forward to the coming of Christ, gives utterance to words like these, which appear to be pleading for Christ, but not for him as the Son of God, but for him as the Son of man. He did not plead for himself, as the Son of God, because there was no one to plead to. He was and is equal with God the Father. He pleaded as the God-man, as the Head, the Mediator of the church, and the servant of the Father; and it was the church viewing him in this aspect that caused her to give utterance to words like these: "The Lord hear thee in the day of trouble." Whoever had a day of trouble equal to the Redeemer? Whoever cried in the day of trouble as he did? The Apostle speaks of his strong crying and tears unto him who was able to save him from death.

His brethren have all had their troubles, but they have

never had a millionth part of the trouble through which he passed. His brethren have at all times to plead; for

“Prayer is the Christian’s vital breath;”

but they never plead as he did. Look at him! O look at him in the garden of Gethsemane and on the cross! That was the day of trouble!

“*The name of the God of Jacob defend thee.*” O! It was the Godhead that was his defence; had it not been so, his humanity would never have stood the power of hell; would never have stood beneath the load of his people’s sins that was laid upon him

“*Send thee help from the sanctuary and strengthen thee out of Zion.*” And this petition was granted, for we read that the angel came from heaven, strengthening him—strengthening him, not as God, but as man. How solemn is the thought, that angels delighted in him when men were reproaching him, crying, “Crucify him!”

The church says, “*Remember all thy offerings.*” I believe every breath that Jesus drew, from his birth to his death, was an offering; and every word that he spoke, and every movement that he made, was an offering. The whole of his life was an offering on behalf of his people.

“*And accept thy burnt sacrifice.*” O how the church of God, before the coming of Christ, looked forward to this, as the church of God since his coming looks back; and one poet says,

“My soul looks back to see  
The burdens thou didst bear  
When hanging on the accursed tree,  
And hopes her guilt was there.”

The church’s acceptance is dependent upon the acceptance of his burnt sacrifice. Had Jesus’ sacrifice not been accepted, he would never have risen from the dead; but it was accepted, and the Father sent an angel and rolled away the stone, and set the prisoner free.

Then the church says (viewing him not only as living and dying for his people, but as one interceding for them), “*Grant thee according to thine own heart.*” The church does not say, according to our own heart; O no: when you are under the influence of the blessed Spirit, you do not plead like that, but you ask God to grant you according to the heart of your glorious Head. You know, especially at times, if God were to grant you according to your own heart, it would be your ruin. Ah! you have more confidence in your glorious Head than you have in yourselves

The church adds, “*And fulfil all thy counsel.*”

Then says the church, "*We will rejoice in thy salvation*"—the salvation of our glorious Christ, that glorious person who took our nature, whose name was called Jesus, because "*He shall save his people from their sins,*"—"*and in the name of our God we will set up our banners: the Lord fulfil all thy petitions.*"

Now let us look at the text in the order in which it lies before us.

*First.*—THE CHURCH REJOICING IN THE SALVATION OF HER KING.

*Secondly.*—IN THE NAME OF HER GOD SETTING UP HER BANNERS.

*Thirdly.*—PLEADING FOR THE FULFILMENT OF ALL THE PETITIONS OF JESUS—"FULFIL ALL THY PETITIONS."

I. *Their rejoicing in the salvation of her king.*—And we may notice, briefly, the necessity for this great salvation. Where shall we look to find the necessity for the Lord's salvation? O! shall we say that the work of God, as coming out of his hands in Eden, was imperfect, and so he had to put his hand to it the second time to make it perfect? *O no!* "God made man upright, but man sought out many inventions." And what did he invent? Why, his own ruin; his own destruction. O what an invention! I might also say, in speaking a word or two about the necessity for the Lord's salvation, that we find it in the entrance of sin by Satan and the fall of man by sin. You will remember that Satan assumed the form of a serpent, and entered the garden; and oh! dear friends, what a flood of death and poison flowed from that dragon to the ears of our first parents! and we were in their loins; we stood or fell in them; and so we see that "sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned."

Then again, I might say, we find the necessity for God's salvation in the consequences of the entrance of sin, and death by sin. Separation from God is a consequence of the entrance of sin into the world; for what is death but a separation? What is temporal death but the separation of soul and body? and what is spiritual death but a separation of the soul from God? O what a separation!

I am not now touching upon that eternal union subsisting between Christ and his church; but I am speaking of the fall and its consequences.

Now just look for a moment at the separation; and you see it even in man's conduct towards God, and in God's conduct towards man.



When our first parents had sinned, we do not find them saying, "We are sorry that we have sinned against God," or asking for pardon and for the blotting out of their transgressions. O no, but we find them trying to make the breach the wider, as it were; they tried to get further from God than ever; they tried to hide themselves among the trees of the garden; they tried to make a covering for themselves. God's conduct towards man was seen in that he turned him out of the garden, and sent him to till the ground, placing "a flaming sword to keep the way of the tree of life." O what a separation! Ah, dear friends, if it were not for God's eternal purpose, and the eternal union between Christ and his church, oh where would man have been? Why, to a man, eternally lost.

But to look at it a little further: God, to raise man from that condition, gave a promise, and that promise was, "that the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head;" and by and by, after God had made this promise, a child was born, and Eve said, "I have gotten a man from the Lord." I believe she thought it was the promised seed; but instead of that, he grew up, and proved to be of that wicked one; he proved to be a murderer, a possessor of the spirit of Satan, and not a possessor of the Spirit of God. O what a bitter disappointment! By and by Abel is born, and is, eventually, murdered by his brother Cain. O, bitter disappointment again! but God's promise shall not fail. Every Jewess naturally looked forward to and longed to be the mother of the humanity of our Lord. Ah, he was long waited for, and in the fulness of time he came.

We will notice this salvation. "*We will rejoice in thy salvation.*" O! if God had not undertaken this work, nothing would have been done; not a single soul would have been saved! and this the children of God are sooner or later brought to see.

I shall now say a little about *God's* salvation; but I shall be brief, because I know you are always hearing about it; not that I think you are tired of hearing of it, for it is a never-tiring subject. It is an eternal salvation—a "salvation unto God and the Lamb for ever and ever." Salvation: what a sweet theme!

What is God's salvation? Why, it is that salvation which the eternal Father began in the choice of his own dear Son and the choice of countless millions of the human race, or, as John puts it, "a number which no man can number," who are chosen in God's dear Son. Though Elijah failed to rightly number God's elect, God knows

their number, who they are, and all about them; and to shew his determination to save them, he has assured us that he has their names enrolled in life's eternal book. I might also say that this salvation was made known, in time, when God promised that "the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head," and that it went on in types and sacrifices, which were appointed by him to point to his own dear Son's sacrifice. I might observe, too, that it went on in the incarnation of Jesus Christ, in his assuming the body which the Father prepared for him in the womb of the virgin. This salvation went on in his living for his people, in his suffering, in his crying, in his dying, in his rising again, in his ascension for his people, and in his intercession until now, and down to the end of time.

"We will rejoice in Thy salvation." "O then," say some, "God has done his part, and we must do ours." God has indeed done his part; Christ has done his part and gone to heaven; and I firmly believe that if anything were left for the creature to do, that is the part that would never be done. God's people are brought solemnly to feel that that is a blessed truth: "Without me, ye can do nothing;" and yet, along with the poet, they sometimes can say:

"I can do all things, or can bear  
All sufferings, if my Lord be there."

If there is anything to be done besides that which has been done by the Father and the Son, who is to do it? Why, the Holy Spirit; as Jesus said, "It is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you." And when he shall come, will he stand at the door, and try to get in—try to save—be anxious to save, and cannot? O no! "When he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he shall reprove the world of sin" (meaning his elect ones in the world). O! has he convinced you of your sin? I do not ask to what professing body you belong, or if to any particular body? but has he opened your heart as he did Lydia's? If he has, you have seen that you have a black and vile heart, and the prayer of David suits you well: "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me;" and you are fully convinced you can do nothing of yourself but sin. Some may say, "Why don't you create a new heart and renew a right spirit?" Ah! unless God help you, you cannot sigh, cry, beg, or pray; much less can you do that which must be done to fit you for heaven and take you there. O, then,

here is the work of the blessed Spirit, to quicken poor sinners, and to enlighten them, in order that they may see what Jesus lived for; that he lived to work out righteousness, and that he died to make atonement for the sins of his people. He leads poor souls to see that unless the righteousness which Jesus wrought out is put upon them, they will never wear that wedding garment; and that unless the blood of sprinkling is placed upon them, they will for ever remain as black as the tents of Kedar, and never behold the presence of God with joy. Ah! then there will be a pleading, that that blessed Spirit will keep alive prayer in the heart; wrestling with God for these things; and he will, in his own time, give some application, some measure of hope of faith, of confidence, of assurance; but you may have to wait long for them; but they are worth waiting for; for Jesus is made unto us, by the Spirit, life, peace, and joy; the spring of all our joys and blessings; and when we are thus favoured, our hearts will spring up as the Psalmist's, when he said, "My heart is inditing a good matter."

"We will rejoice in thy salvation." Ah! when God visits the soul, and grants it a little of the light of his countenance, then there is a measure of rejoicing, and one feels like the poet, when he cannot praise as he would, he sometimes breaks out like this:

"O for a thousand tongues to sing  
My dear Redeemer's praise."

Yes, and I have many times said, "I wish for a thousand times better tongue than the one I have got."

When the Lord touched the heart of David, as recorded in the 34th Psalm, he says, "O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together;" and if the Lord has done anything for you, he has implanted desires in your soul to rejoice in his name, to bless him, and to enable you to live to his honour and glory; and such will rejoice in him when they put off this tabernacle, as one saith:

"When this poor lisping, stammering tongue,  
Lies silent in the grave,  
Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing thy power to save."

Now just a few words upon the second part of my text: "*In the name of our God we will set up our banners.*"

Now depend upon this, if ever God has revealed his salvation to you, so as to cause your hearts to rejoice in any measure, you have not been able to keep it all to yourself as a profound secret, but you have felt constrained to come

forth and tell some one, and thus set up your banner, as my text says, "In the name of our God we will set up our banners."

What are banners? They are something that wave about in the air, to show what people are, where they come from, or where they are going. So God's people have their banners to show who they are, where they come from, and whither they are going. Ah! I believe in a religion of this sort. Oh, then, "in the name of our God we will set up our banners." What are these banners? I might say, prayer is a banner; it is a true ensign of the life of God in the soul of a sinner. Was it not so in the case of Saul, of Tarsus? It was said of him, "Behold, he prayeth!" He had, possibly, said prayers all his life, and, perhaps, long ones at the corners of the streets; but it was not until God began with him that he really prayed—that he lifted up his banner. He is not now ashamed of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. He started from Jerusalem ashamed of Jesus Christ, but now he is praying to Jesus Christ. O yes, his petitions are flowing to Jesus Christ, by the help of the ever-blessed Spirit. Here we have his banner. You know that many a man has lost his life in fighting for his banner, but no one has ever lost his spiritual life, for Jesus Christ has taken care of that.

Many a one has unfurled this banner when his feet have been burning at the stake. Many a one has been received into the port of heaven whilst unfurling the banner of prayer. O what an encouragement there is for a child of God to unfurl his banner! Never mind the derision of the world; God is on your side. See Daniel as an instance of this. You know Daniel's banner of prayer was hated, and his enemies were determined to tear his banner. O what an attempt they made! but did they accomplish their object? *O no*, they did not. Daniel knew what they had done; he saw their rage and enmity, and how they were fighting against him; but he went quietly into his chamber, the windows being fully open; he did not close them—*O no*—but he began to pour out his soul unto God; he began to wave his banner, not presumptuously, not shouting and raving, like some in our streets, but in meekness and tenderness, prompted by the Spirit of God, he waved his banner, and the enemy caught him at it. He came before the king waving his banner; he was thrown into the den of lions waving his banner, and he comes out of it, too, waving his banner. And what did he lose by setting up his banner? Nothing, but actually received more favour

still from the king. Ah, dear friends, God can and does cause even the wrath of man to praise him.

Not only is there the banner of prayer, but there is a banner of adherence to God's word and God's truth; an adherence to the Bible above all other books in the world.

If you know anything about God's salvation, the Bible will be a precious book to you. Ah, dear friends, you will not be ashamed of the Bible. When God began with me, and blessed my soul with the knowledge of salvation, I had to earn my bread among ungodly men, who were always talking about horse-racing, and whose mouths were full of blasphemy. Still I had my Bible in the workshop, and when I had five minutes to spare I was reading my Bible; but I suffered much reproach. Still, "in the name of our God we set up our banners;" and what was the result? Why, those very men, in course of time, seemed to become thoroughly ashamed of themselves, and hardly ever did I hear them say a word amiss.

Again: I might say there is a banner of obedience to the ordinances of God's house. There is a banner of baptism. Some of you may have lifted up the banner of prayer, and that of adherence to God's truth, but you may not yet have come to this banner; whilst of some we might say, "Here is an obedient child going into the water, following his dear Lord through that ordinance which sets forth his own death unto sin, and resurrection unto newness of life, as well as the death and resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ." And when faith, by the power of the Spirit, is put into lively exercise, what a banner is set up in the Lord's supper! for there, upon the table, are the elements and emblems of the body and blood of a precious Christ.

Again: I might say there is a banner of preaching. Is not that a banner for truth? O, I would, with all the power God has given me, set forth this glorious banner—the facts and glories of the blessed Gospel; but how ashamed one is of even our best performances! how poorly we preach! how poorly we set up our banners!

There is also the banner of praise: and how cheerfully this is given when God draws out the heart! And what is the employment of those on the other side of the gates of death, but unfurling the banner of praise to the honour and glory of a Three-one God for ever and ever? And praise is likewise given here, although feebly. But how is it done? Well, says the Psalmist, "In the name of our God." Now, what is meant by "In the name of our God?" By it is meant

—in the strength of our God; in the wisdom of our God; in the grace of our God; and in the mercy of our God, as our God helps us: that is what is meant. We have an illustration of it in the words of David, when he was going to meet Goliath. He said, “Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield; but I come to thee (he did not say, with a sling and a stone; no, he had no more faith in the sling than he had in the dust of his feet) in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied, and he shall deliver thee into my hand;” and God did it for him, and David gave God the glory of it.

The church then calls upon God, in the language of the text: “*Fulfil all thy petitions.*” O, who among the Church of God has not felt the necessity for the intercession of Christ, who is at the right hand of God? We read of some of these petitions in John xvii. at the opening of this service. O what a number there is! But are there too many? O no; there are none there that the child of God does not desire to be fulfilled in his soul’s experience.

Let us look at one or two of them. The Lord prays for the sanctification of his people; which means, “*set them apart:*” and where is the child of God that does not want this to be fulfilled? Then again, he prays for keeping; and how one desires to be kept from Satan, from the world, from professors, as well as from the profane, for the best of men are as briars and a thorn hedge; and to be kept from ourselves, for we are no better to ourselves than a thorn hedge or a briar. How we need keeping every moment: and there is a promise that “he will keep thee every moment; lest any hurt thee, he will keep thee night and day.” Another petition is, “Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory.” “Be with me where I am;” not only conformed to his sufferings here below, but conformed to his image in heaven, and be, by and by, there with him as the bride with her husband, as the queen with the king, beholding his glory for ever and ever. Ah, what a petition! and if the Lord fulfils this petition on our behalf, what a favour it will be! and we shall be where he is.

There are many more petitions, such as a union with one another, and union with God in Christ; but time forbids us proceeding.

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“I BLESS God I can lie down with comfort at night, not being solicitous whether I awake in this world or another.”—*Watts.*

## A LETTER FROM THE LATE MR. J. WARBURTON.

Southill, Biggleswade, Beds., Jan. 7, 1891.

My dear Friend,—This morning I opened the Book of books, and my eye caught the words, "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!" (Psalm cxxxiii. 1.) This portion, I said to myself, is a part of the Scriptures, and it is an inspired truth of God; for "All scripture is given by inspiration of God" (2 Tim. iii. 16). Then I said—of course to myself—Can anything arise, from any quarter, to in any way alter, disallow, upset, break, or put aside that scripture? Never; no, never! for he who is the Truth said, "the scripture cannot be broken." This train of thought rivetted my attention to the words. I read them again and again, with a fervent and earnest desire that the Lord would guide my thoughts into the hidden manna concealed therein, and that my soul might feed upon the sweetness of the word; for I know that the words and doctrines of the Bible, when opened to the conscience by the unctuous light of the Holy Ghost, are a green pasture to faith (Ps. xxiii. 2, Deut. xxxii. 2, Song v. 16, Jer. xv. 16, Ps. cxix. 103, xix. 10, Job xxiii. 12), but not otherwise. We may read and read the letter of truth till we be blind, and know nothing of the internal vein of the power, sweetness, and richness of the spiritual matter (Job xxviii. 1). I do not say this by any means with a view of slighting the letter of truth, or in the least degree countenancing neglect of reading the word; God forbid: I contend for power in the form. The disciples had grace, the grace of life, in their heart, and they had a good part of the Scriptures, but there was a blessed hidden doctrine in them, and running through them, which they perceived not. The Lord opened their understanding, that they might understand the Scriptures (Luke xxiv. 45). The Psalmist prays: "Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law" (Ps. cxix. 18); and the Saviour told the disciples that "when he, the Spirit of truth is come, he will guide you into all truth" (John xvi. 13). I infer, then, that there is no getting into the truth but by divine teaching.

Spiritual knowledge and understanding are not attained by the reading of books. A man may study all his life long, read loads of books on theology, and after all his labour be just the same as when he started as to spiritual life and understanding—an ignoramus.

In order to a spiritual comprehension, the Scriptures send me, or counsel me, to seek it by prayer and supplication at the throne of grace. "If thou criest after knowledge, and liftest up thy voice for understanding; if thou seekest her as silver, and searchest for her as for hid treasures; then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God" (Prov. ii. 3-5).

A ray of light darted into my heart of an unctuous nature, while considering the unity of brethren, named before, causing my heart to burn in love to God, and knitting my soul to the truth. I perceived that it did not flow from nature; for flesh and blood

wisdom, flesh and blood knowledge, flesh and blood experience, and flesh and blood light, cannot enter into the kingdom of God (1 Cor. xv. 50). "The kingdom of God is not in word, but in power" (1 Cor. iv. 20). The similes which the Holy Ghost uses by which to set it forth, put aside everything connected with the power, the will, and the inclination of the creature in the production of it, or in any way setting it in motion. The creature is in every way discarded.

The first similitude is the *precious ointment*, with which Aaron, the tabernacle, and the vessels thereof were anointed. God gave particular directions as to the making of it, and also as to the spices of which it was composed. It was called an holy anointing oil, and was forbidden to be commonly used. It signified the blessed Spirit of God and his graces—that oil of gladness with which Christ and his people are anointed—Christ, indeed, without measure; his people, in measure (Ex. xxx. 23-32, Ps. xlv. 7, Isa. lxi. 1, 2 Cor. i. 21). The unction—the blessed anointing that teacheth all things—the grace of Gospel unity—"is like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard; that went down to the skirts of his garments." We know that Aaron was a type of Christ (Heb. v. 4). He received the first unguent, and believers from him. By this unction a man's profession is to be tested: "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his" (Rom. viii. 9). All believers who believe unto salvation have their measure of this heavenly, sweet, humbling, profitable, and fruitful unguent. This it is which constitutes them sons of peace (Luke x. 6); at peace with Christ, his truth, his ways, his people, and everything that tends to his glory and honour (1 Cor. x. 31); but will oppose every sentiment, every doctrine, every form, every writing, that in the least degree detracts from the honour of Christ or the work of the Holy Ghost, or that in the smallest degree exalts or ascribes any power to the creature (Matt. xvi. 23); and when felt in the soul, the Spirit of Christ must bring it forth (2 Cor. xii. 9).

The next simile is that of *dew*. Sweet figure, full of consolatory instruction: "As the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion: for there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for evermore." None but God can raise the dew; neither can any power in heaven or earth, short of God, raise up and spread abroad in the souls of believers the precious dew of Gospel peace and unity. With all my tugging, toiling, working, striving, and labouring to produce it, I can no more raise up a grain of spiritual love than I can loose the bands of Orion (Job xxxviii. 31). It is true, I may produce a counterfeit. The Apostle speaks of love unfeigned (2 Cor. vi. 6); which implies that there may be feigned love, as, doubtless, there is; but that is only the old leaven (Matt. xvi. 6), which never raises out of self; it is the product of nature, and cannot go beyond, which is walking after the flesh (Rom. viii. 1); and sowing to the flesh the harvest will be corruption (Gal. vi. 8).



But how opposite is that dew—*love*—which the Lord is pleased to raise up sometimes. I compare it to the dew which concealed the manna: it lay in the midst of two dews (see Ex. xvi. 14 and Num. xi. 9). In allusion to this the Gospel is termed “the hidden manna” (Rev. ii. 17). It is not only heart-refreshing, heart-reviving, heart-cheering, heart-softening, heart-humbling, sin-subduing, and creature-dethroning, but also rich food. The two dews which encase the heart-strengthening food arise from the death and resurrection of the blessed Lord: “Who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification” (Rom. iv. 25).

This dew will never settle upon any legal work-mongers who are working for life. The voice of grace is, “Rejoice, thou barren that bearest not” (Gal. iv. 22-27). The Lord, in the manifestation of his grace, will be as the dew unto thee, and thou shalt grow as the lily, and cast forth thy roots as Lebanon (Hosea xiv. 5); thou who art poor, desolate, and afflicted, shalt be like a tree planted by the rivers of water (Ps. i. 3).

*Behold, this is good!* good in its source, good in its effects, good in all seasons—in poverty, in riches, in sickness, in health; good in all duties—in preaching, in hearing, in reading, in praying, in singing, in meditation; good in all places—in the shop, in the closet, in the street, at home, abroad, on the sea, on the land; living and dying, it is good. It is good in its nature. It suffereth long and is kind; it envieth not, neither doth it vaunt itself; is not puffed up; doth not behave itself unseemly; seeketh not her own; nor is easily provoked; thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; it will bear all things, endure all things, and never fail, but will always prevail (1 Cor. xiii. 4-8).

*It is pleasant:* pleasing to God, therefore he works it (Song v. 1); agreeable to the saints, so they pray for it (Ps. cxxii. 6), because they cannot produce it; pleasant to the feeling of a God-sent minister when exalting the precious Christ, and his soul is enwrapped in its folds; and how pleasant and beautiful at such a season are the feet of the minister upon the mountains to his spiritual hearers (Isa. lii. 7)! It is like a seraphim coming with the living coal from off the altar, the one sacrifice (Isa. vi. 6), proclaiming pardon. Oh, blessed love!

*For brethren:* a family term, including all professors! No, only those who dwell together. They were all chosen in Christ before the foundation of the world (Eph. i. 4). “Lord (said one of them, when he felt at home), thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations” (Ps. xc. 1). Blessed home!

“There my best friends, my kindred dwell.”

Neither thief, moth, nor rust can enter there; time cannot make any impression upon it. There is no place like this home: it supplies all wants, provides every comfort; and there is always an open door to receive returning, wretched, starving prodigals (Luke xv. 18). Then, my brother, let thee and me forsake the husks of duty-faith, duty-love, and duty-prayers, and go to our Father's

house, where the Saviour dispenses all these things to rebels (Ps. lxxviii. 18); then duty is turned into choice.

*In unity.* Blessed bond! It is sweet to have peace at home. The Apostle exhorts believers to be reconciled to God (2 Cor. v. 20). God is reconciled to them by Jesus Christ, and by regeneration he has reconciled them to himself; but it is not always that believers feel reconciled to the dispensations of God's providence; O no, at least I do not. God, and God alone, can sway my soul in sweet resignation to his fiery trials.

The Lord bless thee. I conclude in the sweet feeling of love and unity to all who love our Lord in sincerity. My love to your family. Accept the same. Yours truly,

To Mr. Shillingford,

J. WARBURTON.

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### COMMUNION.

O, THE unspeakable sweetness of the saints' communion with God! It is a joy that the stranger intermeddled not with (Prov. xiv. 10). Balaam had a great knowledge of what a friend God was to his people, but he did not know him as *his* friend: "I shall see him," says he, "but not now; I shall behold him, but not nigh" (Num. xxiv. 17); as if he had said, "It is the privilege of his people to have time-communion with him as a friend now; but this is none of my portion. I shall not see him now. I shall, indeed, behold him at last, but not nigh; not in the nearness of relation, as a loving Father, but as a terrible Judge." But the knowledge of holy Job was attended with particular application: "Though," says he, "after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God; whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another" (Job xix. 26, 27). Again:

God and his people sweetly commune together in the way of instituted worship. He makes a feast for them of fat things, of wines on the lees well refined (Isa. xxv. 6); saying, "Eat, O friends! drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved" (Cant. v. 1). O the opening of divine love the Lord makes to his own in all Gospel provisions, while he abundantly satisfies them with the fatness of his house, and makes them drink of the river of his pleasures (Ps. xxxvi. 8). It is here God displays, and the saints speak of, his glory (Ps. xl. 9). It was this made David pant for God, as the chased hart after the waterbrooks: "to see thy power and thy glory," says he, "as I have seen thee in the sanctuary" (Ps. lxxiii. 2). And as God opens his heart to his people, so with what freedom do they open their hearts, both in prayer and praise to him, as their own God in Sion! "O God," says David, "thou art my God; early will I seek thee: my soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is: to see thy power and thy glory, as I have seen thee in the sanctuary."

O then what sweet and mutual intercourse is held between God and his children in all Divine Ordinances, while strangers know nothing of this *inside* glory of worship, and content themselves with a bare *external form*! Prayer and praise, without converse with God in them, are empty things to a soul thirsting for him. And as the Lord creates an appetite in the souls of his children, which nothing but communion with himself can fill, so he answerably satisfies the longing soul (Ps. cvii. 9): "My people," says he, "shall be satisfied with my goodness" (Jer. xxxi. 14): they long for the openings of my heart to them, in my infinite goodness, and with displays thereof they shall be abundantly satisfied.

And as in public, so in *private* worship also, God and his people sweetly commune together. They mutually delight to open their hearts to each other when alone. To instance in the great duty of prayer: When Jacob was left alone, the Lord appears to him, and he wrestles with him till break of day (Gen. xxxii. 24). How did he open his distressed heart to God in prayer! (See verses 9-12). With what faith, humility, and thankfulness doth he plead for present deliverance! And how did he wrestle with God for it! "Let me go," saith the Lord; "and he said, I will not let thee go, except thou bless me" (verse 26). So what answers of blessing did he receive!" "Thy name," says the Lord, "shall no more be called Jacob, but Israel: for as a prince hast thou power with God and with men, and hast prevailed..... And he blessed him there" (verses 28, 29). Again: what an instance of communion with God, in this part of private worship, have we recorded concerning Abraham! When the Lord appears to him, saying, "I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward" (Gen. xv. 1); he straightway falls down and worships, opening his heart to him relating to his present case. And as, when God drew near, he opened his heart to him upon his own account, so upon the account of others also. When the Lord appeared to him, saying, "I am the Almighty God: walk before me, and be thou perfect" (Gen. xvii. 1); "Abram fell on his face, and God talked with him" (verses 3-7); particularly acquainting him with the birth of Isaac (verse 16). And so also, when Abraham was alone with God, and God opened to him his design to destroy Sodom and Gomorrah (Gen. xviii. 20-22); "Abram drew near and said, Wilt thou also destroy the righteous with the wicked.....and not spare the place for their sakes, if thou shalt find fifty there?" &c., till he comes down to *ten*. And as communion with God in private worship was Abraham's privilege, so likewise they which be of faith are, in this respect, blessed with faithful Abraham (Gal. iii. 9); it being theirs also, in everything, by prayer and supplication, to make their requests known unto God, with thanksgiving, while he opens his heart to them as their own God, supplying their need out of his riches in glory, by Christ Jesus (Phil. iv. 6, 19).

A. DUTTON.

## ZION'S WAIL, CONFESSION, AND SUPPLICATION!

(Suggested by the Lord taking to himself our friends J. Warburton,  
D. Smith, and so many others of his servants and children.)

ZION! Thy mourning on thee gird,  
And lift thy voice in woe;  
God's steps are in his garden heard,  
Where his fair lilies grow. (Song vi. 2)

He's gathering to himself above  
The choicest of his flowers;  
T' enjoy the fulness of his love,  
Far from hell's baneful powers.

He takes the strong, the tall, the fair,  
And leaves the weaker here;  
Plucks those who Christ's sweet odours bare,—  
Blest perfume—far and near!

Sad gaps, where lilies grew, abound;  
And ah! we drop a tear—  
The weaklings droop along the ground,  
And few strong plants appear.

Pride's worm gnaws deadly at the root,  
Bold envy chills the air,  
A worldly spirit spoils the fruit,  
Fogs cloud the garden fair.

Forsake not, Lord, thine heritage!  
Hide not, in frowns, thy face!  
Her sins forgive, her woes assuage,  
And magnify thy grace!

Lord! Wilt thou not turn yet again,  
And Zion turn to thee?  
O cause thy face to shine amain,  
And we shall saved be! (Ps. lxxx.)

Arise, descend, thou Sun (Ps. lxxxiv. 11), thou Dew (Hos. xiv. 5),  
Thou Rain (Ps. lxxii. 6), Breath (Ezek. xxxvii. 9), Wind  
(Song iv. 16), thou *All!*

Thy garden's face revive, renew;  
O hear our mournful call!

Thy heavenly culture,—influence sweet,  
Can make thy lilies grow,  
And waft perfume for heaven meet,  
Make sweetest spices flow! (Song iv. 16.)

Thy garden then would bloom indeed,—  
Smell as a Lord-bless'd field! (Gen. xxvii. 27)—  
And I—oft like a noisome weed,  
Should fragrant odours yield!

## A WORD UPON SANCTIFICATION.

Basingstoke, Nov. 27th, 1879.

My dear Friend,—I received yours, and was very glad to read how sweetly you had been favoured of the Lord. O that I were thus oftener indulged, and favoured to drink of “the brook in the way;” for sure I am, it makes one’s soul loathe the garlic and onions of Egypt, and creates fresh power to cleave unto the Lord in his unsullied walk and spotless life, in, with, and before the world. And this brings me to notice what I perceive you failed to understand in my last note to you, where I spoke against the figment of Progressive Sanctification—a sentiment which I believe to be nothing more than a mere emanation from the natural mind—a sort of vapour or kind of Will-o’-the-wisp, flickering over the bogs and quagmires of man’s fallen nature; at times and seasons blown upon and kindled into a kind of flame by Satan, when transformed as an angel of light, but a sentiment which has no reality or place either in the Word of God, the experience of the saints, or the purposes of Jehovah. And I shall call upon you, in the first place, to assist me in proving it. In your letter to me you write thus: “The chief of sinners I am” (not was so once, but “am”). What! and been delivered out of Egyptian bondage *four years*, and nothing better yet? No, for you add, “You judge by outward appearances; the even tenor of my disposition; but you know not the depths of my heart, unless, indeed, you class it with your own.” And yet again you say, “*Sinner*, as the word stands, looks very general, but to know the meaning of it day by day, secretly worked out in the heart, is a very different thing, is it not?” Yes, my friend, it is indeed, and right glad I am to hear you give such a straightforward testimony against the wiles of the enemy, and yet, notwithstanding this your testimony to the truth of my words, I cannot help fearing (and I hope you will forgive me if I wrong you) that you have not yet fully apprehended the mystery of the two natures in a believer. Nor do I wonder at it either. I can remember when, like you, I was often favoured to enjoy the sweet knowledge of my own personal interest in the dear Redeemer; often indulged with the in-shinings of his everlasting love; could draw near to God as *my Father*, through Christ as *my Way*, and feel assured that, being cleansed by his blood, and justified through his righteousness, I had peace with God, and that with me it would be well. Yea, I have sung, with all the powers of my redeemed soul,

“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.”

In the rich and sweet enjoyment of such blessings as these, I *felt*, and therefore *knew*, but very little of the real character of my sinful heart, as being “deceitful above all things, and desperately

wicked." Nay, at such times as these I could not and would not have believed it to be true, though a man had declared it unto me. No, these things were then, to a great extent, hidden from my eyes: "I thought as a child, I spake as a child," and in my childish simplicity thought I should only have to say to the tempter, "Get thee behind me, Satan," and I should see him fly before the wind. Alas! alas! what a delusion was this! How I failed to see, what to the eye of an Omniscient God was so clearly revealed, that beneath all these pleasing frames and happy feelings there was springing up in my natural mind a most luxuriant crop of self-righteousness and creature-holiness; and how, as the effect of this, my wicked heart was secretly despising, condemning, and cutting off many a dear child of God, because they could not come up to my standard. Ah me! The heavenly husbandman beholding all this, took the pruning-knife, and began to purge away these secret evils by bringing them to the light, causing me to behold them, and then cut my soul off from them one after another, until I felt I possessed nothing—*absolutely, positively nothing* but what was sinful.

This stripping process, inwardly carried on through a long period of time, cost me many a groan and many a tear; but, bless the Lord, I do humbly hope it has yielded me, in some small measure, the peaceable fruits of righteousness—even *humility before, and love unto my God*, for what he has so kindly done for me. And now, as years have rolled away, and the Paschal Lamb has had to be eaten with many a bitter herb, I have, in the light of this instruction, been able to understand many scriptures which, but for it, I could never have comprehended at all, and especially the matter of a believer's sanctification; and yet, although I feel a blessed sweetness in or concerning this truth, I fear I shall fail, owing to want of ability on my part, and lack of experience on yours, to give you a right view of it; still, as you have provoked me to make the attempt, I feel willing to try. But here I must first draw a line of distinction between what we are capable of doing or bringing forth as *men and women*, and what the *child of God* does *as such*; for I believe it is here, at this point, that so many mistakes are made. It seems almost a waste of time to say here that I, or rather, we, believe that when God created man, he created him in his own image and after his own likeness, breathing into his nostrils the breath of life, and (so) man became a living soul; yet, when we consider this matter aright, and view man—even as a creature, thus endowed with a reasonable soul—made an intelligent being, we need not wonder that in some cases the standard of right and wrong is set very high, and that, in consequence thereof, the man or the woman will be found very moral, very truthful, very upright, very sincere; and to all with whom they have to do on earth they may appear to be very amiable, very religious, and sure to go to heaven at last. Now, all this may exist, and, I believe, often does exist, apart from grace, and may look very like sanctification;

aye, so much like it, that for a long time it may deceive the very elect, though God is not deceived thereby, for, in spite of all this apparent sanctification, the soul may be dead to God as it regards loving, fearing, or obeying him; nay, worse, such a soul may be, and, doubtless, often is, hating him with a perfect hatred, for “the carnal mind is enmity against God: for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be. So then they that are in the flesh cannot please God.” Now, it is a solemn truth that *man, as man—every man, as forming part of the human family*—is totally corrupt, and therefore, in no case whatever, can bring forth good fruit, which is so much lost sight of, or, what is worse, denied by professors of religion in our day. Such professors take the moral good which man, as an intelligent being, is capable of doing, and call it sanctification. But what says the truth? Even this: “That which is born of the flesh is flesh”—is—is; not, *was so once*, but is, *even now*; and nowhere in the Word of God is there to be found the slightest intimation of its being changed, much less improved. *Subdued* it is—mortified it must be—in every soul that is “born again;” but still, in every case, it remains (that is, throughout the term of one’s natural life) what it was at the first,—*flesh* still.

The Scriptures being full of proofs concerning this solemn truth, I must forbear, and try to say a few words, shewing wherein sanctification truly lies. But to do this, I must separate that which you have so strangely mingled together, viz. that *threefold* sanctification which the Church of God is interested in: as 1. The sanctification which she possesses according to the eternal purpose of God the Father in the councils of eternity, by which she is for ever sanctified, or set apart, to shew forth his praise and reflect his glory. 2. The sanctification which she possesses as interested in the spotless life and vicarious death of her Surety and Saviour, Christ Jesus the Lord—Son of God, yet Son of man; by virtue of which all her sins are made an end of, washed away, and for ever removed from her, “as far as the east is from the west.” Hence, being thus cleansed in or through his precious blood, and clothed upon with his righteousness, imputed to and put upon her, she now stands, and must for ever stand, before God, pure, faultless, and without blame, with exceeding joy. And 3. There is that sanctification of the Holy Spirit, which she must experience as the certain effect or result of having an interest in the former two. Now, this sanctification is brought to pass when the soul is “born again” of the Spirit of God; for “that which is born of the Spirit is spirit”: that is, it is holy. The Holy Spirit has begotten a holy nature—even his own—in that soul; and this holy nature or principle, called in Scripture the “new man,” which is thus begotten in the soul, is as perfect, as regards its essence or nature, as it ever can be. There is nothing that we can do, which can by any means improve it or make it better. No. It is altogether holy; and that which is thus “born of God, sinneth not. He cannot

sin, because he is born of God." In this the children of God are manifested.

Here then we see sanctification; not progressive, but perfect, pure, abiding: for the Holy Spirit will never finally forsake the work of his own hands, but will dwell in them, to lead, guide, guard, and safely carry home every soul to whom he thus comes to quicken into life divine. Here we can understand the words of the Apostle, where he says that we are "made partakers of the divine nature;" for as thus having the same blessed Spirit dwelling in us, *in measure*, which dwelt in Christ *without measure*, we are thereby united to and made one with him, according to the words of the Apostle: "He that is joined to the Lord is one spirit;" and again: "This is a great mystery, but I speak concerning Christ and the church." But because this is so, "Shall we continue in sin? God forbid." The possession of these immortal principles forbid the sons of God to sin. Henceforth, through life, that new-born child of God will pant after holiness as the element of his being, though, to his continual sorrow, day by day, he will prove the truth of the Apostle's words: "I am carnal, sold under sin;" and thus he will learn, by soul-humbling experience, that these two principles or natures—flesh and spirit, old man and new; the one totally corrupt, the other essentially holy—are "contrary the one to the other, so that he cannot do the things which he would," either good or bad; for he can neither serve God as he would, after or according to the desire of the *new man*; nor can he run into the ways of sin as he would, after or according to the desires of the *old man*: and by these things he is led to understand what Paul meant when he wrote the 7th and 8th chapters of his epistle to the Romans, with many other like portions of Holy Writ.

As he thus grows in grace—not in self-righteousness, or creature-holiness, or progressive sanctification—he will feel an increasing love to and dependence upon a precious Jesus, for what he has done for, given to, and wrought in him by his Holy Spirit; and though, whilst in this tabernacle, he often has to groan, being burdened, yet he cannot but long for, and, at times, does rejoice in the sweet hope that soon, very soon, he will be found clothed upon with his house which is from heaven; for faith believes the record: "Who shall change this vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body," &c., and therefore, with Job, he will say, "All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come," feeling what the poet sings:

"Death, which puts an end to life,  
Will put an end to sin."

And one effect of this teaching will be to cause that soul to see and feel, were progressive sanctification the pathway to glory, it would have a tendency to dim his brightest hope, weaken his faith, make his love grow cold, sap the foundations of his peace, rob the Redeemer of his many crowns, and God himself of his glory. He is willing, therefore, after or according to his "*mind*"



or "*new man*" to "let patience have her perfect work, so that God may have all the glory of his salvation for ever and ever." Not that he will ever be contented with his state of warfare here; nay, the very sufferings which attend him every day will make him long for its termination. Nor will it ever produce a lazy, careless spirit, but, on the contrary, he will daily grieve because he is not more faithful to him who has called him to be his soldier; and that not only at the first, but still onward, day by day, as long as earthly days are numbered with him; still proving the truth of the Redeemer's words: "That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." "With the mind serving the law of God, but with the flesh the law of sin."

In himself considered, he is vile as ever, yet possessing a nature as holy as God is holy, and as pure as he is pure—the one lust- ing against the other, more or less, continually. But God has promised, "The elder shall serve the younger;" and by his life, walk, and conduct, in and before the world, he is a witness for God of its truth.

Here I feel I must leave my scribble. It is full of imperfections. I feel that I have hastily written it for want of time. It is a long time since I wrote so much at one time to any person, and I have now neglected some things which I ought to have attended to in order to do it. My desire is that it may lead you to "search the Scriptures to see if these things be so;" for there are many false prophets gone out into the world, and amongst them all I know of none more likely to distress and perplex the dear children of God than those who come to them preaching creature sanctification; and indeed this is their desire. Under this mask these deceivers often succeed, for a time, in bringing and holding the sons of God in bondage.

In conclusion, then, I would say, listen to no teaching that would thus rob your soul, either through books or men. "The Ethiopian can never change his skin, nor the leopard his spots:" but God can pronounce the leper (filled with leprosy) clean; and you know it, for you have felt it; therefore "Hold fast that which thou hast, that no man may take thy crown."

That a dear Lord may bless, keep, guide, guard, and preserve you every moment, until you shall cross the river of death, and enter into the joy of your Lord, is the sincere desire of yours affectionately in the truth,  
W. E. BOND.

REGENERATION does not come by the will of man. (John i. 13.) As gracious persons did not regenerate themselves, so neither can they convey regenerating grace to others. If they could, a good master would regenerate every servant in his family; a good parent would regenerate every child of his; and a minister of the gospel would regenerate all that sit under his ministry. But they can do no more than try to pray and use the means. God only can do the work.—*Dr. Gill.*

“THE FATHERS, WHERE ARE THEY? AND THE  
PROPHETS, DO THEY LIVE FOR EVER?”

THERE is an appointed time for man upon the earth! Yea, God himself has set the bound, and none can pass it, willing or unwilling! The decree is irrevocable; all must bow to the summons. Let the quality of the character, the position, the associations, or the desirableness of the life, be whatsoever it may; when the period fixed by him who made us is reached, the immortal tenant can stay no longer in its present tenement. Every age in time declares the same truth, from the throne downward. The present time is one of trouble and sickness; death is laying down many loved ones; many homes and hearts are desolated; God's judgments are abroad in the earth; his dear servants and children are among those who fall, and many things are calculated to remind us strongly of the fact that “This is not our rest;” that “here we have no abiding city.” Fathers and prophets; pillars and preachers of God's word, persons whom we feel we can ill spare; whose loss, if we felt it rightly, we have the greatest cause to mourn; the good old seasoned officers and men, who have passed through many a campaign, who had God with them when they entered the field, and who kept the field with a “no surrender” to any foe who entered it, because God, their great Captain, was with them all the time they were in it; are being taken from us. Such men were made out of the same material as those dear people of whom John speaks: “They loved not their lives unto the death.” They were well made up, within and without, for God was in them “to will and to do according to his good pleasure.” The blessed Spirit being their Teacher, they were well instructed to the fight of faith; they could handle sword and shield; were not men of a double heart; could keep rank; men who had some understanding of the times, and who knew what Israel ought to do. They were the poor raised by God out of the dust, and beggars lifted up by him from the dunghill, and set among princes; hence they could speak to the poor, whom God had raised out of the dust of their original and actual corruption, having been in the same place themselves, and having been lifted from the same dunghill of sin, death, and hell, with other beggars. They knew so well the awful state and condition of others, and therefore spoke to them as out of their own hearts, showing clearly enough, as in their own cases, how impossible it is for dust to leave its native dust, and for beggars to leave their native mire, the homes of their birth, and their element, until *he*, the great God who made heaven and earth, came down and dwelt in dust himself, to raise the poor from the dust, and lift the beggar from his putrid and loathsome state of ease in death and sin; and that nothing but the blood of Christ could bring them nigh to God, and keep them in their nearness, cleanse them from their filthiness, clothe them in his righteousness, and make them exalted

characters, giving these princes their title and kingdom, and setting them among persons of their own distinguished position, that their associations may be suited to their taste and feelings, and thus have communion and fellowship with each other.

The person and grace of Christ, who had done such great things for them, was the constant theme of their ministry, and lay like a burning coal near their hearts, animating their souls, at times, to a high degree of fervour. When thus feelingly interested in God's great salvation, they would unfurl the blood-stained banner of the cross, and display the heavenly motto, "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood; to him be glory." The fire of God's love burning in their bosom would make them minister with an unction of the sweetest odour. The box of precious ointment would send forth a delightful savour. On some of those occasions we have found oneself drawn as by a loadstone to the dear feet of Jesus, clothed richly, and in a nice state of mind; being held in love's golden chains, in sweet captivity, willing to stay in such a secret and sacred spot till death remove our body; for our soul and body, at such times, were not our own. Oh that the mantle of these old prophets might fall on some younger ones, for we quite believe that in some places still the prayer lies down deep in the heart, and often goes up to heaven: "Where is the Lord God of Elijah?" Oh that God, in his mercy, would raise up such men as those, of blessed memory, who are gone from us!

Their plain and homely style of dealing with eternal realities stood out in bold contrast to the modes of address of men-made ministers. No attempt was made at excellence of speech, or the enticing words of man's wisdom. Their simplicity in speaking of the things of God, according to their own experimental acquaintance with them, commended their testimony to the hearts and consciences of God's dear people as his truth, and as they themselves had been taught it of God, as both preacher and people had handled and tasted of things for themselves. They fetched their doctrine from the pure truth of God, the unadulterated word—the only infallible rule for the faith and practice of God's elect; and hence the certainty of the sound. Their knowledge and experience in the things of God were the work of the Spirit of God in their hearts. They rightly divided the word, properly representing the character of God in both law and Gospel, understanding well the nature of the two covenants, and the relation in which men stood to both, having themselves felt the claims and bondage of the one, and the deliverance and freedom of the other. They were no strangers to the terrors of Sinai, nor to the charms of Calvary. The glorious Gospel of the blessed God had touched with its power and unction. They were workmen who needed not to be ashamed. You could follow them in all safety, as Yea and Nay had no existence in their creed, because it had no place in their religion. It had no place in their creed and

religion, because it has no place in the Gospel of God and in the teaching of the blessed Spirit. That which God gave them they gathered, and, like the disciples, the very bread and fish Christ brake to them, that they carried round to the people, and again and again have the people eaten and have been well filled. They were men who, like John, were sent from God. They put on no airs of human sanctity, exhibited nothing of the kind, were thoroughly natural, and came before the people as men of like passions with themselves. The blessed Spirit had burned God's Yea, yea, and Nay, nay, well into their hearts; this made and kept them the men of the firm and abiding principle they were. Sovereign and distinguishing grace was that which saved them; this they preached at the beginning, middle, and end of their ministry. God commended them to the hearts and consciences of his people as his living witnesses. O that God would send us some Huntingtons, Gadsbys, Warburtons, Kershaws, and Philpots! The memory of these gracious and gifted servants of God is fresh and sweet to this day. Their praise is in the churches, and their memory blessed. O that God would have mercy upon us, and send us more such men! There is a great dearth in the churches. The famine is sore in the land. The poor people in many places languish, are faint, and ready to drop by the way, for want of bread from heaven and water from the rock—a living ministry; nothing else can take its place. That ministry which has nothing but the mere letter in it, and no gracious experience of the truth, can never feed the sheep and lambs of Christ's fold. The dead in a profession will receive the dead letter, and be satisfied, and will want nothing more; but the living will say, "Give me Christ, or else I die."—ED.

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"I WILL COME AGAIN."

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May 16th, 1827.

My dear Friend,—Mr. Bensley having intimated, on Sunday last, his purpose to visit Leicester, I heard several persons requesting to be kindly remembered to you, when, feeling a desire spring up in my heart, I considered it a favourable opportunity to convey a few lines to my beloved brother, with whom I have and do still enjoy the privilege of communion and fellowship in the things pertaining to the kingdom of God. I have indeed found, by happy experience, that "in the light of the King's countenance there is life, and that his favour is as a cloud of the latter rain." I have also frequently to deplore the withdrawal of his soul-comforting presence, and to mourn on account of his absence: next to this, it is a source of lamentation when, in the midst of manifold tribulations, one hath no faithful friend or companion at hand to commune with, who is well acquainted with the same exercises, and who is capable of giving counsel, and also qualified to speak a word of encouragement so as to comfort and confirm his fellow-traveller.

In the sunshine of prosperity it is easy to find companions, but in adversity it is hard to meet with a truly steadfast brother. Job complains of this: "My brethren have dealt deceitfully as a brook, and as a stream of brooks they pass away." In his fiery trial they vanished, and were consumed out of their place. So it was with our blessed Lord when entering upon the stupendous scene of suffering love for our sakes; as it is written, "Then all the disciples forsook him and fled." This being the peculiar lot of all who will live godly in Christ Jesus, it is in vain to expect sympathy or succour from those who, like Nabal, that degenerate son of Caleb, are living in outward prosperity, or at ease in local Zion. "We must not," as Mr. Charnock observes, "put any confidence in an arm of flesh; no, not the best flesh in the world." At the same time, blessed be God, there are a few still left in this cold and dark day who do bear each other's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ; but such brethren are now more precious than the golden wedge of Ophir. In this observation may be included both spiritual and temporal succours; and my mind is often occupied in reflecting on the many fine things dropped from the pulpit in reference to present tribulations, unattended with the least power to prop up or exhilarate the tried soul; such preaching may be termed exanimate, for I cannot make out how it is that the fleece appears so wet, while the floor is as dry as a basket. Such things as these, in the feelings of some, render the public ordinances as unfruitful as the mountains of Gilboa: so it is; but truly the prophet Micah's lamentation (vii. 1) is often the language of my soul. But, my dear friend, these complaints cannot last long with me, as I am gradually hastening, according to present infirmities and sensations, to the end of my pilgrimage. My health declines, my tribulations seem to increase, while, both in the visible church and in the nation, everything wears the most discouraging aspect; so that I am looking and longing for that sure and abiding rest which remaineth for the weary souls of God's heritage. Notwithstanding the pressure of these several burdens, I am holpen with a little help, and often find the sweetest relief in pouring out my soul before God, and shewing him my trouble. Sometimes a good word of promise drops its rich contents into my heart, by which faith is strengthened and hope confirmed; then my spirit bows with humble submission and resignation; all is calm, all is quiet, so that, with poor Job, I fall down passive as clay in the hand of the potter, and from the heart am enabled to bless the name of the Lord.

Being, at times, almost unable to walk owing to bodily infirmities, I give myself to reading some of our departed teacher's writings, and often gather both instruction and consolation. During the past week I met with a portion in one of his letters as follows: "If we belong to Christ, we shall soon know it; for searching the heart and trying the reins; self-denial and the daily cross; the furnace of affliction and the enmity of the world;

the hatred of hypocrites, the corruptions of nature, and the buffetings of Satan; all will come upon us, beset and pursue us, by day and by night; and for no other cause, but 'Because I have chosen you out of the world.'" In another place, after his first love, and entrance upon the ministry, being sorely tried with the hidings of his Lord's face, and in much tribulation from Satan and the world, he adds, "This was truly Peter's strange thing that happened to me; but after many days he came again, when I was quite overwhelmed, and brought heaven and all the glories of it with him, and abode many days, and told me, before he went away, saying, 'I know thy tribulation and thy poverty (but thou art rich).' One thing appeared strange to me, which was, that in my happiness the whole contents of the Bible seemed to be eternal comfort; but in my misery it seemed to contain nothing but tribulation. I chose to endure it, rather than miss him at the last." (See "*Gleanings*.")

Thus the memory of this blessed man, together with the rich legacy of his writings, have many times proved a means of true blessedness to me in the last stages of my pilgrimage. I know the great Master of assemblies hath enjoined it upon us not to forsake the public ordinances which he hath appointed; and it is indeed a blessed privilege to meet with his children wherever he hath condescended to record his name; but when the Lord removes his standard-bearers, and there is a great forsaking in the midst of the land; when the once flourishing plantations of Zion yield no savoury meat; when there is none to guide her among all the sons whom she hath brought forth, as may, ere long, be the case; even then the good Shepherd will never suffer the souls of the righteous to famish; for they shall not be ashamed in these evil times, and in the days of famine they shall be satisfied with his goodness. When poverty or afflictions overtake them, so as to seclude them from public means, they shall not be left destitute of his mercy nor of his truth; for in the time of trouble he will be a very present help. When brought to the last stage of their journey, and when heart and flesh both fail, his blessed presence will cheer their drooping spirits, and he will then manifest himself as the God of hope, the God of peace, and of everlasting consolation; for although they may be exercised with darkness and temptation for awhile, yet their blessed Lord, who is the faithful and true witness, will assuredly fulfil his gracious promise: "I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also."

I have not run on in this sheet with a view to present my beloved friend with anything new, or with any matter to which he is a stranger; by no means; but simply to convey the inward sensations of my heart, by which he may perceive that though feeble and faint, I am not quite dead, nor yet altogether at ease in Zion.

The Lord knoweth how dear you are to my heart as an ambassador of peace, and that my spirit rejoiceth in every remembrance

of you, ever mindful of the great work in which you are engaged, and the manifold temptations you must conflict with, while earnestly contending for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints; and am always glad when I hear that the work of the Lord prospers in his hands through the instrumentality of your labours. I often sit solitary at my desk when the postman goes past with nothing under his hand for me; then my mind goes down to Leicester and other places, whence I am hoping for good tidings; however, though I have some debts that perplex my mind, yet at present I am not indebted to one of my Christian friends on the score of epistolary correspondence; and who can tell but this hint may stir up some pure mind by way of remembrance?

Your last visit proved a blessed one to many of my friends, but to none more so than myself. Farewell. Peace and truth be with thee. Amen.

Affectionately yours,

J. KEET.

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“BELIEVE NOT EVERY SPIRIT.”

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Battle, Sussex, Feb. 2, 1885.

My dear Friend and Brother in hope of eternal life,—Your experimental epistle came safe to hand. I do not wonder at your surprise at not hearing from me for so long a time, but two things must suffice for an excuse: *first*, I have so many correspondents; *secondly*, I cannot always write when I have the time, but am obliged to wait, with David, when his tongue (or mind) was “as the pen of a ready writer.” Nevertheless, it is a great thing to have a pleasing remembrance of those to whom I have once felt a union, by letter, though unknown in the flesh; as there are many whom I have known in the flesh, and once thought it was in the Spirit, but time and circumstances have worn the rough garment (worn to deceive) so threadbare, that the original features have been manifest, proving that they were only in the flesh. This makes me rather shy of forming new acquaintances; yet, situated as I am, meeting with so many fresh faces, I find it very difficult to arrive at a conclusion. John, the Apostle, says, “Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God.” The test he here gives us to judge by appears to be very simple, but is not so easy as at first presented, for almost every one who makes a profession of religion in the present day will readily acknowledge that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh; therefore we must have recourse to another test, which is the unction within, and by which anointing there will be found the corresponding features (if they are there) of the same divine teaching wrought in the soul of a true child of God by the Holy Spirit; and it is this, and this alone, that will constitute a lasting union and friendship which will grow and continue in winter as well as summer. But although I have thus written, I would

say, I trust that I have found in this, your last epistle, as well as in former ones, "those things which accompany salvation;" and I am well sure that Salvation himself, as also salvation as a grace, will never associate or mingle with any other spirit than that which has discovered itself in your epistles.

As it respects myself, I am, through mercy, well in bodily health; and as it respects my circumstances, the Lord has taken care of me in my declining years, having spread a table for me in the wilderness, for which I hope to be thankful; and although I have now no need to work with my hands at daily labour, yet I feel more and more earnest, when in my right mind, to "do the work of an evangelist: a workman that needeth not to be ashamed;" but my sufficiency, both for matter and manner, is alone of God. As it regards my hope, that abides firm: "I know whom I have believed," and sometimes have renewed visits from my dear and blessed Lord Jesus; and when he withdraws,

"I miss the presence of my Friend,  
Like one whose comfort's gone."

But I would have my dear friend know that I am not without the cross: fiery trials, waves of trouble, an evil heart of unbelief, doubting, misgivings, and, at times, jealousy, rebellion, self-pity, suspicions, and hardness of heart; these things discover to me that I am like "Issachar, a strong ass," and need two burdens to balance me, or I should be like the wild ass in the wilderness — none could find me; but with these burdens I am brought to bow to the will of my gracious God, seeing he hath given me a sure hope of an abundant entrance into that happy "land which floweth with milk and honey," where I shall "rest from the days of adversity," and that for ever and ever, and "where the wicked cease from troubling." As it regards my work in the vineyard, I hope I can say, from signs following, that the Lord is with me both to help and to give "testimony to the word of his grace," to which many can bear witness.

I have now been upon the walls of Zion over forty years, sometimes sounding the trumpet of alarm, and sometimes the silver trumpet; but I can neither sound nor blow either of these trumpets clearly, only as the Holy Spirit deigns to sound them first in my own soul; and I think that if many who profess to be trumpeters in our days were to wait until they realized that their message came from the same source, we should have a greater distinction of sound, so that the hearer might know what he has to meet in his various battles; as well as being favoured to be the instrument of gladdening, by the joyful sound of the everlasting Gospel, the hearts of those who are bound in affliction and iron.

I trust that the Lord will support you under the various trials through which you are called to pass. You prove it to be a path of tribulation; but this is the way to the kingdom of heaven; yet you think it to be a strange way. You are treading in the footsteps of the flock. You say that you have some-



times been encouraged, and your hope revived, in reading the testimony of one and another, as they from time to time appear in the pages of the "G. S." There is a family likeness in the whole of the family of God; but I must close for the present. Please to give my Christian love to Mrs. C., and accept the same yourself. Wishing you every new covenant blessing, through Christ Jesus.

I am, my dear Friend and Brother, yours in the truth as it is in Jesus.

C. SHARP.

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#### A LETTER FROM THE LATE MR. W. J. BROOK.

My Dear Friend,—I have been living now many years upon the free and daily bounty of heaven; and though often in straits, not knowing where the next supply will come from, and every way apparently shut up; never, no, never, have I been left destitute. And often these supplies have come in most liberally when for days I have been exercised with the vilest thoughts and conduct towards the best of friends. Such was the case with me when your present and your kind epistle made their appearance; for both which I return you many, many thanks. Of all the friends from whom I receive letters, there is not one who seems to be in my depths. I have been, and now am in such trials as cannot be named so as to convey a proper notion of them. A spirit has lately made its appearance in my neighbour's congregation at Lewes, which seems to threaten dreadful consequences; and while they, through its influence, are all alive, I am more than half dead. I have for some months been exercised by a very sore temptation, against which I have prayed, but have found that, after prayer, it has been most violent. I have then striven against it, which has only in the end given place to it. I have cried, but no help comes. I have waited, but no relief. I have looked, but no hand appears. Withal, in the general, I have been very dead to the Word, and barren in my own soul; full of evil, and destitute of good. I have at times been determined to have my own way, come what would; and then, because I could not have my way, which I knew would lead to destruction, have been very angry. My enemies shout, and I hang down my head; my troubles increase, and I grow weaker. Yet, notwithstanding all these things, my ministry is lively and savoury, entering into such depths as are suitable to the cases of the poor and needy who hear me, and to the general circumstances of the church in these parts. I find the Lord doth not forsake me; and I am learning from my own provocations, one part of his character, that he is slow to anger and of great mercy. I am sensible, in my judgment, of my great baseness toward him, but cannot feel the shame of it as I wish. There is nothing short of Jesus Christ manifested to us that ever can abase us so as to make us loathe ourselves. And this is what at present I am both seeking after and looking for. But I am fully persuaded that

my present sufferings are such as are best calculated to preserve me from saying "a confederacy" with many who seek it, and also to secure others from being thus entrapped. I wait, I watch, I hope for the end, and believe, at times, the Lord will once more shine forth. But this I learn: whensoever hypocrites are full, the saints are empty; when they are rich, these are poor; when they are feasting, these hunger; when they are rejoicing, these are sorrowful; when they are exalted, these are abased—and so on; and when the Lord's time comes for these to go up; then they go down. You will find these lines through all the Scriptures, both in precept and example: there is Noah and his generation; Isaac and Ishmael; Jacob and Esau, with Laban; Joseph and his brethren; Moses and Korah; Hannah and Peninnah; David and Saul, &c. And the Word of God, by prophets and apostles, illustrates these things: so I find it at this day. I have had many strive with me; but none—no, not one—hath ever succeeded: not a few are gone, in a very particular way, to their own place, and now cease from troubling; while I am yet reserved and preserved to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living. The characters, the principles, that God most abhors, are pride and rebellion. To keep us from these, he exercises us with many hard things. A little display of his goodwill is now and then granted, but these seasons are short, and, in comparison with others, few. With me, a little good continuing any time is apt to be attended with evil. The manna, though good in itself, if kept long, stinks—not from itself, but from my depraved nature. I become vain, selfish, dry, and unsavoury; then a change must come, that I may not perish. And a continual feeling of inward corruption makes me and keeps me sensible that I am favoured, not because I am more righteous than others, but because the Lord hath loved, and because he will perform the oath sworn to our father Abraham, "that in him and in his seed should all the families of the earth be blessed."

The Psalmist talked too high when he said, "I shall never be moved," and therefore was put back to learn his lesson more properly; and he comes up with a purer accent as well as language. Paul, lest he should be exalted too high, was buffeted. We all have the rod to save us from hell, and that we may learn obedience, which is not soon obtained, but is obtained through sufferings.

Give my kind love to your housekeeper, though unknown; and to those among you who fear God and love his name. You have those about you who will be a school to you, sooner or later. pray God you may be profitable to them, and they not useless to you. I am glad you are well loaded; for, if I have any judgment, your natural constitution requires crosses and burdens; and, as you have attained the knowledge of God without long travail, you have the more need of abundant chastisements to keep you in your place, that you may not grow vain, conceited, selfish, and self-sufficient. My motto is, "Wait, watch, hope; or,

hope, watch, wait!" My arms, "a Tower, with a banner displayed because of the truth, into which the righteous runneth and is safe." I do not take this as family arms, nor yet from the Herald's office; but think I have a right to them from what has been done, not by me, but for me.

God bless thee and keep thee. My wife joins in kind love to you.

Ever yours most affectionately, W. J. B.  
Brighton, 1820.

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### ALL-SUFFICIENCY.

THERE is no diminution of light in the sun, no more than there was at the first moment of its creation, and the last man upon the earth shall enjoy as much of it as we do now. No more doth the Father of lights lose by imparting it to others. Thus we light many candles at a torch, yet it burns never the dimmer. Standing waters may be drawn dry, but a fountain cannot. God is a spring, this day and to-morrow—Jehovah unchangeable. The God of Isaac is not like Isaac, who had one blessing and no more; he hath as much now as he had the first moment that mercy streamed from him to his creature, and the same for as many as shall believe in Christ to the end of the world. Nay, the more we receive from God in the way of faith, the more God hath for us. A believer's harvest for present mercies is his seedtime for more. The more mercies he reaps, the more hopes of future mercy he hath. God's mercies, when full blown, seed again and come up thicker. Can the creature want more than the everlasting fountain can supply? Can the creature's indigency be greater than God's sufficiency? What an irrational way of arguing was that! "He smote the rock, that the waters gushed out, and the streams overflowed; Can he give bread also? Can he provide flesh for his people?" (Ps. lxxviii. 20.) As if he that filled their cup, could not spread their table; as if he that had a hidden cellar for their drink, had not a secret and as full a cupboard for their meat. Do we want mercies for soul and body? Look to the rock whence former mercies were hewn; the same fulness can supply again.—*Charnock.*

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No wonder if Balaam, who saw the visions of the Almighty, desired to die the death of the righteous, and to enjoy such a latter end as theirs. No wonder if Judas, the traitor, despaired and hanged himself, after having betrayed such a glorious Saviour as ours. Ah! may I enjoy the divine favour, whatever else I may lack. May I endure all sorrow which both earth and hell can inflict, rather than miss of the glory which shall be revealed! Fall short of heaven! Oh! I tremble at the thought! Fall short of heaven! if I should, I should be of all creatures the most emphatically wretched and miserable. To love, to see, and not enjoy, ah! what intolerable anguish would it give! If it depended less or more on works of my performing, I could not avoid falling short. But it is of grace, all of grace, of nothing but grace; and so let grace have the glory for ever.—*Macgowan.*

## Obituary.

JOHN GORE.—On Feb. 27th, 1891, aged 75, John Gore, senr., of Trowbridge, and for many years (formerly) of Melksham, Wilts.

In a brief account of his life, recently written, my father says:—"I was born at Broughton-Gifford, near Melksham, in the year 1815. My mother died when I was about a year and a half old, and left me the youngest of four. In 1817 my father married his first wife's sister—at that time not contrary to law. She was a good mother to us, but being delicate, did not live long. She died about June, 1822, leaving my father with six children to mourn her loss. She, as well as my own mother, I have been told, were gracious women; and I know that I had a godly grandmother, a tried and much afflicted saint, who was confined to her bed for more than sixteen years. My father married a third time before I was eight years of age, and, as our family soon became a large one, we were put to work very young, and had but very little education. Many in those days thought there was no need for poor people to be taught to write, so that I learnt little or nothing till I was ten or eleven years of age. About this time some man opened a school in the village for lads, and I attended on Sunday mornings from seven till half-past eight o'clock; then I had to get home to breakfast, and be at Sunday School by nine o'clock. The minister of the church where I attended school (there being no school at the chapel) was very kind to me, and did all he could to teach me to read, inviting me, with a few others, to his house in the week evenings to give us lessons, and this was the only way I had to get any little learning at all. I think I had convictions when very young. The first I can recollect was when I went to see a baptizing service in connection with Ebenezer Chapel, Melksham, where I, many years after, became a member. It took place in the River Avon, about a mile from our house. The minister was Mr. William Eacott, one of the original forty-one members who formed The Cause of Zion Chapel, Trowbridge, and who at that time was pastor at Chapmanslade, and afterwards at Southwick, Wilts. I cannot remember much that he said, as I could not have been more than eleven years of age; but I was much impressed with the service, and thought that all who were baptized must be good people, and would surely go to heaven. Though I was sent to the Church Sabbath School, as soon as I was old enough to leave the school I went to the chapel. Mr. Blake was the pastor. He soon formed a Sunday School, and though I was but young, I was appointed teacher of the last class. I attended Mr. Blake's ministry quite regularly, and was often much affected under the word, feeling what a guilty sinner I was, and making many vows and promises to do better.

"I was married in July, 1836, and our family came very fast, so that we soon found we had to work hard to get on at all; and

sometimes, with troubles without, and feeling so much within, I wished I had never been born. But the Lord preserved us, and brought us on step by step. We lived a short distance from the town of Melksham, and having four children under four years of age, my wife could get to chapel but very little, and this brought her into a very low state of mind, so much so that she often feared she should lose her reason. But the Lord was good, and after awhile she was enabled to join the church, as related in the 'G. S.' for Oct., 1872.

"I think I never shall forget the time that my wife was baptized. It took hold of me so sensibly that I had no rest. I felt what a sinner I was, and could not rest day or night, to think that I was left. I cannot speak of any great deliverance, but I hope it was the Lord's work upon my soul. I felt much bowed down, but sometimes encouraged in the chapel.

"Mr. George Knee, a member of the church, was pastor at that time; and the year after my wife was baptized the friends came and asked me to join them, but I felt I could not: I wanted something more; but they came two or three times, and at last I felt a little encouraged, and ventured to go before the church. I could not say much, but it was enough for them to receive me, and I was baptized in 1847, with three others, by Mr. Stephen Dark; and now, in looking back, I think there is not one left but myself of all who were members of the church at that time. What am I? and why am I spared more than others?

"I cannot forget the week after I was baptized; we had a church meeting, and when I sat down with the others, the last verse of the 360th Hymn came into my mind, and I felt it to be good:

'When God makes up his last account

Of natives in his holy mount,

'Twill be an honour to appear

As one new-born and nourish'd there.'

I felt it an honour to be with them, though unworthy; yet I hope I was one of the little ones. And I feel it an honour to this day to meet with the Lord's people, and hope I always shall.

"The friends now began to talk of building a school room. I was very glad of this, for having a large family, I always felt I should like to have them go where I went; for I well remember when I was a boy I went to the Church Sunday School, and was sometimes induced by my companions to stay away from the service; and my father, being at chapel, did not know whether I was at school regularly or not.

"The School was opened in March, 1853. My dear wife and myself were so much in love with the little place that we felt we were settled there till the end of our lives. But the Lord's thoughts are not our thoughts.

"In the early part of the year 1858 we lost our eldest son by death; and in October of the same year the youngest was also removed.

"Though living in Melksham I had for many years worked for

a firm in Trowbridge. I had to go to and fro almost every day, and had to do business with a class of people that brought me into many temptations. I am well nigh overcome when I think how graciously I was preserved through them all. My dear wife's father being for many years afflicted, I had to attend to his business as well as my own: this made my burden very much heavier, but the dear Lord gave me strength equal to my day.

"Our next trial was having to leave Melksham for Trowbridge, as we could not bear to think of leaving the little Cause of God so dear to us. O how strangely God works at times! Within six months after I had brought the whole of my family here, the large mill belonging to the firm which employed me was entirely destroyed by fire. This for the time appeared to be crushing to all our hopes, my dear wife being especially cast down; but while taking a walk, and wondering what the end could possibly be, the first verse of the 23rd Psalm—'The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want'—came with much sweetness to her mind. She felt the words good then and many times after, and lived to prove their truth, though many times our faith was sorely tried in reference to them. We had a very anxious time for many months, but the dispensation, though such a trial, showed to us how good the Lord had been in bringing us to Trowbridge, quite contrary to our own wishes or the wishes of our friends. For had we stayed at Melksham till the fire occurred, we must have been thrown out of employment altogether; instead of which, we had partial employment the whole time, and, as soon as a new mill was built, we were very well provided for.

"From the beginning of our settlement in Trowbridge, my wife felt much at home at the chapel here. For myself, it was longer before I could get over the severance from the Cause at Melksham. The friends here were very kind, and invited us to join the church, but for a good while I felt I could not venture. After a time, however, the Lord was pleased to call three of our children by grace, and they were received into the church; and then we felt we could not longer stand out. We therefore came before the people, and were cordially received by them in Oct., 1870. Soon after this I became very poorly and weak in body. Many friends, as well as myself, thought I should not live long, my breathing, at times, becoming so very painful and difficult. I think I shall never forget about this time when going home one day, feeling very weak in body, and something having occurred not very pleasant at the mill. I was very much cast down, but these words came, 'My times are in thy hand.' They came with such comforting power, that, although it is seventeen or eighteen years since, I often feel them to be fresh and encouraging now.

"I must pass over many things here, and speak of the next trial I had to meet, in the death of my dear wife, which took place in June, 1872. This was such a sudden stroke to us all as a family that we knew not what to do. But the Lord was very

good to me at the time. I found more trials still awaiting me. Sometime before the death of my dear wife, I had taken a small grocery business for my youngest son; and in the year 1874 we moved with him into a larger house for an extension of the business. But after three or four years we found his health begin to fail, and in 1880 he passed away. This was a great trial, as the business had been taken entirely on his account, and I wondered how we could possibly get on without him. But the Lord still appeared for us and helped my daughters to carry on the business, though it has been with many a cry to him who knew all things, that he would uphold, keep, and go before us in all things.

"I cannot forget a few days before my dear boy died. I was wondering what we should do, when these words came, and were a help to me in the trial: 'I will bring the blind,' &c. Though the sweetness did not last long, yet I feel I can look back, and say that the Lord has been as good as his promises. Though I cannot always feel this as I would, yet I hope I do at times feel a soft heart, and a hope that I shall be right at last; and then again I sink, and look within, and seem to have no well-grounded hope at all; and at such times I wonder what I shall do when I have to appear before him who knows all things, against whom I have sinned so much. O that I may be clothed in his righteousness, for I know that I have none of my own, and nowhere else but to him to look for salvation.

"After the death of my lad, other family trials followed, which I need not mention here, but which, though it is hard to be left, made me feel thankful that my dear wife was not alive, for it seemed impossible that she could have borne up under them. But still, at times I cannot help looking back to see the way the Lord has brought us to be the right way, and I am bound to say, 'Surely goodness and mercy have followed us all the days of our life.'

"The next thing I wish to notice is the illness of one of my daughters, who had been, since the death of her brother, the principal one in the business. She was suffering from a severe cold and cough, when, one evening in Dec., 1882, she suddenly threw up a considerable quantity of blood. For some days we feared how it would end, but in time there appeared good reason to hope that, after a while, she would recover. It was more than a year before she got quite well again; but I do feel thankful to God for his wonderful goodness to us in this trial, which was a painful one. I often feel what a mercy it is that we cannot see our trials coming upon us, for had I seen this, I must have sank. O for faith to trust him until the end! And sometimes I can believe that he will give it. What should I do without *hope?* I cannot say plainly that I have no hope, but often it is very low.

"I am now nearly 75 years old, and often wonder why I am preserved so long. I can truly say again, that 'goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life;' and I hope I desire to speak it to the honour of his great name, who does all things well."

It will be seen from the foregoing that my father suffered much from bodily weakness for many years. Indeed he never fully recovered after his attack of bronchitis in the year 1859; and for a few years after his removal to Trowbridge there seemed little hope that he would be long spared to us. Each winter his breathing became very painful and difficult, so that he was unable to face the evening or early morning air. But as the summer returned, he year after year rallied, so that in the warmer weather he appeared like another man. This was the case with him until the summer of 1889, when he did not get up his strength in the warm weather as before; and the winter was very trying to him; so all through the year 1890 he continued very weak. He appears to have concluded his written account some time in July of that year; and after this time he was for the most part kept in the same quiet, restful, waiting frame of mind that his concluding remarks evince. Some time in November he spoke very freely to a friend of the comfort he had from the word, "The Eternal God is thy Refuge," &c., which had dropped with sweetness upon his mind. Just after this the very severe frost set in, and he was confined to his room for several weeks. He often spoke of the goodness of God to him, that, though he was so very weak, he was spared any acute pain. But though he never complained, I do not think anyone could tell how much he must have suffered from weakness alone, unless it be those similarly afflicted.

He was able to see but few friends during the six weeks of the severe frost, but those who called upon him found him in a comfortable state, just waiting and willing to go, or be restored, as the Lord would have it. When milder weather set in at the end of January, 1891, he got much better, was able, for a few days in February, to leave the house, and went to chapel one or two Sunday mornings. And on the Lord's day morning, the 22nd, though very weak and feeble, he went, and felt glad to be there. The next three days there were very heavy fogs, which afflicted him much. He was unable to leave his bed on the Tuesday. On Wednesday evening I spent some little time with him; he was evidently suffering considerably; but neither then nor the following day did he appear so different from what he had been many times before as to give any cause to think the end was near. He was glad to speak of the past mercies of God as shown to him in so many, many ways, and never seemed tired of expressing his thankfulness that God had held him on in spite of all his unworthiness.

On Friday morning he awoke at about 8 o'clock, and took a little warm milk as usual, remarking to my sister what a good night he had had, and she left him to take a little more sleep; but in a little while she found a great change had taken place in him; his breathing had become very painful. The doctor was called in, and it was soon apparent that he could not rally from such an attack. He was able to speak but little, though fully



conscious to the last. He once said, "This is death: it is different from anything I have had before; but though I have so often feared it, what a mercy I do not fear it now! I do not feel just that confidence I would like;" but in the midst of his hard breathing he continued:

"'Tis well when they can sing,  
As sinners bought with blood;  
And when they touch the mournful string,  
And mourn an absent God,"

This hymn had been for very many years a blessed one to him. He continued suffering till a little after one o'clock, when he looked very expressively towards me, and feebly indicated his wish for a word of prayer. After this his breathing became less painful, and turning on his side, he said, "Come unto me—I will give you rest!" and breathed his last as quietly as a babe going to its rest in its parent's arms.

G. GORE

EMILY BETTS.—On Sept. 16th, 1891, aged 43, Emily, eldest daughter of Reuben and Elizabeth Betts, of Canterbury.

She was called by grace when about nineteen years of age. She became much concerned about her state as a sinner before God, but, compared with many, the work seems to have been very gradual. She was often tried, fearing the work of grace was not begun in her heart, but was fully persuaded that if it were not begun and carried on before death, she must sink into everlasting woe. She was wont to go to the house of God praying that if the Lord had not yet called her by grace he would do so under the preached word, and that *that* might be the time. On one occasion when at chapel, Hymn 700 (Gaisby's selection) was given out, which much overcame her, so that she wept much.

She loved the house of God and the free grace Gospel of Christ, and was seldom absent when able to be there, continuing to go three times on the Sabbath until prevented by affliction; thus the house of God was her abode, and the people of God her companions. In spiritual matters she was very reserved, and was afraid of professing more than was really felt and experienced; but those to whom she could at times open her mind respecting her soul exercises, found it profitable, in proof of which the writer can bear witness.

About the year 1872 she went to live with the late Mr. Jones (her grandfather), at Wadhurst, to keep his house, his partner having died in 1870. She felt a strong spiritual union to him, and profited under his ministry at Showers Green. On May 20, 1877, after giving to the church there "a reason of the hope within her," she was baptized. One of the members, with myself, visited her previous to her coming before the church, and also heard her tell to the church a little of the Lord's favour towards her, which caused our souls to be knit together in spiritual love, which was never lost, and, I trust, never will be; indeed, spiritual love cannot die, though, at times, it may be damped. One

of her chief fears was that she had not had a law-work deep enough to be of God. Upon this point she was tried, more or less, all her lifetime after being awakened to feel her need of saving grace; yet the soul-bedewing visits with which the Lord favoured her, especially under the preached word, and the preciousness which she felt in the Lord Jesus and his finished work, often caused her to "rejoice in hope of the glory of God." I have often heard her speak of the refreshing seasons she has had, whilst at other times the harp was upon the willows, and there was neither joy nor song.

I have often been encouraged, and particularly on one occasion, when trying to describe a law-work, by showing how the child of God is brought to see and feel the end of all perfection in the flesh, so that nothing but the blood and righteousness of Jesus can suffice. She was melted to tears, her hope was strengthened, and her soul blessed.

From the time of Mr. Jones' death she entertained the ministers, which was indeed a labour of love; for she wished well to Zion, desiring to see a pastor placed over the church by the Lord himself. She also manifested much concern for the welfare of the young.

A few weeks before her death she went home to Canterbury, under medical treatment, but her sickness proved to be unto death, nor could a parent's love, the physician's skill, and the nurse's kind attention combined, save her life; no, "It is appointed unto men once to die," &c. She often complained of not being able to think of divine things more deeply; and once, when Mr. R. visited her, she burst into tears, deploring her dulness and coldness when she tried to pray, read, think, or converse upon spiritual subjects. Ah! "the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak." This *felt* weakness, dulness, and inability to do anything spiritual, and the sorrow caused thereby, are, however, a proof of spiritual life, and an inward warfare, which none but a Christian can understand.

The nature of her complaint was such as to cause great stupor, and she slept much. About a fortnight before her death the Lord favoured her with a blessed visit, and a manifestation of his love and mercy to her soul, which greatly helped and strengthened her weak body, giving supernatural strength. She said, words failed to tell out one half of the Lord's great goodness to her. It was not so much the words spoken to her, but his gracious presence felt in her soul; it was like a mother comforting her child, adding, "How condescending and kind of the Lord!" On one occasion, after suffering much pain, her mother said to her, "What a mercy it is that you are not now in so much pain!" She answered, "Yes, it is a mercy; he is a kind and gracious God to me." She could leave all, she said, to the will of her heavenly Father. She said, also, that during her felt darkness of mind, she was not without hope, and that she desired to lie passive in the Lord's hands.

For several hours before she died she became unconscious, and could not speak, so that I cannot record anything more respecting her last hours. She was interred at Canterbury, we believe, by Mr. R., in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection.

J. KEMP.

MRS. WHITE.—On Oct. 13, 1891, Mrs. White, Devizes, Wilts.

In looking over her papers, I found the following:—"If death be an enemy, he is a slain enemy. Jesus has been the death of death, therefore let not the saints of God be afraid. Being delivered from this enemy, I was helped to renounce my own righteousness, and could see nothing in myself but that which deserved hell. I thought myself unworthy to eat, or drink, or breathe, or tread upon the earth. Satan laboured to persuade me that I was not elected to salvation; but it pleased the Lord to instruct me concerning this matter, by directing me to a certain Book, wherein I found much satisfaction. I fear I did sin in wishing to die; but O, amazing love and grace! the Son of God loved me better than his own life! I am even swallowed up in admiration, and ready to cry out, with David, 'What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits?' I have many times prayed from my heart that God would search me and try me in mercy: 'Almighty God, searcher of all hearts, if thou wilt not comfort me, no one else can. Thy Son, O God, hath offered satisfaction, and thou hast accepted it.'" J. M.

CHARLES JAMES WILLARD.—On Oct. 29, 1891, aged 43, Charles James Willard, of Leighton Buzzard.

He was born at Ockley, in Surrey. From what I have heard him say, I should think his conscience was very tender from early childhood, and that he was made to feel himself a sinner and to cry for mercy. When a youth he attended a Wesleyan chapel, but could get no comfort for his troubled soul. He was told that he could be saved before he left the chapel if he would only give his heart to God, and believe that he would save him. But the Lord was teaching him his utter inability to do anything of himself.

At this time he was living with godly people, but he did not wish them to know of his distress and anxiety about his soul. He would borrow their books, and go out on Sunday afternoons to read under the trees, and sometimes received a little encouragement. Occasionally he went with these people to the Strict Baptist chapel, at Brighton. The first sermon of truth he heard was by that good man, Daniel Smart, which he said suited his case; but I believe he never went to the Wesleyan chapel again, ever after keeping close to the truth. At one time, when quite a young man, he, with another, were the means of bringing godly ministers to preach at Cuckfield, the Lord often blessing his soul, and inclining the hearts of the people to defray the necessary expenses.

In the year 1874 he was providentially led to Eastbourne, and sat under Mr. Bradford's ministry, to whom he felt a union of spirit. On May 17th of the same year Mr. Knill preached at Eastbourne, and directly he commenced reading the chapter from which his text was taken (Isa. xxxv. 5, 6), the Lord began to pour in the oil and wine of the Gospel, and continued blessing him throughout the service. In his Bible I find written: "Bless the Lord for sending Mr. Knill to Eastbourne, 'Praise the Lord. Bless the Lord, O my soul.'" In June, 1882, he, with myself and three others, were baptized by Mr. Bradford, and joined the church at Eastbourne, both remaining members up to the time of his death. He was much blessed in giving in his experience, several feeling it good to be present. In 1887 we removed to Leighton Buzzard. We felt it was the Lord's will, every circumstance connected with it being so plainly marked out for us; and though we felt much grieved at leaving the dear friends, to whom we were much attached, yet we were constrained to say, "It is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes."

I must now pass over nearly five years; for, though never robust, it was not until July of last year that we feared anything serious; but feeling weak and poorly, we went to Eastbourne, hoping the change would somewhat restore him; but the Lord had determined otherwise, for he soon became much worse; and after consulting medical men, he came home, with little hope of recovery. Still for a few weeks he rallied, and was able to walk out every day. On Oct. 23rd he was taken with vomiting during the night, and on the doctor seeing him in the morning, he said his condition was most serious. The thought of leaving myself and dear children behind he felt very keenly, but for which, he said, he could fall into the Lord's hands, and know no will but his. He said, "There is no real pleasure, only as the Lord gives it, and then it is only sips and tastes here below. I was afraid that when I came to this point I should be troubled and tempted, but now I am not afraid. I do want another revelation, but I am kept hoping and trusting in a precious Christ. He is all my hope and all my desire. O, his precious, precious blood! What a mercy is it that I read my Bible when in health! for now that I am not able, the precious texts and verses of hymns keep flowing into my mind." He also said, quoting from John xiv. 3: "If I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself." He added, "That blessed promise was given to me more than twenty years ago, but it is still good." In speaking of death, he said: "Only

'A porter at the heavenly gate  
To let the pilgrim in.'"

After a bad turn of vomiting, and when very exhausted, we said, "How trying for you!" He replied,

"It must be so; it is the way."

O! if he would take me home! Lord, pardon me, help me, bless me. How could I face death without a good hope? Jesus, come

to me; don't delay. Let not my sins prevent thee. 'God be merciful to me a sinner.'" When supporting him while sitting up in bed, he said he wanted to recline on Jesus' breast; he then said,

"And this, O Christian, is thy lot,  
Who cleavest to the Lord by faith;  
He'll never leave thee (doubt it not)  
In pain, in sickness, or in death.'

Hopeful said, 'The bottom is good.' That is a blessed hope—

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

When Mr. Mitchenall came to see him, Mr. M. said, "I have dotted down a few things you have said at different times." He replied, "Do not say anything about me;

'Let Christ be first, and Christ be last,  
And Christ be all in all.'

I should like them to sing hymn 411 at chapel on the Sunday after I am buried." He had sung that hymn through on Sunday, Oct. 25, with a very trembling voice. When remarking that nothing he took stayed by him, he said "'Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples.' Do, Lord, come, and give an abundant entrance into eternal life. O, if I am deceived, it will be a deception!

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

About an hour before he died, seeing he was worse, I said, "Call the children." He replied, "Yes, call them quickly, for I am soon going home." After wishing them good-bye, he lay perfectly calm, then raising both his hands as high as he was able, and as he had promised me he would, if he felt the Lord near and precious to him at last, he gave me one long look, and, without a struggle or a groan, closed his eyes, to be for ever with him whom he had loved and served here below.

He was buried in the cemetery at Leighton Buzzard, on Nov. 4th, 1891, by Mr. Bradford and Mr. Mitchenall, in the presence of many friends.

A. W.

JOSEPH CANNON.—On Oct. 21, 1891, aged 44, Joseph Cannon, minister of the Gospel, and a member of Rehoboth Strict Baptist Church, Swindon.

He was a most marked example of God's sovereignty, both in his call by grace and to the ministry, "determined to know nothing among men save Jesus Christ and him crucified." The blessed testimony which he bare to the love and mercy of God in Christ, known and felt by the witness of the Spirit, in his affliction, is fully evidenced.

It was my privilege to be with him during the last few hours of his mortal life. The support given him in that time of need has been to me a most wonderful help, and which I would not have missed witnessing on any account whatever. I would like to witness such a blessed scene every day of my life, but for the loss of such dear ones. He deeply felt his own inability to speak in the name of the Lord, and on the Monday evening of his being taken ill, after having preached on the preceding Sabbath day, he said, "I thought yesterday that I must give up attempting to speak in the Lord's name, for I cannot set him forth;" meaning in comparison of his worth and glory. It may be truly said of him, "He was forgiven much, and he loved much." J. W.

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THOMAS MOORE.—On Nov. 5th, 1891, aged 77, Thomas Moore, at Foleshill, near Coventry, Minister of the Gospel.

He was born at Bedworth, of God-fearing parents, in the year 1814. We were companions, he being about six months my senior. When quite a youth he attended the Congregational Chapel, called the Old Meeting. We were both apprenticed to a person at Coventry, and while there, attended Cow Lane Chapel during the former part of our time, and Vicar Lane Chapel the latter part. Upon the completion of our apprenticeship we returned to Bedworth, and to the Old Meeting. I well remember that after a short time it was remarked that he had become religious; indeed it was evident that God the Holy Ghost had begun a work of grace upon his heart by convincing him of sin, and causing him to cry unto the Lord for mercy, and in due time giving him peace and comfort in believing. After this he joined the church at the Old Meeting, and was a useful member there.

About this time he married; but while still very young, his wife died, leaving him with three small children. Owing to the bad state of trade and sickness, he had to wade through poverty and other troubles, though the Lord lifted him above his circumstances again and again.

After a time there sprang up some misunderstanding at the chapel between the minister and his people, it being manifest that there were two opposing parties in the church and congregation. The minister having left them, there arose a contention as to its future management—one part being Arminian, and the other Calvinistic, to the latter of which Mr. Moore belonged, and who, with his party, were expelled from the church. They afterwards erected the building known as Ezra Chapel, which was opened in 1884 by the late Joseph Irons. As time moved on, circumstances necessitated his leaving Bedworth, when our intercourse became limited; but when we met, I generally found him buried in trouble—one of his greatest being the death of his eldest son. Satan wrought him up into a fit of rebellion over it, but God silenced him with the following lines:—

“Chain'd to his throne a volume lies,  
With all the fates of men,” &c.

This brought him to say, “Thy will be done.” The Holy Spirit led him on through a long life of affliction and sorrow, but he is now landed safe in that place where all is perfect peace.

J. PICKERING.

I am indebted, for the foregoing account of Mr. Moore's early life and call by grace, to a friend now living at Bedworth.

I became acquainted with him about the year 1854. He attended the ministry of Mr. Welland at Bulkington. He was then married to his second wife, who was a godly woman, and who died in peace in the year 1888 or '89. He married his third wife near the close of 1889. He was a good man, but rather peculiar in his manner, and did not make friends with every professor. Those who talked to him about religion must be able to say some little about what God had done for their souls, or he would shun their company. He was very much tried both in soul and circumstances, but in prayer was solemn and savoury.

We both attended Mr. W.'s ministry for several years, at which time I unbosomed my exercises to him more than to any one else. We prayed together, wept together, and sang together. In the course of time he removed to Foleshill, after which time we seldom saw each other. He was a man who sank very low at times, and when in these low places he was shy, and would walk much alone. At these times I should not see him for several weeks together, but when the Lord appeared again and blessed his soul, he would come smiling in, and we should then have an enjoyable conversation.

He was not brought to see believers' baptism for some years, although he liked to hear the late Mr. Gadsby, Mr. Warburton, and others. He was, however, made willing to pass through it, and was baptized at Long Buckby, May 24th, 1875. About this time he went out to supply at different causes of truth, and, according to report, his ministry was very acceptable. He preached for me on several occasions, and was heard to profit. But as he became old and more nervous, he supplied at places nearer home until a few months before he died. It will be seen, by the following extract from a letter to his sorrowing widow, that he was much liked at Black Heath, Staffordshire:—

Dear Mrs. Moore,

Nov. 10th, 1891.

The solemn tidings of your dear husband's death came to hand, and we deeply sympathise with you in your bereavement. He was highly respected among our people. We commenced our evening by singing Hymn 471 (Gadsby's selection); 664 was next sung, concluding with 472. Many of our friends were very much affected. Although our minister did not know him personally, yet, from the testimonies he had received from our friends, he spoke of him as though he had known him. Well, dear friend, we offer up our feeble prayers for you in this your time of trial. Hymn 261 has been a great comfort to me many times in my deep troubles, and

my poor soul has been so melted down under the sweet beams of his grace, that my troubles have softened down into humility and praise. You have not to sorrow as those without hope. Oh the kindness of a long-suffering and merciful God! Commit thy way unto him in all thy future troubles, for he has promised to sustain all his purchased ones.

Dear Friend,

Nov. 20th, 1891.

I thank you for all your kindness to my late dear husband and myself. It is such pleasure to me when I think how the Lord in his mercy provided every little comfort, so that he had all his needs supplied. He was often very fearful about it, but the Lord took care of him even to the last, and now he is for ever enjoying the presence of him he loved to speak of while here on earth. A few weeks before he was confined to his bed he was very much depressed in his mind, but on the Monday he seemed better, and repeated several nice verses, but was not quite conscious. About a week before his death he woke up out of this partially unconscious state, and was very comfortable in his mind. He said, as well as his faltering voice would allow,

“Your harps, ye trembling saints,  
Down from the willows take;”

and

“Jesus, my All, to heaven is gone.”

He also repeated several portions of Scripture, and exclaimed,

“Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown him Lord of all.”

Again he said, “I love the Lord Jesus Christ; he has brought me through fire and water. I am like one made alive from the dead.” One night while Miss P. was sitting by him, she heard him say, “Jesus Christ, the first and the last.” On the last Sabbath he spent in this world, he was very ill, but he said,

“O that the happy hour was come  
To change my faith to sight.”

In the night he said, “I want to get nearer to the Lord.” His restless nervousness had left him. Just a short time before he died he talked very nicely to Miss P., and she told two friends that she believed it was his dying testimony; and so it proved, for on the last day of his life all power of speech failed, though his hands often moved as if he were in prayer. He evidently knew me, but could not speak, and quietly passed away from his extreme suffering to be for ever with the Lord.

Yours sincerely,

C. MOORE.

The church of God has lost another praying soul, and a faithful servant.

“Are we not tending upward too,  
As fast as time can move?  
Nor should we wish the hours more slow,  
To keep us from our love.”

W. SMITH.



SARAH and WILLIAM MARTIN.—On the 11th January, 1892, Sarah Martin, of Brockham Green, aged 76; also her husband, William Martin, on the 12th January, aged 76.

For more than thirty years they were consistent members of the church at Brockham Green, most regular attendants on the ministry, and good praying hearers. On the 3rd January they both sat down at the Lord's table. On the following Friday Mrs. Martin walked several miles, and on returning home said, that in passing through the churchyard at Betchworth she noticed the piece of ground she had a wish to be buried in with her dear husband was still unused. The next Lord's day both were confined to the house. On the following day they were able to get up, but Mrs. Martin expressed her feeling that their request would be granted, that they would both die and be buried together. Between nine and ten p.m. Mrs. Martin said, as she was feeling very unwell, she would go to bed, and that Mr. Martin must follow after the doctor had been. Her daughter-in-law and a friend saw her in bed, and expressed a hope that she might get a little rest; to which she replied, "I shall not get any rest until I enter into rest; you may come in half-an-hour's time, and see if I require anything." After an interval of fifteen minutes her daughter-in-law entered the bedroom, when she found that her dear mother had entered the rest which remaineth for the people of God. When her dear husband was told of her death, he exclaimed, "Then she is blessed for ever, and I shall soon be with her!" From that time he gradually sank, and Satan was permitted to assault his soul. After pleading most earnestly that the dear Lord would put matters right, he looked up, and said to his son, who is a member at Brockham Green, "George, I am on the rock; follow in the same footsteps;" and sweetly fell asleep in a precious Christ. Our dear friends lived together in happiness many years. They were amongst the poor of this world, but rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which God hath promised to them that love him. The Lord was graciously pleased to fulfil their petitions, and they were well laid in the grave together. The loss to the church and myself is indeed great, for I have often been much helped in the ministry of the word by their prayers and presence. The Lord's dealings are very mysterious. O for grace to say, feelingly, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

HENRY HADDOW.

"WHATSOEVER persons are, through the riches of divine grace, exempted from the original sentence of condemnation, they are undoubtedly brought to hear the Gospel; and when heard, they are caused to believe it; are made likewise to endure to the end in the faith which works by love; and should they, at any time, go astray, they are recovered and set right again. All these things are wrought in them by that God, who made them vessels of mercy and who, by the election of his grace, chose them in his Son, before the world began."—*Austin*.

# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

JUNE, 1892.

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

## THE COVENANT OF MERCY.

A SERMON PREACHED ON SUNDAY EVENING, MARCH 9TH,  
1873, AT CROYDON, BY MR. COVELL.

"I beseech thee, O Lord God of heaven, the great and terrible God, that keepeth covenant and mercy for them that love him and observe his commandments."—NEHEMIAH I. 5.

IN the morning we took a little notice of what a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God was the God of heaven. When a sensible sinner was brought to pour out his heart before him, whatever were the circumstances, trials, and difficulties into which he was brought, and however he might be placed, how God heard and answered, in his own good time, whether, as we noticed, it was the pardon of sins, or deliverance from trying circumstances, or to be brought through perplexities and troubles, or the overthrowing of those that might harbour mischief against him. We then took a little notice of God's *power*: "O Lord God of heaven, the *great* and terrible God," how great he was in his power! He is a great God above all gods, and whatever might be our strait, he knew of none, no difficulty or mountain stood in his way; in the things into which we were brought, he said, "Who art thou, O great mountain? before our Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain." He spake and it was done, for where the word of a king is there is power. And now to pass on.

"The great and terrible God." He is also *great in mercy* as well as in power. If it were not so, there would be no hope for you and me. Why, I have no doubt some of you feel, as I do very often, what it is to be a great sinner. Would to God it were not so; but truth is truth, and nothing short of the *great mercy* of this great God will suit a great sinner; therefore, said God, "I will send them a Saviour, and a *great* one, and *he* shall save them from their sins." Now, however great your sins may be, you cannot measure arms with God. Well, some before God may say, But *my* sins would reach to the heavens; but he goes beyond them:

My sins are as broad as the sea ; but God is beyond even the sea. He is “from everlasting to everlasting;” so you can see that he is beyond them. O, that is our mercy, and that made the Psalmist cry out under a sweet feeling of it, “His mercy endureth for ever.” Ah! His greatness in his mercy is unsearchable. The sea has a bottom, however deep it may be; the heavens have their summit or top, however high they may reach; but the mercy of God has neither bottom, bound, nor highest. Why, sinner, it is *himself*—the perfection of himself. “I, the Lord thy God, am a merciful God,” and nothing short of this will reach a poor sensible sinner, as he feels, from day to day, how many things there are that are bad: he wants a long arm to reach him; he wants, so to speak, rivers of mercy—as God has said, “I will be unto them as broad rivers and streams:” so here you may roll up and down in the mercy of God, like the fishes in the mighty ocean, and it will bring you, as you realise the sweetness of it, to “sing of the mercy of the Lord for ever.” We find that when the Almighty brought his people out of Egypt through the many trials, helping and delivering them in the many ways that he did, Moses, by his command, sent twelve men, heads of all the tribes of Israel, to spy out the land of Canaan (Numbers xiii.), and when they returned, ten of them brought over a report that it was an exceeding good land, they must say, and that there was no want of anything in it, they must confess; (verse 27) it floweth with milk and honey, and these grapes that we have brought are some of the fruit of it: (verse 28) “Nevertheless the people be strong that dwell in the land, and the cities are walled, and very great; and, moreover, we saw the children of Anak there.” (verse 33) “And there we saw the giants, the sons of Anak, and we were, in our own sight, as grasshoppers, and so we were in their sight.” (chapter xiv.) “And all the people lifted up their voice and cried and wept all night. And all the children of Israel murmured against Moses and Aaron, and said unto them, Would God we had died in the land of Egypt! or would God we had died in this wilderness! Wherefore hath the Lord brought us forth? Were it not better for us to return into Egypt? And they said, Let us make a captain and let us return into Egypt.” (verse 11) “And the Lord said unto Moses, How long will this people provoke me? and how long will it be ere they believe me, for all the signs which I have showed them? I will smite them with the pestilence, and disinherit them, and will make of thee a greater nation and a mightier than they.” Then Moses

pleaded with the Lord, and said (verses 13 to 21) "Then the Egyptians shall hear it, and they will tell it to the inhabitants of this land, and they will all say, *Because the Lord was not able to bring this people into the land, therefore he hath slain them in the wilderness. I beseech thee, let the power of my Lord be great, for thou hast said thou art long-suffering, and of great mercy. Pardon, I beseech thee, the iniquity of this people according unto the greatness of thy mercy, and as thou hast forgiven this people from Egypt until now. And the Lord said, I have pardoned according to thy word, but as truly as I live, all the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord.*" Not all their devilishness, their spitting in God's face, so to speak, and insulting the Majesty of heaven, could ever overtop or go beyond the mercy of God. Now, what a mercy it is for thee and me that we have to do with such a God! Therefore, said the Psalmist, *When I said "My foot slippeth, thy mercy, O Lord, held me up,"* or else he would have slipped into hell. All the difference between he and thee and me, my friends, and the damned in hell, is by the mercy of God; and this feeling made the Psalmist cry out at another time, "Blot out mine iniquities, according to the multitude of thy tender mercies." O how great they are! and what an unspeakable mercy, sinner, that we have such a great God that we cannot outrun or go beyond his mercy! Thus we may say, "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow us all the days of our life," for as "All the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth," so the goodness and mercy of the Lord shall endure for ever. As we sin and come short day by day, so the mercy of God runs over, and he blots it all out, because it is said, "With the Lord there is mercy and plenteous redemption." And again, that "he keepeth mercy for thousands;" so to speak, he has treasures of mercy that never yet were opened. Now, we find how poor sensible sinners will have the eyes of this merciful God opened towards them. The Publican in the temple dare not so much as lift up his eyes to heaven; but, though he dare not do this, his cry for mercy opened the eyes of the God of heaven upon him. So with you; you feel, more or less, blushing, shame and confusion on account of your shortcomings and misdoings, your failings and infirmities: you may not be able to lift up your eyes to heaven; but if it is mercy you want, this brings you to kneel before the God of heaven in your feelings, and it will open the eyes of the God of heaven upon you; you will find, indeed, that he keepeth mercy for thousands, that he blotteth out transgression and sin, and

retaineth not his anger for ever, because he delighteth in mercy. Therefore, says the prophet, "Who is a God like unto thee?" Why none! none! O, no, no, there is no God like unto our God, who says of himself, "I lift up my hand and say, I live for ever."

"The great and terrible God." Now, not only is he great in power and in mercy, but he is great also *in love*; and we have such an undeniable proof of it in his sending his Son to die for us. John had no words big enough to set it forth—"God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son," &c.; then he says for our comfort, "Having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them to the end." You will never wear it out. Why, it takes its rise in himself: it is not as your love and mine; there is generally some cause for that—through the amiability and kindness of our friends, or in their doing of us good in some way or other, they endear themselves to us, and this draws out our affection and esteem for them; the thoughts of our hearts are towards them. But not so with God; it takes its rise in himself—there is nothing in us to prompt him to love us, but just the opposite; for God says "I knew that thou wouldst deal very treacherously, and that thou wast called a transgressor from the womb"—I knew all this—"Known unto God are all things from the beginning." Now if ever you have tasted that love; if ever it has been shed abroad in your heart, for five minutes only, it will never fail—you can never run it out: the love of God has neither beginning nor end; many waters cannot quench it, nor all the floods of our sins and iniquities drown it: nothing will turn it. Just hearken! God, speaking of us, says:—"You have made me to serve with your sins, you have wearied me with your iniquities." Look at the expression! What characters! what base sinners!—why, so to speak, more fit for the fuel of hell than to dwell with God, his dear Son, and angels in heaven. Made me to serve with your sins! wearied me with your iniquities! What will follow upon the back of this? Why, "I will cast them into hell: I will frown them into perdition!" O, no, "I have *not seen* iniquity in Jacob, nor perverseness in Israel." "I am he that blotteth out thy transgressions as a cloud, and thine iniquity as a thick cloud, and will no more remember thy sins"—and why? "because I have loved thee with an everlasting love, and with loving-kindness have I drawn thee." "You only have I known of all the families of the earth." If you look into the word of God you will find some of his people straying from him, turning their backs upon him, and

doing the devil's work ; and yet, for all this, he says, " Return unto me, for I have loved you." Yea, if ever we have dropped into the lap of his love, we shall sing in heaven: " Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, be glory and dominion for ever." As we look at what we have been we shall say indeed, What great love! what manner of love! We read of the love that Jonathan had for David ; it is said it was wonderfully strong—past the love of women : of the love of Jacob towards Rachel ; the seven years he laboured for her were but as seven days, for the love he had for her—but these are nothing to what God's love is to poor sinners like thee and me ; and I am persuaded of this, whatever *you* may feel, that nothing short of this great love of God will suit thee and me. God, that searcheth all hearts and trieth all reins, that can look into our inmost soul, knows the thousands of prayers I have put up before him, that I might never sin against so good a God ; that knows I am never so happy as when trying to please him—the thousands of prayers, yea, anxious and earnest prayers of my heart, that he would keep me from evil that it may not grieve me ;—and yet, I am such a sinner still, that if it were not for this great love, I should be damned for ever. Will nothing short of the love of God suit thee? O, what love!

" If once the love of Christ you feel, upon your heart impressed ;

The mark of that celestial seal, shall never be erased." O the love of the great Jehovah! Harken! " Father, if it be possible, let *this cup* pass from me ;" but " It pleased the Lord to bruise him"—to pound him in the mortar of his wrath ; to pierce his hands, his feet, and his side ; O, the love of God to sinners! Now, here we have indeed good proof of his love, in its running out. See it in the agony and bloody sweat of the Son of his love! This *is* love—indeed it is ; and I will tell you that if ever you taste it you will find it the sweetest thing you ever realized, and most comforting ; it will enable you to pass by or give up anything ; the love of Christ will so constrain you to every good word and work.

" The great and terrible God." Now, it is said, and it is indeed a truth, " that he is terrible in his doings towards the children of men." It is said by the Psalmist, " And men shall speak of the might of thy terrible acts, and I will declare thy greatness." Now God will shew us, even as regards his own children—those he intends to take to heaven, those for whom he has such love and mercy to

bear with them—God will shew us that he is terrible in his doings towards even such. When God spake to Moses about leading the people into the promised land, he said, “I will send my Angel before you; provoke him not, for my name is in him.” So mark this: if we provoke God we shall find that he is terrible, and he can shew us too how strong he is in his terrible acts, without putting forth much of his power. A little gravel in the kidneys, or any seemingly more simple thing, he can make so terrible as to cause us to roll about upon the bed and groan for pain; the sciatica in the hip, the gout in the foot, are such terrible things, and God sometimes puts them there, shewing us what he *can* do, and by them humbles us at his feet, and thus saves us from a deserved hell. But these are only parts of his ways—they are terrible, and they that have felt them can better describe than I can how very terrible they are—God can go a little further. I am not going to set forth *all* that he *can* do—indeed, I am not able. O, no, I can only drop a few hints, and very few, as to what he has done, or can do. As to the terribleness of his doings to the children of men: we find that Eli’s sons did not walk as they should have done; they did not observe the commandments and obey the statutes of the Lord as they ought to have done; and tidings came to their father of the evil doings of these boys, and the old man said to them (1 Sam. ii. 23, 24), “Why do ye such things? for I hear of your evil dealings by all this people. Nay, my sons; for it is no good report that I hear; ye make the Lord’s people to transgress.” And then it became him to put them from the priest’s office; but the over-indulgence of the father and his parental kindness are too much for him, so we find, instead of seeking the honour of God, his affection for his sons overcomes him, and dries up all the zeal he should have had towards God, his commandments and his ways. God therefore calls to Samuel, and he ran to Eli, but Eli perceived that God had called the child. Therefore he said, Go and lie down, and if the Lord call thee, say “Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth” (iii. 11—14). “And the Lord said to Samuel, Behold, I will do a thing in Israel, at which both the ears of every one that heareth it shall tingle. In that day I will perform against Eli all things which I have spoken concerning his house (ii. 24—30); when I begin I will also make an end. For I have told him that I will judge his house for ever for the iniquity which he knoweth, because his sons made themselves vile (or accursed), and he *restrained them not*. And

therefore I have sworn unto the house of Eli, that the iniquity of Eli's house shall not be purged with sacrifice nor offering for ever"; and (iv. 11) you read the two sons of Eli were slain: thus the flower of his house was cut off in one day. O this was terrible doing to the poor old man. What a mercy, then, it is to know the will of God, and *to do it*; to seek the honour of God before your own. If you seek God's honour, you need not study to be anxious about your own: he will see to that before the world. How do you know that? say you. Why, because I have proved it for these forty years, therefore I must and will speak well for God. Now we find the Philistines make head against Israel, and the Israelites, to make sure of God's help, fetch the ark, and there was a great shouting; but if God was not there it was of no use to shout. It is just the same if you come here to chapel, and God is not here; if God does not speak by his servant to your heart, your coming and going is of no use. Then the Philistines say, What is this noise? and some reply, This is because the ark of God is come into the camp; O this is a great thing! but they cried (1 Sam. iv. 9) "Be strong, and quit yourselves like men, O ye Philistines," and they fought, and Israel was smitten, and the ark of God was taken. Out runs a messenger (verse 12), and lo! Eli was sitting by the wayside watching, and the man came hastily and told Eli, and said, There hath been a great slaughter amongst the people; thy two sons are dead, and the ark of God is taken; and when he made mention that the ark of God was taken, he fell off his seat backwards, his neck brake, and *he* died; for he was very old, and, it is said, a very heavy man besides. O he is terrible in his doings! therefore it may indeed be said, "Provoke him not." "How often," says God, speaking of Israel, "did they provoke me in the wilderness, and tempt me in the desert!" Again, we find that David, in the pride of his heart, stood up to number the people; no doubt he had a very large army—larger, perhaps, than any of the nations round about; but he must know the number: so he sent out, although Joab tried to dissuade him from it. But when they bring back the number to the king, in comes the prophet Gad, and said unto him, "Thus saith the Lord, I offer thee three things; choose one of them, that I may do it unto thee" (2 Sam. xxiv. 12, 14). Here are terrible doings! O, said the dear man, "I am in a great strait; let me fall into the hands of the Lord, for his mercies are great; let me not fall into the hands of man;" and then we find that



seventy thousand of his chosen men were smitten down by pestilence. But all these things I have named were only in fatherly chastisement; they were not in bitter wrath and anger—no, no: “In a little wrath I hid my face from thee, but with great mercies will I gather thee.” This was to save them from going to perdition, so he punished them in this life, that they might not be condemned with the wicked.

But he is terrible in his doings to other folks. Just hearken! “Upon the wicked”—that is, every ungodly, unregenerate man: they are the wicked in God’s account, because they have nothing but what is sensual and wicked—O sinner, how terrible he is! how it thrills through my mind as I read it—“Upon the wicked God will rain *fire* and *brimstone*, and an *horrible tempest*.” Is it not enough to make one cry out, “Good God, remember me?” Who can stand when he is angry; when his fierce wrath is kindled *but a little*? blessed are all they that put their trust in him. “O,” says the Almighty, “Can thine hands be strong in the day that I shall contend with thee?” “I will be unto them as a lion: as a leopard by the way will I observe them; I will meet them as a bear that is bereaved of her whelps, and will rend the caul of their heart, and there will I devour them like a lion: the wild beast shall tear them.” (Hosea xiii. 7, 8.) What a mercy, then, to be reconciled to God by the death of his dear Son; to realize in our hearts and minds peace between God and us, so that we can look up without fear, and feel that God is well pleased with us for Jesus Christ’s sake; and, “although no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous, yet afterwards it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness to them that are exercised thereby.” If the chastening hand of God upon thee brings thee to his feet to confess thy sins; seeking for mercy, and a felt interest in the love and blood of his Son; then there is hope in Israel *concerning thee*.

“The great and terrible God, *that keepeth covenant and mercy*,” &c. O what a mercy it is that he *does* keep covenant; no breaking it with him. Now this covenant, spoken of in my text, I believe to be no other than the covenant of grace which he made with his dear Son; therefore it is said (Zech. vi. 13), “The counsel of peace shall be between them both;” and again (Psalm lxxxix. 3, 4), “I have made a covenant with my *chosen*, I have sworn unto David my servant, Thy seed will I establish for ever, and build up thy throne to all generations.” (ver. 30.)

“If his children forsake my law, and walk not in my judgments; if they break my statutes, and keep not my commandments; then will I visit their transgression with the rod, and their iniquity with stripes. Nevertheless, my lovingkindness will I not utterly take from him, nor suffer my faithfulness to fail. *My covenant* will I not break, nor alter the thing that is gone out of my lips. Once have I sworn by my holiness that I will not lie unto David. His seed shall endure for ever,” &c. It is said of some in the word of God, that they made a covenant and brake it. You know the manner of making a covenant: they divided the beast, part this side and part that side, and walked between the two parts, in order to show that unless they walked in the covenant to keep it, then they might be split down as the beast. (See Gen. xv. 10-17.) Now God complains by the prophet Jeremiah (xi. 10), “They are turned back to the iniquities of their forefathers, and have broken my covenant which I made with their fathers; therefore (ver. 11) Behold, I will bring evil upon them.” And we see how the terrible judgments of God fall upon them: look at the devastation and dreadful calamity Zedekiah and his people fall into! They were overtaken in battle; his sons and his nobles were slain before his eyes, and he himself, after his eyes were put out, was bound in chains and carried captive to Babylon, and there he dragged out his miserable existence. Thus we find how upright God is about keeping covenant; and mind this, if he has ever made a covenant with you or me, or with his dear Son on our behalf, he will be sure to keep it—yes, that he will. O! say you; I wish I knew: I am satisfied that God will keep covenant with them that fear him; that he is of one mind, and none can turn him; and that if he has made a covenant with his dear Son on my behalf, I shall surely inherit all the blessings of it; but I want to know this: Has he? Now then, I will come as low as I can for your comfort, to prove that he has. Now God, speaking of Jesus Christ, says, “This is my covenant; the spirit that is upon him shall never depart out of thy mouth, nor out of the mouth of thy seed, nor out of the mouth of thy seed’s seed, from henceforth and for ever.” Then if God has made this covenant with his Son, secret things belong unto God alone; but if he has made it manifest that he has made a covenant with you also, the Spirit of God’s Son rests upon you; and if you have been made partaker of his Spirit, then there has been a mourning for sin and a change of heart according to what we read, “Which were

born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, *but of God* ;” and again, “If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his.” This covenant that God has made with Jesus Christ shall last to the end of time ; it shall never depart out of the mouth of thy seed, &c. Well : some may say, I am persuaded there is a change, but my anxiety is to know that it is a *saving change*. I know that I am not the man or woman I once was ; there is some earnestness in my heart, a fervency of soul, and contrition for sin, and I desire to serve God and to get to heaven at last ; but I should like another proof—make it fast, so to speak, at both ends. Well, poor soul, we will try : When God sent the flood upon the earth, and by-and-bye it was dried up again, and Noah came forth out of the ark, God said to him, “I will make a covenant with thee and with the earth, that I will no more drown the world for man’s sake, seeing the imagination of man’s heart is evil, and only evil, from his youth ; neither will I again smite any more every living thing as I have done ; and I will put my bow in the cloud, and I will look upon it, that I may remember the everlasting covenant between God and every living creature of all flesh that is upon the earth.” Then that bow was a token to Noah that God would never drown the world again. Now I ask, Has God never given thee a token ? Say you, “What is a *real* token ?” Why, a real desire after God and his Christ. Is there no bow in the cloud, so to speak, in your heart ; no hope in the mercy of God ; no word, no feeling persuasion that the Holy Ghost has wrought and produced in your soul?—nothing of this kind : no bow in the cloud ? “Well,” say you, “I dare not say but there is a little something.” I am not asking thee how much : that something is there ; and God says, “I will look upon the bow, and remember the covenant ;” and as the good Spirit has wrought these desires in your heart towards his beloved Son, hear what dear Hart writes :—

“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.”

I will fulfil the desire of them that seek *Me*. I will hear their cry, and will save them to the joy and rejoicing of their heart. Again, he says to Abraham (just to give you another token, for if you can find something of these things, he will keep the covenant, he will stand fast to what he has sworn, for he says), “This is the covenant that I will make with them, I will put my fear in their hearts, and will write

it in their inward parts, and so I will be a God unto them, and to their seed after them, and they shall not depart from me." Then it all rests with him, and "faithful is he that hath promised, who also will do it." He will keep it, no fear about that. Now, he says to Abraham (Gen. xvii. 7), "I will establish my covenant between me and thee and thy seed after thee in their generations for an everlasting covenant, to be a God unto thee, and to thy seed after thee." And this was to be the token, as you read (verse 10), "Every man child among you shall be circumcised. And ye shall circumcise the flesh of your foreskin; and it shall be a token of the covenant betwixt me and you." Now, what does this set forth in a spiritual or gospel sense? Why, that God will circumcise the heart to love and fear him; and if you can say "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee," then you have a proof that God has established his covenant with you. Yes, his covenant is established in the circumcising of your heart to love and fear him, and you may rest assured, poor soul, that God will keep his covenant with thee. Therefore, says my text, "I beseech thee, O Lord God of heaven," &c.

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#### MEDITATION.

It is to be feared that there are some who profess religion with an appearance of strictness, who never separate themselves from all other occasions, in order to meditate on Christ and his glory. And yet, with a strange inconsistency of apprehensions, they will profess that they desire nothing more, than to "behold his glory" in heaven for ever. But it is evident, even in the light of reason, that these things are irreconcilable. It is impossible that he who never meditates with delight on the glory of Christ here in this world, who labours not to behold it by faith, as it is revealed in the Scriptures, should ever have any real gracious desire to behold it in heaven. They may love and desire the fruition of their imaginations; they cannot do so of the glory of Christ, whereof they are ignorant, and wherewith they are unacquainted. It is therefore to be lamented, that men who find time for, and have inclinations to think and meditate on other things (it may be earthly and vain), have neither heart, nor inclination, nor leisure, to meditate on this glorious object. What is the faith and love which such men profess? How will they find themselves deceived in the issue! OWEN.

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"Some people," said the late Mr. Newton, "believe much better than they reason. I once heard a good old woman arguing in favour of eternal election. 'Sir,' said she, 'I am sure if God had not chosen me before I was born, he would never have chosen me after.'"

## MEETING AND PARTING.

Christian Friend,—I hope this will find you well in body and mind. I am sorry that I have not acknowledged your favour before, but you must forgive me this time. I have kept putting it off because I am such a poor tool at placing words together, and I think my writing, like myself, is very bad. I am never right only when made right by another, even Jesus Christ. We are never so right as when humbled into nothing. It is a sweet place to be brought into, for then we have no will of our own. It seems to be the very gate of liberty to be brought to nothing here, for then we can leave ourselves, and men, and everything besides, in the hands of God. How easy it then becomes to bear the frowns of men; yea, more than that, we can then bear their smiles also. We have been called upon to have our faith tried on this point lately. I hope that it is all for the best, for it caused us to feel about us; and Jesus has not been so precious to our soul for many years as he has of late. We have just now had our little lot all broken to pieces; and I think we must have loved each other, because it made tear flow upon tear, groan upon groan, until our sleep went from us. But the best of it is, the Lord heard, and I hope is about to bring us together again. I thought, while in the storm, that I could not cry earnestly enough; but it was as though Jesus said, "I can;" and forthwith all his tears, and groans, and sweat, and agony, were transferred to me. How sweet is it to trust that "Himself took our infirmities," and in exchange bestowed upon us his righteousness! and how wonderful, also, to believe that we shall be joint-heirs with him in glory! It generally seems too much for a poor sinner to realize. Whenever we feel low and languid in prayer, and desire to be more earnest, I hope, by the blessed Spirit's power, we shall be enabled to say, "He was earnest for us, and that is reckoned ours." When we can get here, they are living times with us. I find that coming together is much sweeter than parting. It is alike true, naturally and spiritually. I hope it may be so in our immediate case. I have heard people say that if there is no jealousy there is no love. I believe that it is so in the best sense. We are but poor creatures: "The best is but a briar, and the most upright is but a thorn hedge," and "every one, at his best state, is altogether vanity."

It is sad work if we are left to search God's word to make daggers with which to wound one another. I hope the Lord will make us tender, enabling us to make each other's cause our own.

Please to give my respects to Mr. Tiptaft. I hope he is well; many will be glad to see him this way again. I like the book you sent. I wish we had more of such preaching, although I know that there are many who do not like it. He did not sow among thorns, but cleared away the rubbish before he put in the seed. I hope the Lord is still blessing you; and if we do not see each other any more here, we shall in a better world.

H. BRADFORD.

## RIGHT THINGS.

“I declare things that are right.”—ISAIAH XLV. 19.

WHATEVER God has said will bear the closest inspection and test of angels, men, and devils. God declares right things, whether he speaks of himself or others, time or eternity, and what he says may be relied upon, for the Fountain of Unsullied Purity sends forth no impure streams, neither by design nor mistake. “He is from frailty free.”

It is said, “The disciples of Pythagoras (a Greek philosopher) had the greatest reverence for every word he uttered; and if he did but barely aver a thing, he was immediately believed without its being once examined; and to affirm the truth of any thing, they used to express themselves in this manner: ‘The master said it.’ This was carrying things too far; such a sacrifice of their reason, says the historian, ought to be made to the Divine Being alone.”

Implicit faith may be placed in what he hath said who “declares things that are right;” so that it is right, consistent, and safe for the people to say, “The Lord said it.” “He is the God of truth, without iniquity, just and right is he.” And in relation to his entire dominion of providence and grace, from one end of time to the other, the ancient interrogation may be made, “What iniquity have you or your fathers found in me?”

“I declare things that are right.” “Yet vain man would be wise, though man be born like a wild ass’s colt,” and dares to contradict the infallible declarations of Infinite Wisdom, and attempts to set up his own ideas and system in contradistinction to the revealed mind of the great and ever-glorious Jehovah. But rejoice, O Zion, and the Holy Ghost help us to trust in him who “declares things that are right.” “These Sabeans, men of stature, shall come over unto thee, and they shall be thine: they shall come after thee; in chains they shall come over, and they shall fall down unto thee, they shall make supplication unto thee, saying Surely God is in thee; and there is none else, there is no God.”

What a mercy is it to believe what the Lord hath declared, and to believe it through having his declarations wrought out in our hearts’ experience, that whether he declares things concerning man in a state of nature and sin through the fall, or man in a state of grace through the sovereign, eternal, infallible, and immutable interposition of a covenant God—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, in the great scheme of redemption through the mediation of the Son of God—I say, what a mercy is it to believe these things so as to be able to say, “Yes, I know that is right, for I have the witness within.” Without this faith, this knowledge, man—poor, fickle, changeable man—may soon be carried down the stream with the tide of error. The Holy Ghost keep our understanding, judgment, will, affections, and conscience under the powerful influence of his sayings who “declares ‘right things.’”

He declares things which are true concerning sin and sinners. How the Lord hath declared that "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." And it is solemnly true. Such a declaration shows that the sinnership state of the Adamic family is universal. Neither station, time, age, nor clime, can claim exemption in this matter; for all, through federal relationship and the fall, have inherited a nature sinful, loathsome, and vile. There may be many outward distinctions, so far as the observations of creatures are concerned, acceptable, pleasing, and beneficial, but the nature derived from a corrupt stock is corrupt still. "Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean? not one." Man may vaunt his moral goodness, but his self-pride, self-righteousness, and self-sufficiency, place him at an infinite distance from absolute purity. It is written, "He beholdeth the proud afar off." Pride! prolific womb of rebellion, strife, revenge and murder (in many cases), how hast thou plotted, and with watchful eye, dexterous hand, and swift foot, sought thy opportunity to exalt self, even to the dethroning of others, and sometimes under the covering of feigned humility. Well might one say—

"Against it preach, it prompts the speech;  
Be silent, still 'tis there."

But to return. "The one act of the one man" made his once pure nature corrupt and abominable, and we, being part of the "lump," are rendered thereby unholy too. "Behold, I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me." What a picture the Holy Ghost has given in Rom. iii. 9-18! Though the picture is by no means creature-exalting, it is nevertheless true. The Lord give us such humbling views of ourselves and our state by nature that we may say, "Thou, Lord, hast declared right things concerning my state before thee;" "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" and help us to "thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord."

It is to be feared, there are but few that groan under the burden of sin, saying, with one of old, "Undertake for me, for I am oppressed." "Be to me a surety and patron" (Witsius). It is a day of great profession, but it is profession which allows of great worldly-mindedness, and conformity to its pleasures, fashions, and methods of gain. When the Holy Ghost well loads the quickened sinner's heart with the burden of sin, and makes him cry out in sincerity, "Behold, I am vile!" the world will not be much sought after, but such will retire to their closets, shut to the door, and there groan out before God, "I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight." "O Lord," saith the poor wretch, "I know I deserve to be sent to the lowest hell, 'but if thou canst do any thing, have compassion on me;' 'If thou wilt, thou canst make me clean.'" And Jesus said, "I will; be thou clean." These are some of the right declarations of a precious Saviour.

Again, the Lord says, "Sin is the transgression of the law." A solemn truth when rightly viewed by a poor wretch labouring

under the curses of the holy, searching law of God! Sins of lip, life, and thought, are the transgression of the law—not the law of man, but the inflexible law of God, the good and irreproachable law of God, which he has given to guide and regulate his creature, man, in his conduct and affections towards himself and towards each other. But man—rebellious, fallen man—“has cast these words from him,” trampled upon the authority of the Law-Giver, disregarded the holy rule, and sinned against the best and the most glorious of all Beings, the infinitely good God, having by his own conduct sunk himself into ruin. Now the Lord Jesus said, “One jot or tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled.” By us the law is broken, but by us it cannot be repaired, for “No flesh living can be justified by the deeds of the law,” being “weak through the flesh.” Such are the declarations of the Holy Ghost, the truth of which some of us have proved. We did our best when labouring under it, but

“The more we strove against sin’s power,  
We sinn’d and stumbled but the more.”

“It wrought in us all manner of concupiscence.” Thus we had “Both works and strokes, both lash and labour too.” Yet in this “fruitless labour of the foolish” we continued, until, through the law being applied, “we became dead to the law,” for we found the law condemned us for a lustful glance of the eye to any one forbidden object: “He that looketh and lusteth,” &c. Who has not taken that glance, if not towards one forbidden object, yet towards another? We well remember, under the application of the above word, discovering the spiritual nature of God’s holy law, which cut us up root and branch, and we dropped down in hopeless despair on the ground of the works of the law, finding that “we are carnal, sold under sin,” like a bond-slave to his master.

Again, the Lord hath declared, “Cursed is everyone that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them.” Discontinue once in our lives, and but one thing written in the book of the law, we are thereby transgressors, and the relation in which we stand to the law is, we are rendered guilty sinners; and the relation in which the law stands to us is, it is a broken law, and must be (out of Christ) a cursing law; and such have we found it, by night and by day, when its thundering voice commanded and demanded obedience and purity, even of thought, without giving us the least degree of strength to meet its requirements. This made us feelingly say, “I am lost! O that I had not an immortal soul, or that I had never been born;” or, “As a hidden, untimely birth, I had not been; as infants which never saw light!” But we are born, and die we must. Well might Bunyan exclaim, “O, eternity! eternity! how shall I grapple with the misery . . . in eternity!” We found the truth of the words of the “Man after God’s own heart:”



“The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell gat hold upon me; I found trouble and sorrow. Then called I upon the name of the Lord: O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul.” Thus we can testify that the Lord “declares things that are right.” What sayest thou, reader, concerning these points? “He that hath received this testimony hath set to his seal that God is true.”

Come then, poor sin-convinced, law-cursed, Satan-harassed, world-persecuted, trembling, fearing, and sinking one—“In deep mire, where there is no standing,” whose “own clothes abhor you”—the Lord declares things which are encouraging, and they are right things too. They are right, because they are truthful, suitable, and safe. One of old said, “I will hear what God the Lord will speak, for he will speak peace to his people, to his saints.” Now, though all are sinners in God’s sight, all are not saints in his sight. Who then are saints (manifestively)? Those who are quickened, called, “sanctified by God the Father, preserved in Christ Jesus, and called:” “Called to be saints.” The joint-acts of a Trinity of Persons in the glorious Jehovah make saints of the election of grace. Now every manifested saint is a seeker, and to such the Lord hath said, in the dispensation of his Spirit in their souls, “Seek ye my face.” And the poor thing responds, with all the willingness and eagerness that a poor condemned wretch, awaiting his execution, listens to the reading of his reprieve: “Thy face, Lord, will I seek.” O, reader, “where the word of a King is there is power!” Absolute power is the divine prerogative, as well as the mediatorial right of him who said, “I am the resurrection and the life;” for “he, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God.” Yet he was found in the form of a servant, and, as his reward of toil in life and death, the Father “gave him power over all flesh, that he should give eternal life to as many as he had given him.” “All that the Father giveth me shall come to me; and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.” Now, seeking one, this is what he hath said, “I said not unto the seed of Jacob, Seek ye me in vain.” Who are the seed of Jacob but the seed of Christ? And will he disown his own seed, his begotten ones? “A seed shall serve him; it shall be accounted to the Lord for a generation.” If the Lord “hath not said to the seed of Jacob, Seek ye me in vain,” then he hath said, Ye shall not seek me in vain. O, seeking ones, “The Lord whom ye seek shall suddenly come to his temple, even the messenger of the covenant.” Again, the Lord hath declared this to his seeking seed (and he will declare it to all such in his own time), “Look unto me and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth.” “Look unto me!” Away from self, sin, law, Satan, world, “unto me.” And when the power of God is put forth in the poor sinner’s soul, whereby he is enabled to look with the eye of precious faith, such finds salvation in a look. One poet puts it in the following language:

“I saw One hanging on a tree,  
 In agonies and blood,  
 Who fix'd his languid eye on me,  
 As near his cross I stood.” (See 1025, Gadsby's)

If we have not found the substance of these declarations in our experience, what can we say of our state before God?

Another declaration is this, “In the Lord shall all the seed of Israel be justified, and shall glory.” Then the true state of the wrestling Jacobs and prevailing Israels is, they are not only pardoned, but are “justified from all things, from which they cannot be justified by the law of Moses.” And blessed be God, in justifying the sinner he does not lower the standard of his holy law, seeing all its requirements have been met in the spotless obedience of the Son of God, the elect sinner's Substitute. So that in the act of justifying the believing soul, every ray of each perfection of Jehovah shines in the resplendent glory; thus he is “A just God and a Saviour.”

To whom is this declaration likely to be welcome, and by whom is it received with gratitude? Why by the poor ragged wretch who has been plunged into Job's ditch, or the ditch of his own abominations, groaning out of his heart, as he stands consciously before the All-searching and All-seeing eye of Infinite Purity, “Behold, I am vile!” This is the man who will be glad of clothing not his own, and will gladly “cast away his own garments,” and “take hold of the skirts of him that is a Jew.” O to be interested in the righteousness of Christ, to stand covered with this robe, this glorious wedding dress, this unfading garment, this raiment of the finest texture, woven throughout, possessing all the virtue of Incarnate Majesty! O how justly it absolves from sin, guilt, law-charge, curse, and shame!

Our soul hath not a particle of hope out of this, for apart from this we must be condemned. But once the Lord said to us, if not awfully deceived, “Thou art all fair, my love, my dove, my undefiled: there is no spot in thee.” And it broke our hard heart too, and humbled us at his feet, making us feel as “black as the tents of Kedar” in oneself:

“The more thy glories strike mine eyes,  
 The humbler I shall lie.”

Who, knowing his own ragged, filthy state, would not be stripped of his own garments to be clothed with this “change of raiment?” Well, this is what the Holy Ghost declares: this robe “is unto all, and upon all them that believe.”

“He makes the believer, and gives him his crown.”

What would not many poor sinners give, had they it in their possession, to be able to lay hold of these things? Well, “he hath not said to the seeking seed of Jacob, Seek ye me in vain,” and he hath said, “In the Lord, all the seed of Israel shall be justified, and shall glory.” “I declare things that are right.” Oh see that thou attempt to carry nothing to him but thy sinful, ragged, worthless self. It is sinners, real sinners, he came to

save. "Nothing in my hands I bring," &c., is easily said, but not so easily practiced. Righteous self "sticks closer to us than the collar of our coat." How often has our self-righteous heart said, "I am not as this publican!" And it appears as though nothing will bring this down but "sousing and dousing," as one has said,

"Before he'll suffer pride that swells,  
He'll drag thee through the mire  
Of sins, temptations, little hells;  
Thy Husband saves by fire."

One more thing the Lord has declared, which is right. "No weapon formed against thee shall prosper." He does not say (so far as the designs of the foe are concerned) there shall no weapon be formed against thee, but "No weapon formed against thee shall prosper." The old foe of Zion, of "Jacob's seed," is an adept at the forge, and he has many workpeople on his firm and in his employ. Let Rome Pagan and Rome Papal witness, together with all the instruments of cruelty of the inquisition with which God's people have been tortured, "not accepting deliverance." The weapons did not prosper. Now these workpeople of Satan think they are doing a great work for the Lord (or profess to think so), and, like Saul of Tarsus, they think they do God service in persecuting the poor and the needy, and "thrusting with side and shoulder, and pushing all the diseased with their horns till they have scattered them abroad." Yet listen, poor tried and persecuted one, to what the Lord hath said about the old blacksmith and his workpeople: "Behold! I have created the smith, that bloweth the coals in the fire, and bringeth forth an instrument for his work." If the Lord created him, surely he can manage him, and cause his own acts to outwit himself, and destroy his own crafty designs.

"Satan, with instruments of his,  
May rage, yet dread no evil;  
So far as he a creature is,  
Thy Husband made the devil.

"His black temptations may afflict,  
His fiery darts annoy;  
But all his works and hellish tricks  
Thy Husband will destroy.

"Let armies strong of earthly gods,  
Combined with hellish ghosts,  
They live or languish at his nods;  
Thy Husband's Lord of hosts.

"Thou hast indeed the better part;  
The part will fail thee never;  
Thy Husband's hand, thy Husband's heart,  
Thy Husband's all for ever."

O, poor trembling believer, "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper; and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn. This is the heritage of the ser-

vants of the Lord, and their righteousness is of me, saith the Lord." "I declare things that are right." Well might the wicked prophet say, "He hath blessed, and I cannot reverse it."

While we write, our heart sinks at the thought, Should we be able to range a little over these things in a mere doctrinal way without having them enthroned in our affections, what an awful thing! And Satan and unbelief have again and again suggested, while the pen has been moving as prompted from within, "You know nothing about it vitally." Poor tried one, you who are tried about your interest in these things, you are not alone. Were you dead in sin, or dead in a profession, you would not be so sorely tried. "Think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you." It would be much more strange were you not tried. This is the old path, in which are the foot-prints of the Old and New Testament saints who have gone before, and we may say with the poet,

"Ye are travelling home to God,  
In the way the fathers trod;  
They are happy now, and ye  
Soon their happiness shall see.

"O ye banish'd seed, be glad;  
Christ your Advocate is made;  
You to save, your flesh assumes;  
Brother to your souls becomes."

In conclusion, the Lord hath said, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee," &c. What more can we need than the fulfilment of such a gracious promise? We may die poor as it regards this world's possessions, and much despised by the professors and profane; that will but little matter, if we are favoured with the presence of the Son of God, and supported by the strong arms of covenant love and power.

Amidst the solemn departure, on all hands, from these divine verities, may the "Lord preserve us unto his kingdom and glory," resting in the sweet assurance of the faith of God's elect, that "He declares things that are right."—A. J. P.

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JOB, the spectacle of patience, being full of sores in his body, spoiled of his goods, and deprived of his children, said, God gave it, and God hath taken it again; "The name of the Lord be praised."  
—Coverdale.

"O ye angels that surround the throne; ye princes of heaven "that excel in strength," and are clothed with transcendent brightness; He who placed you in those stations of exalted honour, and dignified your nature with such illustrious endowments; He whom you all obey and all adore; He took not on him the angelic form, but was made flesh, and was found in fashion as a man! Like us wretched mortals, he was subject to weariness, pain, and every infirmity, sin only excepted, that we might one day be raised to your sublime abodes; be adopted into blissful society; and join with your transporting choir in giving glory to him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever and ever."—Hervy.

“I WAS BROUGHT LOW, AND HE HELPED ME.”

Dean, near Charlbury, March 28th, 1892.

Dear Friends,—I was born in the year 1825, and lived in a worldly state until I saw a spiritual change in my husband, and the change in him seemed to have such an effect upon my soul that I felt like one left alone, but was enabled to pour out my soul to the Lord, and to beg of him to teach me to know him, “whom to know is life eternal,” and I was helped to bow with humble submission at his dear footstool.

As I was sitting one Sunday morning dressing my baby, my husband having gone to chapel, I had such a precious view of a precious Christ, that I felt to know him for myself, and to love him. I thought that if my father and mother and friends did but know him as I felt then that I did, how they would love him too. But in the evening of the same day, when at the prayer-meeting, I felt such workings of sin in my heart that I did not know what to do with myself. My sins appeared like mountains before me, and brought me into a distressed state, and the more I tried to strive against sin the lower I seemed to sink. My sins pressed me down to the very dust, and death seemed stamped upon everything around me.

I continued in this dark state for a long time, and was obliged to go to the Lord frequently, to beg of him to help me in this sore trial. Sometimes I had a little hope that the dear Lord would grant me that which I was seeking after, then at other times I sank in my feelings lower than ever, so that restless nights were appointed for me. I had many rebellious thoughts, and felt much enmity against the Lord, which caused me great distress of mind; but I was obliged to tell the Lord

“That if my soul were sent to hell,  
His righteous law approves it well.”

Many miles have I walked, carrying my baby in my arms, to hear the Gospel, and many prayers have I offered up in secret before God that he would bless me. One night when I was coming home I seemed like one driven to an extremity, and O how I begged of the Lord to help me in this great trouble. In a minute a sweet feeling came into my soul, and I turned round in the road as though I was going to speak to some one; and I said to Satan, “*Thou art a liar,*” twice over, and with such boldness of spirit that I felt the Lord to be very precious to my soul all the rest of the way; and when I reached my home I went upstairs to give vent to my feelings in secret, and the Lord was so precious to me that I felt I could not get low enough at his dear feet. I said to my husband, when he came home, that if I had to go through it all again I should not fear, for my burden was gone, and from that time the Lord has been better to me than all my fears; and bless his dear name, he has brought me through many troubles, for which I would feel most grateful.

About six weeks before my dear husband's death, I felt the

Lord so precious to my soul that I seemed to enjoy his presence every day, and there were so many promises came so sweet to my heart, that I felt them powerfully applied to me. This one in particular was most precious: "Because I live, ye shall live also." I told my husband that I had been begging the dear Lord to abide with us, for I said, "Fast falls the eventide." We shall neither of us be long here in this world, though little did I think that his time would be so short; but when he was in a conscious state he was either praying or praising, and he continued in this blessed frame till within a quarter of an hour of his death. He breathed his last without a struggle or a groan, and passed away to be for ever with the Lord. But O, what a great loss I have sustained by his decease, which cannot be made up, for he was a kind and affectionate father and husband.

RHODA DAVIS.

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"HE IS THE ROCK."

My dear Friend and Brother in indissolvable bonds,—Grace, mercy, and peace, through the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, be multiplied to thee exceedingly. Before going any farther I must apologize for not answering your letter sooner. I intended to have done so the Sunday after I received it, but was hindered from doing so then. And now being at home alone, as the blessed Spirit shall enable me, I will try and do so. I was truly sorry to hear you were so low in the valley of affliction; but what a mercy it has found you in the valley of humiliation, and desiring to be kept there still; this, my dear friend, is lying at the feet of Jesus, longing to receive of his words, and none ever laid in vain there yet. No, no, nor ever will.

"Though all hell should endeavour to shake,  
Jesus will never, no never forsake"

the work of his hands; for as he sent some words very sweetly into my heart this morning, so I have begged of him to help me to write a few lines to you upon them. They are the words of Moses in the 32nd of Deuteronomy, 4th verse: "He is the rock, his work is perfect." Now, whatever changes we experience in this frail nature of ours, either in a spiritual or natural sense, there is no change in this *Blessed Rock*; no, for he is "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." Though we often have to say with the poet, "My soul through many changes goes;" what a mercy, "His love no variation knows." There is no variableness nor shadow of turning in him. And I firmly believe that the blessed Spirit indited that sweet prayer in the heart of the writer (that so wound round my heart and affections while reading it); and if I am not greatly mistaken, that prayer was penned by my friend, at least I told the Lord so, and heartily begged of him soon to grant its desire to the full. "The storm clouds gather thickly o'er my head, and threaten to destroy." 'Tis all that they can do. They are gathered there

only to be dispersed by this Rock, whose work is perfect; not *half* done, you see, as the devil would have you believe, but it is perfect, and nowhere else is this perfection to be found. Now this work is perfected to bring up your soul out of the horrible pit and miry clay of despondency, and set your feet upon this Rock, Jesus Christ. The devil hates to be foiled; but where he sees the conquest sure to be dead against him, and that he must eventually lose the battle, he will bring forth all his malice and spleen, and if he cannot bring the poor soul down to utter despondency, he will often turn his tale, and transform himself into the dreaded angel of light, and try to lift up the soul with false comforts; and if the Lord so humbles us, that we, by his own gracious Spirit, are enabled to detect him in this much to be dreaded form, then he will come as a storm against the wall of our little hope; but cheer up, my dear friend:

“Buts, ifs, and hows, are hurl'd  
 To sink us with the gloom  
 Of all that's dismal in this world,  
 Or in the world to come;  
 But here's our point of rest;  
 Though hard the battle seem,  
 Our Captain stood the fiery test,  
 And we shall stand *through him.*”

This Rock, whose work is perfect, sometimes brings down our souls with hard labour, that we may labour hard to get near to him with longings, desirings, pantings, and hungerings after the Bread of Life. Aye, and we *shall* stand through him, for his work is perfect. You know, my dear friend, if when the last stone came to be raised in the building of grace, and one stone were found to be missing (if it were but a filling up stone), the building would not be perfect, so you see there must not be a hoof left behind, not even the poor body and soul of R. E. H., who terms his life a worthless existence. Nay, my friend, “Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and,” mark you, “not one of them falls to the ground without the notice of our heavenly Father. Fear not, then, ye are of more value than many sparrows.” There is a time with all the children of God to be brought to the birth. Now it appears plain to me that the Lord has brought you there, but you have not yet the needed strength to bring forth. But what is the reason? You think that you are as mean, unworthy, and despicable in the eyes of God as you are in your own; and then your little faith loses sight of the great Physician, who alone can safely bring you through this birth. Now just try to cast yourself at his feet, and tell him that his mercy is far greater than your misery; that though you know you are such an ugly wretch, there is purity enough in him to cover all your deformity. Tell him that you have no dress to appear in at court, that you come naked to him to be clothed, and rest assured he will spread his skirt over thee, and thou wilt find that skirt to be *Everlasting Love*, covering all thy

miserable defects, so that thou wilt sing in that day, "O Lord, I will praise thee: though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortest me." Then you will be able to say with Moses, "Ascribe ye greatness unto our God; he is the Rock, his work is perfect, for all his ways are judgment; a God of truth and without iniquity, just and right is he." That he may be with you is the prayer of

Yours very sincerely and affectionately. E. D.

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"WHEREFORE DIDST THOU DOUBT?"

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Dearly Beloved in the Bonds of the Everlasting Gospel,—Grace and peace be with thee, from him who ever lives and ever loves. I have returned to the God of all grace thanks for his mercies made known to you, in that he hath brought you to see that you are a debtor to grace. I find a degree of gratitude to God for his condescending to own any feeble attempt of mine to the refreshing the bowels of the saints. I am willing to entertain you with a line or two of mine if you think them worthy of your reading. I shall state myself in the following manner: Happy am I to meet with you, my beloved child; and if you will begin, I should most gladly hear what the Lord hath done for your soul!

"To my shame be it spoken, I was one who was wise in mine own eyes and prudent in my own sight, till the Lord led me under your ministry, and was pleased to arrest me by his Spirit, sending his word into my conscience, making me to feel and groan under my lost estate, and turning all my comeliness into corruption; and really my sorrows are now so great, and my burden so heavy, that I think God will have nothing to do with such a wretch as me."

"Come, my dear child, do not be so much cast down: the work of Christ was and is to save sinners, and he always has and will take such offscourings as you are, to make them to feel sensibly their state before he gives them to enjoy the salvation of Jesus in their conscience."

"But, my friend, I am often put to a stand when I hear some people speaking about their conversion, and how soon they attained to a knowledge of Jesus, and believed every doctrine that the Bible holds forth in a few days, some in a few hours; when the Lord knows I am so blind, ignorant, dumb, and stupid, that I can see not one thing in the Word nor in myself, and doubt whether I ever were right, or whether the Lord really loves me."

"No doubt such characters have much troubled you, yet all they talk about is nothing but wind and confusion; their religion goes no further than the letter, and when they depart, their hope shall be as the giving up of the ghost."

"All this may be true, but I fear that I am the person of whom you speak; for when I have mentioned to them the power of God in raising me out of the grave of sin where I lay, they



start at me, some laugh at me, and others have told me that I am a fool. Now what do you think of me? Is there any hope in Israel concerning me? for I must tell you that my conscience witnesses that I feel God my Judge; I am arraigned a criminal at his bar; my soul stands in need of a Surety revealed and made known to my soul, if ever it will be my lot to be so blest. My fearfulness and trembling are so great that my sorrows overwhelm me. Then I think, feeling myself to be at such a distance from God, that near him I never shall come. All the curses in the Book belong to me; but, alas! no comfort can I find. Tears are my meat day and night; and as for rest, none I have, and none can I obtain."

"God hath not appointed you to wrath, but to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ. He has wounded you, I believe, and he must heal. Your eyes see your destruction, and you now drink of the wrath of the Almighty; the cup of trembling you are now partaking of, but the cup of salvation will be given in exchange; your mourning will be turned into joy, your sackcloth taken from you, and your soul girded with gladness."

"This is sweet news, but I think it will never be my happy lot to be thus blest, for I feel myself worse than any. I seem to get worse instead of better. My sore runs in the night and ceases not; and how can I think that his blessed Majesty will notice me, excepting to bring me to his bar?"

"Faith is God's gift. He must first put it into your soul, and then bring it into action. Weep not! Be not afraid. The Lord, who hath shewed you these things, will shew you greater. The yoke you are bound with shall be taken away, and destroyed too, when you shall see Jesus for yourself."

"You tell me that where the work is begun by the Spirit, there will be prayer. But I have no gift in prayer! Sometimes my mouth is filled with arguments in telling the Lord what I am; at other times I am so full of confusion that I do not know what I say. You must know, however, that I once used a prayer-book; but since the Lord touched my heart, my prayers are my feelings and my distresses; like the publican in the temple, 'God be merciful to me a sinner' is all I can say. Sometimes I get off my knees as miserable as my heart can hold, Satan at my heels buffeting and tempting me not to call upon God any more, for he did not hear sinners, and I was one, and a great one; and after all my praying I was the same, so that 'I have been at my wits' end, and staggered,' as David saith, 'like a drunken man.'"

"Seeing these are your feelings, I do not wonder that the world calls you a fool. Notwithstanding I really believe you have more divinity in your heart than all the divines who pray by rote. I really believe that the Spirit of God is your teacher, and that you shall prove a prevailing Israel, though now you are only a wrestling Jacob in God's eyes."

"You have revived me. I am somewhat filled with comfort,

you do come so near my state, and you do prove a nurse and a father in instruction. Love you I do, and ever shall, seeing the Lord hath made you an instrument in his hand for the comfort of my soul."

"Well, if it be so, give God the glory and praise of his own work; it was out of my power, for power belongs to God. He hath wounded you, and he will heal."

"I thank you for your wholesome instruction, and may the Lord open mine eyes to see clearer, and enjoy his teaching in my heart. I thought we should not have had a word to say when we met, but Solomon's proverb is fulfilled in you: 'Counsel in the heart is as deep waters, and a man of understanding will draw it out.' And now we are together I will inform you a little how sometimes I can look up with comfort, and my soul is refreshed; sometimes the next hour I am like a vessel at sea, stripped of all, and tossed in my soul, as David was, when 'Deep called unto deep,' the devil and my own heart telling me I am a hypocrite."

"If that is the case, it is a proof that you are on the sea; and hypocrites never sail in these deep waters; if they did, they would soon be drowned, for the bottom of their vessel is only put together by art; they know nothing about the winds and waves that God's children have to meet, for sometimes they are tossed about night and day; but in all this they shall see the Lord's hand with them, both in providence and in grace. So I believe you will be brought to see the love of your covenant God and Father with you; and I will tell you when your blessed Lord is the most seen: when sins of every sort, and sorrows of every kind assail you, and you see no way of escape, then his left hand will be felt under your fainting head to support you."

"Well, then, if it is as you have said, what have I to fear? I hope I find my soul a little comforted. Go on a little further. I am all ears and eyes, like Peter on the mount: it is good for me to be with you; I can say, with Ruth to Naomi, 'Entreat me not to leave thee.'"

"Before I go I will just inform you a little further of the way that you will have to go before you reach home. A frowning world will discover itself the nearer you come to Jesus. The old man will prove restive as he is opposed by the new: there will be a contest, but the elder shall serve the younger. You are called to endure hardness: perhaps a Saul will hunt you, a Nabal plague you, an Ahithophel deceive you, a Shimei curse you, Esau's family and your own friends may seek your life; but all in vain, for 'your life is hid with Christ in God.' Here lies the comfort of God's children; and the time will come when we shall meet together to part no more."

Yours in the bonds of Christian love,

WM. GINN.

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THERE is no gospel ground for the vilest sinner to despair.—  
*Horne.*

## EXPERIMENTAL CHANGES.

Dear Friend,—Just a few lines to let you know how we are getting on. We are all well, bless God for it, and hope you are also well. It is a great blessing to have our health, and a very great blessing to have a heart given us to praise God for it; but the wicked know not God, and therefore they cannot praise him; for “the dead know not anything,” that is to say, spiritually. I maintain that, notwithstanding all the ordinances we may perform, before being quickened into life, we are as dead as was Lazarus in his grave; and until God the Holy Ghost sees fit to quicken our dead souls, we remain in this state: “You hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins.” What great love must this be, that God should show his mercy to us “even when we were dead in sins, quickening us together with Christ!” There is nothing here that we can do. “For 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.” All we can do is to run with the giddy multitude down the broad road to hell, if not stopped by the power of God. Till God the Spirit shineth into our dark, dead souls, we are running thither as fast as time permits us. O what a kind God we have to care for us! “For we are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them.” (Eph. ii. 5-10.) When, therefore, the Lord worketh in us, then it is that we work from a new covenant spirit, and not from the covenant of works. “In me is thy fruit found.”

As we fell in Adam, so are we the children of wrath, even as others; but “since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead;” and this is none other than the man Christ Jesus, who is the second Adam, the Son of God sent down from heaven to save the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. Yet, though he saved them according to his covenant engagement before the world began, they were all lost in the first Adam: “For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive:” yes, the whole election of grace shall be made alive in the Lord’s own time. O my friend, these *shalls* and *wills* are precious to a poor living soul when faith is given to lay hold of them. “They shall come unto me who are ready to perish.” But without this faith, which is given unto us by the Spirit, we often doubt our interest in Christ, and are apt to think that those things which work for our good are all against us. These are the means which God uses to try our faith, that we may be led to call upon him to deliver us out of our bondage. God in Christ hath said, “I will be enquired of by the house of Israel to do these things for them.” Now, if we are of this house of Israel—Israelites indeed, standing in Christ, in whom is no guile—we are truly blessed.

Let me now notice the clause, “*shall be made alive.*” “Where the word of a king is there is power;” therefore Christ saith,

“All that the Father giveth me shall come to me; and him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.” Yes, “he hath power over all flesh, that he should give eternal life to as many as thou hast given him,” which are the sheep and not the goats; for these climb up some other way. He that is a Jew inwardly is a Jew indeed. “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.” What a mercy is it that Jesus Christ hath saved these poor Gentile sheep as well as the Jewish sheep! Bless his holy name, all power is in his hands, both in heaven and earth. He hath said, “I lay down my life, that I might take it again. No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again.” The Jews were displeased because of these sayings, and believed not that he was the Christ, and why? Because they were not of his sheep, as he told them: “My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me: and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand.” These *shalls* stand as firm as God himself. “My word,” saith Christ, “shall not return unto me void;” he hath sworn that he will not lie unto David. O my friend, this God whom we serve (I hope) “cannot deny himself.” If we are found in Christ Jesus, then how sweet and precious will the words of the apostle be to us: “Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection; on such the second death hath no power.”

This I believe hath a two-fold meaning; for if we turn to John xi. 21-25, we shall see that even Martha did not know that Jesus himself was the first resurrection until he revealed it unto her; neither do we. This resurrection power it is that must raise us from our dead state by nature before we can believe that Christ Jesus is our resurrection. If we are in Christ, then are we part of him; therefore when he rose from the dead we rose with him. Yes, he rose triumphant over death, hell, and the grave. “He hath fulfilled all righteousness,” even “the law of commandments,” which we could not do; no, not one of them. “He that offends in one point is guilty of all” (James ii. 10); and where is there to be found a man, by nature, who can keep the whole law? The man Christ Jesus hath satisfied its demands; but for whom? Paul says: “Whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of his dear Son, that he might be the firstborn among many brethren.” (Rom. viii. 29.) Again at verse 32, “He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?” Those whom he foreknew and did predestinate (every one) are the whole elect of God, being the sons of the Lord God Almighty; yet, notwithstanding all this, the poor child of God is often full of doubts and fears about it; but these will not shut him out of Christ; no, no, for he saved us before we were born: “Who hath saved us, and called us

with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began." (2 Tim. i. 9.) These are glorious things to know: "But if the Spirit of him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, he that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by his Spirit that dwelleth in you" (Rom. viii. 11); "For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God." (ver. 14.) But although I am not tossed about by every wind of doctrine, yet I oftentimes have to try the spirits whether they are of God, and whether I have an interest in these glorious things—viz., the doctrines of grace, called by some the doctrines of devils. "But if our Gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost." (2 Cor. iv. 3.) "For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." (1 Cor. iii. 11.) O that I had more love to these truths! My heart often seemeth to be so hard and stupid, that it is again and again a question with me whether I love at all. Sometimes I think I shall not hold out to the end; and I shall not, if my life is not hid with Christ in God. O! if we are out of Christ, we shall suffer the torment of hell for ever and ever, which is our just desert. But sometimes the words of the poet meet our case:

"Why was I made to hear thy voice,  
 And enter while there's room,  
 While thousands make a wretched choice,  
 And rather starve than come?  
 'Twas the same love that spread the feast  
 That sweetly forced us in,  
 Else we had still ne'er had a taste,  
 And perish'd in our sin."

May the Lord give us grace to follow on to know him as our resurrection; and may the Spirit draw us, and we will run after him; "For I know that in me (that is, in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing." "When I would do good, evil is present with me." But when the Lord sendeth his Holy Spirit into my soul, it is then, "We having the same spirit of faith, according as it is written, I believed, and therefore have I spoken." (2 Cor. iv. 13.) O that we may have the faith of God's elect. My soul crieth out,  
 "Give me Christ, or else I die."

To die daily is to be in a safe place, though not a comfortable one to our flesh. But God is just in all his ways, and he will have us know that all our springs are in him. He teacheth us by terrible things in righteousness. Faith is the gift of God, and when it is given to us by the operation of the Spirit of God, then it hath its due effect upon the soul; it is then, and not till then, that we are enabled to lay hold of the promise. God's dear children are made honest in these matters. They are careful lest they climb up some other way, and so prove that they are thieves and robbers. They want to feel that Christ is precious to their never-dying souls, that God in Christ is their great I AM, the

Alpha and Omega, the beginning and ending of their salvation. Souls thus taught of God find also that "without holiness no man shall see the Lord;" and that "their righteousness is as filthy rags." Poor souls, when quickened into life by the Holy Spirit, work hard for justification before God by keeping his law: "But to him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness" (Rom. iv. 5); "For it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure." (Phil. ii. 13.) Jesus saith, "I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture. I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep" (John x. 9, 11); "And he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left." (Matt. xxv. 33.)

Some people have a religion that is all on the level, but I find that it is a zigzag path through a wilderness, sometimes up and sometimes down; sometimes "hungry and thirsty, my soul fainteth in me;" but "he satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness;" yes, "These see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep;" yes, "They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths" in their poor souls: "they are melted because of trouble." O what fools are we! for because of our transgression and iniquities we are afflicted. But the Lord hath made provision for us: "My mercy will I keep for him for evermore, and my covenant shall stand fast with him. His seed also will I make to endure for ever, and his throne as the days of heaven." (Ps. lxxxix. 28, 29.) If, then, we are interested in this covenant that standeth fast with him, we belong to the seed royal of heaven, and shall endure for ever. Shall we then sin, that grace may abound? God forbid! The child of God would live without sin if he could, but he finds a law in his members warring against the law of his mind, so that, with the apostle, he has to say, "when I would do good, evil is present with me." It is the old man that sinneth, which often grieves the new man—him that is born of God, and sinneth not. This is the very seed of the woman dwelling in us: "Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin; for his seed remaineth in him: and he cannot sin, because he is born of God." (1 John iii. 9.)

"I will create in them a new heart." This is the part that serveth God. The old man knoweth nothing about serving God; no, no, for "the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." (1 Cor. ii. 14.) I find that the devil and my carnal nature are too much for me, and often have to cry out, with David, "Create in me a clean heart, O God: and renew a right spirit within me." Sometimes Satan tells me that I am a hypocrite, self-deceived and deceiving others, when I fall and cannot rise. At times my soul seemeth to be full of devils; and again I cry, "O Lord, undertake for me;" for if left to myself, I should make ship-

wreck of faith. The Lord hideth his face, and I am troubled, But when he says, "I will come again," our language agrees with that of the Psalmist: "In my prosperity I said I shall never be moved. Lord, by thy favour thou hast made my mountain to stand strong: thou didst hide thy face, and I was troubled" (Ps. xxx. 6, 7); then it is we cry unto the Lord in our trouble: "Bow down thine ear to me: deliver me speedily: be thou my strong rock, for an house of defence to save me." (Ps. xxxi. 2.) And when faith is given to us we can say, "For thou art my rock and my fortress: therefore for thy name's sake lead me and guide me." The man Christ Jesus is then precious to our souls, and we are enabled by faith to call him our rock of defence; a shady rock, underneath which we may find rest for our poor souls in a weary land. "Blessed be the Lord, for he hath shewed me his marvellous kindness in a strong city;" yes,

"We are a garden, wall'd around,  
Chosen and made peculiar ground."

O, if we are walled around by the everlasting love of the Three-one God, and ordained to eternal life, we are in this city, which is the heavenly Jerusalem. If, by the teaching of the Holy Ghost, we have a knowledge of these things, we can call God our Father, even the God of our salvation.

Methinks I hear some poor soul say, "I wish the Lord would reveal these things to me, so that by precious faith I could call him mine; I think I should never doubt again." But you would, poor soul. "O! I fear that there is nothing for me but eternal death." Go on, poor soul; there is still a promise for thee: our dear Lord hath "destroyed him that had the power of death, that is the devil; and delivered them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage." These poor fearing ones think that if they had the full assurance of faith, they should never doubt again. But the more faith we have bestowed upon us, the deeper we sink, often crying out, "Is his mercy clean gone for ever?" And again, "My hope is perished from the Lord." Jeremiah knew something about it, when he said, "Will he be altogether a liar unto me?"

But these poor doubting children of God, who are not delivered from the law, which is the covenant of works, are yet in Moses' school, until the set time for God to deliver them. They read the word of God, and it condemns them; the law is the ministration of death and condemnation. This is all they can get while under the covenant of works. They work hard all the time; but, as the poet says,

"While we can call one mite our own,  
We have no full discharge."

"Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? then may ye also do good, that are accustomed to do evil." (Jer. xiii. 23.) Our God says, "I kill, and I make alive;" yes, he will kill us to all our goodness that we think we can perform: "For when we were in the flesh, the motions of sins, which were by the

law, did work in our members to bring forth fruit unto death." (Rom. vii. 5.) So long as we present our own works for acceptance, we are under the law, and no flesh can be justified thereby; therefore we serve only with a legal spirit, which is of the old covenant. Now, when the blood of Jesus Christ is applied to our souls, then we can say with the apostle, "For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death." This is grace; then are we no longer under the law, but under grace. This is the new covenant. It is then that we walk "not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." Was not this the way the Lord took to cause sinners to close with him? Did he not kill them to everything below Christ, driving them to their wits' end, insomuch that they cried out, "Men and brethren, what must we do?" God might have had heaven to himself if he had not seen fit to work thus with sinners. O, stout-hearted rebels! O, tender-hearted God! Not until so dealt with will sinners accept Jesus Christ on God's terms; no, they will run any way rather than the right one; flesh hates the way. To serve God aright we must be made willing, and this is done by the power of God the Holy Ghost upon the soul.

When we are delivered from the law, we can close in with the apostle: "For the law made nothing perfect, but the bringing in of a better hope did; by the which we draw nigh unto God." (Heb. vii. 19.) This is the right hope; not that of the hypocrite; but "Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil." (Heb. vi. 19.) Sometimes we sink so low that we seem to have no hope, yet we hope against hope, unable to give up. And why is this? Because our hope is within the veil; which is "a new and living way, which he hath consecrated for us, through the veil, that is to say, his flesh." (Heb. x. 20.) This is the new covenant, by the eternal priesthood of Christ; the Levitical priesthood of Aaron is abolished. Our God has brought in that new and living way, whereby we must be saved: "Whereof the Holy Ghost also is a witness to us: for after that he had said before, This is the covenant that I will make with them after those days, saith the Lord, I will put my laws into their hearts, and in their minds will I write them: and their sins and iniquities will I remember no more." (Heb. x. 15-17.) This is blessed news to a poor lost sinner, when applied to his soul by precious faith; to the poor prodigal, who had spent all, and began to be in want, it was good news indeed. But not until we are instructed by the Spirit to realize our emptiness and want are we fit subjects for Jesus Christ. The Lord will sift us until only the pure grain is left; yes, he will by this means remove our self-confidence, and give us to understand that Jesus Christ is the only way to the Father; and though, with our sins about us, we may feel as black as hell, that he has shed his precious blood for us—that he came to seek and to save the lost sheep of the house of Israel. Now, when the poor soul is brought to know that he



has fulfilled the holy law for him, he can call God his Father, He can then say, "Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." But what saith the Father to this poor wanderer? "Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet." And what a loving Father, to kill the fatted calf, that we might eat his flesh and drink his blood! This is of greater worth to our precious souls than all the merry-making in this poor, perishing world. O that we may still be enabled to press toward this mark, which is God in Christ Jesus! Well might the Father call this robe of righteousness "the best robe," and be well pleased with that which his Son had done for us. He saith, therefore, "put a ring on his hand," as a token of his everlasting love, springing from the covenant engagements of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, agreed upon in heaven before time. The Son now saith, "I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil." The Father saith further, "and put shoes on his feet." He well knew what a thorny path they would have to tread, therefore he hath promised that their shoes shall be iron and brass, that they may tread upon their enemies; for we have many, and the worst are those of our own house. It might well be said, "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked: Who can know it?" We have to learn, day by day, that our heart is as a cage of unclean birds; yes, the heart of the poor child of God is prone to evil. "You have sinned the unpardonable sin," says Satan, "therefore it is useless for you to think about being saved. You have tasted of the heavenly gift, and were made a partaker of the Holy Ghost, and have tasted the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come, but have fallen into various sins; and where are you now?" The poor soul is now brought to his wits' end; but the apostle, when writing to the Hebrews, uses these comfortable words: "But, beloved, we are persuaded better things of you, and things that accompany salvation, though we thus speak." (vi. 9.) He does not say "these have fallen away," but "if they shall fall away." He knew that it was impossible for those who were in Christ to finally fall. The Prophet saith, "When I fall, I shall arise again: when I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me." (Micah vii. 8.) Our Redeemer hath suffered the torments of hell which were due to his people. The pains of hell gat hold upon him. O, the sorrows that he endured when in the garden of Gethsemane! "And being in an agony he prayed more earnestly: and his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground." (Lu. xxii. 44.) "And at the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, ELOI, ELOI, LAMA SABACHTHANI? which is, being interpreted, My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" (Mark xv. 34.)

The apostle besought the Lord thrice that the thorn might be removed; but to keep him from being exalted above measure it

was not taken away. The Lord said to him, "My grace is sufficient for thee;" so he had to carry his burden about with him, which caused him to exclaim, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death? I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord. So then with the mind I myself serve the law of God; but with the flesh the law of sin." (Rom. vii. 24, 25.) If we are dead to the law, then are we made alive through his righteousness which he hath put upon us; and he gives us to understand that it is "not by might, nor by power (of our doing), but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." If the inhabitants of this world are like grasshoppers, what can these do to merit heaven? "There is a generation that are pure in their own eyes, and yet is not washed from their filthiness." (Prov. xxx. 12.) This is man's state by nature; and though he may profess religion, he is so blinded by the god of this world that he cannot see the mystery, for "great is the mystery of godliness: God was manifest in the flesh," and if he is not manifested in us, we know not the things that accompany salvation. It is quite possible to appear righteous before men, and at the same time be full of hypocrisy and iniquity.

May the Lord give us to see that there is nothing in ourselves to merit his favour, but that, from first to last, it is of grace; that it was he who sought us, stopped us in our mad career, and showed us that we were lost. He hath said, "Judgment also will I lay to the line, and righteousness to the plummet." When God opened to me his holy law, I trembled from head to foot. I saw that it was pure and holy, and began, in my judgment, to lay down a straight line by which to walk, thinking thereby to gain the favour of God. But, alas! I found that, with all my resolutions, I could not keep on one end of the line, much less could I walk along it. The holy law now stood against me; for I found that if I offended in one point I was guilty of all. When, therefore, righteousness was laid to the plummet, my ways appeared to be so very crooked, that I staggered and reeled, and was at my wits' end. The poor child of God in these circumstances will cry out, "Give me Christ at any price; aye, even if it is at the cost of my life;" "For he that will lose his life for my sake shall find it." O how blessedly was the following portion of God's word revealed to me: "But God, who is rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ (by grace are ye saved); and hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus: that in the ages to come he might shew the exceeding riches of his grace in his kindness toward us through Christ Jesus. For 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. For we are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them." (Eph. ii. 4-10.)

J. LEE.

*THE GOSPEL OF YOUR SALVATION.*

EPH. I. 13.

SALVATION full, salvation free,  
 Poor sinner, must the Gospel be;  
 The Saviour to the lost one comes,  
 Though billows roar and vengeance foams.

What news so good to sinners lost,  
 On waves of fierce temptations toss'd?  
 Who find, with all their working skill,  
 They are both vile and filthy still?

To hear that One the work hath done,  
 A work which law and justice own;  
 That all is done, done free of charge,  
 This doth a Japheth's soul enlarge.

The Saviour comes, and comes to save,  
 Though hell and sin in madness rave;  
 He makes not up, where men fall short,  
 But all performs, in every part.

He saves alone, he saves entire;  
 No help from man doth he require;  
 He saves, and shall receive the praise;  
 Sinners shall glory in his ways.

Come, then, my soul, extol the grace  
 That set thee running in the race;  
 A full salvation surely must  
 Cause thee in Christ alone to trust.

The gospel, sinner, is good news;  
 All else beside may you refuse;  
 Your whole salvation to him leave;  
 He's just, and can't thy soul deceive.

His blood for all thy sin atoned;  
 He is the Ransom God hath found;  
 His righteousness thee justifies,  
 And thou shalt meet him in the skies.

Whatever doubts or fears arise,  
 However vile in thine own eyes,  
 Fall, if thou canst, at Jesus' feet;  
 He freely saves; he saves complete.

The gospel of salvation this;  
 This gospel brings the soul to bliss,  
 Where we shall with the blood-wash'd sing,  
 And make the heavenly mansions ring.

R. G.

## Obituary.

ANN SMART.—On September 21, 1891, aged 62, Ann Smart, of Ash, Surrey. I have heard my dear mother say, she was the subject of early convictions, yet not brought to feel her need of a Saviour until after her marriage. She used to attend the Church of England, when the Lord gave her to feel a concern about her never-dying soul; but though for a time she continued to attend, she could get no real good from the services of the Church. One Lord's day morning she felt determined to go to the first place of worship she came to (she then lived in Croydon) from her home. When she came to Providence Chapel, West Street, not knowing it was a Strict Baptist place—for at this time she had a great dislike to the doctrine of election—while she was standing outside, the people began singing a hymn, which so suited her soul, she went in to hear what she had been longing to hear. Mr. Covell was preaching, and from that time she continued to hear to her soul's profit for some years, until removed in providence, in 1877; but though she had to remove from Croydon, about six miles, she would, whenever able, attend the late dear Mr. Covell's ministry, as her soul was fed under it. In 1877 we removed to Normandy, about five miles from Guildford, when my mother began to attend the Old Baptist Chapel, Castle Street, Guildford. A few months after, Mr. Mitchell was chosen pastor, and under his ministry her soul was brought into happy liberty. Many times have I seen her in tears, which caused me to ask her what was the matter. She would reply, "Nothing, my child, but a heart overflowing with the love of Christ." Her mind, about this time, began to be much exercised about Baptism, but wanted the Lord to assure her that it would be a right step to take. While thus exercised these sacred words fell upon her mind with a little power and sweetness, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love." Still she was tried, and wanted more, and kept begging the Lord to give her something more; when the Lord gave her, she hoped, the remaining portion of the verse, "therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee." Fear still kept her from naming it, till going from chapel one Sunday evening, these words arrested her mind with great force, "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." This settled the matter, and she named it, and soon desired to follow the Lord.

She was proposed, her testimony received, and was baptized. I have heard her say many times that the five years she travelled that road was the happiest portion of her life. In 1883 we were removed, by the providence of God, to Ash, Surrey. As long as her health permitted she attended Trinity Chapel, Aldershot, where, until 1888, her soul was profited under the ministry of Mr. B., when her health began to fail, so that she was able to attend but little, which caused great grief at times.

On May 22nd, 1891, she was seized with a fit, and was unconscious. It was feared that her end was near. We felt very anxious indeed, hoping she would be able, even yet, to regain consciousness, and be helped to speak to us, that we might know the state of her mind; and, to the honour of God, she was enabled to do so, and the first words she uttered when made conscious, were, "All is well." On Lord's day following she said, "I am quite willing to depart or stay, whichever the Lord sees fit, having no will of my own, but to 'lie passive in his hand.'"

25th. She desired a favourite hymn to be read, "Rock of Ages," &c., saying, at the same time, "Jesus only."

26th. She said, "Hold out, faith and patience, a little longer," evidently thinking she should soon drop her mortal body. But the Lord's time had not yet come, as she was, in a measure, restored for a while longer to us. But O! she experienced much darkness of soul, and conflict with Satan, and was brought to feel more keenly the realities of dying and death, Jordan's river looking very dark when the Lord's gracious presence was not felt. One Lord's day, I read a piece upon Joel ii. 23, and the Lord was graciously pleased to give her a sip of the "latter rain." She said the Lord had promised her he would, when reading or hearing a sermon of the late dear Mr. Philpot's upon the same text, adding, "How could I have mistrusted the promise of the Lord?" Her soul was melted under a sense of the goodness of God, and she was favoured to partake, in a little measure, of the joy which her soul was soon to drink full draughts of, and enter into the glory prepared for suffering saints.

August 22nd. It was quite manifest that the Lord was taking down her tabernacle. The Word of God she loved to hear read to the last. Mr. Bennett visited her twice during the last few weeks of her suffering, his visits being made a great comfort to her. The last time he saw her she was too ill to converse but very little, but after he was gone she said, "His teaching will do to die by;" meaning, no doubt, the truths he advanced. During the last three weeks of her life she suffered much with her heart, and her breathing was very trying. "Wearisome nights were appointed her."

On one occasion she said, "Trusting in the merits of my Saviour's blood, gladly I yield up my spirit into thy hands, O God." At another time she quoted the lines of the poet,

"True religion's more than notion,  
Something must be known and felt;"

And "'Tis all grace, 'Into thy hands I commit my spirit,' O Lord, do come, do come." I said, "Mother, you will wait patiently till his time." She replied, "Yes, but Lord, do come soon." Being asked if she had anything to say to any of the family, she replied, "No, I can leave you all in the Lord's hands."

The last Lord's day she spent on earth, seeing one of my

sisters getting ready to go to chapel, she said, "We must have a little service, as we had before." Claspng her hands together, she prayed with great earnestness. Some of her petitions were, "O my God, do come this evening and bless our souls. Be one in our midst, O God. Do come, we cannot do without thee. Grant that our worship might be in Spirit and in truth, for only such thou regardest. Let there be none of self; turn it all out, Lord. O bless our souls." She then desired me to read one of Mr. Covell's sermons, which she listened to with great interest. Then we sang two hymns, in which she joined; one was the 9th (Gadsby's Selection), pausing at the 6th verse. She then wished us to sing another, "Just as I am," &c.

September 23rd. She wished to read the Bible herself, and said, "If ever I get to heaven, the Lord shall never hear the last of it," feeling that she should praise him throughout a never-ending eternity.

Thursday, 24th. She felt very ill and weak, and longed to be gone. I said "Mother, would you like to spend the next Lord's day in heaven? Perhaps you will. The time seems to be drawing on apace for you to leave us." She looked up with a bright smile, and said, "Do you think so?" then begged of the Lord that it might be so.

Saturday, 26th. After a restless night, she said to my sisters present, "He giveth grace and glory." One of them said, "Do you feel Jesus precious?" She said, "O 'tis beautiful!" She was asked what was beautiful, but seemed unable to say what she saw. Her countenance shone with delight. About noon she wished me to take some refreshment. I did so, and in a few minutes returned, and saw a change in her. She spoke no more, but lingered until about four o'clock the same afternoon, then peacefully passed away to her eternal rest, to be for ever with the Lord.

J. SMART.

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DAVID BOULDEN.—On November 13th, 1891, aged 82, David Boulden, of Boughton Monchelsea, Kent.

He was an humble follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, and an earnest seeker after truth. He was convinced of his state as a lost sinner, I believe, while in the Church of England, but finding that was a barren soil for him, he had to seek his daily bread amongst the poor, despised Strict Baptists. For about forty years he was a regular hearer at Staplehurst and Maidstone, and was often favoured of the Lord with a crumb of mercy. He never rose very high in his own feelings, the most he could say being that he had a hope in the mercy of God. He never saw himself to be a fit subject to join the church, so felt willing to stand without the gate, bearing the reproach. Not having risen so high or gone so deep as many whose experiences are recorded in the various publications, he was thankful that the Lord had caused it to be left on record (Mal. iii. 16, 17) that "a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the

Lord, and that thought upon his name; and they shall be mine . . . in that day when I make up my jewels." Doubtless many of those quiet ones will be found among the redeemed of the Lord in that day.

His last illness was a short but painful one, but although suffering the most acute pain at times, he never once murmured. He became much worse towards night on Monday, Nov. 9th, and said, "I do hope I shall be enabled to bear it with patience, and wait the Lord's time." He was restless during the former part of the night, but afterwards became unconscious, and remained so, without speaking, until mid-day on Tuesday, when he again became sensible. Seeing his lips move, but hearing no sound, his daughter asked him if he wished to tell her something; when he quickly replied, "I have nothing to tell about, except my hope in the blood and righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ." He often spoke of the Lord's goodness and mercy to such an unworthy sinner; and this must be the effect of the love of God felt in the heart of a poor five hundred pence debtor. The 25th Psalm being read to him, at the 13th verse he said, "That means rest;" adding, "If I never hear another sermon, this is true: 'The glory of the Lord shall be revealed; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.'" Later on he said, "I do hope I shall not be here another month, but if I am, I hope to be submissive to the Lord's will; it will not be long. What a blessed step it is from time into eternity!" The enemy was not permitted to cast him down, though he tried hard to do so. He said, "What a crafty devil he is! He has tried to make me believe that there is no eternity!" The following lines afforded him a little bright lighting up of the path:—

"Once in him, in him for ever,  
Thus th' eternal covenant stands;  
None shall pluck thee

From the strength of Israel's hands."

He said, "No, not finally;" and soon after said, "Pray for the people of God." To his son, who asked how he was, he answered, "Nearer, nearer home. I long to go, but must wait the Lord's time." He often repeated the following words, which, he said, were applied with much power to his soul many years ago, and which have been a great comfort to him:—"I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee."

His poor mind wandered, at times, owing to his having ruptured a small vessel on the brain. When conscious, he was in a very sweet frame of mind. At 4 p.m. he said, "Praise God in heaven." "Lead me in the way everlasting." He spoke a little during the evening, and was able to understand the reading of Hymns 482 and 871. The last words he uttered were "Peace, peace." He then became quite unconscious, and on Friday, the 13th, quietly passed away into his eternal rest, without a struggle or a sigh:

J. L.

**HANNAH PRATT.**—On Nov. 21st, 1891, aged 74, Hannah, wife of Richard Pratt, Sen.

She was born in the parish of Rotherfield, in 1816, of poor but industrious parents. We were married in 1841. The Lord has brought us through many trials, and provided for us, during a period of over fifty years, causing us to look to him for help in all our times of need.

We were baptized at Rotherfield Chapel, but being afterwards removed to a distance of twelve miles from it, and my wife having been for many years afflicted with asthma and heart affection, it was only occasionally that she was able to attend the means of grace, which grieved her very much. She experienced much darkness of soul, but enjoyed many deliverances. For the last two years of her life, owing to ill health, she was quite unable to attend the services.

A few days before she died she felt desirous of praising him for his goodness and mercy, who, she said, had suffered on purpose for her, and in whom she was chosen from the foundation of the world. Two chapters and several hymns having been read, it seemed to her like heaven begun below. She thought she was going home, but lingered awhile. Her last days were taken up with prayer and praise, but owing to her great difficulty of breathing, it was impossible to understand every word. During the last few hours of her life, her daughter reminding her of her sufferings, she replied, "Yes, but they are nothing to those which my blessed Redeemer endured. O, what did it cost him to redeem my poor soul! Do help me to praise him for his goodness to me!" It was suggested that she would soon be where there is neither sin nor sorrow. She replied, "Yes, I shall. O, so beautiful! Praise him, praise him!" Taking the hand of her grandson in her own, she prayed that the Lord might grant him everlasting life, and guard him while passing through this world. After a little rest she praised the Lord, and prayed for her mourning relatives and friends, that they might not be rebellious, since "the rebellious dwell in a dry land;" but that the Lord would support them, giving them submission to his blessed will, and be with them when they came to die; also that he would soon take her to himself. Then thanking him for all his mercies to a poor sinner, her spirit shortly afterwards took its flight to be for ever with the Lord. Hymn 664 (Gadsby's Selection) expressed my feelings at the time. R. PRATT, SEN.

**MARY BOLLEN.**—On January 16th, 1892, aged 76, Mary, widow of the late Thomas Bollen, Brighton.

The fear of the Lord was implanted in her heart in youth. The beginning was small, but there was a godly increase in her latter days, she being led into a deeper knowledge of herself as a sinner, and having more exalted and endearing views of Jesus as her Saviour. She was a humble walker, a very little talker, a most diligent reader of the Word of God, the hymns and writ-



ings of good men, and a great lover of the "G. S." The most marked trait in her character was, she esteemed others far more highly than herself, however poor they were in this world's goods, always taking a low place, often fearing she was out of the secret, which would cause her to cry mightily unto the Lord that he would have mercy even upon her.

She was favoured to hear many of the Lord's dear servants, and esteemed them highly for their work's sake. She would speak warmly of many who have gone before, especially dear Mr. Godwin, Mr. Warburton, and others. She loved a free grace gospel in its purity.

Although many times profiting under the preached word, and a lover of God's house, still her best times were more frequently in her retirement. She would sit by the hour reading, meditating, and in prayer, often, when believing herself to be alone, uttering her fervent petitions aloud; and many members of her family have stepped back hastily, but quietly, fearing to disturb her, when they have heard her most earnestly wrestling with the Lord that he would lift upon her the light of his countenance, that he would draw very near unto her and cause her to draw near to him, that he would bless her indeed, and shed abroad his precious love in her heart, and give her to feel and know what his people enjoyed from time to time, that her name might be counted amongst his jewels. At other times she would be weeping at the goodness of the Lord.

In 1869 she had an especial help from Ps. cxxv. 2, "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth even for ever;" and again from 1 Peter ii. 7, "Unto you which believe he is precious." Jan. 13, 1871, these words were sweetly blessed to her: "For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee." (Isa. liv. 10.) Also Sept., 1875, "He will regard the prayer of the destitute, and not despise their prayer." (Ps. cii. 17.)

She had a serious illness in 1887. After her recovery she went to stay with a married daughter near Birmingham, and was favoured in hearing Mr. Dennett. Upon her return home, until her death, she was led to express her feelings more freely, her faith and hope were strengthened, and she looked forward more joyfully to the end, often feeling

"Weary of earth, herself, and sin,"

and longing to be free, and to see her Saviour without a veil between.

In writing to a daughter, she said, "Last week I felt an inexpressible love to a precious Redeemer, and thought I must write and tell you about it, but when the feeling wore off I was afraid to do so. Sometimes I am lost in the thought of what it must be to spend a never-ending eternity in blessing and praising a sacred, Triune Jehovah—Father, Son, and Spirit."

She took a walk as usual on January 1st, but was very poorly all the week. She enjoyed hearing the New Year's Address in "G. S." on Sabbath day (10th), and took to her bed on Tuesday, which she only kept five days; it proved to be influenza and bronchitis. A short time before she became delirious, she said to her daughter, "It is mercy, mercy; all, all mercy." She became quite unconscious, and gradually sank, and without one sigh or one gasp, quietly breathed out her soul into the hands of him whom she so earnestly sought and so much loved whilst on earth, and was with God shut in. "'Tis one eternal Sabbath now."

It was proposed to ask dear Mr. Warburton to officiate at the funeral, as they had known each other so many years, his parents visiting at her father's house. It was believed he was supplying at Croydon at the time, but it was little thought he was so soon to follow. They were born in the same year, and both died from the same cause.

Her elder sister, Mrs. Morris, on hearing of her death expressed her jealousy at the younger arriving home first, but she, too, was taken, and buried within the month, of whom further particulars will follow (G. w.)

M. S. B.

GEORGE SPEECHLEY.—On Jan. 21st, 1892, aged 76, George Speechley, of Yaxley.

He was led in early life to seek the Lord, and was taught much of his own unworthiness, as a poor, lost, guilty sinner, before a heart-searching God; but the Lord, who is rich in mercy to all who call upon him in truth, spoke peace and pardon by the application of his precious word to his soul (Ps. xxv. 10.) At times he was much favoured with his interest in Christ, which led him, with another, to be baptized at Peterborough, and to open his house at Yaxley for prayer meetings. It pleased the Lord to call others—Church-people and Arminians—which caused him to enlarge a cottage for preaching, and leading to the erection of the present chapel, of which he was manager for many years. He, with others, refused to pay church-rates, suffering their goods to be sold rather than submit to such usage.

His affliction commenced with a severe cold, but on the 15th was taken worse during the night. I called to see him on Sunday after the service, and found him dark in his mind. He had experienced much darkness of late. To use his own words, he said, "I never thought I should fall into such a dark, fearing state." Calling on Monday, I found him in a more comfortable frame of mind, the Lord having visited him with his precious word—Isa. l. 10—more especially the latter part: "Let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay himself upon his God." Ps. xxxvii. 31-40, was much enjoyed by him, also the last verse of Hymn 1122 (Gadsby's Selection), which he was often heard to repeat:

"If guilt and sin afford a plea,  
And may obtain a place,

Surely the Lord will welcome me,  
And I shall see his face."

Among the few last words spoken by him were, "I want him to come." His breathing being very difficult, he was not able to converse much, but seemed to be enjoying sweet communion with the Lord, by the many broken sentences which were heard at intervals, such as the following: "Not a veil between;" "My Father, my Father;" "Eternal righteousness for ever—for ever new;" "Eternal Rock;" "These light afflictions;" "Holy and righteous;" "Sweet mercy;" "Perfect kingdom;" with many more. He passed away at 4.30 a.m., waving his hand as a sign of victory, it being the request of his wife, who was taken seriously ill of influenza, and had to be removed from him, that if he were happy, and not able to speak, he would make the foregoing signal.

S. R.

MARY ANN WILLIS.—On Feb. 1, 1892, aged 47, Mary Ann Willis, of Highworth, Wilts.

She was born at Handcross, Sussex, in the year 1844. She was called by grace when about twenty years of age, and joined the church at Handcross in 1872, being baptized by Mr. Page, to whom she felt a great union. She was one of the timid and fearful ones. Mr. P., on one occasion, when trying to draw her into conversation on the best things, and failing to do so, said, "Well, you will not go home feeling condemned for what you have said to-night." She replied, "No, I fear to say much, lest I should deceive myself and God's people. 'Counsel in the heart of man is like deep waters; but a man of understanding will draw it out.'" She was much exercised about her law-work, fearing it was not deep enough, or that her convictions were not spiritual. I have heard her say that she was enabled to open her mind to Mr. Phillips, who was the means, in the Lord's hands, of her deliverance from this state of bondage. She has often risen as early as four o'clock, that she might be able to hear, from God's servants, the words of eternal life, and has said, again and again, "O that it were with me as in days that are past!" &c. Her father, who was opposed to baptism, not having discovered that she had been baptized until about twelve months afterwards, declared that she should no longer remain under his roof. Just at this time I lost my wife, who, I believe, is now in glory. Advertising in the "G.S." for a housekeeper, she answered it, which was the means of bringing her here. The poet says:

"God moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform."

Her father was, I believe on his death-bed, brought to love the very people he once hated, and sent for them to read and pray with him. The grace of God, in his case, made the lion as tame as a lamb.

She suffered from a weak heart and cancer. The doctor was

surprised that she suffered so little pain; but, poor man, he was a stranger to the power of prayer: the poet says,

“Wrestling prayer can wonders do,” &c.,

And so I found it; for not a drop of medicine, or particle of food, I was persuaded, could be of any real value, unless accompanied by God’s blessing. One day she said, with much assurance, “O, I do feel to have a good hope, and to enjoy the Lord’s gracious presence!” adding, “Ah! this is the place to try one’s hope. I would not say what I do not feel, or try to deceive you, for ten thousand worlds.” A few hours afterwards she looked very anxiously at me, and said, “Do you think, after all, my hope is a good one?” I said, “Yes, I do; I have never yet doubted it. You can say,

“My hopes are built on nothing less  
Than Jesus’ blood and righteousness.”

She was then more composed, saying,

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

A few hours before she died, and after suffering great pain, I quoted these lines:

“And when the hour is near  
That flesh and heart must fail,  
Do thou in all thy grace appear,  
And bid my faith prevail.”

She said, “Yes, that is what I need.” I said, “Do you feel the Lord’s presence?” “No.” Upon my repeating the question some time afterwards, she replied, “Yes.” Our dear old friend, Mr. Chappell, called to see her. She asked him to pray with her, and subsequently arranged with him to bury her. She set a high value on the prayers of God’s people. When our friend Mr. Smith called to see her, she also desired his prayers. When he had gone, she said, with tears, “I did like his prayer; and to think that he should call such a poor unworthy creature his sister in the faith!” On the day before she died I had left her room for a short time, when she sent for me to tell me how good and gracious the Lord was to her. I said, “The Lord’s goodness to me and mine is too much for me to bear.” Now followed a night of wrestling prayer. I begged hard that she might live until morning, which the Lord granted. I now besought the Lord to give her his felt presence, when I heard a noise which I could not understand. I arose, and found that her happy spirit had taken its flight to be for ever with the Lord.

A. WILLIS.

SARAH BOND.—On Feb. 11, 1892, aged 26 years, Sarah Bond, of Basingstoke.

She joined the church at Bartley, near Southampton, but returned home ill last Christmas. Rest and nursing seemed to revive her, and during the early part of last week she was quite bright, and we hoped she might be spared to us a little longer.

On Tuesday night the enemy was permitted to harass her severely, so much so, that the next day was passed in much distress. We tried to comfort her by reading and quoting the Word of God and various hymns, but could get no response, either by word or sign, that she was brought out. My poor spirit groaned before God on her behalf, that he would appear to her and for us. At length, between five and six o'clock in the evening, she smiled, waving her hand several times. I asked her if she felt the sweetness of the name of Jesus? quoting—

“Jesus, the mighty Saviour lives,” &c.,

when she again waved her hand. Several friends called to see her during the evening. Mr. M., in leaving her, spoke very nicely, and when he ceased, to our surprise, she answered him quite distinctly. I then quoted Psalm xxiii. 1. She answered, “The Lord is *my* shepherd.” I said, “You know that hymn beginning—‘Yes, I shall soon be——’ She took it up, and said, ‘landed.’” At intervals other words were spoken by her, the last being, “Blessed.” Thus she quietly sank, until about twenty minutes to five on Thursday morning, when she seemed to lay her head towards me, sighing three times, and then yielded up her soul into her loved Redeemer’s arms; for, after witnessing both her distress and deliverance, I do feel that there can be no room for questioning her eternal safety. She was of a most quiet, meek, and unassuming mind—1 Peter iii. 4 being true of her in the strictest sense. Our loss is great, but it is, undoubtedly, her eternal gain. W. E. B.

ELIZABETH CHARLES.—On Feb. 25, 1892, aged 77, Elizabeth, wife of John Charles, of Stretham, near Ely, Cambs., late of West Fen Road, Ely.

My dear mother truly loved and feared God, and was a lover of a free grace gospel. She was baptized by Mr. Watts, nearly fifty years ago, and attended the means as often as she was able. She had not the shadow of a hope apart from the Rock, Christ Jesus:

“Her hope was built on nothing less  
Than Jesus’ blood and righteousness;  
She dared not trust the sweetest frame,  
But wholly lean’d on Jesus’ name.”

The enemy was permitted, at times, to harass her sorely, so that it was most painful to witness. The Bible, Gadsby’s hymns, and the “G.S.,” were her chief companions for many years, some of the latter, of a very early date, being still in her possession, and she has told me of late how much she enjoyed reading them.

She has been blessed again and again under the ministrations of the servants of the Lord; once in particular, when visiting at our house, in hearing our dear minister, never forgetting the blessedness of the time as long as she lived. When the Lord enabled me to bear testimony to his dealings with me, giving me a humble hope in his mercy, it seemed enough; she said she felt,

like good old Simeon, that she was now ready to depart. During the last three months of her life she appeared to be in great fear lest she should prove a castaway at last. I have many times written to and talked with her to try and comfort her; but no one but her Lord could comfort her. Once he said to her,

“What more can I say than to you I have said,  
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?”

That was enough for the time. About six weeks before she died I was sent for, and stayed a week. She said, “My days are numbered. I have had such a sweet visit from my Saviour. He said, ‘Come and dine.’ O how precious! for I long to lay down this poor tabernacle that I may wear the robe my Saviour has wrought out for me.” She revived, and I left her better; but on Feb. 20th she was taken worse, when I was again sent for, and found her resigned to the Lord’s will. I cannot express how I felt when I saw the change in her—so weak and helpless, but yet so calm. She told me all that she wished to have done, and bade good bye to the things of time. I said,

“Now hoary hairs thy temples adorn,  
Like a lamb thou shalt still in his bosom be borne.”

She said, “I hope so, my dear:

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

No, never. He won’t leave me now in trouble to sink.

‘Did Jesus once upon me shine?  
Then Jesus is for ever mine.’”

The last night she lived she said to the nurse, “There is a mansion prepared for me, or he would have told me,” and seemed quite composed but very weak. “At eventide it was indeed light” with her, as I have heard her ask the Lord that it might be. At 1.45 on Thursday morning she quietly passed away, without a struggle, to be for ever with the Lord, leaving her aged partner (88 years) to mourn his loss, which is her eternal gain.

H. E. P.

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MRS. SEARS.—On March 11th, 1892, aged 80, Mrs. Sears, Shefford, Beds.

For the last six years she has suffered much from pain in her head, arising, no doubt, from want of proper sleep. I have spent many pleasant hours in her company during the last eight years, and have no doubt that the loss of her husband, and, subsequently, troubles in the church, very much depressed her spirit; but she has borne it all remarkably well, and in the spirit of meekness. She was a great reader. I have said to her sometimes, “I think you read too much, especially as you suffer so greatly from pain in your head.” She has often referred to different portions of Scripture which have been made a blessing to her. She was very grateful for my visits, and never desired to enter into conversation respecting worldly matters. She never complained of feeling lonely, although I think it must be six years since she was

able to attend chapel. The Lord seemed abundantly to make up to her the loss of public ministrations of the word by affording much of his presence to be realized. She has several times quoted the words of Susannah Harrison:

"Give me a Bible in my hand,  
A heart to read and understand;  
I urge no company to stay,  
But sit alone from day to day."

She loved the Word of God, and was remarkably conversant with it. Since the middle of September last she has been able to converse but very little indeed, but upon the whole she has appeared to be very happy and peaceful in her mind. Sometimes, while I have been engaged in prayer, I have thought she had been asleep, but she has said, "I heard every word." She often appeared to be engaged in silent prayer, frequently lifting up her hands. One day her old servant said to her, "Is Christ precious to you?" She replied, "Very, very." She became so very weak that I could hear but little that she said, but her pressure of my hand expressed her understanding and appreciation of what she heard, and often a cheerful smile on her face bespoke the state of her mind. She was quite sensible to the last, but so exceedingly weak that she was unable to speak. She was thought to be dying on March 6th, but she lived until the 11th, when she quietly passed away to her eternal rest. W. WILSON.

How insensibly we slide from a sweet and good frame of mind into a bad one! The one is life and peace; the other is death.—*Tanner.*

TURN a four-cornered stone how thou wilt, and it will always stand right up; even so, howsoever a right Christian be tempted and assaulted, he will ever, notwithstanding, remain upright.—*Coverdale.*

MY mind is composed and calmly fixed on the unalterable word of an ever-faithful God. My peace is settled, though my joys are far from being elevated. It is not on inward frames and feelings that my hope is stayed, but on the promises of the everlasting covenant, which are, in Christ, yea and amen to every believer. Inward feelings are indeed extremely pleasant: but I have not dared for many years to trust them, for at best I have found them fleeting and transitory: now enjoyed; dead anon! Now like the full-blown rose my comforts have flourished; immediately stripped of all their beauty like the winter vine. Whilst I lived upon my frames, I was all upon extremes: either ravished on the mount of enjoyment, or gone down to do business in deep waters. One hour I said, "My mountain stands sure, I shall never be moved:" perhaps in less than another, I supposed myself, like Peter, sinking into the bosom of a fatal billow. No solidity could I ever find in the frames and dispositions of my own heart; but I never found the promise to fail, nor the Lord to depart from the word he hath spoken. In every trial his immutable word hath been my stay, and on it alone will I lean, when I walk through the valley of the shadow of death.—*Macyowan.*

# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

JULY, 1892.

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

## THE LORD A STRONGHOLD.

NOTES OF TWO SERMONS PREACHED AT CRANBROOK,  
SUNDAY, MARCH 18TH, 1883, BY MR. ELI FOX.

"The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble; and he knoweth them that trust in him."—NABUM I. 7.

How many of us in this assembly have ever proved the goodness, the mercy, the compassion, and the favour of God? To prove the goodness of God, we must know something of the severity of God:

"Thy goodness how immense  
To those that fear thy name;  
Thy love surpasses thought or sense,  
And always is the same."

Immutable love! everlasting love! You see God's people embrace the rock for want of shelter. Hast thou, then, poor sinner, been driven out of every lying refuge to anchor in him? If so—

"To shake this rock thy saints are in,  
Tempest nor storm can e'er prevail;  
'Twill stand the blast of hell and sin,  
And anchor sure within the veil."

What a feeling desire I have had for many years to encourage poor sinners that know the plague of their own heart, and, as says Daniel Herbert, are fully persuaded that salvation is of grace; and what a description he gives of man:—

"Lord, what is man? a sinful wretch;  
For hell he's full upon the stretch,  
Till stopped by sovereign grace.  
And then, alas, what is he then?  
A poor, dejected, praying man;  
He feels so vile and base."

Now, I say, Do you feel it, or is it head knowledge? Can you at times steadfastly stare death in the face?—put your hand on your heart, and say that you feel these things?



Since I was here last, I was one day taken ill in the pulpit; I seemed to be going home. I went into a friend's house and lay on the sofa, and O, the sweet feeling I had in my soul with those words:—"I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day;" and this verse followed:—

"Himself shall be thy helping friend,  
Thy good Physician; nay, thy nurse;  
To make thy bed shall condescend,  
And from the affliction take the curse."

And I, like Elijah, felt ready to wrap myself in a mantle and be gone off to bliss.

What a blessing to know a little of the favour of God! and all who die destitute of it will go where mercy never comes. We shall soon have done with time things; and I thought this morning that the dirt which clung to my boots as I came along was my near kinsman. O, to know something of grace! I look sometimes at the people of the world, and think what a deal they make of a little. "Where the treasure is, there will the heart be also." They sometimes sneer at the child of God for his talking so much of religion; but those who have religion cannot help talking about it; and it will be the object of that man who has known anything of vital power, and of the favour of his God, to extol him. Then, poor sinner, what has been thy object in coming to the chapel this morning?

Have you come under a feeling sense of the Lord's goodness? Have you been cast down under a sense of sinnership? People tell me now-a-days that Paul got beyond himself, and there is no being blessed with the favour of God, or being new creatures. How few solemnly feel the plague of their own hearts!

There are in our text four things, which, with the blessing of the Lord, I shall try and notice:—

First:—The goodness of God.

Secondly:—That he is a stronghold.

Thirdly:—That he is such in the time of trouble.

Fourthly: I shall make a few remarks on those that trust in him.

"To trust him endeavour, the work is his own,

He makes the believer, and gives him his crown."

I left home with a heavy heart: my youngest lad was very ill, and I thought I should never see him again. You that are fathers know something of the feeling; "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that

fear him : for he knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we are dust." I left home without a text ; my mind seemed in a fume ; I went to bed without a text, and had but little sleep, when this portion, I hope, with some life and power, dropped into my mind.

Look at *the goodness of God* ; look how the patriarchs set it forth ; look how the prophets set it forth ; how the apostles set it forth ; and how a few here and there of God's own sent servants now try to set it forth. Jacob said, "I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies and of all the truth which thou hast shewed unto thy servant." How Jacob seemed at times to fret against the Lord ! To make us do this is the object of the devil. "The rebellious dwell in a dry land." Jacob fretted, but it was all right ; God will wean us from all earthly things. How I have felt, at times, enabled to drop into his hands !

"To fear his name, to trust his grace,  
To learn his will be my employ,  
Till I shall see him face to face,  
Himself my heaven, himself my joy."

Look how all turned out right for Jacob. He felt to be under a cloud ; but even then there would have been an end to his trouble had he known it would all turn out right. "Better is the end of a thing than the beginning thereof : and the patient in spirit is better than the proud in spirit." Poor sinner, if thou hast a grain of the fear of God in thy heart, it will work right, whatever sorrow may seem at times to rend the caul of thy heart. Look how God brought Job right, though he said, "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee," feeling as if he had never known anything before.

Ah, sinner, when God works, he works in a marvellous way, "His wonders to perform."

Have you ever felt guilty before him ? I will give you one proof how to weigh up things for eternity. You may depend upon it, if you are one of his, God will send affliction, and soul exercise, and you will be troubled at times about your standing. I remember once being at Bedford, when the Lord seemed about to make a full end of me. I was at my wits' end, under trial and the exercise of the ministry, and God seemed to be tearing body and soul asunder. I shall never forget how he dropped the words into my soul :

"Accomplish in me all thy will,  
Only remember I am dust."

I then felt a willing mind to drop into the hands of a covenant God.

I thought this morning that all the parsons in the world would never get through this text of mine. "O, how great is thy goodness which thou hast laid up for them that fear thee; which thou hast wrought for them that trust in thee before the sons of men." You see, none is good but God; none is adequate to meeting the wants of God's people but the Lord Jesus Christ: he and his people are one:

"One in the tomb, one when he rose,  
One when he triumphed o'er his foes;  
One when in heaven he took his seat,  
While seraphs sang all hell's defeat.  
This sacred tie forbids their fears;

Whose? Not the Antinomian's; not the man's who can sin with impunity—

For all he is or has is theirs;  
With him, their Head, they stand or fall,  
Their Life, their Surety, and their All."

"Thou hast loved them, as thou hast loved me." There is a firm footing on the goodness, the mercy, and the compassion of God.

A week ago this morning, when among my people, I a little life and spirit in calling to mind the past, for it was twenty-three years ago, about that time, that God sent conviction into my soul, with these words, "The wicked shall be turned into hell, with all the nations that forget God." There is a friend of mine at Stamford who used to sit under Mr. Philpot's ministry. Poor soul, he was under the law seven years. There is quite a soul union between us. The Lord cut him down with the same passage as he used in my case.

And last Lord's day I looked a little at the favour of God toward me, and how he had helped me. And all that you and I can do will be to speak of the mercy of God. Sometimes I get on a little eminence and say, "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever." If God blesses a man's soul, it does not matter what the parish say of him, nor will he go and tell the parish what he feels. Whatever you feel, carry to God; unbosom thy cares to him, and he will never give thee a rebuff. "Blessed are all they that wait for him." You may have to wait, but he will bless you. "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force."

I have felt sometimes that I would hang upon his mercy, and if I perished, be the first that perished there. So would

I go in unto the king. It was with Esther a matter of life and death. Bunyan speaks of her who said, "You go home, and things will be quieter in the morning;" but there is none can quiet guilt but the Holy Spirit. "The spirit of a man will sustain his infirmity; but a wounded spirit, who can bear?" You sum up things for eternity, and ask thyself the question if ever thou hast been brought in guilty? Having violated the law, we have to do with eternal things if we are God's people.

We have lost two from among our people in a fortnight. I was telling them that hitherto the Lord had enabled me to speak such things that, should death come as a swift messenger, I was clear of their blood. O, to be kept sober and upright before the world! The Lord knows what is within, and so do you and I, if taught of God; but we do not know till it is manifest what is within.

O, the forbearance of an injured God! Have you ever felt that he was good when he stripped you? Have you ever fallen down before him, and left things in his hands? He has stripped me many a time, and I have stood a poor, naked, defenceless wretch, and there has been nothing for me to anchor upon but the Rock of eternal salvation. "To whom can we go?"

If we hear a vital experience, what union there will be! the man tells the same tale as we. "To him that is joined to all the living there is hope; for a living dog is better than a dead lion." A lion is the strongest and fiercest beast of the forest, but a dead one is powerless. But if God has quickened your soul, you never feel better than when your feet are moving towards him.

O, then, to be one of the living in Jerusalem; and you can never receive and enjoy a grain of the goodness of God here but you will enjoy it in eternal bliss. They all love free grace that have nothing of their own. What a mercy to have one proof that we have ever loved the Lord a little, or had a grain of humility! and these are the very things that bring us to the second point, viz.:

*The Lord is a stronghold.* For whom? Prisoners of hope. "By the blood of thy covenant, I have sent forth thy prisoners out of the pit wherein is no water"—no water of eternal life. "He brought me up also out of an horrible pit." Then, sensible sinner, just look, for "The name of the Lord is a strong tower; the righteous runneth into it, and is safe." None but his elect, none but his dove, will ever run into it. I thought of that passage last night. "The wicked shall do wickedly;" and, "None of the wicked

shall understand.” “Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the lovingkindness of the Lord.”

As soon can the Eternal Son of the Father fall from the throne, as a poor sinner loved with everlasting love be cast away at last. “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.” And just look at the words of Solomon (a greater than Solomon was speaking): “The Lord possessed me in the beginning of his way, before his works of old. I was set up from everlasting, from the beginning, or ever the earth was; when there were no depths I was brought forth, when there were no fountains abounding with water. Then I was by him as one brought up with him, and I was daily his delight, rejoicing always before him, rejoicing in the habitable part of his earth, and my delights were with the sons of men.”

He took our nature into union with his divine nature. It is a “wonder on earth, and will be for ever and ever,” says Daniel Herbert.

God is a stronghold to his people. I sometimes wonder what we are coming to. Look at our forefathers; Did they ever give up one bit of truth? The church said, “I held him, and would not let him go.” And ask a child of God in his worst times, when everything hems him in, and the devil is at his heels; he will say, “Christ is the last thing I will part with; my hope is more to me than all worlds.” “And who can give us hope?” Who can revive hope? and how everything seems to damp our hope!

“And oftentimes when the tempter sly  
Asserts it fancied, forged, or vain,  
Jesus appears, disproves the lie,  
And kindly makes it o’er again.”

We want him to appear again and again; and when he does, what a mercy it is, for he hath sworn that “by two immutable things, in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us: which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the vail; whither the forerunner is for us entered, even Jesus, the High Priest over the house of God.”

You see he can enter into our condition. How often

the words of Solomon have struck my mind, "Thine own friend and thy father's friend, forsake not; neither go into thy brother's house in the day of thy calamity; for better is a neighbour that is near than a brother far off." Why? "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." Get a little of the love of the gospel, and it will make thee esteem thy neighbour. I have known the time when the gospel used to condemn me, because I felt I had not got it; but it is unmistakable when it comes. Though his saints sometimes say, "Is his mercy clean gone?" He will never shut up his compassion. I have thought of Ephraim hundreds of times: "I have surely heard Ephraim bemoaning himself thus; "Thou hast chastised me, and I was chastised, as a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke: turn thou me, and I shall be turned; for thou art the Lord my God. Surely after that I was turned, I repented; and after that I was instructed, I smote upon my thigh: I was ashamed, yea, even confounded, because I did bear the reproach of my youth. Is Ephraim my dear son? Is he a pleasant child? For since I spake against him, I do earnestly remember him still: therefore my bowels are troubled for him." I thought one day when reading that portion there was not another like it.

Look at the compassion of a mother. "Where are the sounding of thy bowels and of thy mercies?" said the church, "are they restrained?" You look at it. If your son gets into trouble, where does your heart run? Does not the poor mother seem as if her heart would break? There is the relationship. "I will surely have mercy upon him." "Ephraim is a cake not turned"—not fit for the church or the world. "Strangers have devoured his strength, and he knoweth it not, yea, grey hairs (a sign of weakness, a sign that death is bringing down his tabernacle) are here and there upon him, yet he knoweth it not." Ephraim is compared to a silly dove. "They call to Egypt, they go to Assyria." But he said to Ephraim, "How shall I give thee up?" "I am God, and not man." He never could give him up; he bound himself by oath and promise.

"What from Christ that soul can sever,  
Bound by everlasting bands?  
One in him, in him for ever,  
Thus the eternal covenant stands:  
None shall pluck them  
From the strength of Israel's hands."

How he went into all the miseries of the Church! how

all penal wrath was poured upon him! how justice unsheathed the sword and plunged it into his side! I often think of those lines:—

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

My poor old father has put up many a petition for me. How the Lord used to thwart my purpose even in a course of folly.

“Glory to God, they ne'er shall rove  
Beyond the limits of his love;  
Fenced with Jehovah's shalls and wills,  
Firm as the everlasting hills.”

Now, this is it, poor sensible sinner; if ever you have known anything of the Lord's blessed power, there have been times when you have felt that you could praise him, like David, who danced before the ark; and when Michal said he was like one of the vile fellows, said, “I will be yet more vile.” A man will want no more of Christ than he knows of himself; will know no more of Christ than he knows of his needs. I often say you can never give me one proof that one poor sinner ever had a touch of God's favour, and God left him to perish.

“Never shall Satan have to say,  
'There's one among the damned  
Who by a precious faith in Christ  
Behind this shield did stand.’”

One of our deacons once said, “I have often felt that if the Lord were about to say ‘Depart,’ I could not do it.” I remember once going to his door one dark night; “Ah, my friend,” he said, “you and I might have been in outer darkness.”

I give every proof that I am born of the flesh; but, bless God, there are times when I give proof that I am born of the Spirit. When Aaron went into the holy place, he was to have on his robe a golden bell and a pomegranate. Some people's religion is all sound, but God looks for fruit; and where there is no fruit of humility and love there will be no glorifying him in heaven. The Lord is good—a stronghold—

“He's a stronghold ordained for you:  
Gird up your loins and cease to mourn,  
And to the Lamb your way pursue.  
Though fast in Sinai's fetters bound,  
Held in the deepest bondage there,  
Yet 'tis the gospel's joyful sound:  
Sinners, to this stronghold repair.”

No other hold but him; no other refuge but him; no other atonement but his can ever meet thy case.

Once, many years ago, when God gave me a remarkable blessing, which lasted a week, I hardly knew whether I was in the body or out of the body;

“God, in the Person of his Son,  
Has all his mightiest works outdone.”

I thought what an almighty work it was ever to meet a rebel's case like mine. Do you feel the worst man or woman in the parish of Cranbrook? O, what a mercy to be kept. And if you are kept, there will be no thanks due to yourselves; you will thank the Eternal Majesty for preserving grace. If the Lord has taught you, you sometimes want to get in secret with him; and sometimes he will give such a sweet smile! You will then have to say, “Thou art the chiefest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely.” You see the Church hardly knew how to sum things up, and she says, “This is my beloved, O ye daughters of Jerusalem.” What a mercy to say that; then he will be a stronghold, and you will never let him go. “The Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force.” The apostle says, “Add to your faith virtue;” and to the poor woman who touched the hem of Christ's garment, he said, “Thy faith hath made thee whole.”

I have had to wade through deep sorrows, and have many a time felt as though I could run away from the ministry; and often look at the time when I was called to give up my occupation, and deny myself, when I had not a shilling. After I gave it up, it seemed as if the Lord had withdrawn his lovingkindness, and I thought the people looked a little shy upon me. What a time of bondage it was! I thought my preaching would come to an end; and yet under all I could say, “God has been a good God.” I used to say, “Help thou my unbelief.”

My friend A. said to me at that time, “You have now no clean post as you had when in your occupation.” When he seeth that their power is gone, and there is none shut up or left, he waiteth to be gracious. We shall have to be nothing, and he will have to be everything. If you are taught by grace, and know anything of the quickening operations of the Holy Ghost, there are times when you can put the crown on the Lord's head; and a man never crowned him here, but he shall crown him above; shall see him, shall gaze on his person, and be with his likeness satisfied.



I should not want to go out of the wilderness if sin were going to follow me; but how sweetly have I felt the words of Cowper:

“Had I a throne above the rest,  
Where angels and archangels dwell,  
One sin unslain within my breast  
Would make my soul as dark as hell.”

Thirdly:—“*In the day of trouble.*” I have had enough fancied trouble to sink a vessel, and no comfort in it. Our children whine about this and that little thing, and we take but little notice, but let them come into real trouble, and our compassion will be toward them.

When our heads are numbered with the clods of the valley, I hope there may be a people to meet here to sound the Lord’s fame till day and night no more their course pursue. David said to Solomon, “I am going the way of all the earth; remember Shimei, how he cursed me, and Joab; let not his hoary head come to the grave in peace.” He shed the blood of war in the time of peace. How he leaves all things in the hand of God!

There are things I shall have to lament till I draw my latest breath—

“Sins against a holy God:  
Sins against his righteous laws:  
Sins against his love, his blood:  
Sins against his name, his cause:  
Sins immense as is the sea:  
Hide me, O Gethsemane.”

“Sick sinner, expect no balm but Christ’s blood:  
Thy own works reject, the bad and the good.  
None ever miscarry that on him rely,  
Though filthy as Mary, Manasseh, or I.”

Sick sinners can sing of the fountain, and adore the Lord as the stronghold of their salvation. Poor sinner, what a mercy it is to know the bubblings up of life in thy soul! The time is not far distant when “Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself: for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended.” It will be a zigzag way. I am such a poor rebel, that I want ballast to weigh me down, so God is pleased from time to time to send some trial. The Jews said, “Release unto us Barabbas;” why there is Barabbas in the pulpit. I don’t care what you have, if you have not the fear of God; I would not stand in your shoes for a million worlds. What will all your friends be to you at death?

“In vain to heaven she lifts her eyes,  
 But guilt, a heavy chain,  
 Still drags her downward from the skies  
 To darkness, fire and chains.”

But O, to know something of this stronghold which does not give way. He will uphold thee and help thee through. “He knoweth them that trust in him.” A man will never trust in God while he has anything of his own to trust in. Moab hath not been emptied from vessel to vessel, neither hath he gone into captivity; therefore, “his scent is not changed;” no sorrow, no day of adversity. Nominal professors don’t understand living people.

“When all this is done, and their pardon is sealed,  
 From that moment the conflict begins.”

It is written, “Buy the truth, and sell it not.” How do you buy the truth? By parting with everything, proving it to be a casket of jewels? By having right hands cut off and right eyes plucked out? The Lord knoweth thy exercises, and there is nothing ever hid from his eye. And with these people it will be well; it will be well with them though God’s heavy hand afflict. Ah, poor sinner, it must be well with the righteous, but woe to the wicked.

Poor sinner, art thou hanging upon him, venturing thy all upon him? Why, there never was such a case that a poor sinner sank there.

“He’ll never leave thee, doubt it not.”

I said to my old friend at Stamford, “I never wanted a lot of riches.” I feel sure the man will get through that lives from hand to mouth. “He knoweth them that trust in him.” You cannot be hid from him. You may go and confess again and again what you are, and feel as needy a wretch as ever prostrated himself before him. It will not be a very smooth path with you, long together, if you fear God. O, what a mercy to have a taste that he is gracious! There is something beyond all created things that charms thy soul at times. God thinks about his people; and “they shall be mine, saith the Lord, in that day when I make up my jewels.” He has been a good God to me, and all I can do is to try and lift him up among the people. “As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up.” The Lord add his blessing.

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THY very mercies help to aggravate the heavy reckoning of our offences.—*Toplady.*

CONVERSATION AMONG PROFESSORS.

THERE are many professors of religion who are always craving for company. They think, that to be alone is to be dull; and that, without conversing with creatures, they must be silent and stupid, whimsical or melancholy. Such persons are to be pitied, who have not learned the divine secret of talking with God in private by fervent faith and prayer, who know not how to listen to the still small voice of his Spirit in his holy Word, who cannot find an endless delight in discovering and tasting the sweets of redemption, and who loathe to commune with their own hearts, in their closet or their chamber, and be still.

When such persons get into company, and especially into a great company, they soon discover how unfit, as Christian professors, they are to be in it. The discourse, if of God and his truths, will be light and unsavoury, without unction or solid experience; or if their converse turn, as it generally will, upon men and earthly things, it will only differ from the language and spirit of this world, by being spoken by persons who wish to be thought of as living for another.

It is a melancholy truth, that the levity, dissipation, envy, calumny, and detraction, too often found among companies and parties professedly religious, as well as among the people of the world, make retirement very necessary to the Christian who would walk much with God, and far more cheerful than the generality of talkative professors can conceive it to be. But the soul, which is led to the true enjoyment of divine communion, finds it a relief, rather than a burden, to "cease from man."

The Christian should not, if possible, get into company, but either to impart some spiritual good, or to receive it. If he hath grace and talents for the former, he will, before discourse, secretly look up to God for aid and blessing, and afterwards will desire, rather to be humbled for what he could not say, or for the manner of saying it, than to be pleased, on his own account, for any thing he did say, or for the satisfaction afforded to others. If, on the other hand, he hath received edification from godly conversation, he will then pray that it may abide with him, that the sweet savour may not be lost, that it may be carried into lively act and experience, and that, like good seed upon good ground, it may increase with the increase of God, and bring forth fruit abundantly to perfection.

All this implies, that large and mingled assemblies must be more noisy than profitable. There hath been of this at all times very sufficient evidence. Great entertainments, and many persons called together to enjoy them, may serve to keep out the calm serenity and sweet possession of divine reflections, but perhaps too rarely promote them. In many words, there will probably be errors and folly; nor do numbers in a company always multiply wisdom. The flesh may be gratified and feasted, while the spirit may be starved, and wearied, and dry, and at last be

sent empty away. It must be grievous, to a real Christian, thus to come out of company a worse man for entering into it.

It is the way of God to "feed his people with the rod" [of his gracious and selecting power], even "his flock, his heritage, which dwell solitarily in the wood, in the midst of Carmel" [the field of the world]: and they do "feed [like *Abraham* and the patriarchs, who were strangers and pilgrims upon earth] in Bashan and Gilead [the lands appointed for them], as in the days of old." (Micah vii. 14.) They were ever "a people dwelling alone [in abstraction from the spirit of this world], and not reckoned among the nations." (Numb. xxiii. 9.)

If I have thee, O my God, I have plenitude of society, though (like the blessed *John*, at *Patmos*) no creature should be nigh, or though I should be an outcast from all the world. Thou canst talk with me by thy works, by thy providences, and chiefly by thy Spirit and word. O what delight have I felt in the testimonies of thy faithfulness and truth, of thy mercy and grace, of thy presence and love, of thy glory and power! Surely, surely, when I have enjoyed these in their genuine sweetness, retired from every eye but thine; it hath seemed hard to go forth again into the world, or even into the converse of those, whom thy own providence and grace have endeared to me. And if this be so divinely delightful, in a mortal body and a miserable world, O what shall my felicity be, when I become a pure exalted spirit, with pure life, in the calm and unspotted regions of glory? When I think of these unutterable mercies, how can I but long and pant—how can I but hunger and thirst for God, the living God, my God, my own God, and my own for ever? SEARLE.

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#### FRIENDLY WORDS.

My dear Friend,—After a long delay, I embrace this opportunity to write a few lines to you, hoping yourself, Mrs. —, and family, are well. I am happy, and I hope thankful, to say my dear wife is getting on nicely after eight weeks' illness. She was upstairs six weeks, and has had a trying time of it. I was in the house a fortnight, but am well now, through mercy. A great many people have been ill, and many have died around us, mostly old people. I suppose you have not escaped at —, and perhaps not in your family. How very solemn—"Shall there be evil in a city, and the Lord hath not done it?" Bless his holy name! What a mercy to know and feel that whatsoever he doth is right, and shall be well. One saith, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." That is thinking well of God's doings, is it not?

Now, dear friend, how have you been getting on since I saw you? This one thing I feel sure of, you have had your changes. I often picture you in my mind's eye, very, very low in your feelings; so empty, so lonely, wondering what you will do in your poverty-stricken state. Well, whoever can say, that

knows the things and ways of God, but that these are the characters the Lord doth bless and fill? for, "My strength (saith Christ) is made perfect in weakness." And you have proved it again and again; and you cannot, and dare not deny it. These are the sort of folks I feel a union to, and in my poor way I try to pray for them, for I feel them so heavy on my heart—it seems such a pressing, urgent case. I feel no heart to pray for those who feel full, and get such a stock in hand. I don't understand things so; but I look upon the ministers of Jesus Christ as Mr. — said a short time ago, "I am only a pipe through which the Lord speaks." "When the Lord speaks through the pipe to our heart," the union is formed. And "as face answers to face in a glass, so the heart of man to man."

Now methinks I hear you say, "Well, what have you to say about yourself?" Well, my feelings have been of late very much as the prophet describes, "From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it; but wounds, and bruises, and putrefying sores." "My wounds stink, and are corrupt." I do often feel the old man of sin very active within; it makes me feel weary of myself, and I wonder where the scene will end; and the Lord has seemed to shut out my cry, and pay no regard to me; then the enemy has set in. You can guess what sort of confusion one is in, when the devil and one's own wicked heart seem to have the sway. It leaves one almost ready to give up the ghost, and to feel that there is no mercy for me; and one cannot shake off these things. "The days of darkness are many, very many." Yet a little gleam of the sun's rays breaks through at times, causing the "spices to flow out," and the withered hand of faith begins to have a little feeling in it; hope springs up, and there is a waiting, longing, looking. And then, as Jesus appears, there is a blessing and praising the goodness of God, as seen in his forbearance and long-suffering towards such a wretch, who deserves to be sent to hell. Dear Friend, the longer I live the greater debtor I am to mercy. Well might the poet say—

"Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,  
While heaven's resounding mansions ring  
With shouts of sovereign grace."

I suppose there are many feeling their notes shall be the highest. I am sure I often feel so.

I like what you have written. Go on, dear friend; never mind what the devil says; he is sure to have a say about it if it is of the Lord, for every good work will and must be tried.

I thought the New Year's Address very nice indeed. Please kindly remember me to Mr. C. I am glad he keeps well. I hope the Lord will continue his health.

My wife joins with me in kind Christian love to you and yours.

Yours sincerely, H.W.S.

Feb. 22nd, 1892.

“LOOKING UNTO JESUS.”

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August 1st, 1849.

My dear Friend,—I have been silent longer than that intended. It has been again and again on my mind to write to you. I have almost taken up my pen to do so, when a cast down feeling of utter inability to write anything that would meet your case has disheartened me, and I have been induced to delay a little longer. I should be thankful, were a gracious God to enable me to write anything that he would make really of use to you. You appear to me, and have done for a long time, to look a great deal too much *to yourself for evidences* of your being a child of God. This seems to me to be the great desideratum which you have in view in every thing you do: your reading the Word, private prayer, and attendance upon the preached Word, is all to discover something *in yourself* that you may consider an evidence sufficiently satisfactory to give you confidence before God.

Now, it is my humble opinion, that so long as you continue at this spot, so long you must continue wretched and miserable. Such evidences as you are seeking after *from your own self*, that you are one of the Lord's people, were never yet found in any one of God's children. Were you to suppose you had found the things you are looking for, and on that account to place your confidence in God; I consider you would be most offensive to him, as a religious professor; all your carrying on would be in opposition to the spirit of the gospel. This would be the case if these things were really of the Spirit's production in you, and wrought on the ground of your being one chosen of God in Christ Jesus to eternal life.

I cannot conceive of anything more calculated to cause God to take away his Spirit from anyone than his making such a use of the Spirit's blessed work in him. This is one way of legalising the gospel; it is opposed to living by faith in Christ Jesus; it is not living and carrying on in the Faith of Christ, but by sight and sense. It is one thing to be a sensible, hell-deserving, hell-fitted sinner before God, but possessed of faith in Christ Jesus; to be depending upon God, coming to him, crying and praying to him as such a sinner; that is feeling, seeing and knowing yourself to be such a sinner, so as that you cannot come to God in any other character but as the sinner who can have nothing from God but in the way of sovereign grace, and that on account of the Lord Jesus Christ's work; his redemption of you with his precious blood and righteousness! This is not what the dry, dead lettered doctrinalist does; it is what he professes to do, but not what he does. He never comes to God at all; he sometimes prays, sometimes has his natural excitements by the doctrines of the gospel, but he is never before God as a poor, sensibly helpless, lost, ruined, perishing sinner; really seeking, perseveringly seeking the spiritual blessings of God which are in Christ. You seem to me to be always seeking these things, but seeking them

in a sort of despair because you do not already possess them; not in faith in Christ Jesus, but in distrust of God, because you are in want of them; you seem as though you argued with yourself, that because you are without these things, and want them, therefore God will not give them to you; but surely this is an odd nse to make of the gospel.

The last letter but one I received from you reached me on a Saturday. I was at the time most sensibly alive to my own entire destitution of anything in myself that could give the least confidence before God that I was either one of his family, or fit to stand up to preach without being guilty of gross presumption. I had been in this state for some time, and had reached the middle of the day (Saturday), crying and praying to the Lord in the faith of Jesus. Nothing kept me up, and from giving all, all up in despair, but this: "Looking unto Jesus"—when your letter arrived. I read it. It completely knocked me down. You, I found, *excluded yourself*, because you were at the same spot with which I had been so well acquainted, and where I then was labouring, in the faith of Christ, not to be so cast down by it as to cease my crying and praying to God, looking to Jesus, and Jesus only. It was some time before I could at all recover the effect of it. It all but shook me off my looking to Jesus, by telling me to look to myself. Indeed it was Sunday evening before I got over the effect it produced on me. A person took tea with me that evening, to whom I related the circumstance. I read to him your letter, and asked him for his candid opinion. He said:—"No wonder it produced such an effect. It is very legal, and as if the poor man would work *for* life instead of *from* life."

Last Sabbath morning I read that and other of your letters to another Christian brother who was here, one of sound judgment and discretion in matters of faith, as far as the Lord hath given him light, and one who has taken much pleasure in your letters at times, and much interest about you. His remark was, that you would never get out of the wretched, miserable state in which you were, so long as you continued thus to look to yourself for evidences. I told him that was my opinion, and had been all along; that I had hitherto utterly failed to draw you away from it by anything I had written to you; that I was quite at a loss what to do, and felt as though my writing made you worse; so that since the receipt of that letter on that Saturday, I had been quite discouraged whenever I thought of writing. I said I had by bitter experience been taught the sad effect of such carrying on, and that it rendered the gospel utterly useless to all professors who were found at that spot. I considered it useless to write to you, unless I did in a more direct way draw your attention to the subject than I had done; that it utterly excluded faith from a man, while it kept him a stranger to the Spirit of the gospel. No man, from the first day he came to God by faith in Christ, to the last day of his existence on earth, can find himself

in a state to come before God with any confidence founded on anything in himself. He must always come a sensible, hell-deserving sinner, looking to Jesus, and the enjoyment of God by Jesus to the believing soul. Now the fact is, that the more the Lord does for his people, the more they know of the heavenly, living, and spiritual influences of the Spirit in their souls, the more do they see and feel of the need and necessity of ceasing entirely and wholly to look for anything in themselves to give them confidence in coming to God. The very Scriptures that you go to, to make swords wherewith to slay all your hopes, are the very Scriptures that declare there is no mercy with God *for a sinner*, but on account of Christ's redemption work, and this without any terms or conditions of any kind to be fulfilled by the sinner, not only before, but after he believes. None are so well taught here as those who have been brought under that great power of God in the hearts of his people—his love shed abroad in their hearts by the Holy Ghost, as manifested *in the lovingkindness of Jesus in dying for sinners*. Those who are brought here, and who have had the forgiveness of their sins, realized by the sealing of the blood and righteousness of Jesus Christ to their conscience—those who have been at this blessed spot know better than any that they can never come before God with confidence, except as they look by faith to the Lord Jesus Christ's redemption of lost sinners; renounce anything and everything of any sort and kind in themselves, as affording the slightest ground for their confidence in coming to God for anything. Then at all seasons of darkness and distress; at all times of backsliding; under discoveries of the corruption and depravity of their nature; they know that there is no coming to God *but as sinners looking to Jesus*. Looking to ourselves in any way, for anything, under any circumstances, is sure to bring bondage on the soul; is sure to weaken all confidence before God, destroy hope, and give Satan advantage against us.

A believer may mourn, lament, and confess what is wanting in him, what is discoverable in him which is unbecoming a child of God and the profession he makes: he will do so; but this is one thing—very different from shutting out ourselves from the hope of the gospel on these accounts—which is to cease to believe in the revelation God has made in his Word. While it is a truth that mere faith in the letter of the Word is not saving faith, and that the man who never gets beyond this will never be saved; yet faith in the letter of the Word is most needful to be exercised by the child of God in times and seasons of soul darkness and distress, and when God withdraws the influence of his Spirit, &c., &c. We are so prone to run into extremes. Writers and preachers who would treat things experimentally, run into an extreme in labouring to avoid the error of letter preachers of doctrines. But I do not consider that a man does preach experimentally whose preaching leads to looking for evidences in ourselves to give us confidence before God, or to regard frames and



feelings so as to make our faith rise and fall just as our frames and feelings change.

I do not consider such to be experimentally taught what they preach. We must be taught the truth respecting ourselves, and, alas! can only know this in an experimental way, in that painful discovery of our corruption and depravity, by its working in us.

Now, it is in the face of this that those who are also experimentally instructed in the gospel have to come to God by Jesus. None come here without having their FAITH tried by the difficulties which the continued discoveries of their corruption and depravity present to them in travelling this trying road, and continuing to believe, to hope against hope. Men fight the good fight of faith, while at the same time their *faith is purified*—is exercised more simply—is faith, freed more and more from legal impurity. What a narrow path is that of the gospel! How impossible to walk there by ourselves!

Farewell, dear Friend,

Affectionately yours in Christ Jesus,

Mr. George Dust.

ROBERT PYM.

[Mr. Pym was a minister of the Church of England in Yorkshire, well known to Mr. Nunn and Mr. Gadsby, of Manchester.]

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### CHRIST OUR SANCTUARY.

JESUS CHRIST, who was eternally in the form of God, that is, was essentially so, God by nature, equally participant of the same divine nature with God the Father; God over all, blessed for ever; who humbled himself to behold the things that are in heaven and earth; he takes on him the nature of man, and takes it to be his own; whereby he was no less truly a man in time, than he was truly God from eternity. And to increase the wonder of this mystery, because it was necessary to the end he designed, he so humbled himself in this assumption of our nature, as to make himself of no reputation in this world, yea, to that degree, that he said of himself, that he was a worm and no man, in comparison of those who were of any esteem.

We speak of these things in a poor, low, broken manner. We teach them as they are revealed in the Scriptures. We labour, by faith, to adhere unto them as revealed. But when we come into a steady, direct view and consideration of the subject itself, our minds fail, our hearts tremble, and we can find no rest, but in a holy admiration of what we cannot comprehend. Here we are at a loss, and know that we shall be so whilst we are in this world; but all the ineffable fruits and benefits of this truth are communicated to those who believe.

It is with reference hereto, that the great promise concerning him is given to the church (Isa. viii. 14), "He shall be for a sanctuary," namely, unto all that believe, as it is expounded, 1 Peter ii. 8, "but for a stone of stumbling, and a rock of offence, even to them that stumble at the word, being disobedient, where-

unto also they were appointed." He is herein a sanctuary, an assured refuge, to all that betake themselves to him. What is it that any man in distress, who flies thereto, may look for in a sanctuary? A supply of all his wants, a deliverance from all his fears, a defence against all his dangers, are proposed to him therein. Such is the Lord Christ herein to sin-distressed souls; he is a refuge to us in all spiritual distresses (Heb. vi. 18): "That by two immutable things, in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us." Are we or any of us burdened with a sense of sin? Are we perplexed with temptations? Are we bowed down under the oppression of any spiritual adversary? Do we, on any of these accounts, walk in darkness and have no light? One view of the glory of Christ herein is able to support us and relieve us.

When we betake ourselves to others for relief in any case, we have regard to nothing but their will and their power. If they have both, we are sure of relief. And what shall we fear in the will of Christ, as to this end? What will he not do for us? He who thus emptied and humbled himself, who so infinitely condescended from the prerogative of his glory in his being and self-sufficiency, in the assumption of our nature for the discharge of the office of a Mediator on our behalf; will he not relieve us in all our distresses? Will he not do all for us we stand in need of, that we may be eternally saved? Will he not be a sanctuary to us?

Nor have we hereon any ground to fear his power: for by this infinite condescension to be a suffering man, he lost nothing of his power as God omnipotent; nothing of his infinite wisdom or glorious grace. He could still do all that he could do as God from eternity. If there be anything, therefore, in the union of infinite power with infinite condescension, to constitute a sanctuary for distressed sinners, it is all in Christ Jesus. And if we see him not glorious herein, it is because there is no light or faith in us. This, then, is the rest wherewith we may cause the weary to rest, and this is the refreshment. Herein is he a hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest, as rivers of water in a dry place, and as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Hereon he says, "I have satiated the weary soul, and have refreshed every sorrowful soul." Under this consideration it is, that all evangelical promises and invitations are given for coming to him. He is proposed to distressed sinners as their only sanctuary.

Herein he is a "stone of stumbling, and rock of offence," unto the unbelieving and disobedient, who "stumble at the word." They cannot, they will not see the glory of this condescension, they neither desire nor labour so to do; yea, they hate it and despise it. Christ in it is a "stone of stumbling, and a rock of offence" to them. Wherefore they choose rather utterly to deny his divine person, than allow that he did thus abase himself for

our sakes. Rather than they will own his glory, they will allow him no glory. A man they say he was, and no more, and this was his glory. This is that principle of darkness and unbelief, which works effectually at this day in the minds of many. They think it an absurd thing, as the Jews did of old, that he being a man should be God also; or, on the other hand, that the Son of God should thus condescend to take our nature on him. This they can see no glory in, no relief, no refuge, no refreshment to their souls, in any of their distresses; therefore do they deny his divine person. Here faith triumphs over them; it finds that to be a glorious sanctuary which they cannot at all discern.

OWEN.

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### STRENGTH IN WEAKNESS.

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Nov. 28th, 1822.

THE good Lord continue to bless and prosper the soul of my dear friend. Amen.

I feel peculiarly grateful for your concern for me, especially for your interceding for me at a throne of grace, and trust I feel gratitude to our gracious Lord for moving your heart thereto. I was indeed greatly exercised concerning preaching in London, but found the Lord better to me than all my fears, though, in the midst of them, I could and did appeal to him, that he knew I came with a desire to do his will only; that did I know his will, I would gladly bow to it, whether to go forward or draw back. I feared to presume; and the enemy lay sorely at me with great violence, continually suggesting that I should be put to confusion; but I found an earnest struggling against his works, and a constant committing of myself into the hands of the Lord, casting my burden upon him, my cares to his care, earnestly appealing and breathing to this effect: "O Lord, thou knowest I consented not to the erection of this place of my own mind, but because it appeared that thy hand moved thereto, and I feared to resist thy hand. Thou knowest I complied not with the opening of thy providence from sinister motives, but that I might do thy pleasure. I count all things, even my life, but a sorry pittance to be yielded to and employed in doing thy will and pleasure. My whole heart and soul long to spend and be spent in the glory of thy name and in the good of thy chosen. I have grieved and been pained at heart that I have preached so many years, and done so little for thine honour; had I not thought it for thine honour and the furtherance of thy cause, I would not, I could not have complied.

"Now that I have complied, the place is erected, and the time come that I am to preach; I do earnestly desire thy presence in the work. Some of thy children have called upon thee, and expressed their confidence in thee that thou wilt appear for me; thy enemies are watching for my halting; Satan lieth hard at me to confound me; many of thy children are put to a stand,

not knowing whereunto this will grow; above all, the good of thy chosen and thy glory are concerned; for if thou appear not, the mouths of thy enemies will be opened to blaspheme thy gospel, and many selfish minds will triumph; thy children, who have erected this place from a desire for thy precious gospel and the true unity of thy chosen, will sink in distress; their faith will fail. Hast thou not said, 'He that trusteth in me shall not be confounded?' Lord, in thee I trust; 'help thou my unbelief.' I commit myself into thy hands; I rely on thy word and faithfulness. O God, strengthen me against my fears, and let not the enemy prevail. Thou hast promised to be with thy ministers to the end of the world; thou has been with me many times when overcome and ready to faint; thou hast appeared in the time of need; I have never been confounded or disappointed when brought to lean on thee alone to carry me through. O God, to thee I look, in thee I hope; appear for me, enlarge me in the work, and let me not be confounded. Glorify thyself in feeding thy people by my ministry."

In this strain was my mind led; and now, to his honour and glory—to the honour and glory of his truth and faithfulness be it spoken—he hath appeared for me. I trusted in him (though in great fearfulness), and am not confounded. I was enabled to speak somewhat, I trust, for his people's good, and that shall redound to his honour. I felt his power and presence. I felt my heart enlarged thereby in the work; and I am now persuaded that he hath recorded his name there, and, in some degree, will feed his chosen there. Blessed, for ever blessed be his precious name! O to be swallowed up in his praise! O, praise him, with me, my very dear friend!

I feel particularly glad that B——received some refreshment, for it distressed me greatly that she should be so affectionately kind, and my ministry not profitable to her; so that I have indeed travailed in birth for her, that the Almighty would vouchsafe some blessing by my ministry.

My dear boy is wonderfully restored to health. I had given him into the hand of the Lord with cheerful resignation, and now he is given back again. O, praised be his name for his kindness to me!

I rejoice that in the midst of trials and crosses you are immovable; you have not so learned Christ as to barter him for carnal ease. When in nothing we are terrified by that which opposeth, it is an evident token of salvation, and, on our part, God is glorified. You feel more of the plague of your heart; this shall make you prize, more and more, "the fountain open for sin and uncleanness." All is well. Love to brother and sister.

Yours affectionately,

D. F.

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It is better, and much better, unto me to be put in a hot, burning, flaming oven with thee, than to be even in heaven without thee.  
—Bernard.

## SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

Kelmescott, Nov. 18th, 1888.

My dear Friend,—I received your savoury epistle with glad surprise, which was full of goodly words, and rich with the blessing of the Lord, namely, that blessing which maketh rich, and with which he addeth no sorrow; so that it is a pure blessing, and it is all his own, and so we feel it to be, from time to time, to the joy and rejoicing of our precious souls. What a mercy is it to be fed with that living bread which cometh down from heaven! of which if a man eat he shall live for ever. His own word is Spirit and life, and we have found it to be meat and drink to our souls.

I feel, with yourself, that it is a great mercy to have such a loving, forgiving friend, who can bear with all our infirmities and unmindfulness, and knows all our weakness. We are prone to forget the God of all our mercies, when he again imparts some quickening word to our souls with power, thus turning our night to day, and making crooked things straight and rough places plain. Then we can feel and say—

“Why those fears? behold, 'tis Jesus  
 Holds the helm and guides the ship;  
 Spread the sails, and catch the breezes,  
 Sent to waft us through the deep,  
 To the regions

Where the mourners cease to weep.”

This was a blessed word to me in my affliction, and will never wear out. Bless his precious name! I have much to ask of him, and very much for which to be thankful to him, who, I believe, hath in mercy done so much for me, in the comforting of both my body and soul. He bows down his gracious ear to my feeble petitions, especially in the night seasons, giving me many comforting promises, which cheer and sustain me; sometimes a word of reproof or instruction, but all in love, and to make me wise to that which is good, and simple concerning that which is evil. He teacheth to profit, and hath said, “They that wait on the Lord shall not want any good thing.” So have I proved it, for he hath made his goodness to pass before me in the way.

Your letter expressed many of my soul-feelings, from time to time experienced, constraining me to exclaim, “What hath God wrought?” You were also enabled to exalt the dear Lamb of God, by whom I am sometimes cheered, and whom I love and desire. In him is all my hope, and my heart leaps for joy at the sound of his dear name, and am at times favoured to call him my precious Jesus. At such seasons

“Everything that's dear to him  
 To me is also dear.”

I felt very peaceful during most of the time of my affliction, portions of the Word and verses of hymns continually coming to my mind, whereby I was staid on my dear Jesus. The following was especially comforting:

“Dear name! the rock on which I build;  
 My shield and hiding-place;  
 My never-failing treasury, fill'd  
 With boundless stores of grace.”

I feel that I still need this precious Jesus to be my shield and strength and deliverer.

“O may we ever hear his voice  
 In mercy to us speak;  
 Then in our Priest we will rejoice,  
 Thou great Melchisedec.”

These words sank deep into my soul; they have an abiding place:

“On the Rock of Ages founded,  
 What can shake my sweet repose?”

But sometimes things of the world creep in, causing the mind to run from one thing to another, destroying my peace, and robbing me of my enjoyment of the better part. These words were very strengthening to me: “He became the author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey him.” The Psalmist’s language was likewise expressive of my feelings, when he says, “What shall I render unto the Lord, for all his benefits toward me?” both for body and soul. I am with you in spirit; and when I get a sweet sip from the fountain, I wish that others might be partakers of my joy. We often try to cheer each other, here, at home, and sometimes we succeed. What a mercy it is when one is down, to have another at hand to try and lift us up!

Please to present my thanks to Mr. G. for the love-token he so kindly sent me. What a gracious Remembrancer he has to honour his birthday, by inclining his heart to comfort and help the poor and needy in their afflicted state. I hope and trust that he may be made rich with the blessing of the Lord on this his birthday, and every day even unto death, and in the world to come life everlasting.

May the good Lord bless you for all your kindness from time to time. “Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life;” and

“He that hath helped me hitherto,  
 Will help me all my journey through.”

May he bless you with “the precious things of the lasting hills, the precious things of the earth and fulness thereof, and the good will of him that dwelt in the bush;” and “fill you with joy and peace in believing.” This is the best I can desire for you all. I hope you will each remember me when you feel your heart burn by the way.

Please accept our united thanks and love to “the church in your house.” I remain, yours affectionately, E. Cox.

THE true physician of our souls came down from heaven, and through his passion hath he made us a plaister for our wounds.—  
*Coverdale.*

“THE LORD HATH DONE GREAT THINGS 'FOR US.”

Siddal, Halifax, June 9th, 1888.

Dear Friend,—Yours is just to hand, in reply to which I beg to say I am in good health of body, for which I feel thankful to the God of heaven, whose mercy endureth for ever. God gives me health and strength to go and preach his gospel, and, I believe, blesses it to the soul-profit of his people; and sometimes I feel a little of God's smile and presence in my own soul, but I do not get half so much of those mercies as my soul desires. Like the poor man at the pool, I have to wait until the Lord comes, and says, “Arise, take up thy bed, and walk;” for without him I can do nothing. In my ignorance I once thought I should get better in my old age; but, alas! I am no better than I was forty years ago, nor am I any worse, for by sin I am as bad as the devil can make me, and I hope, by grace, what the devil cannot destroy. Sin has spoilt us all, but Christ has died for some, and for some only, and my desire is to be found in him. Sometimes I think I shall be found in him at last, and sometimes I fear I shall not; so you see I have not yet got beyond doubts and fears, but I know that if I ever get to heaven it will be through the grace of God. If salvation is not by grace, there is no salvation. If a man could live as holily as an angel from his birth to his death, it would never get him to heaven without God's grace. I have not the least hope in man's merit. O how I like this hymn!—

“Salvation! O the joyful sound!

’Tis pleasure to our ears,

A sovereign balm for every wound,

A cordial for our fears.”

Yes, blessed be God, salvation by grace is both a balm and a cordial in every trouble and every distress. O, my dear Friend, where would you and I have been but for the grace of God? As you say, we should have been in hell as the reward of sin. I do remember the rock from which I was hewn, and the hole of the pit from which I was digged; Satan cannot reason me out of that; and I am persuaded, in that which I differ from the basest rebel on earth, it is by the grace of God. Your prayer is mine where you say—

“In thy fair book of life and grace,

O may I find my name,

Recorded in some humble place,

Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.”

And will the Lord cast off one of these poor desiring souls? No, never; no, never; no, never. The Holy Spirit is the author of all such breathings and desires, and will see to it, in his own time, that these shall be fulfilled, or his promise must fail; but that can never fail.

O what a blessed foundation is God's faithfulness for a poor convinced sinner to rest upon! This is a thousand times better

than his ever-changing frames and feelings. Sweet frames and feelings are good and gracious evidences that we are born of God, and are what a reprobate never felt. I love them, and desire them, but they are not my God, but are proofs of his faithfulness:

“Glad frames too often lift us up,  
And then how proud we grow;  
Till sad desertion makes us droop,  
And then we sink as low.”

God is of one mind, and changes not; is not that a mercy?

Mr. B. is just able, at present, to attend to his daily labour, but he has been brought to death's door, as we say. He never thought he could or would be raised up from his bed of affliction, nor did any of us believe so, for he had to be fed with a teaspoon; but, as you say, “there is nothing too hard for the Lord to do.” O what sweet and precious visits he had on his bed of affliction! It was like a little heaven to be in his bed-room. I never saw anything like it in my time. O how highly he was favoured! I have been tempted, sometimes, by the devil, to believe that there is no hell nor any heaven; and, my dear Friend, I am often tempted to infidelity, even now; nor do I think that I shall be fully freed from these temptations until my spirit leaves this mortal body; but I thought I should never again question the reality of heaven, when I saw so much of it in our friend B. I visited him all through his affliction, and was often refreshed and encouraged in my faith and hope in God, in his truth, and his salvation. I was more than ever established in the truths I had preached, for I saw the effects of those truths in one who had long trusted in them, and who was well established in his own soul. I many a time got a soft heart while in conversation with him. He was sometimes harassed by the old enemy, the devil, but was always again delivered from his insinuations. It appeared to me that he was raised up from that affliction, by the prayers of the saints, for further usefulness in the church of God. I asked him to write an account of his exercises in the affliction, for the benefit of the church, and I believe he has done so. In the hand of God, I believe, oysters were the means of his recovery; he lived upon them for several weeks, when he could eat nothing else. His friends did all they could for him, so that he wanted for nothing his soul desired. I will tell him that you have written, and that you will be glad to hear from him. The Lord has done great things for us at Siddal, whereof we are glad. The new chapel was filled by friends from all the surrounding churches, and a blessed day we had.

You refer to that great meeting in the Memorial Hall, London, and observe, “What a gathered assembly!” Some, as you are aware, travelled several hundred miles; yours was a short journey. I never witnessed such a friendly greeting as that in London on the occasion of the celebration of the Jubilee of the “Gospel Standard.” I can heartily join with you in wishing the best of



blessings may rest upon the Editor, whose position, as you remark, is by no means an enviable one. Many are shooting at him, but none can really hurt him.

I pray the Lord that he will comfort you in your affliction as he did our mutual friend, and that you may come forth from the furnace well refined.

Give my Christian love to Mrs. C., and believe me to remain,  
 Yours truly, D. SMITH.

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### INTERCESSION.

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OUR Lord began the prayer upon earth which he now offers in heaven for his people: "Keep through thy own name those whom thou has given me." He prays, or rather demands as the purchase of his death, when he says, "Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am;" on which ground we may conclude that all for whom Christ died shall possess the crown of glory that fadeth not away, it being impossible that Jesus should intercede in vain. This is the foundation of the Apostle's challenge, "Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again, who also maketh intercession for us." May all God's people, who have their faces Zion-ward, take encouragement from these things to go forward in the name and strength of the God of their salvation, until they safely arrive in the mansions of bliss and endless felicity.

TOPLADY.

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### GOD SEETH NOT AS MAN SEETH.

WHERE God discovers unbelief, he gives faith. All the time unbelief is hid from our eyes, we cannot have faith, and therefore all that is not of faith is sin; but if you can persuade yourself from what you have felt, what you have seen in the word, and what you have heard preached, that Jesus is yours, then, if you have been enabled to believe, the fruit of faith is peace. (Rom. v. 1.) Hold him fast in the promises, and that will not fail. Bring what you feel and the word together, and that will stand fast. (Isaiah viii. 20.) Would you know how God causes his people to hear his voice, and how God interests his people? It is by temptation, and deliverance from it; by persecution, by the stirring up of corruptions, by doubts and fears, and deliverance from them; by sharp convictions going before, and comforts coming after; by our blindness and knowledge, followed by the light of God's Spirit; by uncomfortable and comfortable frames; by sharp soul-sorrow and heavenly joy.

HUNTINGTON.

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"O!" SAID the late Colonel Gardiner, on a particular occasion, "how gracious a Master do we serve! how pleasant is his service! how rich are the entertainments of his love! yet how poor and cold are our services!"

*"LEAVE ME NOT."*

On thee, dear Lord, I call,  
O leave me not to fall,  
So keen's the strife.  
In error or in sin;  
Subdue their pow'r within;  
Hold thou my life.

Sin in my heart is fix'd,  
For all I do is mix'd,  
And grieveth me;  
Yet not as I desire,  
Do I to thee aspire,  
For pardon free.

Fain would I never rest,  
Till with forgiveness blest  
For sins each day:  
And when thou dost appear,  
I wish a friend so dear  
Would always stay.

But when my heart, like stone,  
Seems unconcern'd alone,  
In that sad spot;  
Or when I'm sore distrest,  
By various woes opprest;  
O leave me not.

Left may I never be,  
My brother's faults to see  
Than mine more clear;  
O make my spirit right,  
May I as in thy sight  
Walk in thy fear.

If liberty shall cease—  
Again that foe of peace  
Rule in our land—  
Be thou my hiding place;  
O give sufficient grace,  
That I may stand.

Whate'er before me lies,  
If snapp'd lov'd earthly ties  
Are soon to be;  
Or if I first may die,  
Be thou, dear Lord, still nigh,  
To comfort me.

“AS THY DAYS, SO SHALL THY STRENGTH BE.”

Kings Cliffe, June 6th, 1853.

My very dear friend in the Lord,—Your favour of the 5th of May should have had an earlier acknowledgment than the present, but the many trials, both within and without, commencing at the opening of the year, have crushed me in the dust, and set me fast. Unskilful in a life of faith, I judge by sense instead of the unerring word of my Almighty Immanuel, who never yet has failed me in my deepest sorrows and greatest extremities, and thus proved himself the rock of my heart and the hope of my soul, when heart, flesh, and friends have all failed. Vain is the help of man. There is a line of experience runs through your notes that carries with it a testimony to the truth of your being one of those peculiar people who dwell alone, and cannot be reckoned among the nations of this world's citizens. The world of empty professors, as well as the busy merchantmen of it, know you not. You have your portion of tribulation in it; many bitter sorrows wring our hearts from nature's resources, when those we love are torn from us, and every earthly gourd is blasted; and in addition to this, we sometimes get wounded in the house of our friends. If we have a prayer for those we love, it is a mercy; if we sow in tears, we shall reap in joy; long patience may be necessary, and strong faith in a faithful, covenant-keeping God, who keeps covenant mercy for all his elect, so that not one of them can be lost of all that the Father hath given to Jesus, for “Salvation is of the Lord.” When we have prayed for them, we must leave them and our prayers with the Lord; it is all that we can do. I had rather see every character in its true colours than see a masked hypocrite. You can commend your sisters and their families to Jesus; the blessing of Abraham may fall where and when we least expect it; Saul of Tarsus found it when he sought it not. “The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.” The Lord will provide in answer to prayer.

Your youthful friend, Mr. Joseph, has, it appears, a preference to a seafaring life rather than a business on land. Doubtless you will be anxious about his safety and welfare; but remember, our Immanuel holds the winds and waters in his fist and hollow of his hands. Jesus can keep him, and guide him, and call him by his grace, if his holy will, as well on water as on land. Grace—matchless, peerless, sovereign grace—gathers all God's elect in the Lord's own time; not a day nor an hour can they be called before God's time, nor can they be lost before calling, for they are preserved in Jesus Christ. Rest, dear friend, in the will of God. Wisdom and love will guide, and power will keep you all your journey through. Heaven is most welcome to Zion's pilgrims who have been most storm-beaten, storm-broken, and have found the road very rough. All is right that Jesus does for his people. The cross is more than a cure for the evils of

time. He has put away sin, destroyed death, and him that had the power of it, and has got the keys of hell and of death hanging at his girdle. Who can harm you when following that which is good? And if we follow that which is good, we must follow Jesus.

To the honour of Jesus be it spoken, he has given me some good times in the pulpit, though I had wretched times out of it. My heart, the devil, and the world, have almost overthrown me in stony places. What deaths I have passed through! What temptations have assailed me! What inward corruptions have I discovered in the old man of sin! I find the body is the same body of sin and death as it was years ago. Blood is my only hope, and mercy my only plea. What selfishness, ignorance, pride, vanity, and folly, mix with all that I think, do, or say for Jesus! But amidst all, I endeavour to speak well of his name; and if his name be exalted, it is by the Spirit's testimony concerning Jesus. "In his name shall the Gentiles trust." I have long desired to be spiritually minded, to be kept near to Jesus, and to have much of Christ sensibly within me, in his life and power; but I have not yet attained to this. I want humility, patience, and meekness, and to have my poor, blind, proud, stubborn will melted at the foot of the cross into the will of Jesus, to give up all into his hands, and to forsake all my carnal stuff, and follow him. Here I have no continuing city. Through mercy I receive strength for my day, with a melting word and a visit now and then from Jesus, who hath said, "Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." I therefore hope in his mercy that he will not suffer the world to overcome me, but that, kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation, I shall attain the heavenly rest, where tears and trials will cease for ever.

By your letter you are apprehensive that Mrs. S. is near home; if so, the Lord grant her an abundant entrance into his kingdom. We do not like to lose those with whom we have fellowship, at times, here below, though much ignorance and selfishness, doubtless, are often the cause of our unwillingness to part with them. Did we but know more of Jesus and the heavenly court, we should say of them: "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." . . . for "they rest from their labours," and are for ever with the Lord. The bright, sparkling, illuminated eye, when I last saw her, seemed to bespeak a fire of divine love kindled in her heart, which is a foretaste of glory.

In your last note you say the friends at Laxton would be glad to see me; and I would gladly see them, if the Lord's will. If I come your way, I shall hope to call and preach, if they request it; and if not, it will give me pleasure to have an hour's conversation about the way. I have heard nothing from Lutterworth since I was last there. I know not the reason; perhaps I may have given some offence. The friends at Leicester expressed a desire to see me again when I left, but it does not appear very likely that I shall supply there again. The Lord only knows

what the present dispensation of his divine providence means, or what is to come out of it. Jacob is left alone. . . . There is one thing I have got at amidst my sorrows and blunders: the knowledge of the Son of God—his essential divinity and spotless humanity—"Thou art the Christ"—"I am that I am." O that by precious faith I may be enabled to give him the glory due unto his name, by trusting in it! Hitherto he has helped me. The little book on Christian Unity I hope to send by Mr. Freeman. My daughter is slowly recovering, I think, from her long illness. The Lord hath shown her tokens for good, but she is still in bonds; thus, dear friend, things continue dark, trying, and mysterious with me at present. Miss J. is much better. Miss M.'s health is much as usual. They do not know that I am writing, or they would, I believe, send their love.

Present my affectionate remembrances to the friends at Langton, and to any who may think it worth the trouble of inquiring after a wandering stranger. I shall be glad of a line at any time, if you feel disposed to write; and if I do not answer it immediately, you will not attribute it to indifference or neglect, as you are one whom I shall ever esteem for the truth's sake which is in you, and I hope is in me, and will be with us for ever. Amen.

My wife sends her affectionate regards in Jesus. Mercy and truth be ever with you. R. K. IRESON.

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#### REVIEW.

*Diary of Rhoda Jane Walker.*—(Price 9d.)—It appears to us, as far as we have gone and are capable of judging of the contents of the *Diary of Rhoda Jane Walker*, that the work of God was begun in her in early life, was carried on, and ripened as years advanced. The green blade discovered the fact, by its successive growths, and eventually by the full ripe corn in the ear, that the child's religion was the same for nature and principle as that which appeared in a more robust form in after years. The incorruptible seed implanted in the heart by the Holy Ghost was the secret of her religion living in and under every trial through which she was called to pass. She had her little crosses to bear when at school; her manner of life while there, owing to the fear of God being in her heart, and the consequent *exercises* of her mind, was noticed by her schoolfellows, and secured for her the name of "Patriarch." There appears to be no doubt but the child had the faith of Abraham, which is the faith of all God's elect. This faith was her support in all her trials through life, and also in death. We think the little book (which is nicely got up) well worth reading. Copies may be had of J. Stubbs, Poynings, near Beeding, Sussex; and of H. T. Stonelake, 17, Leighton Grove, Kentish Town.

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O, to grace what debtors we are, that out of our deep ruin it can lift us up to heights of glory!

## Obituary.

WILLIAM WILLIS.—On September 6th, 1889, aged 73, William Willis (a brief notice only of whose death appeared in the "G.S."), late a deacon of the church at Oxford, and formerly a member of the church at Milton-under-Wychwood.

He was wrought upon by the Lord when quite young, at times feeling a little of the sting of sin. He said, "If I should be asked when I was convinced of my state as a sinner, I should not know how far to date back." Even before this time he was very select in his companions, having no inclination to go into the world. He said, "I went on for some time, feeling, occasionally, some gentle touches in my soul, which I could not understand. I determined, however, to think no more about such things, but to put them away."

The very gentle way in which the Lord began with him caused him to be tender toward those whom the Lord is pleased to lead in the same way, and those, we feel sure, are not a few. As this work was of the Lord, it was carried on and deepened, until, with the Publican, he was brought to know himself as a poor lost sinner, and in this undone condition to cry for mercy. Feeling his heart to be a sink of sin, he was led in real earnest to seek the Lord; and his seeking was not in vain. He was enabled, experimentally, to understand and sympathize with a poor sinner under the law, and was favoured and used by the Lord to be very encouraging to souls where the "gentle flame" was visible, being careful, as Mr. Hart says, "not to quench the same." His prayers also have proved strengthening to many a poor soul again and again, especially to those despairing and desponding ones, he having walked in the same path. But the time came that he should know the Lord to the comfort of his soul, and that he should feel the power of the precious blood of Christ to save him from his sins. He was favoured to sit under the ministry of the late Mr. Gorton, at Milton, with whom, and the church and people, he lived in the deepest affection. His subsequent removal to Oxford was therefore felt keenly by them. After a time he was appointed to the office of deacon, which for twelve years he faithfully performed. He was not a novice, nor lifted up with pride, but was, by grace, very humble, "holding the mystery of the faith in a pure conscience, seeking to do the will of the Lord from the heart," and earnestly concerned for the peace and prosperity of his people.

While in the enjoyment of his usual health, the Lord revealed to him that his departure was near. Yet his anxiety about matters connected with the church of God was of the first importance, studying much the Apostolic injunction, "Let all things be done decently and in order." His attachment to his brother deacon—the late Mr. West—was said to resemble that of David and Jonathan, having known each other many years in truth, and

from quite boys in nature. He would speak to Mr. W. of matters connected with the church, and of their being carried on after his departure. Mr. W. would reply, "But I think I shall go before you." To this he would scarcely reply. To the church he was wont to speak in the same way, alluding to their future path and trials when he had passed away. It was felt and observed in many ways that he knew the Lord would shortly take him home, not only by the church, but by the ministers supplying, who could not but observe the solemnity which pervaded his soul. Truly it might be said of him, "He feared the Lord above many."

On one occasion, not long before his death, when in conversation with his brother deacon, referring to many things that the Lord had made known to their souls, also to many changes they had experienced in outward things, as also very many they had felt in their souls; Mr. West said, "But Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." These words were then, and, at times, up to his death, a great blessing to his soul; yea, they seemed to be a passport to him. He was much favoured in his last days. Amidst all his changes, fears, misgivings, and failings, he would say, with the rays of the blessing of the Lord shining in his face, "'Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.' O, what a Jesus! How suited to a poor, changeable sinner like me! O, the plague of sin and my wicked heart! The evils I feel!" But he would say, "This is our mercy, 'Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.'" His last illness was of a very serious nature, terminating in death in a few days. His last days, hours, and moments were under the banner of this blessing, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever."

He was buried by Mr. Russell, in the presence of many of his brethren and friends. B. W.

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THOMAS BARNARD, Pastor of the church meeting for worship at the Digby Institute, Beckford Road, Bournemouth.

My dear husband was born of godly parents at Malmesbury, Wilts., on 28th December, 1817. His father being a schoolmaster in the town, not only educated him, but fondly watched over and preserved him from following a course of vanity and outward sin, a favour for which he ever had cause to bless God through his life. He was called by grace when quite a child, the threatenings of God's holy word and the dread of eternal punishment often keeping him awake during the night watches in a state of alarm; and in these solemn hours of darkness he would put up a childish petition to the Lord to save his soul. When old enough, he was apprenticed to a godly man who was a watch-maker and engraver, which pleased him much. He was at that time very zealous, always attending the early prayer-meeting on Lord's-days, as well as the morning and afternoon services at the

chapel, feeling it better to be in the house of the Lord than in the tents of wickedness. He was never the subject of a very deep law-work, as it is called, but saw enough of the terrible majesty of God in his holy word to convince him that he was a vile, guilty sinner before a righteous, sin-hating, and sin-avenging God; which caused him earnestly to cry and beg for mercy—so was he taught—"Precept upon precept, line upon line, here a little and there a little."

He was much favoured, at times, in hearing many of the servants of God, who used to preach occasionally in and near the town—such as the late Mr. Kershaw, Mr. Philpot, and especially Mr. Shorter—frequently also walking many miles to hear the Gospel. He afterwards engaged, as an improver, with the late Mr. Joseph Tanner, of Cirencester, remaining with him some years, with whom, on one occasion, he walked to Calne Anniversary Meeting, a distance of twenty miles.

Whilst living with Mr. Tanner, a mutual attachment sprang up and ripened between him and Mr. T.'s wife's sister, who became his wife, and with whom he was favoured to spend many years in much affection and spiritual union, but had to wade through a series of providential trials, by which he was taught many salutary lessons, practically enabling him, in after years, to encourage the poor and needy. There being at that time no Cause of Truth in Cirencester, each experienced the "Famine of hearing the word of the Lord," which resulted in a room being opened, in the house of a friend, for the proclamation of the Gospel; and in course of time Mr. Tanner became their valued pastor, who, by the kindness of friends assisting him, built the present chapel in Park Street.

I have heard my husband state that about this time, though surrounded by the most painful outward trials, the Lord on one occasion so powerfully appeared unto him whilst on his knees at family prayer, sealing, by his Spirit, the forgiveness of his sins, that he thought he should never rise again to his feet, but be taken home to glory. He was favoured, after this, more or less, to "walk with God" in the enjoyment of this blessing for nearly twelve months; but this was to prepare him for further trials that lay before him. Some few years after, the dear Lord was pleased to grant unto him the Spirit of adoption, whereby he cried, "Abba, Father!" by precious faith. Soon after this blessing, the Lord began to exercise him deeply with respect to the ministry, and many were the fervent cries and wrestlings with him concerning this solemn, weighty, and important work, feeling much his own unfitness and unworthiness, coupled with a grave though profitable and becoming fear lest he should run before being sent of God, feeling persuaded there must be a special call and anointing for the work, whereby he was kept in soul exercise, and, more or less, jealously watching his own heart and the leadings of the Spirit of God in that direction for twenty-five years before he opened his mouth in the Lord's Name.



Referring to this matter, a dear friend, of nearly thirty-nine years' fellowship, and brother deacon at Cirencester, writes:—  
 “. . . He was about thirty-five years of age when I first knew him, . . . strong in faith, “trusting firmly in the Word of the Lord. I have often craved the like firm childlike dependence he manifested in the Father of all his mercies. . . . Our dear Brother was one, with others, that was baptized in the Canal at Cirencester, by Mr. Morse, in 1840, and helped to form the first Strict Baptist Church in that place, and was for nearly fifty years a consistent member and deacon of the church established, and helped to govern and conduct it through all its changes and vicissitudes for those many years. The church having lost by death in 1867 their dear pastor, Mr. Tanner, were sadly perplexed as to how the cause would be carried on; but the good Lord, who never begins his work without finding means to carry it on, was pleased, in answer to many petitions, to open the mouth of our late dear Brother to speak in his Name, in the year 1868; and for over twenty years he was a very acceptable minister, not only to the church at Cirencester, but to many others around and at a distance. His delight is expressed by the poet :

‘Then will I tell to sinners round  
 What a dear Saviour I have found;  
 I’ll point to thy redeeming blood,  
 And say, Behold the way to God.’

The love of God, in and through Christ, to poor feelingly-lost and ruined sinners, was a theme he particularly delighted to dwell on, especially when he felt its constraining power in his own soul. (How sweetly and earnestly he would invite poor *needy sinners* to come and prove the goodness of the Lord, who had left such gracious promises in his word for their encouragement and support!) He was not destitute of seals to his ministry; but the Lord, who has a sovereign right to appoint his servants to do what work he pleases, chose him rather to comfort Zion, and ‘Cry unto her that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned: for she hath received of the Lord’s hand double for all her sins,’ and ‘To comfort all that mourn.’ He had a peculiar gift in drawing out poor souls if there was life, and gave them every encouragement to go on to know the Lord. It was a sad loss to the little cause when the Lord saw fit to remove him and the family to Bournemouth. It seemed like breaking it up. But the ways of the Lord are unsearchable, for though he was pleased to remove his servant to another part of his vineyard, and bless his ministry there, yet we hope he has not forsaken us. . . .”

In 1886 he was invited to supply at Bournemouth, when the Lord was pleased to bless his message to the souls of many: for two succeeding years he visited them, preaching the glad tidings of the Gospel to the refreshing of the hearts of God’s people. Our dear friend, the late Mr. Tyrell, having been constrained to open the “Institute” for the preaching of the Truth in its life

and saving power, with practical effects, invited him to take the pastorate, which, after two or three years of exercise of mind, much prayer to the Lord for his direction, and watching his leadings, he was constrained to accept, gathering a hope that he intended to bless his labours there, though feeling the pang of parting with those at Cirencester with whom he had, for so many years, been closely connected in church fellowship—breaking to them the Bread of Life, as the Lord was pleased to enable him, as a feeble instrument entrusted with the declaration of that Gospel of which he had himself been the partaker. In August, 1888, he opened the Institute at Beckford Road, where he was enabled to preach a faithful gospel to a loving people, though the Lord saw fit to cut short his usefulness.

A church was formed on December 26th, 1888, consisting of six members: three others some time after joined us; and on June 30th, 1891, my husband baptized one more—receiving three into church fellowship the following Lord's day—after the usual service, taking for his text, "Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you" (1 Peter v. 7), which proved to him a time of much favour. He was in possession of his usual eyesight up to retiring to rest, but on the morning following he awoke to discover that he was totally blind. The Lord had seen fit, in his inscrutable wisdom and (to us) unfathomable dispensation, to take away that which is so precious a blessing, but, as the poet writes,

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

And so he proved, for the Lord sweetly blessed his soul, and graciously sustained him with the comfort realised of being a *Son*, from that portion of his Word, "For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every *Son* whom he receiveth" (Heb. xii. 6)—feeling the stroke keenly, but rejoicing in his God and Saviour, that he should own him as a *Son*—saying to a friend, "I have no charge to make against my God." An operation was performed in the hope of giving him a glimmer of light; but, though the means of reviving him in body, he was never favoured with a return of vision. He also was so refreshed in his soul, that many dear friends visiting him found it good to their souls to be present. A few little prayer-meetings were held and spiritually enjoyed in his room—a friend remarking, "If we cannot have you at chapel, we can have chapel here."

He was, however, so far restored in his bodily health as to take the services for a few sabbaths, by which he, according to man's judgment, ran a great risk physically and mentally, the affliction being in such close proximity to the brain. He was led to the desk, and the Lord's blessing was manifestly upon us, but it was felt that his time of departure was at hand.

Our dear and much loved friend, Mr. Tyrell, with whom he had walked in the closest spiritual union, being removed from this "Vale of tears," was a heavy blow to him; but he was

sufficiently strengthened to be taken to the funeral; also on the following Lord's day, preaching suitably on the sad and solemn event. The next Lord's day he began to publish that glorious salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ—a work he so much delighted in, speaking from Romans viii. 16, "The Spirit itself beareth witness," &c.; but after a short time he was compelled to sit down from failing strength and faculties. This proved to be the last attempt, when the enemy of souls took advantage; and the dear Lord appearing to hide his face, his soul sank within him—a darkness within and without, at times quite distressing to witness. His bodily health began again to fail him fast, and he soon took to his bed; but, blessed be our God, he favoured him with a gracious revival of soul by shedding abroad his love in his heart through the power of the Holy Ghost. One day he remarked, "I have had seventy-three years of trouble and seventy-three years of joy and mercies mixed with it—one set over against the other." After reading a Psalm to him, he observed, "David wrote the whole of the Christian life, the dark and the bright side, and left nothing out. 'His mercy endureth for ever.' Two persons, like you and me meeting together, how our hearts unite in love! Why? 'Because his mercy endureth for ever'—it is wonderful!" A friend coming in said, "He makes your bed in your sickness." He replied, "I wonder at his grace and his favour to such a vile sinner, and that he should shew such love to me, and incline the hearts of dear friends towards me as he does; it is worth all my trouble" (alluding to his loss of sight). On another occasion, a friend having taken tea with him, who he thought had left, though still in the room, he remarked of her, "Bless her; I have just been praying for her and all the friends. I had wished to have seen her come in amongst us, but the Lord knows best." I observed, "My soul would pray for Zion still." With much emphasis he replied "O, yes! O, yes! that's it—'I love her courts.'" Being asked if he remembered his last text before his sight was taken, he replied, "'Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you.' Ah, that was a time of much favour to me! The word of the Lord endureth for ever; so if it is of the Lord, it will endure. O, how good our gracious God is! There is none like him! Bless his holy name!"

September 22nd. After a few days he rallied a little and said, "If it were the Lord's will I should like to get better, and proclaim his blessed truth again; but the Lord's will be done. Nothing can frustrate his will. I am a lost, ruined sinner, depending on his mercy and free favour. I do not think it will be long. The truths I have preached will do to die upon; and now I leave those truths for others to go on with, and I trust no error will creep in." Another time, "Other refuge have I none; hangs my helpless soul on thee!" I observed, "It is a mercy the enemy is not permitted to worry you in your weak

state." He replied, with much emphasis, "It is so! It is so! If the Lord takes me from you, well; he is Almighty, all powerful, all merciful and all gracious. He has been a good God to you and me for many years, and will not leave you now, but will protect you to the end, and will reward you for all your kindness to unworthy me." On another occasion, a friend quoting "There remaineth, therefore, a rest to the people of God," he answered, "What a mercy! and I am not far from that rest. What a thing that will be! All sorrow, all sin, all infirmities taken away, and to be for ever with the Lord. There is no God like our God. He breaks down all that comes between the soul and himself—all darkness, distance, and clouds, and makes room for himself."

His mind was much kept alive to spiritual matters, having a deep sense of the Lord's continual mercies towards him. The following hymn was much blessed to him (No. 96, Gadsby's selection), commencing:—

"Now I have found the ground wherein  
My anchor, hope, shall firm remain,  
The wounds of Jesus, for my sin  
Before the world's foundation slain;  
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,  
When heaven and earth are fled away."

"O!" said he, "what a knowledge! That is my favourite hymn! It will do in life or death!"

The Lord's day before his departure, being reminded of the Sabbath, he replied, "Yes, I know it! I have been praying for the people, that the Lord may bless them." After the family had gone to chapel, and he removed to his chair, he broke out—evidently thinking he was in the pulpit—with a text: "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit," opening up the subject in a blessed manner for about a quarter of an hour. On my calling his attention to our being alone, he said "Dear me, where am I?" In answer to a question, if he felt comfortable in his mind, he said "Very: I have no doubt about my safety. O, no! nor yours either." To another friend, "I am resting on the Rock of Ages. No hope but in him! No strength but in him! A poor weak sinner, saved with an everlasting salvation. The Lord is going to take me home." Only at intervals, after this, was he able to say anything, frequently being unconscious, and suffering much, though at times bursting out in prayer, and singing hymn 1005 (Gadsby's).

On Lord's day, October 18th, we saw a great change at eleven o'clock in the morning—hardly speaking at all afterwards: another change at seven in the evening, when he gradually sank till seven o'clock the following morning, when he peacefully passed away from this life without a groan or struggle, to be for ever with the Lord.

His remains were committed to the dust, amidst a large and

sorrowing congregation of friends, by Mr. Pigott, of Swindon—being borne by six of his hearers—after a suitable address and hymn, "Sons of God by blest adoption," had been sung in the cemetery chapel. What he was to the church and to us as a family, he was "by the grace of God."

The church has lost a beloved pastor, which they mourn; and we have lost in him a beloved husband and an affectionate father, one that feared God above many; but desire to rejoice that our loss is his Eternal Gain.

This is sent forth with the view of exalting the mercy of God in Christ to

"A monument of grace,  
A sinner saved by blood."

E. B.

**JOB AYRES.**—On Oct. 19, 1891, aged 77, Job Ayres, a member of the Strict Baptist Chapel (Providence), Clack, Wilts.

His early days were spent in a way that was no credit to himself nor anyone else, the ale bench and the card-table being among his favourite pursuits, to the entire neglect of his business; and so determined was he to have his fill thereof, that no human power could turn him. Satan, as if knowing that the time was drawing near when he should lose his prey, seemed to urge him on with double force. I think he had purposed in his mind to go on as long as he could here, and then sail for America; but God's thoughts were not as his thoughts, for although—

"Against the God that rules the sky  
He fought with hands uplifted high,  
Despised the mention of his grace,  
Too proud to seek a hiding place;  
Yet thus the eternal counsel ran,  
'Almighty love, arrest that man!'  
He felt the arrows of distress,  
And found he had no hiding place."

He had been drinking for three successive days, and went to bed very unwell. He awoke in the night, crying out "Lord, have mercy upon my poor soul!" in such agony that his wife thought he was going out of his mind. She asked him what was the matter. He said, "I am such a guilty sinner, and the devil was trying to lay hold upon me." The next day he was unable to attend to his business, the arrows of the Almighty sticking fast in his conscience. He could no longer take pleasure in the things in which he before delighted, but was found in the house of God and reading his word, to see if there were any hope of mercy for him. The late Mr. F., hearing of the change, went to see him, and, like Barnabas, when he saw the grace of God, was glad. He lay for some time under the terrors of a broken law, being distracted in his mind, feeling that he was a lost sinner. Elihu says, "God speaketh in a dream, in a vision of the night.....he openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction." (Job xxxiii. 14-16.) He dreamed he was listening to a preacher who, fixing his

eyes upon him, said, "The work is of God." When he awoke, his sins were gone, his soul set at liberty, and joy and peace flowed into his heart. The next time he read his Bible he could scarcely believe it was the same book. Soon after this he went to hear Mr. R. preach at Calne, and dined with him. He told him his dream, declaring he was the man, who, under God, had been made of such signal use to him. He felt a special love and esteem for Mr. R., even after he was dead, which I believe is generally the case with the Lord's people towards those who are made a special blessing to them. Ruth clave to Naomi; Jonathan loved David as his own soul; Elisha followed Elijah; and Lydia opened her house to Paul and Silas. What encouragement there is in the word of God for those who love the Lord's people, his truth, and his ways! It is an evidence of Sonship, for "he that loveth is born of God and knoweth God."

A spiritual union sprang up between Mr. L., of South Marston and my friend, and although they lived six miles apart, they thought it but a little thing to walk over to each other's home at the close of the day's business. Their custom, when they met, was to read and pray together; also to speak of the Lord's dealings with their souls; and they found it both profitable and edifying.

Soon after being brought into gospel liberty, he was baptized by Mr. F. Mr. Hart, in speaking of the Christian's life, says,—

"When his pardon is signed, and his peace is procured,  
From that moment his conflict begins."

So the new man of grace in his soul found that it had three powerful enemies to combat with, viz., a tempting devil, an enticing and ensnaring world, and the propensities of his corrupt nature; and had he not been kept by the mighty power of God, he would, doubtless, like many who have started in a profession of religion, have returned to his old practices, "like the dog to his own vomit again; and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire." But he that begun the good work was able to carry it on and perfect it. In him might be seen, at different times, both the work of grace in the soul, and the workings of sin in the members. There was no dressing up so as to appear righteous before men. He hated deception and hypocrisy. He wanted realities himself, and loved to see them in others. Being of a quick and hasty temper, he sometimes spake unadvisedly, which brought guilt upon his conscience, and gave him fresh errands to the throne of grace. Mr. Hart says,

"Seldom do we see the snare, before we feel the smart."

Sometimes he received a wound from venturing upon forbidden ground; but now the conflict is ended, and we believe he has entered into that rest he longed for while in this vale of sin and sorrow—a sinner saved by free and sovereign grace.

He was a reader of the "G.S.," and enjoyed the truths advocated therein. He said he was much favoured during the last year or two of his life in reading the word of God, also in meditation and prayer. The last Sunday he was at chapel, eight days

before he died, he gave out the 410th hymn, and was much affected while reading the two last verses, and in prayer. He was afterwards taken with a severe attack of diarrhoea, and gradually sank into the arms of death. He spoke of the Lord's goodness and mercy, and said he felt to be firm on the Rock. He became unconscious for nearly two days before he passed away. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

D. SKULL.

JOHN DOE.—On Dec. 20th, 1891, aged 88, John Doe, deacon of the Abbey Chapel, Abingdon.

Our departed friend was the subject of strong convictions when young (so I have heard him say), so much so, that at times it caused him to shed many tears. But being in his nature's state, the convictions wore off; the love of sin and its pleasures were too powerful for nature to stand against.

Our friend spent many years in the service of one family, and they highly valued him as a good and faithful servant. After his master's death he continued with the widow and her daughter. While in their service he and some others went to hear Mr. Tiptaft, who was then vicar of Sutton Courtney, Berks., preach in the Parish Church of St. Helen, Abingdon, on Christmas Day, 1829. Mr. T. was appointed to preach by the master and governors of Christ's Hospital, Abingdon. When, on the above occasion, the appointment became known, there was a great talk about the Sutton Courtney Parson (as the villagers called Mr. T.) being appointed to preach the annual sermon.

It may not be out of place just to say, although Mr. T. had not left the Church of England (so-called), yet he preached the blessed truths of distinguishing grace, and great numbers gathered to hear him, mostly poor people; and preaching so different from most of the clergy, was matter of surprise and talk about the appointment above-named, and was the cause of drawing a large concourse of people together on the occasion. No doubt many went out of curiosity. But our God accomplished his pleasure.

Our friend and his companions went to hear Mr. T. When on their way to church they agreed to go to a public-house to have some beer and tobacco after the service was over, but God had ordained it otherwise, for when Mr. Tiptaft stood up and gave out his text (Matt. i. 21), and gave utterance to the following sentence: "I stand before you this evening, either as a servant of Christ or as a servant of the devil; I must be one or the other, for 'he that is not with Christ is against him;' and 'Woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel;'" our friend was so convinced and condemned, that he said it made his hair move on his head as though it stood upright, he was so greatly alarmed, and the words were also applied with much power. Truly, "where the word of a King is, there is power." Yes; even the quickening word, condemning word, encouraging word, pardoning word, justifying word, sanctifying word, confirming word, support-

ing word, testing word, and crowning word. Our friend did not go into the public-house to have the beer and tobacco; he had something else to think about. From this time there was a marked change, he was made a praying man, and God kept him so to his end. I don't know how long he felt himself to be under the curse of God's law, but he was very much tried, and sank very low under the temptations of Satan. At one time he was so wretched and miserable, and so bewildered, that he thought it better to put an end to his life, but the Lord broke in upon his soul, so that he "escaped out of the snare of the fowler," as it were, "with the skin of his teeth." I don't know the words that were applied to his mind, my memory fails me, though I have heard him say. But the deliverance caused him to fall upon the ground to bless and praise the Lord, who is the "Strong Deliverer" of his people.

After this, for several years, he has told me, the things of God and eternity were not off his mind ten minutes together when awake, and very often when asleep.

I have heard him relate another very special time with which the Lord favoured him. He had been tried for some time about being separated from Christ; until one day, being at work in the garden, Rom. viii. 38, 39, were applied to his mind. It seemed as if some one spoke with an audible voice to him, "For I am persuaded, &c.—" It was the last clause of the 39th verse which was spoken home to his heart—"shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." Our friend spoke out, "Not my sins, Lord?" And he was answered in the affirmative. This was a very blessed time to him, and he would often speak of it in after years.

After Mr. Tiptaft left the Church of England, and built the Abbey Chapel, Mr. D. attended his ministry. Some few years elapsed before the church was formed; it was not until Dec. 5th, 1842. Our friend gave in his experience Jan. 3rd, 1843, and was baptized on the 29th of the same month, with twenty more. He was one of the first that was baptized in the chapel. The other twenty died before him.

The church made choice of our friend as deacon Feb. 22nd, 1857. Mr. Tiptaft was highly delighted with the choice, as he was very partial to him. They were very fond of each other, as father and son in the faith of the gospel. Our friend was surprised that he should be chosen by the church, feeling very unfit for such an office. He was a very humble-minded man in spiritual things, and would often say, "I don't seem to have any abilities like some; I never could pray like some; mine are such poor prayers; see how some can write and talk, and how useful they are; but I believe I have the fear of God in my heart, and a tender conscience. I can say, I have been made truly sorry for my sins, and I hate vain thoughts." He was a man of peace.

After the widowed lady died, in whose service he had been for some time, he continued with her daughter until she died. After



which he took a farm bailiff's place, and gave good satisfaction. At length he came to Sutton Courtney, to manage a farm for a widow lady, and very much improved it. While in that situation he had a very special time to his soul. He had a vision of the Lord Jesus Christ. He saw him walking in a certain place; he went and laid on the ground at his feet, and the love of God flowed into his soul in such a way, and to such an extent, that he could not describe. Now he felt sure of his interest in Christ, and found the word of God true, "Perfect love casteth out fear." His tears flowed freely, and when he came to his wife, he said, "I am no hypocrite; it is real." After a time he went to his mistress, who said, "What is the matter?" (She could see that he had been shedding tears.) "Oh!" he said, "nothing, either within or without; all is right." Well might one of old say, "When he giveth peace, who can cause trouble?"

After a time he left this situation, and took a small farm at South Moreton, a distance of seven or eight miles from Abingdon, yet he was mostly at the chapel on the Lord's days. I have heard him speak of some good hearing times under Mr. Beard, Mr. Philpot, and Mr. Warburton, senr. The last time Mr. Warburton preached at Abingdon, he left his seat to speak to some one in the vestry. The place being so full, he could not get back to his seat. Some boys in the vestry made a noise with their feet on the floor, and an old lady with her silk dress also made a noise, so that he could not hear. He said, "I was not in a very good temper, but thought, I will get nearer this evening;" which he did, and had a good time. This he would often relate in after days.

When Mr. D. left South Moreton he returned to Sutton Courtney, retiring from business, which is about eleven years ago. Since then I have seen him most days. He would come and sit in the shop with me as long as he was able. I felt a union to him the first time I heard him pray, and that is thirty years ago. He would say, "We have been led very much alike in the things of God, and are exercised much in the same way." He was very grateful for the mercies he received, and would say, "How many poor creatures there are who have not food or home, and I have enough, and some one to wait upon me now I am not able to wait upon myself; and how many suffer pain, but I suffer very little, only from weakness. How good the Lord is to me, so unworthy!"

Latterly our friend was subject to fainting fits, which affected his speech and right arm, so that we could not understand all he said. The doctor and village nurse said he could not last many days. Mr. P. called to see him, and thought he was too far gone to read to him or pray. I said, "Would you like Mr. P. to pray?" "That is what I am waiting for," said he. After prayer he revived a little, and spoke about his faith and hope, and seemed firm in the things of God. From this time he gradually got better; he could use his arm, and his speech and

memory returned. He would speak of this affliction, and say, "I thought I was going. Had it been the Lord's will I should have liked to go; it can't be long at my great age; I have no wish to live; I hope it will be well with me, though I am much tried about it at times; yet there is something at the bottom; I can't give up my hope. My hope is in the blood and righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ. I have no hope apart from this. There is no hope for anyone anywhere else. Man is so ruined and lost by the fall!"

Many of the friends visited him, and found him in a sweet, humble state of mind. He desired to know how we were getting on at the chapel. I went in most Lord's day evenings after I returned home, to tell him a little about it, as he took an interest in it, and was glad when the friends had a good day. Before leaving him on these occasions, he would say, "Read a chapter, and say a few words in prayer to the Lord to bless us, and take care of us, and guard us through the night," which I did as enabled, and sometimes found it good.

I will come to his last days. He was as well as he had been for some time. His grand-daughter, who lived with him, and attended to him so well, went to chapel in the morning of Dec. 20th. My daughter stayed with him while she was gone. When she returned he wanted to know if there were many at chapel, and how the friends were.

His grand-daughter took him his dinner and then went down to get her own. After a little time she thought she heard him, and went up to him; he had nearly finished his dinner, but had fallen a little on one side, to appearance, in one of his fits. She laid him down on his pillow, and he was gone almost directly, to be for ever with the Lord, who had manifested himself to him so many times in the wilderness. How nice to pass away in such a manner, without an apparent pang or groan.

"One gentle sigh their fetters breaks;

We scarce can say, 'They're gone!'" &c.

Our friend was buried at South Moreton by Mr. P., December 26th, 1891.

T. READ.

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HENRY WEST.—On January 12th, 1892, aged 78, Henry West, late deacon of the church at Oxford.

He was born at Spelsbry, in Oxfordshire, soon afterwards removing to Chadlington, in the same county. He says that he became lifted up with pride. One of his companions being taken ill, and dying, sent for him to go and see him. He spoke in a most solemn way, saying, "Let me warn you against a life of sin." These words sank deeply into his heart. He was brought to feel sin in such a way as to say that he was all sin. The distress of his soul was so great that it could not be hid from those around him. He sought relief in many ways, but found none. He felt to be sinking fast to hell. "O, can it be," he said, "that anyone feels as I do?" He could not find anyone

who did, nor could he hear anything said about such as he was. One day he heard some people talking about religion, and of a strange sect who meet at Stow-on-the-Wold. He thought he must go, wondering whether they would say anything about what he felt. Although twelve miles distant, he went. Mr. Gorton was preaching on the occasion, and described his case so clearly that he could scarcely bear up under it. His peace and liberty continued for some time.

He subsequently determined to go to America. While there he found no place of truth that he could attend. The "G.S.," his Bible, and hymn book, were much enjoyed at times. In the summer he would retire to the woods on the Sabbath, and there read, sing, and pray, the Lord alone being present.

After a time he again returned to England, and eventually settled at Oxford. He joined the church, and was afterwards appointed deacon, which office he filled according to the Word of God (1. Tim. iii. 8. 9.) from 1879 until his death. This, as one of the Lord's appointments, brought him to be still more closely united to his highly esteemed friend, Mr. W., as they became members and deacons together, and were "bound up in the bundle of life" with the church, which they served, making, we feel, a very gracious bundle.

During the last three years of his life he suffered from extreme weakness, being much tried about his interest in the Lord. He said, "O, if I should be deceived, what a solemn thing it would be!" At another time, "The Lord has appeared, and put everything right." The church and the Lord's people lay very deep in his affections, also its ministers. In his last illness he said, "I should like to stay a little longer to see those brought into the church who, I hope and believe, fear the Lord." This was not granted, as he was safely landed at home in a few days. The desire to stay a little longer was quite removed, so that he felt as ready to go home (we think) as he did to be saved. To an aged brother member of the church, a great sufferer, who went to see him, he said, "No more comfort for you and me, my friend, in this world, only as the Lord blesses us." On their parting, feeling that they should meet no more in the body, they wept and rejoiced together. Two other friends, who had been closely acquainted with him for many years, felt their hearts burn within them while rehearsing to him the Lord's goodness. One said, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace." He said, "That's too high for me, a sinner saved by grace." His step-daughter said, "You look happy, father." He replied, "I am happy." (The sun was then shining through the window upon him.) "I feel two Suns shining: the Sun on my body, and the Sun into my soul." Shortly after this, hemorrhage again set in, and he soon passed out of all his sufferings into the joy of his Lord. His last distinct words were, "A sinner saved." May our end be like his. He was buried by Mr. Parish, of Abingdon.

B. W.

# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

AUGUST, 1892.

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

## RICHES FOR THE POOR.

A SERMON BY MR. SMART, PREACHED AT ZOAR CHAPEL, GREAT ALIE STREET, WHITECHAPEL, ON THURSDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 9, 1843.

“Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ.”—Ephesians iii. 8.

I HAVE reason to thank the Lord that ever the apostle left it upon record—“I was with you in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling.” There is nothing that so encourageth and emboldeneth the soul to go forth in the service of God with a willing mind, as his felt love and mercy; but O! to have to stand up in his great name, “in fear and in much trembling”—*not* fearing dying worms; God hath mercifully preserved and delivered my soul from the fear of man, and I have only that to say which he himself hath taught me, “whether men will hear or whether they will forbear,” but one fears that one shall be left alone. One feels one is an empty fool, and is fearful God will leave one in that state. One feels such a trembling coward, such a poor, frail, weak worm of the earth, that unless the Lord appears, it seems we must of necessity give it up. And though he has encouraged his servants again and again, yet left to themselves they are by feeling weak as other men.

But though bad to bear, yet I am satisfied in my soul it is very needful. Who can tell how one’s vain mind might be puffed up in conceit and pride, if God did not now and then put his finger upon us? In what a light, careless frame of spirit one might come into the pulpit, if God did not now and then afflict the soul with “weakness and fear and much trembling!” And when he empties and fills, how evident it is, that “the preparation of the heart in man and the answer of the tongue are from the Lord!” I ought never to forget—it has been encouraging to my soul

—“I was with you in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling.”

“And my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man’s wisdom, but”—there my poor soul seems to falter to follow him—“but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power; that your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God.” It is a poor sign, when God lets sinners go on in their own headstrong way, full of pride, conceit, vain glory and hypocrisy. Is it not a proof that we are his children, when he humbles us, when he chastens us, when he empties, when he strips, when he brings us paupers upon his bounty, and when he opens his hand and pours us out a blessing? In one’s right mind, one can say, “Good is the Word,” the way, the will, the wisdom, and the purpose of the Lord our God.

How evident it is, that the Lord of heaven and earth can work his will “in the army of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth!” When he wants a servant he can easily snatch the prey from the terrible one. He has no occasion to consult the will of devils, nor the will of mortals. He quickeneth, teacheth, and thrusteth into the ministry whom he will. Who should have thought it of this valiant slave of the devil, this poor persecuting wretch, that declared he was “exceeding mad against” Christ and his people, and “verily thought that he ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth?” How visible was the prediction of Christ in this poor sinner—“The time cometh, that whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth God service!” Poor Saul of Tarsus! he even went eagerly and besought letters of the high priest, that he might go to Damascus, and “hale men and women, and commit them to prison.” But O! astonishing mercy! astonishing love! If God had dealt with him as man might deal with man, what could have been expected, but that he should be struck dead in the way, and his soul sent to the pit of God’s wrath? But even in this very errand of persecution, thirsting for the blood of saints,—“Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?” (Why, the Lord of life was in heaven. But his members, his hated and persecuted members, were here below; and “whoso toucheth them, toucheth the apple of his eye.”) “Who art thou, Lord?” “I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest.” And here is the agent for the devil, the slave to sin, the blood-thirsty blasphemer and injurious, stopped in his hell-bound, mad career of folly, by the irresistible grace of the eternal God,

struck to the ground with an arrow from the quiver of the Most High, and brought truly to repent, truly to venture and believe on Jesus Christ for life and salvation, truly to feel that the Gospel is "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth," and commissioned by God himself to proclaim the Gospel of his grace to poor despised Gentiles. "Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints."

This is easily said; but has it ever been felt by us? It is a very great lesson to learn; yea, we are all our lives learning, that we are "less than the least of all saints," and very "chief of sinners." How many say it with the lip, that know nothing of its substance, nothing of feeling it in reality! It is the very essence of the Holy Ghost's teaching in the souls of the redeemed, to bring them sensibly to feel that they are the very chief of sinners. Perhaps many of you have confessed it with your mouths before the living God; have you ever felt it? have you ever been humbled on account of it? It is a great and a deep step for the soul to take, to get beneath the vilest of the vile; I believe no soul will come feelingly here, unless God brings him to it. And recollect, talking professor, if you declare before God that you are "less than the least of all saints" and the very "chief of sinners," and never have a feeling sense of it, in God's account you are a liar; and he has said, "All liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone." "He that telleth lies shall not tarry in my sight." O that professors would lay this more to heart. They talk before God, as if he were as much pleased with their empty chat as they are themselves. I am no enemy to prayer, or the supplication that flows from a living soul; I am an advocate for prayer meetings, when they are properly conducted by spiritual men; but what a horrible thing, for people to meet together to tell lies before the Holy One of Israel! More or less, ever since God quickened my dead soul, it hath seemed in my feelings, as if conscience stood on one side of my mouth and the devil on the other; and at the least word that seemed anything like a falsehood, I have felt checks and blows and stripes in a moment. And how it ever is, that mortals can stand before God and say they are the chief of sinners without a feeling sense of it, God only knows. How dare you say with your lips, that you are "less than the least of all saints," when at the same time you are striving to be the very greatest; when all your frail breath is spent in appearing something before dying worms, and

using “swelling words of vanity” to seem great in the view of mortals?

“Nothing but truth before thy throne  
With honour can appear;  
The painted hypocrites are known,  
Through the disguise they wear.”

It is bad enough to tell lies to sinners; but it is ten times worse, if possible, to tell lies at a throne of grace—to tell lies at the footstool of the eternal God, who hateth lies and liars, and declares that none shall ever enter the New Jerusalem “that loveth or maketh a lie.” “They are children that will not lie; so he was their Saviour; in his love and in his pity he redeemed them, and he bare them and carried them all the days of old.”

“Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints.” It is not always that *God's people* feel this; and if they were to try, and if they would give all they possessed for a feeling sense of it, they could not feel it till God causes them. But this is safe ground, sinner. There is very little danger of falling here. There is not much pride bloating up the mind here. There is not much vain glory, self-conceit, hardened hypocrisy and presumption here. “Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints.”

“What! the great apostle of the Gentiles come in his feelings beneath the least seeking soul!” Why, poor sinner, it is a mercy of mercies to have the least portion of evidence that we are of the royal family at all; instead of wanting to be uppermost and greatest, it is a mercy unspeakable to have the least testimony from God in the heart, that one is “bound in the bundle of life with the Lord our God.” “They shall be mine,” says the dear Redeemer, “in that day when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him.” But it requires a deal of pruning, a deal of emptying, a deal of stripping work—and not only so, but a ray of love, mercy, and compassion, let into the soul—to bring us feelingly where God the eternal Spirit brought the apostle of the Gentiles: “less than the least of all saints.”

I believe there is nothing so glistening, in the eyes of God's people, and in the eyes of God himself, as humbling grace. Why, if a soul is truly humbled by the grace of God, it seems as though we were constrained to receive him and constrained to love him—as though we dare not rebuke him. And is there a sweeter place on this side eternal glory, than “becoming as a little child,”

clothed in meekness, humility and love, at the foot of the cross? Except thus "ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." If we could but keep "little children" when God makes little children of us, what a smooth path we should have through this world! We should be so short, as not to have near the knocks and bruises that we now have; and we should be so lowly, that if we had nothing but bread and water we should be contented with it; and we should be so little in our own eyes, that we should say with the apostle, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me;" and when thus little children at the foot of the cross, we could obey Peter when he says, "Wherefore laying aside all malice, and all guile, and hypocrisies, and envies, and all evil speakings, as newborn babes, desire the sincere milk of the Word, that ye may grow thereby." Why, sinner, if we could keep "little children" when God by his mercy makes little children of us, we should escape that tribulation that he hath promised us in this vale of woe. But he knows, as soon as we are left to ourselves, as soon as he withholds the influences of his grace and Spirit, we shall return to our own sad place, there to fall a prey to sin, and presumption, and pride, and vain-glory, and self-conceit, and every ill work, to swell again with self, to be puffed up again by the father of lies, to be filled again by the spawny breath of hell; and what a mercy of mercies it is, that ever God our Father should "turn again and have compassion on us," melt us at his footstool, and cause us, like Mary, to wash the dear Redeemer's feet! Sinner, do you know anything of the sweetness of being made "a little child?"

What sweet wrestlings there are at the throne of grace, when we can come "as little children!" If ever we say "Father!" feelingly, it is when we are children. If ever we say, "Lord, keep us," feelingly, it is when we are children. If ever we sing a song "to the praise and glory of God," it is when we are children. If ever we "come up out of the wilderness, leaning" with our whole weight upon the arm of "our beloved," it is when we are children. If ever we are in safeguard within, if ever we are "set in safety from him that puffeth at us," if ever we are brought to exalt a dear Redeemer, if ever we are brought to have a teachable spirit and a contrite heart, it is the humbling grace of God, when by his manifested mercy he brings us to his feet as "little children." Would to God we could



come there and keep there! But never shall we, while self and the devil are uppermost.

“Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given.” If ever we feel that all beside eternal misery is a gift, it is when we are “less than the least.” You see the grace of God, the riches of his grace, sparkled in the eyes of the apostle at the foot of the cross. And O, how his work upon the soul, bringing the poor sinner to “be converted and become as a little child,” sparkles with lustre in the sight of the living God! But on the contrary, how hateful, how abominable, must be the pride, the self will, the headstrong measures of his people to exalt self and the devil! “Is this grace given.”

“That I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ.” How different God’s way of preparing a man for the ministry is from man’s way! When I hear mortals get into a pulpit and talk about their close application to books, O, I think it is a black concern. Why, some poor things, if they had never read anything and never heard anything, would not know anything of God; they would not know in reality that there was a God. Bless his dear and precious name, the little my soul knows of God and of his love and mercy, has been by his blessed testimony in my heart; and I believe it would not cost me five minutes’ trouble and sorrow of mind, if there were only two books in the world—the Bible and Hart’s hymns. Not that I want to despise the labours of good men, who have been of service, no doubt, to the Church of the living God; but may the Lord set my face against those books that steal my heart from God. A man may get his head stored, he may cut a figure before dying worms; and if God is against him, the whole world cannot hold him out of hell. But what a mercy it is, if God has really prepared one’s soul, in any measure, to speak of salvation by and through Christ crucified to poor sensible sinners!

Only look at the way he took with Peter. Peter was a warm-hearted man, and seemed to be one of the most zealous followers that ever Jesus had; but he was not always right. You know, Jesus had to say to him once, “Get thee behind me, Satan, for thou savourest not the things that be of God.” If Peter could have had his fleshly way, the dear Redeemer had never died for your soul and mine; for he said “Be it far from thee, Lord; this shall not be unto thee.” And how that poor man promised (and I believe he meant to perform it with all his heart and soul), “I will go with thee to prison and to death!”

I believe he was ready and willing in his own feeling. And suppose, poor dear sinner, he had kept his word, and kept his ground; he would have been a fine fellow to preach to God's people. Why, he would have been full of "I" and "me," instead of being "less than the least of all saints." It would have been—"Ah! there is not one of you fit to be called a disciple but me; you all ran off but me; I remained, and cut off the man's ear, and was ready to have his head." Why, is *this* the way to "strengthen the brethren?" But O, what a lesson was that, when Peter got into Satan's sieve! There was a great deal of chaff, a great deal of self, to be shaken out; but not a grain of wheat was to fall to the ground; and this was to be the end—"When thou art converted, strengthen the brethren." And so the poor creature, that talked so valiantly about a prison and death, accosted by a silly girl—"Thou also art one of them," flatly denied it, told a most bare-faced lie, and when lies would not answer his purpose fully, and acquit him, "began to curse and to swear." How wondrous are the ways of God! What would Peter have known of being "kept by the power of God," if he had never known anything of falsehoods and oaths? But the man that thought he could stand his ground, that thought he could defend his Master, is the very first to tell a lie, and support it with oaths and curses. And O, amazing grace and mercy! God will not only teach his servant what it was to have "a thorn in the flesh, lest he be exalted above measure," but he looked with a compassionate, heart-breaking look upon poor cursing Peter, "and he went out, and wept bitterly."

This is God's way of fitting a man for the pulpit. It is not by reading books; a man may read books for forty years and die a fool, and be damned; but the Lord is determined to bring his children to feel that they are "less than the least of all saints," and though they forget it, he will make them learn it over and over again as long as they are in the wilderness. Although, perhaps, the servant of the most high God may never go to outward acts of enormity in sin, either in his ignorance or after God calls him by his grace, yet God in his wisdom will send some internal thorn, some inward lust, some imp of hell in his very nature, to rage and roar in his soul like a ravening wolf; and this shall bring him to know, to his dying day, that there is not a baser wretch on the face of the earth, nor in the bowels of perdition, than he is; and yet nobody knows what it is. It is in the man's mind; there is some secret thorn, rankling, perhaps, daily and hourly, asleep and awake, and

teaching him that he is "less than the least of all saints" and the very "chief of sinners." Lest he should forget it to-morrow, this thorn shall prick him to-morrow; and lest he should get puffed up, this thorn shall prick the bladder and let out the air; and he shall come again and again to God with "Lord, be merciful," "God be merciful to me a sinner." Ah! this is how God has dealt with me. He never let me run into gross open sin; bless his dear name; he never let me bring outward reproach upon his cause; but I have a vile heart, and if I am spared for fifty years, I never can be persuaded but I am the chief of sinners—from no outward act, but entirely and solely from a secret grieving thorn, that hath "vexed my righteous soul," more or less, for seventeen years. And I can assure you, that this thorn is enough any day, and almost any hour, to stamp death and damnation upon all notional religion. It is not worth a straw to me. I believe, if I had the clearest creed possible, the clearest notion of the covenant of grace and the way of salvation, this thorn would teach me in a moment, that unless Christ Jesus was formed in my heart "the hope of glory," unless his precious blood was shed for me and applied to my conscience, I am the most wretched, the most undone, the most ruined of all the human race. And take the most pious, good-tempered person in the world, and let even a fellow creature (to say nothing about the devil) buffet him for five minutes, and see if he will retain his good temper; and let the thorn continue, and wherever he runs to screen his face let there be this buffeting, and I say good temper cannot bear it. Let this "messenger of Satan buffet" a man, till he knows and feels, that if not saved by grace he is damned as an act of justice, and I say it will stamp vanity and death upon notional religion, natural religion, and rounds of duty, which men so much esteem. People may out-talk him; but they cannot bring him to believe that he has any ground to stand upon, but the grace of God, by and through the blood of the Lamb.

"That I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ." Is there a poor poverty-struck wretch here to-night, really dreading the prison-house of hell? O, what a great thing it is, for a poor man, near a prison, to have a surety to stand forth for his relief and deliverance! And yet, though we might procure a surety, our creditor might please himself whether he would receive our surety's bond or not. But O! poor perishing sinner, this precious Christ, God's Anointed, is a Surety of God's

own providing; so there is no danger of his refusing him. And what a mercy of mercies it is, that however poor, however wretched, however deeply sunk as a bankrupt wretch, the riches of his love and compassion cancel, pardon, and blot out sin; and that if thy soul is panting after and seeking personal interest in this great Surety of the poor, he shall “stand at the right hand of the poor, to save him from those that condemn his soul!” But none can ever feel spiritual poverty, till God gives spiritual life, and puts his finger upon creature holiness and creature goodness.

What a solemn thing it is to be poor!—not in danger of a literal prison, but of that pit, where body and soul, once entering, never can have release! But O! sinner, “though he was rich, for our sakes he became poor, that we through his poverty might be made rich.” Astonishing mercy! What could my poor guilty soul do, but for Christ, God’s anointed Surety for the poor? And what peace, what satisfaction can my soul ever feel, but as I know in some measure, by the witness of God, that this Surety, Christ, is *my* Surety, and that he hath obtained by his blood-shedding eternal redemption for my guilty soul?

“The unsearchable riches of Christ.” Here is a bottomless abyss, which thou and I, poor child of God, shall never fully fathom to all eternity. In this “waste howling wilderness,” with our poor narrow and contracted souls, only a glimpse of his glorious person as our Redeemer, only a ray of his mercy as a covenant God dawning upon our souls, only a drop of his love and compassion distilling into our hearts, fill us with joy in a moment. “Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.” But—

“If such the sweetness of the streams,

What must the fountain be!

Where saints and angels draw their bliss,

Immediately from thee?”

“The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.”

“The unsearchable riches of Christ.” Is there a desperate case here to-night? How my soul feels for desperate cases! You know, a physician gets a name, and gets applauded, when he can cure some desperate disease; and O, it does my soul good to read in the Word of a Manasseh, of a Magdalene, of a dying thief, of a persecuting Saul!—though really when one gets a sight and sense of the “thorn in the flesh,” one gets lower than them all, and is ready to

say, "His grace, his mercy, his love, his compassion, seem more to spangle in *my* salvation than in any one of them." "The heart knoweth its own bitterness." But is there a desperate case here to night? Sinner, can we fathom "the unsearchable riches" of the blood of Christ? The devil tells us a deal about these thorns, and about our unworthiness, and about God's greatness and our littleness; does he ever tell us of the peace-speaking blood of the Lamb? that blood that poor dear Peter, who could tell lies and curse and swear, speaks of—"Ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot." Poor desperate wretch! poor, hell-deserving, monstrous wretch! "the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth from all sin." Thanks be to God for that—the exceeding riches of the precious, peace-speaking, cleansing, pardoning, atoning blood of the Lamb. My soul has felt, that there is more efficacy in his precious blood to cleanse, pardon, and eternally forgive, than there is in this infernal "thorn," rankling daily in my mind for seventeen years, to damn me.

Our precious Christ seems to invite desperate cases to him. And to tell you the truth, I have hardly common patience with *little* sinners. If anybody tries my patience, to condescend to them or to have much to do with them, it is little sinners. But a poor thing deep in woe and sorrow, near the brink of hell, and yet that cannot help crying for pardon and peace through the blood of Immanuel—this is the sinner that draws my heart. "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord;" but he does not say, "Little sinners;" he does not say, "You that merely talk about sin, and make a great noise about it." "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet." Poor sinner, are there the internal "thorns" rankling in thy mind, to the distress of thy living soul? Is there the plague of leprosy in sight, deeper than the skin, yellow and red and spreading? Is there murder in the heart, cruelty in the heart, lust in the heart, malice in the heart, devilism in the heart? "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."

Poor sinner, God invites thee to reason the matter over with him. And suppose now, it took thee seven hours to tell out, as well as thou couldest word it, the heinous, crimson stains of internal sin and base desire in thy fallen

mind, and thou couldst tell him all of it that ever could be put into sentences, and then sigh and groan before him for an hour, and tell him there is a vast deal that has never been discovered to thee, but he knows all about it. Why, when the poor sinner has told his long tale, his crimson tale, his scarlet tale, his murderous tale, his enemies say, "You must go to hell, to be sure." O! sinner, if Jesus Christ had never reasoned this point in my soul, personally and sensibly, I must be the most miserable wretch upon earth. "Why," says the devil, "what canst thou expect but hell?" "Why," says reason, "thou must go into the pit." "Why," says unbelief, "thy sins are too crimson and powerful for mercy." And there is not an enemy thou hast, but sticks to it through thick and thin, thou must go to hell; and I have believed many a time, that if other people knew as much of me as I do, they would conclude I must go to hell inevitably. But says he that is on our side (and while he is on our side, he will baffle every enemy and silence every accuser), "Poor sinner, thou hast told thy heart as far as it is revealed; thine is a desperate case, with a witness; thou art a hell-deserving wretch, beyond a doubt; it is true enough; but "though thy sins be as scarlet," poor sinner, here is MY PRECIOUS BLOOD."

Even that hypocritical, that murderous, that adulterous David was led, in his penitential Psalm (the fifty-first), to say, "Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." And when the poor sinner has told his tale, the Lord opens his mouth, and with one sentence silences all. "Though it is true enough, plain enough, evident enough, that thy heart sins are as crimson, here is the fountain of my blood, 'opened for sin and for uncleanness;' and such are the riches of my atoning blood, that when plunged in it, thou shalt be whiter than snow."

You see, the very first time that he takes up the matter and answers our queries, and reasons the point with the poor hell-deserving wretch, he beats him. For if the God of heaven says, "Plunged in the fountain of my atoning blood, thou shalt be whiter than snow," what has the sinner to say, why he should not go to heaven? Let him study seven years, and see what reason he can give why he should not go to heaven. The Lord believes every word of it, gives testimony to the truth of it, but answers his objections by pleading the merits of his blood, and says, "Though thy sins be as scarlet, here is my rich blood,

and thou shalt be as white as snow." The poor wretch is beaten out of all arguments, and all accusations, and all pretences, at once. What has the devil to say, why he should not be saved? What has all the bundle of liars, that are enemies to his soul, to say, why he should not go to heaven? He that reasons the point is the Son of God, who died for sinners, and he says, "True it is, thou hast a vile heart, a crimson heart, but plunged in this fountain thou shalt be as white as snow; and let justice, let law examine thee, and find a spot if they can." He has not a word to say, why he should not go to heaven; the Lord has reasoned the point, and confounded him. "It is all true, sinner; but the riches of my blood shall make a crimson sinner as white as snow." Only get the whitest, purest linen, and compare with the new fallen snow, and there is a tinge upon it. But thou shalt be "as white as snow." Let justice examine thee, let the law of God come and deal with thee, let the pure eyes of the Majesty of heaven come and look upon thee; and if thou art "white as snow," thou art clean in the sight of the living God.

Sinner, this is the way to know something of the blood of Christ; to see how the Lord reasons the point with the soul. "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." You see, he takes the deepest colours, the crimson and the scarlet; as though he knew that the poor sensible sinner would rake up all the devilism of his heart to consign him to perdition, and bring all that he could to testify against himself as the most base of the human race. But the Lord of heaven and earth will reason too. Though thou talkest of crimson and scarlet, he will talk of BLOOD. Though thou talkest of a murderous heart, he will take thy murderous deeds to himself, and give thee his precious blood and righteousness. And then what hast thou to say, why thou shouldest not join the holy angels in heaven?

"If sinless innocence be theirs,  
Redemption all is ours."

Bless his dear and precious name, "many daughters have done virtuously," but a saved sinner, a blood-bought sinner, a sinner washed in the blood and righteousness of God, outshines them all.

Poor sinner, it is a mercy to know something of the riches of his blood, is it not? God forbid I should ever have any peace, but what that blood sprinkled upon my conscience

gives. I would rather be miserable than have a false peace. And there is nothing that will so beat false peace out of thee as the buffetings of Satan. O, it is a mercy to be born of God, a mercy to be convinced of sin, a mercy to be led to reason the point with the dear Redeemer, a mercy to have peace and pardon by blood applied, a mercy to stand complete and for ever justified in the blood and righteousness of God.

These things are not learned by books; and a man that learns them out of books, and gets into a pulpit, will be only a prating fool. All that preach anything but "what they have seen with their eyes, what they have looked upon and their hands have handled," are only frothy fools at best.

O, what a robe is that—the active and passive obedience of the Son of God! O, the riches of the robe of righteousness, that clothes and justifies the ungodly! Is God stripping thee naked and bare to receive this robe? Only look at the passive death and suffering, the active life and righteousness of Jesus. He did not need this righteousness for himself; but, poor sinner, though thy life is one heap of guilt, let God put his righteousness upon thee, and then let law examine thee, let justice come, let even the pure eye of God look upon thee, and where is the spot, where is the wrinkle, where is the blemish? Thou art cleansed in the fountain, and covered with the robe King Jesus wore when on earth. And not only hast thou imputed to thee his active life of obedience, but his passive death and suffering. If we had only his active life imputed to us, we should have but half a covering, and death might stalk forth against the soul and smite it with a deadly wound; but bless his dear and precious name, here is his passive death—suffering and dying in the stead of his people.

"And lest the shadow of a spot  
Should on my soul be found,  
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,  
And cast it all around."

O! the riches of the mercy of God through a precious Christ! Is there a poor wretch here that knows anything about the term *mercy*? We must go to heaven to understand what mercy fully means; but is there one here that knows something of it? Ah! sinner, it is one thing to learn mercy out of a book; it is another thing to have thy soul trembling upon the brink of deserved ruin, and the God of heaven snatching thee from it, and taking thee to the



bosom of his love. O! how "rich in mercy" is that God, who "loved us with an everlasting love, and therefore with lovingkindness hath drawn us!"

Is there a poor wretch in the presence of God too vile for mercy? too ruined for mercy? too nigh the pit of wrath for mercy? too unworthy to receive an act of mercy? too leprous for the mercy of God through atoning blood to cleanse and pardon? O! sinner, "according to his mercy," his unconditional and free mercy, "he saved us."

What a word that *mercy* is! My soul knows something of its sweetness, something of its saving preciousness; but I must go to heaven to understand it to the full. Poor leprous wretch, it is suited to thee. "God who is rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ; by grace ye are saved." Poor sinner, *mercy!* Why, we cannot find one professor in ever so many, that really has been half bad enough to need free mercy, unmerited mercy, boundless mercy; to feel that "where sin abounded, grace did much more abound," by and through the smitten Rock, the dear Redeemer, Christ.

"Rich in mercy." O! sinner, how suited to thy case, if thou art poor and needy, by the teaching of the God of heaven! And if thou art, it is because he has got mercy in reserve for thee. "He will have mercy on whom he will have mercy;" "forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin." His mercy is so rich, so effectual, so boundless, so free, to the purchase of the Redeemer's blood, that it is able to save entirely, and eternally, "to the uttermost."

And O! how rich is the dear Redeemer in love! How rich is he in his favour! Bless his precious name, we are poverty itself; but what can we say of the dear Redeemer, as he stands in connection with the Church, his spouse, but that he is rich, unsearchable, boundless, and that we must go to glory to know "the unsearchable riches of Christ?"

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If you are the objects of divine love, you must expect the application of the rod: for whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. If you are the disciples of the meek and lowly Jesus, you must expect in this life to bear the cross, for it is always antecedent to the crown. Without afflictions you do not, you cannot, bear the image of the heavenly Jesus, for he was afflicted; a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. They greatly mistake who hope for Christ here, without afflictions along with him. Our passover is never to be eaten in this world without bitter herbs; therefore that religion which is unconnected with the cross is not the religion of Christ, but of the world.—*Macgowan.*

"WHOM I LOVE, I REBUKE AND CHASTEN."

My dear Brother,—My heart sinks within me when I think of you, and my soul has gone out in love towards you, wishing it were possible that I could bear your burdens for you. O how I have entreated your God and my God to undertake for us; that he would make darkness light to our souls! Jesus said, before he went away to his Father, when speaking to his poor disciples, "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." O that we may be helped to make our requests known unto him who hath said that all his enemies shall be quenched as tow, and that he will break all the teeth of ungodly men. Lift up, therefore, your head, for the Lord will give you a crown of life, with many stars in it, and then shalt thou rejoice in thy God, for all thy foes shall be put underneath thy feet. Our Lord and Master says unto those who love and fear his holy name, "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven." The Lord is nigh at hand to deliver his loved ones. May he still hold you up, and you shall glorify him in the day of trouble. He cannot but hear your cry, for he is "a God nigh at hand, and not afar off."

O, methinks if once I get to heaven it will indeed be a wonder, and a great wonder to myself, a poor worm of the earth, in whom is no good, but only evil, and that continually. Sometimes I think if I am ever thus favoured, I shall sing the loudest there!

What a cleaving of heart do I feel toward you, my dear brother, even as the heart of David did cleave toward Jonathan! "The Lord watch between me and thee when we are absent from one another." (Gen. xxxi. 49.) You can say, with David, "My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning: I say, more than they that watch for the morning." He is a strong rock in time of trouble. Look to him for aid, and you will never be confounded; no, never. The Lord will bless you and lift you up above all your trials. What poor travellers we are, and how many hindrances we meet in our Zion-ward journey, as we go hand in hand through much tribulation, hoping to meet him whom our soul desires above all things beside. Cheer up, then, for it will not be long before we shall see the King in his beauty and glory; then we shall sing that new song unto the Lamb, who bought us with his precious blood. Could I only be the means of holding up your hands a little (as you have held up mine many times), so that Amalek might not prevail, O how would I try to praise the Lord for it! On Sunday night last I was led to pray that the Lord would appear for you. How true is it that "whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it." (1 Cor. xii. 26.) Where there is love in the heart towards God, how we desire to help such an one by bearing his burdens, and so fulfil

the law of Christ. O that I may be one of the members of Christ's body!

You, my brother, do bear in your body, daily, the marks of the precious Lord Jesus. Blessed be God, you are his. May he enable me always to stand by you in the Lord. One feels ready to say, sometimes, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly," and take us home to thyself. O, that blessed day! it will not be long before he comes. "Lift up your heads, for your redemption draweth nigh."

"For ever with the Lord! Amen, so let it be."

Were it not for his precious promises, and being favoured to plead them, I should have fainted long ago; but they are true, and he is faithful to the end of time. He hath said, "Whom I love, I rebuke and chasten." Then here is a hope for us, my dear brother. "Let God be true, and every man a liar." He is a loving Father, long-suffering, and full of pity towards us, although we sometimes go about with our heads hanging down like a bulrush. At such times he pities our complaint; he sees the falling tear, and hears the secret groan, and treasures them up in his memory. He says, "I am thy shield and thy great reward; therefore trust, and be not afraid." O that he would give us faith to lay hold of these precious promises laid down in his word. I am so full of unbelief, so stubborn, so wayward, so unruly, and, at times, so dead!

This morning, when reading Zech. xi., while asking the Lord for a portion, he sweetly led my soul to the 7th verse, "And I will feed the flock of slaughter, even you, O poor of the flock."

How it brought tears to my eyes, and was truly a blessed word to my soul. And though he promises to feed his poor flock, I perceived that not every shepherd belongs to him—only the poor and needy. To these I feel that you belong, and that you are therefore in the covenant of grace; a sure heir of the promises. "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name." Praise his holy name! Praise the Lord with me, my brother in Christ, for you will be brought to Zion with everlasting joy, and with a new song, singing unto the Lamb for ever and ever.

I hope you and yours are better than when I last saw you. My poor prodigal has not yet returned home. May the Lord bless you and your household, and ever keep you looking to him for strength to fight the good fight of faith, is the desire of one in the pathway of tribulation with yourself.

S. FARR.

As many as are ordained to eternal life are ordained to enjoy that life in and through Christ, and on account of his merits alone (1 Thess. v. 9) Here let it be carefully observed, that not the merits of Christ, but the sovereign love of God alone, is the cause of election itself: but then the merits of Christ are the alone procuring cause of that salvation to which men are elected.—Zanchius.

## A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE LATE H. BOTTEN.

HAVING been exercised in my mind for some time about writing a little of the Lord's dealing with me, a poor sinner, both in providence and grace, for more than seventy-three years, I can truly say, to his honour and glory, his thoughts have not been my thoughts, nor his ways my ways; for as high as the heavens are above the earth, so are his thoughts above my thoughts, and his ways above my ways; and the poet says,

“Why should the wonders God hath wrought  
Be lost in silence and forgot?”

And as it is on my mind that I shall not live long, I would beg of the Lord to direct my pen to write a little to his honour and glory and the good of any poor tried soul; for without him I can do nothing.

I was born at Jarvis Brook, in the parish of Rotherfield, Sussex, on the 9th of April, 1816, of poor parents, and was the youngest of five children. I had several narrow escapes from death while very young, and other sorrows, which caused me to try to pray unto the Lord. I began to think about the day of judgment. I thought the people were so wicked and God so holy that he could not bear with the world any longer. If there came a tempest, I thought the end of the world was coming, and I would shut my eyes and hide myself from the lightning, my mind being filled with horror; but when the tempest was over I was a little more calm. As I grew older I became more and more hardened, but my convictions would turn upon me again. One Sabbath morning I saw a man going to chapel. Conscience said, “Where is that man going?” I said, “To chapel.” The answer was, “Where are you going?” “To have a day's pleasure?” But that day the Lord upset my plan, and I returned home disappointed; but something in me said, “If I knew the Lord had done this for my good, I should be glad of it.” And from that day my pleasures were spoilt, and I began to promise I would be better. When going home from my work, conscience began asking what I had been at? What language I had been using during the day? and what would be the end of such a life? Then I would promise that if I lived I would certainly go on better to-morrow; but the next day was as bad or worse than before; and so I kept on making promises and breaking them till I saw that it was written, “Ye must be born again.” I now began to cry for mercy, and to desire to be born again. I began to feel alone, and needed no one to persuade me to go to chapel then, for every time the doors were opened I was there; and I often got behind the people of God to listen to them, believing they were all Christians who went to chapel and had a hymn book. If I saw anyone shed tears, that was quite enough; I would give anything to be like them, for I viewed them as the very excellent of the earth, and I loved them above all the people besides.

This brings me up to the 6th of December, 1843, when Mr.

Birch came to Rotherfield to preach. I had been wishing for the time to come more than I ever did for a day's pleasure, and when I entered the chapel I had such a solemn reverence come upon me as I never felt before. Mr. B.'s text was, "I was a stranger, and ye took me in." He said, "I will first show who the stranger is, and who the characters are that take him in, and how you may know whether you have taken him in or not." And when he spake of the work of regeneration, he described my feelings plainer than I could have told him myself. He spake of having a love to God's people as a sure mark of being one of God's children; and the word came into my heart with light, life, and power, the tears of joy ran down my face, my heart was melted, and I said, "If this is right what Mr. B. has said, I shall be satisfied before I die;" and my mind was completely removed from earth, and set on things above. I went to bed very happy, and I got up the same. My cup was full, and I began to talk; but I was told that I should soon go back again. My comfort being all gone, I thought it would prove true; then I began to think over what I had heard, that perhaps it was not real. I thought of the Wesleyans, who seem to have great love to each other, and their doctrine is false; and what if mine is false? It will never stand; I had better give it up and not deceive anyone. But when Mr. B. came to Mayfield, I could not keep away. He spoke again of love, and said, "I will tell you how you may know if it is real;" and I trembled, fearing mine was not real; but he said, "Look at the Wesleyans, they love each other because they be Wesleyans; and look at the Church people, they love each other because they are Church people; and you may go to the drunkards, and they love each other because they are drunkards; but if you love a person because you see the image of God in him, and for no sinister motive, *that is real*; and my heart echoed to it, and I went home again rejoicing. But I soon began to doubt again, lest I had only learnt it of my mother, and never had a law-work; and when I heard of others being cut down suddenly, and what a deep law-work they had, this cut me up, and I wished I, like them, had been born of worldly parents, and had been cut down like them, then I should know that it was a work of grace in my soul; and I would have given the world to have been like them, but mine was so shallow, it was not like a work of grace, and I was afraid I never received the word with power, for I thought it must be some wonderful thing; it must come as if it would beat me down. But Mr. B. preached from those words, "Let not the oppressed return ashamed: let the poor and the needy praise thy name." He said, "Some were oppressed, fearing they never had a law-work, and that they had learnt their religion of their parents, and had not been cut down like others, and they would rather suffer anything than be deceived. Some are oppressed lest they never received the word with power, thinking it is some wonderful thing." He then said, "Poor thing, did you ever receive the word with meekness? If you

have received the word with meekness, you have received it with power. I dropped my head. Those were golden days with me, for whatever I was tried about, Mr. B. would bring it out. I loved him, I think, more than all the men in the world, and verily thought that if he died I could never hear anyone else. I thought I should go on to know more and more, and become stronger and stronger; I knew but very little of my own heart, and I had a very proud spirit. I wanted to get up in the world and be somebody, but the Lord saw it needful to bring me down, by letting me know what it was to want. I had been asking the Lord for a certain favour, and the time came when I thought I was to have it; but the enemy had laid a snare for me, and it did not come as I expected. "Now," says the devil, "you are deceived; and if in this, you are in all." I thought I was deceived altogether; but Mr. B., in his preaching, showed me that crosses did not alter God's purposes toward me. Then the enemy said to me, "God is not faithful, he can turn any way; he is turned to be your enemy, and, like Cain, he has set a mark upon you. He is doing this to aggravate you." Such awful rebellion rose up in my heart that I dare not name. It is a wonder that the Almighty did not cut me down at a stroke, and send me to hell at once; but one night my eyes caught those words, "That all the earth may know this day there is a God in Israel;" and they came with great power. The enemy fled, and I felt as strong as a giant for a little time, but the Lord was pleased to keep me very low, to bring down my pride by suffering me to want, and I had very hard, cruel thoughts of him.

After a long time he brought me out by littles. After my marriage I was left to make an idol of my wife, but in a year and a half she died, and I was left to mourn, having to wander about in lodgings, exposed to temptation, and the enemy was never at a loss, for he found plenty in me to work upon. O the long-suffering of God, to bear with me and not cut me off! How often I look back with shame! but after a little more than two years I was again married. I had a good wife, but she was soon taken very ill, and I thought it was all for my sin. How I did try to pray for her, both for body and soul, and I believe the Lord heard me, for he raised her up again and gave her a good hope through grace. We were both of one mind and one heart in the things of God, but through illness and loss of labour, we were kept very low. One day being much cast down, and thinking I had not a friend in the world, I asked myself, "Did ever Jesus travel such a path? Was I following him? In a moment these words came with such a divine power,

"His back with knotted scourges lashed,

But sharper scourges tear his heart."

I felt as if he had spoken once more, and said, "Follow me." I could have gone to the stake for him. I felt as though I was caught up between heaven and earth, and was so full that I had enough to do to keep at my work that afternoon. Soon after

that a young man wanted my house, and I had a week's notice to leave. I was very much troubled about it, and thought I would go to his father, as I believed he was a good man and would reason with me; but he spoke very harshly to me, and I came away deeply wounded and ready to wish I had never been born. At about twelve o'clock I found my heart began to soften, and those words came sweetly,

“Did ever trouble yet befall,

And he refuse to hear thy call?”

And then “I will bring the blind by a way that they know not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known: I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them;” and the “I” sounded louder than all the rest. My wife looking at me at the time, and seeing the tears running down my face, said, “You have got something.” I said, “I have; the battle is fought, and the victory is won, and you will see it so;” and so it proved, for the very man who spoke so harshly to me could not rest till he had seen my landlord and put a stop to my leaving the house. My wife had also a promise, “The barrel of meal shall not waste, nor the cruse of oil fail, until the Lord sendeth rain upon the earth.” But we soon had to come to the trial. It was a very sharp frost, a deep snow on the ground, my wife was very ill in bed five weeks, and I was out of work the greater part of the time. We did not bake for fourteen weeks, and the first time the flour came from a raven. I cannot tell how we got through, but the Lord brought us through, suffering none finally to do us any harm. But to escape the cross I was so blind as to think if I had a constant place, and one pound per week, I should surely succeed.

After a long time a door opened in Chaldon, Surrey, where I had the very sum I wanted, but I found it a very hard place, and a very bad man for a master, so I had my cross still. After a year and a half I found a man, a school-fellow, and he got me a place where he was foreman. Now, I thought, the worst is over; I shall have more money and a good master. But I had the worst to come, for my wife was taken very ill with inward tumour, a complaint that requires such nourishment as a poor man cannot supply without going in debt for it; and so I had a struggle, for my money would not pay expenses. But I was bent on her not suffering for anything, and that summer was spent in cries and tears for her life; but I found that “The Lord is of one mind, and none can turn him,” for at the end of thirty-five weeks she died; but my loss was her gain. One day, being much cast down, these words came with power, “I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand. My Father, which gave them me, is greater than all; and no man is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand. I and my Father are one.” (John x. 28-30.) I was brought down like a little child to lay passive in his

blessed hands, and my trouble was gone for a little time, but I soon returned to my old place again. The enemy then laid a snare for me, but the Lord broke it and set me free, and then I could understand what the words meant, for he could not pluck me out of his hands. I have always found that if I had a promise it has been the forerunner of some trial, or to help me in trouble.

When I first came to Surrey I could find no place of truth, and the enemy told me I had left the truth for this world's goods, and that was a proof what my religion was worth, and that I should fall away and come to nothing. I found Mr. Ellis at Chaldon Common, and he took me to Croydon to hear that dear man of God, Mr. Covell. His text was, "And what one nation is like my people, even Israel?" When he described the people, my heart echoed to the description, and I had a blessed time. My heart was knit to him from that time, and though I had eight miles to walk each way, I had many sweet morsels to take home. After some years I came to Purley to live, so as to be near the chapel. One Sabbath morning my soul felt very hungry before I left home. I received a word that came like a dagger into my heart, and it sent me off begging, for I verily thought I had not one friend upon earth, and I felt my need of a friend above. Mr. C. spoke of a special call by grace, and showed the three first steps; and I felt such an echo in my heart that I was called, that my heart said, "I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord." Some time after that I was shut up in providence, and could not see any way out, causing me to sink into a very low place. Mr. C. preached from Acts xvii. 23, and proved that God was mine. They sung hymn 198; and the hymn and sermon seemed all for me. I felt sure the Lord would appear for me, and so he did. I have proved that soul-trouble and providential trials are so coupled together that they cannot be divided; for when I have been in trouble, I have gone to him for another token that I was his child, and that if I were, to appear for me; and when he has done so, it has encouraged my hope and strengthened my faith to trust him. I can say feelingly, "The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble; and he knoweth them that trust in him." (Nahum, i. 7.)

I must pass over many things, and come to those which were on my mind. I often thought, "What shall I do when I get old and cannot work? I should like to be in the Aged Pilgrims' Asylum, and I would not mind speaking to Mr. Covell about it." But Mr. C. was taken home, and I never did speak to him. I gave it up when he was gone, although I felt a desire for it. After a long time a lady sent for me to go and see her, and it proved to be concerning the very thing I wanted. When I found that it was all done for me, how glad I was! I never made it known to anyone. How plainly, therefore, did I see the Lord's hand in it, which made it so very sweet to me. Mr. Warburton shortly came to preach at Croydon. His text was Isaiah lx. 20. When he gave it out, it came with power to me, and I had a good



time in hearing. The next Tuesday evening I fell down and broke my right arm. It was getting dark, and the boys had been sliding on the path. I had been in a bad place—dead, cold, and lifeless—no relish for reading or anything else. When I retired to rest I thought, "Where have I been all day? O that the Lord would bring me out of this sad place," little thinking it would be by a broken arm; but when I had been to the hospital, and had it set, the text came again, "Thy sun shall no more go down; neither shall thy moon withdraw itself: for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended;" and "Thy people also shall be all righteous: they shall inherit the land for ever, the branch of my planting, the work of my hands, that I may be glorified." Well, I thought, they are the very people I love here, and I sat by the fire as happy as I could hold, and did not envy any mortal on the face of the earth. I thought, "Is this a broken arm? I would rather sit here with this sweet feeling all my life, than be in such a state as I had been." I felt that the Lord was righteous in doing so, though a terrible thing to flesh and blood. I could then sit and read for hours, and a heavenly dew rested on what I read; but I had my changes, for the weather was very severe, the roads like ice, and I had much difficulty to walk to the hospital. I went, entreating the Lord for safety. The words came again, "Thy sun shall no more go down;" and my heart said, "O what a good God he is! Sweet affliction!" I would not have been without it, for the dear Lord kept sending friends to supply my needs—some perfect strangers—and then put me on the "Gospel Aid Society." Now that I am past work, the dear Lord still supplies my needs, so that I do not want for anything. I wish to be thankful to all kind friends, but my heart's desire is to give God all the glory. I have no bills to dread now, but am better off than I was when I could work. Surely, I must say, "The Lord hath done all things well." When I look back and see how I have rebelled against him, kicked and plunged like a wild bull in a net, my stubborn heart determined to have its own way, and how many snares he has brought me out of, and yet what a fool I have been and still am; my soul is humbled within me. Mr. Hart says,

"With some the tempter takes  
 Much pains to make them mad;  
 But me he found, and always held,  
 The easiest fool he had."

I have been that very fool, and many times have I backslidden from him. What long forbearance hath he had towards me! How it has made me afraid of my own heart! It is a cage of unclean birds, not fit to be trusted for a moment. How I do want the Lord to hold me, and not let me have my own way! How the Lord has watched over me all my life! I have never been a strong man, yet I have never been laid on a sick bed for a week since I was a boy. Here I am, with the use of my limbs, my

eyes, and my reason, up till this day, with a good bed to rest upon, food to eat, and raiment to put on. I have not had one trial too many. "Goodness and mercy has followed me all my life," and my great concern is "to dwell in the house of the Lord for ever, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple." And now I am on the bank of the river, and shall soon have to cross it, I want to speak well of him with my last breath. But I have many fears about it till this day. What if I should be deceived after all? If I were quite sure that my name is written in heaven, then I should be at rest. I have no hope only in Jesus' blood and righteousness; and if I have no part in that, I am lost for ever. Here is my hope and my stay, for I have no hope anywhere else.

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*"THINE EYES SHALL SEE THE KING IN HIS BEAUTY."*—Isa. xxxiii. 17.

JESUS, thou glorious King of kings,  
 Exalted now in realms of light;  
 Beyond earth's transitory things,  
 In heavenly regions, fair and bright.  
 Thou Sovereign of the universe,  
 Worlds, kings, and empires, thou canst sway;  
 Soon thou wilt ride victoriously;  
 All powers shall see that glorious day.  
 Thou everlasting Prince of Peace,  
 In beauty spotless, white, and pure,  
 Thy righteous kingdom shall increase,  
 And everlastingly endure.  
 Who shall behold this mighty King?  
 When he appears, who will rejoice?  
 Whose eyes shall see this beauteous One?  
 Who will desire to hear his voice?  
 All the redeemed shall Jesus see;  
 Sinners of deepest dye he'll own;  
 All who've received their pardon free,  
 With him shall share that glorious throne.  
 His subjects now are wanderers poor,  
 Of every kindred, tongue, and land;  
 His sceptre then, from shore to shore,  
 Shall sway, and o'er the world extend.  
 We with our eyes shall see the King  
 In beauty; he will soon appear  
 To claim his kingdom as his own;  
 Then we shall meet him in the air.  
 Until that time approach, may we  
 Gird up our loins, wait, watch, and pray;  
 'Twill not be long, soon we shall see  
 The dawning of eternal day.

### REVIEW.

*Memorials of the late John Warburton, of Southill. Edited by C. Hemington.* Crown 8vo. London: F. Kirby, 17, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, E.C. 1892.

This is a book which will be read with interest, not only by those who knew him personally, but many others, both of the present and future generations. There is a savour connected with the name of Warburton, both past and present, which cannot be accounted for in any other way than by the blessing of God resting upon the ministry of the "good old John Warburton, and young John," as they were called. God was pleased to bless the churches, both at Trowbridge and Southill, and throughout the length and breadth of the land, with the faithful ministrations of both father and son, for a goodly number of years, and many have been the souls who have received the truth of God, experimentally preached, from their lips, and not a few precious souls have been quickened into life, comforted, and edified, during their long ministry. The Lord graciously favoured his vineyard with two good long days' labour from his servants, before he gave them their pennies, and welcomed them into his presence and joy. The last ministerial link in the chain of old and honoured names has now been removed, but the savour of their names still remains, and will remain for days and years yet to come. We find in these Memorials a spirit and teaching which are in perfect harmony with the Scriptures and spiritual experience. There is nothing of a fanciful, far-fetched, or novel nature; nothing of a speculative character; but a soundness of speech which commends itself in every letter and in every subject he writes upon; and in these he shows he has a living acquaintance with the things of the kingdom of God, and that the Holy Ghost within him is a well of water from which spring up thoughts and feelings which clearly mark the writer as one who has an understanding which belongs exclusively to those possessed and taught by the blessed Spirit of God. In his Meditations he discovers the habit of clear and close reasoning, which God's dear servants and people are sometimes favoured to realize only as the result of communion and fellowship with God, as they enter their closets, and shut their doors about them—men who walk and talk with God as the result of God walking and talking with them; such men can walk and talk with his people, the Lord giving them a gracious commendation to those who fear his name. "Asher's foot is dipped in oil; he yields royal dainties, and is made acceptable unto his brethren." The abundant labours of the author are substantial evidence of his acceptance among the people of God. We well remember the first time we heard him preach, between thirty and forty years ago. The word came to us, not as the word of man, but as the word of God, in power, and demonstration of the Spirit. "He came where we were." We were completely broken down, and did

not know how to conceal our feelings, or where to put our head, for our eyes were as a fountain of tears. We went to him after the service, and spoke to him, and said, "Dear friend, John Warburton's God shall be our God, and his people shall be our people;" and we felt much affection for him. He responded in a very warm and loving manner. We have never forgotten that season, and the love we felt to him, both as a child of God and a servant of God. The memory of that time does us good to this day. We felt such a knitting of soul to him, such a union as nothing ever severs. We find in his writings that very same spirit, life, and line of things which have ever marked his own distinct individuality as a minister of Jesus Christ. You have his portrait not only on the first page of the book, but you have it drawn by his own hand on every page throughout the whole book. The inner man of the author gives you his own likeness to the very life. As we read, we are found involuntarily saying, "That's John; that's John; just like him;" and by no means is he an unpleasant figure. As you look upon his honest statements as to what he was in his unregenerate state, and what he was afterwards by the grace of God, you are ready to say, "What has God wrought?" He has nothing to say in praise of himself, for God shuts his mouth on that side of the question. To the Lord he gives all the glory, to whom all the glory belongs. To all our dear friends in Christ we would say, "Get the book if you can, as we are sure you will like it, and we believe it will do you good." We will just give you a sip from the cup, the relish of which may perhaps excite in you a wish for the whole. Should it be so, we shall not regret it, nor do we think you will. The relation of his waywardness, with his privations and sufferings in consequence, his enlisting for a soldier, his convictions for sin, his agonies of conscience, his writing to his father, his father's reply, and proposed purchase of his discharge, with the effect it had upon the son in his then state of mind, are exceedingly affecting. We found our whole soul touched with a sympathy within, which could find vent only in tears, filling us with wonder and admiration of God in his providence and grace, and endearing the names of the Warburtons—both father and son—more than ever. We think we cannot do better than quote our author from pages 27 to 31, that you may see something of the work of God in a poor sinner's soul—how he was arrested and brought down, how he was killed and made alive, wounded and made whole—a necessary change, for deepness and efficiency, to accomplish the purpose God intended as to his future course and service.

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#### HIS CONVICTION OF SIN AND CONVERSION TO GOD.

PLYMOUTH was the spot ordained of God to put a stop to my open mad career of foolishness. I have sometimes thought that there never was another such a fool, so willingly led up and down by the devil, for no purpose only to gratify a senseless principle,

fed only with the company of fools. Then to Plymouth I must go, and to Plymouth I went. There it pleased the Lord to turn my heart, which brought about an internal and then an external revolt. Awful as it was, yet true, I fought against the conviction of my own conscience, striving to smother my feelings with fresh acts of sin; but every fresh act brought with it an additional weight of guilt.

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LETTERS WRITTEN IN PLYMOUTH BARRACKS.

Plymouth, Aug. 8, 1837.

Dear Father and Mother,—I am ashamed to write to you, but still I cannot rest until I have written to inform you where I am. What must have been your feelings all this while? I picture to myself the astonishment you will be in, when I inform you that I am a soldier. I enlisted at Exeter, being obliged to do so or starve. But you might ask if there was any occasion for my leaving home? No, there was not, and I have no one to thank but myself. Ah, father, I have known some trouble within this last fortnight! The hours of grief and torment I endure night and day, with the stings of a guilty conscience! Who can bear it? Would to God he would take my life, and let me know the worst of it! What grief have I cost you, and what hours of sorrow you have had on my account! Why was I born, and for what purpose, but to fill up my cup, and then sink to rise no more? It is like a hell to me in the barracks; some swearing, others singing; Sunday being no more revered than if they were beasts. In the afternoon I take a walk by myself, as miserable as miserable can be, and there is no one to whom I can open my mind; but I have brought it all on myself, and therefore it is a rod of my own making; and what depths of sin have I run into! Here I must close the scene, for I dare not reveal all. I shall make myself as comfortable as possible. I expect before this year is out to go out of England to India. I suppose it will be in October. I should like to see you before I go, though one look would cut me through and through; but that cannot be. And now I must draw to a close; but before I conclude, dare I ask forgiveness? No, I dare not, and will not, for I never can believe that ever you can look or speak to me again; but if you could find it in your heart to send a little money, I assure you it would be thankfully received, for I have no pay, as all my money goes in payment for my kit. I have only two meals a day; in the morning we get a pound of bread, no butter, and a pint of coffee, and then a little meat and bread for dinner, and no supper, so that if I had a little money to find a bit, it would be doing me good, but I do not expect any. Shall I beg a letter from you? Yes, I cannot conclude without begging the favour of a letter, even if it is the last you ever intend sending; and I would take it as a kindness if you could mention anybody in Plymouth of your friends, where I might call and spend a quiet half-hour,

for I cannot get it in the barracks. Remember me to all my brothers and sisters, and especially to poor Ruth; poor thing, I often think of her. I am well in health. Of your prayers I rest assured.

JOHN WARBURTON.

Plymouth, Aug. 14, 1837.

Dear Father,—Yours this morning I received, and its contents were truly cutting, not for their harshness, but their kindness; such kindness I never expected from you after treating you in the manner I have. You desire me to answer yours in a candid manner, which I shall do, knowing that the eye of that God, who can dash worlds to pieces and make them if he please, is upon me. You wish to know whether I am willing to come home or not. Yes, father, I am, and to remain at home as long as I live; and I only wish that I was within sight of the house, I would very soon be there. I think if you had upbraided me with all that I have done, it never would have so cut my feelings up as your kindness did this morning. I could not help weeping when I read its contents. What miserable, worthless wretches we are! And where should we not run to if we had our own way? God only knows. What must hell be, when the stings of a guilty conscience on earth are so keen? You will inquire about getting the discharge, and proceed with it in the regular way, by sending the money, which I think is £20. Of course you will learn who to send the money to. I think it would be best if Isaac Moore would inquire of the Sergeant-Major of the troops you have at Trowbridge, and let it be with all possible speed, for I long to get out of this hell upon earth, and once more see your face. I must now draw to a close. This morning we marched five miles to see the disgraceful sight of a soldier flogged; he received 150 lashes. I hope this will find you well in health as I am happy to say it leaves me. The half-sovereign I received, and thank you heartily for it. Remember me to all.—I am, &c.,

JOHN WARBURTON.

#### A LETTER FROM THE LATE MR. HUNTINGTON.

BELOVED,—I think it meet, as long as I am in this tabernacle, to stir up thy pure mind by way of remembrance, that after my decease these things may remain with thee. Meditate upon these weightier matters; give thyself wholly up to them, that thy profiting may appear to all. "Do the work of an evangelist! make full proof of thy ministry." Bring them off from their old sandy bottom, from all trust in the flesh, and from their sour lees of legal righteousness. Discharge truth in all its naked force and naked simplicity; and observe and watch its operations, its fruits and effects, and thou wilt find it sufficient, in the hand of the Spirit, to subdue the most stubborn, to change the most obdurate, to silence a gainsayer, and to furnish the man of God for every good word and work. But I shall proceed to treat of the Holy

Spirit as an *earnest* of the inheritance. "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 selfsame thing is God, who also hath given unto us the earnest of the Spirit." (2 Cor. v. 4, 5.) The apostle here calls our earthly bodies a *tabernacle*; which is a portable dwelling, set up, taken down, and removed, just as it pleaseth the owner of it to do. This tabernacle, as it now stands, is not to continue, because of the misery which attends the inhabitants of it in its present state. "We that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened." There is in it the plague of leprosy, and therefore it must be pulled down. There is a body of sin and death in it; this has made it corruptible, and corruption is the seed of death. "It is appointed unto men once to die." God has made it "subject to this vanity, not willingly;" for death, abstractedly considered, is not welcome to us. "But God hath subjected it in hope." Death, disarmed of its sting, which is sin; and of the strength of sin, which is the law; and of the curse of the law, which is wrath and damnation; all which attend death as a penal evil—Death, being disarmed of these, is not death, nor the king of terrors; but the shadow of death, and the gate to life; for all things are ours; "whether life, or death, or things present, or things to come." (1 Cor. iii. 22.)

The apostle calls these, our earthly bodies, *clothes*, which a man puts on in the morning. So we come into this world with these corruptible bodies; and as a man puts off his clothes at night, and goes to bed, so there is a night coming on (in which no man can work) for the Lord's servants, when they shall be paid; they who labour under the cross, in faith and love, and in self-denial; at which time they will put off their clothes, go to rest, or fall asleep in Jesus. But this is not all that hope is conversant about: "Not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life." In the resurrection morning, when the marriage of the Lamb is to be consummated, these bodies of ours shall not only be put on again upon our souls, but these corruptible bodies themselves "shall put on incorruption, and these mortal" bodies "shall put on immortality;" and this is to be done "when he who only hath immortality shall appear." This will be the finishing stroke to the new creation, and is the last transforming view that we are looking for: "Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ." (Tit. ii. 13.) We have already put on the Lord Jesus Christ, and have walked in him; namely, by putting on his righteousness, the garments of salvation, and the covering of the Lord's Spirit. But at this time we shall put him on with a witness, and that for good and all. The Holy Spirit will quicken our mortal bodies, and infuse divine life throughout every member of them, "when Christ, who is our life, shall appear." The Spirit will purge away, not only all our sins, which is called "changing our vile bodies" (Phil. iii. 21),

but will eradicate all corruptible matter, for incorruption shall be put on. We shall then "know the love of Christ, which (in this state) passeth knowledge," and "be filled with all the fulness of God." (Eph. iii. 19.) The church is Christ's body, the fulness of him, all dwelling in him; and he will fill them all, be all fulness to them, and be all in them. (Eph. i. 23.) Our bodies will not only be purged from all their gross and corruptible matter, which is now a clog and a weight, but they shall be spiritual: "There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body." This dead weight shall give place to an "eternal weight of glory." (2 Cor. iv. 17.) It shall be raised in power; power to bear this eternal weight of glory, and power to bear the sight of seeing God the Father; for "the pure in heart shall see God." (Matt. v. 8.) "In that day I shall show you plainly of the Father." In this power the body will be a fit companion for the soul; it will be vigorous, alert, and, for its agility, "as the angels of God in heaven." (Matt. xxii. 30.) Hence, in the delightful service of God there will be no fainting, no weariness, though we shall "sing salvation to God and the Lamb for ever and ever." (Rev. v. 13.)

We are to be led by the Lamb to the fountain of living waters (Rev. vii. 17); and, the soul and body both being spiritual, we shall "drink of the river of God's pleasure" (Ps. xxxvi. 8), which will fill us with divine fulness as fast as we can pour it forth in blessings, praises, and thanksgivings; together with the ascriptions of "power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing" to God and the Lamb. (Rev. v. 12.)

Our bodies will be raised in glory. I think our bodies will be fiery, or have a fiery appearance, which may be gathered from the following passages: "Our bodies (says Paul) are to be fashioned like unto the glorious body of Christ." "We (says John) shall be like him;" we shall awake with his likeness. And the glorified humanity of Christ is thus described: "And I saw as the colour of amber, as the appearance of fire round about within it; from the appearance of his loins even upward, and from the appearance of his loins even downward, I saw as it were the appearance of fire, and it had brightness round about." (Ezek. i. 27.) Divine light will shine through them with such a radiance of celestial glory as will equal, and in many things exceed, all the luminaries of heaven. "Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father. Who hath ears to hear, let him hear." (Matt. xiii. 43.)

At this time also, and at the consummation of the marriage of the Lamb, the spouse will be "perfumed with all the powders of the merchant." (Song iii. 6.) "Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust: for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out the dead." (Isa. xxvi. 19.) The odour of the Lord's sacrifice, with which the church will be perfected; the sweet savour of her glorifying grace, with which she will be adorned;



will be wonderful. All her Lord's "garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces." (Ps. xlv. 8.) And this divine fragrance will be spread all over her. "We are a sweet savour unto God" now (2 Cor. ii. 16); but how much more then?

All the priests that attend in the holy place, near the holy of holies, were perfumed (Ex. xxx. 35, 37); much more so in the holy of holies, eternal in the heavens. Sanctifying grace makes the church a "bed of spices" now (Song vi. 2); then what will glorifying grace do? Prayers in the hearts of believers are "golden vials full of odours" (Rev. v. 8); but perfect praises in heaven must exceed them. As perfumed, God accepts us in his dear Son in this life; and in Christ we shall ever remain a sweet savour. "I will accept you with your sweet savour, when I bring you out from the people, and gather you out of the countries." (Ezek. xx. 41.)

We have reason to believe that Adam was very handsome, as he was in "the figure of him that was to come" (Rom. v. 14); who is said to be "fairer than the children of men." (Ps. xlv. 2.) It is said of David that "he was ruddy, of a beautiful countenance, and goodly to look to; prudent in matters, and a comely person, and" that "the Lord was with him." (1 Sam. xvi. 12, 18.) And no doubt but Christ was much like him in person. All defects and deformity came into the world with and by sin; and when this evil cause is removed, the disagreeable effects will cease. "He that is perfect shall be as his master." (Luke vi. 40)

"That he might present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish." (Eph. v. 27.) All superfluity, deformity, or deficiency, rendered a Levite under the law unfit for the priesthood, or service of the sanctuary; nor will it be admitted in the true tabernacle above. There will be no spot of sin, no wrinkle of old age, nor the scar of old wounds, nor any such thing as deformity. Leah will appear without tender eyes, Jacob without halting, Paul without deformity or temptation, and Timothy without his bilious complaint. The church shall be "perfect in one" (John xvii, 23); and no imperfection can stand before God. Christ was a lamb without blemish and without spot, and "we shall be like him," and "see him as he is."

There will be a perfection of sight. The remains of the old vail hangs heavy upon us in this state; it is a darkness that is often felt; the dismal gloom upon the mind keeps us from looking to the end of things, and from seeing them as they really are. "We look through a glass darkly" (1 Cor. xiii. 12), and see by the mirror of faith. Faith is the visive faculty of the heaven-born soul, which, like the moon, borrows all her light from the sun; for if the Sun of righteousness shine not, if the Lord's countenance be not lifted up, we are walking in dark-

ness, and have no light; we can only trust in the name of the Lord in the dark, and stay ourselves upon an absent God. "With thee is the fountain of light: in thy light shall we see light." (Ps. xxxvi. 9.) "For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away." (1 Cor. xiii. 9, 10, 12.) "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." (Matt. v. 8.) And this sweet sight in the face of Jesus Christ is the ultimate end of hope, the fulness of expectation, and the superabounding banquet of all holy and heavenly desires, which shall fill them even to satiety. There we shall see face to face, and know as we are known.

We shall see poor Adam and Eve, our first parents, to whom the first promise was revealed; and Abel, the protomartyr, the first victim to satanic rage and cruelty; and Noah, the second stock, the first shipbuilder and navigator, who went a twelve-month's voyage in a sea without a shore; and the venerable Abraham and Sarah, our mystic parents, whose bodies for many years were so barren, and their faith so fruitful, as even to conceive and enjoy many nations at once. There we shall see Isaac, the grand type and figure of the mystic birth of all the promised seed; and Jacob, the mighty wrestler, who overcame both heaven and earth when he had but one leg to stand upon. There will be the poor peevish Jonah, well pleased, and delighting himself in his God, after maintaining a strong contest with him both by sea and land. There we shall see Melchisedec, who is set before us as an evangelical priest, a worshipper of God in the Spirit, and who, with respect to genealogy, has neither father nor mother, birth nor death. There we shall see Peter, without his sword, among the faithful confessors; Mary Magdalene, among the wise virgins; and David, among the company that were not defiled with women; Paul, also, that unparalleled champion and indefatigable labourer; John, the beloved disciple; Mary, also, who anointed the Lord; the blessed mother of the second Adam; and Lazarus, who, though raised a second time, yet is a sharer in the first resurrection.

Adam knew Eve and her origin as soon as she was brought to him; Peter and John knew Moses and Elias, though in a glorified state; but knowledge in heaven will be perfect, and therefore far exceed all attainments in this life.

There will likewise be an end for ever to all grief and sorrow, and to all the causes of them. "What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they? And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said unto me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall

dwelt among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." (Rev. vii. 13-17.) These happy creatures came out of great tribulation; all sorts of trials, troubles, temptations, and persecutions; which is the common lot of all God's family. The robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb were their bodies, with which their souls were clothed. Their happiness is, that God dwells among them; that they are before his throne, and engaged in his continual service, being filled with love to him and delight in him.

They hunger no more after righteousness, after life, nor after the word, being perfectly filled. They thirst no more after comfort, after the new wine of the kingdom, nor after the living God, being filled with all his fulness. Neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. The sun of persecution and temptation, which comes because of the word, and which offends and withers so many unsound professors, shall smite them no more, nor any heat. Not the fiery darts of Satan, nor the fire of lust, nor a fiery law, nor the flames of spiritual and carnal jealousy, nor the wrath and rage of cruel men; for the Lamb in the midst of the throne shall feed them with his fulness of glory, and lead them to living fountains of waters: namely, to God the Father, saying, "Behold me and the children which God hath given me." (Heb. ii. 13.) And God, Father, Son, and Spirit, are the living fountains of living waters; the fountain of life, love, joy, peace, goodness, glory, and majesty. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, being presented unto the Father by Christ; and, being cordially accepted, embraced, and blessed by him, all fear, sorrow, and grief, and the causes of them, must be for ever banished, and of course all fears and tears, about failing of his grace, coming short of the promised rest, and all dread about an eternal separation from him, are for ever wiped away. And so it must be; for "there shall be no more curse: but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and his servants shall serve him: and they shall see his face; and his name shall be in their foreheads." (Rev. xxii. 3, 4.) These, my dearly beloved son, are some of the things which we have in view. "Faith is the substance of" these "things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen."

"Now he that hath wrought us for the selfsame thing is God, who also hath given unto us the earnest of the Spirit." (2 Cor. v. 5.) God hath loved us, chosen us in Christ, ordained us to life by him, pre-adopted us, and predestinated us to future sonship and heirship, and to the enjoyment of this inheritance—"that he might make known the riches of his glory on the vessels of mercy, which he had afore prepared unto glory." (Rom. ix. 23.)

He hath also reconciled us and redeemed us by Christ; he hath

called us, quickened us, justified us, and sanctified us, regenerated and renewed us, tried and purged us; giving us faith, the substance of these things and the evidence of them, and begotten us to a lively hope and expectation of them; and has given us the seal of secrecy, the seal of surety, the seal of ratification and confirmation; and led us to subscribe to the seal with the hand of faith, which has felt them; and to set our hearty amen to these things, and our acquiescence with God in them, and in which we believe and confess that God is true. And, to make things sure to all the seed, he hath given us the earnest of the Spirit.

This earnest of the Spirit is likewise called "the firstfruits of the Spirit." (Rom. viii. 23.) The end of the world is called the harvest, when the angels will reap the world and gather in the elect of God, and those who have sown to the Spirit in this life "shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting." Glory in heaven is the great and grand harvest, when the master and Lord of the harvest will gird himself and come forth and serve the reapers (Luke xii. 37); when "he that soweth and he that reapeth shall rejoice together." (John iv. 36.)

Now, by the regenerating and sanctifying work of the Holy Spirit, the firstfruits of this blessed harvest are produced.

Christ is clearly seen by the enlightened understanding and by the eye of faith; and this is an earnest to us that we shall be like him, and see him as he is.

We see "the light of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ;" and this is an earnest to us that all that are pure in heart shall see God.

Faith, which the Spirit produces, is the substance of things hoped for. To be found in Christ, and in his righteousness, is what we have in hope, and faith is the substance of this; for Christ, the object of faith, dwells in the hearts of all believers.

"Faith is the evidence of things not seen;" it is a clear and perfect proof both of our sonship and heirship. "We are all (manifestly) the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus;" "and if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ."

Faith is an undoubted certainty, which silences all misgivings of heart; it is assurance itself, that persuades the mind, and stays it on the object believed in; it discovers future things to the believer, brings them near, embraces them, and realizes them to the soul. It believes in divine life, and applies it; it believes in atoning blood, and purifies the heart by it; it believes in an imputed righteousness, and puts it on; it believes in the promised comforts of the Spirit; and "we receive the promise of the Spirit through faith." It believes in the love of God, and receives it in the enjoyment of it, and works by it both to God and to his children. And what shall I say more to my son? for time would fail me to tell of half that I have felt.

Heaven is a place of rest; and we that believe do enter into

rest. It is a place of peace; and, "being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." With joy and rejoicing shall the church be brought to Christ, and shall enter into the King's palace; and God fills us now with joy and peace in believing. Heaven is a place of endless day; and the path of a just man, who lives by faith, shines more and more till that perfect day takes place.

The gift of God promised in heaven is eternal life; and "he that believeth hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation."

The inheritance above is endless glory; and even this begins in this life. "Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." This fills the soul with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

All these are the foretastes of eternal fulness, the streams of grace (which make glad the city) flowing from the river of divine pleasure, the head of which is God, the fountain of life; for "unto the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return again." (Eccl. i. 7.)

All these worketh the Holy Spirit of God through Christ the mediator, from whose fulness all grace is communicated to us, and through whom all grace flows back again, even to its own proper fountain.

What rich security is this, that the heirs of promise might have a strong consolation! God, with his own finger, writes his laws on the fleshy tables of our hearts, and puts them into our minds. He binds up the testimony in the bond of love to us; then he seals the law among his disciples with a comfortable assurance; yea, more, the Spirit himself is the seal. He is the divine impress of heaven, he stamps the divine image upon us, he affixes the truth and power of it, he makes and maintains a melting impression on the soul, he confirms and establishes the heart, he is the attestation and the ratification of all to us. In his quickening, enlivening, enlarging, and cheering operations, he is the pledge of the first resurrection. In his operations of love, joy, light, and comfort, he is the firstfruits of the glorious harvest; and in all these the earnest of the future inheritance. Well may Paul say, "It is of faith, that it might be by grace, to the end the promise might be sure to all the seed."

Matters thus settled between Father, Son, and Spirit; revealed and made known, ratified and confirmed, by the triune God to his chosen and beloved family; testified by God's hand-writing upon our hearts, sealed with the broad seal of heaven, and a pledge and earnest given: O this stands faster than mountains of brass! O the immutability of his counsel, the stability of his covenant, the security and safety of the blessed inheritance!

An earnest differs nothing from the whole lump in quality, only in quantity. The firstfruits are the same as all the rest of the harvest, only they are a very small part of an abundant crop. Whether, therefore, we glean a handful (like Ruth) or reap a

sheaf (like Joseph in his dreams), it will at last terminate in a barnful, "Gather the wheat into my barn." (Matt. xiii. 30.) "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out! For of him, and through him, and to him, are all things: to whom be glory for ever." So be it, so be it, says  
 The chiefest of all sinners. W. HUNTINGTON.

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*THE AFFLICTED CHRISTIAN.*

CHRISTIAN.

LORD, look on me, my days are spent with grief;  
 My spirit sinks beneath affliction sore;  
 O that thou wouldest give me quick relief!  
 O that these days of pain and woe were o'er!  
 Doubt in my heart arises—Can it be,  
 Afflicted thus, that I belong to thee?

JESUS.

Hush, hush thee, child, for sure a child thou art,  
 And this affliction is thy Father's rod;  
 If thou didst never groan beneath its smart,  
 Thou mightest question being born of God.  
 Bend thou thy knee before thy Father's throne,  
 And thank him that he leaves thee not alone.

Fine gold thou art in thy Jehovah's eye;  
 And how much furnace heat doth gold require  
 To purge it from the dross! But I sit by  
 As the Refiner to control the fire;  
 And when my image clearly shines in thee,  
 Then from the furnace I will set thee free.

Thou art a branch in me, the living Vine;  
 My Father is the Husbandman, and he  
 Pruneth the branches with a wise design,  
 That richer clusters may adorn the tree;  
 Sharp is the pruning thou art bearing now,  
 That thou may'st be a green and fruitful bough.

CHRISTIAN.

O Lord, forgive my murm'ring, doubt, and fear;  
 Help me to bear the rod, the fire, the knife;  
 Work thou thy will in me, but be thou near,  
 My Strength and Guide along the way of life,  
 Till I, through grace, these light afflictions leave,  
 An endless weight of glory to receive.

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WHAT the fervent fire is to the golden ore, and water is to the sullied linen, so are afflictions in the hand of the Spirit of God, to those who are exercised with them.—*Macgowan.*

## Obituary.

JOHN WHITCOMBE.—On Nov. 17, 1891, aged 51, John Whitcombe, for several years deacon of the church at "Zoar," Canterbury.

Born in sin and shapen in iniquity, our departed friend lived and grew up to manhood ignorant of God, and of himself as a poor hell-deserving sinner, fulfilling the desires of the flesh and of the mind, and was by nature and practice one of the children of wrath, even as others, until the Lord called him by his grace, when about twenty-four years of age, the manner thereof being as follows:—A friend invited him to attend a chapel in London to hear Mr. Richard Weaver, a converted collier, who was to preach there in a short time; but so ignorant was he that he inquired what a converted collier was, or what conversion meant? This proved to be the set time for the Lord to meet with him in a way of mercy and grace. The text was Heb. ii. 3, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" Not only did the words reach his outward ears, but they reached his heart, causing him to cry to God for mercy. It was not the sermon, but the words of the text, which the Spirit used to convince him of sin and bring him to his feet as a humble suppliant for pardon. He attended an after-meeting, which lasted until a late hour; and that night the Lord conveyed to his soul a sense of peace and pardon. On reaching home he exclaimed to his wife, "Don't be angry! I'm so happy! Jesus has pardoned my sins."

This blessed frame of mind continued nearly six weeks, when Satan was permitted to gain an advantage over him, and he sank into a low state, until, one night, on his bed, when crying to the Lord to appear, he was favoured with a kind of vision, in which heaven was opened up to the eye of his faith. His soul was filled with joy and peace, yea, he found it to be joy unspeakable and full of glory.

He afterwards joined a General Baptist Chapel, but as the Lord led him along, he found that he could not unite in spirit with them nor they with him. He then attended the free grace ministry of the late Mr. Hazelton, at Chadwell Street, Clerkenwell, where he remained, until his removal, in the providence of God, in 1869, to Canterbury, when I first became acquainted with him. Here he and his wife joined the church, where he was afterwards chosen deacon, which office he was enabled honourably to fill until his death.

He commenced business as a basket-maker, and was much tried in providence, but his trials were sanctified to his soul's good, and in some measure to the good of others. In speaking of these things, he would quote the lines of the poet,

" when the Lord's people have need,  
His goodness will find out a way."

He could set to his seal that this was true. Although more

favoured than some of the Lord's people, he was no stranger to temptations. The enemy thrust sore at him, but he was enabled to stand in the strength of the Lord. He was often at the throne of grace and searching the Word, seeking to know the will of his Father, and supplicating grace and strength to do it, his desire being to please the Lord rather than men.

Sometimes when passing I have called upon him, when he would read and converse upon eternal things, and while he has been so engaged I have felt it good to be there; and although I have entered his house with a hard heart, I have left it with a soft one, cheered, humbled, encouraged with a little felt love to the Lord, his people, his ways, and to his servant as the instrument through whom the blessing came. Hymn 771 was the language of his soul, and oft upon his lips.

He not only carried about a body of sin and death, but a weakly tabernacle. On one occasion, when very ill, I found him in a blessed frame; living or dying he felt he was the Lord's. Psalm ciii. being read to him was appropriated as his own. On another occasion, in affliction, I found him in a sweet, humble state of mind, when, with tears in his eyes and love in his heart, he rehearsed the Lord's goodness to him in providence and grace in such a way as never to be forgotten. I feel myself to be far behind him in divine things, but desire to follow him as he followed Christ.

One Saturday afternoon he was straitened for means to meet his demands. He was led, yea, compelled to cry unto the Lord for help; and just in the time of need a person gave an order for a quantity of baskets to be made, desiring to pay forthwith. He thus realized a signal deliverance, which I believe he never forgot. Being taught to look to the Lord for all he needed, he was weaned from an arm of flesh.

As time rolled on, after many trials, exercises, difficulties, helps, and deliverances, he was more favoured in providence, with which the Lord gave him a mind and heart to communicate to others. He entertained several of the ministers who came here for several years before his death. When he could find room for them in his heart his desire was to find room for them in his house. He loved an experimental, searching ministry; that which laid the sinner low in the dust and exalted the Lord Jesus Christ—separating the precious from the vile, neither fearing the frowns nor courting the smiles of their fellow mortals; and his earnest desire was that the Lord would maintain amongst us such a ministry. Sometimes, after nearing Mr. B., I have seen by his countenance that the word came to him with power, having felt a measure of the same myself. After the service we have shaken hands without uttering a word, feeling more than we could express. These have been sweet seasons, endearing the preacher and his ministry to our hearts, and we felt that we had been listening to a deeply-tried, exercised, yet highly-favoured servant of God.



Living near the chapel, he often, on Lord's day mornings, enjoyed sweet seasons alone, at an early hour. His heart has again and again been warmed and cheered, so as almost, if not quite, to forget the flight of time. On one occasion, he, with one of the Lord's servants, in a walk to view the Cathedral, falling into conversation upon eternal things, were so entirely absorbed that they returned without having carried out their purpose.

During the last year or two of his life he was visited by a heavy trial in the affliction of his wife. At a prayer meeting he read the hymn commencing,

"It is the Lord enthroned in light ;"

and when giving out the two last lines—

"Dearest Lord, take what thou wilt,

But teach me to resign,"

he seemed quite overcome ; but the Lord supported him through the trial, even unto the end.

He was some time amongst us before his mouth was opened to pray in public, saying that he had not the gift. At length he was enabled to do so, and we have heard the desires of our heart, expressed by him in such a simple, child-like manner, that it has been food for our soul. Once he gave out the hymn commencing,

"See from Zion's sacred mountain ;"

and after the meeting he said how sweet it was to his soul, appearing to rejoice in the Lord's salvation, and to realise his interest in it.

On Saturday evening, October 31st, he was unwell, and requested me to perform a small office for him at the chapel in the morning. At the ordinance in the afternoon he last appeared in the sanctuary below. An attack of bronchitis, with other symptoms, confined him at home, and we think that he felt his end approaching.

On Thursday, November 12th, he requested a friend to read hymn 132, and on the following Monday repeated the first verse of the 7th, the sixth verse of the 232nd, and third verse of the 616th, all in Gadsby's selection. I would suggest their perusal, as expressing the state of his mind on the confines of eternity.

On Tuesday, the 17th, after tea, he seemed better, and requested to be alone, that he might write a little. His wife left him for an hour or more, when his brother deacon and his wife called in, and on their entering the room they found that he had fallen over the side of his chair, and was quite unconscious. The doctor came, but he was past human aid, and in a few minutes his ransomed spirit departed to be "for ever with the Lord."

He was interred in the New Cemetery, Canterbury, Nov. 21st, by Mr. Wakeley.

H. DENYER.

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SAMUEL COOK.—On Jan. 4th, 1892, at Streatham, Surrey, aged 84, Samuel Cook, of Potton, Bedfordshire.

He was one of whom Paul writes with a note of grateful

thanks (2 Cor. ii. 14), who, through rich grace, "made manifest the savour of his knowledge of Christ in every place." In the house, the shop, and walking by the way, his choice theme was Jesus and his all-conquering grace, in and by the power of the truth in the hand of the ever-adorable Spirit in the souls of those who followed the Lord Jesus in the regeneration. He led the singing at the chapel for some thirty years or more, and that with the heart and the understanding also.

His daughter thus writes of him :

"Our beloved father was born of worldly parents at Potton, September 12th, 1808. The following brief outline of his call by grace I wrote at his dictation :

"My parents knowing nothing savingly for themselves, I was allowed to grow up without restraint, and as a young man, was wholly given to the pleasures of this world, and thus went on until I was 29 years of age. I neither 'feared God nor regarded man,' until God sent an arrow of conviction into my soul and stopped me in my mad career. The set time arrived,

'Not to propose, but call by grace.'

About this time I was going (as was my wont) to a neighbouring village to spend God's holyday in sinful pleasures, and while there I noticed in a friend's house a sampler with this verse worked on it :

'Tis easy to squander our years  
In idleness, folly, and strife;  
But O ! no repentance or tears  
Can bring back one moment of life.'

This was like a dagger to me, my sins were set in order before me, and then I cried 'O wretched man that I am!' O that I could hide myself from that eye which sees all my sins ! I felt Psalm cxxxix. to be my experience, that of a lost, hell-deserving, and hell-expecting sinner ! I tried to drown my convictions in sinful delights, but God's 'wills' and 'shalls' were too strong for me ; and, to the praise of his grace, I know that 'the prey shall be taken from the mighty, and the lawful captive shall be delivered.' When that time arrived, he delivered my soul from going down into the pit by giving me a pledge of his pardoning love, and turning my mourning into dancing. My song now was :]

'Had I ten thousand thousand tongues,  
Not one should silent be ;  
Had I ten thousand thousand hearts,  
I'd give them all to thee.'

How precious was that hymn to me, and how true,

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

I then attended a free-will ministry, and longed for all to experience the same joy and peace as myself ; and so blind was I, that I thought they might if they would, not knowing

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,  
And made my eyes o'erflow.'

I hated the doctrine of distinguishing grace until the Lord opened my eyes to see my error; and when I brought these precious truths to the front, there was a 'noise of war in the camp,' and they cast me out. At about this time I was asked to go and hear Mr. William Tite, at the Baptist Chapel, Potton, whom I detested, and had made a vow never to hear; however, with trembling (in consequence of my vow) I went, and the truths he then delivered were marrow and fatness to my soul, finding that for which I had so long sought in vain; and I felt such a union to both the preachers and the people, that I was constrained to cast in my lot among them, which I did in the year 1839, and was chosen deacon in 1846."

Here the personal notes end, but we know that he faithfully discharged the duties of his office until 1888, when, in the providence of God, he was called to leave the place of his nativity to reside in London, having "purchased unto himself a good report" of the church. But, like the apostle, he "went through evil report and good report." The church of Christ was ever dear to him, its welfare always sought, and his delight was

" to tell to sinners round  
What a dear Saviour he had found,  
And point to his redeeming blood,  
And say, 'Behold the way to God.'"

He was married in 1844 to a gracious person. There were four children born to them, whom they trained in the "nurture and admonition of the Lord," amid many obstacles and great trials in providence. He was much favoured with sweet nearness to his God, especially in former years, but of late complained that the days of darkness were many; but now and again they were interspersed with some delightful visits from "the King of kings." He well knew the plague of his own heart, and was no stranger to Satan's devices, often looking forward with intense longing for the time when he should be called upon to quit his poor tabernacle of clay, spread his wings, and fly straight to yonder world of joy, where he should view his Saviour face to face, without a cloud between. During his illness (December, 1890) he was very dark in mind for nearly a fortnight (we find from notes taken at the time); after which he was favoured with some sweet seasons, but anon was ready to ask, "Has God forgotten to be gracious?"

Dec. 20th. A little brighter, the enemy not being permitted to harass him quite so much.

21st. His spirits to-day are raised by the promise of the Comforter.

Sunday. A little better in health, and while singing with some friends (raising the tune himself), "When I can read my title clear," &c, he was quite melted down at the two last verses, and asked us to proceed without him.

Jan. 12th, 1891. He told me he had a sweet feeling that he was entering heaven, and had a faith's view of the unlimited space that the redeemed had to range in, and said he had had some blessed seasons of late. The Lord was graciously pleased to raise him up from the affliction; during which he was visited by our beloved pastor, Mr. P. Reynolds, with both pleasure and profit. Having a great tendency to bronchitis, he was "a prisoner of hope" during the winters of the past four years of his life, and his chosen companions were the Word of God, "Gospel Standard," and Gadsby's Hymn Book.

Monday, Dec. 28th. He was seized with giddiness, which resulted in a severe attack of bronchitis. His strength failed rapidly, rendering him helpless. From the nature of his complaint, when not coughing, he seemed too exhausted to say much; but from what he did say we gathered that his mind was calm and peaceful, and that he was sweetly resting on the finished work of the dear Redeemer. Three days before his death, to a question put to him by his daughter as to the state of his mind in the near prospect of death, he replied, "Well, my dear, I am much favoured in that respect. I can say,

'My hope is built on nothing less  
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness.'

I am relying on the faithfulness of him who told me, many years ago, that I should go, but not *then*, but I believe the time is *now come*." Scriptures and hymns were read to him, which he much enjoyed, and said the truths he had been taught to love would do to die by. A few hours before he took his leave of us, he was asked whether Jesus was precious to him now that he was passing through the valley? He replied very firmly, "O yes! O yes!" After which he took little or no notice of any one, and at 8 a.m., Jan. 4th, 1892, without a struggle, his ransomed spirit took "its flight before the throne," leaving his dear ones to mourn his loss. But we sorrow not as those without hope.

He was interred at Potton, "in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection."  
W. HARRODINE.

WILLIAM ROSS.—On January 7th, 1892, aged 81, William Ross, of Woking, Surrey.

Being very reserved, we know but little of his early days, but understand that his parents died when he was young. He spoke of a very gentle work of the Lord, begun in his soul when quite a youth, and felt, when leaving school, the importance of an honourable and circumspect way being made for him through this world. He was exercised about these matters, together with soul troubles. The Lord gave him the following words: "Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." (Ps. xxxvii. 3.) Occasionally he spoke of their effect upon his mind, in many ways, under all his trials—and they were many; how they sprang up, again and again, with much power, enabling him to realize the exhor-

tation. The grace of this truth made him a very humble and tender follower of its author. We do not recollect where he was baptized or to what church he belonged prior to his coming to Woking. The Trustees of the chapel, however, in due time desired him to act as deacon. (This chapel, we understand, was the first, or nearly the first, that was built for that highly-favoured servant of God, the late Wm. Huntington.) All who knew him could bear testimony to his living and acting in accordance with the words of the Psalmist before mentioned.

“Grace fixed his trust in Christ the Lord,  
Who told him that he should be fed;  
This was his stay in darkest night,  
For he was taught, God’s ways are right.”

Our friend was a lover of good men, possessing the spirit of one who said, “If you judge me faithful to the Lord, come into my house and abide there.” Mr. Philpot, Mr. Tiptaft, and many others who are gone, with him, to their house in heaven, were in the habit of staying at his house. We have many times noticed his being in his right element when in the company of such men, and the Lord’s people generally. He was blessed with much spiritual-mindedness, and enjoyed the promised graces of life and peace. He was taken ill rather suddenly, and sank very fast. He was again much blessed with the foregoing portion of God’s Word, which he said was given him seventy years ago, and had been his comfort, at times, through all his journey, and was now more precious than ever. He said, “O, how faithful is the Lord!” and began to repeat the portion, but could only utter “Trust in the Lord,” and quietly and peacefully passed out of time into eternity. On taking a last view of his poor body, we could not but feel—

“Yes, now to heaven our friend is gone,  
And we remain our loss to mourn;  
For eighty years this vale he trod,  
And then he died in peace with God.”

The body was taken into the chapel, a service being held, and a large congregation assembled. It was then removed to Brookwood Cemetery.  
B. W.

SARAH WILLETTS.—On March 1st, 1892, aged 29, Sarah Willetts, a member of Spring Meadow Particular Baptist Chapel, Old Hill.

She had convictions of sin from her youth, and tried many times to put them off, but all to no purpose. In speaking of these convictions she has often said, “I was afraid to go to bed lest I should awake in hell.” When about seventeen years of age the Lord was pleased to make more manifest the work of Divine grace in her heart through a sermon preached by Mr. Wright at Old Hill, the text being, “For the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord. (Rom. vi. 23.) She now became much concerned as to her state as a

sinner, and grew more anxious to know the Lord and to experience salvation by grace. She longed to say, "The Lord is mine, and I am his." The preaching of the gospel, the prayer-meetings, and the Sabbath school, were now her delight. She truly loved the gates of Zion, and would be found there whenever health permitted. God was pleased to comfort her soul in the singing of the following hymn:—

"O that the Lord would guide my ways  
To keep his statutes still;  
O that my God would grant me grace  
To know and do his will!"

She felt so encouraged that she could praise and adore the God of all grace for his goodness and mercy to one so unworthy. That scripture was fulfilled in her experience, "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." In the year 1885 we followed Jesus Christ through that despised, but God-honouring ordinance of Believers' Baptism, and were favoured with the presence and blessing of God. Having had some days of rejoicing in the God of all grace, she was brought to see that "It is through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom of God." Affliction of body, temptation from the devil, and unbelief within, caused many sighs and groans to arise from her heart; yet there was a struggling within to be delivered from bondage. She had many doubts and fears, but was kept by the power of God from falling. In the year 1889 I perceived her health declining. She became more anxious to leave all things in the Lord's hands, begging for grace to endure the will of God, beseeching him to say unto her soul, "Fear not," being conscious that it is only "they that endure to the end shall be saved." This brought her to exclaim, "How shall I stand?" I could not forbear expressing my conviction that the Lord would appear, and, blessed be his name, he did, and in a most remarkable manner. A short time before her death the deacons visited her, and she was somewhat refreshed. After this it pleased God to give that soul-comforting and strengthening promise, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee." (Isaiah xliii. 2, also John xiv. 1, 2.) Though these words were attended with some degree of power, yet Satan was permitted to tempt her that all would be wrong at last. I said, "You will be enabled to tell the devil that he is a liar, for where the Lord has been, he will come again;" and shortly after this she was favoured to sing "Begone unbelief, my Saviour is near," &c. She said, "The Lord is good to me. O what an unspeakable mercy that I am not left to lie upon a dying bed without a hope in the Lord Jesus Christ. He that endured so much pain and suffering, and had not where to lay his head—

'His way was much rougher  
And darker than mine;  
Did Christ my Lord suffer,  
And shall I repine?'"

Also that sweet verse,

“Alas! and did my Saviour bleed,” &c.

I said to her, “Then you know whom you have believed?” She said, “Yes,

‘My hope is built on nothing less  
Than Jesus’ blood and righteousness.’

I have nowhere else to look for help or support. O to be enabled to praise and bless his holy name! I want to clasp him in the arms of faith, and ‘crown him Lord of all.’” On the Sabbath evening she was much worse, and we thought the Lord was about to take her home. She whispered, “Praise him for calling such a poor sinner.” After this she rallied a little, when, to our surprise, she burst out singing that sweet hymn,

“How sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer’s ear,” &c.,

with a clear voice, especially the verse,

“Till then I would thy love proclaim  
With every fleeting breath;  
And may the music of thy Name  
Refresh my soul in death.”

I then said, “He is precious.” She answered, “Yes; and O, that he would come and fetch me home where there are no changes, for the days of darkness have been many.” She then lifted up her hand and said, “No night there, no night there.” This was early on Monday. In the evening one of our supplies came to see her, and said, “You will soon cast your crown at his feet, and ‘crown him Lord of all.’” She replied, “Yes, Yes,” but was too weak for conversation. On the Tuesday I said, “How is your mind now?” She answered, “I am waiting, I am waiting, and am only going a little time before you:

‘Our journey is a thorny maze,  
But we march upward still.’”

She then said, “*No night there!*” adding “*Victory! Victory!*” and “I will be with thee: thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.” Shortly after eight o’clock in the evening her ransomed spirit took its flight, leaving a sweet smile upon her countenance, without a struggle or a groan. Her chief companions were the Bible, the “Gospel Standard,” and Hymn Book. She was interred at Old Hill Baptist Chapel, by Mr. Feazey, of Leamington, in a sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection. I have lost a true and faithful partner, but my loss is her eternal gain.

SAMUEL WILLETTS.

ELIZABETH KINGSBURY.—On April 1, 1892, aged 84, Elizabeth Kingsbury, of Crowborough, Sussex.

She was born at Drunks Green, Wrotham, of worldly parents. When a girl she attended church, but was induced to go to a chapel where the truth was preached. What she heard had such an effect that her connection with the Church of England was for ever severed; and although she had several miles to walk,

she was scarcely ever absent from the means of grace. Her attendance being so regular, and having so far to come, attracted the notice of the people. On her entering the chapel one Sabbath, the minister said, "My young friend, what do you come here for?" She replied, "For the good of my soul." She was then about seventeen years of age. After a time a little chapel was erected nearer her home at Dunk Green. When attending there the truths which she heard were blessed to her. Through the providence of God she removed to East Peckham, in Kent, walking to Hadlow to hear Mr. Crowhurst, and eventually joining the church. She felt much at home with the people of God there, and always spoke with much spiritual satisfaction and pleasure of Mr. Crowhurst. The ordinance of believers' baptism had for some time been impressed on her mind. When she left home, with the intention of going to express her wish to join the church, she was stopped on the way by the thought that she was not the proper person. But a word was given her which encouraged her to go on; and when her request was made, they were pleased to receive her. After the death of Mr. Crowhurst, and sitting for a time under his successor, Mr. Bunyan McCure, she removed to Groombridge, in Sussex. When her husband thought of coming, she was in great trouble, and much exercised about leaving her chapel, thinking there was no place of truth near Groombridge, having heard that it was such a spiritually dark and benighted place. In her exercise of mind, these comforting words were given her, "Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." (Isaiah xli. 10.)

Whilst residing here she went for a time to Hanover Chapel, Tunbridge Wells. Through some little incident she was led to go to Forest Fold Chapel, Crowborough, where she has been a peaceful and much-loved member for nearly forty years. Mr. Saxby was the pastor then. He died in the year 1867. She loved him for the truth's sake, and she also was held in high esteem by him. Mr. Littleton succeeded him as pastor in the year 1868, for whom she had a great spiritual affection, and frequently in her last illness alluded to him as her dear pastor. She was highly favoured in the enjoyment of spiritual things during her life, and especially blessed with the Lord's presence during her last illness. She often desired her daughters to help her to praise the Lord. Once she said,

"Pardon, O Lord, my drowsy sense,  
And make my soul sincere;  
So shall I stand before thy face,  
And find acceptance there."

About a year before she died, and previous to her being laid aside, she was reading in Colossians, and the 2nd chapter was remarkably blessed to her, but more especially the 9th verse, "In him dwelleth the fulness of the Godhead bodily. And ye are



complete in him, which is the head of all principality and power." The power attending these words was such that we often looked upon it as a preparation for her passage over Jordan, and an anointing for her burial. She used to say, "O how I could weep and enjoy him." "I find a blessing at the feet of Jesus, and am enabled to call him 'My God.'" Her birthday was a few days before she died, and when asked by her daughter if she should wish her many happy returns thereof, she said, "I don't want any more birthdays." She was then asked where she would like to spend it. She said, "In glory." Alluding to her son James, a member with us, who is abroad,—“Tell him I am trusting in the virtues of Jesus. And tell Jesse (another of her sons, also abroad), I hope he will be enabled to keep close to the Lord. And as for Thomas—O, I have hopes of him!" She heard her eldest daughter say something that caused her to exclaim, "Now I have got my heart's desire." She often wanted others to help her to praise the Lord. She thought at times the Lord so long in sending for her, but never gave expression to murmuring. When she thought of her children, she did not know how to be thankful enough, and thought God was indeed good. A circumspect life and composed death might serve to characterise our departed sister. Her regard for the preceptive part of the Word was marked, and that she might have grace to adorn the doctrine of God her Saviour was her constant prayer and exercise. Though faithful, she was a woman of peace.

As a church we lose her wise counsels and her instructive example. She was sensible almost to the last, and when she could not speak, would nod her head in assenting to truth. Her favourite hymn was 1039, Gadsby's selection. E. LITTLETON.

WHY are we so greedy of temporal things, when Christ, the Lord of heaven and earth, became for us so poor that he hung bare and naked upon the cross?—*Coverdale*.

"WHAT would I have given this day, upon the road, for paper, pen, and ink, when the spirit of the Most High rested upon me! O for the pen of a ready writer, and the tongue of an angel, to declare what God has done this day for my soul! But, in short, it is in vain to attempt it; all that I am able to say is only this, that my soul has been for some hours joining with the blessed spirits above, in giving glory, and honour, and praise, unto him that sitteth upon the throne and to the Lamb for ever and ever."—*Gardiner*.

EPH. i. 4: "He hath chosen us in him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before him in love." Eph. ii. 10: "For we [*i.e.*, the same we whom he hath chosen before the foundation of the world] are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them." And the apostle assures the Thessalonians, whom he reminds of their election and God's everlasting appointment of them to obtain salvation, that this also was his will concerning them, even their sanctification. (1 Thes. i. 4; iv. 3.)—*Zanchius*.

# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

SEPTEMBER, 1892.

MATT. v. 6; 2 TIM. i. 9; ROM. xi. 7; ACTS viii. 37, 38; MATT. xxviii. 19.

## WALKING WITH WISE MEN.

NOTES OF A SERMON PREACHED BY MR. J. KEMP, AT  
EBENEZER CHAPEL, BIDDENDEN, SEP. 20TH, 1891.

“He that walketh with wise men shall be wise: but a companion of fools shall be destroyed. Evil pursueth sinners: but to the righteous good shall be repayed.”—PROVERBS xiii. 20, 21.

THAT part of our congregation who were here this morning know that we tried to make a few remarks on the former part of our text, and to point out that the wise man is one who fears God, and prayerfully walks in his commandments. We have no need to go over the same ground again, but try and glance at the wise man, and show what the grace of God does in those who are wise. And one thing you will find in the 10th chapter as descriptive of him is, “He that refraineth his lips is wise.” There will be a refraining one’s lips where true wisdom dwells. Alas! what numbers there are who utter all their mind! How very desirable it is that a person should speak with caution, especially when in the heat of passion. I have often thought of that portion, “Every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment.” Methinks if men and women thought of this, and laid it to heart, they would not utter all the foolishness of their hearts as they too often do now. Perhaps we might go to the other extreme. I have felt guilty of the sins of omission as well as of commission. There is a time to speak as well as to keep silence, and “the tongue of the wise is health.” Now when thou canst speak words of health, then thou art glorifying God in thy conversation, and profiting his dear children. I am sure the Christian should be careful what he says when he is angry. Have you not often brought guilt on your conscience by speaking rashly, by speaking unadvisedly with your lips? You do well to think twice before you speak once. Never mind what people say of you; perhaps they will call you a mute,—“To your own Master you must stand or fall.”

*“He that walketh with wise men shall be wise.”* There are those who are *made* wise, and Daniel says, “They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament.” What a mercy that will be for those to whom “Christ is made wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.” There are many who fall under reproof; and “the ear that heareth the reproof of life abideth among the wise,” and they shall be exalted at the Lord’s right hand one day, when the wicked are no more.

Consider, for a moment, the lot of the wicked,—that they “shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God.” This is the lot of “fools,” but “the righteous shall shine forth as the brightness of the firmament,” in their Father’s kingdom, where they will lift up their faces without anything to mar their happiness. Moses (I do not wonder at his choice) “chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season, for he had respect unto the recompense of the reward.” Therefore he did not think it a hard lot to suffer with his people here, and to be the scorn of men. That will not hurt a Christian, because these things, when sanctified, will work for his good. It will bring them more into acquaintance with the Lord Jesus; it will endear him to their souls; for “if we suffer with him, we shall also reign with him.”

*“He that walketh with wise men shall be wise.”* Now, you know if you are walking with God’s people it is a very great thing. I do not mean just sitting or walking with them by the way; but when the wise man speaks of walking with the people of God, he means a spiritual experience of the same kind as theirs. And you will not find many who really feel a union of spirit to them as such, or love to hear them converse. Do you know what it is to place yourself in the way of Christians because you love to hear them talk? I remember how I used to delight therein in my first setting out. I loved their conversation, and I loved their company, but I did not want them to speak to me. And you will find such do not want to say much. They love the company of the people of God, but they fear they are not like them. But if you see in them a godly, spiritual humility; if you see by their conduct and conversation that they are “strangers and pilgrims on the earth;” if you love them on account of these things, it shows that you are one in heart with them. You wish you possessed more of that grace which they possess. And O what pleasure you feel in travelling with the Bible

saints! When you can search the Bible as your treasure, and you find your companions there; and when you read their experience, you read yours in some measure. As the Psalmist says, "I am a companion of all them that fear thee." I believe it is impossible for a Christian not to feel a union of spirit with some of the Bible saints. "Where thou goest, I will go," and different things that Ruth mentions, would just suit your case, being united as you are with Bible saints.

"*He that walketh with wise men shall be wise.*" You walk with them to the throne of grace, for they are all praying people. They know what it is to put their mouth in the dust there, and plead for mercy to their needy souls. Can you go that step with them? Many pray a form of prayer, and carelessly run through the prayers their mother taught them, and think they have done God service. But find me the one who "prays as prompted from within;" that turns aside from the world, with the heart oppressed with sin and guilt; that is a praying person, and a companion of Bible saints, and of those still living. Now, if you get a good book, O how you love that person, and desire that your experience may be like his! You hand your relatives that book, perhaps, and they will not find that in it; but lend them a novel or a newspaper, and they are satisfied with it.

I remember getting good old Kershaw's book on one occasion, and what I read there was my experience in the main, although I could not go into all the crooks and corners. But in his answers to prayer, and his various exercises, I found a companion, and I have loved John Kershaw ever since, and I have believed if he, and his like are in heaven, I shall be there too, for we are one in spirit and desire.

"*He that walketh with wise men shall be wise.*" Do you know what it is to desire their blessings? "Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon." Did you ever want the feeding-place of good men, the sheep of God's pasture? Ah, if you desire these things, it is a proof that you are one of them. "He that receiveth me, receiveth him that sent me;" and "whosoever shall give you a cup of water to drink in my name, because ye belong to Christ, verily I say unto you, he shall not lose his reward." The Lord notices these acts of kindness, and he looks at that grace-union betwixt them and you. And you sometimes do these things out of real kindness and love to them, be-

cause they are your choice friends, and those you love, and not because you wish to be known of men, or to get their praise. I believe it becomes us to "use hospitality one to another without grudging," especially to those who possess the fear of God. But you cannot give to all alike. I could not, for instance, give to a Roman Catholic as a Roman Catholic, because I believe such are enemies to God and to saints. Not one penny could I give him, as to a Roman Catholic; but as one of the world's poor I would relieve him, with no spiritual love or union to him whatever. You do not know, sometimes, who you are entertaining. "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." And how your heart would rejoice, if you knew that you had relieved one of God's people in the person of a stranger in the flesh.

"*He that walketh with wise men shall be wise.*" Not that this makes him a Christian. No; but it furthers the work in his soul. It would be well if there were more opening of our hearts to wise men, and more associating with them in spiritual things; yet not putting the creature before Christ; he must have the pre-eminence. How nice it is to find a companion! The great majority of people do not understand your case. I verily believe there would be more got from our conversation in this way, if we were not so much afraid of displaying our ignorance. Perhaps you want to ask a friend about a certain thing, but your pride is too great to allow you to make known your ignorance. Sometimes one's wisdom and confidence are increased thereby. Have you not found that spiritual conversation has established and built you up, so that you have grown thereby? As you read in Psalm lxxxiv., "They go from strength to strength, everyone of them in Zion appeareth before God."

"*But a companion of fools shall be destroyed.*" We tried to show this morning that a "fool" is *not* one that now and then does an act of foolishness, but one whose whole life and conduct is bent the downward way, and there is no fear of God before his eyes. Such a "companion of fools shall be destroyed." I have sometimes thought the devil furnishes a "fool" for almost every society in the world. I remember when I was young, I was a member of a benefit society, and once a year we had a meeting and feasting together. On such occasions they hired a fool, who indulged in all kinds of foolery to the amusement of such fools as we then were. I believe if you go amongst

almost every batch of persons on the face of the earth, you will find one particular fool, or more, among them. In the hop-garden, you will find a man or woman whose conversation is empty, defiling, and vain. Alas! you need not go immediately into his or her presence to be in their company. Do you not find that your heart, through your ear, giveth ear to those naughty words? Alas! how many delight in it, and drink it in, and there is no aspiring after God or godliness, or feeling what a vain and empty world this is. You who fear God, though your ear is caught at times, and guilt is felt as a consequence, yet you are not one in heart with them.

*“But a companion of fools shall be destroyed.”* I desire to be a *companion* of all those who fear God, and not of such as speak and act as fools do. Respecting these things, I would exhort my hearers with the words of the Apostle Paul, “Touch not, taste not, handle not, which all are to perish with the using.” Remember, what your company is *here*, that will be your company hereafter, if grace makes no difference before death seizes your body. The whole company of “fools,” then, will be destroyed in hell. Thus the Lord says, “Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul; but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell.” How little people think of the deserts of sin. “A companion of fools shall be cut off”—shall be cast “into outer darkness, where there is weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth; where the fire is not quenched, and the worm dieth not.” But if you are a companion of God’s dear people—if they are your people—your bosom friends and companions—then if they go to glory, you will go there too. This is a blessed thought for those who fear a separation.

*“Evil pursueth sinners: but to the righteous, good shall be repayed.”* “Be sure your sins will find you out.” God’s hand of justice will *pursue* sinners. They may go on hand in hand now, but it will be no consolation to them, when they sink into hell, to have others of their companions with them. Rather, this would aggravate their woe. Imagine one there, viewing his own sin in another companion ruined by him; this would aggravate his woe. Have you ever considered this, my friends? “Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap,” and “he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption.” Have you ever considered that your conduct has influence on others, either for evil or good? “Evil communications corrupt good manners,” but “the tongue of the wise is health.” You

cannot move about with others without affecting them, especially those with whom you converse. Your tongue diffuses either health or poison. Our tinder easily catches fire, and our sparks easily ignite others' tinder. May the words of our mouth, then, and the meditation of our hearts, be acceptable in the sight of God, and be health, profit, and comfort to our neighbours and friends.

“*Evil pursueth sinners.*” Evil will overtake sinners. And, mark you, “Sinner” means all those who are despisers of God, without God in the world; “God is not in all their thoughts,” and they have no concern for these things. Evil will overtake such, even God’s judgments. Haman was one of these. He was planning the destruction of God’s people, but swift destruction came upon him; even the gallows built for Mordecai, proved his own ruin. It is a fearful thing to fight against God and his people. I hope none of my hearers are engaged in this awful work. Ahab was a haughty rebel, and hated good men, such as Micaiah. He also shed the blood of Naboth, and took possession of his vineyard; but evil pursued him, and brought him down to destruction, and “in the place where dogs licked the blood of Naboth, dogs licked his blood,” according to good Elijah’s prediction. You see Ahab had no desire to walk with that godly Micaiah. Ah, Jehoshaphat, you are out of your place with ungodly Ahab! Beware of helping the ungodly, and going in company with the workers of iniquity. Says he, “Is there not a prophet of the Lord, that we may enquire of him?” (Jehoshaphat was not satisfied, although he was in a treacherous calm then.) “Yes,” said Ahab, “there is yet one man, Micaiah, but I hate him.” O how many there are who would listen to the lies of free-will, and to the flesh-pleasing preaching of the present day, rather than free-grace, because it gives them license to go on in their trespasses. But Micaiah must speak what the Lord had given him to speak. The Lord was on his side, and he proclaimed the truth as the Lord had told him. He had the Lord and truth on his side to sweeten his “bread of affliction and water of affliction,” given by wicked, persecuting Ahab.

Look at Jehoshaphat. What! join affinity with the ungodly? You will suffer for this afterwards. Be careful how you help the ungodly, Jehoshaphat. You will find that after this, the Lord broke Jehoshaphat’s ships, so that he could not go to Ophir for gold, as he intended. (I. Kings xxii.) What a mercy that the Lord did not break his *covenant* with Jehoshaphat. He only let out his hand of

love and mercy, to bring Jehoshaphat to his senses. Whilst evil pursueth sinners, the Lord dealeth bountifully with the righteous. Though the Lord chastises them sorely, he does not give them over unto death.

Look at Herod. Says he, "I will do away with these Christians; I have done away with James, and it pleases the Jews; now we will have Peter." And he had shut up Peter in prison, but Peter's God was not shut up. And you find that Peter says, in his epistle, "The eye of the Lord is upon the righteous, and his ears are open unto their cry." And we find that the gate opened of his own accord, and Peter goes on to his brethren, who were praying for him:

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

Do not despair, all the while the God hearing and the God answering prayer liveth. What of Herod? Wilt thou be afraid of a man, who is but grass? We see Peter is liberated; but what becomes of Herod? He is smitten with worms. His pride and haughtiness had come to such a pitch as to put him on a pinnacle of presumption; and they shouted, "It is the voice of a God, and not of a man." "He that riseth early and blesseth his friend, it shall be counted a curse unto him." Beware of the blessing of the ungodly! Herod is destroyed, and reaps the reward of his sins. "Fools make a mock at sin," and Herod was eaten of worms. The judgments of God overtook him. And you will find, by history, that those who crucified the Lord Jesus Christ came to sad ends, and they slipped down into perdition, it is to be feared. And all who die in their sins will be destroyed, both "body and soul, in hell."

"*But to the righteous good shall be repayed.*" This is good news to God's people, who are "justified freely by his grace;" "who have fled for refuge to lay hold on the hope set before them in the Gospel;" who "flee from their own works, bad or good, and wash their garments in Christ's blood." Their work of charity and kindness shall be rewarded, for "God is not unrighteous, to forget their work of faith and labour of love." "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth." And I believe the Lord will notice every act of kindness towards his cause and his people. And how well he will repay them for all their sorrows here, when they get to glory. Will they have any-



thing to complain of respecting the roughness of the way—of the “light affliction, which is but for a moment?” O, to have five minutes in heaven (if we may speak of minutes there) will make up for forty years thrice told of roughness and pain by the way! Think, then, of an eternity of joy and peace at God’s right hand. “Say ye to the righteous, that it shall be well with him.” The Lord will land him in glory presently.

“*He that walketh with wise men shall be wise: but a companion of fools shall be destroyed. Evil pursueth sinners: but to the righteous, good shall be repayed.*” I desire that each of you may lay these things to heart; that they may sink deep in your hearts, as those things that concern you individually, both old and young, rich and poor. They are not idle words, but the words of the Bible. Do not go away and say what Kemp has been saying this afternoon, but it is what the Word of God says.—AMEN.

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*GRACE.*

’Tis grace that first the work begins,  
 To quicken sinners dead in sins;  
 By grace they still hold on their way,  
 Nor can they from its power stray.  
 By grace they live, and move, and talk;  
 ’Tis grace inspires a gospel walk;  
 By grace, affections rise above;  
 By grace they pray, and hope, and love.  
 When grace is not in exercise,  
 What wild, tempestuous scenes arise!  
 Self-will, self-love, rebellious pride,  
 Combine to turn their steps aside.  
 Self-righteousness will soon step in;  
 They feel no lively dread of sin;  
 To heavenly things they cannot rise,  
 But earthward only turn their eyes.  
 Thou into exercise must bring  
 Each grace, sweet Spirit of heaven’s King;  
 By him to all things we attain,  
 And they lead up to him again.  
 O for a soul-refreshing shower,  
 Sweet Spirit, of thy heavenly power!  
 That from me faith, and hope, and love,  
 May rise to him enthroned above.  
 I am a barren wilderness  
 Without thy sweet, enlivening grace!  
 O may I, every day and hour,  
 Experience its transporting power!

G. E. M.

## PROMISES FULFILLED.

Bampton, Jan. 11th, 1892.

My dear Son,—I was very pleased to hear such a favourable account of our mutual friends, Mrs. B. and Mrs. C. How good the Lord was to favour them with dying grace, enabling them to testify of the Lord's mercy and goodness to their poor souls, and to leave behind them the testimony that the religion the Lord had taught them was not a cunningly devised fable, but the solemn truth of the everlasting God, made known to them by the power and agency of God the Holy Ghost in the time of need; and not only to themselves, but also to pastor and members, for their mutual encouragement to press on through difficulty towards the prize of our high calling of God in Christ Jesus, feeling persuaded that where the work is once begun it will be performed to the honour of his great and glorious name. Where he gives living grace, he will also give dying grace.

Please give my Christian love to Messrs. B. and C., and tell them that I hope I have got a sympathizing heart for them under their bereavement. But what an infinite mercy is it to them and us, that

“All our times are in his hand;  
All events at his command!”

And how consolatory is the thought to them both, that while they are left behind to mourn their loss, the disembodied spirits of their loved ones are round the throne of God, singing the high praises of our once crucified but now exalted Saviour, who is for ever at the right hand of God, making intercession for us.

To-morrow is the fifty-fifth anniversary of my wedding-day. I should have very much liked to have done as we did five years ago, but it seems quite impracticable, as I am quite shut in with bronchitis, and it is not safe for me to go out at all. On one of those fine days last week I went out for a short time in the morning, and quite enjoyed the walk, but it almost cost me my life; in the afternoon I had such a violent attack of coughing, which so exhausted me that one more struggle would have been too much for me. Sometimes I think it may be for my end; in fact everything that moves about me makes me think that it is a messenger from the Lord—that he intends soon to take me to himself. I often long to bid farewell to all things here below, and “Crown him Lord of all.” He hath been very gracious to my poor soul of late, giving me a confirming testimony of his love and mercy to my poor soul, with such blessed portions as the following applied with divine power, “Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth: for I am God, and there is none else.” How sweet it was to me to feel that I was one of “the ends of the earth,” despised of men, but “chosen of God and precious”—chosen, as the apostle Peter saith, “to an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you.” To feel interested in that blessed inheritance; to be

an heir of God and a joint-heir with Jesus Christ; to have a little feeling in one's heart that "the Eternal God is our refuge, and underneath are his everlasting arms;" surpasseth all things beside.

When I am led to look back upon the past, how wonderful have been the works of the Lord toward me, so utterly unworthy of the least of his mercies. The Lord brought to my mind afresh a promise of his word which he gave me over sixty years ago: "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper; and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn. This is the heritage of the servants of the Lord, and their righteousness is of me, saith the Lord." The Lord caused me to see how blessedly he had fulfilled his gracious promise in my soul's experience during my past life, and how he had made all things to work for my good and his own glory; even some of those dark things, which at times seemed almost to threaten destruction, he hath made to subserve his own glory and promote my best interests. The work is all his own, and to him be all the glory.

Give my Christian love to your beloved pastor and mine. I hope I can say that I love him in the bowels of Jesus Christ for his work's sake, and I trust also that I can say I felt his visits to our neighbourhood profitable to my soul, both in the ministry and in conversation. I meet with few men to whom I can unbosom all my mind, and he is one of the few.

I hope I know, by sweet experience, what it is to really watch for the Lord's coming in a gospel sense of the word, for I find myself more on the watch-tower, expecting that he will soon call me home to himself to behold his glory, as he saith in John xvii., "I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory which thou hast given me: for thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world." He also saith (John xiv. 2, 3), "In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you . . . that where I am, there ye may be also."

I intended you to have had these few scraps this morning, but owing to the pain in my chest I was obliged to leave off, and finish to-day. Perhaps this may be the last time of my writing to you, for I find that writing very much tries my chest. You must excuse my saying more. My subject is not exhausted, as many things keep springing up which I should like to communicate, but must forbear.

Give my Christian love to all my friends, especially to my old friend Wilson, if he is still in the body. Tell him the time won't be long on this poor perishing earth! We shall soon bid adieu to all our cares, sorrows, and troubles, and shall be like Jesus our Lord, when we shall see him as he is.

J. CARTER.

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OUR wisdom is gone, our power is gone, because thou art departed from us; nor have we what we may call ours but sin.—*Bunyan.*

## A LETTER FROM MR. J. WARBURTON, SEN.

Trowbridge, March 16, 1837.

Dear Brother,—I received yours, and was glad to hear from you, and to find that y<sup>o</sup>urself and family are well. I have been very poorly for some time, but am a little better, though not yet well. I find you are not out of the reach of the enemy; no, nor ever will be till you get home. There will be no noise of archers there. I am firmly persuaded that there is nothing awaits us here but bonds and afflictions, of one sort or another. There is no continuing city here; but, bless God, we are seeking one to come, whose foundations are not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. And though we may have very many hard rubs by the way, yet we cannot miss the prize at last, for the Lion of the tribe of Judah guards us by the way. I understand you have enlarged your borders, and taken a larger room to meet in for prayer. I hope the Lord is going before you. I understand by friend K. that he believes the Lord meets with you; and if this is the case, all is well. Your interest and welfare lie near my heart, and I can assure you I have times and seasons when I have great wrestlings for you, and am not without hope that God will prove a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God. Notwithstanding all the overturnings that it has been your lot to pass through, I believe there has been a needs-be for them all, and it will all be made plain by-and-by.

“God is his own interpreter,  
And he will make it plain.”

I hope you will be preserved from taking any hasty steps. Grope your way along; never mind if it is but as a blind man; ponder well the path of your feet, and let all your ways be established. I cannot help but believe that the few of you who meet together have been cast out and despised for the truth's sake; and, O, that truth in all its branches may be very precious unto you. I hope you will be preserved from anger, wrath, or malice against Church Street or Devonshire Rooms. Stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ has made you free, and walk together in love and peace, and the God of Peace shall be with you; for I believe there is a goodly number in and about Brighton who cannot be satisfied with anything short of the pure meat. If God gives you a word of exhortation, and the people are profited, speak on; look not at your own weakness, but at the power of God. If the life and power of God attend, it will be made manifest by signs following. Look to Jesus, my dear friend; he will never fail you in the time of trouble. He has all in his hands. The cattle upon a thousand hills are his; and all the gold and silver his, and at his disposal. But I suppose you find it hard, trying work, to look, and look again and again, and meet with nothing but disappointment; if you do not, I know one who does. O that I could but learn to be quiet, and let

God work his own way, and be satisfied with the will of God! I have been sorely harassed these two months on account of my darkness and ignorance of the word of God. It has appeared to me that my preaching is going spark out; I am so shut up. I have been looking, week after week, and expecting the congregation to fall off, and get quite tired of my poor preaching. But they keep on coming, which surprises me, and I am constrained to say from my heart, it is "not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." O, how it does astonish my poor soul that God should make use of such a foolish thing, such a despised thing, such a base thing, such a nothing, "to confound the things that are, that no flesh should glory in his presence."

My dear friend, the love of Christ constrains me to say, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy, and for thy truth's sake." Bless his dear name, have we not ever found that he has done all things well? Whenever and wherever were we brought to our wits' end, and gave up all for lost, but we have found him a present help? Whenever have we sunk into fathomless depths, but we have found his everlasting arms to bear us up? Whenever have we been in the greatest storms, but we have found him to be our glorious refuge? Whenever has the enemy come in like a flood, but he has lifted up a standard against him? Whenever have we been sunk into the pit, but he has lifted us out of it? Whenever have we been robbed and spoiled, and snared in holes, and hid in prison-houses, but he has brought us forth again to the light? Nay, my friend, has there ever one good thing failed of all that ever he promised us? Has it not all come to pass? And can we not say from our hearts, "Having obtained help of our God, we continue unto this day?" How sweet it is, when our hearts are in tune, to sing—

"How sovereign, wonderful, and free,  
Is all his love to sinful me;  
He plucked me as a brand from hell;  
My Jesus has done all things well.

And since my soul has known his love,  
What mercies has he made me prove;  
Mercies which all my praise excel;  
My Jesus has done all things well.

Whene'er my Saviour and my God  
Has on me laid his gentle rod,  
I know, in all that has befall,  
My Jesus has done all things well.

Sometimes he's pleased his face to hide,  
To make me pray, or stain my pride;  
Yet am I helped on this to dwell,  
My Jesus has done all things well.

Soon shall I pass the vale of death,  
 And in his arms shall lose my breath;  
 Yet then my happy soul shall tell,  
 My Jesus has done all things well."

And shall not he who has delivered, and does deliver, yet deliver? Yes, my friend, bless his dear name, he will; though you may many times believe not, "yet he abideth faithful: he cannot deny himself." O that the Lord may deliver us from that cursed devil, unbelief! How many times he has robbed us and spoiled us, and snared us in holes, and shut us up in prison-houses; and we must have died there, had not our dear Lord come to our relief, and said, "Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee!" O, what a mercy! It is "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." O that the dear Comforter may ever help us to be "looking unto Jesus, who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is sat down at the right hand of the throne of God," "ever living to intercede for all those that come unto God by him." "Because I live," saith his blessed lips, "ye shall live also." "In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me on my throne, even as I overcame, and am set down with my Father on his throne." "He that hath an ear, let him hear."

My dear Brother, "Gird up the loins of your mind, be sober, and hope to the end." "Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might. Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand;" for, depend upon it, thou wilt not only have troubles against flesh and blood, but "against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places," so that thou wilt find a need of "the whole armour of God, that thou mayst be able to stand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand." But, perhaps you will be ready to say, "What does the old fool mean? Surely he is not predicting greater trials yet to come than those I have been through already!" My dear friend, I do not expect you have got through the worst of your trials yet; you have only had a few drops at present. I do not refer to temporal things. I hope the Lord has brought you through the worst of these, if it is his blessed will; but I refer to the devilish troops within, and the Lord hiding his face as your father; but you will ever find that the Lord will deliver, and bring you out of all your troubles.

I heard last night that Mr. Shorter is to be at Brighton for two Lord's days. I am glad to hear it, and hope it is true; and if it is the case, my soul's desire is that the Lord will abundantly bless his message amongst you. I wish, sometimes, I had not so much concern for you. I check myself many times and say, "What have I to do with the Brighton folks, that I should be so much concerned about them?" But the more I try to keep you

out, the more you seem to creep in, so that I have again and again to carry you to the Lord, to be rid of you; and when I can throw you upon the Lord, I have a little rest and ease. O that grace and peace may be multiplied unto you, and then you will have everything that is worth having. This will make you of one heart and of one soul. I hope there will be no masters among you, save the Lord of the house. O that there may be a contention among you which is the least and the greatest debtor to sovereign grace! Then there will be no sleepless nights; no devouring one another here. "How good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! It is like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard: that went down to the skirts of his garments; as the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion: for there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for evermore." I hope the Lord will bless you with an abundance of this life and dew, and that will keep you together like children of one heart and soul, striving together for "the faith once delivered to the saints." And what if you are but few, and despised? Never mind that; you had better be of a humble spirit with the lowly, than divide the spoil with the proud. You have had plenty of war for the last two years, and I hope now, if it is the will of the Lord, you may have peace. I can assure you I have not the least animosity, prejudice, or anger against any of the people of God, neither has it any effect on my mind what may be said about me or my motives, for these are perfectly known by him who is a God of knowledge, and by him actions are weighed, and will be made plain in his own time. I have tried with all my might for many years to keep peace and quietness, as far as ever a good conscience would suffer me, and the Word of God would allow me. Thanks be to God for it. It has afforded me many a sweet moment since, to look back and see the goodness of the Lord in enabling me to go straight forward with a single eye to him that searcheth the hearts and trieth the reins of the children of men. O that the Lord may grant that we may ever have his fear before our eyes, so that neither the smiles nor frowns of men should be the weight of a straw with us! "Be not afraid," saith God to Jeremiah, "of their countenance, lest I consume thee before them." Poor things! we are all of us but grasshoppers; our breath is in our nostrils; we are here to-day, and gone to-morrow. We are walking, as a church, I hope, in union and love one to another. O that it may continue!

If Mr. Shorter should come to Brighton, give my kind love to him. I hope the dear Lord will be with him, and bless him with many sweet messages of grace to the souls of the people; and my desire is, that "his doctrine might drop as the rain, and his speech distil as the dew;" and that you may have the shout of a king in the camp, and that the poor worms may come out of their holes, and show themselves men. O that God may hear

my poor cries, on your account as well as my own! I hope Mrs. B. is well, and quietly looking on while the angel of the Lord is doing wondrously. The Lord has done great things for her, and I hope she can say, at times, "whereof I am glad."

My wife joins with me in sending her kind love to you and all friends; and may the God of all comfort bless and be with you, is the prayer of

Yours in truth and love,

JOHN WARBURTON.

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"A BUNDLE OF MYRRH."

BY DR. GILL.

CHRIST may be compared to myrrh, if we regard the nature and properties of it, it being reckoned among the chief spices; and as such, Moses is ordered to use it in the anointing oil. (Ex. xxx. 23.) Christ is "the chiefest among ten thousands," and exceeding precious to every believer, in his person, office, and grace; there is none among the angels in heaven, or saints on earth, so desirable to them as he is; nor none who deserves to have the pre-eminence in, or over all things, as he does; seeing he is "the image of the invisible God, and the first-born of every creature." *It is very odorous*; it is called "sweet-smelling myrrh," and the church is said to be perfumed with it. Christ, in his person, sacrifice, and righteousness, is of sweet-smelling savour, both to God and believers. These smell a sweet smell in all his offices, characters, and relations: he is in all these as a bundle of myrrh, exceeding delightful to them. *Yet it is somewhat bitter in taste*, which may be expressive of the sufferings of Christ, which, though they were grateful, and of a sweet-smelling savour to God (for it pleased the Lord "to bruise him"), yet they were bitter to Christ. Witness his agonies in the garden, his sorrows on the cross, and the spittings, buffetings, scourgings, and revilings, of his enemies; his head being crowned with thorns, and his hands and feet pierced with nails; being forsaken by his God and by his friends, could not be grateful and pleasant to him: but though these were so bitter to Christ, yet, like myrrh, how sweet and odorous is a crucified Christ to believers! They desire to know none but Christ, and him crucified; the bitter cup which he drank is the ground of their joy and triumph; his death and sufferings are the foundation of their comfort, and which only can secure them against the fears of hell and wrath; it is this which embitters sin unto them; sin never appears more odious than in the glass of Christ's sufferings; and they never mourn for it in a better and truer sense, than when they "look upon him whom they have pierced." Repentance is a tear that drops from faith's eye, and is never more evangelic than when faith views a sin-bearing and sin-atoning Saviour; now, from the sufferings of Christ, or from a crucified Christ, distil and drop down the sweet-smelling myrrh of spiritual blessings, as justification, sanctification, adoption, pardon of sin,



peace, reconciliation, and a right to eternal glory; all of which come to us through the blood, sufferings, and death of a crucified Jesus.

The myrrh, being bitter in taste, though sweet in smell, may show that the cross goes along with Christ: for, as Luther says, a Christian is a crossbearer; it is required of everyone that will follow Christ, that he take up the cross; for he that would wear the crown must bear the cross; and he who would have the sweet must have the bitter; indeed the Christian generally has his share of afflictions, crosses, and trials in this life. The passover-lamb was eaten with bitter herbs, to show, that he that "will live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution;" yet so sweet is Christ, this bundle of myrrh, to believers, and communion with him, under all afflictions, so delightful, that they would not be without him, though they might be freed from them; this tree of life sweetens these bitter waters of Marah; they have peace in him, when in the world they have tribulation. They are contented with, and rejoice in their portion, and are willing to have the bitters, so they may have but the sweet; for these bitter afflictions and tribulations, which they endure for Christ's sake, distil and drop down some precious germs of faith, patience, experience and hope. (Rom. v. 3-5.)

Christ may be compared to myrrh, for the use that has been made of it. It being very valuable, and highly esteemed, was used in gifts and presents to great persons; thus we find it in the present that Jacob made to his son unknown, then governor of Egypt (Gen. xliii. 11), and it was part of that which the wise men of the East brought to Christ at his incarnation. (Matt. ii. 11.) Christ is the great gift of God's grace to sinners, and an *unspeakable* one he is, which does not go alone, for "with him he freely gives all things." When God gave Christ, he gave a manifest proof of his greatness and goodness; he gave like himself, and what was suitable to us sinners; a favour which we neither deserved, desired, nor expected. O boundless grace! amazing love! *It was used, and was a principal ingredient in the anointing oil* (Ex. xxx. 23); and may signify that "oil of gladness which Christ is anointed with above his fellows," which being poured upon his head, in its fulness, ran down to all his members, like the oil on Aaron's head, which ran down to the skirts of his garments; for it was from him that we receive that "anointing which teacheth all things." The *stacte* (Ex. xxx. 34), which is the gum that drops from the myrrh-tree, was used in the sweet incense, and may represent the intercession of Christ, who stands at the golden altar, with a golden censer in his hand, to offer up the prayers of all his people, which he perfumes with his much incense, which is exceeding grateful and odorous, like sweet-smelling myrrh unto the saints. *It was used to render persons comely and acceptable in the eyes of others; thus Esther, and the rest of the maidens, were purified with oil of myrrh, for*

their admission into the presence of King Ahasuerus. (Esther ii. 12.) It is in Christ the beloved, that saints only are accepted with God, being clothed with those garments of his, which "smell of myrrh, aloes and cassia." Thus they have liberty of access into God's presence now, and shall have a ready admittance into his kingdom and glory hereafter. *It was used in the embalming of dead bodies*, being useful to keep them from putrefaction and corruption; for this purpose Nicodemus brought a mixture of myrrh and aloes to preserve the body of Jesus. (John xix. 39, 40.) An interest in Christ, this "bundle of myrrh," and an application of him to our souls, will secure us from going down into the "pit of corruption," and will eternally save us from perishing; nothing safer and better than to have this in our bosoms, without which sinners, "dead in trespasses and sins," will rot and putrefy. *It is very useful in healing wounds and ulcers.* Christ is the great Physician that heals all the diseases of his people, freely, perfectly, and infallibly, which he does in an uncommon and unusual way; he performs his cures by his blood and stripes: his blood is a sovereign medicine for all diseases, and "by his stripes we are healed." (Isa. liii. 5.)

Christ may be compared to "a bundle of myrrh," 1. *To denote the abundance of the spiritual odours of divine grace in him.* He is "full of grace and truth," as a man and Mediator; "for it hath pleased the Father, that all fulness should dwell in him;" which is communicated to believers, as they stand in need of it; who sometimes receive such large measures of it, that they can say, "the grace of our Lord is exceeding abundant" in them; Christ is "a bundle of myrrh" unto them; they have large views of his love, and sweet communications of his grace. 2. *To show the security of this grace in Christ.* Our life is sure in Christ's hands, being bound up in the bundle of life with the Lord our God, with all the mercies and blessings of it, both for time and eternity; therefore they are called "the sure mercies of David," being hid with Christ in God, so that they can never be taken away from us. 3. *To show the inseparableness of Christ and his grace.* Christ and the blessings of his grace never go separate; where God gives his Son, he gives all things with him; and where a soul enjoys Christ, he possesses all things; peace, pardon, and righteousness, and life, are all in Christ: and the believer is blessed with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in him.

Now, Christ is not so to all persons; only to them that "believe he is precious," and to none but them. Christ is "a bundle of myrrh" to none but his church. "My beloved is unto me," &c., which shows not only the strength of her affection to Christ, the value that she had for him, and the delight she took in him; but also a particular application to him, by faith, to her own soul.

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SELF-RELIANCE is the very bond of unbelief. It is essential infidelity, and one of its most deadly branches.—*Toplady.*

### REPENTANCE.

REPENTANCE is one of those graces, without which there can be no salvation. It is an essential prerequisite to spiritual peace on earth, and absolutely necessary as a preparative for the eternal happiness of heaven. The reason is evident, viz., because every man is a fallen being. We must therefore, by the effectual working of God's good Spirit, be made sensible of our fall, or we shall never feel our need of redemption and restoration from it, through the alone covenant grace of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Not that either repentance or faith, or any of their practical fruits, are in the least respect casual, or conditional, or meritorious, of pardon, happiness, and eternal life. Every grace, and every good work, are the free gifts of God. He it is who "grants us true repentance and his Holy Spirit;" consequently, we cannot possibly, in the very nature of things, merit (that is, earn) or entitle ourselves to his favour, by any grace we exercise, or by any duty we perform. His gifts lay us under infinite obligations to him, instead of empowering us to merit anything from him. They do not render him a debtor to us, but render us unspeakable and everlasting debtors to him.

When, therefore, we say that no man can be ultimately saved without such and such qualifications, we do not mean that those qualifications have their influence in obtaining our salvation (for inherent grace and eternal glory are already obtained, and infallibly secured to all God's elect, by the obedience and blood of Christ), but that those qualifications—as faith, repentance, and holiness of heart and life—are essential branches and indispensable evidences of this absolutely free salvation.

The arguments may be illustrated thus:—No person can attain to full maturity of manhood until he has passed through the intermediate stages of infancy, childhood, and youth; and yet it would be very absurd, were we to say that a state of manhood is merited by the previous states of youth, childhood, and infancy! So, in order to the consummation of our recovery unto God, it is antecedently necessary that we believe, repent, and resemble Christ in holiness. Yet faith, repentance, and sanctification do not merit the kingdom of heaven, though we cannot reach that kingdom without them. According to the established order of grace, we must be endued with those spiritual gifts before we can receive the gift of glorification to crown the whole. Just as, according to the established course of nature, we must be children before we can be full-grown men.

In this only sense then it is that the several graces of the blessed Spirit are so many prerequisites to final salvation. All the links of the gospel chain are inseparable; but each ranks in its own order, and the concatenation is strictly regular. Inherent grace is the dawning of eternal glory, and eternal glory is the perfection of inherent grace. They are parts of one magnificent and undivided whole. Grace is the earnest of glory; glory is

the full possession of grace. Grace is the first-fruits; glory the unbounded harvest; and he that has the former shall as certainly have the latter.

While men continue strangers to repentance, they heartily love and eagerly pursue the imaginary pleasures of sin. The understanding of a natural man is so darkened as to mistake that for happiness which is, in fact, essential misery. The darkness of his understanding necessarily prevents his will, so that he inevitably chooses evil in preference to good. A perverted will poisons the affections; and corrupt affections, if uncurbed by providential restraints, never fail to teem with the baneful fruits of practical immorality and licentiousness.

But no sooner is this very sinner changed by efficacious grace, or endued with "repentance unto life" (Acts xi. 18), than his understanding, clouded before with the darkness of spiritual ignorance and unbelief, becomes "light in the Lord." (Eph. v. 8.) He sees that the favour and the resemblance of God constitute the supreme happiness of an immortal soul; that God's favour can flow to sinners through the channel of Christ's redemption only; and that God's resemblance can be re-communicated to the fallen by no other efficiency than the interior operation of the Holy Ghost, causing old things to be done away, and making "all things become new." (2 Cor. v. 17.)

This supernatural illumination of the understanding—which seems to be the initial point of regeneration, or the first effect of converting grace on the mind—causes the soul to choose God for its portion, to love him as its happiness, and to ardently aspire to that sanctification which qualifies for heaven.

The affections, through the power of divine attraction, tend to God in Christ, and repose in him as the centre and source of love, the Alpha and the Omega of rational and refined desire. "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee." (Ps. lxxiii. 25.)

A sinner, thus enlightened and thus renewed, cannot but feel sorrow and remorse for all his past and present deviations from the law of God. The depravity of his nature and the transgressions of his life fill him with serious, poignant, perpetual humiliation. Being led by grace to the fountain of living waters, he deeply laments his having so long endeavoured to hew out unto himself "broken cisterns which can hold no water" (Jer. ii. 13); and wonders how he could be so blinded and so "hardened through the deceitfulness of sin" (Heb. iii. 13) as to seek for satisfaction in the ways of death, and madly dream that this happiness would improve in proportion as he strayed from God.

Above all, when he finds that the expiation of his guilt, and his redemption from the damnation of hell, could be effected at no less expense than the miraculous incarnation and most bitter death of God's co-equal Son; O, how powerfully does this induce the soul to "sorrow after a godly sort!" (2 Cor. vii. 11.) What carefulness and concern does it work in the heart! what self-indigna-

tion! what fear of God! what vehement desire of forgiveness! what zeal for holiness! what revenge and abhorrence of sin! These, these are the properties of genuine repentance. These, these are the evidences of our ingrafture into Christ. Joy is in heaven over such repentance as this; God the Father acquiesces with complacency in the soul that is thus brought to his mercy seat. The glorified Redeemer sees the reward of his mediatorial obedience unto death, and is satisfied. The Holy Spirit smiles on his own work, hastens to comfort the sinner he has subdued, and goes on to accomplish the sanctification he has begun.

Every sigh which the penitent breathes is treasured up, and every tear he sheds is noted down. His prayers are consecrated, and wafted to the throne, by the incense of Immanuel's intercession; and at the destined time he shall ascend on the wings of angels to his seat in paradise, where kindred spirits who rejoiced at his conversion here, will congratulate his happy arrival there.

A. TOPLADY.

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### THE PATH OF THE JUST.

October 7th, 1846.

My dear Sister,—I received your sweet letter, and am truly glad to find that you are travelling on in the good old way, and that, notwithstanding your very many discouragements on account of deadness, barrenness, hardness, blindness, ignorance, unbelief, doubts and fears, together with a feeling sense of your unworthiness, sinfulness, and wretchedness, yet you have your encouragements, at times, from the dear Lord himself, who still supports you with his word and by his Spirit, so that although you often feel ready to faint, yet you are still kept on pursuing, for he giveth you power, so that in all your weakness, and while feeling to have no might, he increaseth strength, enabling you to look again towards his holy temple; and the very breathings of soul which I discover in your letter, fully prove this to be the language of your heart, "To whom shall I go but unto thee? thou only hast the words of eternal life"—language that never issued from the heart of a hypocrite or a deceiver, or one who has only a name to live while dead, whatever may be your doubts about it at times. As to your being often tried about that passage—"The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day," I firmly believe it to be a trick of the devil to cast you down. Let us just examine the portion, and see who the just are, what their path is, and what is the real meaning of the path shining brighter and brighter. Well, then, who are the just? I am fully satisfied that the just are those, and those only, who feel and find themselves, by original sin and actual transgression, to be totally destitute of any righteousness of their own; those whom the Holy Ghost has quickened into life, and given to see the holiness, justice and righteousness of God in his law, and their total ruin and helplessness through the fall, so as

to be brought to see an end of all perfection in the flesh, and to despair of ever obtaining the mercy and favour of God by anything they have performed or can ever perform; and those who have been led by the same blessed Spirit to behold Jesus as "the end of the law for righteousness to everyone that believeth," so as to desire, with the apostle, "that I may be found in him," &c. Now, he that thus believeth is "justified from all things, from which he could not be justified by the law of Moses;" and that blessed robe which the Lord Jesus Christ wrought out, is unto and upon all that believe, whether their faith be strong or weak. These are the just.

The path spoken of in the passage to which you allude, is none other than the Lord Jesus Christ. "I am the way," he says, "the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father but by me." "There is salvation in no other," &c. But it appears that the difficulty to you is here: how it shines brighter and brighter, and you feel to get more blind, dark, ignorant, helpless, sinful, and wretched. How can these things be? says blind unbelief. Impossible, says carnal reason, for me to be in the path. Well, stop a bit; let us examine things a little. Let me ask you a few questions. "Do you not, from a sense of your weakness, feel the need, more and more, of Christ as your strength?" "Yes," say you. Well, then, does he not shine here as the way of strength, so that you are obliged to lean upon his arm, and walk in him, feeling that you have none of your own? "Unto you that believe he is precious." There was a time when you did not desire him as your strength; you could see no form nor comeliness in him; but now you see a beauty in him, and desire him more and more, as your strength to support you. This proves that he shines brighter and brighter in your esteem. So he does as your wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, justification, and redemption; for you feel more of your ignorance, folly, sinfulness, unholiness, and lost estate, in and of yourself, which make you cry, and cling, and twine about him as your beloved; thus he shines brighter and brighter in your esteem, does he not? "Yes," say you; and so say I, too. I assure you I feel to need him as my all and in all; I feel to need him as my strength, my shield, my rock, my refuge, my hiding-place and high tower of safety; my Sun, to warm; my arm, to lean upon; my Husband, to provide; my Shepherd, to supply; my King, to govern; my Priest, to atone; my Prophet, to teach; my Wisdom, to instruct; and my Guide, to lead and uphold me every moment; for I often seem ready to sink down in despair—fightings without and fears within, oft make me ready to halt and give up. My poor dear wife's illness, with other outward troubles, have been a sore trial to me; added to which Satan hath set in powerfully upon me, telling me that the Lord's hand is now visibly going out against me, that I am only a hypocrite, and have run, unsent, to preach, but that it will now be made manifest to the people of God what I really am, for I have not the root of the matter in me—that

the time of affliction and trouble has come, when, like the stony ground hearer, I shall wither away. O how has my poor soul cried, begged, and besought of the dear Lord to show me some token for good—to speak some word to support my sinking hopes.

At length these words came to my relief: “He will not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax, till he bring forth judgment unto victory.” I felt a calm during that day, but the next morning sank again, and came to the conclusion that I should be lost after all, when the following words were applied: “If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.” I felt my strength again renewed. I assure you that my faith is sharply tried; and as to my preaching, I sometimes feel that I would rather die than be a preacher. I beg of the Lord, that if he hath not called me to it he will never suffer his people’s minds to be at all exercised about it, so as ever to give me another invitation; instead of this, the more pressing they seem to be; and though I often feel reluctant to go, yet I am constrained, and dare not deny, so I am often in a great strait. I would gladly give it up if I could, but it appears as though I cannot. I often wonder how it is, and am astonished to think that the Lord should own and bless the word spoken by such a worthless wretch to the comforting of his people’s hearts. O that I could trust him more, and leave all that concerns me with him! but I am such a fool, and must be meddling.

Give my kind love to mother, and likewise to dear B—— and all friends. I long to see you once more. Do write again, for I assure you that of all the letters I ever received, none melted my poor soul more sweetly than yours did.

I am obliged to carry my poor wife up and downstairs like a child; but she seems a little stronger to day. She sends her kind love to you all. So no more at present from your brother and companion in the path of sorrow and joy.

Sutton Benger.

J. HUGGINS.

EACH believer, shine he ever so brightly, is at present sanctified but in part; need we wonder then, if, on some occasions, the splendour of his gifts and the radiancy of his graces, suffer a temporary eclipse? At such times let our candour and forbearance have their perfect work. After a certain period he will emerge from the shade, and beam forth in all the loveliness of his usual lustre; and when the declining saint has sat his appointed time in darkness, the Lord will again be a light unto him. Happy is that benighted soul whose faith (for it is the peculiar business of faith’s eye to see in the dark) can pierce the gloom, anticipate the return of day, and long for a final approximation to the sun of righteousness in that world of glory where no more cloud or darkness shall obscure our views, tarnish our graces, or damp our joys, for ever. —*Toplady.*

## JESUS WITH US IN OUR AFFLICTIONS.

My dear Friend,—I hope you do not think, because I am silent, that I have forgotten you. I have indeed been intending to write ever since I left you, but am so terrible a procrastinator, that before the pen got on the paper, I had lost your direction, you having removed to some new place. But I have not been unmindful of you in your many trials. Poor —. so many trials coming upon her at once. I trust she has been upheld, and that her health has not suffered materially; yet the Lord has mingled much mercy in the cup. What a faithful God! What a hearer of prayer! What confidence it gives for the future! Though we may have many to plead for with him, yet not too many for his grace; for “he is rich in mercy to all that call upon him.” We never hear of his refusing to heal the body of anyone taken to him in faith; and why? That “we might know that the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins.”

Where is —? Poor thing, what an upset for her in one moment! Yet we need all the discipline our tender Father sends. How patient he is in sending so many chastisements; that our perverseness has not long since wearied him out; that we have not forced him to say, “Let them alone.” I believe there is nothing that we are so undeserving of as affliction; yet, still he sends afflictive line upon line, afflictive precept upon precept, and each so exactly suited to the particular character and particular feelings of each individual. It is very touching to read Israel’s wilderness mercies, and wilderness perverseness, with application to ourselves. It helps to bring us to believe his simple declaration, in spite of appearances, that “all things work together for good.” How little it could have appeared so, when he turned the hearts of their enemies to hate his people, and to deal subtilly with his servants. He brings us out into the open wilderness, that he may have opportunity of manifesting his love, in spreading over us his protecting power, and fitting himself into our every want. He never calls us to descend into any trial, but we find that he has been in it before us; that he has therein deposited his unsearchable wealth, so we come up enriched. How often “waters gush out of rocks” to us! We meet his consolations where least we expect, even where it seems impossible; and in the many dry places which we meet in our march to the city above, he makes waters run, even to give drink to his people, his chosen. “This rock was Christ.” And why all this? Because he remembers his promise to Jesus, our Surety; and because he would “purify to himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works.” Yes, the whole course of nature shall be changed before he can fail in the least promise to the most insignificant child. What a mercy that we have a God of truth to deal with! without exaggerations, without equivocation! that we have only to cling to his naked promise, and to glorify him simply in obeying him.

T. P.



"I SEEK NOT YOURS, BUT YOU."

November 2, 1857.

My beloved Friend,—I rejoice in the token your dear letter contains of the Lord's dealing, which I cannot doubt, though oftentimes you are not able to realize the teaching of the Spirit as you desire. It seems to me like that word in Hosea xi., 3, 4, "I taught Ephraim also to go, taking them by their arms; but they know not that I healed them. 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." All this was done to them of whom it is said, "My people are bent to backsliding from me," even to poor Ephraim, who seems in the word to be often used as a type of the backslider. In this case he had wandered so long and so far as not at first to recognize the voice of the Good Shepherd, or to realize that he was really "restoring his soul and leading him again in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake." But nevertheless it was so; the fact remained the same. Ephraim was a sheep, nor could all his waywardness make him a goat, although it robbed him for a time of much of the sheep's privilege, and kept him from feeding and resting in the green pastures; so that, instead of being fat and flourishing, he was lean from day to day. But now the Shepherd of Israel is seeking and searching him out from all the places whither he has been scattered "in the cloudy and dark day," and though he has become so bewildered in judgment as not to know where he is or who is guiding him, yet his faithful Friend will not leave him. He will bring him out from the people, and feed him in a good pasture: on the high mountains of Israel shall his fold be. "Ephraim loved idols." "Ephraim hired lovers" "Ephraim mixed himself among the people." "Ephraim's goodness is like a morning cloud, and as the early dew it goeth away."

Now can my dear friend trace any of her own features in this description of Ephraim? Is she convicted in her own conscience of the like evils, as she reads the charges against the backsliding one? Then let her listen to the sequel, and though Satan and unbelief may rob her of the comfort of many promises, by insinuating that she is not the character described, and that they are not given to her, yet surely she may look for Ephraim-mercies, plead Ephraim-promises, and hope in Ephraim's pardoning God, who says, "Is Ephraim my dear son? is he a pleasant child? For since I spake against him I do earnestly remember him still; therefore my bowels are troubled for him: I will surely have mercy upon him." (Jer. xxxi. 20.) Ephraim shall say, "What have I to do any more with idols?" "I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely: for mine anger is turned away from him," even from the Surety, on whom their sin was found and punished—from him is the divine anger turned away, because he has endured the utmost penalty which

justice could require, and therefore a holy God can love us freely. (Hosea xiv. 4.)

O my beloved and longed for! I know your dear heart is fully convicted of backsliding; here you can painfully read your name and character. Well, the Word abounds with rich promises to such; promises of correction, of reviving, and restoration. Search them out, and you will wonder at their fulness and freeness. If you dare not think any other breast of consolation belongs to you, this is an abundant one. May you, by faith, drink it in and be satisfied, and may the blessed Spirit bring home these free-grace promises so warmly to your heart, that it shall "dissolve in wonder, love and praise." May you, by faith, look upon him whom you have pierced, and mourn for him, while at the same time you rejoice in his benefits, and receive, by his precious blood, the blotting out of all transgressions. That blood has blotted them out of the book, so that, when sought for, they shall not be found, and it alone can blot them out of the conscience: this also shall be done (Heb. ix. 13, 14) —"For if the blood of bulls and of goats, and the ashes of an heifer sprinkling the unclean, sanctifieth to the purifying of the flesh: how much more shall the blood of Christ, who through the eternal Spirit offered himself without spot to God, purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God?" O this efficacious blood! O this wondrous Saviour! He opens the secret of our wanderings and transgressions, only to declare how entirely he has put them all away by the sacrifice of himself.

Hear him speak (Isaiah xliii. 22-26)—"I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins: return unto me; for I have redeemed thee, &c." Thus "he receiveth sinners, and eateth with them," having been made sin for them, that they "might be made the righteousness of God in him." Let us join to praise him, for "if he had meant to destroy us, he would not have shown us such things as these." O, what mercy that he did not say, "Let them alone; they have loved idols, after idols let them go." What mercy that by his light he has manifested our darkness, and searchingly said to us, "Is there any secret thing with thee? Has it not been thus with you?" And has he not caused you to reply (Psalm cxxxix. 23), "Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts?" Christ is the way. (John xiv. 6.) Has he not raised you from the bed of spiritual sloth to seek your beloved? And have you not caught some little savour of his good ointments, drawing you on in seeking him still? O, yes; your letter plainly declares it in those little revivings, in-flowings of the Word, and encouragements at the mercy-seat; of all which you may say, "It is the voice of my Beloved! behold, he cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills." You cannot yet say that he has come so as to embrace you; but his tokens are sure, and by them he is saying, "Thou shalt see greater things than these"—more of

thine own heart, and more of *his*; more of *thy* sin, and more of *his* great salvation; more of *thy* deformity, and more of *his* beauty. The blessed Spirit discovers both (John xvi. 8, 14)—“And when he is come, he will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment. He shall glorify me: for he shall receive of mine, and shall show it unto you.” Fear not; he will “perfect that which concerneth” you; and though you may not yet have felt the depth of your nature’s evil as some have done, you will learn it more and more as you go on (Ezek. viii. 13)—“He said also unto me, Turn thee yet again, and thou shalt see greater abominations that they do.” Yet remember, this is not salvation, neither will it bring rest to your soul; but in following Isaiah xlv. 22—“Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth: for I am God, and there is none else”—that will be found. It is while beholding Jesus by faith that you will be changed into his image—“But we all, with open face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord. (2 Cor. iii. 18.) I rejoice to hear you say that you are longing above all to know him. Go on wrestling for it, and may you fully experience Phil. iii. 7, 8, “But what things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ. Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord, &c.”

I, too, have felt the sweetness of those words to which you allude (Isaiah xlii. 8), “I am the Lord: that is my name: and my glory will I not give to another, neither my praise to graven images.” It is a consolation that when he brought us into the banqueting house, and said, “Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love,” even then he knew how faithless we should prove; therefore when that faithlessness came out in action, it did not diminish his love or touch our union, though it did interrupt our communion. I am glad, however, that he has so stirred you up that you cannot rest without it, and that he has made you willing for any trial to the flesh rather than to follow him afar off. Do still beg for fuller revelation of himself and his love. Do not be considering so much how you love him, as how he loves you. Your love is but the *effect*; his is the *cause*; and the more you have to do with the cause, the more fully will the effect flow from it. (1 John iv. 19, and John xv. 9.) So with faith; if you would have it grow, it must be by looking at *him*, not at your faith. In short, the more you “consider him,” and are continually coming unto him, the more lively and healthy will be the graces of the Spirit in your soul, while yet you rejoice, not in your fruitfulness but only in him and in what he has done and suffered. If the Holy Spirit open this to you, you will find the secret of peace and power. It is all in Christ, and he says, “Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away”—away from self, away from all besides, to be absorbed in him. Then shall thy peace flow as a river, and “thy righteousness as the waves of the sea” (Is. xlvi. 18; Jer. xxiii. 6.

I am ashamed of writing so much, but know not how to leave off. Jesus is very precious, and you are dear; and I long for your eye and heart to be fixed on him. Then will your course be steady, and you will not be greatly moved by the many changes you will ever find within. Your letter breathes with tokens of life. You could not feel his blood to be so precious, and long so ardently for his love, unless you were alive; and I believe he is come to you that you may have life more abundantly, and that your heart which seemed desolate, may be again tilled and sown. (Ezek. xxxvi. 32-38.)

If it is for the Lord's glory that we meet again, he will bring it about; but if you expect anything from me, you must be disappointed. "He will not give his glory to another." Jesus will be all you need; and if we ever meet, both looking to him, it will be a warm meeting indeed.

It has pleased my dear Lord most wonderfully to renew my bodily health. O for grace to spend all in his service! He has been most kind in opening the "upper springs" sweetly since my return home. O, press on after a life of faith in Jesus, for it is next in blessedness to a life of glory with Jesus! Beg of the blessed Spirit to draw out your faith continually upon his Person and work; then will you find that he is a "good land, flowing with milk and honey." I long for you to be brought to rejoice in the Lord, and have sweet fellowship with him. May he keep you pleading and waiting for it, until he shall say, "Be it unto thee even as thou wilt." He loves our importunity, and waits to answer prayer.

P.S.—You mention that sometimes all you thought you had enjoyed seems to be a delusion. You say, "I do not know what to do in such cases." Come to Jesus afresh, in all your emptiness, as if you never had received anything from him, and he will not cast you out; no, "in no wise." If you fear you were deceived, and think you had false peace and comfort, come and tell him, and ask him to take away the wrong, and make you right. Hide nothing from him. Thus you will get more relief from self, and victory over Satan, than by any other means. Let nothing keep you from him.

R. B.

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### CROSS PROVIDENCES.

Dear and honoured Sir,—Sin, which has kindled a fire in hell, is kindling fires on earth continually. And when they break out, everyone is asking how they happened. Amos replies, "Shall there be evil in a city, and the Lord hath not done it?" And when desolation is made by fire, Isaiah declares, The Lord hath "consumed us, because of our iniquities." Many years ago, my house was oft threatened to be destroyed, but the Lord insured it, by giving the 10th verse of the 91st Psalm; and the Lord's providence is the best insurance. Potton felt the Lord's fiery ravage some time past; and Biggleswade smarts under it now.

One hundred and twenty houses, eight malthouses, and a meeting-house, with barns and stables, are consumed. The wealthy sufferers had insured three-fourths of their substance. This loss, therefore, will not break their backs, nor does it seem to humble their hearts; but the little tradesmen and poor labourers have lost their all, and are herded together in an old malthouse and barns; among whom are several of the Lord's dear children, begotten under my ministry. I should like to deal out all my mites privately among these, but, for the gospel credit, I must appear a public contributor, which will shorten private relief. A man is taken up on suspicion of firing the town; but, alas! sin wants taking up, for sin is the incendiary.

Yelling church is well attended under Mr. Simeon's afternoon ministry. A brave Christian sergeant he is, having the true spirit of an evangelist; but his feet are often put in the stocks by the Archdeacon, who is doubtless become a vagabond preacher as well as myself, a right gospel hawker and pedlar, but seems desirous of having the trade to himself. Through mercy he is grown as scandalous as I could wish him, yet he wants to fasten the shackle on Simeon, which he has dropped from himself. O, worldly prudence, what a prudish foe thou art to grace!

Some little time before Mr. Venn went to London, he preached at Bluntisham, a village in the Fens, and finding great power and success, he promised to preach there once a fortnight in some barn at his return. In the meantime I desired Simeon to strike whilst the iron was hot, and to visit Bluntisham as well as Yelling. He consented: accordingly, after preaching at Cambridge on a Sunday morning, he preached at Yelling in the afternoon, and at Bluntisham in the evening; and finding a very crowded and attentive audience, he preached early on Monday morning, leaving off before six. This he did for three weeks, and then acquaints his principal with what he had done, expecting a letter of congratulation; but lo! a funeral answer comes, declaring Mr. Venn is grieved at his conduct—grieved at Simeon for doing what himself had done, and intended to do. This surely is grief of all griefs, too deep even for tragedy. Pray, Sir, lay your cane soundly on the Archdeacon's back when you see him, and brush off his heathen grief, else it may spoil a Christian sergeant.

I am growing, as I should, more small and loathsome in my own sight, and Christ is growing more precious and lovely; but I cannot walk in his strength, as I ought, nor feast on his fullness, as I might. Here I am an infant still, but am praying daily for larger stature of faith—faith to remove mole hills at least, if not mountains. I suppose you are now preparing for a visit to the sea-coast. The Lord direct your course, and prosper your labours. May the Lord's blessing attend yourself, your partner, and children, and make the several families one household of faith. That grace may bring you all to glory, is the prayer of your affectionate and dutiful servant.

Everton, July 2, 1785.

J. BERRIDGE.

## BROTHERLY LOVE.

May 28, 1814.

My dear friend creeps out of his holes when the sun shines. I knew how it was with you, and that as soon as the wind got a little southerly I should hear from you, and the spices would then flow out. Your letter has done my soul good. When I came to the sleepy part of it, tears came into my eyes. I have been for some time in the devil's cradle, which has been a great grief to my soul. I have nipped and squeezed different parts of my body, until almost black, with the view of removing sleepiness; but I have learnt that the devil cares not for either nipping or squeezing, and that he does not go out by these means, nor by any other that man can use; but out he must and shall go when the good man of the house makes his appearance. Yet I find that he never goes far away, for the moment the Beloved withdraws he rushes in, so that I am plagued with him every day of my life. My poor body covers two near neighbours that never can agree upon one single point. They have been fighting for more than twenty years. This makes me cry out and say, "If in this life only we have hope, we are of all men most miserable." But, blessed be God, we have a hope that goes beyond this life, and the hope or expectation of the righteous shall not be cut off.

I can assure you that your long silence has not had the tendency to alter my opinion respecting your standing. I have long been satisfied on that head. You are not among those whose strength is firm, and who have no bands, but among the weak and such as are bound; and the weak are exhorted to say, "I am strong," by him who sets at liberty them that are bound, and lifts up the prisoner out of the pit in which there is no water. You tell me that, as it was with Ruth, when she was not like the handmaids of Boaz, so it is with you; that you are not like unto the Lord's servants. If seeing ourselves thus be an evidence of a want of grace, I am certainly in the very gall of bitterness, for many times I see myself not only worse than I can see any of the Lord's people, but any other creature, men or devils; and I am fully satisfied that if all the sins that all the devils have caused and committed were placed to the account of one of those fallen spirits, and that that very spirit could be saved, it could not possibly see grace more free than I see it, in flowing to such a wretch as I am in myself. But, blessed be God, Ruth had humbling views of herself, and was afterwards exalted, and so will it be with my friend and his unworthy correspondent. The shadows of the evening draw on apace, at the close of which we shall enter into the joy of the Lord.

As to the pleasing light in which you behold some professors, I take very little notice. The devil will be busy enough in setting before you some of his "whited walls," who would not hurt the tail of a mouse, and work in you a desire to be just like them;

but he cannot, with your help, accomplish this business; no, you are "more brutish than any man;" no thanks to either him or you. You have been long trying to make yourself a holy, happy creature; indeed, before I became acquainted with you, I almost trembled when I approached you; you appeared to make such straight paths for your feet, that I thought the devil himself would be ill set to find a flaw in you. However, it was no small comfort to me to find that you were a poor sinner like myself; and to no man in this world have I ever formed a greater attachment, nor do I believe I ever shall; and I also believe that neither men, devils, nor sin, can keep us from entering the heavenly kingdom, no, nor from praying for each other, when we are favoured with the spirit of prayer. Bless the Lord for ever! He is goodness itself, and does good unto all that fear him, and through him we shall do valiantly, for he it is that shall tread down our enemies.

I have lately had a little liberty in family prayer—a rare thing with me. I thank my God for it, well knowing what it is to be in a frame just the reverse. I never hear a syllable in reference to how you go on at Lewes, but I fear that they are in a poor way at "Providence." This is a day of close trial to the followers of Mr. H., and particularly to those who regularly attended his ministry. To believe fully that such a dispensation shall work for good to them that love God, requires more faith than some of the Lord's family are possessed of; yet so it must be, because the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it. W. HUDSON.

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### THE PATHWAY TO HEAVEN.

Oct. 2, 1872.

My dear Sister in the Lord,—I duly received yours, and am not surprised at your being jealous with a godly jealousy of your religion. Lightly obtained, lightly prized! Everything connected with sound, vital godliness, is solemn, and not easily secured. Our dear Lord came not into the possession of his people easily: agony, bloody sweat, and a horrible death, were the gateway to his treasure—the Church! Through a painful condemnation, deep and piercing convictions for sin, cries and tears, and distressing fears, we come into the possession of pardon, peace, love, and all the unsearchable riches of Christ. Acceptance with God, the blessed Spirit of adoption, a comfortable persuasion that we are interested in the righteousness of a precious Jesus, come to us by passing through the fire of the felt wrath of God; and the separation from our idols, right-eyed friends, and right-hand lusts, by the eternal Spirit of God; and to be refined as silver, and tried as gold, is severe work to a nature averse to suffering and to God! Daniel must go into captivity and into the den of lions; Jonah into the whale's belly; and the three Hebrew children into the furnace; to teach them how Jesus can save, and that he is God over both fires, beasts of prey, and the monsters of the deep.

We have also to experience that he is God over our awful corruptions, the fires of law, and temptation, persecution, and the monsters of both earth and hell, and that he only is the Saviour of the lost, the Refuge of his tempest-tossed vessels of mercy, the Helper of the helpless, and the Home and Dwelling of the outcasts.

We are passing through a dreadful wilderness; and lest we should rest upon our lees, poverty, affliction, Satan, unbelief, darkness, desertion, and foes without and fears within, are permitted of God to harass, vex, distress, and cross us; but "we know," says the apostle, "that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose." A good hope through grace, a tender conscience purged from dead works, an enlightened understanding, and a blessed single eye to the Lord's glory, are not received while asleep or in an easy chair; but "the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent (precious faith by the blessed Spirit) take it by force."

Consumption, fevers, paralysis, rheumatism, and all the thousand conductors to the grave, are but the humble servants of our dear Immanuel, who says to one, Go, and it goeth; and to another, Come, and it cometh. We are very sure that he carries the keys of hell and of death, and of the House of David. He shutteth, and no man openeth; and openeth, and no man shutteth. The dear Lord keep you from murmuring, and enable you to be contented with wilderness fare until you reach your home above. This is a certain truth: "He that endureth to the end shall be saved." Such alone are kept by the power of God through faith.

Faithfully yours,

THE COLLIER.

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### SPIRITUAL PROFIT.

Little Pattenden, May 11, 1864.

My dear Jane,—I have been so busy to-day as not to be able to write until this evening. On Sunday last I went down to Flimwell, and heard Mr. Pert with great satisfaction, and with much peace and comfort to my poor, weary, sin-bitten, heavy heart, from Psalm lxxxix. 15, 16—"Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound: they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance. In thy name shall they rejoice all the day: and in thy righteousness shall they be exalted." I really did rejoice in Jesus' name, and in his blessed righteousness was exalted. Then I said to myself, "Is it possible that such a black sinner as I am should be blessed with the people that know the joyful sound, and that walk in the light of his countenance? This is looking out of self to him who is the life of all that live." I was considerably tried before going to Flimwell, and this morning I had such a particular dream that I feel sure a trial of one kind or another awaits me. If I get a crumb of the "bread of life," so surely does Satan set in with his fiery darts of fierce temptation, that I very often say, "I go mourning all the day



long for the oppression of the enemy;" so that you see, my dear, how precious are the visits of the Lord when he really does come to poor me, making "his mercy sweet and salvation great." Crooked things are then, in my feelings, made quite straight, rough places are smooth, and all his judgments are right. I can then say, in the enjoyment of the faith he gives, "The Lord hath done all things well."

It was a long journey, and it rained all the way home, but that I cared little about, seeing that I returned in the strength of a good meal dealt out to me by the Lord's servant. Paul will plant in vain if Jesus give not the increase of the bread and water of eternal life, even his own flesh and blood. Eating and drinking these by faith will save a sinner from hell. "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights," through the Son of God, effectually made known to every elect vessel of mercy by the eternal Spirit. So says our Jesus, "He shall take of mine, and shall shew it unto you," whatsoever he has said or done for the church elect. The poet says,

"If all the world my Jesus knew,  
Then all the world would love him too."

But you see they can neither know him nor love him without the influence of the Holy Spirit. Dear me, I have run on, I see, until I have nearly filled my paper, which I am sure I did not think of doing when I sat down to write. I wish for you the realization of these blessings in your own soul.

Affectionately yours,

GRACE HAMMOND.

THEY who are predestinated to life are likewise predestinated to all those means which are indispensable in order to their meetness for entrance upon, and enjoyment of, that life, such as repentance, faith, sanctification; and perseverance in these to the end. Acts xiii. 48: "As many as were ordained to eternal life believed."—*Zanchius*.

TRUTH is never known but by his contrary. Our nakedness is not disclosed, unless our eyes be opened. Let us examine ourselves, and we shall find that these are inseparable errors in us, from which the justest are not exempted—namely, blindness and corruptness of judgment, pride in spirit, mistrust in God, to be slack and weary in God's service, defacing of God's truth, not to have God before the eyes, surmising, vanity of heart, curiosity and niceness, grudging in our hearts against the enemy, bitterness, desire of vengeance, a man's good intent, greediness to be seen and praised, vain glory, ambition, maintaining our own will and evil; a disdainful, false, unfaithful, and wicked eye, and such like pharisaical points and feats, wherewith the devil tempteth the good men that are kept from the gross vices. These and other innumerable vices shall every one, how good soever he be, find in himself, if he search himself uprightly, and throughly to the bottom—*Coverdale*.

## FRIENDLY COUNSEL.

August 24, 1774.

Dear Sir,—The lowness of your voice, and a blameable absence of mind on my part, prevented me from understanding what you said when you took your leave of me; nor did I just at that instant recollect that you were so soon going away. I could not otherwise have parted with you without a particular expression of my warmest wishes for your welfare, and commending you with an emotion, which my heart always feels for you, to our God, and the word of his grace. Permit me therefore by writing to assure you, so far as I can answer for myself, that the request you were pleased to make for my remembrance will not be forgotten by me.

You are going abroad; you will carry with you, I doubt not, the best advice, strengthened by the authority and affection of parents, whom you greatly love and greatly reverence. This may seem to make anything a stranger can offer unnecessary, if not impertinent; yet, confiding in your candour, and in your good opinion of my intention, I shall venture to let my pen run on a little longer. Not only my wishes, but my hopes, are strong in your behalf. Perhaps there is hardly a young man in the kingdom, born to fortune, who is setting out in life upon equal advantages with yourself. How many at your years, who have been brought up in affluence, are unprincipled, uninstructed, and have already entered upon a course of dissipation and folly, in which it is impossible they themselves can find satisfaction, and which (unless they are reclaimed from it by an Almighty arm) will infallibly preclude them from usefulness or esteem; whereas, your early years have been successfully employed in the pursuit of knowledge, and your education formed under the most animating and endearing influence; and the Lord has furnished you with every natural ability of body and mind, which may qualify you to serve him in that situation of life which his providence has allotted you.

What may I not then further hope from these beginnings, especially as it is easy to observe, that he has given you an amiable and promising disposition of spirit, and has not only preserved you from being hurried down the stream of a giddy world, but enabled you to account the tender restraint under which you have been educated, not a yoke, but a privilege.

I sympathize with you at what you will feel when you are first separated from your happy family. But the Lord God, who is the sun and shield of those who fear him, will be always near you. His 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.

Were I more intimate with you, I could have asked the question, and perhaps received the satisfaction to know, that you

have already begun to consider him in this light; that you feel a vanity in science, an emptiness in creatures, and find that you have desires which only he who gave them can satisfy. I trust it either is or will be thus. As to learning, though it is useful when we know how to make a right use of it, yet considered as in our own power, and to those who trust to it, without seeking a superior guidance, it is usually the source of perplexity, strife, scepticism, and infidelity. It is indeed like a sword in a madman's hands, which gives him the more opportunity of hurting himself and others. As to what the world calls pleasure, there is so little in it, that even the philosophers of old, or many of them, though they had little of value to substitute in its room, could despise it. You will perhaps meet with some who will talk another language, who will pretend to be too wise to submit to the teaching of the Bible, and too happy in worldly things to expect or desire any happiness beside; but I trust you have seen enough to enable you to treat such persons with the pity, and such pretensions with the contempt, they deserve.

Should we set our concerns with an *eternal world* aside for a moment, it would be easy to demonstrate that religion is necessary, in order to make the most of this life, and to enjoy temporal good with the highest relish. In such a world as this, where we are every moment liable to so many unforeseen and unavoidable contingencies, a man without religion may be compared to a ship in a storm, without either rudder, anchor, or pilot. But then, the religion which *only* deserves the name, must come from above; it must be suited to the state and wants of a sinner, it must be capable of comforting the heart, it must take away the sting and dread of death, and fix our confidence upon one who is always able to help us. Such is the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ, such are its effects, and such are the criteria whereby we are to judge of the various forms and schemes under which it is proposed to us. But I forbear; I am only reminding you of what you know, and what you have known to be verified by *living* and *dying* examples. The happiness, my dear friend, is open to you—to all who seek. He is enthroned in heaven, but prayer will bring him down to the heart. Indeed he is always beforehand with us; and if we feel one desire towards him, we may accept it as a token that he gave it us to encourage us to ask for more.

May he be your guide and guard, be with you at all times and in all places, and bring you back to your father's house in peace. Should I live to see that day, you have few friends whose congratulations would be warmer or more sincere than mine; and if, when you are settled and at leisure, you will afford me a letter, it will be both a pleasure and a favour to, dear sir,

Yours, &c., J. NEWTON.

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HE that forgets his friend is ungrateful to him; but he that forgets his Saviour is unmerciful to himself.—*Bunyan*.

## DIVINE SYMPATHY.

YES, Jesus wept! O why should he thus grieve?  
 His grief was real; this we must believe:  
 'Twas real sorrow caused those tears to start;  
 'Twas real compassion moved his tender heart.

Yes, Jesus wept! O may that sacred word  
 Sweet consolation to our hearts afford;  
 And while we pass through sorrow, grief, and care,  
 Be comforted to find our Lord was there.

And has he changed? Does he no longer care  
 For his dear children, or their sorrow share?  
 Did I say share? He kindly takes the whole,  
 And bids them on him *all* their sorrows roll.

How sweet to know, though now upon his throne,  
 He wears a body kindred to our own!  
 A great High Priest, who can our sufferings feel;  
 Who sympathizes with his children still.

He knows the power of our subtle foe;  
 He knows the force with which temptations blow;  
 He knows the constant perils we are in;  
 He knows the strength we need to conquer sin.

What though afflictions now our spirits toss!  
 What though of all things we shall suffer loss!  
 No real evil can our souls betide,  
 If Jesus but our trembling spirits guide.

If he but guide, we shall be safe indeed;  
 The strongest foe shall not our course impede;  
 The fiercest storm shall yield an inward calm,  
 If we by faith can view him at the helm.

But O, alas! how oft are we like those  
 Who were with him when that fierce storm arose;  
 And Jesus slept amid the stormy scene,  
 And yet controlling all by power unseen.

His eyelids his disciples sorely tried:  
 Worn out with fruitless toil, at last they cried,  
 "Lord, save us, or we perish!" He awoke;  
 To wind and waves those powerful words he spoke:

"Peace, peace, be still;" and all was hushed and calm.  
 Dear Saviour, may we still thy voice discern,  
 Till we, supported by thy strength alone,  
 Shall reach that land where sorrow is unknown.

## Obituary.

SAMUEL SMITH.—On March 2, 1891, aged 61, Samuel Smith.

He was born at Campden, in Gloucestershire. About his early days I know very little. He attended the ministry of Mr. Stenson, at Carmel Chapel, Westbourne Street, Pimlico, London, and was baptized by him. In after life he looked back to those days as days of heaven upon earth. It is about thirty-one years since we became acquainted with each other. We met, as the world would say, accidentally, but we ever regard it as the all-wise and gracious providence of our Covenant God. I had been living in Malvern nine years, and had never met with a resident Baptist. My employment was at a hydropathic establishment, and I saw many who came seeking health, and some ministers of the right sort among them. During these nine years there was no dissenting place of worship in Great Malvern, save the Countess of Huntingdon's. About this time some workmen came from Hereford to do some building, and lodging at North Malvern, they found a person who had a small room, partly underground, which they engaged as a place of worship. I heard of it and met with them. In a short time friend Smith appeared among us, and being a stranger, I was anxious to have a word with him. "Well," says he, "I have been living in West Malvern for some time, but I have never heard the truth as I have heard it to-day." Our Hereford friends remained with us several months, and the Lord was with us, and we knew it. After our Hereford friends left us Mr. Moore came and helped us for several years, until he was called to another sphere. Our numbers were small, and the room was given up. Under these circumstances my friend and I oftener mourned than rejoiced. In our labours for the things of this life we had difficulties to grapple with, and sometimes we were ready to conclude that all things were against us. In a few years after this, Mr. H. came to live at Malvern. A small chapel was engaged, and he continued to speak to us for about four years. Those days will never be forgotten by us, for it was a season of much blessing from the Lord to preacher and hearers.

When Mr. H. was about leaving, I said, "Well, friend Smith, what is to be done now?" "Keep on, to be sure. The Lord will not leave us if Mr. H. does." My rejoicing subsided, my fears rose mountains high, but having obtained help from the Lord, with trembling steps I took the service. After which our friend took my hand, and said, "The Lord has been with us. The truths you have been speaking were sweet to my taste." Mr. Smith's eyesight began to fail him, which ended in total blindness. He went under an operation, which the operator pronounced as a most successful one. For a few days his eyes were kept from light and air, but, behold, he was as blind as ever! Here was room for the exercise of faith and patience,

and he was ready to sink under it, but the Lord was his all-sufficient help. Three years after this his general health failed, and he suffered much, but the Lord sustained him. One day as I was trying to console him, he repeated the lines in hymn 232:

“ Though dark be my way, since he is my guide,  
 ’Tis mine to obey, ’tis his to provide ;  
 Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,  
 The word he has spoken shall surely prevail.  
 His love in times past forbids me to think  
 He’ll leave me at last in trouble to sink,” &c.

His suffering now increased. A few days before he died he said to me, “ I am come to the end of all ; I have nothing to lay hold of down here ; the Lord only is my all and in all.” He was unconscious during the last two days of his life, but his end was peace ; and now he is where there is no sighing nor sorrowing. He can see now even as he is seen, and know as he is known ; and I am thinking daily of our next meeting. “ O, what will it be to be there ? ”

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THOMAS FURLONGER.—On April 17, 1891, aged 70, Thomas Furlonger.

Our departed friend was born at Ockham, near Ripley, Surrey. He has written a narrative of his life up to a certain date, from which a few extracts have been taken in compiling this obituary. He records that his parents, who were in humble circumstances, brought him up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord as far as they were able. When about ten years of age, and until he reached the years of manhood, he wandered in the paths of sin and wickedness, and was left to indulge in swearing and Sabbath-breaking, and other profane habits ; but the Lord often made him feel that he was sinning against him. He had not at that time any real loathing for sin, and after these natural convictions wore away he returned to his old ways, rolling sin under his tongue as a sweet morsel. In the providence of God he was often moved from one place to another in search of employment, his occupation being that of working for railway contractors. He gives an account of several narrow escapes from death whilst thus employed ; and though these things only terrified him at the time, and produced natural convictions of sin, in after life he acknowledged the goodness and mercy of a Covenant-keeping God in preserving his sinful life from that destruction which he felt he justly deserved. Once he narrowly escaped drowning by falling into a well, and another time whilst bathing. On another occasion he was preserved from being bitten by an adder whilst in a wood. It was in the year 1843 when he says that he first really prayed, although he had often prayed in form before. He had been terrified one night just before Christmas by a portion of the house where he lodged getting on fire, and was afterwards made to feel what an awful thing it would have been if he

had been burnt to death, and what a great sinner he had been against a holy and righteous God! which caused him to fall on his knees and cry for mercy from his very heart; and he blessed the Lord that that spirit of crying never altogether left him afterwards. He began to feel sin to be a burden, and often wandered into the fields, or anywhere quiet, so that he could pour out his broken heart to the Lord. He then tried to work for life, but the law condemned him, for he felt he had broken it. He became then so terribly harassed and tempted by Satan, that it affected his health, but a little hope shone into his soul, which he calls a blessed hope; this did not, however, last long, for great darkness set in, and the devil worked hard upon his Arminian principles.

In 1845 he came to live at Idle, a village about three miles from Bradford, Yorks. He was then much bowed down by a load of guilt on his conscience, and the devil cast some awful blasphemies into his mind. At this time he was engaged in helping to make the Thackley Tunnel of the Midland Railway; and one night when going home from his work, groaning under his heavy burden, he went into the corner of a meadow to beg of the Lord to have mercy on him. The Lord Jesus broke in upon his soul, and by the eye of faith he saw the dear Redeemer hanging upon the cross in a glorious brightness, and that sight never altogether left him. Guilt, sin, and condemnation, all fled away, and peace and joy entered his soul, along with the following scriptures, which came with power:—"For if our heart condemn us, God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things." Also, "Beloved, if our heart condemn us not, then have we confidence toward God." He remained in the sweetness of these things for some time, but by and by the Lord withdrew himself, and, like others in similar cases, a weaning time came, but he always called that blessed time his Jubilee year. In an illness shortly afterwards, the subject of baptism was laid on his mind, and in January, 1847, he was baptized at the Idle Baptist Chapel. Up to this time he had not been privileged to sit under a free grace gospel, but in his own time the Lord directed his steps to Zoar Chapel, Bradford. This led to some persecution from the General Baptist Minister at Idle; nevertheless, he says, from Zoar Chapel he could not keep away, for the doctrines he heard preached there were his very experience, and they had both his ear and his heart. About this time he went to hear a minister of the Established Church, and also visited several different places of worship, but after wandering about for eleven years he joined the church at Zoar, and esteemed it a high privilege to receive the right hand of fellowship from them. This was in the year 1856; and one of the friends still living, who remembers the circumstance, and who joined at the same time, says he shall never forget the heartfelt confession of unworthiness to which the dear man gave expression. Our dear friend continued to be a most consistent member of our church,

ever deeply conscious of his utter unworthiness, and pleading Christ's righteousness as his only hope for heaven. He often spoke of the sufferings of Christ for poor vile sinners, and when he engaged in public prayer, there seemed such a wrestling for God to reveal his Son to his poor needy people, that we were made to feel that we were listening to one who was favoured above many, and whose honesty and sincerity could not be doubted. Our friend proved, both by his walk and conversation, that he had been with Jesus, and all who knew him bore testimony to his integrity and uprightness. For some years he was only able to attend public worship occasionally, owing to failing health; but his chief delight was to speak about the things concerning his eternal welfare; in fact it seemed to be the only subject he cared to mention. He possessed an inward longing to depart and be with Christ which is far better. He often gave utterance to the verse—

"I feel this mudwall cottage shake,  
And long to see it fall;"

And again—

"A soft and tender sigh  
Now heaves my hallowed breast;  
I long to lay me down and die,  
And find eternal rest."

He suffered much in his last illness, but never a word of complaint dropped from his lips; on the contrary, he praised God for his goodness to him through the merits of the Redeemer. Hymns 266 and 268 were often upon his mind, and also the following verses of hymn 171, which he had marked in his book:—

"With him I daily love to walk;  
Of him my soul delights to talk;  
On him I cast my every care;  
Like him, one day, I shall appear.  
Bless him, my soul, from day to day;  
Trust him to bring thee on thy way;  
Give him thy poor, weak, sinful heart;  
With him O never, never part!"

He also constantly repeated hymns 237 and 340.

The sting of death had been taken away from him, and it was simply a means to convey him to that Heavenly Home where for forty-three years his desires had been centred. He told his wife a few days before his death that there was waiting for him an abundant entrance into the kingdom of heaven; and on the Lord's day previous to his decease he said to his two sons, "What a wondrous thing, and what a marvellous mercy, that I am resting on that stone which the builders rejected!" For two days he was delirious, but in his lucid intervals he gave sufficient evidence that he was trusting in the Lord for complete salvation. A few hours before he died he was noticed to be praying, the substance of which seemed to be—Praises for redeeming mercies, and more trust in the merits of the Saviour. Soon after this a rapid change set in, and the spirit



passed away without a struggle. We feel we have lost a dear friend and brother, one who loved Zion, and who prayed for the peace and prosperity of Jerusalem. May the Lord bless his word to the ingathering of many such; for truly the grace of God shone so conspicuously in the soul and life of our dear friend, that he gave evidence that he was of the salt of the earth. The best tribute that could be paid to his person was that of a most irreligious man who had known him intimately for forty years, and who, on hearing of his death, said, with deep feeling and tears, "The best man living is gone now." He was a man of prayer.

W. G. HAWKINS.

THOMAS B. SAVING.—On Dec. 23, 1891, aged 63, Thomas B. Saving.

He was born at Winslow, in the County of Bucks., and lived in trespasses and sin, delighting in those things the end of which is eternal death, until he was about twenty-two years of age, when it pleased God to arrest him by his grace according to his eternal purpose, giving him to feel himself a lost and guilty sinner in his sight; after which he joined the Church of England, being confirmed by the Bishop, and became a teacher in the Sunday School; but there being a change of minister, together with the work of grace deepening in his soul, he was led to see the distinctive doctrines of grace and the baptism of believers by immersion to be in accordance with the word of God. On the 9th of November, 1862, he was brought to profess Christ in his own appointed way, by being baptized at Waddesdon Hill Chapel, by the late Mr. Meakins, who was then the pastor, and to whom ever afterwards he was greatly attached. He afterwards joined the Baptist Church at Winslow, meeting in the same chapel of which Benjamin Keach was at one time the pastor. I do not know anything concerning the exercises of his mind in relation to the ministry, but doubtless he was more or less exercised, as all God-sent ministers are. He, however, commenced preaching, and was made by God an able minister of the New Testament, as many can testify. He was known far and near, and it was a great trial to him when he was laid aside from his much-loved work, extolling the riches of free and sovereign grace. During the first stages of his illness he seemed to be passing under a cloud, which seemed to upset his nerves, and caused him much anxiety of mind. He would very earnestly beg of the Lord to appear. He said, "Lord, let thy salvation come; it is deliverance I want, full and free." He often said, "It is through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom." At this time he wished his daughter to read to him Rev. vii., especially the verse, "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." He then spoke of the trials that God's people have to pass through. Hymn 412 was very precious to him, and he would often ask his children to read or sing it to him. But to

come to the last days of his illness: One day he said, "The devil has been telling me my religion is nothing; but God tells me he is a liar; it is hard to fight the king of terrors, but with Jesus on my side I shall beat him now." Many times he said, "I would not part from my hope for all the world. My hope is a true one."

Dec. 13. He was in a sweet frame of mind, and said to his daughter, "Jesus has come; I knew he would; he left me for a time, but, bless his name, 'I go, but I will come again.' Lovely Jesus, sweet Jesus, into thy hands I wish to fall; he has blotted out my sins, to be remembered no more against me." He then spoke of God's precious promises, and of being a stranger and pilgrim on the earth.

Dec. 15. In the morning he was much cast down. He said, "The devil tempted me so strongly, but the Lord bid him depart." In the evening the Lord was graciously pleased to manifest himself unto him, and he exclaimed, "I don't fear death; the fear is all taken away." When his friends wished him good night, one of them expressed a hope that she might see him on the morrow. He replied, "I won't even have a hope; I will leave it unreservedly for the dear Lord to come at his own time."

Dec. 18. A great change took place in him during the night; he lay very quiet, which was a great change after the restless nights he had endured. He suffered much with his breath, but passed through a very quiet day. In the evening he revived, and, with his face illuminated with smiles, he told his dear wife and children that he had passed through the sweetest night and day he had ever experienced. "O," he exclaimed, "it was beautiful; it has made up for all; such sweetness, such love, this room has been like heaven. Is this dying? I feel it quite easy." Love and joy lighted up his face—that joy which is unspeakable and full of glory filled his heart, and tears ran down his cheeks while he spoke. He wanted to see his friends, and tell them what the Lord had done for his soul. The doctor saw him during the evening, and told his family they would not have him long. Seeing their grief, he said, "What does the doctor say?" They told him. He looked at them, and said, "That is what I have been longing for; do not grieve; you ought rather to rejoice. I know you feel it hard to part with me, and would like to keep me, but I feel I can leave you all in the hands of God; he will be a Husband to the widow and a Father to the fatherless." He then spoke very affectionately to his children that were with him, and sent messages to those that are in America. To his dear wife, who was always at his side, he said, "It won't be for long." To his daughter, he said, "I feel I am on the ground of free grace."

Dec. 19. He was very comfortable in his mind, but disappointed to find himself in the flesh; he exclaimed,

"On Christ the solid rock I stand,  
All other ground is sinking sand."

There is nothing in the world I would change for; these have

and the word from his lips was made such a blessing to her soul that now she loved him as much as once she hated him.

On one occasion, when mourning over her sins and defilement, she said, "I was leprous throughout, when the Lord spoke these words to me, 'I have redeemed thee; I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine.'" The relation of this by the dear old saint seemed to reanimate her soul. She said, "It is those personalities—'thee,' and 'thou art mine'—which comfort the soul." These words also were much blessed to her, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee."

I think she and Miss T. were baptized at the same time, about fifty-three years ago; it was in March, and the snow was falling as the candidates went forward; but, says Miss T., "I never felt the cold, for my soul was warmed with the fire of God's love." They were added to the church, remaining members till the removal of Mr. M'Kenzie to Liverpool, and from Liverpool, very shortly, by the hand of death, to his eternal rest. Many, being unable to profit under a new ministry, left, and went to Zoar Chapel. Our departed sister was, in the providence of God, removed to Warrington, and from thence to her eternal mansion in glory; thus, after standing in connection with the visible church of Christ for over half a century, he who called her kept her, and now has glorified her. "Better was the day of her death than the day of her birth." D. KEEVILL.

JOHN KEY.—On May 25, 1892, aged 79, John Key.

He was born at Woodhurst, in the county of Huntingdon, in the year 1813, of parents in very humble circumstances in life. His father had been a sailor, and would often talk of the Scriptures in the hearing of his son, but in their literal sense only. Such psalms as the 107th he would often relate. This gave him a little knowledge of the letter, but left him otherwise in the dark. He grew up in sin and wickedness, being much addicted to using profane language and singing songs in the public house, until one day, while driving the plough, the thoughts of eternity and the awful state he was living in rushed into his mind with such power as to snap the tie that bound him to his companions. The man that worked with him wondered what could have happened to the once merry lad, he having now become so sad. After a time he found his way to an old chapel where Mr. Fisher, late of Chatteris, preached. His ears were nailed to those door posts, as he used to say. He believed every word the minister said; and as Mr. F. was very clear in the doctrines, he grew in knowledge so as to become one of those that would never listen to anything with the least touch of Arminianism in it, which often caused people to dislike him; but this did not move him. He has travelled many times to Godmanchester and back, on the Sunday and other days, to hear such men as the late Mr. Philpot and Mr. Gadsby. He would often talk of these, with Mr. God-

win, Mr. Warburton, and many others whom he heard with profit. He has often complained of his darkness and coldness during the latter part of his life, but he would say, "Clear doctrines in the head are no evidence of being a child of God;" but he had a hope that he knew what the felt presence of the Spirit of God meant, and he knew that was a sure evidence to all who were once assured of it. He suffered much pain in his last illness when conscious; at other times he was quite delirious. He appeared to be much in the dark, but at intervals, when himself his mind seemed to be thinking of his end. Once he said, "'Not a single shaft can hit, till the God of love, sees fit;' and I have a hope that it will be well in the end." He did not regain consciousness, but a few minutes before he breathed his last he tried to say something to his daughter, who waited on him through his severe affliction with untiring patience, but she could not catch the word. She is fully convinced that he has gone to behold the face of him with joy that he loved so to talk about when here below.

G. C.

ANNA BISHOP.—On April 16, 1892, Anna Bishop, third daughter of the late Joseph Moore, Strict Baptist minister.

In her youth she was very wayward, despising the restraint of godly parents. She ran into sin, which caused the greatest grief to herself and family, having left home when young; but she has often remarked since how the lovingkindness of God was over her, for he often raised up kind Christian friends with whom she lived, and through divine grace alone she was brought to feel herself a lost sinner, and by his Spirit was led to find Christ her precious Saviour. She was baptized in his name at the Lays Hill Baptist Church, which was then a branch of the Strict Baptist Church at Ross, Hereford. Thirteen years ago she married. Her husband is a deacon of the General Baptist Church, Cinderford. She joined them, though she never agreed with the open communion question. She was grievously afflicted for nearly five years. She said the Lord had in mercy taught her many lessons in her affliction which she could not have learnt in health; and she felt that word with power, "He that soweth to the flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption." (Gal. vi. 8.) She often said, "If I had been more watchful against what they call little sins, I should have been careful not to fall into great ones; but I feel so thankful to the Lord for his great compassion in saving a great sinner like me." She delighted in that passage, "He hath cast thy sins behind his back." She delighted in the word of God, and in many beautiful hymns, such as "God moves in a mysterious way," "Great God of wonders," &c.; and in times of distress she would sing,

"Where is my God? does he retire  
Beyond the reach of humble sighs?  
Are these weak breathings of desire  
Too languid to ascend the skies?"

Also she would sing sweetly, "Begone, unbelief! my Saviour is near," "Come thou fount of every blessing," "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds," and many others. Her sufferings were very severe, and she was often tempted by Satan to rebel; then she would pray much for submission, and say, "O, if I could always realize that the Lord is dealing with me in love, I could bear the pains more patiently; but my sufferings are nothing when compared with what my Jesus bore for me! O teach me from my soul to say, 'Thy will be done!' Give me patience, dear Lord, and keep me from rebellion."

The last five weeks she was totally blind, which at first was a great grief to her, as she was deprived of reading; but she soon learned submission to the Lord's will in this, and was very thankful that her dear father had taught her so much Scripture by heart when young, which she could enjoy the memory of now she was blind.

On the 15th of April, which was her last night, she was much in prayer for her husband and brothers and sisters, and said she was thankful that five out of seven had been led by grace to follow Jesus in his own appointed way, and she had faith to believe the other two would also be brought to know and follow him. Then she said, "Don't weep for me, but help me to praise him for his pardoning love.

'Who is a pardoning God like thee?

Or who has grace so rich and free?'

Mourn not for me, but rejoice that Jesus has saved a poor sinner like me.

'I'm a poor sinner, and nothing at all!

Nothing at all!

But Jesus Christ is my all in all!

All in all!"

Then she asked the Lord to please give her a quiet death, free from pain, through Jesus Christ our Lord; which prayer was graciously answered. After taking her medicine, she said, "Now let me lie down and die." At nine a.m. she fell into a sweet sleep until four p.m., when her happy spirit took its flight to the presence of Jesus, passing away without the least struggle. She often repeated "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me," &c. She said, "Why should I fear, since Jesus is with me, and has taken away the sting of death?" She was interred in the Baptist Chapel yard, Cinderford, April 20th, 1892. Truly a sinner saved by sovereign grace!

P. HOBBS.

"WHENEVER we bless God for the circling seasons and the revolving day, let us adore, thankfully adore him, for the more precious appearance of the Sun of righteousness and his glorious Gospel! without which we should have been groping, even to this hour, in spiritual darkness and the shadow of death; without which we must have wandered in a maze of inextricable uncertainties, and have 'stumbled on the dark mountains' of error, till we fell into the bottomless pit of perdition."—*Hervey*.

# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

OCTOBER, 1892.

MATT. v. 6; 2 TIM. i. 9; ROM. xi. 7; ACTS viii. 37, 38; MATT. xxviii. 19.

DELIVERANCE FROM THE WRATH TO COME.  
SUBSTANCE OF A SERMON BY MR. VINDEN, PREACHED AT  
EASTBOURNE, NOV. 15TH, 1877.

“And to wait for his Son from heaven, whom he raised from the dead, even Jesus, which delivered us from the wrath to come.”—1 THESS. i. 10.

THE Apostle Paul was a man of like passions with ourselves, and he could not help letting it out, from time to time, that there were some parts and portions of the living family of God that he had more special regard for than he had for others, though God would love all alike. I dare say you find, as you pass in and out among the churches of the living God, many you believe are God's children, but yet you do not feel that special personal regard to them you do to others. Some of you who are in the habit of meeting with God's saints in this place, find some among the church and congregation to whom you have a particular regard, and others whom you could not doubt are God's children you have no special regard for or love to. Why is it? Because some may have been led particularly and specially in the same paths in which you have been led; then you feel in relating your experience to them there is a small correspondence and knitting; you say, that is a path I have been in, and you can sympathize with each other, because the same thing one has felt, the other has experienced. So in reading, there are some passages in the Word of God to which you feel more attached than others. Why? Because they touch more on the particular exercises through which you have passed; and you say, “O, this is my portion; that is my hymn;” and you have a love to those who have known the same. This is seen in the vision God gave to Ezekiel in the valley of dry bones. There were set forth the *whole* house of Israel. I only of that house. And when I find expressions I try to run through the house to find what nearly represents my soul's state and condition.

You know after Ezekiel prophesied to the wind, saying, "Thus saith the Lord God, Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain that they may live," there came a noise; he heard a shaking, and bone came to his bone. I have had many sweet drops of honey out of that expression, "bone came to his bone." So we find the house of Israel each had their bone to come to. Now, Paul seemed united especially to these Thessalonians. Perhaps he says more about their love than of any other church, though he wrote very sweetly to all. These seemed to occupy a very warm place in his heart. He says, "Neither at any time used we flattering words, as ye know . . . but we were gentle among you, even as a nurse cherisheth her children." (1 Thess. ii. 5-7.) Then comes the expression of his love, "So being affectionately desirous of you, we were willing to have imparted unto you not the gospel of God only, but also our own souls, because ye were dear unto us." Now, you see Paul did not say this to any other church. Willing, not only to preach the gospel to them, but to part with his own soul, because they were dear unto him. It is just the same now. Depend upon it, if you are in connection with the church here, and believe all are the people of God, there will be some men or women you will feel a special regard to. Bone comes to his bone; not the bone of the hand to the bone of the foot, or the bone of the foot to the head, but bone comes to his bone; so there is no schism in the body. "The hand cannot say to the foot, I have no need of thee," but there is a special regard, nearness, and union, felt to the parts that join. He speaks in the chapter of the reason why this special affection should be felt. There are some ministers here to-night. I ask you if there is a person, here or elsewhere, to whom your testimony has been made especially useful in bringing them out of darkness to light, or in raising them to a hope? Are you not more anxious about them, than about those who have been called a hundred miles away? He was forewarned to go to Macedonia. A man stood by him, and said, "Come over into Macedonia, and help us." Then he went to Philippi and other places, and came to Thessalonica, which was a part of Macedonia. Here he preached the gospel; and after he had gone away he remembered them, and wrote this epistle, which seems to connect them with something that had gone before. (v. 1.) He does not do as you do now, write the epistle and then sign it, but gives the name in the first place, and then tells us where these

people dwelt and where they had their eternal standing and abode, viz., in Christ. They were chosen in Christ, redeemed by him, loved with an everlasting love, and called, by the instrumentality of Paul's preaching, to know their state and to see their interest in God's love. Paul's preaching did not give them the grace which was in Christ Jesus, but was instrumental in giving them an experimental knowledge of their standing in him. "Grace be unto you, and peace, from God our Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ." What a thing it is to have an interest in the prayers of the servants of God! He prays that grace might abound, that peace might appear; that the grace of God, and the peace of God, which passeth knowledge, might be in them. Peace from the Father as the fountain, and Jesus Christ as the channel.

(Verses 2 & 3.) Some of you that go forth preaching know what this means, when you can remember in your sorrow and mourning, when Satan calls in question whether God has ever made use of you to speak in his name, that there was a time when So-and-so bore testimony that they were enlarged through the words that fell from your lips, and that through your preaching God first came and commended these things to their heart. Now, it does appear there had been something to try faith, hope and love; for these people are spoken of as not being like the Bereans, who searched the Scriptures to see if these things were so.

(Verse 3.) Now we come to things more closely experimental. How is it, friends, we judge as to whether a person is born of God or not when we question them? We want to know where their religion began? It is not every one, who has a right religion, can testify that it came through the preaching of man. If you look at a rainbow in a storm, you cannot tell just where the colours commence; and I have met with God's people, well taught of him, but you cannot define, no man can define exactly where the change took place, or when they were called; but change has taken place. In the rainbow you can scarcely tell where the colours blend, but they do blend; and you can scarcely see where God's work began in the heart, but it is there; they are born of God. Now, I like to hear of a poor sinner to be able to testify how, where, and when the thing began. I hope I can honestly testify where my own religion began; but we do find some who bear testimony by their life and walk that the root of the matter is in them, who cannot say just when it was done.

(Verse 4.) Ah, do you know this? How



know this? How are we raised to a hope that a man or woman is born of God? "By their fruits ye shall know them;" because wherever the life of God is implanted the fruit will be God-honouring. Religion will all die or end in form, if God is not the author of it. Now, see how your religion and mine tally with the marks laid down in the case of the Thessalonians. Paul says that he knew they were brethren beloved of God, and the election of God's grace. How did he know that? "For our gospel came not unto you in word only, but also in power." Now, what a favoured soul thou art, dear friend, if thou canst testify that once in thy life the gospel of God's grace has come home with sovereign power to thee. I hope I can sometimes thus testify, but sometimes I am afraid I can hardly see any difference between myself and the world. "Our gospel . . . came in power." Well, have you got the gospel here? So much of so-called gospel in our day unsettles the mind, and makes us ready to say, "What is the gospel, and what is not? Paul shall tell us. "We preached unto you the gospel of God." The caviller may say, "We hear so many things that go down for gospel; what is the gospel?" "Moreover, brethren, I declare unto you the gospel which I preached unto you. For I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received." (1 Cor. xv. 1-3.) Now, I say, you ministers, look and see whether your testimony came to you in the same way that it did to Paul. I have had many a solemn day and night while looking upon this matter—how I came by my religion, and how I came by the profession I make. Nothing brings such consolation into my heart as that which I have received, and that which was delivered to me. Sometimes one portion after another have come into my mind, and they have been like a flowing in of the choicest wine, and every drop has given proof of whence it came. "I delivered unto you that which I also received." Now, you know, if you receive a sovereign to pay to one who has earned it, he has it; you pass on to him that which you have received; you deliver it; some one has it still, and has got it honestly, and has pleasure in it. Paul was blessed in the gospel, because he came by it honestly. It was not taught by man, but by God. "I received it from the Lord Christ. I have not softened it so as to please men; but that which I have received I declare, how that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures; and that he was buried, and rose again the third day." Well, say you, is that the gospel? I believe it is; and O, poor sinner, for Christ

to die and bring peace and pardon into thy heart! What is more suitable than that for those who know the plague of their own heart, not only in chapel, but from day to day, and who long for the time of which the poet sweetly sang,

“Sin, my worst enemy before,  
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more.”

Now, Paul says that the sum and substance of the gospel is this, that “Christ died for our sins.” It is only those who have sins feelingly who know anything of the work of Christ in dying and putting them away by his own blood; but those who have seen their lost condition can join with Mr. Hart, when he says,

“Sinners, I read, are justified,  
Through faith in Jesus’ blood;  
But when to me that blood’s applied,  
’Tis then it does me good.”

And as God bears witness to these things being the sum and substance of the gospel, there is sweet hope, joy, and peace in believing. “*Our*,” that little word “our,” stands in my way,” one says. Go back to the first verse of the chapter (1 Cor. xv. 1), thy character is marked and stamped there then. He died for our sins, and rose again; this is what he said was the gospel. Now, I apprehend this is the same gospel Paul preached at Thessalonica. One of our hymn writers (Mr. Gadsby) touches upon this:—

“Behold a scene of matchless grace!  
’Tis Jesus in the sinner’s place!”

Dying upon Calvary’s cross, blotting out their sins and iniquities, and opening a fountain for sin and uncleanness, where every poor sinner’s heart and soul can be washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb. This was the great subject that Paul preached to the Thessalonians. “Our gospel came not in word only, but in power.” Can you remember, poor fellow-sinner, when the Word of God was made life and power in your case? When it turned your feet from those things nature walked in? From the pot-house, the race-course, or the ball-room? It did so with the Thessalonians. “Our gospel came not unto you in word only, but also in power and in the Holy Ghost.” When the Spirit brings conviction, sealing it there, the things that ruled are so turned out, that they can never have the same dominion there again. Now, I am sure when you hear the gospel as preached by Paul, whether it is accompanied with power to you so that you are recipient or not, you know it is the gospel. Much advance! I cannot always hear my friends preach wit’

assurance I should like to. Mr. Covell and other friends once came to preach my Anniversary services, when I was distressed and harassed, and had been for many long days, as to whether my religion would stand the day of trial, and whether when—

“The righteous Judge should come,  
To call his ransomed people home,  
I should amongst them stand.”

I did beg of God, for Jesus Christ's sake, to work, and not to let the day pass without power. I heard John Warburton, and there was not a word for me. I seemed as hard and dry as death itself. And I said, “Now, here is Covell; O that God may anoint his lips to say something to my heart.” He read his text; and something said, “You will see whether he opens it the same as you would.” He spoke for half an hour, and shut up the Bible, but not a word for me. There was still a deaf ear. Then he said, “Now friends, I have told you about the text; I will now tell you a little of my own heart. God grant there may be an echo in other hearts.” He spoke of the exercises of his soul in the things of God, and in further speaking he touched on two or three things of an experimental nature particularly. O, the power and sweetness I felt, I can never describe! I was obliged to go into the vestry, and I said, “If he is going to heaven, I am; if he is in the footsteps of the flock, I am.” I felt that much assurance in my soul. I felt truly this is of God; that is how I came with more assurance on that particular occasion. When God comes and seals a word, we know it with much assurance. Can you, now, dear fellow-sinner, remember anything of a time when the Word of God came to your heart? If it is twenty years ago, never mind that. God's Word will never wear out. Heaven and earth shall pass away, but God's Word never shall. Look at Jacob. Twenty years had passed since he had seen the angels ascending and descending the ladder, and he was about to return to his friends and country. The blessing came in the face of a desperate trial. Esau was coming to meet him, with four hundred men, and he had put his wives and children in places of safety as much as he could. And what follows? He cries to the Lord, “Thou saidst, I will surely do thee good; O deliver me from the hand of Esau.” The remembrance of the promise came to Jacob's heart with much assurance at the time of his extremity, and God did not fail him. So when God's Word comes with much assurance, the world may be in great confusion, but God's Word will

stand in times of extremity, and you will feel, "Though all men fail me, I will trust in the Lord." How came you to be a follower of the Lord? What made you leave the world's deceitful shore? and, as far as your heart is concerned, leave it to return no more?

You are like the Thessalonians; ye became followers of us and of the Lord, into God's pastures; wherever they find the footsteps of the Shepherd, they know there are the footsteps of the flock. "When he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them." In the Ordinance of Believers' Baptism,

"We see him in his grave-clothes lie,  
His life and glory gone,  
Then view him rising from the tomb,  
In victory over all."

"Having received the word in much affliction." Now, that is a time when the Word seems specially useful. Do you not find God's Word specially useful in affliction? It is a prop, solace, and support to your minds, when affliction abounds, if the Word of God is applied. "In much affliction, with joy of the Holy Ghost." So that your conduct might speak as well as your tongues; and it is well for you and me if our feet talk louder than our tongues. It is easy for chattering professors to gather up the language of Zion; but where the heart is right, you will bear fruit, when your tongues may be silent.

(Verses 7, 8.) What a thing it is, friends, when a man's religion speaks for him, when his tongue is silent.

A godly man's employer in Ghent said he would not mind shovelling down a whole barrow of stones where R. was; he did not like his religion, but he liked the effects it produced.

(Verses 8, 9.) Now comes the testing point of all, "How ye were turned to God from idols, to serve the living and the true God." Now, friends, see how this tallies with your experience. Has the religion you profess made any difference in your conduct before men, or in your way of worshipping God? You might have many an idol. Let me tell you plainly that everything that has a tendency to draw your mind and affections from God, his people, his truth, and his house, is an idol. Then this thing was wrought; their heart by Paul's preaching: "they turned from idols to serve the living God." What a favoured one ye if you can say, "My religion is exactly like the Thessalonians. I had my idols, but when God came, it turned them all out of doors." W. B.

who had heard the truth in a gentleman's parlour, heard Mr. Tiptaft, and spoke to one who said, "I hate that man's religion, but I will go and hear what he has to say, though I do not want to give up my public house." He went, and people were astonished to see a publican there; and from that day he never had anything to do with the things in which he had before delighted. Now, fellow-sinner, how stands the case with you and me? Has the religion we profess had any effect upon us? because the time will come, when it will be more plainly shown than in this world. The time will come when "Christ will appear in flaming fire, taking vengeance on those who know not God, and despise the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ." Then, what is to become of these? They shall be banished from God's presence for ever. This will be the portion of all who know not God, fellow-sinner. Look at it; there is no mistake about it. O that God may cause this to arrest some poor thoughtless youth, and bring him to books, that his grace may be seen in delivering him from death. "Christ shall come to be glorified in his saints, and to be admired of all that are round about him." O yes, he wore a visage more marred than any man when here the first time. *Then* he shall be admired. "We pray always for you." Now, these people were once servers and worshippers of idols, but through the preaching of the gospel were turned from idolatry to serve the living and the true God. This was the case with Abram of old; he had to leave Ur of the Chaldees, and go into the land of Canaan; and I will not say God's gospel was preached there, but through the types and shadows Christ was revealed to Abram, and he saw his day and was glad, beholding him as the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world. Abram left his own house. Have you ever left anything, friends? Has God ever told you to forsake anything you loved? Can you say with Job, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him?" He says, "To serve the living and true God." God reckons according to what a man hath, and not according to what he hath not. It was the true God David wanted; the living God he panted after.

Now we come to the text in a roundabout way, but you will forgive it. I thought, when I read it, to have gone "And to wait for his Son from heaven." Perhaps your hearer may say, "I have waited for him a long many years, and have not seen him yet; I have been preaching, and gone to prayer-meetings, but suppose we compare your religion with

Jacob's. The Lord spoke to Jacob, and I am not sure that he has not spoken to you, as he did to him and to David—"Seek ye my face;" and your heart has said, "Thy face, Lord, will I seek." My trials have driven me to seek the Lord, and yours have said to you, "Seek ye me." You have been constrained to seek God, yet you are a waiter. Now, poor Jacob; perhaps it may make some of you open your eyes when I say, Jacob did not come to full assurance till he came to his death-bed. Is that possible? God's Word says so. Jacob was called effectually and marvellously of God, was maintained of God by the way, but never came to full assurance till he came to die. When he was propped up in his bed, in the midst of his family, giving his dying testimony, God seemed to stay him and support him, and he said, "I have waited for thy salvation, O God." Then full assurance was given. "I have waited for thy salvation, O God, and now it has come." Then how soon he died; he was made ready and willing to die that moment. We cannot *feel* ready to die till we have that; but that rich enjoyment will make a person say, "To depart and be with Christ is far better." Now, look at poor old Simeon. There he was, with one hand on the prophetic day, and one hand forward on the gospel day, "Waiting for the consolation of Israel"—waiting for the Son of God to reveal himself from heaven. Then after he had seen Christ, he wanted to die. I have in my feelings looked into my grave thousands of times, and have sometimes felt that I had what poor Simeon was waiting for—the consolation of Israel. Perhaps some one is waiting for that now. The moment that Babe was brought in, who was born in Bethlehem's manger, Simeon took him in his arms and said, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." But, say you, "Is that brought to pass now-a-days?" It is. A poor woman died lately in Kent who had been under tormenting fears of death; but when she came to the last, the everlasting arms were underneath, and she had the rock of eternal ages to lean upon; and, referring to me, she said, "Tell him I have a sweet resting-place;" and she passed through the article of death in her sleep, I believe, after saying "I have a sweet resting-place on the Rock of eternal s"

There has been a time with you, if you are ex-  
 when you have pressed the Bible to your heart  
 "Blessed treasure, thou hast revealed Christ t'  
 Saviour." It is Christ revealing his truth m'  
 precious.

“*To wait for his Son from heaven.*” If you are brought to wait for Christ, there will be a waiting upon him. Do not think you have a religion that is worth having, and that is waiting for the Lord to come, if it does not bring you upon your knees; because you have not. I believe that soul that waits for God and his salvation shall God’s salvation see; but while he is waiting for it, he will be waiting upon God to reveal it. There will be a resurrection. There is a judgment day coming. “It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment.” (Hebrews ix. 27.) Ah! some folks may tell us there will be annihilation, and that there is no hell to go to, thus trying to lull people to sleep. But a day is coming when the Son of God will appear, arrayed in terrible vengeance. Well will it be for that sinner’s soul who is now waiting for him to appear in his Spirit and power; he will go down to his grave in peace and hope; he shall be like Jacob, and see him, as his friend, not as one to overwhelm his soul. There will be a resurrection morning. “The dead in Christ shall rise first.” I heard Mr. Tiptaft say that three times when I was a boy; and he spoke of the power of a magnet to attract, and said, “If we went to a blacksmith’s shop, and saw the pieces of iron fly out from the fire, there was a coming together as they came out, a uniting and a drawing together; so when Christ will appear, his voice will penetrate wherever the elect lie, and there will be a drawing together; and as Christ rose from the dead, so will the believer.” Then, one asks, “How am I to know that I have part in it?” I must refer you to that chapter in John, “All that the Father giveth me shall come to me.” All of them shall be turned from their evil ways, and brought out by power divine; “and him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out. I came down from heaven, not to do mine own will, but the will of him that sent me. . . . And this is the will of him that sent me, that every one which seeth the Son, and believeth on him, may have everlasting life: and I will raise him up at the last day.” (John vi. 37-40.) That is the day alluded to in our text. The Thessalonians were waiting for that resurrection morning when the dead in Christ shall rise. Christ says of the sheep, “I have given them everlasting life.” Those that have been blessed with a holy Spirit, have that. Those who see, or ever have seen, the glory and beauty or glory in him, have that. Abraham saw him when his hand was raised to slay his son, and he said, “Slay him not, there is a ram.”

That was a type of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world. The ram was slain, and Abraham's son went free; thus by faith Abraham saw the glorious substitute for sinners. How favoured we are if we know the Father's constraining power in bringing us to Christ, his dear Son, as our only refuge. He says, "Whoso eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, shall never perish." Time forbids, my friends, that I should say any more about this day, or I could keep on for another hour, because I believe these things are what my soul has been led to rejoice in, and they do not wear out or lose their power in my soul. The angels said to the apostles, "Ye men of Galilee, . . . this same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner, as ye have seen him go into heaven." (Acts i. 11.) We are told that he delivered us from the wrath to come. What a deliverance that is! When those who have to endure it have spent ten thousand times ten thousand years in torment, it will still have as long to go on as when it began. What a place to be in! What a thing to be delivered from! Mr. Tiptaft said, "If all the sand on the shore could be counted, it would be but a faint emblem of eternity, or the number of years the saints will have in blessedness there." God's love is infinite; and when time shall be swallowed up in eternity, there will be the enjoyment of God's everlasting love, by those that are waiting upon him, for ever. Amen.

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#### DARK SAYINGS.

I AM still dead, yet alive; lost, yet found; blind, yet see; deaf, yet hear; out of the way, yet walking therein; uncertain, yet confident; ignorant, yet wise. I will open my dark sayings upon the harp, since it is given unto babes to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven. What a riddle is it that a frail man, unable to bear his own burden, carries in his breast a kingdom more rich and more durable than the kingdom of England—a mortal man, dying every day, yet never dies. The wise Greeks cannot understand, so they speak of us with scorn, and traduce us as though we were setting forth strange gods, because we speak out of an exercised heart the things we have seen with our eyes and our hands have handled of the word of life. But none of these things move me from my purpose, if doors are open and God grants life and health, with ability to go up and down and publish those things which to the Jews are a stumbling-block, unto the Greeks foolishness, and to the Pharisee a thing, but unto us who are called, the wisdom and power of God for our foolishness is wiser than man's wisdom, and our weakness stronger than man's power.



## WALKING WITH GOD.

My dear Friend,—The weather and the depression in trade cast a solemn gloom over things, and have much brought me at times to feel how dependent we are upon the goodness and mercy of an Almighty God, as poor, helpless creatures, even for the nether spring blessings of his providence, who alone can give us the appointed rain in its season, cause his sun to shine, and who only can stay the bottles of heaven. The winds and rains, with all the succeeding seasons and changings thereof, depend on him and are ordered by him, as he made promise to Noah; which covenant I sometimes think of with solemn awe and reverential fear, when I see his bow set in the cloud, as the token of a covenant between God and the earth. I look upon it, and call to mind that the holy God has said he too will look upon it, that he may remember the everlasting covenant. (Gen. ix. 13-17.) Then sometimes I am a little led to meditate upon the covenant "ordered in all things and sure," which contains all the upper spring blessings of sovereign grace in a precious Jesus, asset forth in the holy word of God, and sweetly expressed in the 83rd hymn (Gadsby's Selection), which was blest to my poor soul a few weeks since.

I find I am the subject of many, and, at times, great changes; and have thought myself something like the weather. Yesterday, when at business, and thinking a little over these changes, this verse came into my mind:

"Here often from our eyes  
Clouds hide the light divine;  
There we shall have unclouded skies,  
Our Sun will always shine."

did not know what hymn it was in; but at chapel, in the evening, my dear friend Mr. S., who gives out the hymns, read that one the first; and, as I had not said a word to anyone, it struck me, and I found it again to be a sweet setting forth of the exercises of my mind. It is the 337th.

I did not intend writing to my dear and esteemed friend in his strain, for I feel a very helpless mortal, and feel to have no gift, nor preaching gift, nor ability to write, out confusion.

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I was hindered last evening, and could not wind up my poor scribble on one sheet of paper, which I ought to have done. Another gloomy, wet, and cold morning. As a farmer, I think have cause to be glad that I finished all my haymaking last Monday.

How everything we see, touch, or have to do with, is bearing and manifesting the marks and effects of the fall of man! Like creation, after a blight has passed over the land, traces of it are left behind: and there is nothing we have to do with, or do ourselves, or are the subjects of, but bears in it marks of the fall, more or less mixed with our worse foe—sin.

I do not know whether you are acquainted with Mrs. M., of O., a mother in Israel. We heard yesterday that it was daily expected she would be taken from earth to heaven. I believe she has been called by grace nearly, if not quite, seventy years; and should consider she had lived the gospel she has professed as much as many, and longer than most; and she appears to be blest with a strong and triumphing faith in her last few days. O, my dear friend, what a mercy it is to be a saved sinner!

Last Saturday I was walking out a little way, and it dropped into my mind, as if whispered, "I am going to heaven; yes, and in a few short years at most I shall be there; not more than half the time I have been at Cirencester, perhaps; and it may be it will not even amount to years." This lay as a warm coal at my heart, and seemed to make my feet tread more lightly on the ground as I walked; but it was darted into my mind, "How do you know?" I felt thus: if my religion *is* what I profess, I am going to heaven. I was led to cry to the Lord for a sweet assurance; and was favoured to feel that sweet, soul-humbling assurance in my own soul, a sweet confidence that I was as surely on my way to my heavenly home as I was on my way to my earthly home, and I had a greater assurance of reaching it. I felt that the Lord favoured me with that in my soul which Peter exhorts to: "Make your calling and election sure." I was favoured to feel the certainty of God having *called* me by his grace, and of my election and future glorification.

But you will be tired of hearing so much about myself. I do hope the Lord is still blessing and favouring you in your own soul. Pardon all amiss. Yours, &c., J. TANNER.

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### "BEAR YE ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS."

It is with sincere feeling that I sit down to condole with you and your dear husband in your late bereavement. His letter to me is the expression of a full heart, labouring under all the strong impressions of a recent loss. I can understand these impressions, and I can pity them; but what can I do by way of consoling them? You well know that all reference to the world is useless and vain. It is under such a loss that the world appears in its true colours, as vain, empty, and unsatisfactory. The being you have lost is no longer a partaker of that state in which we now exist. Wealth, wisdom, strength, possessions, the splendid firmament, the outstretched ocean, and all that we admire as the beauties of our nature, no longer form the beauties of hers. We have nothing in common but grace; nothing that assimilates us to each other but our having the spiritual image of God impressed on our souls. With her the world has passed away, and the fashion of it has utterly vanished from before her. She has now other objects, and other powers of perception. She is above care, above sorrow, above mutability: determined state of love, and joy, and peace.

her spirit has joined the enraptured throng before the throne. She is no longer an infant. Her once infantile perceptions have expanded into a capability to enjoy the beatific vision presented to her sight. What a change, my dear friend, must this be! What an elevation, from a helpless creature of earth to a creature capable, not of enjoying the things of our nature, but of rising above the knowledge of the proudest philosopher, and even the most accomplished saint; and of enjoying that in fact, which even the best of saints now only sees through a glass darkly! One spark of heaven seen in heaven is infinitely more lucid than all its beams seen through the dim medium of faith. Our mortal body is so debased by sin, even in the best; there is such an impatience of the endurance of heavenly things from the infirmity of our flesh, that the smallest portion of sight and enjoyment far exceeds the utmost of faith and hope here. Rejoice, therefore, my dear friend, that (as Bishop Hall says) "two portions of you are already safe in glory!" Yes; but you will say, "I am not there yet, or so far should I be from shedding one tear over them, that my voice would be constantly a voice of praise. Alas! I feel that, however my affections may be with my dear child, my loss convinces me that I am still upon earth. Still being in this body, I groan, being burdened!" Well, then, let faith do for you here what sight shall do when you arrive in glory! It is the property of this blessed grace to realise unseen things, and to endure as seeing him who is invisible. Perhaps your glorified child is now rejoicing in that very providence, which has deprived its parents of her, not only on her own account, but on theirs. Of her own happiness she can have no doubt, and that this exaltation from earth to heaven has been the means of it: and may she not also be rejoicing, that the very tears you are shedding for her loss may be the means of bringing you nearer to God; of shewing you more of the nothingness of the world, the futility of creature comforts, and the blessedness of knowing that God is your friend, and the animating conviction that this afflictive providence is the trial of your faith, and that he sees a "need-be" for the trial. These are the suggestions of the moment. May they be blest in affording you comfort, and in applying balm to the wounds of a troubled spirit. I know not how soon I may need them myself; for the life of a child, especially, seems to hang on such a thread, that this is the artillery one should have in constant readiness, to be drawn out as opportunity may require. The Lord God of mercies, "the Father of mercies, and the God of all consolation," "after that ye have suffered awhile, make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you." If the Lord will, we will remember you in our prayers; and pray give us yours in return; for as the number of our little ones increases, so we need more grace to guide and support us. Mrs. B. unites with me in kind regards to yourself, husband, and family.

H. BUDD.

White Roothing, Jan. 8, 1818.

"HE CALLETH HIS OWN SHEEP BY NAME."

Oldham, August 23, 1871.

My very dear Friend and Brother in him who is our only hope of eternal life and joy, peace, and resting-place in every storm,—Many, very many thanks for your welcome, soul-comforting, and refreshing letter, which I received last June; and I fear, by my long silence, you will think I have forgotten you. But I can assure you it is not so, for hardly a day has passed without my often thinking of you, and many times have I been led to pray for you, that our gracious God would indeed be with you, and that to bless you in your own soul; that the Holy Spirit would lead you deeply into the riches of redeeming love, that you may boldly preach unto poor sinners, feelingly lost in themselves, that "new and living way which Christ Jesus hath consecrated for us through the veil, that is to say, his flesh," that with the same comfort wherewith you have been comforted of God, you may be able to comfort others who are cast down.

Many times have I wished to write to you since I received your kind letter, but have been hindered through manifold sufferings, both of body and soul; for it has pleased the Lord to lead my soul through deep and heavy trials during the last few months, both spiritual and temporal, so that I have known by experience something of what the Psalmist said, "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters, these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep." How much the poor, tempted, and deeply-tried children of God are led to prove the truth of Scripture fulfilled in their own experience, day by day; at least I find it so more and more as I travel on; and I also prove the truth of what you say in your welcome letter, that many who profess the truth in our day seem to be left to such light and trifling conversation. I meet with few indeed to whom I can unburden my weary, sorrowful heart, for many appear to know so little of that perplexing path of deep tribulation and anguish of soul that other tried Christians are so greatly exercised and burdened with. I was very much struck, a short time ago, while reading of Ahimaaz and Cush. I felt how many there are like Ahimaaz: having no heavy burden to carry, they are light of foot, and are able to run on by way of the plain, and easily overrun poor burdened Cush, who had the burden of the news to carry, and no doubt his poor heart was weighed down with the sorrowful tidings he had to bear to the king. How often I feel like him, so weighed down with a body of sin and death, inward and outward trials, that I cannot get on at all.

I was once told by a minister that if I meant to remain amongst those poor, doubting, fearing, cast down ones, he should run on and leave me behind. I had to tell him—and I feel the same now—that I am a poor lame one, and cannot move alone, but have to wait for the Lord. I feel again and again, that the more we know of the deep path of tribulation, the more fellowship w

have with Christ in his sufferings. No doubt, in my helpless and afflicted state, I may be led more deeply to experience a fellowship with him in that part of his sufferings—"Though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich"—which others, who are blessed with health and strength, may know little of. But, O, this is light compared with the inward fellowship of his sufferings which he endured while bearing the weight of all the sins of every elect soul! O how I have felt of late, while passing through such darkness and distress of soul, that it was no wonder that great drops of blood fell to the ground when in agony the Lord Jesus saw the cup he had to drink! O what a feeling I have seemed to realize of that deep suffering of soul which he endured when he said, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death." Well might it be, when he had to tread the winepress alone, and of the people there was none with him. I have felt, again and again, that if the agony of my soul is so great under the weight of my sins, what must have been the agony which he endured? For many months now I have seemed to have nothing but trouble and anguish of soul. Truly I can say with David, "Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord," for I felt to be sinking into the lowest place. I have also fully realized what his sufferings of soul were when he says, "All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me;" for there did not seem to be one that had not in some way nearly overwhelmed me. Again, how I have been able to go with the Psalmist, when he says, "Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterspouts: all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me;" for I felt as though one trouble after another, and one wave after another were calling upon each other to help to overflow my weary, sinking soul! How all the suffering saints of the Bible seem to suit me in their path of deep trouble, especially where they were afraid that the Lord had forsaken them; for my fears and feelings have been that I was forsaken of the Lord, and that I should sink lower and lower, never to rise again. But, blessed be the dear Lord, he has been better to me than all my fears, for he has appeared once more for my help, both spiritual and temporal.

On the first Lord's day in this month I had a very solemn day, after passing a most distressing day and night on the Saturday. Early on Lord's day morning I awoke with such a feeling of darkness and distress that I felt truly bowed down with sorrow, when shortly afterwards these words dropped with much power and weight on my mind—"Thy dying love"—just these words, no more; and so solemn did I feel them to be, that I could not help pleading with the Lord that I might experience them in my soul for myself. O, the agony of soul I felt, I never can describe. Every verse in the Bible, and every line of hymns that speak of the sufferings and death of the dear Redeemer, I ate up. O how precious to me was the 29th hymn! I did from my heart,

“Conduct, blest Guide, thy sinner-train  
 To Calvary, where the Lamb was slain,  
 And with me there abide.  
 Let me my loved Redeemer meet,  
 Weep o'er his pierced hands and feet,  
 And view his wounded side.”

Also the 153rd hymn,

“Come all ye chosen saints of God,” &c.

With the 802nd hymn, and many others, which I cannot name here. I can truly say, with the Psalmist, “My soul fainteth for thy salvation;” and can understand what he felt when he wrote, “My soul breaketh for the longing that it hath for thy judgments.” So my soul longeth for the dying love of Jesus to be revealed to my heart. I often feel thus: “Shall I ever taste the dying love of the dear Redeemer, to the full satisfaction of my longing soul, while in the body?” How well I can understand Mary's standing at the grave when the disciples had gone away to their own homes! She could not leave the place where she knew that her Lord had lain, till she had seen some one that she could ask where they had taken her Lord. And when Jesus saith unto her, “Woman why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou? She, supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him, Sir, if thou hast borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away.” She little thought, then, that it was her dear Lord that was speaking to her. How often, when in darkness, we, like poor Mary, know not that the Lord is near till he calls us by name; then, like her, we know his dear voice, and, like her, cannot rest satisfied till we have found him. How sweet and precious is that hymn to my soul—

“I no more at Mary wonder,  
 Dropping tears upon the grave;  
 Earnest asking all around her,  
 Where is he that died to save?”

During the last few days I have found much sweetness and comfort from these words, “Where I am, there shall also my servant be.” I seemed to have this view given me: first, that a poor believer must be with his Lord in the path of suffering, both in outward trials and inward crucifixion; and I trust I know, from deep and painful experience, both the path of outward trials and inward crucifixion. We must be buried with him before we can know him in the power of his resurrection; and then, if we have thus shared with him, in some little measure, in the fellowship of his sufferings—for we can but taste the cup—so shall we share with him in his glory. “For where I am,” he saith, “there shall also my servant be,” both in the path of suffering and in the power of his glory, joy, and peace. But how often I fear and dread the suffering, yet long for and desire the glory! Our gracious God has, notwithstanding, wisely ordered it that one must follow the other. How blessed is it, dear brother, to be assured, from the faithfulness of a covenant-keeping God, that

Christ Jesus once raised from the dead by living faith in our hearts, dieth no more, but that we shall, through the power of his death and resurrection, live with him for ever and ever. What a sweet anchor this feels, at times, to my poor, weary, tempest-tossed soul!

I have been long in answering your kind letter, but fear I shall weary you in reading my lengthy reply. I do hope, however, that you will forgive me, as I felt my heart drawn out to tell you something of what I have been passing through since I had the pleasure of seeing you; and I must say that I have felt some sweetness and comfort in unburdening my poor, tried, and weary soul to you, feeling that you are one who can and will sympathise with one who is poor and afflicted, in body and soul, and trusting at the same time that you will forgive all imperfections. You will see by the date how many days I have been engaged in writing this letter; feeling so weak, I have to rest very often, and only being able to use one hand, I find it a great hindrance to me in writing. I shall feel very thankful if your mind should again be drawn to write to me, for I am so often deeply tried that it is a great comfort to me to hear from other tried and afflicted Christians.

I had hoped that this letter would reach you on Lord's day morning, but I found I should not be able to finish it in time for post. But my desire and prayer for you is that the Lord will be with you in proclaiming his precious gospel, that the blessed Spirit will take richly of the things of Jesus Christ and reveal them to your soul, so that you may be able to speak of them to the comforting of those who are cast down, to the strengthening of the weak, and, if it were his blessed will, to the awakening of those who are dead in trespasses and sins, that many may be brought to the feet of Jesus, crying for mercy; and while you are thus labouring to water the souls of others, may your own soul be watered a thousand-fold from the living fountain which springs up unto everlasting life.

With much Christian love, believe me, my dear brother, yours very affectionately in that near, dear, and precious love of our dear Redeemer,

E. BROWN.

P.S.—May the dear Lord enable you to pray for me, for I need your prayers very much. Please write soon.

THE determination of the ever-blessed Jehovah hath long since divinely gone forth by a firm and unalterable decree, in which all our circumstances, great and minute, are infallibly settled, by the unerring wisdom of him who worketh all things after no other counsel but that of his own will. The life of the sparrow and the number of the raven are provided for in his grand decree; yea, the hairs on our heads are numbered, coloured, and disposed by his wisdom; much more are the bounds of our habitation, the extent of our possessions, the result of divine appointment.

## AN EXPOSITION OF PSALM CIII.

BY J. DENNETT, ON JULY 8TH, 1886.

HAVING read this beautiful Psalm to you, I will make a few remarks, commencing at the 17th verse, which reads thus: "But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children." The desire of a child of God when he is oppressed and tried in his soul is to realize Christ in whom every mercy dwells. His cry is for Christ, his own Christ, that he may feel and find Christ precious to him, his Portion, his Lord, and his God. When this oppression of soul is upon us, it cuts off every useless branch, and leaves nothing but the Lord Jesus Christ to look to and hope in. To such souls as these the Lord here speaks, and says that "his mercy is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him." The fear of God is never more in lively exercise than when the sinner is cut off from every false hope, and every refuge but Christ. The man that has this fear cleaves to and prays to Christ until he manifests himself to his soul. Very little of this fear was manifested in the days of Christ's flesh; for instead of cleaving, looking to, and desiring him, men reviled him, crucified him, hated him, and put him to death.

This mercy is "from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him;" so has no beginning or end with God. It has a beginning in the souls of God's people, but it will have no end. With God it had no beginning; for mercy being one of God's attributes, it is like himself; and there is nothing new in God; he is "the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." The great secret to a sinner is to know this mercy which is from everlasting. O what a distinguished favour it is to know this mercy, and to realize it in any measure in our never-dying souls! for our souls will never die; they are immortal, and will live for ever, either in endless misery or endless bliss; either with the devil and his angels, or with Christ and his angels. That is a settled truth in my mind, because it is a truth revealed in the Word of God.

"His mercy is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him." How different is this favour to the favour of a poor fading creature; as the Lord here says, "As for man, his day are as grass; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more." A flower may look very beautiful, very healthy, and, according to present appearance, it may seem as though it would endure a long time; but God sends a withering wind, and it fades and gradually dies; as Job says of man, "He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not." So we see God compares man to a fading flower. He is a poor withering creature. The blessed Spirit blows on the children of God and makes them sensible of this; as Isaiah says, "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; because the Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it." It is our mercy



if the Spirit of God has blown upon us to make us feel the truth of what God says, "Surely the people is grass." When we feel to be as dying creatures, may we not compare ourselves to the grass? for it is soon cut down; as James says, "As the flower of the grass he shall pass away." So God makes us to wither away in our ways. How different is the mercy of God to our fleeting days! Proud man, with all his ambition, is destitute of power, though he attempts to make himself appear great; for when God sends the whirlwind of death, it takes him, whether he will or not, into the grave, and there his poor flesh will have to lie until the judgment day. Man would persuade himself that there is no judgment to come. I will believe it when they can persuade me that there is no death. First show me that there is no death and that man can live for ever notwithstanding God's decree, and then I will believe that there is no resurrection or judgment to come. But we see that "wise men die, likewise the fool and the brutish person perish." All creatures, both the good and the bad, must come to the grave.

But why does the Lord show this mercy to his own people and not to others? Because he is their Father. "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." Sometimes there is great pity springs up in your hearts to your children, even when they have erred and gone wrong, and you have cried to God that he would, above all things, make them know what he has taught you, and what he has promised his children shall know; as he says, "They shall all know me, from the least of them unto the greatest of them, saith the Lord." Pity should be shown in times of grief and trouble. Persons who have not transgressed, and are not in any trouble, do not need pity. God brings his people to feel their need of his pity and favour, and does not damn their souls nor cast them off when they are brought to groan, and cry, and desire his mercy. He does not leave them to die in their sins. How little gratitude we show for the mercy God has shown us; for we hope he has quickened our souls. "You hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins." O what mercy there is couched in God's quickening power! for every blessing, even Christ and the Father, and heaven itself, belongs to the sinner that has experienced this quickening. You may say, "It is too much for me. I am so vile and unworthy, so base in myself." It may seem too much for you, but you must measure God's ways by what he is in himself, and not by your poor, puny, contracted thoughts of him; therefore though you think it too good and too great to receive, it is not too great for God to give.

"He knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust."  
 Do not think there is a physician in the world that understandeth the frame of man; for it is so complicated, and built with wisdom and power, that the mechanism is far above man to enter into. God knows every sinew, every nerve, and he knows the whole of the system from the crown of

the head to the sole of the foot; and it is a mercy he does know our frame. God knows that it was at first perfect; for he saw everything that he had made, and "behold, it was very good," and man's frame was among his works. But he also knows that through sin it has become a depraved frame, a sinful frame, wicked, polluted, vile, and base in the extreme, and yet God knows all about it, for he has not lost his knowledge of our frame, though we have lost our primitive innocence. He knows what has caused death; for there was nothing in our frame originally that would cause death; but sin entered into it, and God foresaw the cause of death, and made the decree, "In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." O what a mercy that he knows the frame or body of his saints even when in the grave, and will bring forth again without sin, a better frame than it was before, and clothed with immortality to shine in his own image. Therefore, though we are sinful, and God knows we are, and we know it too; yet "he remembers that we are dust," and makes his grace abound over the sins and weakness of our frame, and pities us.

The Psalmist takes us back and alludes to redemption by Christ by saying, "As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us." Learned men say we cannot tell how far the east is from the west. They try to measure God's works and would circumscribe the heavens, but they never can; for God's ways are past finding out. But God knows the boundary of all his works, and therefore says, "As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us." Christ bore the sins of his people in his own body when he died on the tree, and he put them away never to be found again. Not one shall be imputed to the child of God; for when Christ shed his blood on the tree he put away sins by the sacrifice of himself, and drowned them for ever in the depths of the sea of his own redeeming love and blood, and where is the man that can drag one of these sins out of this sea? You still carry sin about in your mortal frame, and deceit and wickedness in your heart; but by virtue of Christ's atonement they will at death be put out of you for ever. The child of God longs to creep to the cross of Christ to see his every sin and his worst transgressions atoned for, and all the sins he may commit to the day when he will go out of the world for ever drowned in the depths of that mixed sea of Christ's love and blood. When God removes them from our conscience, though we may afterwards have many exercises about them, we do not retain the guilt of them; for "we have peace with God through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." "All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men; but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men." (Matt. xii. 31.) Christ bore all the wrath of God due to his people when he suffered on the tree, and the Father has no more wrath to pour out on Christ. "With his stripes we are healed."

“He will not always chide; neither will he keep his anger for ever.” (You will perceive I am going backward in my exposition of this Psalm, just as you do sometimes in your experience.) God will not always be chiding his people; they will have all their chidings on earth; in heaven chidings will not be needed, and therefore not known. “The Lord is merciful and gracious.” The Psalmist keeps one thing in view, and that is *mercy*. Many times in this Psalm he mentions the word *mercy*; but here he says, God is “slow to anger, and *plenteous* in mercy.” We think sometimes we have had all the mercy we shall have; for when God hides his face our sins abound, and there seems no comfort, no peace. Then something will say, “You have had the last mercy, the last quickening, the last token for good, and after all it will be proved that you never tasted God’s saving mercy.” But this word *plenteous* seems to imply that our sins are such that we want the heights and depths of his mercy; and had not the Lord made plenteous provision, and were he not merciful beyond our conceptions, we should sink into utter despair. God is longsuffering both to the world and to his people; but to the world it is not out of love, but to his people it is in love; for he is not willing, nor will he permit one vessel of mercy to die without repentance; as the Word says, “And account that the longsuffering of our Lord is salvation.”

“Slow to anger.” God is slow to anger even to the world, but he is gracious to his people. Grace is a very sweet theme. There is not a sinner in heaven who ever received it but with gratitude, and there is not a sinner on earth who has tasted of God’s grace who has not praised and adored the God of grace; and no sinner ever had grace, no matter what measure of it he may have received, who in that measure did not receive God.

But again the Psalmist says, “The Lord is merciful and gracious.” It seems as though his soul at this time was dwelling upon God’s Nature and Person, and all he could see in God was goodness, and justice in all his ways. Let men say what they will, let them blaspheme the Name of God, and let the earth be full of pestilence and death, yet the Psalmist could say, “God is merciful still.” The earth is full of the mercy of the Lord. There is nothing but what will be overruled for the praise and glory of God. “The Lord hath made all things for himself: yea, even the wicked for the day of evil.” (Prov. xvi. 4.)

“He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.” It was in a wonderful way that God showed his mercy to the Israelites. They were kept in bondage in Egypt until God told Moses the secrets of his heart and showed him his covenant; then when Moses came from Mount Horeb, having a knowledge of God’s ways and purposes, he went into the land of Egypt, where God made himself known in a special way to the children of Israel, and brought them up, led them through the sea, and conducted them into the land of Canaan. But what a dreadful God he was to the Egyptians! He was a holy and

righteous God to his own people, but an awful God to their wicked oppressors; and he will be an awful God to all those who die in their sins and have to meet him without his grace and Spirit; for what will God say to the high and the low, from the greatest and best men in the universe to the worst criminals and transgressors, that have to meet him without his Spirit? "Depart from me, ye that work iniquity." Where God's Spirit is not in the heart there is the image of the devil, and God will not have that man either come near his throne or be with him in heaven; for at the judgment there will be a fiery flame between God and those who stand before him. This Daniel clearly saw. "A fiery stream issued and came forth from before him: thousand thousands ministered unto him, and ten thousand times ten thousand stood before him: the judgment was set, and the books were opened." (Dan. vii. 10.)

"The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed." The Israelites were greatly oppressed before they came out of Egypt, but it was not while Jacob and Joseph were living. It was when their father and brother were taken away, and they could see them no more, that they were oppressed, and groaned and sighed by reason of their bondage. So when we cannot find our Father, or our Elder Brother, Christ, and are oppressed with our sins and transgressions, the devil tempts, evil rises, and many things come to try us which we looked not for, then what oppression comes over the sinner, and he says with Job, "Behold, I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him;" and cries out with David, "O my God, my soul is cast down within me." But let our Father and our Elder Brother Jesus appear, then, like the disciples of old, we are glad when we see the Lord.

"Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things." God puts no bad things into the mouths of his children. Jeremiah had his mouth filled with gravel stones, but they were for his good; for God made them very useful to him, and by his dealings with him spoilt him for earth, and for the great men of it, and for all false religion. God cut him up root and branch, and made him groan and say, "I am the man that hath seen affliction by the rod of his wrath." God says, "Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it." By mouth here we are to understand our soul, mind, and heart. What are you most seeking after and desiring? Is it that Christ would come into your heart, drop the blood of his cross into your conscience, give you his true and saving grace, draw you and bless you with a manifestation of his everlasting love, give you the Bread of heaven, and apply his Word with power to your soul? Say you, "That is just what I want." Well; you could not bear much of it, for if God pours a little drop into our hearts, we are soon overcome with his goodness; for our vessels are so contracted that we cannot hold much. Will nothing satisfy you but God? If so, it is an evidence that you know him. AR

"Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that "

youth is renewed like the eagle's." The eagle when it has lost its feathers is a very ugly bird, and at such seasons she cannot fly towards heaven; but let her regain her plumage, and she appears young again and mounts upward. So with the children of God. When God draws we run, when he quickens we call upon him, and when he blesses us we bless him

"Who crowneth thee with lovingkindness." Of all the crowns this is the best, and it is just how we want to be crowned, and the new man of grace is crowned in this way. "Who redeemeth thy life from destruction." At times the soul seems very near destruction. When we get a right view of what we have been and still are, we feel it a mercy that we are out of hell, and at times we are humbled and broken down under a sense of God's longsuffering goodness to us. We might have been in hell long ago, for we are base enough to deserve it.

"Who forgiveth all thine iniquities." There is nothing through which we can receive forgiveness but the blood of Christ, and when we realize this, it gives fresh springs to our joys, and we can then enter into the feelings and expressions of David in this Psalm, "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy Name." He could say, "Bless the Lord, I am not a stranger to these things; for he has not left me without some knowledge of his name. O my soul, thou art not without hope and without God! Yet how little hast thou blessed him! How little hast thou served him after all his kindness towards thee!"

The Psalmist begins this Psalm with, "Bless the Lord, O my soul." Then, feeling what a debtor he was to God and his mercy, and how little he had praised him, and how he had come short in all he had said, he terminates the Psalm with the same words, and I doubt not even then felt he had not half blessed God for his undeserved mercy and lovingkindness manifested to him.

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#### APPROPRIATE CROSSES.

Birmingham, Feb. 5, 1863.

My dear Brother,—Yours came to hand this morning. I should like to say something to you by way of reply, but you know what a poor helpless old worm I am.

I find still a daily cross, a poor afflicted body and a desperately wicked heart. "Well," you may say, "I know that." But it is a small portion of my cross *you* know, and it is but a small portion of yours that I know; yet the same hand prepares both, and each cross is prepared to such a nicety by infinite wisdom, that if we attempt to make it lighter we only add to or increase the difficulty of bearing it. O how often do foolish, sinful I add to the weight of the cross which the Lord is pleased to lay upon me! How do I fret, murmur, and rebel, at times; yet amidst all, I should much fear being left to choose for myself. Sometimes I am enabled to look back on the dealings of God with me, and where appears to be nothing out of place—no, not one thing in all  
 I read.

that he has done. His ways are indeed equal; ours are unequal, and we are prone to wander in forbidden paths. O what troubles and vexations do we procure to ourselves through our folly! "Fools, because of their transgression, and because of their iniquities, are afflicted." Such is my character; and there is a common saying among us, "Fools will be-meddling." Now I think that saying is strictly applicable to me, for I am from time to time meddling with and disturbing myself about that which it is no part of my duty to meddle with. The Lord tells me, and surely he knows best, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." But, by my actions, what is my reply? Why, a downright giving to God the lie. Dreadful! Who or where is he that could or would bear with such a rebel? O what wonderful, unparalleled forbearance does the Lord exercise toward us from day to day! The thought thereof, even while I write, makes me feel as if I should like to raise such a shout of praise to him as should be heard to the remotest bounds of creation.

"O for such love, let rocks and hills  
Their lasting silence break;  
And all harmonious, human tongues  
Our Saviour's praises speak."

O my dear brother, how I do wish that you and I, and all the dear people of God, were more devoted to him; that we might cheerfully take up our daily cross and follow him, who "was despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." And O may we never forget that he is the same kind, compassionate Jesus now that he is surrounded with angels and the spirits of just men made perfect, as he ever was; that he is still "touched with the feeling of our infirmities." May you live to him; may you live upon him; may you exalt him in your ministry from time to time. Let him be the first and the last in your soul's affections as well as in your ministry. Exalt him and abase the sinner, if you are enabled by grace so to do. You may not expect to be very popular; but if, on the other hand, you meet with persecutions, and your name is cast out as evil for the testimony of Christ, count it all joy, and rejoice that you are counted worthy to suffer for his name's sake. May God the Holy Ghost be your teacher, and give you a clear understanding in his Word.

I should have been glad if you had told me in yours how you are going on in London, and whether you have the manifest presence of the Lord with you in your labours, and how you are in health, &c.

I feel still sinking. I have scarcely been able to go to your house since you left home. My wife has been down twice. I suppose you have heard that the two least children are ill. I have not heard how they are to-day. I have had a letter this day from Mr. De Fraine, to say that he cannot come either in April or May. I send this word for your guidance. Thus far last night.

I have been to your house this morning, and found the children better. Your wife tells me your father is very ill, as far as I could understand with stoppage in the bowels; so you see there are a few fresh errands to the throne of grace for you.

I do often try to lay your burdens before the Lord, as well as my own. I hope you will be able to read this wretched scrawl; I am not fit to write, as my hand shakes. I am feeble in body, and dark and stupid in mind. May the Lord bring you safe home. I desire above all things to be

Your affectionate Brother in Christ.

T. VAUGHAN.

### SOME TOKENS FOR GOOD.

November 8, 1828.

My dear Friend,—The period being near at hand when you must needs leave this city, to wait on and fulfil the ministry you have received of the Lord Jesus Christ in other places, I cannot rest satisfied without conveying my farewell, by a few lines as the most convenient way of expressing what is in my heart.

When our dear Lord parted with the disciples at Bethany, and blessed them, he said, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." This blessed promise he hath in love and faithfulness fulfilled down to the present period, and we are this day living witnesses to the truth of it, for his most gracious presence hath been experienced in our assemblies during the past month, and he hath made the place of his feet glorious indeed; yea, the poor worm now addressing you has most assuredly been favoured with some indescribable glimpses of the King in his beauty, and of the goodly land that lies in prospect before us.

During the period of these gracious visitations, few, if any in the congregation, I believe, were so exercised with inward depression of soul, or with more outward tribulations, as myself; but none of these things in the least prevented the communications of the Lord's lovingkindness and tender mercy. Every mountain flowed down while his blessed presence was with me; the waters and the floods (like Jordan's river when the people passed over) receded and were cut off, and all subsided, while peace, rest, and divine consolation flowed into my soul, and, like a mighty stream, carried all before it. These rich displays of sovereign goodness, while they last, are indeed tokens for good, and can be none other than earnest and foretastes of the heavenly inheritance.

"But ah! when these short visits end,

Though not quite left alone,

I miss the presence of my friend,

Like one whose comfort's gone."

This must be the case while in this wilderness state. Peace and tribulation are to succeed each other so long as we are pilgrims and strangers on the earth; but "there is" even "*now* no condemnation" to them which are in Christ Jesus," neither can there be

any separation from him even when surrounded with opposition and trouble from every other quarter. Thanks be unto God for the unspeakable gift of his dear Son, in whom it hath pleased him that all fulness should dwell: the fulness of grace and the blessings of providence are all dispensed by his bountiful hand; he maketh rich and he maketh poor, both in spirituals and temporals, and displays infinite wisdom and goodness in assigning the lot of all his children in this time state; and hath tempered his mystical body together, so that "the eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee; nor again the head to the feet, I have no need of you:" they are all one in Christ Jesus, and each member hath his appointed place in the body; and whether prosperity or adversity, comforts or crosses, health or afflictions, are mingled in their different portions in this brief life; all and each diversity, together with every transition that takes place, is ordered and brought about according to the Lord's counsel, and is effected by the operation of his hands. Neither human wisdom nor human power can forward or impede, establish or frustrate, what the Almighty in his determinate counsel hath appointed to be done and accomplished in his church, or with a single individual of his chosen family. Men may devise and plan many schemes, but "the counsel of the Lord, that shall stand, and he will do all his pleasure: he will work, and none shall let it." Many things we are called to endure appear exceedingly crooked, and contrary to our views and feelings, but they are all straight with the Lord, who knoweth the end from the beginning; and when he is pleased to unfold them to us, we learn, in the issue of each dispensation, that it was the right way in which we have been led; and then from the heart we acknowledge that "he hath done all things well."

Little did I once think that my path in the last stage of my life would be what it is. I have met with many trials before, yet they were not so heavy, nor the waters so deep, as now they appear to be; at the same time I must testify that the consolations of God with me are more abundant than ever they were before; insomuch that, were everything left to my own choice, I would refer all back to the government of him who is "wonderful in counsel and excellent in working."

While many who profess and call themselves Christians are immersed in the pursuit of perishable riches, may I learn to be content with such things as the Lord shall be pleased to bestow upon me, whether little or much, in this world, since he hath blessed me with a measure of faith to believe that his ever-blessed self is the portion of my soul. I have had a long experience of the Lord's paternal goodness and mercy, and feel, to this hour, that I am utterly unworthy of the least favour from his bountiful hand; yet in the midst of all, I am now and then indulged in most comfortable prospects of the promised rest, which live coal upon my heart, melt me down into the sweetest submission to the will of God in all his dealings with me.



You are now about to leave this troublous place, while I must a little longer abide in the Corinthian congregation, where some are carried away with the blighting wind of erroneous doctrines, and others are puffed up with vain conceits, earthly wisdom, and wonderful revelations, ready to despise the afflicted and poor people left in the midst of Zion; but I remember that Mr. Huntington used to say of some in his day, "I let them go on, for I know they must come down where we are before they get to heaven."

May the good Lord take my dear friend under his special care and keeping while journeying to Leicester. May you find your dear family in health and peace, and be gladly received by your own people. May every blessing of the everlasting covenant rest upon you; and when near the throne, may you remember the poor prisoner of hope, who remains

Very affectionately yours,

To Mr. Chamberlain.

J. KEYT.

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### SANCTIFIED TRIALS.

Aldershot, July 7th, 1891.

MY dear Friend.—Grace and peace be with you in your soul, and all needed strength for the body, fitting you for all the labour you are now engaged in. I felt glad to find you were enabled to bring out this month's book, and sincerely wish you may be helped, month after month, to insert such matter as shall be for God's glory, and your own as well as your spiritual readers' profit. It is plain in our day, as well as in days past, that truth is not relished; the carnal mind wants newer and smoother things than naked truth, something that will not offend the spirit of the age. If there ever was a period when the truth is needed, I believe it is now, as much opposition is working. No doubt it is so with you, and it appears to be the same everywhere, and poor Zion is in a low place; yet it is her mercy, notwithstanding all, that "God reigneth," and will reign, till she shall live and reign with him, as her Glorious Head. O yes, throughout a glorious eternity. Yet while she is here she will have to prove that "without him she can do nothing." Here she mourns over her captive state, her deplorably sinful condition, her entirely ruined case. And is it not wonderful, that the longer one lives the more the plague of sin is felt? If I am not deceived, my poor soul has been learning more and more of the plague, yea, the mystery of sin in the heart, for nearly fifty years. But O, I hope it has made me sick of it, and more fond of Christ, his most precious blood, and free, eternal salvation! And he teaches us the evil of sin, to make us fly to Gethsemane and Calvary. I felt glad to see how you were favoured in your affliction. I know a little of it, and have drank from the same dear spring many times during my journey, and sometimes have sung—

“If such the sweetness of the streams,  
 What must the fountain be,  
 Where saints and angels draw their bliss  
 Immediately from thee?”

If we would prove the promises, we must come into spots and places where God will fit them most blessedly to the circumstances of the soul, not to please our fancy (O no), but to confirm the soul in him and his promises, and to know something of his dear arm. Whether in the fire or in the water, in the lion's den or Jeremiah's dungeon, love and power are both learnt in and under sanctified trials, and some very trying. Much of the wood, hay, and stubble gets burnt up there, and the image of our gracious Lord shines a little brighter after the process. And we need much furnace-work; at least I feel I do, although the flesh likes it not at all. Whatever trial transpires, the flesh is ever ready to cry out, “Not so, my Father; not so, my Father.” But the Lord works, and does his own business, and all his work is perfect.

But I must close, wishing you every new covenant blessing for your soul, and every really needed good to help you in your labour of love for the Church.

Yours in the bonds of the gospel.

JOHN BENNETT.

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### LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

Badminton, April 23, 1838.

Much esteemed Friend,—I received your suitable and very precious epistle at a time when I much needed it, and at the very moment that I was saying to my wife, “I think my Bath friends have quite forgotten me.” The words were scarcely out of my lips when J. produced the packet, richly stored with precious fruit plucked from the garden of the Lord, fully ripe, most pleasant to the taste, and refreshing to my poor weary spirit, that hath been hunted about like a partridge on the mountains, and, according to sense, every hiding-place stopped up, so that I had no hole or place to creep into, where I might hide myself until the indignation or fury was overpast. O, my dear brother, there has been much groaning work of late, and much indignation against myself and my own foolishness, and such a feeling sense of my own sins and abominations, with, at times, such a hatred of them, and myself on account thereof, that I sincerely wished and prayed the Lord to keep me from sinning any more against him in this world, even if he plunged me into hell when he was pleased to take me out of it.

Here you have a brief sketch of my Antinomianism, whereby you may see what a comfortable companion is sin with me, especially when under the feeling sense of its damnable, degrading, and destructive nature. O that I were at all times enabled to live as I list, and thus be a witness of that which the will of the Lord do so maliciously and reproachfully cast in

of the Lord's called and adopted family, whose souls' desire is to live as holy as God is holy, being well persuaded that "without holiness, no man can see the Lord."

I was very glad to find that brother B.'s pen was mended, and greatly pleased that he had not found out that pleasant even path that some so much boast of, but that he is still in the straight path that leads to eternal glory, which is, beyond all doubt, through much tribulation. O my dear brother, I am a companion with you in these things; thus, as face answereth face in a glass, so doth your testimony sweetly coincide and harmonise with my own soul's travail; and right glad I am when favoured to believe that I am travelling in the footsteps of the Lord's redeemed ones, though painful and distressing to flesh and blood, and at times appears to be horrible, frightful, distracting, and dreadfully discouraging, so that, like poor David, I am ready to halt on account thereof, having my sorrows continually before me, such as poverty, disgrace, prisons, poor-houses, blindness, and inability to work—no friend to help nor eye to pity, and often ready to conclude that the Lord is become my enemy, and that with all these tormenting things he is fighting against me; that he is become a lion to me, and as waters that fail; that he hath deceived me, and I am deceived. These cursed injections the devil and his emissaries are time after time casting in my teeth that I may stumble and fall, fret and murmur, and thus be left to embrace that injection of Job's silly wife, "Curse God, and die!" But blessed be the dear name of our covenant-keeping God, whose grace is proof against these hellish schemes and plots of our infuriated enemies, and doth again and again enable us to say, with dear Job, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him;" thus grace enables us to bear off the palm, and shout Victory, victory, through the blood of Jesus, whose cleansing efficacy purgeth all our sin from us, and giveth us boldness to come before him with this sacred "roll" in our bosom and his own staff in our hand, pleading meekly yet confidently, "Saidst thou not, 'I will surely do thee good?' Lord, hast thou not promised me that thy grace should be sufficient for me? and hast thou not said that thou wilt never leave nor forsake me? and wilt thou, canst thou deny thyself? Wilt thou forswear thyself, and thus run counter to thy most blessed Word, in which thou hast caused me so sweetly, time after time, to hope? 'That be far from thee, Lord'—that be far from thee." Thus, through grace we take the shield of faith, the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God, saying, whilst feeling his gracious hand, "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy: when I fall, I shall arise; when I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me." And this he will be for his own name's sake, that his name be not polluted amongst the heathen. Thus the devil skulks off like a dastardly coward, and dare not so much as show himself when the sunshine of his mercy beaunt upon our tabernacle.

O my dear brother, might we learn that heavenly art more and more, and through rich grace be able to practise it, and thus cut off the devil's head with his own sword and outshoot him with his own bow, that when he comes accusing and condemning us because we are such monstrous sinners, we may be enabled, like one of the old fathers, when attacked by this accursed "accuser of the brethren" for being such a monstrous sinner, to say, "Thank God that I am a sinner, that I am such a vile sinner, because Christ came into the world to save sinners. 'He came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.'" O that we could always approach him as sensible sinners! But O, our cursed pride! we would approach him as good folks, with holy hearts and holy lives! But the Lord mars all our foolish stratagems, spoils all our goodness, and "turneth all our comeliness into corruption," so that, like poor Job, we are tumbled into the ditch again, and "our own clothes abhor us." Then, like him, "we abhor ourselves, and repent in dust and ashes."

O, the ups and downs, the ins and outs, that the poor Christian is the subject of, which God, in infinite mercy, in his eternal decree, ordered and appointed for him, for wise ends, that he might not settle upon his lees, that he should not take up his rest in these perishing things, and that he should not be like Ephraim, lie too long on one side, and thus become as a cake unturned, as many high towering professors have done. "Because they know no changes, therefore they fear not God." Such characters cannot, neither will they, "stay long in the place of the breaking forth of children." They cannot endure the conflicts nor the triumphs of the liberated child, but laugh and scoff at all their pangs and throes, their bondage and liberty, their battles and victories, their groans and shouts, crying out, "Enthusiasm, enthusiasm! nervousness, the effect of nervousness," and the like. Thus they turn their backs upon them, and walk no more with them, fearing lest they should catch the evil disease which they ignorantly imagine is fallen upon them.

Thus, dear brother, we see that these ungodly ones cannot stand in the judgment, nor such insensible ones in the congregation of the redeemed. O what distinguishing mercy is it to be liberated from such a destructive delusion as that which prompts the soul to cry "Peace, peace," when sudden destruction is nigh at hand. O then, let us take good heart and cease to fear. We trust it will be well with us at last. A few more pangs and sorrows, a few more groans and cries, and all will be over for ever. The wheel is still turning, and will soon bring us to our journey's end. Though the way is rough and rugged, the weather bad, and the wind blustering, never mind; the wind does not always blow one way, as there is a south wind as well as a north wind. The earth is not alike upon a level in all our journeys; there is up hill and down, with rough and smooth roads, yet a progressive step, though ever so slow, bringing the traveller to the desired haven, as one most excellently

“Bare seeds have no great beauty, but inhum'd,  
That which they had is lost and quite consum'd;  
They soon corrupt, and grow more base by odds  
When dead and buried underneath the clods.  
It falls in baseness, but at length doth rise  
In glory, which delights beholders' eyes;  
How great a difference have a few days made  
Betwixt it in the bushel and the blade!”

O what a mystery, what a paradox, is the life of a Christian!

“Health, strength, and riches, credit and content,  
Are spared best sometimes when they are spent;  
Sickness and weakness, loss, disgrace and sorrow,  
Lend most sometimes when most they seem to borrow.”

I hope I shall hear from you soon; and if the good Lord should so order it, I think of coming shortly to spend a Sabbath with you if agreeable. I am at present entangled with my work, though I have a kind and reasonable master.

I was at Bristol on the 8th day of this month, and intend, God willing, going again on the 6th May. The last Sabbath I was there I became very suddenly ill. My friends gave me up for death, seeing such a violent shaking which suddenly came upon me. But the Lord raised me up again almost instantaneously, and made me as strong as a giant refreshed with new wine, and enabled me to speak twice to a crowded company.

I do sincerely wish that brother F. and the Bristol friends were reconciled, as there are, I firmly believe, some precious souls among them, and many of them would be glad to see you or any of the Bath friends at Bristol. I do not, neither would I, strive to yoke oxen and asses together—this I leave to those who are fond of such unprofitable labour. But I would be an instrument in the Lord's hands, were it his sovereign will, of removing prejudice and evil surmisings from among the children of God, that they might, through grace, “love one another with a pure heart fervently.” O, this is a precious scripture, “Beloved, let us love one another: for love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God. . . . God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him.” (1 John iv. 7, 16.) But where envy is, there is confusion and every evil work. May the Lord in his infinite mercy eradicate such a hideous monster from among the children of God. Give my kind love to my friend F. and his wife. May the Lord abundantly bless him in the ministry of his truth, and enable him to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered unto the saints; and might he be enabled at all times to trumpet forth a certain sound, so that the people might be stirred up to prepare for the battle. Poor Gilbert has been very ill, and at home all the winter. Jabez has also been ill since he was in Bath, but is now a great deal better. Thus you see I have troubles of many shapes. But what of it all? When in my right mind it appears but a small matter compared with what I do

most justly deserve. Ah, my dear brother, where sin hangs heavily, afflictions hang lightly. So then there is no just cause to complain.

Luther, who made many a meal upon a broiled herring, was wont to say, "Let us be content with coarse fare here. Have we not the bread that came down from heaven? Do we not feed on angels' food?" Erasmus said, "I desire honour and riches no more than a weary horse doth a heavy cloak." Should not we account him a fool who would victual his ship as much to cross the Channel to France as if she were bound for the East Indies? Ah! it will be but a little while, and then there will be no need of these things. What a sad story was that of Pope Pius Quintus! "When I was in a low condition," he said, "I had some comfortable hopes of salvation. When I came to be a cardinal I greatly doubted it. But since I came to the pope-dom, I have had no hope at all." Affectionately yours. J. REED.

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#### A PRAYER.

THE storm clouds gather o'er my head  
 And threaten to destroy: Lord Jesus come,  
 Subdue the tempest's rage; say Peace, be still.  
 Of old thou walkedst on the swelling sea,  
 To save thy trembling Peter from his fears,  
 And soon the angry waves were hushed to calm.  
 So now, one word from thy almighty lips  
 Will spread tranquility. O, speak that word!  
 Or, if I ever must be tossed about  
 Upon life's billowy ocean, steer my bark  
 In safety to that peaceful harbour, where  
 Nor storm, nor tempest can assail it more.  
 O! purge me from all sin; and, to this end,  
 Plunge me into that potent, cleansing fount  
 Of thy atoning blood, and make me white—  
 White as the virgin snows on Hermon's brow,  
 Unfouled by human foot—and I am clean.  
 Upon a weary wanderer bestow  
 A token of that love which brought thee down  
 From highest bliss, to suffer, bleed and die;  
 This shall dissolve my adamant heart,  
 And lift my earth-bound spirit up awhile  
 To joys supernal—happy, welcome change!  
 As waits the servant for his lord's commands,  
 So may I listen, Jesus, for thy voice,  
 And humbly follow thee. When thou at last  
 Thy jewels shalt collect, then in thy crown  
 O, may I shine for aye, a trophy bright  
 Of thy redeeming, never-dying love!  
 And with immortal lungs loud sing thy praise  
 In yonder mansions of eternal day,  
 Where sweet, unruffled calm each breast pervades.

R. E. HARDING.

## Obituary.

ELIZA REED.—On March 20, 1892, aged 62, Eliza Reed, of Offord, Hunts.

I cannot say the exact time when our beloved sister was first convinced of her state as a sinner,—but the Lord dealt with her in a very signal way about the year 1859. The late Mr. W. Brown, who was then settled at Godmanchester, was made useful to her, and on one occasion when he preached from Ezekiel xvi. 8, his ministry was made a special blessing to her. It was indeed a sealing time, which she spoke of to many of the Lord's people at intervals during her life. She was also much encouraged and helped in her early days under the ministry of other servants of the Lord. On Dec. 11, 1859, she wrote as follows:—"My dear Miss B., I am well, through mercy; have been to Godmanchester to-day to hear Mr. Bray. He read the 26th chapter of Isaiah. His text was Jeremiah xiv. 8, 9, 'O the hope of Israel,' &c. He was very encouraging to poor, doubting, fearing children of God. I thought at the time I might hope in the goodness and mercy of the Lord. But why should I hope? If I turn my eyes within, 'all is so dark, and vain, and wild.' He spoke of the children of God as being sometimes like the mown grass; how soon it looks dry and withered up, if the rain is withheld for a time; but at the same time there is life in the root. I am sure you would like to have heard him. The hymns were nice ones—9th, 958th, and 303rd.

Last Lord's day Mr. Smith read the 15th chapter 1st Book of Samuel. His text was the latter part of the 22nd verse. 'Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice,' &c. O how I felt sure he was a man taught of the Lord. In the afternoon he administered the Lord's supper. He read a few verses in the 15th chapter of John, and spoke a little upon them, which I liked very much, but at the same time thinking,

'How shall I bear the piercing thought—  
What if my name should be left out,  
When thou for them shalt call?'

With kind regards. May the blessing of him who is able to keep us from falling abide with you all, is the sincere desire of  
Yours unworthily, E. REED."

In course of time, by the teaching of the Lord, she was led to see the ordinance of believers' baptism, and the importance of uniting with the people of God in church fellowship, which greatly exercised her mind, as the following letter to the same friend as the preceding one will show:—

"My dear Miss B.,—As you are much on my mind, I must write a few lines to let you know how comfortable I have been in my mind. You kindly said, when we parted yesterday, 'May the Lord be with you.' And truly I have not had such a day for years (if ever before). I awoke this morning between two and

three o'clock in such a sweet frame of mind as I cannot describe. O, I thought, if I could see some of the Godmanchester friends I could then tell them what the dear Lord had done for my soul; and was enabled to tell my husband that I loved the Lord with all my heart, his people and his ways; that they were his people at G., and I must join them. O how precious was that hymn—

‘Lord, I believe thou hast prepared,  
Unworthy though I be,’ &c.,

and that sweet text of dear Mr. Brown's, Ezekiel xvi. 8, ‘Now when I passed by thee,’ &c., all the verse, ‘*and thou becamest mine.*’ I well remember his preaching from it. I do sincerely hope I may be enabled to tell out my feelings to Mr. Godwin, for I have for a length of time had a great desire to become one with them. The Lord says he goes before, and I feel *now* no doubt, if I am one of his, that he will, in *his own time*, bring me into his fold. I do sincerely hope I am not deceived. Dear Friend, I am so unaccustomed to writing, that now I feel almost ashamed to send it; but you will forgive *all, I know*; and O, may we feel one in heart to love and bless our dear Lord, who gave his Only-begotten Son to save such poor lost sinners as myself. There is no other name under heaven whereby we can be saved. Hope to see you next Lord's day, if the Lord will. I remain, as before, your unworthy friend,  
E. REED.”

She gave a very clear and satisfactory account of the Lord's dealings with her soul, was unanimously received, and baptized by Mr. Godwin on April 6th, 1862, continuing a very consistent and useful member of the church until her death. She greatly loved and esteemed Mr. G. for his work's sake, and was many times refreshed and comforted under his ministry. She also loved and esteemed the unworthy writer, and her love was not in word only, but in deed and in truth. One of her greatest pleasures was to have a few Godmanchester friends at her house to tea, and afterwards for me to preach in a schoolroom in the village, which she, with a few more friends, hired for that purpose. There I preached once nearly every month for several years, and we believe that God gave testimony to the word of his grace, and the refreshing of some of his saints.

She enjoyed fairly good health until Christmas, 1890, when she had a severe attack of bronchitis, which laid her aside for about three months, during which time she was wonderfully sustained and kept from murmuring against the Lord's will. After her recovery she was enabled to get to chapel again for a short time; but in May, 1891, she was taken very ill, suffering acutely with her heart, which again prevented her attending God's house, except very occasionally. She would frequently deplore the loss she felt through being absent from chapel. She remarked how much she would like to be able to meet with her friends to the close of her life. She said, “I should like to be singing at chapel *one Sunday* and singing in *heaven* the



time she was able to get out was the first Sunday in December. She was then, and for the rest of her days, in a very delicate state of health, suffering from heart disease; and although she was able to get up, had to be kept very quiet. On Sunday evening, March 13, 1892, she was taken with severe pain and vomiting. The doctor thought it was a bad bilious attack, but notwithstanding the prescribed remedies, she got worse. On the Tuesday, when in the most dreadful pain and suffering, she exclaimed:—

“And shall I impatiently fret,  
And murmur against his kind rod;  
His love and his mercy forget,  
And fly in the face of my God?”

This had for years been a favourite verse with her, also the next four lines, which she would often recite:—

“Dear Jesus, preserve me in love,  
And teach me on thee to rely;  
Give wisdom and strength from above,  
Nor let me against thee reply.”

The whole hymn has been especially blessed to her.

On Wednesday morning the doctor found that it would be necessary for her to undergo an operation, which the family much feared, considering the weak state of her heart, but were told it was the only means of saving her life, it being impossible for her to live more than a few hours in her present state. When told of it she seemed very calm, and expressed a hope that she might “be ready” if she did not get through it. With the assistance of four doctors the operation was performed successfully, and from that time she had comparative ease, though her heart was gradually giving way. She seemed very thankful to the Lord for bringing her through it; but when asked by her daughter if she would like to get well, she replied, “for your sakes,” but I would have “no will but his,” and added, “if holding up my finger would alter anything, I could not do it.” The family were ordered to keep her very quiet; and as she dozed a great deal from the effects of the chloroform, she could not talk to them much; but when any refreshment was given to her, she would often remark, “They did not serve our Saviour like this.” She seemed to get weaker, so that several times during her last days she repeated the following verse:—

“To him every comfort I owe,  
Above what the fiends have in hell;  
And shall I not sing as I go,  
That Jesus does everything well?”

On the Thursday she said to me, “I am in my right place, just where the Lord has put me, and I do not want it altered.” I said, “How very blessed to be so sweetly resigned to his sovereign will in such a heavy affliction.” She then pointed to a portion of scripture on a card in her bedroom, “The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble: and he knoweth them that trust in

him;" and said, "That is my favourite text. There is no text in the Bible that has been so precious to me." After praying with her, I said, "It shall be well with the righteous." She replied, "It is well with me. It is well." On the Friday she sang, as well as her strength would permit—

"O for a heart prepared to sing  
To God, my Saviour and my king;  
While with his saints I join to tell,  
My Jesus has done all things well."

After taking a little nourishment, she said, "I cannot praise God enough for his goodness to me. I can never praise him enough *here* in this life." On Saturday she was very weak, and expressed her desire to "be ready" if called to die. During the afternoon Hymn 303 (Gadsby's Selection) was read to her, which she seemed to enjoy, and said, "You may read that, it will never wear out;" and again repeated, "never wear out." On Sunday morning (the day she died) she was much weaker, and it was seen she could not last long. One of her daughters said to her, "You are not afraid to die, are you?" when she smilingly replied, "No." The daughter said, "You will be all right, won't you?" She answered, "I think so." The daughter replied, "I'm *sure* you will." She said, "He knows I *would* live closer to him." A little time after this she said (as though speaking to herself very thoughtfully), "On the Rock, on the Rock, Christ Jesus; there's no building so secure as *that* on the Rock, Christ Jesus." After this she became very faint. She moved her lips, and made a slight sound, as though she wished to speak, but no word could be distinguished. She was unconscious for one hour, and then (at noon) she gently breathed her last. Truly it was like one falling asleep. She will indeed be missed, for she was a most devoted mother, a kind friend to the needy, an honourable member of the church of Christ, a lover of the peace and prosperity of Zion, a succourer of many and of myself also. I never felt the loss of anyone more keenly, nor committed a body to the ground with a better hope of a glorious resurrection unto eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord, "when he shall come to be glorified in his saints, and to be admired in all them that believe." Truly our loss is her eternal gain.

J. OLDFIELD.

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MARTHA COLLINS.—On May 1, 1892, aged 53, at 19, Platt Street, Oakley Square, London, Martha Collins, daughter of the late Charles Vane, Halling, Kent.

Our dear sister, one of a large family, was born at Snodland, in Kent, and born again of the Spirit of God when about twenty years of age. She was some years before she could read "her title clear," &c., but we have every reason to believe that she experienced the truth of Matt. v. 6, "Blessed are they which hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled." In 1868 she was able to come before the church

Chapel, Chatham, where her father, mother, and one of her sisters were members, and declare what God had done for her soul, and in scripture order was baptized and added to the church. After a few years she married, and living at Platt Street, she attended Gower Street Chapel since 1870, although for the last five years often being prevented by bronchitis, which eventually becoming chronic, caused her death, which every creature comfort, with medical aid and care, could not prevent. It is recorded, "In the world ye shall have tribulation" (John xvi. 33); but what a comforting thought is Rev. vii. 14, "These are they which came out of great tribulation," &c. Though our dear sister attended Gower Street so many years, she made but few friends. She has remarked, "I go in and out for the gospel." She often spoke of the ministry of Mr. Hemington and Mr. Hull as being very profitable, and preferred Hastings on that account. About six months before her death she ruptured a blood vessel, which much prostrated her, at which time the Lord much blessed the 54th chapter of Isaiah to her soul; so much so, that she was enabled to leave herself, her husband, and children peacefully in his hands. A few weeks before she died she expressed a wish for a certain Christian friend to come and stay with her. Her wish being complied with she found it a great comfort. On the morning of her death, being very uneasy in body, her friend asked if she wanted anything. She said, "Only a peaceful dismissal." She then called her husband and two dear girls (the eldest having nursed her most tenderly), and without opening her eyes she entered peacefully into life eternal. E. O.

A Gower Street friend adds to the foregoing that, for some time before her end, Mrs. C. was usually much favoured when able to get to the chapel, and often spoke of how the Lord had blessed her in her weaknesses and afflictions at home. About the last time she was able to get to chapel, she remarked to one of the oldest members, in reply to an inquiry, that she felt very weak. He replied, "Yes; you 'feel the mud-walled cottage shake?'" "Yes," she said. A few days before her departure she mentioned the circumstance to a friend, and added, "I longed then to be able to say the next lines, 'And long to see it fall,' &c.; but I *can* say it now!" For some time before her end she was kept in a quiet, peaceful, and settled state of mind, firmly assured of her salvation, and feeling, that much as she loved her children, she could leave them with the Lord. Just before the end, when in extreme weakness, she said, "No sting! no sting!"

GEORGE FORSTER.—On May 10, 1892, aged 77, George Forster, for many years an attendant at Gower Street, London.

He was a lover of the truth, and strongly attached to many who proclaimed it, particularly to Mr. Dennett, whom he much loved. In early life he was a Roman Catholic, but being invited to attend a Protestant church, he complied, when a passage of

Scripture, read by the clergyman, was sent home with divine power to his soul; from which time, we believe, he became acquainted with the mystery of iniquity within, under which he often groaned and mourned, and also, in his measure, knew and enjoyed somewhat of the value and worth of redemption and the vast blessings attached thereto. A fortnight before his end, he told me he was a good deal troubled as to whether he should dispose of his business and live in retirement, and desired I would try and pray for him in the matter. The same evening he took a chill in returning home from chapel, which brought on an old disease in an aggravated form. His doctor advised his removal to a hospital, but his time of leaving all earthly matters was approaching, and earthly physicians were vain. I saw him twice, but his exhaustion and pains were too great for him to speak much. I said, "You have had many blessings during many years." He answered, with a smile, "Yes, I have," and tried to speak a few earnest words, but his tongue was in such a state that he could not articulate. I asked, "Do you feel quietness of mind?" "Yes." His efforts to reply caused him much pain, so I said little more. Knowing him, I believe he would not have given the answers he did, nor in his solemn place, would he have so smiled, had he not felt the witness within. He was a quiet, humble man, and much esteemed by those who knew him. His wife died a few months previously.

C. J.

**THERESA GALE.**—On May 16, 1892, aged 78, Theresa Gale, of Tormarton, Gloucestershire.

Our dear departed friend was deeply convinced of her sinful, undone state before the Lord, and for many years was kept an earnest seeker after Jesus Christ. She would frequently say, "I am such a black sinner, I want a full Christ to save me." I have heard her begging of the Lord, with tears, to have mercy and reveal himself to her as all her salvation. She walked in much darkness, and her temporal trials were very heavy. The two combined caused her to be a woman of a very sorrowful spirit. Upon one occasion, being almost overwhelmed with trials of a deeply trying nature, she attempted self-destruction, but the Lord mercifully preserved her, and safely delivered her from the hand of the destroyer. In the year 1869 she lost a daughter, and was much tried about her eternal welfare. The Lord, however, greatly comforted and cheered her heart by the hymn commencing—

"God shall alone the refuge be."

In the spring of 1881 the Lord very blessedly broke in upon her soul.

She said, "I at once ran away to a quiet place to bless praise his dear name." Soon after this precious visit<sup>s</sup> called to pass through the most bitter trial she had<sup>d</sup> experienced, and her poor heart was well nigh brok<sup>b</sup>

Lord sweetly confirmed her interest in himself by applying the following words: "Let not your heart be troubled . . . I go to prepare a place for you. . . that where I am there ye may be also." The ordinance of believers' baptism being much laid upon her mind, she desired to walk in obedience to the Lord's command, but was fearful lest she should not hold out to the end; however in the spring of 1883 she was enabled to go forward and tell what the Lord had done for her soul, and cast in her lot with the Church at Old Sodbury, where she continued an humble, consistent member until her death. She, with three others, were baptized by that gracious servant of God, the late Mr. Stinchcombe, at Providence Chapel, Bath, very kindly lent them for the occasion. As Mrs. Gale was being led into the water, the minister addressed her in the very appropriate words of the poet:—

"This is the way I long have sought  
And mourned because I found it not;  
My grief, my burden long has been,  
Because I could not cease from sin.

The more I strove against its power,  
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more;  
Till late I heard my Saviour say,  
'Come hither, *soul*, I am the way.'

She frequently came to Bath on a visit to her son, and was much favoured in hearing Mr. S., the beloved pastor at Providence Chapel. She had also some special times in hearing others of the Lord's servants who supplied there. In January, 1887, she was called to pass through another sore bereavement in the removal of her above-named eldest son. Although she felt her loss keenly, she did not mourn as those without hope, but her one cry was, "O to be right! To be found clothed in Christ's righteousness! I am such a poor sinner; I do hope he will not cast me off when I come to die."

Upon one occasion, when on a visit to her daughter-in-law in Bath, she was taken very ill, and no hope was held out of her recovery. The Lord again drew near in the day of her trouble. She said matters were all right between the Lord and her soul, and she enjoyed much peace. It was surprising to hear her repeat passages of Scripture and verses of hymns that were made precious to her; but the time of her removal was not yet; and as her bodily strength returned, so did her fears and darkness of mind, and she often wondered how it would be with her in the swellings of Jordan. She was indeed one who was all her lifetime subject to bondage through the fear of death. The Bible, hymn-book, and the "Gospel Standard," were her chief companions. We have many times said we never knew any person who so sincerely loved the "G. S." as she did, for they were inseparable. If she went from one room to another, she would be sure to carry it with her. She was exceedingly fond of hymns,

and would say they so exactly expressed her feelings. The Lord mercifully spared her a long illness at the close of her life. She was taken ill on Thursday, May 12th, and on Friday she made every arrangement for her funeral with the utmost composure, and repeated with much emphasis one promise after another which were then precious to her, such as "Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God." "I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am there ye may be also." "I have called thee by name: thou art mine." After this she became unconscious. A friend heard her once say, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly;" and the last audible words her children could gather were, "Yea, 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."

Thus passed away an humble walker, but a very little talker. The church has lost a praying, loving member, and her family a praying, loving mother; but their loss is her eternal gain.

M. C.

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**JAMES CREASEY.**—On June 9, 1892, aged 84, James Creasey, of Billingham, Lincolnshire.

My dear father was born of godly parents, Oct. 12th, 1807, at Walcott, two miles from Billingham, in Lincolnshire. He has not left any written record of his call by grace, and I am sorry to say I cannot give any accurate account of how he was brought to seek the Lord. He was in business at Helpringham, and was married Nov. 3rd, 1835. He was baptized and joined the church at Donnington. About the year 1849 he returned to Walcott, and took a farm, in which he saw the Lord's hand in a remarkable way. On Sept. 19th, 1847, he removed his membership to the church at Billingham, a Strict Baptist Chapel having been lately erected there for Mr. Skipworth. The chapel was opened by Mr. Philpot, March 23rd, 1847. Mr. P. preached morning and evening, and Mr. Skipworth in the afternoon. On April 14th, 1854, he was chosen deacon, which office he faithfully filled until the time of his death. The Lord's name and cause were very dear to him. A short time before his death he said, "I know the Lord is able to raise up others, and make them pillars in his house after I am gone. I feel sure he has lately sent one amongst us who I hope will stand firm for the truth."

One day about a fortnight before he died Mr. G. came to see him. He said, "What a mercy is it to have anything to look back upon that the Lord himself has taught me." Mr. G. said, "Yes, you have had many hill Mizars and sweet Ebenezers." He said, "Yes, especially one, which I shall never forget. It was at the time when Mr. W. became a Unitarian. I was going to the church meeting much tried on account of this minister (who I had thought to be a good man) having fallen into that error, when the suggestion came to my mind, 'You are young in the ways of religion, and perhaps you are wrong.' O, I felt

so tried, but I went onward begging that the Lord would not let me be wrong or do wrong, for I felt what a solemn thing it would be for me to oppose Mr. W. if he were a servant of God. Still I felt the Unitarian doctrine must be wrong; and I shall never forget, as I was crossing the field between Helpringham and Swayton, with what power and sweetness the following words dropped into my soul, 'The Eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms;' and I had such a clear revelation to my soul that the Lord Jesus Christ was the eternal God, and I felt that he was the only refuge of my soul. I inwardly said, 'If there is not another man in the whole world believes it, I do; and if they all denied it, I could tell them they were all liars.' I went to the meeting, and told them that if they could hold that erroneous Unitarian doctrine, I must withdraw from them. One man said, 'Ah, they went out from us, because they were not of us.' He had no sooner spoken than these words dropped so sweetly on my soul, 'Come out from among them, and be ye separate.' I was enabled to obey the exhortation, and I have never regretted doing so. What the Lord himself taught me then I now feel to be my stay and support. I have no other refuge but the Lord Jesus and his finished work, and I want no other.

'The word that I have rested on,  
Shall help my heaviest hours.' "

Once when his youngest daughter was quite a child she was very ill, and the doctor gave no hope of her recovery; in fact, at one time she was thought to be dead; but my father could not give her up. He went to chapel, when the 957th Hymn, beginning, "Why sinks my weak desponding mind?" was sung, and was so blessed to him that he felt he could say from his heart, "Lord, thy will be done." He then felt quite resigned to the will of God, whether the child lived or died. From that time she commenced to recover, and afterwards married. She came to see her father about a week before he died. He clasped her in his arms, and kissed her most affectionately, and as she left the room, we heard him say, "I believe she is in the covenant." On Saturday his eldest son came from London, whom he had not seen for about fifteen years. The next morning he took his son's hand, and said, "You must all come to this place, and we don't know how soon death may come to any one of you. I wish you had come sooner, I did think I should have had you boys here and talked to you, and given you a little good advice, but I am too weak now. I cannot talk much, but the Lord can do more and better for you than I can. Whatever I might say would do you no good, unless the Lord were pleased to accompany it with power. O do let me beg of you to hear the blessed gospel preached, whatever you may have to endure. O the blessed truths of the gospel! May the Lord incline your hearts ever to hear them. Don't despise the blessed word of God, for the Scripture says, 'Ye despisers, and wonder, and perish!' And again,

‘Whoso despiseth the word shall be destroyed.’ What is there here in the vain pursuits of this world that can give you peace on a dying bed? Why, *nothing*. But O, to know for oneself the ever-blessed truths of the gospel, and the salvation Jesus wrought out and finished on the cross in dying for poor lost sinners, shedding his precious blood to redeem them, and having it made known to one’s soul by the power of the Holy Spirit; this affords peace in a dying hour!” To his eldest son he said, “You know you have done very wrong, and you are going on now in a very wrong way, and you also know the consequences of the same, for ‘The wages of sin is death,’ and ‘The wicked shall have their portion in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone for ever and ever.’ O that it could be the Lord’s gracious will to implant his fear in your heart, and give you true repentance; for unless he does, where I am going you never can come! O the preciousness of a poor sinner being brought to feel his interest in a precious Jesus! Yet,

‘When his pardon is sealed, and his peace is procured,  
From that moment his conflict begins;’

and it is so. I thought when pardon was felt, conflict was all over; but it is not so.” In the evening he said, “‘Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? this that is glorious in his apparel, travelling in the greatness of his strength? I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save.’ Yes, that is it, *‘mighty to save.’*” On Monday he was very happy, and referred to one of his visits to my home at Birmingham, and said, “How well I remember hearing Mr. Dennett five years ago expounding the 1st chapter of St. John’s gospel, especially when he came to that verse, ‘There was a man sent from God,’ and how he felt in his own soul at that time, and said, ‘Yes, Mr. D. is a man sent of God.’” He then repeated several verses of the same chapter—“In the beginning,” “In him was life, and the life was the light of men; and the light shineth in darkness.” He then said, “That light is Christ, who was spoken of by the prophets.” Then he spread out both his hands, and said, “My Father—my Lord—my God—my Saviour—my Redeemer;” and added, “Where the Holy Spirit rests in the soul, there the Sun of righteousness will shine more and more and more unto the perfect day.” Again he spread out his hands, and with a sweet smile said, “Let me go home, and enjoy the same for ever and ever and ever.”

On Tuesday morning he said, “Find the hymn commencing,

‘Glorious things of thee are spoken,  
Zion, city of our God.’”

I read it through. He said, “Now sing it.” I replied, “I can’t sing, father.” He said, “O, can’t you?” and commenced it himself, and sang the first two lines, but had not breath to go on. Others present sang the hymn through, and, as he joined in, his voice sounded so sweet and his countenance bespoke that he was enjoying it.



In the evening his youngest son came to see him, when he said, "Now I'm satisfied." I said, Father, the Lord has been very gracious in hearing your prayer, and granting you your desire to see all your nine children once more before you die." He said, "Yes, the Lord gave me this desire, and I could not go until he had granted it; for wherever the Lord gives an earnest desire, he will be sure to fulfil it." He was very clear in speaking to his children upon the new birth and the work of the Holy Spirit in the soul, and in telling them that they must experience it, or they never could go where he was going. At another time he said, "O, to be quickened by the Holy Spirit, and to have the glorious truths of the ever-blessed Gospel revealed to and sealed home upon the soul with power by the Holy Ghost! Who can describe the blessedness of it?"

Several times he said, "Thy will be done; Jesus is precious." I said, "Is Jesus precious to you now, father?" He said with an emphasis, "*He is precious to me!*" He then said,

"O love divine, how sweet thou art!  
 .....I feel my willing heart  
 All taken up by thee.  
 I thirst, I faint, I die to prove,  
 The greatness of redeeming love,  
 The love of Christ to me."

He then said, "Full of love. O what a beautiful river!" and put up both his hands, and said, "Yes, on both sides of the river. I feel I have on that glorious dress!" and repeated the verse,

"Jesus, thy blood and righteousness,  
 My beauty are, my glorious dress."

He said,

"'O, the love of Christ to sinners!  
 Who can half its wonders tell?"

No, no, we cannot; we come so short, no tongue can tell it." He paused, and said, "O Lord, my God, the Lord God of Israel." On the Saturday night before he died, one of the members came to see him. He took her hand, and said, "Nothing will stand here but the Lord's own work. Before I was taken ill I was very much tried, but that hymn was made such a blessing to me,

'Lord, I cannot let thee go,  
 Till a blessing thou bestow;  
 Mine's an urgent, pressing case,  
 Do not turn away thy face.

Dost thou ask me who I am;  
 O, my Lord, thou know'st my name!  
 Yet the question gives a plea  
 To support my suit with thee.'

Then, with much emphasis,

“Thou didst once a wretch behold,  
In rebellion blindly bold,  
Scorned thy grace, thy power defy;  
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.’

Yes, that ‘I’ expresses my character; but O, the mercy that the next verse is my character too:

‘Once a sinner near despair,  
Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer;  
Mercy heard and set him free:  
Lord, that mercy came to me.’

Yes, me.” He then repeated the remainder of the hymn, and said, “What a mercy he is a faithful, unchanging God!” On Sunday morning he repeated the hymn,

“Lo, he comes with clouds descending.”

During the night the enemy was permitted to harass him much; he was greatly tried. The next morning he was much in prayer, and said to Mr. G., “All my times are in his hands,” and asked him to read and engage in prayer; at the conclusion of which he said “Amen” three times.

At night he said, “I want to sing praises to the Lord’s name for his goodness, mercy, and truth to me, for ‘he hath delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling.’” (Ps. cxvi. 8.) This he repeated several times at intervals throughout the night. His eldest son offered him some port wine; he took it, and looked at it, saying, “Ah, you cannot understand what I feel in drinking wine. This is an emblem of the precious blood of Christ, but it is impossible for you to have any idea of what I feel.” On Tuesday morning I received a letter from my dear pastor, Mr. Dennett. I read it to my father, which he much enjoyed, and said, “*Blessed man*, what a favour I feel it to be to have a place in the heart of such a man of God, and to have an interest in his prayers. I hope we shall live together for ever and ever.” During the day he cried, “*Victory, Victory,*” and said, “Glory shines more and more. O his precious love and blood! I want to feel full of his love, and to sing of Victory and Glory. I love to see his lovely face. I love his grace, and love to feel him shine more and more and more upon my soul. O, the riches of his grace! His heart is full of love. I don’t want to stay here. I want to feel his love shed abroad in my breast, and love him with his own love.

‘Loved of my God ere time began,  
With love intense to him I burn.’

I cannot love him half enough for what he has done for us. I want to shout aloud of his love and blood. 'He brought me to the banqueting house, and his banner over me was love. Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples, for I am sick of love.'" On Wednesday, when asked how he was, he replied, "Not so comfortable as I could wish;" but he was much in prayer, and afterwards quoted the words "All thine enemies shall be found liars unto thee;" adding,

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

I said, "He will never leave nor forsake you, father." He answered, "No, no,

'His love in time past forbids me to think  
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink.'"

After quoting the Scripture, "Blessed is the man that trusteth in him," he said, "He is a faithful, unchanging God; he cannot deny himself. He has taught me to trust in his name, and therefore he will never put me to shame." After asking how dear mother was, he said, "I shall soon be gone." He then appeared in prayer, as if committing her to the care of the Lord. In the evening he repeated the verse,

"O that I could now adore him,  
Like the heavenly host above," &c.

During Wednesday night he was in great agony, when a sorrowful look overspread his countenance, and he said, "My enemy has overcome me." But in less than a minute his face appeared lighted up, and he said, "There is a covering above me and around me. Don't you see it?" The last words which I heard him distinctly say were "Well—well—well."

M. H. HADDOW.

O, how evil doth it become a believer to be ireful and greedy of vengeance, when his Forerunner, being in most humility like unto a sheep, prayed for his enemies!—*Coverdale*.

"How great a foe is sin! How deceitful the heart! How depraved the nature of man! How full of hellish malice is Satan, and how constantly and unweariedly does he wage war with the saints individually in their souls' experience!"—*Tanner*.

THIS decree of God admits of no cause out of himself: but the thing decreed, which is the glorification of his chosen ones, may and does admit, nay, necessarily requires, a meritorious cause; which is no other than the obedience and death of Christ.—*Zanchtus*.

MR. HERVEY, being in company with a person who was paying him some compliments on account of his writings, replied, laying his hand on his breast, "O, Sir, you would not strike the sparks of applause if you knew how much corrupt tinder I have within."

# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

NOVEMBER, 1892.

MATT. v. 6; 2 TIM. i. 9; ROM. xi. 7; ACTS viii. 37, 38; MATT. xxviii. 19.

## THE LOSS OF ALL THINGS FOR CHRIST'S SAKE.

A SERMON PREACHED IN PARK STREET CHAPEL, NOTTINGHAM, ON THURSDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 23RD, 1858, BY  
J. C. PHILPOT.

"Yea doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord: for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ,

"And be found in him, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith."—PHILIPPIANS iii. 8, 9.

EVERY saved sinner is a miracle of grace; and I believe in my very heart and conscience that the Lord will make every saved sinner know, feel, and acknowledge it; for he will give him from time to time such deep discoveries of what he is in the Adam fall, as will convince him beyond all question and all controversy that nothing but the rich, sovereign, distinguishing, and superabounding grace of God can save his soul from the bottomless pit. But though this is true in the case of every vessel of mercy, yet, as if to establish our faith more clearly and fully in the sovereignty of grace, the Lord has given us two special instances in the Scriptures wherein the miracles of his grace seem to shine forth in the most distinguished lustre and glory; and as if to make the contrast greater, they are of two characters exactly opposite. Yet the grace of God shines so conspicuously in both, that I hardly know to which I can assign the preference. These two characters are—one, the thief upon the cross; the other, Saul of Tarsus. Let us view them separately.

First, I look at the thief upon the cross. I see there a hardened malefactor, the associate of ruffians, the accomplice of murderers, for he was no doubt one of the gang of Barabbas, and selected, when he was spared, as one of the worst, to stamp the Redeemer's crucifixion by his side with the deeper ignominy. I trace him, then, through his life

of violence and crime, and see him imbruing his hands in the blood of the innocent. I see him year after year sinning to the utmost stretch of all his faculties, until at last brought to suffer condign punishment for his crimes against the laws of his fellow man. I see him amidst all his sufferings at first joining his brother thief in blaspheming the Lamb of God, who was hanging between them upon the cross; for I read that “the *thieves* that were crucified with him cast the same in his teeth.” (Matt. xxvii. 44.) But the appointed time arrives, the predestinated moment strikes, and I see the grace of God, as a lightning flash, not to destroy, but to save, enter into his heart, as if just at the last gasp, to snatch him from the gates of death and the very jaws of hell. I see it communicate to his soul conviction of sin and repentance of his crimes, for he acknowledged them to God and man. I see how the Holy Ghost raised up in that dying malefactor’s soul a faith in the Person, work, kingdom, grace, and power of the Son of God—a faith so strong that I can hardly find a parallel to it, unless in that of Abraham offering up his son Isaac as a burnt offering. When the very disciples forsook him and fled; when his cruel enemies were celebrating their highest triumph; when earth shook to its centre and the sun withdrew its light; at the lowest depths of the Redeemer’s shame and sorrow—O, miracle of grace!—here was a poor dying thief acknowledging Jesus as King in Zion, and praying, “Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom.” O, my soul, hast thou not prayed the same prayer to the same King of kings and Lord of lords?

But now I turn and see another character. I view a man trained up in the strictest form of religion then known, living the most austere, upright, unblemished life. I see him repeating prayer after prayer and making vow after vow, ever setting before his eyes day after day the law of Moses, and directing by that his life and conduct. I next see him, in the height of zeal, ravaging the church of God as a wolf devastates a fold, till satiated with blood. I see him holding the garments of the witnesses against the martyred Stephen. I view him rejoicing as with fiendish joy as stone after stone was fiercely hurled, and fell with crushing violence upon the martyr’s head. But O what a change! I see him now fallen to the earth at Damascus’ gate, under the power of that light from heaven above the brightness of the sun which shone round about him; and I hear him saying, all trembling and astonished, “Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?” (Acts ix. 6.) Free-

will, wert thou at Damascus' gate? Wert thou not hurrying him on to deeds of blood? Was he not doing thy bidding when he was breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord? Did thy voice arrest his hand? Free grace, was not the conquest wholly, solely thine? Now can you tell me which of these two saved sinners shall carry the palm the highest or sing the song the loudest? Can you, ye saints of God, decide in which of these two men the grace of God shines forth the more conspicuously? Was it in touching the heart of the malefactor on the cross, or that of the hardened pharisee? I freely confess I can hardly pronounce an opinion, for my mind hovers between the two; but of the two, I should give Paul the preference, for to bring down the proud, self-satisfied, self-righteous pharisee, seems almost a greater miracle of grace than to convert a dying malefactor, especially when we take into account what the grace of God afterwards made him, and how it wrought in him to be such a saint and such an apostle. To show what grace taught and made him we need go no farther than this very chapter. I see here what the grace of God did in this man's heart, and as I read the blessed record of his experience as here it poured itself forth in a stream of life and feeling from his very soul, I read in every line—I might say in every word—what a mighty revolution must have been wrought in him to make him now so dearly love that Jesus whom he had once abhorred, that for his sake he counted all things but dung that he might know, win, and be found in him, and that the righteousness he had once despised he now felt was his only justification before, and his only acceptance with God.

If, then, the same grace that touched the heart of the dying malefactor and of Saul the pharisee has touched your heart and mine—and it needs the same grace to save and sanctify us as saved and sanctified them—we shall be able, at least in some measure, to speak for ourselves the language of the text, and which, with God's blessing, I shall proceed to open. In doing which I shall endeavour—

I.—*First*, to trace out the mind of the Holy Ghost in the expression of the Apostle—"For whom I have *suffered the loss of all things, and count them but dung.*"

II.—*Secondly*, the reason why he had suffered the loss of all things and counted them so mean and low. It was "*the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus his Lord.*"

III.—*Thirdly*, the intense desire in his soul to "*win Christ and to be found in him.*"

IV.—And *fourthly*, his full conviction that if found in Jesus, his happy soul would be found clothed, *not in his own righteousness, which is of the law, but “that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith.”*

I.—The Apostle in the beginning of this chapter gives us a long catalogue, which I will not enter into, of certain religious privileges which were his by inheritance, and of certain, as were in that day considered, great attainments in religion which he had made by his own exertions, for he had advanced by great strictness of conduct to the highest pitch of legal holiness. He could say, what few of us can, that “touching the righteousness which is in the law,” which here means its external righteousness, he was “blameless.” The Apostle’s meaning here is often much mistaken. He does not mean the spirit of the law, but the letter—an external, not an internal obedience—a fulfilment of the law merely as regards the abstaining from idolatry, Sabbath-breaking, murder, theft, and adultery; not an inward loving of God with all his heart, soul, mind, and strength, but a strict, undeviating uprightness of walk and conversation from his infancy upward; and as such, in the eyes of man he was blameless.

I. But a time came, according to God’s purpose—a time never to be forgotten—when the invincible grace of God touched his heart and brought down his pride into the dust. He tells us (Romans vii.) what his feelings and experience were under the first work of grace upon his heart, and what he learnt and found under the sharp discipline into which he was then introduced. “I was alive,” he says, “without the law once: but when the commandment came, sin revived, and I died. And the commandment, which was ordained to life, I found to be unto death.” (Rom. vii. 9, 10.) He was “alive without the law once.” That is, when unacquainted with the spirituality of the law and the wrath of God revealed therein, he was “alive,” because it had not killed him and laid him dead under its curse. He could read, fast, and pray; he could run on the errands that the law sent him, work at the winch to which it tied him, and perform, at least in the letter, the tasks which it set him. In this sense, he was alive, and lively too, for his zeal was all in a flame to waste the church of Christ as with fire and sword, for he tells us himself that he was exceedingly zealous of the traditions of his fathers (Gal. i. 14), and displayed this zeal in persecuting the church (Phil. iii. 6), or as the Holy Ghost more expressly tells, “As for

Saul, he made havoc of the church, entering into every house, and taking men and women, committed them to prison." (Acts viii. 3.) But when the law entered his conscience, it killed him as to all hopes of salvation by his own obedience; and when God was pleased to reveal his dear Son in him (Gal. i. 16), he saw and felt such beauty and blessedness in his glorious Person as God-man, and such pardon and peace, acceptance and justification by and in his blood and righteousness, that all his once fancied gains sank into utter loss. He was thus like a merchant or tradesman who by some convulsion in business is ruined at a stroke. He may have on the debtor side of his ledger a large amount of money due to him for goods supplied, but finds to his dismay that all the sums he was expecting to receive in order to meet his engagements with are bad debts, or more confounding still, are to be transferred to the other side of the ledger, so that he must pay where he expected to be paid. So with Paul. He was continually making his calculations, that the law owed him as a debt life and happiness, with the special favour of God, on account of his strict obedience to it; but to his utmost consternation, when the Lord opened his eyes, and the law seized him as it were by the throat, saying, "Pay me what thou owest," he found that the law was not his debtor but his creditor, and that instead of it owing him life, he owed it death. Thus his gains were turned into loss, and his profits into debts.

Now this is a lesson that all must learn spiritually and experimentally who are to know Christ, believe in Christ, and win Christ. But we formerly went the wrong way to work: we once thought that we could gain heaven by our own righteousness. We strictly attended to our religious duties, and sought by these and various other means to recommend ourselves to the favour of God, and induce him to reward us with heaven for our sincere attempts to obey his commandments; and by these religious performances we thought, in the days of our ignorance, we should surely be able to make a ladder whereby we might climb up to heaven. This was our tower of Babel, whose top was to reach unto heaven, and by mounting which we thought to scale the stars, and like the proud king of Babylon, "to ascend above the heights of the clouds and be like the Most High." (Isaiah xiv. 14.) But the same Lord who stopped the further building of the tower of Babel by confounding their speech and scattering them abroad on the face of the earth, began to confound our



speech so that we could not pray, or talk, or boast as before, and to scatter all our religion like the chaff of the summer threshing-floors. Our mouths were stopped; we became guilty before God; and the bricks and the slime became a pile of confusion. When, then, the Lord was pleased to discover to our souls by faith his being, majesty, greatness, holiness, and purity, and thus gave us a corresponding sense of our filthiness and folly, then all that creature religion and natural piety which we once counted as gain, we began to see was but loss—that our very religious duties and observances, so far from being for us, were actually against us, and instead of pleading for us before God as so many deeds of righteousness, were so polluted and defiled by sin perpetually mixed with them, that our very prayers were enough to sink us into hell, had we no other iniquities to answer for, in heart, lip or life. Thus “our tables”—and among them the Lord’s table, which we attended so constantly—“became a snare, and that which should have been for our welfare”—as we fondly conceived our religious duties were—“became a trap” in which we were caught as in the very act of sinning, and from which there was no escape by any exertion of our own. (Psalm lxi. 22.)

But when we had a view by faith of the Person, work, blood, love, and grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, then we began more plainly and clearly to see with what religious toys we had been so long amusing ourselves, and what is far worse, mocking God by them. We had been secretly despising Jesus and his sufferings, Jesus and his blood, Jesus and his righteousness, and setting up the poor, miserable, paltry doings of a polluted worm in the place of the finished work of the Son of God. But compared with him, well may we now say with Paul—“But what things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ.”

II. But the Apostle adds—“*For whom I have suffered the loss of all things;*” meaning thereby not only all his creature religion and fancied righteousness, but everything else which had come into competition with the Lord Jesus.

1. We have to experience the same loss for ourselves. When the Lord, by his Spirit’s divine operations, is pleased to make our conscience increasingly tender, planting his fear more deeply in the heart; when he condescends to strengthen that which he has already wrought in us by his power, and to bring forth the graces of his Spirit into more vivid exercise and more powerful efficiency, we begin to find that there are many things hitherto indulged which

we must sacrifice if we would maintain an honest conscience and walk before the Lord in all well-pleasing. We begin to see that we cannot hold the world with one hand and Christ with the other, and that to follow Jesus requires taking up a daily cross and denying ourselves of much which the flesh admires and loves. It is laid with weight and power upon our conscience that if we would be Christians inwardly as well as outwardly, have the power of godliness and not merely the form, we must part with many things which we have loved as our very life blood. This is the grand test which distinguishes the real from the nominal Christian—the possessor from the professor. I speak from experience. I was myself called upon to make such sacrifices. It may not be your part, nor may the same necessity be laid upon you; but when I was a minister of the Church of England, rather more than 23 years ago, I was called upon to sacrifice all my earthly prospects, and with Moses count the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt. I repeat it—this may not be your case, for I am not laying down myself as an example; but I felt I could not hold my position and office as a minister of that church, because that position called upon me to say and do things which I could not say and do, without standing before the God of heaven with what I believed to be a lie in my mouth and in my right hand. I do not judge other men's consciences, but I felt I must either retain my position with a weight continually resting upon my mind, and thus mock, as I believed, a holy, heart-searching God, or make the sacrifice. I chose the latter; nor have I ever repented the choice, as I can now serve the Lord and preach his truth with a good conscience. But all of you must sacrifice something, if, with Paul, you are "to suffer the loss of *all* things." It may happen that you are placed, for instance, in a situation extremely advantageous to your temporal interests, and one which is fast leading you to a position of worldly ease and respectability. But if you are compelled, in occupying this position, to do things which gall and grieve a tender conscience—things inconsistent with the fear of God and the precepts of the Gospel—grace will compel, as well as enable you to suffer the loss of all these things, rather than live in sin, to the provocation of God, and the bringing of darkness and death into your soul.

2. But if spared this trial—if you have not to suffer in purse or position—you will certainly suffer in *reputation*. You must lose your good name, if you do not lose your

worldly advancement, or fall into a lower social position; for no man can be a sincere follower of the Lamb and yet retain the good opinion of the world. If you walk in the fear of God, and follow in the footsteps of a persecuted and despised Jesus, the world will hate and despise you as it hated and despised him, as he himself declares—"If the world hate you, ye know that it hated me before it hated you." (John xv. 18.) God himself has put enmity between the seed of the woman and the seed of the serpent (Gen. iii. 15); and nothing will secure you from the manifestation of this enmity if you are on Christ's side. Neither rank, nor property, nor learning, nor education, nor amiability, nor the profusest deeds of liberality, nor the greatest uprightness of conduct, will stave off the scorn of men, if you are a sincere follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, and carry out in practice what you hold in principle. You may manage to carry on a profession of religion, and shun by worldly compliances the shame of the cross; but to retain the respect of the world with a firm holding of the distinguishing doctrines of grace, a living experience of their power, and a godly obedience of life, is utterly impossible. You may contrive by time-serving, by concealing your real views, and by shunning the company of God's people, to escape the cross; but take care lest in escaping the cross, you escape the crown. If you are not conformed to Jesus here in his suffering image, you will most certainly not be conformed to Jesus hereafter in his glorified likeness. But if by living for and unto Jesus and his cross, your name be cast out as evil, wear it as your distinguishing badge, your Crimean medal, as adorning the breast of a Christian warrior. If men misrepresent your motives or actions, and seek to hunt you down with every calumny that the basest malignity can invent, do not heed it as long as you are innocent. They cannot find you a better or more honourable crown, if indeed your godly life provoke the cruel lie. It is a crown that your Master bore before you, when they crowned his head with thorns. If you feel as I have felt, you will at times count yourself even unworthy to suffer persecution for his name's sake.

3. You may be called upon to suffer also the *loss of relatives or friends*, if not by bereavement, by what is sometimes more painful—separation and alienation. The Lord himself said—"For I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law. (Matt.

x. 35.) Thus you may have to suffer in this sense the loss of father, mother, wife, sister, child—of your nearest and dearest ties; the grace of God producing that separation between you and them as shall make them lost to you and you to them.

4. But this is not all; these are mainly *outward* matters. There is something more *inward* of which you must also suffer loss. I mean the loss of *all your fancied holiness*, of all your vaunted strength, of all your natural or acquired wisdom, of all your boasted knowledge—in a word, of everything in creature religion of which the heart is proud, and in which it takes delight. All, all must be counted loss for Christ's sake; all, all must be sacrificed to his bleeding, dying love: our dearest joys, our fondest hopes, our most cherished idols, must all sink and give way to the grace, blood, and love of an incarnate God. And not only must they be counted as "loss," but lower still must they sink, worse still must they become: they must be counted as dung, as street-offal, or according to the literal meaning of the word, as garbage of the slaughter-house cast to dogs. What a strong expression of the Apostle! How great the grace, how ardent the affection, that made him so abhor himself and love Jesus!

(To be continued)

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### "FAITHFUL ARE THE WOUNDS OF A FRIEND."

Woburn, Dec. 29, 1848.

Dear Friend,—Your kind and feeling letter came safe to hand, and I perceive by its contents that you have not found out that smooth and easy path which so many professors talk about in this great day of profession. You speak of being in a dark state of mind for a long time together; of being shut up and shut out from the presence of the Lord, and the subject of much heaviness, death, and bondage; but you are also able to tell of the loving kindness and tender mercy of the Lord in visiting your soul once more with his salvation, and in making known its interest in the love and blood of the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world, favouring you to realize your standing upon the eternal Rock of Ages, and putting a new song into your mouth, even praise unto our God, so that your soul could sing of mercy and judgment. You were also enabled unreservedly to lay out your base and wretched self, and to make a confession of your backslidings and wanderings from the Lord.

As you have been constrained to allude to the sin of covetousness, and other sins too base to name, of which you feel yourself to be the subject, I do trust that your soul has been favoured to know that covetousness is idolatry, and that the Lord hath said

that no idolater shall enter into the kingdom of heaven. I hope that the blessing you speak of in yours will have that blessed effect within your heart of subduing and keeping down the sin of covetousness, for it is the root and ground sin of all others, and I am sure that no man or woman will ever enter into the kingdom of God in whose heart and life the sin of covetousness reigns and rules. It is that sin with which my soul has been plagued for many years, and I believe I shall be plagued therewith unto the day of my death.

You may have thought that I dealt hardly with you in years that are past, but you may possibly live to see the day when you will be constrained feelingly to say, in the presence of a heart-searching God, that I was a real friend to you as it regards spiritual matters, for sure I am that the only object I had in view was your never-dying soul's good and God's glory. There were others also, I sincerely believe, who thought that I dealt somewhat hardly with them; but if grace is within their hearts, they will ultimately be led to see and acknowledge that I never came home so close as the Word of Truth. It was for the sake of truth, a good conscience, and the sincere regard I had for their souls, which prompted me to deal thus faithfully with them and with you. It has grieved me to the heart to see the state of things as they at present exist amongst the people at P——.

But still, after all that can be said, we must live and die for ourselves; and whenever we do that which is wrong, we must suffer for the wrong that we have done; and this is our mercy, that we may not be condemned with the world. My earnest desire for the people who fear God at P—— is that they may be privileged to know more and more of the power of vital godliness within their own hearts and consciences, and then the blessed fruits and effects thereof will not fail to show themselves to those around.

You have learned, according to the statement in your letter, that God's blessings come freely into the heart, and, at times, when unsought by us. Truly the blessings of the Lord drop upon my heart quitesuddenly, at times; yea, even when my spirit is neither looking, asking, nor seeking for them. But come whenever they may, they are always acceptable and in season. May the Lord, in rich mercy, give us more of these rich blessings, that our souls may be enabled to walk humbly before him, so that others may take knowledge of us that we have been with Jesus and been taught by him, for there is nothing else that will stand the trying day but divine teaching in the soul, and that will stand when the world and all things therein shall be burned up as stubble, and the day of the Lord shall declare it.

My wife has had a trying time for some weeks past, and still remains unwell. God willing, I hope to go to London to-morrow, though very unwell. My wife unites in love to yourself and sister, with all the friends.

Yours in the truth,

T. GODWIN.

## EXPERIMENTAL TRUTH.

Allington, March 4, 1853.

My dear Friend,—I should have written you ere this, in answer to your last kind, valuable letter, the contents of which well suited me, and in a few things I could trace out, I hope, in my own soul, some of the feelings you therein described as having been wrought in your heart by the blessed Spirit of all grace. But as our esteemed friend was corresponding with you relative to your coming here again, I thought I would delay writing until the time was fixed for your being with us. I am, in common with several of our friends, extremely sorry that your engagements will not allow of your coming to us during the spring of this year. I had fully expected to have seen you here, accompanied by your dear wife, in April. This not being the case has greatly disappointed both myself and others, and the disappointment is the more felt because the difficulty of getting faithful, honest, experimental ministers, greatly increases, and how we shall be able to get the pulpit occupied as we could desire until the autumn I cannot imagine. I am aware that there are plenty of ministers in our day professing experimental truth, and some years ago, I, with others here, should have considered our not having a *sound* from the pulpit every Lord's day a very sad thing. We are grown older in years, if our progress in grace and knowledge of divine things has not kept pace with our growth in years, and things which may have suited us then would not be so acceptable now. Our souls want something more to feed upon than the letter of truth, dry doctrine, and the *doctrine* of experience. It is an acquaintance with the ups and downs, the sinkings and risings, the ins and outs, the unbelief and faith, the despair and hope, the frowns and smiles, the bondage and liberty, the barrenness and fruitfulness, the hard heart and the soft one, with a thousand other paradoxes, which yourself and a few others are favoured with a knowledge of by divine teaching in your own souls, and enabled to set forth to the comforting and encouraging of those whose hearts God has touched, whose consciences he has made tender, and in whose souls he has created a longing for the "bread of life," and for "wines on the lees, well refined"—these are some of the things we want to hear traced out; things that are, more or less, the daily experience of a God-sent minister; and the effect upon our souls will be, to make us try our ways, search and examine ourselves, lest we be satisfied with a profession of the truth, and know nothing of divine realities by the blessed Spirit's teaching. We want to hear of, and have in possession too, things that will carry us along safely through this life, stand by us and support us in the hour and article of death, and land us at last in the upper and better world.

"Thus may I ever be devout;  
Be this religion mine."

I was very sorry to hear of the great affliction that had come

upon your daughter and son-in-law. A heavy stroke has fallen upon them, but I trust it will be seen that the rod has been steeped in love, and that the God of all grace, who is "too wise to err, and too good to be unkind," has many special mercies in store for them. He does not afflict willingly, though he sees afflictions and chastisements are needful, and that they are profitable to our souls, however much we may dread and be opposed to them. I trust that our friends may prove, through the loving-kindness of the Lord, that the result of their heavy trial has been to them the reaping abundantly of "the peaceable fruits of righteousness." We have thought and talked much of them and of you and your dear wife, knowing what very great anguish their severe illness must have caused you. I have a favour to ask of you, which, if you can grant me, we shall be greatly obliged to you. It is this: that you will either send or give them a small trifle towards the great expense which their illness must of necessity have been to them. I did not like to trouble our much-esteemed Stamford friend, although I am aware that he would have willingly served me in the matter, and our friend at the other house had omitted to name to me that he was about to write to J. C. P.; hence it is that I have now begged your assistance, and must request you will do so with a willing mind.

No doubt you will be pleased to hear a little of what has been going forward here during the last fortnight more especially. That faithful man of God, Mr. Tiptaft, came here last Friday evening week from Calne. He preached well on the following Lord's day to two large congregations. Many professed to have heard him gladly, whose countenances, if one might judge by them, bespoke that their hearts had been touched, and their souls well fed and much comforted. After the service in the afternoon we held a church meeting, at which he kindly presided (in the same way you did previous to the last baptizing service we had in this place), to hear the candidates relate the blessed Spirit's dealings with their souls. It was altogether a very pleasant and profitable meeting; and I could not help thinking, that, could very many, both professors and those who make no profession, who have formed a hasty opinion of our friend, have heard the kind and loving manner in which he asked the candidates to give a reason of their hope and faith in Christ, and how it was they were first brought to feel a concern for their souls' eternal welfare, and had been led to seek after a knowledge of the salvation there is in Christ Jesus, they would have been ashamed of themselves, and would readily have confessed that there was more affection, love, gentleness, kindness, a desire to encourage the timid, to strengthen the weak, and a far greater desire manifested for the welfare and prosperity of Zion and for the glory of the Lord, than is seen in those who have an arrow to shoot at him, and who are ever ready to cry out against the bitter spirit which enmity in their hearts towards him has induced them to fancy he possesses. "Who can stand before envy?" Surely the Lord

alone must enable us; and methinks my dear friend G. has proved this much of late.

Last Sunday morning, after the usual service, our friend baptized three others. The services were very solemn, the baptizing service being particularly so. He preached with great power and sweetness, contending most earnestly for the ordinances of Baptism and the Lord's Supper to be attended to in accordance with the way in which the Lord Jesus instituted them and his disciples followed, showing forth with much boldness the errors into which many have fallen upon the subject. This he did in a good spirit, addressing himself to the consciences of those to whom he was speaking in a faithful and kind manner, and urging them to examine the Scriptures for themselves. The people were very attentive, and I do hope that we shall hear of good having been done, and that the Lord will bring forth others, and make them willing to take up the cross, and follow him through evil report and good report. There are several who I believe are quickened by the Spirit, and who I pray may come forward not long hence, to declare what the Lord has done for their souls. It has been, as you may suppose, an anxious time for myself and our dear friend P. I trust the Lord laid the little cause here with great weight upon our souls, and pressed out of our hearts cries and groans unto himself, that he would be with us, giving us wisdom that we may act with our eye single to himself, and that the word spoken by his faithful servant may be abundantly blest to many souls, and that great glory, honour, and praise may redound to a triune God. \* \* \* \* \*

I do not like war; I am for peace; but if called upon to contend for the faith once delivered to the saints, I hope I may not be left to turn back in the day of battle. It seems clear to me that there are those in the present day who think that if they have a great experience (I ought to say, *fancy* they have, for a tree is to be known by its fruit), everyone is to bow down to them, that they have the right to judge and speak of others as they choose; but if any one questions or doubts their high standing, or ventures to hint that it is possible they may be wrong, it is deemed to be little less than treason, and the poor unhappy victim must expect to be cut down at a stroke, and cut off for ever from union with the church of the living God. "O my soul, come not thou into their secret," nor be united to such.

I shall tire you with my scrawl. I hope to hear from you soon, giving a favourable account of the poor invalids. My dear aged mother has of late been a great sufferer. I sometimes think that her days on earth are numbered. I believe she feels her need of salvation. How it would rejoice my heart to hear that the Lord had appeared for her! My wife is poorly with a cold and cough. Altogether I have great anxieties, but the Lord is good, and at times very dear and precious to me. With our united love to yourself and Mrs. G. Affectionately yours,

J. C. TUCKWELL.



## A LETTER FROM VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.

Ballarat, Feb. 26, 1892.

Dear Servant of Christ,—I have read and re-read the New Year's Address, and my soul has been glad in the Lord. Once more has the precious petition of the Lord Jesus been fulfilled in some measure in my spirit, "That they may be one"—such a blessed oneness in the truths, doctrine, and experience of that address. I thank the living Spirit for giving me to feel thus toward you and the whole living family of our living Head. O, what is distance? Indeed there is none, for the redeemed sit at his feet, being taught of him, receiving his words with meekness and fear. What a glorious day is awaiting us! Crowds of us who have never seen each other's face in the flesh, yet breathe one desire, "To know him," to be found of him and in him, and to be conformed to his precious image, cost what it may. Separated by thousands of miles and millions of sea billows and waves, yet the one prayer and hymn arise as incense, by and through our great High Priest, to the eternal Father. O blessed mysteries of the kingdom of heaven! We understand little of them, but we feel them, as you say, deep down, in the bottom of our soul. The sacred springs throw up their living waters, and we stretch forth our hands unto God in perpetual longing. For how short a time are we ever satisfied! and then the hungering, thirsting, and seeking return again. I believe we shall never be satisfied long together, till, as you say, we are in his blessed presence, free from our giant foe—Sin, and we are both *lost* and *found* in our glorious Deliverer.

The past year has brought me almost the same trial as you describe. I have lain, awaiting the call, lingering as it were along the shore, listening and watching for the summons, and really reluctant and sad at the thought of returning again to earth's duties; yet I am ashamed to say it. It is *now* that the work is to be done, and how *short* the day is! "The night cometh, when no man can work." Our spirits should rather haste to do whatever is laid in our path with all the might of the new man, looking off unto Jesus instead of at our infirmities, our weaknesses, and follies, which are, as you say, of the very nature of the old man, and have nothing whatever to do with the new. But how hard it is to arrive at dear John's conclusion, "That which is born of God sinneth not;" and Paul's, "It is no more I that do it." Yet such is the divine mystery, the new man and the old dwell together, and strive ever for the mastery; indeed every inch of the way is disputed, and the spirit wearies with the continued strife. But O! Victory is sure; for, as you say, God himself has challenged the mightiest foes, and said, None shall separate us, or lay us low finally, not even the monster, Sin! for O! he hath by himself purged us from that, and appears in the presence of God for us—*that same Jesus*. Bless his precious Name, his right hand did valiantly for his poor ruined Bride.

May he bless you to his people in your little day, and sanctify "his temple" to himself, even here, before the resurrection morn, and he shall have all the glory. I do not know your name, but ah! it is written in Jerusalem. Yours (I trust) in him, before the Lord.

E. LITTLETON.

To E. L.—Dear child of God,—We entirely reciprocate every thought and feeling expressed in your letter, the nature and tone of which awoke in our soul every kind and affectionate feeling toward you as one dear to God, and on that account dear to us—"bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh;" a member of the same blessed body of Christ, we hope, with oneself. How sweet and dear is this union! How closely it knits, and how durable it is in its nature! The bond is a sacred one. He who is the life of the whole body is the life of every member. Grace in the Fountain-head is communicated to every part of the body, and causes an inseparable union of all the parts, and is the secret of that sweet and sacred communion of the particular members. We have never seen you, and most likely never shall see you on this side of the grave, but we love you in the Spirit. The spirit which your letter breathes commands our affection for you as a dear sister or friend in Christ, "whom having not seen we love" with the very same uncreated love with which we are loved of God. Take God's love out of us, and how much love should we have with which to love one another? The union is therefore undying and endless in its duration; and because the tie is spiritual and divine, the friendship and communion are eternal. The union between the child of God and the Christ of God is as essential to his glory as it is to our existence as members of his mystic body. Such being the case, his glory is at stake everywhere if the union of the parts could be fatally affected. We may, as you say, be personally separated by thousands of miles, but space cannot separate our spirits. The grand point where we meet is the source and centre of our life, motion, and being; here we cannot but meet; our hearts meet here; here our spirits meet. If Christ is our meeting place here, he will be our meeting place to all eternity. Grace will hold us up and together here, and the same grace will hold us together for ever and ever, in sweetest, blissful union and communion.

I am yours, beloved sister or dear friend in Christ, in bonds of fellowship immortal, and your brother and companion in tribulation and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ.

Russell Place, Nottingham.

A. COUGHTREY.

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### "SO RUN THAT YE MAY OBTAIN."

THE reason of my silence by this time you know. It seems strange treatment of a new correspondent; but perhaps you may have heard that I am a strange sort of man. As I gathered from your letter that the Lord himself had been your teacher in an immediate way, and not by the usual means, he no doubt continues that good work which he has begun, and in his own way, for his work is all of a piece, and, like his word, is perfect; and in no two does it appear alike in all circumstances, though in substance the same. Every man has his peculiar measure of faith and grace, according to the measure of the gift of Christ. Some have trials different from others, but all have a corrupt nature, a never-ceasing adversary, and a wicked world to pass through and contend with. Many set off to run through this host, in hope of obtaining the prize at the end; for it is the good thing at the end that sets all off who run in the race that is not to the swift. Legal obedience never made a man run; the fear of destruction drives them to their service, and the terrible majesty of God,

clothed in clouds and darkness, urges them to their duty, and self-will and self-pleasing help them on. David says, "I will run the way of thy commandments, when thou shalt enlarge my heart." And it is a sense of the Lord's goodness felt now that animates us to run after his everlasting favour or life. But this must be run with patience. "Know ye not," says Paul, "that they which run in a race run *all*, but *one* receiveth the prize? So run, that ye may obtain." Many have started with me whom I have envied; and looking at one and another, have secretly and openly repined that I have not this man's strength and another's activity and liveliness, making sure that they must obtain. Then one has outstripped me a vast way, and I have apparently lost ground by looking at these different competitors, and have concluded that let who might receive the prize, I never should. So has my heart fretted against the Lord, because he has not given me that which I have seen and admired in others; but after a while, the strongest I have seen stand still, unable to get on; and finding that they could not succeed, out of enmity and malice, through disappointment, they have given up, and wandered from the way of understanding. Others have held on, but gradually grown feeble, lost their vigour and alacrity through the entanglements of the world, and at last, when almost, apparently, at the point when they should receive, have been left destitute of that faith by which we enter into rest. Some keep on, as Paul says, from mere envy and strife, and are never so much alive, so strong, so zealous, and so earnest, as when they have a saint to revile, to slander, and to oppose; and all this in pretence of love to Christ, supposing to add affliction to our bonds. And after all this, I remain, and am obliged to look within at the work of the Lord in me and for me, and every examination and proof only serves to make me satisfied from myself—not with myself, but from myself, from that fountain of Israel which in Christ Jesus I have ever found, when needed, in my heart, and I believe some of it has run out and refreshed others also. And now I find that I much need patience, to let every one go on his own pace, envying none, but to be content with the portion appointed for me, and to bear up under all the disappointments, vexations, crosses, burdens, and troubles I meet with, often thinking I stand quite still, or rather, am driven back; but upon the whole I find this to be true, "Having obtained help of God, I continue unto this day."

But nothing does allure, animate, or communicate strength, save the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ; therefore I look to him as the author and finisher of my faith, through the grace that is given unto me, and a view of his love in undertaking and completing for me the whole of my salvation, attended with a rich experience thereof in my soul, which wonderfully charms, draws, and invigorates the spirit, till I forget the difficulties in the kindness of him who bears me up and bears me along. As to perplexing ourselves with anything beside (if there were anything beside them) the keeping these two commandments, it is fruitless;

and they are—"Believe on the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and love one another, as he gave us commandment." These are the only two things which John says are not grievous. They bring no trouble nor disappointment in themselves, though to keep them must be in opposition to the most dreadful enemies of our dear Lord. But he who gives us power to believe, and teaches us to love one another, also keeps us, and that as the apple of the eye. We are made the tenderest part of himself, and of God by union with him, and in us and through us the glory of God and of his Son shines forth with lustre to all eternity, all his perfections being in us. "Out of Zion, the perfection of beauty, God hath shined." It is his gentleness which is his eyelid, and which preserves or keeps us. As insensible as the twinkling of the eye, yet most effectual; we do not always observe it because it is momentary. The Lord preserved David whithersoever he went; and he says, "It was his gentleness made him great." But when observed, there is a sweet peace, quietness, and unction, attended with a clear and blessed discovery and vision of the goodness of the Lord, and we can plainly make out what the Psalmist means when he says, "The Lord's eyelids try the children of men," since his gentleness, goodness, and peaceableness, have never met with any other return than perverseness, rebellion, enmity, and ingratitude. The hardness and impenetrableness of the heart none know but they who understand the goodness of the Lord, and are brought to loathe themselves for their iniquity; and then they can see and feel that of all injured beings, God stands first injured and most, yet does this place him in the most honourable and admirable of all points of view, secures to himself a full justification, and brings all the guilt of sin, and all the charge of destruction, upon the sinners among men, so that all flesh must be silent when he rises up out of his holy habitation.

Accept my kind regards. Ever yours,

W. J. BROOK.

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*"ABSENT FROM THE BODY."*

FREED from the world's contaminating breath;  
 From sin corrupting, and the realms of death;  
 My spirit, languishing, would soar away,  
 In realms of light to spend an endless day.

Where hideous forms no longer vex the soul;  
 Far hence from where these floods of evil roll;  
 Clad in his glorious Robe of Righteousness,  
 In sweet felicity be blessed, and bless.

Holy, from every stain of sin set free;  
 Washed in that stream which flows from Calvary;  
 In happiness supreme him to adore,  
 And sin or suffer, never, nevermore.

G. E. M.

## "O THAT I WERE A CHRISTIAN!"

Dear Friend,—I purposed long ere this to have written you a long letter; in fact I had written, but thought you would have neither time nor patience to read it, so did not send it. As, however, I still feel a wish to send you a few lines, I am making a second attempt.

During the short time I had with you, you mentioned several events in your experience that seemed to bear (as I thought) a striking resemblance to mine, and I thought I should like to tell you a little of my own case, to induce you to tell me whether you can see in me that which you know to be in yourself, namely, a real work of grace in the heart. I noticed that in you which appears to be at a very low ebb in me; that is, you can see and acknowledge the Lord's hand in all, and in every trial and deliverance you can see his hand, whereas I have been so left to my wretched self, that I have disputed, and do still dispute every inch of the way I have come, and do often fear that I am out of the secret; and yet, unless I am quite deceived, it is the feeling of my heart—the very pinnacle of my ambition—to "know him, and the power of his resurrection," &c. I think sometimes that there is no one who wants the Lord more than I do, and yet my soul seems, at times, to be withered for want of spiritual help; then I conclude that I do not really want him as I think I do, or he would certainly appear. Well, this is just a sample of my feelings; so, perhaps, when you have read this, my first letter, you won't want another. I will, however, try and get away from myself, and tell you how I got into the way, leaving you to judge if you think I came in at the wicket-gate at the head of the way; for you know, all who do not come in by him are thieves and robbers.

Up to the age of twenty-one years I lived in sin and folly, drinking in greedily every worldly pleasure I could reach; and although I had been brought up very strictly by godly parents, yet I longed to get more and more into the world away from restraint. I was indeed at this time a source of great grief and anxiety to my dear father and mother. It is rather remarkable that my father prayed that God would be pleased to visit me with a fit of illness, and, if his will, convince me of my state as a sinner during the affliction.

It was in the summer of 1855, when the cholera made such dreadful havoc in London, that I was stricken with that disease. I was taken very suddenly, and in two hours brought very near to death. During the first two weeks of this illness I was four times quite given over by the doctor as in a hopeless state. My recovery was regarded, both by the doctor and my parents, as next to a miracle. I remember one morning, as I was slowly improving (but still unable even to sit up in bed), my mother came into my room, locked the door after her, and kneeled down by my bed-side and prayed (it was the first time I had ever heard her pray), and I was the subject of her prayer. I can nearly

remember her petition, although thirty years ago. She said, "O Lord, I do earnestly desire to thank thee that thou hast spared my dear boy from death, and, as I hope, from hell. If it can be thy will, make him a real Christian. O, teach him his need of a Saviour; turn his heart to thee; and O, if it may be, let us together bless and praise thee for this affliction. But if it is not thy will so to bless his soul, and if thou art pleased to raise him again to health, then let him live an honourable life in the world, and become a useful member of society."

I cannot remember more than this; and it was the latter part that so preyed upon my mind. I thought, "O what a poor request! even if I live an honourable life, and my soul is lost!" Then I thought of the first part of her prayer, and this was the effect it had upon me: "O how I wish I were a Christian!" and it was not a vain wish; no, I think if ever I had a living breath of prayer, it was in these words:—"I do wish I were a Christian!" I cannot but think that it was a real wish, and this wish kept repeating. I really felt that I wanted to be what I wished. My mother at this time asked me if I should be glad to go to chapel when I got well? I said, "O mother, I am afraid it will all wear off if I return to health again;" and the fear caused me more and more to try to send up my cry, "I wish I were a Christian." You see, I had got no further than a *wish*.

A few days after this, being in great uneasiness of mind, I asked for a Bible, and before opening it, tried, in my poor way, to make a kind of venture to go to Jesus Christ; and in making this approach to him I thought of the leper, who said, "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean." I thought I could go like this, and so tried, in my mind, to do so. When I had done this as earnestly as I could, I opened the Bible and read, expecting or hoping that God would direct me, or powerfully speak to me by some word in answer to my prayer. Well, after reading and waiting a good while, and nothing coming to me, I felt so dreadfully disappointed, despairing, and rebellious, that, as well as I could (in my then weak state), I threw down the Bible on the bed, and vowed within myself that if those who came to him were thus treated, I would have no more to do with him. The effort I had made was too much for my present weakness, and I fell back exhausted, and lost myself for about two hours. When I came to my senses, I thought, "O what a mercy that I am still out of hell!" and this feeling brought a little softness with it.

I continued in a very low state of mind for several days, when I thought of these words:—

"On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;

All other ground is sinking sand."

The words, as they passed and re-passed through my mind, were very sweet, and seemed to create a little hope that I might yet find mercy. I tried again and again, in my poor way, to ask the Lord to make me a Christian, for I knew that unless he made my heart right, I could do nothing of myself. I was still in a

very low, depressed state, and did not know what to do. I could not get any light from the Bible, so took up the "Pilgrim's Progress." I read on for some time, until I came to where Hopeful is relating his experience to Christian, and where he says that he went to the Lord, but he did not appear the first, second, and many more times, until he was almost tired of waiting, and thought he must give it up; when the Lord said, "If it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come." When I read these words, there was such a calm, sweet feeling within, that I could not tell what had caused it; and I actually listened, for it was repeated in me over and over, but so silently, so softly, and yet, O, so sweetly, that I felt as though I had to listen; and what I understood by it was, that I should have it in his own time.

Did God the Holy Ghost ever give you a promise, accenting one or two words in it so that you were obliged to lay all the stress upon those little words, and which made the promise so valuable that worlds could not buy it? So I thought it was with this little word "surely:" "It will *surely* come." I can never tell how very, very sweet these words were: read them. (Hab. ii. 3.) It was quite as sure to me then, as though I had heard the audible voice of God speaking them to me. I was not deceived in the power and sweetness of them; and if it were a delusion, it was a very sweet one. I lived upon them, as they were repeated, for several days, and thought, "If it is to be as sweet as this all the while *I am waiting* and *it is tarrying*, what will it be when it comes? and 'it will surely come;' it won't lie; God has said it; and the reason you are to wait is, 'because it will surely come.'" O, it was so sweet that the whole of my salvation seemed bound up in it; and for years after I quite regarded this verse as Bunyan did his roll. I looked upon it as my roll. And can you believe it? I have doubted every bit of it since; as much, almost, as though I had never known his name. But now and then, what Mr. T. says has been a little help to me, viz., "Although unbelief may so blur the promise that you can't read it; or, even if you lose it, remember that God himself keeps the counterpart, and neither Satan nor unbelief can reach that."

I think it was about a week after this, when in bed one Sunday evening (my father being downstairs alone), the Lord drew so near to me by his *felt* presence, that I cannot describe it; but he said (at least, I believed so then), "It is through much tribulation you must enter the kingdom." I will not tell you what passed in my mind at that time, lest you should think me a fanatic; but when my father came into my room, I felt so full that I burst out, saying, "Father, I have been talking to the Lord face to face, as a man talketh to his friend. I dare say you think I am wandering in my mind, but I am not. I am as sensible as ever I was in my life." About two hours after this, just as the rest of the family came home from chapel, these words rushed through my mind: "*It's all a delusion.*" I felt quite sure,

at the time, that they came from Satan, for the room, my bed, and myself were as though they were full of him! I believed every word of it, and felt, I think, as bad as Francis Spira! It was as though Satan had it entirely his own way. He told me that I should be in hell very soon, and I quite believed him, for I was (in feeling) wholly in his power. O, the dreadful havoc he made of me for about two hours! The whole of my family, with Mr. B., the minister, were gathered round my bed, trying to give me a little comfort, but it was all as nothing, when, being quite exhausted owing to the force of the temptation, and feeling that all was over, and that I was just sinking into hell, these words were so powerfully applied as to lift me out of despair and give me sweet peace: "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy; for though I fall, I shall rise again." This seemed to me then, indeed, the sword of the Spirit wielded by himself. I had nothing whatever to do in it, for I fell down slain; and I thought and felt, just before, as Christian did when Apollyon said to him, "I am sure of thee now!" It was so sweet when I had gained the victory, that I thought (painful as it was to endure) the deliverance was more than worth the pain. When I awoke in the morning, it was still sweet upon my spirit; and the hymn of Mr. Hart's, beginning, "Thus saith the Lord to those that stand," &c., seemed to be spoken to me as *all my own*. During the morning, as I lay wondering at the mercy I had found, I felt as though the enemy was trying to get at me again, suggesting that it was not right now; for although this all came by the Lord Jesus Christ, there was nothing of the Father in it. I therefore begged of the Lord Jesus to tell me if it was so—if I had been deceived! when he answered me in these words: "The Father *himself* loveth you." O, you cannot think, unless you have felt the same, how exceedingly precious the "himself" was! for I was quite sure then that the Lord himself spoke these words personally to me. But about noon the enemy was again permitted to overcome me with his horrid malice, the force of his temptation being such that I believed it directly. He said, "By the time the clock strikes two you will as surely be in hell as you are here." O how I did sweat under the agony of my mind as I watched the clock, directly in front of me, just before it struck. I felt almost powerless, and thought I was indeed going. But when it had struck the hour, and I was still out of hell, proving this dreadful foe again a liar, I did indeed try to praise the Lord; text after text rolled into my heart with such sweetness and power, that it seemed almost more than my then weak body could bear: such as—"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord," &c.; "Son, thy sins which are many are all forgiven thee;" "Gad, a troop shall overcome him: but he shall overcome at the last." These, and many more, seemed to come warm from God's heart into mine; but this sweetness gradually wore off as I recovered, and I have never, from that time to this, had a promise spoken home and clenched



in my heart as I had then. I lived upon these sweet frames for years. I used to look back upon them as my "earnest," and am afraid I built in some measure upon what I had experienced. I was wont to sing such lines as these:

"Yes, I to the end shall endure,  
As sure as the earnest is given;"

and

"He is God, and can fulfil;  
He is truth, and therefore will."

And if I got a little lower than usual in my feelings, this would give me help:

"Whate'er thou found'st him at thy best,  
He's at thy worst the same."

So I went on for years; but now I have lost all this. I know now what the poet means when he says—

"I dare not trust the sweetest frame;"

In fact I do often call in question the reality of all that I have told you. If Satan has had anything to do with me (excepting at the time named), it has been in such a way that I have not discerned him; if since then (I think) he has blown his filthy, poisonous breath into my soul, and perhaps worked upon my unbelief and pride, as Mr. Hart says:

"The soul uplifts with God's own gifts,  
And makes e'en grace a snare;"

For I am afraid I have for many years lived upon my experience—I mean my sweet frames and promises; but now these are gone, and for some nine or ten years I have been in a very low, dejected state, so much so that about six years ago, being afraid that all my religion was false, "despair," as Mr. Hart says, "made some deep inroads into my constitution," and I asked the Lord to put his hand a second time to the work, and make me real, very real. I told him that I only wanted himself, and desired him (perhaps foolishly) to take away all comfort and enjoyment from all natural things, and only give me himself; and in some degree he granted my request, for I lost (almost) all appetite for food, could take scarcely any pleasure in my family, and also in many other things; but he did not give me the other part, so that I often feared I should end my days in a mad-house. When I asked him for a blessing, I meant that I wanted *him*, and did not want to be deluded by enjoying anything without him.

Well, now I am not in quite such a low state, but I have had no deliverance yet. I know what I want, and nothing short of a revelation of Christ in his finished work, applied by his own Spirit to my heart, and received by a living faith, will satisfy me. It is his silence I cannot endure; and he has been silent so long! Why, I have told him that he knows I want him above all—and I am as sure of it as I am of my existence—and yet I have said in my heart (although I know it and he knows it), my case contradicts his word, and my unbelief says, he will never appear to me! as Mr. Toplady says:

"I pant for the light of his face,  
Yet fear he will never be mine."

Perhaps these two lines describe my feelings as well as any:

"'Tis midnight with my soul till he,  
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee."

Well, I have told you what I am in my feeling during his long absence; but although I have given you such a black picture of myself, I could not part with the *little* I have; no, the world is not rich enough to buy it:

"Other refuge have I none," &c.

I wonder, after all this, what you will think of me, or whether you will have had patience to wade through this long jumble of contradictions; if you have, burn them all as soon as you have read them. I did not intend writing such a long epistle, but thought I should like to give you just an outline of my case, fearing lest you should think I am what I am not. You will see that I have not got any further than when I first knocked at the wicket-gate, with "O that I were a Christian!" and that is my soul's cry still. Farewell. J. BURN.

### THE CURATE'S LETTER TO THE RECTOR.

THE curate of Bethel to his honourable rector, sendeth greeting. Grace, mercy and peace be multiplied. This is to inform you that the elect lady and her children expect to see your honour on Lord's day next, at her ladyship's peaceable mansion, on Zion's Hill, to execute thy priestly office, and to pray our gracious Bishop of souls to bestow on thee ten thousand talents of gold for thine hire. As there are several things wanted for the use of her ladyship's household, I will endeavour to stir up your pure mind by way of remembrance, to bring with thee the following articles, viz., a "coat, woven from the top throughout, without seam;" this will cover a poor sinner from head to foot, and bear the test of strictest justice and infinite holiness, for we have some in the house who are out of love with the rags of their own manufacturing, and who are now seeking a righteousness to cover their transgressions and make them all glorious within. Bring also some other change of raiment, such as "the garment of praise," for here are some in heaviness. Bring also the clothing of humility, but let it be that woven by the Spirit, producing a feeling sense of nature's depravity, and God's everlasting love in Jesus. Bring likewise the cloak of zeal, for we have one here and there who have not fortitude enough to withstand the world, and vindicate the injured cause of Christ against the enemies of the Cross. Some shoes also are wanting for the household, as there are some who are longing to enjoy a solid peace between God and conscience. Bring also the girdle of truth, for we have some who are weak in their loins. You must also bring some wholesome food, especially "The Paschal Lamb,"

but let it be well roasted in the fire of divine wrath. We have some that are famishing with hunger, and Christ crucified will be a rich repast to a starving soul; but observe, you need not bring the bitter herbs with it, as we have them already prepared, "being troubled on every side." And be sure to bring some of the Lamb's blood in a basin, with a bunch of hyssop, for some amongst us long to feel the blessing of a purged conscience. Bring also some of the "bread that came down from heaven," with "manna also out of the golden pot," and tell the household that the corn from which it was made was bruised for their iniquity. Bring also some "strong meat," such as eternal love, free, sovereign grace, unconditional promises, with the immutable blessings of the "New Covenant," and an "eternal weight of glory." You may also bring some milk, but let it be sincere, for we have some newborn babes, who can live upon nothing else. I would not you should bring much of it, for "he that useth milk is unskilful in the word, for he is a babe." Good old wine of the kingdom *wring out* of the winepress of the wrath of Almighty God. Do not let it be mixed with water; this will not do for those "who are ready to perish," and for such who are faint because of the troubles of the way. Bring some choice fruit; a few clusters of ripe grapes from the promised land, for the sight of them will encourage the weary and heavy laden to forget the toils of the wilderness, and enable them to press forward to the Canaan of eternal rest. Bring some apples from the "Tree of Life," for some are saying, "Comfort me with apples, for I am sick of love." And among other fruit bring some "pomegranates" from between "Aaron's golden bells." This is a very strengthening fruit, sweet, and very savoury and comforting to the stomach, and will hold up "the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees." You must bring also some water out of the "Rock of Ages." Don't fail, if you can help it, for those waters are salutary when the tongue faileth for thirst, and the conscience is defiled with guilt. Bring also some oil from the true "Olive Tree," such as is used in the anointing of sacred persons to the office of priests and kings. This sacred elixir is prepared by the amazing art of the Apothecary and Physician of souls. And endeavour to bring it in a horn, that the excellency may be of God. And it may be that some amongst us may be anointed to the office above mentioned, for he hath made us kings and priests unto God. This oil is to supply our lamps. And as oil makes the face to shine, it will be of use to those who are cast down, or of a sorrowful spirit. Bring also an "alabaster box of very precious ointment," or the "unction from the Holy One" to anoint the eyes with, for we have those in the house who are weak-eyed, and cannot see afar off, but are looking only at the things that are seen; this oil will enable such to look out of obscurity and darkness. "I counsel thee," saith Jesus, "to buy of me eye salve to anoint thine eyes, that thou mayest see." Bring also some "balm of Gilead from the Tree of Life," for some are wounded so deep, that nothing

else will heal them. You may also bring some purging draughts, for some are disordered in their bowels by eating forbidden fruit, and the "old leaven must be purged out." Don't forget to bring your sword, and let it be a true Jerusalem blade, nor fear to use it against the enemies that infest the house, viz., doubts, fears, despondency, carnal reason, and such like; and as we have some whose twelvemonth is out, and are now called into the field of battle, bring with you some armour of proof, such as the "shield of faith, the helmet of salvation, and the breastplate of righteousness;" these will support the Christian soldier under the sharpest conflicts he may be called to endure. O that sweet promise! "Grace shall reign through righteousness, unto eternal life" Bring also a sling, with some stones; for the promise, in the hand of faith, is able to bring down the stoutest "Goliath of Gath" that ever defied the God of Israel. Bring also for me a bow, one that will not start aside; and by drawing it, though at a venture, some stout-hearted rebel may be wounded between the joints of the harness. And be sure to let the banner of everlasting love come with you, for when we have clear views of that flag, we can do valiantly—"run through a troop, or leap over a wall." Bring some crowns for conquerors, such as loving-kindness and tender mercies. Bring also some instruments of music, such as the "great jubilee trumpet," for we have here bond slaves and insolvent debtors, who are longing for a gaol delivery, and want their feet set in a large room, to experience a happy release from their old master, Moses. Likewise bring the silver trumpets to call the people to the feast of fat things—"The Marriage Supper of the Lamb." And bring with you another trumpet to "sound an alarm in God's holy mountain," to warn us of danger. And don't forget the trumpets of "rams' horns." These, when blown in faith, are sufficient to overthrow the walls of mystical Jericho. Moreover, bring a "golden harp," not hung upon the willows if you can help it, but sweetly strung to "redeeming love," that "we may sing and forget our poverty." And don't forget to bring with your music some good old songs, composed not by Solomon (merely) the preacher, but by our illustrious Solomon, the "Lord Jesus, the fairest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely." Remember also to bring "Aaron's rod from the stem of Jesse." It is a sweet and precious fruit, tending to revive the spirits of those who sojourn in the valley of Baca. Likewise bring a "golden censer," with some live coals and frankincense therein; these will scatter a fragrant smell. Bring also "a scourge, not of scorpions, but of small cords," for there are still some buyers and sellers in the temple. Bring also a pair of snuffers, for our lamps burn very dim, so that at times we can scarce see to pick up a promise in our way to heaven. You may bring also the "tables of stone," but let them be in the ark, for we cannot endure to see them anywhere else. Bring also the "parchments" containing the ancient records of God's eternal purposes and counsels; and the precious legacies of our dear Testator, Jesus.

## POWER GIVEN TO THE FAINT.

Wadhurst, Sept. 12, 1850.

Dear Covell,—*The Lord bless you.* So prays your poor, yet sincere friend. *The Lord keep you;* for the way through life is strewn or set with snares; with subtlety they are set, so that it is hard and difficult to escape them. *The Lord cause his face to shine upon you;* for what darkness is all around and within! What darkness we live and grope in until the Lord arise and shine forth; then in his light we can see light, and know that "light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart;" yea, that "God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined into our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." *The Lord give you peace.* Who can live and have any enjoyment of life, if it is known what filth and guilt we are the subjects of, and have not found peace as made and brought unto us through the sacrifice and rich atoning blood of the innocent Lamb of God? Who are they that have any trouble of considerable weight upon them that wish to have anything altered respecting their estate here, especially if they know or have a good ground to hope that they are getting their bread in a lawful way? Contentment, gratitude, and submission, are sure to attend the peace of God within. Any sacrifice that the Lord calls for can then be made; any surrender that will turn to the glory and honour of his great name, and that will issue in the good and for the profit of the poor sinful creature. Who will not deny both righteous and sinful self? Who will not fight against the rampant evils of the old man, that they might be slain, mortified, and put off? Who will not desire to lay aside every weight, and the sin that so easily besets them, that they may run with patience the race that is set before them, looking unto Jesus, who is the author and finisher of their faith? Who would object, by the Spirit, to taking that bright example of shunning all evil and of doing all good, and that from such motives as his, and to such objects and ends?—"Who for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross (in being crucified), despising the shame (although there was so much), and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God. For consider him that endured such contradiction of sinners against himself (with all the unpleasantness), lest ye be wearied, and faint in your minds." Get this scent of all that is in the above, and sure I am that it will stop or recover you from fainting. Taste all that is contained herein, and the promised strength will be felt to prevent or restore from weariness. Without faith and all its needful supplies, men are likely to be subject to both. Get faith when the Lord gives, and poor pilgrims may escape. David says, "I had fainted unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living." Faith engages with God for his power. "He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength. Even the youths shall faint (if they have

no living, active faith in the power of God) and be weary, and the young men (that have not the faith of the operation of God within their hearts, however lusty and strong) shall utterly fall (and without faith, never to rise again): But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint." Let the weak, then, betake themselves to this service, and then they shall soon say, though they were (or are) weak, "I am strong."

Although the elect are in Christ, and when called and justified it is by him, yet there are many things which stand against them; and hence Paul tells them of one, "Ye have not yet resisted unto blood, striving against sin"—the loss of life ("for the blood is the life") sooner than defile the conscience with sin. Lust, anger, pride, covetousness, and unbelief, are strong things, and must be resisted with the power of Christ engaged to the putting them down and off, or we live not in the Spirit unto God. I have known lust for different objects and things. I have known anger like a burning heat towards my fellow men. I have known pride in different ways and things, and at different times. I have known and am well acquainted with covetousness. I am almost as if I were made up or a breeder of unbelief. But with the Spirit I have cried against them, and not in vain. With the Spirit I have striven against them, and not in vain. Through the Spirit I have denied them. Through the Spirit I have mortified them. Through the Spirit—with the sword of the Spirit—I have cut at them, and not in vain. If the Hebrew believers had never resisted unto blood before, I believe they were enabled to do so very shortly after the Apostle spake or wrote unto them; for so I understand the Scriptures as having their accomplishment within the elect.

You have heard that I have been to Ide Hill, which is true; and I further inform you that I am now at Tunbridge Wells; but if you never have me until other folks are tired out, it is likely I shall never see Croydon again. Some may be with you in the flesh who are not with you in the Spirit, but I believe that I am with you in the Spirit, although absent in the flesh. I loved and do love Mr. Tiptaft, and I may say the same of Mr. Tideman. How is it that I hear no mention of Doctor Brown? I baptized eight of my fellow-sinners last Lord's day, and addressed upwards of fifteen hundred persons, and I believe that the Lord was pleased to bless his pure and holy word. Who could ever have thought to have seen such things as these—a poor country man standing, speaking, and administering ordinances before such an audience as the one above mentioned?

I shall expect you after the hop-picking is ended, and pray that the Lord may incline your heart to come.

Accept of our united love to yourself and all the wise-hearted in the things of the Triune Jehovah. Amen.

— CLOVE.

## SALVATION TO THE UTTERMOST.

13, Wretham Road, Handsworth, Aug. 29, 1892.

My dear Friend in the bonds of the Gospel,—May much of the grace, mercy, and peace of the gospel rest on you and yours, and on all the meek and lowly followers of him who is meek and lowly in heart above all that our limited conceptions can comprehend—that is Jesus Christ, who now sits upon the throne of his glory, and before whose face the heavens and the earth will ere long fly away to be no more seen. To know Christ as the Son of God in truth and love is a secret; to worship him as God and man in one person is a proof of the presence of faith and life divine in the soul; to realize his love is consolation indeed; to be found in him is the desire of all who have passed from death unto life; to be washed in his blood and cleansed from sin makes the conscience pure and good; and to be clothed in his righteousness fits all the sons of God to sit down at the marriage feast of the Lamb.

It is with these things of Christ that the redeemed have to do, for they are their treasures laid up in heaven; treasures into the possession of which they will certainly come when they are of full age, and of which, as children, they have the earnest in this life. Whilst the redeemed and called of God live on the earth they are like heirs of an estate who have not yet arrived at the years of maturity; “for now we see through a glass darkly”—the gospel our mirror, but in eternity the whole estate of grace and glory will be realized and enjoyed, and the Lord, the giver, will be seen without a glass and without distraction; he will be adored, worshipped, and gloried in by all the saints, in body, soul, and spirit. This is the inheritance, incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for all gracious believers in God and in Christ who are kept by the power of God, through faith unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time, and who now, by reason of sin and temptation, are often in heaviness, and fear they shall never reach the shores of that land where the inhabitant shall not say, I am sick, nor enter into the city which God hath prepared for them that seek rest, in the country which is at present out of sight. Those who have received the earnest of the Spirit have tasted of the joys of the heavenly country, and nothing will satisfy their immortal souls but the full possession in common with their Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who whilst on earth was “a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief,” but who, “for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is now set down at the right hand of God.” “The way, the truth, and the life,” is Christ; no man can come unto the Father but by him; and Christ hath said—and his word is Yea and Amen—“Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out;” so that sinners as black as Satan and sin could make them may come boldly unto the throne of grace, seeing that Jesus Christ is able, and I may add, he is willing, to save to the uttermost all that come unto

God by him. This man, Christ Jesus, receiveth sinners, and God in him forgiveth all manner of sin and blasphemy, as saith the Scriptures, "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon." You see the characters that are set forth so prominently in the above Scripture—the wicked; that is, those who feel the most wicked wretches out of hell; and the unrighteous, who feel that sin has all over defiled them. To these characters God himself has promised two things: first, mercy; and second, pardon. O what a good and gracious God is the God of salvation! who might have vented the arrows of his wrath, displayed the attribute of his justice in the eternal damnation of our souls, and banished us from his presence, without hope and without mercy and love.

Who, though he be a saved sinner, can fully value the Saviour and his precious blood? What soul is there on earth, even if it hath passed from death unto life, and enjoyed a thousand smiles from the face of God and Christ, that can ever rightly estimate the value of one spark of saving grace, or the least grain of holy faith in his soul?

Through mercy I hold on preaching these glorious truths to wretched, dying men. Publicans and sinners still come to hear me, and, at times, greatly rejoice at the glad tidings of salvation and the gospel's joyful sound; but the Pharisees reject the counsel of God against themselves, being wise in their own eyes and prudent in their own sight, and in them the Scripture is fulfilled, "There is a generation that are pure in their own eyes, and yet is not washed from their filthiness."

I am, yours in love,

J. DENNETT.

### LOVINGKINDNESS AND TENDER MERCIES.

THE God of all grace, Father of all mercies, and God of all comfort and consolation, has again appeared for me in a most remarkably providential way and manner, answering my poor petitions and requests, and granting me almost exactly what I have been asking him for. I cannot enter into details here, but will do so when I see you face to face.

While I was in London I was often very low and depressed, and after leaving Guy's Hospital, with the doctor's view and opinion of my case pressing on my mind, viz., that it would be a very long time before I should recover, and that my final restoration depended mainly, in his opinion, upon my having every comfort and blessing of this life, without the least trouble or anxiety whatever, you may guess that I was not a little gloomy concerning the future, and felt mine to all appearance to be a hopeless case. However this drove me to prayer, and I fell to beseeching the Lord to enable me to cast *all* my care upon him, knowing that he was able to make all things, whether in grace or in providence, abound



toward me, and that they would be entirely in accordance with his will, to which I desired grace to be resigned, let come what would.

Well, on the first Sunday evening I was here, after tea I went out, and while walking on the Marine Parade, a gentleman accosted me, and asked me various questions about the Home, and then about myself, &c. I had almost forgotten the incident, when, the other evening after supper, the Lady Superintendent called for me, and told me a gentleman had been to inspect the Sanatorium, and had spoken to her about me, and made arrangements for me to stay till the end of August.

The next morning I went to the hotel to thank this gentleman for his great kindness to me, a total stranger, when, in a fatherly way, he took my hand, bade me sit beside him, and with visible emotion expressed his sympathy for me, saying he would like to hear of my future welfare, and bade me ask the Lady Superintendent to write and inform him of that later on.

After leaving him, I went out on to the sea-beach, and wept tears of gratitude to my Heavenly Father for his lovingkindness and tender mercies to me, the most unworthy of all his children. "Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even he shall understand and know the lovingkindness of the Lord."

I could not refrain from endeavouring to sing praises unto his name, so, with faltering voice, from brokenness of spirit, I sang more in my soul than with my lips:—

"Christ is my all, my sure defence,  
Nor shall my soul depart from thence;  
He is my Rock, my Refuge too,  
In spite of all my foes can do.

Christ is my all, and he will lead  
My soul in pastures green to feed;  
'Tis he supplies my ev'ry want,  
And will all needful blessings grant.

Christ is my all; where should I go?  
Without him I can nothing do;  
Helpless and weak, a sinner great,  
Yet in his righteousness complete."

"Awake, then, my soul, in joyful lays,  
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise," &c.

And I hope that

"When this poor lisping, stammering tongue,  
Lies silent in the grave,  
Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing his power to save."

O then may I, with all the ransomed throng, join in singing, with rapture and surprise, his lovingkindness in the skies. It is sweet, even now, to be able, from heartfelt experience, to show forth his lovingkindness in the morning, and talk of his truth in the night season; for he is still his people's refuge and strength,

and a very present help in their trouble. He is also in the midst of them and their afflictions, and will help them, and that right early; that is, at the most fit and proper time for their soul's comfort and profit, his own glory and the devil's shame and confusion, causing them to rejoice in his faithfulness, and to sound his power abroad; to sing

“The rich promise of his grace,  
And the performing God.”

“Sweet then is the work, my God, my King,  
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;  
To show thy love by morning light,  
And talk of all thy truth at night.”

He invites those who are in the clefts of the rock, and the secret places of the stairs (that is, those whose salvation is secured by the atoning work of Christ, the smitten Rock, to whom they were given, and in whom they were placed before all time in the secret counsels of Heaven; which secrets are hid from the wise of this world, but revealed unto the babes of grace), to let him hear their voices at the throne of grace, and see their countenances, or their souls looking up to him for everything they need in providence or in grace; “for,” saith he, “sweet is thy voice (having been mellowed and tuned by divine grace), and thy countenance is comely,” having been fashioned and formed by his power, whose office it is to bring them from the power of sin and Satan into the image of Christ, the brightness of God's glory, translating them from darkness into his marvellous light; and O! amazing grace! creating them after him who is the chief among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely. Yes,

“Ten thousand suns are dim in lustre when compared with  
him.”

He is fairer than all that earth calls good or great. Grace is poured into his lips. Grace enough flows from him to bless his saints and supply all their needs, while here below, and then to lift them up to inherit a throne of glory for ever.

At his gracious and divine invitation they respond and say, “My voice shalt thou hear in the morning;” that is, when their Redeemer lifts up the dawning light of his lovely face upon them, they having just before been groping along in the dark shades of trouble and despondency; I say, when he lifts his head it is morning with their souls, and they at once look up from themselves and their surroundings, and direct their prayer and praise to him who is able to save and deliver them from all their foes and all their fears, and cause them to tread them all beneath their feet, and triumph over all by faith.

Such things as these in providence and in grace being felt and enjoyed by an experimental knowledge and acquaintance with them, through being brought into the real need and necessity of them—I say, such things strengthen faith and sweeten care, and are some of the means used to teach and instruct us in our war-

fare, enabling us to overcome all oppositions and everything that hinders or impedes our march to the promised land of peace. A soldier on enlisting does not know his drill, nor how to use his weapons, until he is instructed therein, and then sent into active service; so the Christian is instructed by various exercises in temporal and spiritual things, and becomes expert and skilful in the use of his armour who has called him to be a soldier, enabling him expertly and quickly to put it on at the sound of alarm and the advance of the foe, and to gird himself with Jehovah's strength, taking his holy sword, the Word of God, with which he cuts through all enemies—infernal, external, or internal; through all the malice and rage of Satan and his powers, all the frowns of the world, all the trials and dark providences he meets with, and all the sins and corruptions of his own evil nature; and while he thus fights his way, he is spurred on to victory, knowing he is warring a good warfare, and therefore hopes to overcome and be more than conqueror through him who loved him so much as to lay down his life to secure his eternal salvation. And thus God is in the midst of his church militant to help her right early. He is in the church triumphant to enhance her glory and fill her with endless praise. He is a wall of fire round about her, and the glory in the midst of her. He is known in her palaces for a refuge. The palaces of Zion I take to mean—at least in one sense—the grace-born souls of his people, who are compared to the Holy City of Zion, where he saith he will dwell for ever, for he hath desired it; and again he saith, "I will dwell in them and will walk in them," meaning each one individually, who form a part of his church. Thus the poet says,

"Thy mansion (or palace) is the Christian's heart;  
O Lord, thy dwelling-place secure."

Thus you see it is not enough to know that God has a city where he dwells, and a people that he has saved and blessed for ever, but we must each desire to know that he dwells in us, making us a citizen of Zion, and therefore safe and secure, because, being in a strong city that is invested in the strength of Omnipotence, and surrounded by the salvation of Jehovah, all who are in her are eternally secure, being among those who trust in the Lord, and so are as Mount Zion, which cannot be moved, but standeth fast for ever. His foundations also are in his holy mountains. His immutable counsels and divine attributes are depths and heights laid and reared for the basis on which this city is constructed, and by which she is guarded and defended from all harm. How happy, safe, and secure are all who are found in her—

"Yea, how divinely blest,  
The sacred words of truth attest."

Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man (natural man) to even think in any way aright of the things that God hath prepared for them that love him; for the natural man receiveth not the things of the spirit of God,

neither can he know them, but God condescends to reveal them by his Spirit in some measure, in greater or less degree, as pleaseth him, unto his children, of whom we have a humble hope of being one; for surely he had not shown us, and given us to taste of so many and so much of these precious things (as Manoaah and his wife said) if he had meant to destroy us, or cast us into that place where hope and mercy never reach.

But time and strength fail me to continue writing much more at present. Wishing to be remembered to all the friends, and also by them in their prayers; and hoping you are still walking in the light, and enjoying the things which accompany salvation; which things are more to be desired than silver or gold, being a part of the possessions purchased by him whose price is above rubies, and who hath durable riches and righteousness to enrich and beautify countless millions of poor, destitute, sin-smitten and sin-deformed sinners for ever and ever; to whose Name be all praise, honour, and glory, both now and for evermore. Amen.

F. S.

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#### A GOOD HOPE THROUGH GRACE.

Dear Friend,—I have duly received the basket and letters, and thank you for your attention and kind remembrance. "How good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity," and an infallible proof, as I have often observed before, of divine teaching; for is it not to be daily observed, that those in whom Satan reigns and rules hate the children of God? They cannot do otherwise, because the Lord himself has put enmity between the seeds. I could not help smiling at one part of your letter, to see the working of faith and unbelief; and really faith appears to gain ground surprisingly, and to put unbelief almost to silence; for thus you speak, or thus you write, "I sometimes say that I am a lover of all good men, and the more they savour of Christ, the more I seem to love them;" and then mention my old favourite text as a comforter to you, as it once was to me when disputed out of every evidence but this by Satan; but from this he never was permitted to drive me: "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." Now, my friend, the work of God must be begun where this is, if what the Scriptures say is true. "Ye are taught of God to love one another;" and you say, "The more they savour of Christ, the more you love them." But why love them more on this account? Why, because the image of Christ appears more plain upon them; and if that is the sole foundation of our love, we must certainly be of the number of Christ's brethren ourselves, or otherwise we never could so love them as to esteem them the excellent of the earth, in whom is all our delight. And, further, you may depend upon it that where this is real, where this love of the brethren is, there is a real love to Christ in the heart, for we should never love the

brethren if we hated Christ. No, because the poor, quickened, sensible sinner is enlightened to see Christ as a suitable Saviour, in every point suited to save him from everything he both feels and fears. Therefore, the Holy Spirit gives to such a soul a real affection for Christ; his will chooses him with pleasure, and such desire, under the Spirit's influence and power, to go forth after Christ, as nothing less can fully satisfy them.

This being done, confession of our sins, corruption, depravity, and unworthiness, is made from a feeling sense of these in the heart. Prayer, under the Spirit's influence as a Spirit of grace and supplication, is made for Christ continually, and it shall most certainly prevail, for he never gives Christ in real desire without fulfilling it. Hear him, "He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him. He also will hear their cry, and will save them."

Christ, the desire of all nations, shall come, and sometimes comes suddenly to his temple, and then the manifestation you so passionately long for will be enjoyed. Then the burden and sting of guilt goes, and peace, from pardon and forgiveness, flows in. As the Lord our righteousness rides in, condemnation goes out; the love of God is shed abroad in the heart, before which, fear that hath torment gives way and departs, gratitude to God springs up, and godly sorrow and evangelical repentance, under the powerful impressions of his unmerited love and undeserved mercy to such hell-deserving sinners, flow out; sensible communion and fellowship with God, as our 'loving Father in Christ, is enjoyed, joy in God is felt, reconciliation takes place, and to make our inheritance sure, the Holy Spirit bears his witness with our spirits that we are the children of God. This is the seal that assures our hearts of heaven, and brings the soul to rejoice in hope of the glory of God. This is God's work, and this you know has for many years been begun and carried on in you; and when the set time comes, you shall see and feel greater things than you have yet felt. Meditate much upon, and pray over this passage of Scripture, as it is the word of God, and must and shall be fulfilled in the experience of every heir of promise. You know in your own conscience you are one, and therefore dare not tell the Lord you are not, nor tell him that he hath done nothing for you. You know that the work of God is begun in you, and that you can prove it by a variety of Scripture evidence, and so far you can set to your seal that God is true. If so, then it shall go on and be perfected in love here, and the exceeding riches of it be displayed in everlasting glory, when in God's presence there will be fulness of joy, and at his right hand pleasures for evermore.

Now, the passage to which I allude is this, "Shall I bring to the birth, and not cause to bring forth? saith the Lord. Shall I cause to bring forth, and shut the womb? saith thy God." O, NO such thing! "God is not a man, that he should lie; nor the son of man, that he should repent: hath he said, and shall he not do it? or hath he spoken, and shall he not make it good?" Yes,

he shall. Therefore, as he hath brought you to the birth, there you know you are, and his word shall stand. For though you cannot believe, yet he abideth faithful: he cannot deny himself. And his word is, "They shall come forth," and shall not stay long, nor for ever, in the place of the breaking forth of children. Come forth you shall, and then hear your bill of fare: "That ye may suck, and be satisfied with the breasts of her (Zion's) consolations; that ye may milk out, and be delighted with the abundance of her glory. For thus saith the Lord, Behold, I will extend peace to her like a river, and the glory of the Gentiles like a flowing stream: then shall ye suck, ye shall be borne upon her sides, and be dandled upon her knees. As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you; and ye shall be comforted in Jerusalem. And when ye see this, your heart shall rejoice, and your bones shall flourish like an herb." There is a glorious description of what follows the soul's deliverance when the Prince of Peace, the Lord of hosts, who is mighty in battle, enters the hearts of his people; and the joyful soul, in adoration and astonishing surprise, says, "O King, live for ever!" What a heavenly Lover have we got! Bless his holy name, he is so nearly akin to us, that he is our Elder Brother, bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh, and we are joint heirs with him in all the glory peculiar to his glorified human nature, and at last I verily believe we shall be for ever with him, see him as he is, and be like him; and being alive in this hope, and abounding in it by the power of the Holy Ghost, the path of tribulation will be but as light afflictions when contrasted with our deserts; and by our good God sanctifying all our trials, they shall "work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory, while we look not at the things which are seen." But to return to the language of faith in your letter. You say, after having declared your love to the brethren, with an apparent wish to be in league with unbelief, "But how is this that I cannot say that he loves me? And yet I know it is impossible to be beforehand with God." This is true, and an honest confession. Then it follows, of course, that all your love to the Saviour and to his people must spring from his love to you. You love him and his people, because he first loved you; your love, therefore, springs from his; and if so, you must be an object of God's everlasting love. Then you are an object of his everlasting care, and shall never perish, having already spiritual, divine, and eternal life in your soul. I think, my friend, I have so hemmed you in with the testimony of heaven that neither yourself, Satan, nor unbelief, will be able altogether to prove my testimony for God to be false. I am sure you can prove yourself to be in possession of the true light, because you have seen and do see yourself to be such a dreadful, lost, hell-deserving sinner, and Christ to be the only Saviour provided. Also you must have divine life giving you to feel your corruption, because you can only feed upon power, upon the promised blessings, upon Christ crucified, upon the Lord's pres-

ence. You know also that you possess a good hope in the mercy of God, arising from encouragement attending the application of the free, unconditional promises, and the many words spoken home in due season, in reading the word of God, and in attending the means of the Lord's appointment; and if true faith stands in the power of God, you know you have this, for you have believed in the truth and justice of God and trembled. The comfort of the promise has brought you to believe in the mercy of God. You know that now and then you have been so signally comforted as for faith to believe that you were an object of his love. You have at times felt true joy, at times sweet meltings of heart and contrition of spirit, self-loathing and self-abasement under the feeling of undeserved goodness, attended with a perfect hatred to sin, Satan, and the world. Now all this, I am sure, you know by experience. And if so, how can you be a hypocrite? Try to prove yourself a hypocrite by the Scriptures; then I will answer your letter, and shew you what I have yet to speak on God's behalf. I now come to take notice of the great goodness of God towards you in the gracious acts of his providence, in so marvellous a manner preserving you from a violent death. I felt gratitude of heart to God that the life of his servant was precious in his sight, and it is a convincing proof that his eye is upon you for good. This deliverance, I have no doubt, will often be looked back upon with gratitude; it will be a way mark, and a high heap, or a witness, to the sparing mercy of God. This passage of Scripture coming upon the mind is quite applicable to your case, "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." The hand of the Lord shall be known towards his servants; and for every kindness, O that we may be blessed with more gratitude of heart to the God of all our mercies! How safe are we in his hands! O that we could but lie passive in his hands, and commit our way to him; be more submissive and resigned to his will; and then we should walk more sensibly in his fear, enjoy more peace reigning and ruling in our heart, and should be enabled to live more to the glory of God. As all our sufficiency for good is of God, may we be enabled to "come boldly to the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help us in every time of need;" that under the power of grace and the influence of the Spirit we may be kept little in our own eyes, sensible of our unworthiness of any favour from God, sensible of our blindness and ignorance, and that we may sensibly and comfortably enjoy that true humility, in which we always esteem every other saint better than ourselves. How discriminating is this experience! But alas, how far short I generally feel myself! So much self-confidence, pride, rebellion, stubbornness, insensibility, and even a backwardness to all that is good, so that the fool's back calls for many strokes. Yet still in fatherly chastisement he remembers mercy.

C. GOULDING.

## Obituary.

SARAH PEPLER.—On Feb. 13, 1892, aged 80, Sarah, the beloved wife of the late George Pepler, of Cuttonham, Wiltshire, Minister of the Gospel.

She was called by grace while young in years, under the ministry of the late Mr. Mead, of Bristol, where she became a member; but after her marriage, and the building of the Baptist Chapel, Sandy Lane, she joined the church there, where she continued an honourable member until death removed her thence. For sixteen years she walked to the house of God, often carrying a little one in her arms, proving that it was not a trifle would keep her from the means of grace, where she hoped to get a crumb of mercy to cheer her poor, cast-down soul; for she had to wade through deep and severe trials, crosses and losses, both personal and in the family; but that gracious God who said, "My grace 'is sufficient for thee," brought her safely through them all, giving her many tokens of his love.

Her husband's removal, with several of her children, caused her to mourn sore like a dove, and to fear greatly how matters would stand with herself when death came. She was very much depressed, at times, respecting it, but about two years and a half before she died, one Sabbath afternoon, while sitting at tea, and weeping, friend Dyer said to her, "What is the matter? You seem to be down in a low place to-day." She said, "Bless you, Sir, mine are not tears of sorrow, but of joy! The Lord has given me the promise, that 'at evening time it shall be light.'" O, how firmly she held this promise until the time of her death! fully believing that the Lord would fulfil his word in her experience when that time should come.

In June, 1889, she went to visit my sister, who resides at Swinton, and while there she was much blessed in her soul under the ministry of Mr. P.

I will here give two or three brief extracts from her letters to her daughter. Writing in May, she says:—"I hope that the Lord is blessing the labours of your hands, and also blessing your soul, causing you to rejoice in him as your all in all. I felt a little nearness to him yesterday morning under the sermon, and also at the Lord's table; but it seems to be so soon gone, and I often fear whether it was real or not, for I would not be deceived for all the world."

On January 20, 1887, she writes:—"My dear child,—Your aunt has breathed her last. I hope she felt that Christ was precious while passing through the river, and that she was resting on the right foundation. I must soon follow after; I know not how soon. I fear to presume, but I do desire to be able to read my title clear, and to call Jesus mine. I want to feel satisfied that I am his child, and cry, 'Abba, Father; my Lord and my God;' then it will be well, and I shall long to be gone out of this burdensome world, and be at home with my Lord, sing-



ing 'Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood . . . . to him be glory and dominion for ever. Amen.'"

Writing to her sister, October 20, 1891, she says—"I suppose you think me unkind for not answering your letter sooner, but you would not if you knew what a poor feeble worm I am, at times scarcely able to get up stairs. My writing days are nearly over, but I hope I shall be better employed in that upper world, blessing and praising his dear name for ever looking in mercy on such a poor sinful worm as I feel to be. I deserve not the least of his mercies, for sin is mixed with all I do. My best services need to be washed in the Redeemer's precious blood. I often think that there is not another such an undeserving creature as myself. I groan and cry when I cannot feel him near and dear to my soul; and when he has appeared again for me, and comforted my poor heart, drawing out my soul in love and gratitude and praise to his dear Majesty, my faith is somewhat strengthened. But Satan so often tempts me to believe that it was not a reality, and that it did not come from God; but sometimes I am enabled to tell him that the Lord has heard and answered my cries many times, and that I believe he will come again, for he once told me that 'at evening time it should be light,' and I believe he will fulfil that word to me. May the Lord, of his mercy, give you and me to feel, when death comes, that it is well, and that he is our strength and our portion for ever."

Soon after this time, owing to the nature of her complaint, her mind became wandering at times; but when we spoke to her of Jesus she would respond almost immediately. On one occasion, towards the end of her journey, when asked how she felt in her mind, she said, "You need not fear; the Lord will never leave me now." Shortly afterwards she lost all consciousness, and her redeemed spirit took its flight to be for ever with the Lord.

Truly it may be said of her, that she feared God above many. Her Bible and hymn-book were her chief companions. Several times a day would she retire to her room for reading and prayer, and many times did the Lord visit her there with tokens of his love. But, dear soul, she is gone, and we do not wish her back, knowing that she is so much better off. We have lost a dear praying mother, and we feel it, and trust that her prayers may be answered in our behalf.

J. E. P.

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MARY SMITH.—On March 31, 1892, aged 75, Mary Smith, of Staplehurst, late of Hawkinbury, Kent.

"I had many convictions from the time of my childhood, but they wore off, leaving nothing behind but the face of nature. Natural conviction is like painting the likeness of a man's face on marble; the water will soon wash it away. I lived with my father until he died. He was a stranger to true vital godliness. After my father's death I kept my brother's house; but after

his marriage I was tempted, owing to some unpleasantness in the family, to do violence to myself. How true are those words of the poet—

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

And now my trouble came on about my soul, for I thought I should die and go to hell. On Sundays I used to take my Bible, and go into the fields and read, but could find no comfort, for at this time death and judgment were uppermost in my mind. Shortly afterwards I was married. My mother-in-law invited me to go to church with her, to which I consented, thinking I might as well go there as anywhere else, being sure that there was no comfort for me either in this world or the next. I now began to be in more trouble about my never-dying soul. When at church I paid all the attention I could. The minister noticed me and came to see me, and asked me what was the matter with me. I told him that I was so bad that I should surely go to hell. He said, ‘O no, not such a good woman as you are.’ He then prayed with me and went away, but soon came again, and told my husband that he must take me out into company, or I should go wrong. The next time he came, in reply to his question as to how I was getting on, I told him I became worse and worse. I also said that I believed the Lord had an elect people. ‘If that is your trouble,’ he said, ‘you will become a Calvinist.’ I said, ‘What is that?’ He then went on to explain, adding, ‘Look here; all you have to do is to tell no lies, pay your debts, and say your prayers, then I will stand for your sins at the judgment day!’ I said, ‘You cannot stand for your own.’ Upon which he flew into a rage, saying ‘What! Am I a dog then, that I cannot do this?’ He took up his hat and never came to see me again.

I then went to the Congregational Chapel, and there I felt at home. The people set me to work, and I was as pleased to work as they were to give it me to do. I was so intent upon doing good and working for life that when I put my children to bed I used to pray with them. At the prayer meetings there was a man whose prayer entered into my soul’s feelings, and I found afterwards that he was one of Mr. Burch’s members. I continued to attend this chapel until I became quite dissatisfied, and the words kept following me, ‘Come out from among them.’ I got worse instead of better, and would get out of bed to pray in the night, for I was afraid that the devil would come and take me away.

I had tried all the places of worship except Mr. Burch’s, and there I was afraid to go. Now came the trial. I must go somewhere. A good woman came to me and said, ‘Go and hear Mr. Burch.’ But my husband being averse to dissenting places of worship, was a sore trial to me. At last I said, ‘Let what will come, I must go and hear him.’ The enemy now began to work upon my natural feelings something like this: ‘You have a good

husband, and you are going against his wishes and the landlord's.' On Sunday, however, I went and crept into the chapel, hanging down my head, for I was afraid that some one would go and tell my husband. The good man took his text, but I knew very little about either the text or his sermon; but this I did remember that he said, 'The Lord will take care of his own.' The enemy suggested, 'You are not one of his.' I told him that was my fear, but was determined to go again. At the time appointed I went again, when the dear man entered into my path, and told me all that was in my heart, shewing me where I was, so that I wondered who had told him all about me. A person saw me at the chapel who informed my husband, and my trouble was renewed in real earnest, as I could not comply with his request. He declared that I was going the right way to get us turned out of the farm, adding that I should one day on my return find him dead. I now feared that the Lord would never save me, for I was such a great sinner. I worked hard to please God, for I felt that he was angry with me; but the more I tried, the worse I became. I still attended the chapel, stopping on the road, not knowing what to do; when the words came with power, 'No man, after putting his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God.' So on I went, losing sight of husband and children for a time, and on my return was pleased to find that all was right. My religion, even now, I could only compare to a feather for its lightness—according to my feelings I was not fit to live, and I knew I was not prepared to die. O how deeply I sank under the weight and burden of my sins! I thought I should lose my reason, for I felt sure that I should be damned and go to perdition. I feared God could not save me, and I found, by painful experience, that I could not save myself. One day while sitting by the fireside, the dog came in and lay down to sleep, when I said, 'O that I were that dog, which has no soul to be lost!' Immediately afterwards one of my children was burnt to death; and O what rebellion rose up in my heart against the Almighty for taking away my child! About this time I dreamed of being on the steps of a beautiful palace, the door of which opened of itself. While looking around, a beautiful damsel came to me, and said, 'You shall come here one day.' Receiving a little comfort therefrom, a lively hope sprang up in my soul that I should find peace and pardon for all my sins; but I again sank very low in my soul's feelings, and feared that I was not one of God's chosen people. I was tempted to give all up, and not to go to the chapel again; and I so far fell in with the temptation that I stayed away for six weeks, but this was only adding grief to my sorrow, and I was really miserable.

"The time now drew near, however, for my deliverance. A good woman called to see me one evening, who said, 'You must go with me to-night and hear Mr. Shedwick.' I said, 'No, that I cannot, for I have done with all religion, and am a lost woman.' She looked straight at me, and said, 'You are just about to be

saved.' After some further objections, she added, 'You cannot get worse, if you get no better.' I promised to go; and as I was about starting, my husband said, 'So you are off again!' It was a great trial, but my poor soul stood first. His text was, 'To them that are sanctified by God the Father, and preserved in Jesus Christ, and called.' The words came with such love, liberty, and sweetness of the Holy Ghost, that all my trouble and the burden of my sins were gone, so that I could now rejoice, saying, 'My Beloved is mine, and I am his.' O what a change! As soon as the service was over I started for home. How long I was on the way I know not. Sometimes I stood still, thanking and blessing the Lord for his mercy and love to such a sinner, and weeping for joy. I got home at last and went to bed, and in the morning awoke with the same sweet feeling, singing for joy of heart. I now thought that if trouble came I could bear it, but I soon found, to my sorrow, that I could not, for as soon as the comfort and joy were gone, down I went, sinking very low for some time, until, one morning, being out in the fields, and while mourning over my sad state and loss, these words were given to me, 'Your name is written in heaven, in the Lamb's book of life.' I said, 'Dear Lord, what! Mary Vane's name written in the Lamb's book of life?' This was followed by another, 'I have cast thy sins behind my back.' I was again favoured to sit under the ministry of Mr. Burch, sometimes hearing him with comfort and sometimes in judgment. My husband would occasionally go with me, but I could see no change in him of a spiritual nature. Severe temporal troubles now came upon us, giving many errands to a throne of grace; at length my husband, after being unable to work for eight years, died, leaving me with a large family. The Lord also hid his face from me, and I was in real trouble; but I was enabled to struggle on from time to time.

"After marrying my second husband I was in hopes that things would go a little smoother, especially as I had now got a man of God for my husband. But, alas! I found that the old legacy stuck close to me, 'In the world ye shall have tribulation.' He was a good husband to me, and a good father-in-law to my children. We struggled on together for a few years, and then he was taken ill on the Monday, and died on the following Sunday, and was taken home to eternal glory.

"Now I was a double widow; and I believe that I have been married three times, and one is alive, and will never die: 'Thy Maker is thy Husband: the Lord of Hosts is his name.' I feel now that I have nothing to live for, and for me to die, I hope, will be my everlasting gain; for I can say that I love the Lord with all my heart. 'Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee.'

"But my trials were not over yet, for one of the keenest I ever experienced was my removal from the farm at which I had passed nearly forty years of my life. O how I did beg of the

Lord that he would make a way for me to go to Staplehurst, so that I might be among my own people and enjoy the ministry there; and truly he did make a way for me, giving me the promise, 'I will be your God, even unto death.' Truly he has been kind to me, but I am so often groping about in the dark, like the blind who have no eyes; but as soon as my Beloved appears, it is then light, and I can sing with the Psalmist, 'The Lord is my light and my salvation: whom shall I fear?' I do think that if ever I get to heaven, I shall sing the loudest of them all."

I will now give a short account of her last days. For several months she suffered from shortness of breath, which made it a trouble for her to get about. She complained of much darkness of soul, saying, "My God is gone, and I fear he will never come again." I said, "My dear friend, as surely as ever he has been he will come again." But O! the depths of desponding fear into which, on one occasion, she sank! Despair was stamped upon her countenance. I said, "Shall I try and ask the Lord to appear for you?" She said, "Yes, do." I found liberty while pleading with the Lord for her, and truly he did appear in a very short time, when her sorrow was turned into joy, and her night of darkness into day; the Sun of Righteousness was risen upon her poor, dark, benighted soul, and then she could feelingly say, "My Beloved is mine, and I am his."

I here give the account of my friend written by her son Robert.

The last day my dear mother came down stairs, which was March 17th, when asked how she was, she said, "Not so well; I must go to bed." When safely up-stairs she said, "Do pray for me. What shall I do if the Lord does not come?" After being lifted into bed she asked me to read to her. I chose the 14th chapter of John's gospel, and when I had read it she said, "That is very nice, but I want the Lord to come and say that there is a mansion for me." I don't think I ever saw her so low in her soul's feelings before. On the following night she said, "The Lord has told me that he has got a kingdom for me, and now all is well"—"Fear not, little flock: it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." Observing my emotion, she said, "Do not weep, but 'Bless the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.' I am going home to my precious Jesus and to my kingdom. Everything is all right; my room, which has looked so gloomy, now looks bright." On entering her room the next night, she said, "Do you think I was deceived last night?" I replied, "No, mother, I know you were not, for I felt the power of it in my own soul." She then said, "Do pray for the Lord to come and take me home." On March 27th she summoned us to her bedside, and bade us all Good bye, saying, "Christ has come." She gradually sank from sheer weakness. On the 30th I said, "You want to go home." She said "Yes" with a firm voice. I said, "It won't be long, mother." She then said "No, good bye." These were her last words, and she died at a quarter past four in the morning. She was interred at Sutton Church. J. LEWIS.

**DINAH APPS.**—On July 16, 1892, aged 73, Dinah Apps, a member of the Church at Smallfields.

She was a member of the late Mr. Hatton's, but removed to Earlswood about the time I was first called to labour at Smallfields. I sought her out just as she was being raised up from a heavy affliction, in which such was the joy and comfort she received, that she longed to die to be with the Lord. As she recovered, the thought of coming back into the world caused her much grief, for she had hoped that the time had come to have entered the place prepared for her above. She said, "I cannot trouble about this world; I feel as though I cannot come back into it." She was a poor widow for 22 years—"A widow indeed." About two years before she died, cancer in the face shewed itself, her sufferings being very great; but she was helped to bear them with patience, and rejoiced in the comfort the Lord gave her. How often she longed for the courts of the Lord! She said, "It does not seem like Sunday." As opportunity served, I used to see her on Sunday evenings, when she would say, "I have had a little of Sunday to-day." Once especially she had been cheered up by the Lord in the week, and sent word to us to say that she wanted some one to come and help her to bless and praise the Lord. She would say, "Who am I that I should complain? Others suffer from this painful affliction, and why not me? There must be something to bring me to my end." She had a presentiment that her end was approaching, and sent for a dear sister in the Lord, whom she blessed and prayed for, and also the children. On the day she died, she said, "It is coming! it is coming now! What I have waited for for years is coming!" So died one dear to us, pleasant in life, and an encouragement in death. "Whose faith follow, considering the end of their conversation, Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever."

E. H. PRESTON.

**MARY ANN CHALK.**—On July 16, 1892, at Sunderland, aged 85, Mary Ann Chalk, the oldest member of the Particular Baptist church at West Hartlepool. From the records in the church-book, our friend was baptized in the year 1858. At that time the late Mr. Thomas Clough was the minister there. She was, in the Lord's providence, removed to Sunderland, and for a good many years was not able to attend at West Hartlepool. The writer of this brief account sometimes visited her, and always found her expressing how good the Lord had been to her, although poor and dependent, supplying from time to time her needs, both temporal and spiritual. Nothing but a free grace gospel suited our friend, and she was always delighted when any of our dear friends, who sometimes came to supply in the north, visited her. Other ministers, it seems, occasionally visited her, but she did not like them, as face did not answer to face nor heart to heart. During her last days she was greatly helped by

our friend Mr. Littleton regularly visiting her. Sometimes he found her deeply dejected and cut down, but before leaving her she was enabled to rejoice in the God of her salvation. During the last few months of her life she was very helpless, and had to be lifted out and into bed, but was favoured with patience and resignation under it all. Previous to her departure she held up her hand, as if to let her friends know that she was happy. After this she peacefully passed away to be for ever with the Lord. How faithful is the promise—"Even to old age I am he."

S. H.

MARTHA BLACKSTONE.—On August 14, 1892, at East Grinstead, aged 82, Martha Blackstone.

Of her early life I know but little, but it was my lot to meet with her as a hearer with the congregation meeting in Providence Chapel, Forest Row, and I shall never forget with what eagerness she seemed to drink in the words of precious truth so dear to her soul. Previous to the opening of the little chapel she would walk some miles to hear at Dane Hill. Eventually it pleased the Lord to bring her into the furnace of affliction, yet she murmured not, but was sweetly submissive to her loving Lord's will, feeling that she deserved all that was laid upon her. During the long time she was confined to her home, the Bible, hymn-books (Gadsby's and Denham's), and Dr. Hawker's portions, afforded her the spiritual meat her soul so loved; and visit her when you might, you would find these within her reach. And how welcome were God's dear saints to her house and heart! Many times have I visited her, hard in heart, cold in love, feeling shut up and shut out from all communion with my Lord in his holy word, yet in the presence of this dear one I have felt the sweet presence of the holy and blessed Spirit; tears of joy have flowed down this aged saint's face, and I have left her, again and again, well understanding why it was better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting; for a poor mourner in Zion I often found her. Her sinful self, her wanderings of heart, many fears, lest she was not what she longed to be—a real child, one of the family—in the midst of all she said, "I do love my Jesus! O, what should I do without him? Still I do want another token of his love, another sweet assurance that he loved me and gave himself for me." On one occasion, finding her very low and poor in her spirits, I said, "Then you are not favoured to be on the mount, as Peter and John were, when alone with their beloved Lord!" "No," she said, "but like the poor prodigal, I am in want; no creature can bring me what I want; I do want to see my dear Lord; I do want to feed upon him. I have many comforts here for my poor body, of which I do not feel the least worthy, but my soul longs to drink of the well of Bethlehem, that I might pour out my soul to the praise of his precious love to me. The foxes and birds had where to rest, but my Lord had neither; he became poor to en-

rich me; became a worm to make me a daughter of his. He hath inclined mine ear, and my heart too." Then I said, "Can you come behind him, in silence, standing at his feet?" "Yes, I can come there, behind him, being unworthy to stand before him." "Well," I said, "sure I am that if his sweet fear, love, and desired mercy have drawn you to his feet, feeling little, low, vile, lost, a sinner worthy of death there, he will not leave the house before he turns to you; yes, he will assure you that he sees thee, and will speak for thy comfort, 'Go in peace.'"

After being a widow some time (about two years ago) she went to reside with her grand-daughter in East Grinstead, most of which time she was, through suffering and weakness, confined to her bedchamber; consequently I could not see her so often, but on an average once a month, and generally found her in the valley. She feared and shunned enchanted ground. Once, putting Dr. Hawker's Portions into my hand, she said, "That Portion was so sweet to my soul this morning! As for me, 'I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon me.' My soul could sit down with him; and enjoy the true riches of heaven; yes, when I have felt cast out, and none eye to see or pity, my Jesus hath seen me, helped me, and indeed blessed me. O, that dear man, how highly favoured of the Lord! What he loved, I love; what he enjoyed, I long to enjoy too." For myself, I can surely say, if ever my Lord hath been a sanctuary to me, it has been in the sick chamber of this aged saint.

About three weeks before her decease I found her very low in mind and weak in body, not feeling that assurance she wanted to feel; yet she said, "These words came into my mind this morning, 'Thine eyes shall see the king in his beauty; they shall behold the land that is afar off.' Could you tell me where to find them?" I looked upon the words as an intimation from the Lover of her soul, that, like Moses, the Lord was about showing her the land, saying, "This is the land; here it is; the land which I promised to Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob; here it is." Then he died, and his body was buried by God himself in the valley of Moab, and no poor body was ever better laid in a grave.

After a few words from her much-loved book, the Bible, my soul was poured out in pleading before the dear Lord, that the promise might be fulfilled in the experience of his dear hand-maid, "At evening time it shall be light," and I left her, with a calm impression that I should never see her more in the body; yet all would be well, for so it is said, "It shall be well with the righteous."

On the 15th of August her daughter wrote me, saying, the sufferings of her dear mother were great during the last week, but that she was in a most happy frame of mind, the enemy being permitted to trouble her but little till early on the Saturday. She prayed much to be delivered from the body of sin and death. "Lord, don't leave me," was her earnest cry. Just be-



fore she closed her eyes in death she was heard to say, "Peace, perfect peace; my mind is fixed on thee, but till he bids I cannot die." Two days before she departed, she anxiously enquired if I was expected to visit her that day. Had I seen her once more I believe it would have been, "Jesus is come; I have found him; I shall see him in his beauty." She peacefully passed away early on Sabbath morning, August 14.

Her mortal remains were well laid in the grave by the side of her husband, on the 18th, in Forest Row Cemetery, in the presence of many mourners and sympathising friends. O may we die such a death, honoured with the presence of her God, through the mercies revealed in the Son of his love. So desires yours unworthily in him,  
D. T.

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JAMES CHALKLEY.—On August 14, 1892, aged 55, James Chalkley, of Welwyn Mill.

Our late much-esteemed friend was greatly favoured in his soul during the latter part of his illness. The dear Lord was graciously pleased to manifest himself in such a blessed way and manner as he had never before realized; and the blessed Spirit was pleased to apply many portions of the Word and verses of hymns, which were a great comfort to him, so that, at times, he seemed quite raised above his bodily sufferings, which were very great, his countenance beaming with the sweet peace he felt within. He appeared to be gradually brought to a quiet submission to the Lord's will, whether for life or for death. On Saturday (13th) he asked his medical attendants if they thought it likely he would last much longer, telling them he was not afraid to die. He had a great desire, if it were the Lord's will, that he might be taken on the Sabbath, which desire was granted. He took farewell of his dear wife and children at about ten o'clock on Saturday night, and was gradually sinking until about a quarter past twelve on the Sabbath day morning, just as the friends were leaving the chapel. He passed away most peacefully, without a struggle. It is indeed a heavy blow and a severe loss to his wife and family, although Mrs. C. has been mercifully helped and supported up to the present time. The loss to the little cause here is unspeakably great, as we well know that its welfare lay very near his heart. Speaking personally, we have lost a very dear friend, whose prayers we shall greatly miss, but at the same time feel we cannot sufficiently thank the Lord for his great goodness manifested to him, enabling him to leave such a blessed testimony. His end was peace.  
A. HALE.

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THE consolations of God to such an unworthy wretch are so abundant, that he leaves me nothing to pray for, but a continuance of them. I enjoy a heaven already in my soul. My prayers are all converted into praise.—*Toplady*.

CHRIST'S strength, in bringing in his sheep, is in his word, for it is his sceptre.—*Rutherford*.

# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

DECEMBER, 1892.

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

## THE LOSS OF ALL THINGS FOR CHRIST'S SAKE.

A SERMON PREACHED IN PARK STREET CHAPEL, NOTTINGHAM, ON THURSDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 23RD, 1858, BY  
J. C. PHILPOT.

"Yea doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord: for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ,

"And be found in him, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith."—PHILIPPIANS iii. 8, 9.

(Concluded from page 461.)

II.—But I pass on to my *second* point, which was to show *the reason* why Paul had "suffered the loss of all things and counted them as dung." It was "*the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus his Lord.*" Can we part freely and cheerfully with what we naturally love, unless we obtain for it something more choice and valuable? Is not money dear? Is not reputation dear also? Is not the good opinion of others, what men think and what they say approvingly of us, very gratifying to our natural mind? To be generally esteemed or admired, to possess property, influence, a good social position for themselves and their families—is not this the main object of most men's ambition and desire? How, then, can we be brought to that state of mind which shall enable us to suffer the loss of all things as with holy joy, and to reckon everything in which heretofore we had delighted but loss; yea, stranger still, to count it but dung, as loathsome garbage such as is cast to the dogs? O what grace must be in your hearts to enable you to renounce what the world so madly pursues and what your own nature so fondly loves! To see all these earthly delights spread, as if in a panorama, before your eyes; the pleasures, the amusements, the show and finery of the world presented to you, as they were by Satan to the Lord himself on the exceeding high mountain (Matt.

iii. 8); to carry within you a nature which loves and delights in them, and yet, by the power of grace and the teaching of the Holy Spirit, to regard them as far beneath your notice, as contemptible, and as polluting as the offal in the street, over which you step in haste lest you defile your shoes or clothes—O what a deep and vital sense must the soul have of the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus its Lord, and what a view by faith of his beauty and glory to bring it to that state to count all that earth can give or contribute to individual enjoyment as dung and dross! I am very sure that no man, in living experience, ever had the feeling for five minutes in his soul or carried it out for five minutes in the life, but by some personal discovery of the beauty and blessedness of the Son of God. My friends, take this as a most certain truth, that we can never know Jesus Christ except by a spiritual revelation of him to our soul. You know the words—they are his who cannot lie—“This is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent.” How am I to know the only true God? Does he not dwell in the light which no man can approach unto, whom no man hath seen nor can see? Must he not, then, shine into my soul that I may see him by faith, as Moses saw him, who “endured as seeing him who is invisible?” Does not the Lord himself say, “No man knoweth the Son but the Father; neither knoweth any man the Father, save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal him?” (Matt. xi. 27.) How then can I know either the Father or the Son but by revelation and manifestation? How am I to know Jesus Christ as God, the co-equal and co-eternal Son of the Father in truth and love, but by a divine manifestation of his glory? How can I know him as man, and see his pure, spotless humanity, unless the eyes of my understanding are enlightened by the heavenly anointing? Or how can I know him as God-man unless by faith I view him as such at the right hand of the Father? To show us Jesus, his Person, his grace, and his glory, is the express work of the Holy Ghost, as the Lord himself declares—“He shall glorify me: for he shall receive of mine, and shall show it unto you. All things that the Father hath are mine: therefore said I, that he shall take of mine, and shall show it unto you.” (John xvi. 14, 15.) I am well convinced for myself that I can only know him by the manifestation of himself. I hope I have had that manifestation of him to my soul; but I am sure that we have no saving or sanctifying knowledge of the Son of God

except by a special revelation of him to our heart. I do not mean by this anything visionary or visible, but a discovery of him by the Holy Spirit to the eye of faith. And when he is revealed to our hearts by the power of God, and we see who and what he is by a living faith, then we "behold his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." (John i. 14.) We see his glorious Deity as the Son of God; we see his pure and spotless Humanity—how innocent, how holy, how suffering, how bleeding; and we see this eternal Deity and this holy Humanity in one glorious Person—Immanuel, God with us—seated at the right hand of the Majesty on high.

Thus to see him, thus to know him, thus to believe in him, thus to love him, and thus to cleave to him with purpose of heart—this, this is vitally and experimentally to realise "the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord." O what excellent knowledge!—how surpassing all acquired from books! You may have read the Bible from childhood—and it cannot be read too much—and may know it almost by heart from end to end; you may be able to read the Hebrew text, and understand the Greek original; you may study commentator after commentator—all which I have myself done, and therefore know what I am saying; and yet all your reading, and all your searching after the meaning of the Scripture, if continued till your eyes are worn out with fatigue, will never give you that spiritual and saving knowledge of the Person and work, grace and glory of the Lord Jesus which one five minutes of his manifested presence will discover to your soul. The light of his countenance, the shining in of his glory, and the shedding abroad of his love, will teach you more, in a few minutes' sweet communion, who and what he is as the King in his beauty, than without this manifestation you could learn in a century. If any say that to talk about manifestations is enthusiasm, I will ask them to explain what the Lord meant when he said to his disciples—"He that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him." (John xiv. 21.) Does not the Lord speak here of "manifesting" himself to those that love him? Is this enthusiasm? And when Paul speaks in almost similar language—"For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ" (2 Cor. iv. 6), was Paul teaching and preaching enthusiasm? The Lord give me a little more of this

enthusiasm, if men call by that name the manifestation of Christ to the soul. It is only thus we understand, feel, and enjoy "the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord." No wonder men suffer no loss of any one thing, much less of all things, for Christ's sake; no wonder they greedily pick up the offal which the so-called enthusiast throws to the dogs. But be it known to them that Christ Jesus is not their Lord, unless he has taken possession of their hearts; for "no man can say that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost." (1 Cor. xii. 3.) When, then, Jesus manifests himself to the soul, he becomes its Lord; for he puts down all other rivals, and seats himself on the throne of the affections. He then becomes in reality what before he was but in name, Christ Jesus our Lord. We then lie at his sacred feet; we embrace him with the arms of faith; he sways the sceptre over a willing heart, and we crown him Lord of all. Now it is only the excellency of this knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord as vitally felt that makes us willing to suffer the loss of all things. O, what is a little money, a little gold and silver, compared with a living faith in the precious blood of Christ! "We are not redeemed," says the word of Truth, "with corruptible things, as silver and gold; but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a Lamb without blemish and without spot." (1 Pet. i. 18-19.) O that precious blood! As I have sometimes thought and said, Deity was in every drop! O that precious blood which oozed from his veins in the garden of Gethsemane, when it fell in large drops from his surcharged brow! O that precious blood, in which his body was bathed upon the cross of Calvary! O how it ran from his hands and feet and side! cleansing, as it ran, like an opened fountain, the Church of God from all her sin and uncleanness. (Zech. xiii. 1.) This is the precious blood which sprinkled upon the conscience cleanseth it from all sin, and purges it from dead works to serve the living God. (Heb. ix. 14.) When then we thus see by the eye of faith that atoning blood, and cast ourselves, so to speak, with all our sins into that open fountain, as Naaman dipped himself in Jordan's flood, can we, dare we put our words and works into competition with such a sacrifice, with the agonies and sorrows, the suffering obedience and meritorious death of the Lamb of God? In the eyes of the God and Father of the Lord Jesus Christ, can there be a greater insult than to put man's paltry words and works in the place of the finished work of his own dear Son? If man can save himself, why

need Jesus have bled and died? Why should we need the sufferings of an incarnate God, if a few acts of natural piety can merit heaven? Men ignorant of God and godliness are too ready to set up their own works and trust to their own righteousness; but all the works of the creature sink into worse than insignificance, when placed side by side with the wonders of redeeming blood and love. Can there then be a greater insult in the face of the dread Majesty of heaven than to parade a few creature doings and duties as only a shade less meritorious than the blood and obedience of him who, as God's co-eternal Son, thought it not robbery to be equal with God? (Phil. ii. 6.) Perish all such thoughts out of our hearts; and let us rather count all things, whatever they be, as dung and dross compared with Jesus and his blood. It is not religion, but the want of it, which makes men esteem themselves and slight Christ, set up their own works, and disregard his. When the Lord is pleased to visit his redeemed ones with his presence, they feel that there is nothing upon earth which they so much love and prize as himself. To feel his presence and love is the foretaste of eternal joy; the prelibation and first sip of that river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God. (Psal. xlv. 4.) Then they see what is "the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord." Then are they willing to part with all things and count them but dung; and those things which once they counted gain are now seen to be positive loss, for they stand in the way of Christ, and hinder, so to speak, his approach to the soul. If once you have seen and felt the preciousness of Christ, and have had a view by faith of his glorious Person and spotless obedience to the Law of God, you will never again set up your own fancied holiness. To offer such an oblation will be as offering swine's blood; to burn incense to your own righteousness will be as if you blessed an idol. (Isai. lxvi. 3.) In comparison also with him, money, reputation, worldly honour, or any temporal advantage, will be viewed as valueless indeed; as demanding affections which we can no longer give, as being already bestowed. Let me illustrate this by a figure. You are a man of business, and your time is occupied nearly all the day with matters of importance. I call upon you to while away some idle moments, having no business to transact with you, but merely to pass away the time. Your time, however, is precious, for you have urgent matters in hand. I see you through your courtesy for a few moments, but as your time is too valuable to be interrupted by mere idle

gossip, you very soon say "Excuse me, I cannot give you any more time. I am engaged—I am engaged; I cannot see you now." Look at the figure spiritually, and see how in a similar way everything which takes up our time, occupies our thoughts, entangles our affections, and turns away our feet from the Lord, is positive loss, because it robs our soul of its best treasure. If every look from him brings renewed strength, and every view of him by faith carries with it a blessing, then all that hinders these looks from him and views of him is as much positive loss to the soul as the merchant being kept from 'Change by a morning call is a loss to his purse. What is health or rank or beauty; in a word, what are all earthly delights, with which all must soon part, which must shortly either leave us, or we leave them, compared with the Saviour and with a sweet testimony in our souls that we are his and that he is ours? Only let the blessed Redeemer look upon you with that face which was marred more than the sons of men, with one glance of those languid eyes so full of the deepest sorrow and the tenderest love; only let the Blessed Spirit lead you into the garden of Gethsemane and to the cross of Calvary, there to see by the eye of faith the suffering Son of God, you will then feel how poor and mean are all earthly things, and how glorious and blessed are those divine realities which faith sees here and which God has in store for those that love him hereafter. You will then see too how the best and brightest objects here below are as little worthy of your real regard as the toys of childhood or the sports of youth. Would you know, then, why Paul thus wrote? It was because Christ was made precious to his soul that his pen traced the words of our text, for they are the utterance of his own experience, of what he had himself seen, felt, and enjoyed in the gracious discoveries of the Lord the Lamb to his heart.

But you say, perhaps, "I am not there." No, you may not be there, for few ever arrived as far as he in the knowledge of Christ; but are you on the way there? There is a being at a spot, there is a being on the way to a spot, and there is a thorough absence of movement towards a spot. As I came here yesterday by the Railway, every minute brought me nearer and nearer to the Station where I was to alight: as I go away to-morrow every minute will take me farther and farther from it. Thus it is in regard to sacred things. Some of you may be coming on within sight of Gethsemane. Follow on—follow on. You are on the way if you are learning that hard but easy, bitter

but sweet, humbling but exalting lesson to count for Christ's sake all things but loss. Every fresh trial, every fresh blessing, every new sight of self, every new sight of him, will bring you more into Paul's experience. But there are those who inwardly hate and shun the cross, and who with all their profession of religion love the world and are buried in it. Every day, as their conscience gets more and more hardened through the deceitfulness of sin, they are farther and farther from the cross, and if a miracle of grace rescue them not, so much nearer and nearer to destruction at the end of their course.

III.—But I pass on to open up, as I proposed, the expression of the Apostle, "*That I may win Christ.*" What, had he not already won him? Yes, he had in a measure, but there was that divine beauty and blessedness in his glorious Person which his soul longed to realize in a yet greater degree of fulness. As a lover longs to win not only the love but the person of the object of his attachment to be his own bride, and pants to clasp her to his heart and to call her his, so did the Apostle long to clasp Jesus in the arms of his faith so as to be able to say, "This is my beloved, and this is my friend, O daughters of Jerusalem." (Song Sol. v. 16.) "Yes; this is my Christ, my own Christ, my own Jesus, my dear Jesus, mine in life, mine in death, mine to all eternity!" But he felt that if he were thus to win Christ, it could only be by counting all other things as lost unto him. As the bridegroom counts all other women not worthy of a moment's thought compared with his bride, and regards and loves none but her, so it is of the soul that sincerely loves Christ.

This to some of you may seem rank enthusiasm, and to others hard doctrine. It was so to the young man who "had great possessions" and wished for eternal life, but not at the expense of following Christ. (Matt. xix. 21.) It was so to those disciples who turned back and walked no more with Jesus. (John vi. 66.) It was so even to Peter himself when he sought to turn his Master away from the cross. (Matt. xvi. 22.) But this is the way, and there is no other; as the Lord himself told "the great multitudes that went with him"—"If any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple. And whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot be my disciple." (Luke xiv. 26, 27.) There is no middle path to heaven—there is no intermediate state between hell and heaven; no purgatory for



that numerous class who think themselves hardly good enough for heaven, yet hardly bad enough for hell. No; there is no intermediate road nor state. We must win Christ as our own most blessed Jesus, and with him enjoy the happiness and glory of heaven, or sink down to hell with all our sins upon our head beneath his most terrible frown. The soul then that has been charmed with the beauty and blessedness of Jesus longs to win him, and that not for a day, month, or year, but for eternity; for in obtaining him it obtains all that God can give the soul of man to enjoy as created immortal and for immortality. Under the influence of his grace, it feels at times even here below all its immortal powers springing forth into active, heavenly life, and looks forward in faith and hope to a glorious eternity where it will be put into possession of the highest enjoyment which God can give to man, even union with himself by virtue of union with his dear Son, according to those wonderful words of the Redeemer himself—"That they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us."

Now has your heart ever panted after the Lord Jesus as the hart panteth after the water brooks? (Psal. xlii. 1.) Do you ever lie in the dust mourning over your sins against such bleeding, dying love? Do you ever even ask God to kindle in your soul an intense desire to have Jesus as your Christ, that he may be your delight here and your portion for ever? Surely there is that in him which is not in anything below the skies, and which if not found here will not be found hereafter. If you have no love or affection for him, why is it but because he has not endeared himself to your soul? But if he has manifested himself to you, you have seen and felt enough of his blessedness to convince you that there is no real peace or happiness out of him. It is true that you may have many trials and temptations to encounter; many perplexities and sorrows may be spread in your path; but be not dismayed, for the love of Christ, if you have ever felt that love shed abroad in your heart, will bear you more than conqueror through them all. The Lord make and keep us faithful to the truth as it has been made known to our consciences; and may the goodness and mercy of God shine into our hearts and shed abroad its rays of light and joy in our darkest moments and under our severest trials. And O to be found in him at the great day, as members of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones—to be found the Lord's "peculiar treasure" in that day when he maketh up his jewels.

(Mal. iii. 17.) And O then where will be those who are not found in the Lord Jesus? They will call upon the mountains and the rocks to "fall on them and hide from the face of him that sitteth on the throne and from the wrath of the Lamb." The Apostle, then, knowing what the terrible wrath of God was, and what a holy and righteous Jehovah he had to deal with, and knowing, too, that there was no refuge for his guilty soul but the Lord the Lamb, desired with intense desire not only to win Christ, but to be found at the great day in union with him, as washed in his blood, and clothed in his righteousness. And this brings me to the last point of the text which I propose to consider, viz.:

IV.—The desire of Paul to "*be found in him, not having his own righteousness which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith.*"

Here are the two righteousnesses clearly laid down, in one or other of which we must all stand before God—the righteousness which is of the law, and the righteousness which is of God by faith in Christ. But bear this in mind, that a righteousness to be available before God must be a perfect righteousness. This righteousness no man ever did or could produce by his own obedience to the law, for no man ever yet loved God "with all his heart and soul and mind and strength, and his neighbour as himself;" and if a man do not thus love God and thus love his neighbour, he is accursed and condemned already by that righteous law which curseth "every one who continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them." Now the Apostle felt that as this righteousness could not be yielded by himself as a fallen sinner, he must necessarily fall under the condemnation and curse attached to that holy law. Trembling, therefore, in his conscience, as feeling that the wrath of God was revealed against him, and all unjustified sinners in a broken law, and knowing that he must sink for ever under the terrible indignation of the Almighty, if he had no covering for his needy, naked soul but his own righteousness, he fled out of it to find justification and acceptance, mercy and peace in the righteousness of Christ. Thenceforth he "was determined to know nothing save Jesus Christ and him crucified," and Jesus became to him his "all in all." When once he had been favoured with a view of the righteousness of the Son of God, he wanted no other for time or eternity. He saw by faith the words

and works of the God-man, and he beheld Deity stamped upon every thought, word, and action of that pure humanity with which it was in union, and thus investing them with a merit beyond all conception or expression of men or angels. He saw him by faith bearing his sins in his own body on the tree, and by his active and passive obedience working out a righteousness acceptable to God, and such as he and all the redeemed could stand in before the great white throne without spot or blemish. As a traveller overtaken by a violent thunderstorm gladly flies to a house by the wayside wherein he may find shelter from the lightning-stroke and the sweeping rain; or as a ship threatened with a hurricane bends every sail to reach in time the harbour of refuge—so does the soul terrified by the thunders and lightnings of God's righteous law, seek for shelter in the wounded side of Jesus and hide itself beneath his justifying obedience. This righteousness is here called "the righteousness of God;" for God the Father contrived it, God the Son performed it, and God the Holy Ghost applies it; and it is said to be "by faith" and "through the faith of Christ," because faith views it, believes in it, receives it, and gives the soul a manifested interest in it.

Now, my friends, you who desire to fear God, you who tremble at the thought of living and dying in your sins, can you find anything in your heart, either as now felt or as formerly experienced, corresponding to the experience of the Apostle, as I have from the words of the text this evening traced it out? If you can—and I hope there are some here who can do so—what a blessed thing it is for you to have an inward testimony that the Lord himself has wrought and is still working this experience in your souls. Therefore be not dismayed by the trials and temptations which may lie in your path, or be terrified at the vastness of the great deep which seems still to stretch itself between you and him. These trials and temptations will be all blessedly overruled to your spiritual good, and will all lead you to seek more and more to be clothed with a spotless righteousness of Christ in which alone you can stand with acceptance before God. Again I say, be not disheartened, ye suffering children of God, by your trials and sorrows, exercises and fears; for if the Lord see fit that his dear saints should be thus tried and tempted, it is to teach them that there is a suitability and a preciousness in Christ which they never can find in themselves.

And now may the Lord, if it be his gracious will, bless to your souls, ye suffering saints, what you have heard from my lips, and lead you still to press on, to endure all things that may come upon you, and patiently and submissively carry the cross, as looking forward to the crown, and thus be willing, and more than willing, to follow in Christ's footsteps and be conformed to his suffering image here, in the sweet hope and blessed confidence of seeing him as he is hereafter, and being conformed to his glorious likeness in the bright realms of one eternal day.

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### SYMPATHETIC FEELING.

July 17, 1872.

My beloved Sister in our Lord Jesus Christ,—May mercy, peace, and love be with you. I received the intelligence—I cannot say mournful intelligence—of the removal of your beloved husband, and I believe he is not only removed from all sin and sorrow, but is now enjoying the presence of his adorable Lord, whom not having seen he loved while here, but is now seeing him as he is, being conformed to his glorious likeness, and casting his crown at his feet, to go no more out for ever:

“Has done with sin, and care, and woe,

And with his Saviour blest.”

My prayer to the Lord for you and ourselves is that we may be “followers of them, who through faith and patience inherit the promises;” for, as the prophet Hosea says, “Then shall we know if we follow on to know the Lord.”

We both desire to sympathise with you in your painful bereavement, and pray that the dear Lord would strengthen and uphold, guide, guard, and direct you in all your future steps during the short time you have to remain here below, and that he would grant you his presence in your soul, and fill you with all joy and peace in believing, by the power of the Holy Ghost. May you enjoy the precious promise he has given in his holy Word, “I will not fail thee nor forsake thee, until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of.” You have many years proved his faithfulness. O that you may be greatly blest with his manifested love shed abroad in your heart by the Holy Spirit, and that will cheer you under all your losses and crosses, and enable you to rejoice in him, although, “if need be, you are in heaviness through manifold temptations.” It will not be long with either of us, for—

“We are to the margin come,

And soon expect to die.”

But “Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.” Through the Lord's goodness we are much as usual, and desire to bless his name for it. Accept our united Christian sympathy and affection.

J. & J. BUTT.

## THE VOICE OF FEAR, AND THE VOICE OF LOVE.

A LETTER FROM OLIVER CROMWELL TO LIEUT.-GEN. FLEETWOOD,  
COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE FORCES IN IRELAND.

Dear Charles,—I thank you for your loving letter. The same hopes and desires upon your planting into my family were much the same in me that you express in yours towards me. However, the dispensation of the Lord is to have it otherwise for the present, and therein do I desire to acquiesce, not being out of hope that it may lie in his good pleasure, in his time, to give us the mutual comfort of our relation, the want whereof he is able abundantly to supply by his own presence, which indeed makes up all defects, and is the comfort of all our comforts and enjoyments.

Salute your dear wife from me. Bid her beware of a bondage spirit. Fear is the natural issue of such a spirit; the antidote is Love. The voice of Fear is, "If I had done this; if I had avoided that; how well it had been with me!" I know this hath been her vain reasoning—poor Biddy!

Love argueth in this wise: "What a Christ have I! What a Father in and through him! What a *Name* hath my Father! 'Merciful, gracious, long-suffering, abundant in goodness and truth, forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin.' What a *nature* hath my Father! He is love; free in it, unchangeable, infinite. What a *covenant* between him and Christ, for all the seed, for every one; wherein he undertakes all, and the poor soul nothing." The new covenant is grace, to or upon the soul; to which it, the soul, is passive and receptive: "I'll do away their sins; I'll write my law, &c.; I'll put it in their hearts; they shall never depart from me," &c.

This commends the love of God; it is Christ dying for men without strength, for men whilst sinners, whilst enemies. And shall we seek for the root of our comforts within us? What God hath done, what he is to us in Christ, is the root of our comfort; in this is stability, in us is weakness. Acts of obedience are not perfect, and therefore yield not perfect grace. Faith, as an act, yields it not, but only as it carries us into him who is our perfect rest and peace; in whom we are accounted of and received by the Father, even as Christ himself. This is our high calling. Rest we here, and here only.

Commend me to Harry Cromwell; I pray for him, that he may thrive and improve in the knowledge and love of Christ. Commend me to all the officers. My prayers are indeed daily for them. Wish them to beware of bitterness of spirit, and of all things uncomely for the gospel. The Lord give you abundance of wisdom, and faith, and patience. Take heed also of your natural inclination to complacency.

Pray for me.

I commit you to the Lord, and rest,  
Your loving father,

1652.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

## NO SEPARATION.

My dear Sisters,—It is with a heavy heart I take up my pen this morning, having received a letter informing me of the departure of my dear and greatly esteemed sister from a very afflicted body, and a wretched, wicked world, to a glorious and immortal crown. Poor dear woman, she has been a great sufferer in this vale of tears, but her sufferings are come to a close, and her immortal spirit is now landed in glory, while her loving friends will greatly mourn their loss, which is her everlasting gain. Dear soul, she has left a blessed testimony behind her that she was indeed born again of the Spirit of God, and that she possessed a blessed measure of grace.

I really do sympathise with you all in poor Mrs. A.'s bereavement; yet she knows that it is well with her dearly-loved daughter; yes, "It is well." I have often felt her on my heart at the door of mercy, while trying to plead for her life. But our God does as he pleases. She is only taken from this barren soil to be planted in the courts of bliss, where everlasting fruits abide, and where ever-living and everlasting pleasures will roll over her full soul. How often has she feared the last struggle with death! yet, from what I hear, the Lord did not let her see even the shadow of death. O death, where is now thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting has long been taken away, and the venom of sin's fangs drawn out. She is taken from the evil to come.

My dear Sisters,—If we could look through the veil and shadow of death, and see the sweet glories of her blood-washed soul, we should witness that which she has so many times proved, and which is recorded in the 8th chapter of Paul's epistle to the Romans. In the beginning of that chapter, the apostle said there was no condemnation, and at its close, that there was no separation. Glorious in the beginning, and most glorious in the ending. And I do believe in my soul that this is and shall be the experience of my beloved sisters, Mrs. P. and Miss M. Although dying grace is not given while in the enjoyment of health and strength, yet, these words having just dropped into my mind, you, with the dear mourning mother of the departed, shall have them and welcome:—

"Sweetly sleep, dear saint, in Jesus;  
*Thou with us shalt wake from death;*  
 Hold he cannot, though he seize us;  
 We his power defy by faith."

No doubt your church will mourn the loss of one of their spiritual and very godly members. Well, we must be parted sometime, or we should not meet together dressed in the wedding robe provided by our Bridegroom for his bride. She was pleased to meet with them when able, and speak with them of *him* who was the very delight of her heart. She was also highly delighted to hear Jesus exalted as her glorious Head, who had done such great things for her; and loved those who in their

ministry lifted him up the highest as a great Saviour of the greatest sinners. Often have I felt a sweet union of soul to her when she has been opening up the discoveries of her utterly lost and ruined state, which the Lord had of late years made to her; yet at the same time was enabled to tell of the blessedness of that great salvation which had brought her up from the very depths of her ruin. I have often been surprised to hear her speak, when she has dipped and dived down into the knowledge of sin working in her members; also when she has dipped down into the mystery of that mercy which had been so very blessedly manifested to her through Jesus, her only hope, help, and helper. That she was a gracious and savoury child of God none can deny who have been favoured to listen to her Christian conversation. Bless the dear soul, it is freed, and who can wish it to be a captive and prisoner again? I dearly loved the grace that was in her heart; but now my poor petition must be turned to my dear sisters and the weeping mother. You will each miss her very much. The Lord grant you child-like submission to his sovereign will in this very heart-rending and trying stroke. May it be graciously sanctified to every one of her loving friends. God only knows how soon we may follow her. Her grave is not yet cold, in a sense of speaking, for Jesus warmed and perfumed it; and now he lives, bless his dear and holy name. To be in the way is ten thousand thousand mercies for wretches like me.

My dear wife joins with me in sympathy. All the love that my heart holds is due to my dear Oakham friends. Love to every one of you in Jesus.

SIMEON BURNS.

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*COMPLAINING OF COLDNESS AND LONGING FOR  
CHRIST'S MANIFESTED PRESENCE.*

O Christ, my soul still longs to feel thee near,  
While travelling on through this waste desert drear;  
Grant me thy grace, and help me still to cling  
Close to thy wounded side; then shall I sing  
The song of victory, and know thy love  
Which passeth knowledge, and its fulness prove.  
Oft when oppressed by cold and worldly thoughts,  
Seeking relief, my heart to prayer resorts,  
But finds no liberty; the heavens are brass  
Above my head, through which no prayer can pass.  
Why is it thus with me? O, Christ, my Lord,  
I cry to thee! Quicken me by thy word.  
Weighted by carnal lusts, with strong desire  
To please the flesh, my inward foes conspire;  
Lift up my soul from thoughts of earth and time,  
And toward thyself most graciously incline.  
Thou only by thy grace canst keep my soul;  
Reign in my heart, its every thought control,  
That I thy peace may know, and fully prove  
The joy and rest of thy indwelling love.

## EFFUSIONS OF THE HEART.

BELoved in a precious Christ,—May his dying love enjoyed be now and for ever the life of thy spirit, even as it is of mine. Grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied.

As it is now nearly twelve months since I wrote you the last epistle, and you have sent once and again your kind wishes for another, whereby I do feel comforted to learn that the poor unconnected effusions of a worthless sinner's broken heart are still acceptable to you, I desire now to comply with your wishes, as the dear Lord shall enable me.

Christ the Way, the Truth, and the Life; as it is written, "I am the way, the truth, and the life." Let this be the subject of my epistle; the engraving thereof is deeply impressed on my heart.

On rising from my bed this morning, these words echoed through my soul with such divine pleasure as nothing but the joys of heaven can equal; therefore am I constrained to take them as my motto. What I shall be able to draw therefrom I cannot tell; the sequel only can show. I see more beauty in the expression than my contracted abilities can ever set forth. O that I had the gifts and grace of a Paul; the power, and dew, and savour of a beloved Gadsby or Huntington; that I might be enabled to tell unto Zion what great things the Lord has done for me; how I love him, and all the glory and blessedness that I see centring in him; and how I long to dwell and reign with him above. Ah! did the Lord's dear weaklings but know my feelings, methinks they would not set light by my expressions of love to Jesus, and say I fly over their heads. I do not wish to do so, but must express what I feel, or the very stones would cry out. I have been where they are, though they have not been where I am; therefore I feel for them, bear with them, love them, and would be their servant for Jesus' sake.

"I am the way," says Christ. So he has been to me for many years in the wilderness, so he is still, and so he will be.

1. *The Way of access to the Father at a throne of grace.* O how blessedly has my soul proved this to be true! At all times he is my only Way unto God, and my only plea at the footstool of sovereign mercy. But more especially at times is he so to me, when the Holy Ghost works faith in my heart with divine power, removing all stumblingblocks out of the way, that my soul presses through every crowd, and in spite of the rage of men and devils, guilt and sin, enters into the bosom of everlasting love, and weeps, and sings, and pleads with God, and loves, and finds shelter and rest in the Munition of Rocks, at Jehovah's sacred feet. O the sweetness of these seasons to me! And how many of them have I enjoyed, and do still enjoy, at home and amidst his dear praying saints, during the silent hours of the night watches, and amid the busy concerns of the day! O the tremblings I often feel in approaching unto God! But the hope of thus being favoured still encourages and inspires me to love and



fly to him at a throne of grace. O the hard bondage that my soul is thrown into oftentimes, because of the workings of indwelling sin and iniquity, and the wanderings of my vain, foolish, forgetful, unthankful, wretched, deceitful heart! Then it surprises and comforts me beyond measure to feel my hard bondage broken and my hardness removed in the twinkling of an eye, my heart made tender, my tongue at liberty, and my soul become calm, serene, bedewed in tears of wonder and love, composed, and joyful. These repeated changes confirm me more and more in the feeling that it is the work of God in my soul; insomuch that, in my darkest seasons, I do not feel any fear of being separated finally from Christ and the glory of his power. No, my dear brother, how can I? His repeated acts of lovingkindness to me, notwithstanding my manifold provocations and all my unworthiness, still keep my fainting hope alive within my sorrowful breast, and empower me still to cling around him, the dear Christ of God, to lay my soul beneath the droppings of his love and blood, and to come to him still in every time of need for grace, and help, and salvation, and to the Father through him, and that often with a joy of heart to the general bulk of professors unknown.

2. *The Way of conveyance.* This he has been to me also—with melted heart and trembling hand I do now record it—and this he will be to me for ever. There is not a gift or mercy, in providence or grace, which I have received or do receive, but what has flowed and still does flow down from Jehovah's sacred throne above through him designed in love for me. This sweet persuasion now trembles in my breast. I have proved him to be God and Christ, because he has pardoned all my sins. I know that he has pardoned my sins, because I feel it and the blessed effects thereof. I know the feelings that pardoning mercy brings; for this cause I do bless and praise God for giving me life and being to inherit such untold blessedness. My soul loves him, because he assures my heart that he first loved me. Before he so assured me, I could not love him; but now my soul sings, with the church of old, "My Beloved is mine, and I am his." He commends his love to me, and I do commend myself, my dear partner and children, my life, my all, to him in return. From his fulness I take a living store by faith, and cry with the wondering prophet, "O wheel!" He is God's channel of conveyance from himself to me, and ever will be, and from me to himself again. I go to God in, and through, and by him, and receive from God in, and through, and by him; my prayers, my groans, my desires, and my praises, also, ascend to God the same way, through and by him, perfumed with his blood. And his blessing also descends to me again the same way. So I have proved him, and do still prove him to be the only Way of conveyance for all new covenant, yea, and temporal blessings too, to flow from God to me, a worthless, hell-deserving sinner. And as such my soul enters now by faith within the veil, into the holy of holies, with his own blood, and

offers up her sacrifices of praise and thanksgiving unto God, in, through, and by him, and does really love and adore him too.

3. *And the only Way to heaven*, the only place of happiness; according to his own words, "I am the Way." Once I sought, with diligence, with great labour, and many groans and fears, and terrors, and cries, and sighs, another way, but could not find it; till faith in Christ the only Way to God from wrath to come, for pardon, peace, and rest, and to heaven at last, sprang up in my throbbing breast, and pointed me to him for help and salvation; and God the Spirit sealed in my conscience his pardon with atoning blood, and revealed a precious Christ in my heart the hope of glory. Until then my soul could not rest; but then all was right well with me, and my soul felt reconciled unto God and to his way of saving sinners forthwith. As soon as I felt his witness within that he had saved me, thenceforth my soul sought no other way of being saved; for God having reconciled me by his death on the cross, and brought me in so feelingly helpless and needy, I did accept of his salvation in his own appointed way, with really felt gladness of heart, and did bless him for his unspeakable gift; and now with the feelings I am blessed still.

4. This Way leads through *much tribulation*; as it is written, "Through much tribulation ye must enter the kingdom." My flesh dislikes the sound, "through much tribulation," but my faith approves it well, as the poet expresses it.

And that word "must" sweetens all. When faith is in exercise, O what a sweet and blessed stress my soul often puts on it! I do not feel any fears or uncertainty of entering the kingdom; yet my confidence is not a vain confidence. A vain confidence puffeth up; but I feel melted down in praise and thanksgiving at my dear Redeemer's feet, and would live and die his servant and witness, beneath the felt distillings of his love. I hate myself, because my flesh dislikes, and rebels against, and frets at, and strives to shun the cross; and I feel a secret something within that would endure it patiently and joyfully at all times, if I could. Sometimes I can; then it is a sweet time indeed; and I begin to reckon, with Paul, that "these light afflictions, which are but for a moment, are working for me a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Then my faith grasping a precious Christ, I have the substance of all I hope for, and the evidence of things unseen, which I expect, and which are locked up within my breast. Ah! my friend, I cannot tell you how my soul then glories in Christ and his cross. With Christ in my arms and heart, felt there indeed, I am wont to say with good old Simeon, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation," and my soul has felt it too. Painful losses, crosses, jeers and sneers; affliction in body, mind, and soul; trials, the workings of sin within, with the effects thereof, bonds and soul-imprisonment; family and worldly cares; the hidings of God's face; the plague of my heart felt within; the ill-will of worldlings and empty professors, and the

frowns of hypocrites; all these form the tribulation path I am called to pass through. Therefore let not the Lord's dear weaklings, whom I do love and desire to comfort and encourage, think that God has freed me from trouble or that I am all spirit. Nevertheless, hitherto hath the Lord helped me, and I trust he will still help me through the final conflict, to shout "Victory" in his kingdom above for ever.

"*The Truth*;" as it is also written, "I am the way, and the truth." Christ is the Truth, the Essential Truth, the Essential Word of God; the substance of all the types and shadows; the sum and substance of the gospel, of all the promises, of all my hopes, my faith, and my desires. As such I have received him, and he liveth in me. As such I have known and do still know him. As such the eternal Spirit, the revealer of Jesus, his word, and will, enables me to feed upon and to digest him and his faithful sayings; to know, feel, and understand the mystery of faith in a pure conscience, the solemn, sacred mysteries of the kingdom, the untold blessedness of communion with him, and to contemplate the bliss of dying in his arms, and of living and reigning with him above, free from sin for ever. As the substance of all the written word of truth contains, I have eaten him, the true Paschal Lamb, and his faithful and true sayings also, and felt them as sweet as honey in my mouth, but in my belly bitter. The paschal lamb was to be eaten with bitter herbs. "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but in me peace." The peace of God is sweet to the taste, though afflictions, crosses, and trials, are bitter in the belly. I read of Christ in the Scriptures, but to feel that word come home with divine power into my heart, it is that which does me good. I repeat his faithful sayings, the letter of truth, to God; but when God speaks them home to my heart by his Spirit, it is most blessed. Would I know the will of God, I must know the mind of Christ. Would I know the mind of Christ, I must search the Scriptures, and pray, and watch unto prayer. Would I know the true meaning of the Scriptures, I must lie with them at Jesus' feet, and be their servant for Jesus' sake; the Spirit must make it known to me, in my soul, or I must live and die ignorant thereof. And to live and die ignorant of those truths which are essential to a saving knowledge of God's salvation, where Christ is, no one ever can come. Alas, alas, then, for tens of thousands! But, glory to God, I feel his Spirit dwelling in my heart. "What cause have you for saying so?" some may ask. Because I feel the Spirit helping my infirmities, oftentimes breaking my hard bondage, applying atoning blood to and in my conscience, revealing a precious Christ in my heart, and comforting my soul with the true comfort of God. As it is written, "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted;" yea, "Blessed are they whose transgressions are forgiven, whose sin is covered; to whom the Lord will not impute sin, but righteousness without works." O how blessed it is thus to know Christ, and his truth, and his great salvation!

"*The Life*," agreeable to the voice of Israel's great Messiah, "I am the way, the truth, and the life." The Life of all who ever have lived, or who ever shall live unto God and with God. My Life, and

"The spring of all my joys,  
The life of my delights;  
The glory of my brightest days,  
And comfort of my nights."

For the divine Spirit hath made him manifestly and feelingly so. "This is life eternal, to know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent." I know the dear Lord Jesus, for I have seen him by faith. I know my Shepherd's voice when I hear it, for I have heard it by the hearing of faith. I have seen the invisible God in the glorious Person of his Son, Christ Jesus, by faith, for he is the express image of the Father. His love enjoyed is life from the dead. My soul has felt his love, therefore have I eternal life in, through, by, and from him. His words are spirit and life to my soul when he speaks to me. I love to dwell alone, that I may talk to him in secret. O how sweet heaven will be to me, where sin is for ever done away, and I shall see his glories unveiled, and praise and love him as I desire; and all the company will be of the same kindred, joyful spirit, to all eternity. My soul now trembles with joy at the sound of his precious name. The theme of the triumphant, redeemed choir above I know, for it is my joy and song in the house of this my pilgrimage, this wilderness below. I am now waiting the accomplishment of God's will in, by, and through me, to sing it above. I shall not die yet, but live to see and feel the wonders God can do. Dissolved in tears, the hopeful witness I feel within. I am a wonder to myself, and shall be the greatest wonder in heaven when I get there. A hell-deserving sinner, a firebrand snatched from Tophet's mouth, and carried above in Jehovah's chariot of love, to live and reign at his side in heaven!

"Wonders of grace to God belong;  
Repeat his mercies in your song."

Thus I have written you a few of my feelings and views of the precious words first quoted; and if they feel acceptable and savoury to you, it will be well. God is my witness that what I have said is true.

Christ preached in the heart by the Spirit can never cloy; nor will the sinner sick of love to Jesus refuse to hear him. Since he has gained my affections, I cannot live without him. All my springs are in him. "The life that I live is by the faith of the Son of God." "As dying, and behold I live." "As in the world, yet not of the world." Bowed down with many weights, still pressing towards the prize. Living in the sweet hope of dying, yea, sleeping in Jesus, and expecting to rise in him, by virtue of covenant, eternal, and vital union, at the last day, in the resurrection morn. Wherever my sleeping dust may be found, it matters not. They who sleep in Jesus, God will bring with him.

That I may be found in him, and that I may be with him to behold his glory, is the constant cry of my soul.

May all the blessedness recorded in these lines most richly be felt and enjoyed by you and your kind spouse. Our united love to you both in Christ Jesus, the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

Yours affectionately in the Lord.

G. T. CONGRIEVE.

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“BECAUSE I LIVE, YE SHALL LIVE ALSO.”

My Christian Friends,—You have been on my mind through the night season, being at this time unwell through what is called the influenza—a complaint I do not remember ever having had before. The cough prevents my taking rest at night, so that I say, with Job, “Wearisome nights are appointed to me;” but it is my Lord and Saviour’s appointment, and I do hope and pray that he will give me patience and submission to his will in all things, although it is most distressing and weakening to the “earthly house.”

I think it was in 1791 or 1792 I was first called to preach in Bethany Green, or Lane, in your town; nor was my labour in vain in the Lord, for he was pleased, in that despised place, to give testimony to the word of his grace; and although infirmity now prevents my speaking in his blessed name (for my voice is so feeble and breath so short, that, although I am not confined to my bed, I have not strength to engage in family prayer), yet my hope is steadfast, nor can the enemy raise a doubt of my interest in the blessed atonement and righteousness of my God and Saviour Jesus Christ.

I wish to name it to his honour and glory alone, that the truths he by his Spirit applied and sealed home with divine power on my heart above fifty years ago, I have been enabled to hold fast, and “to contend for the faith once delivered to the saints.”

But when I look back all the way my God has led me, how many have I seen who, as the Apostle says, “did (to all appearance) run well,” have either turned back into the world or turned aside into various errors. Yet the Lord, of his infinite mercy, hath preserved us to this day. O what an infinite debtor is he who now writes, to the free, sovereign, unmerited mercy and love of the eternal Jehovah! How faithful his promises! How great his love to his redeemed, no tongue can express or pen write! Many a sweet foretaste has he given us, and, ere long, one sweet promise will be fulfilled, namely, “Where *I am*, there *shall* my servant be.” Mark, my friends: Jesus says, “there *shall*.” O, bless his name, he is able to fulfil all that he has promised. And in his last prayer, we have his absolute will of promise: “Father, *I will* that all they whom thou hast given me, be *with me* to behold my glory.” And John tells us the effect it will produce; for he says, by the Holy Ghost, “Beloved, we know not what manner of men we shall be; but this

we know, when he appears *we shall be like him*, for we shall see him as he is." O, that blessed day is only a little way off; a few trials and afflictions, and we shall reach our heavenly Father's house to part no more!

And now, my dear friends, pray for me, that, under all that remains to be endured, the Lord may give his poor, aged, afflicted servant, grace to glorify him in the furnace through the few remaining days allotted to him; and that, when the hour of dissolution comes, I, poor, sinful, and feeble, may say, with John, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

And may the grace of our most glorious Christ, the love of our kind Father, and the richest consolations of the divine Comforter, be your portion, is and shall be the prayer of your brother,

THOS. OXENHAM.

Guildford, Feb. 28, 1840.

### SPIRITUALITY OF THE LAW.

Cranbrook, October 31, 1854.

Dear Friend,—It did me good to hear that you were refreshed by what I had written on Rom. iii. 31. I felt that my Lord and Master had given me some savoury meat. He brought it to me. I was surprised the next day at the wish that rose in me to write it out fair, and how soon it was accomplished. I wish I could give my Master and Lord the same sweet names, with the same sweet power and savour which W. H. S. S. did, as you read in the "Bank of Faith." I do not mean "that familiar freedom and those luscious names" spoken of by Mr. Hart in his hymns, but that holy freedom intimated in these words. (Prov. vii. 4), "Say unto wisdom, thou art my sister: and call understanding thy kinswoman." "O how few labour to have a familiar intercourse with this Saviour," says Owen. "They that know Christ will make him as near and familiar to their souls as they can."

"The longer you converse with Christ, the longer you live with him, the more sweetness shall you find in him; the more nearer and intimate passages of his love and of the sweetness of his relations you shall find to increase and grow upon you," says Goodwin.

My dear friend,—No one has, in my judgment, so clearly discovered and pointed out the deliverance of the believer from the law as Mr. Huntington. He has guarded it against every wrong construction which might be put upon his doctrine; and in this respect I think he excelled Luther himself. W. H. was chaste to his Lord, and he honoured him. "Keep thyself *pure*," is, in the original, "Keep thyself *chaste*." (1 Tim. v. 22)

I have laboured to arrive at a clear view, and consistently with truth, of my perfect deliverance from the law, for near fifty years, and no one knows what labour I have had to come to know this word experimentally for myself—"The Lord's freed man" (1 Cor. vii. 22), not *free* man: one once a captive, now for ever set free.

No one has ever been so useful to me on this head as dear, upright W. H. S. S. His Rule and Riddle have been most sweet and instructive, both the first and second parts.

I am sorry, very sorry, to see what I fully expected, some wavering, and declining to hold this doctrine, fearing the offence of the cross. They know not true liberty, but seek to please legal professors, half-hearted ones, with whom they have joined themselves. They wish me to avoid the maintaining this doctrine; but it is too sweet for me to give it up. I judge some have expressed themselves afraid of me. Let them be so, I replied. If the grace of God has taught me to deny ungodliness and worldly lusts, to live soberly as to my own person, righteously as to man, and godly as to the Lord, that is by the prescribed *rule* of the gospel. (Gal. vi. 16.) What fault can be found with me? This silenced them. This is the only *canon* law of Scripture. The word *rule* in Gal. vi. 16 is *canon*; hence our words, *canon* law. He that secretly cleaves to the law has so far the veil on his heart. I am persuaded that very few know, experimentally, what Paul says in Rom. vii. 9. The words are short, but there is much in them. "Sin revived, and I died." Paul is out of their depth. What Luther says is true: "There is extant *no* writer, save Paul only, who has written fully and perfectly on this subject. He is speaking of traditions. Endless, says he, have been the disputes respecting laws; and truly it is the province of an apostle to come to a clear and certain decision. The greatest men have been puzzled about them." Why? says H. B. Because the spirit of the law is in the heart of all men by nature, and interwoven with our very constitution. Therefore it is hard to die to it. But we must die to the law before we are married to Christ. Then Luther goes on, after speaking of Paul as above: "Because it is the death of reason to judge the law, the Holy Spirit here can alone be judge." Do not let Satan befool you, as he has done me, that you cannot be said to hold communion with the Lord Jesus except in a joyous frame. There is no truth in that. "In that he himself hath suffered being tempted, he is able to succour them that are tempted." He is touched with the feeling of our infirmities. "He, the believer," says Owen, "brings his burden on his shoulders, and unloads himself on the Lord Christ. He confesses his deadness, his dullness, his coldness, his unbelief, his temptations, above strength. (These words delight me.) Upon this account, the promise of God's abiding and continuing with his people—his not forsaking them for ever, let grace be never so weak, corruption never so strong, temptations never so violent—this promise of God may be pleaded, and the Lord rejoices to be put in remembrance of it by the weakest, frailest, sinfullest, saint or believer in the world."

I am very glad to hear that the old saying was found within you this last Lord's day—"Never less alone than when alone." You have, you once told me, found yourself alone in London

streets. Private prayer brings the open reward (Matt. vi. 6), and makes the face to shine. The dear old coalheaver was up to this (*Posthumous Letters*, vol. ii., page 297): "Indeed I have often told God that if he was to send all the ancient and eminent saints, as apostles and prophets, together with all the angels of light, down from heaven, and give me leave to spend a day with them, I would sooner be alone, by myself, with a distant view of his lordly Majesty, and a feeling sense of his dying love." This was his mind, I judge, late in life. This was his mind when he set out (see "*Kingdom of Heaven*," page 234, old edition): "I had rather spend one day alone, by myself, in communion with Christ, than a whole week in company with all the gospel ministers in the kingdom; yea, I would rather spend a day in communion with Christ alone than in company with the twelve apostles, even were it possible for them to pay me a visit from heaven."

I shall tire you. As to the sermon, you must let me have it, and I will copy it for you, if I can. I am much better; I thank him who is my saving health, the best of physicians. I have been out to-day for an hour or two, enjoying my pleasant retreat which the Lord has most kindly given me in my old age; thanks be to him. I can join the coalheaver, who says in a letter to a friend in 1807, "I was going to say it is impossible that God should be more kind and tender, whether in providence or grace, than he is to poor me."

In 1793, William Huntington published his *Sea Voyage*. He tells us in his preface that he had sent it out in its original form about thirteen years before, and that it was written when he carried coals. The poetry was spontaneous. He penned it in his leisure hours. The printer made it worse. I have that copy, and though very rugged, the divinity is excellent. I have reprinted it, and bid Waters put the references at the side instead of at the bottom. I am sure you will love the poem if you have any life in you. I send you a copy, which I think a valuable present.

I had no text presented itself for the Lord's day, neither when out nor when I came home, and soon found wherefore; but on Friday evening or Saturday (I cannot recollect which) had a text, which has come to me again and again, and opened itself to me, which persuades me that it is for the next Lord's day, when we break bread. May the Master of the Feast be with us. I had much sweetness in my soul, at times, in this lying by.

Yours in gospel sincerity.

H. BIRCH.

God's everlasting love to his chosen people; his eternal, particular, most free, and immutable choice of them in Christ Jesus; was without the least respect to any work, or works, of righteousness, wrought, or to be wrought, or that ever should be wrought, in them or by them: for God's election does not depend upon our sanctification, but our sanctification depends upon God's election and appointment of us to everlasting life.—*Toplady*.



## PERSONAL PROPERTIES OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

DEAR SON in the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ, grace and peace be multiplied.—I have for some time had it upon my mind to send thee some account of my late goings on, having for some few weeks back been much indulged and helped by the Holy Spirit of promise, of whose influence, help, and energetic intercession at the throne of grace I have been very watchful and observant; and, on the other hand, could not but wonder at the backwardness, deadness, dryness, and barrenness, both in power and in expression, when his sensible influence was withheld from me. His divine person, and his most benign influences and operations, were for many days my meditation, both by night and by day; and, during this time, these things were the principal subjects of my ministry; and, had I wrote them then, I have no doubt but thou wouldest have felt the blessed effects; but now it is not so with me, for my harp is upon the willows; and, with respect to sensible enjoyments, the Comforter that should relieve my soul seems to be far from me. Oh! what is all religion without the operation of the Holy Spirit? An empty show, and a weariness to the flesh.

I thought not a little of his divine personality, and wondered much how any man living, who reads the Scriptures, could ever have the effrontery to deny his being a divine person. But the world knows him not. "I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever; even the Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him: but ye know him; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you." He is therefore to be known by all believers; and those who do know him will glorify him and honour him, reverence him and adore him; and we know that all who are destitute of him, and strangers to his operations, are sensual men, and know nothing but what they know naturally. Hence some have called the Holy Spirit no more than a *quality*, or an attribute of God; others an *influence* only; others no more than a name; avowing that there is but one person in the Godhead, but a plurality of names—as Simon Magus gave it out, that he himself was *God the Father* in Samaria, the *Word* in Judea, and the *Spirit* in the other parts of the world. Surely that monster of a man must be the father or ringleader of all heretics. But we know that no curious diving, no speculative prying, no presumptuous intruding, will meet with the divine approbation. "God resisteth the proud." But O how safe, how sweet, how salutary, how satisfactory, how humbling and softening, are the sweet influences, operations, discoveries, and communications of the Holy Spirit upon the souls of the children of God.

Various things are meant by the word *Spirit* in the holy Scriptures: as wind, the spirit of beasts, and the souls of men, and angels, both good and bad. But the Holy Ghost is distin-

guished from all these, being emphatically called God, not in a figurative or metaphoric, but in an absolute sense; “to the acknowledgment of the mystery of God, and of the Father, and of Christ” (Col. ii. 2); in which passage the Holy Ghost stands first in the Holy Trinity, and he is distinct from the Father and from Christ; and surely if he were not essentially God, to all intents and purposes, he never would have inspired the Apostle to name and place him as God before the Father. The church also is called “the temple of the Holy Ghost; as God hath said, I will dwell in them and walk in them.” No spirit whatever, that is mentioned in all the book of God, is ever numbered with the persons in the Holy Trinity, or ranked with the Father and the Son, except the Holy Ghost. Nor is the church the property, the temple, or the habitation of any but of God alone; and as the church is called the temple of the Holy Ghost, the Holy Ghost must be God.

A ghost is a Spirit. The Holy Ghost and the Holy Spirit is one and the same in the original, as say the learned. Now what I have upon my mind to write to my dear brother, is upon this important subject; and however weakly, or however imperfectly I may express myself, I am fully persuaded, by my own experience, that it is most safe, and ever will be satisfactory and establishing to the elect of God, who are regenerated and renewed by the Holy Spirit, to believe as I do, while the contrary is most dangerous, if not perilous—I mean, that the Holy Ghost must be acknowledged to be a divine person by all those who are sanctified, and who hope to be saved. They must acknowledge “the mystery of God, of the Father, and of Christ;” for we are baptized in the name of all the three, and therefore, in our holy profession, we must acknowledge this greatest mystery of all mysteries.

A *person*, according to the account of learned men, is an individual being, an intelligent agent, who is singular, and subsists, lives, speaks, understands, acts, and works; and such is the Holy Ghost. Nor is there a distinct personal character but what the holy Scriptures apply to him—such as *I, me, him, he, his, thou*. As for instance, “Separate *ME* Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them.” And, “when *HE* is come *HE* shall guide you into all truth.” Again, “I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever; even the Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth *HIM* not, neither knoweth him: but ye know *HIM*; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.” Again, “Is the Spirit of the Lord straitened? Are these *HIS* doings? Again, “Whither shall I go from thy Spirit, or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I go up into heaven, *THOU* art there.” Sure I am that these personal characters cannot be applied to a name, or to a quality in God, or to an influence from him, or to an accident, or to a transient impression, much less to a nonentity. It is true, that personal characters

and personal actions are sometimes ascribed to things inanimate; as, "The trees went forth to choose themselves a king, and invited the vine and the olive to reign over them, who refused; and the bramble bid them put themselves under his shadow." The Red Sea also is represented as seeing and fleeing. "The floods lift up their hands on high, and the little hills skip like lambs." Yet we have no voice from any of these, only dumb signs at best; these all wanted persons to speak for them. Jotham speaks for the trees and the bramble. Habakkuk speaks the motions of the sea, and David the actions of the little hills. But the Holy Spirit wants none to speak for him; he can speak of himself and for himself. He spoke in Adam, giving names to all creatures. He spoke to Philip—"Go near, and join thyself to this chariot." He spoke to Peter—"The Spirit said unto him, Behold three men seek thee; arise, therefore, and get thee down, and go with them, nothing doubting." The Spirit said, "Separate me Barnabas and Saul." "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them." The Holy Spirit not only speaks, but all that have ever spoken to any good purpose have been taught to speak by him; he brings the things to their minds, puts words in their mouths, and teaches them how to pronounce them. "Which things also we speak, not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth." (1 Cor. ii. 13.) The Spirit put a word in Balaam's mouth, and bade him speak thus and thus; and "the Apostles spake as the Spirit gave them utterance." He not only speaks to the saints, and in them, but he teaches us in some measure to discern between those whom he teaches to speak, and those who follow their own spirit, and speak a vision out of their own heart, and not out of the mouth of the Lord. And how evident this is in all who write or speak of divine things without the Spirit's teaching! What flagrant errors, self-contradictions, inconsistencies, confusion, and darkening of counsel, doth appear! Instead of making rough places plain, and crooked things straight, they make the plainest places rough, and the straightest things crooked; and instead of going through the gates, removing the stumblingblocks, and casting up the highway, they grope like the blind for the wall, cause many to stumble at the law, and destroy the way of our paths. And if at any time any of them appear to be tolerably sound in the letter, yet the deep things of the text, the unctuous matter of it, or the choice experience of the holy penman that lies hid in it, is never dived into, nor brought up; the glorious beauty of it is obscured, the surface of it is skimmed over, a few parallel texts are brought in, and dark constructions put upon the words, and the passage left more obscure than when the workman began. There is nothing in your ears but swelling words and empty sound, and nothing in your soul but leanness and beggary. Instead of watering the trees of righteousness, or refreshing the

bowels of the saints, these clouds without rain rather exhale or dry up all the dew of heaven that is on the soul, however refreshed before. Such workmen obscure and becloud the Spirit's work, cast a dimness on the brightest evidences, contract the most enlarged heart, and imprison those whom the Lord has made free indeed. This I know by woful experience. And it must be so; for "the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned."

Personal properties also, or those properties and things which are ascribed to persons, are also ascribed to the Holy Spirit; such as *will, power, mind, judgment, wisdom, understanding, knowledge, love, joy, grief, vexation, &c.* For instance, "All these worketh that one and the selfsame Spirit, dividing to every man severally as he WILL." "Mighty signs and wonders by the POWER of the Holy Ghost." "And God that searcheth the hearts knoweth what is the MIND of the Spirit." And, "The Lord of hosts shall be for a spirit of JUDGMENT to him that sitteth in judgment: upon him shall rest the spirit of WISDOM and UNDERSTANDING, the spirit of COUNSEL and MIGHT, the spirit of KNOWLEDGE and of the fear of the Lord." Again, "Now I beseech you, for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake, and for the LOVE of the Spirit." Again, "You received the word with JOY of the Holy Ghost." "GRIEVE not the Spirit of God, by which ye are sealed." "But they rebelled and VEXED his Holy Spirit, till he turned to be their enemy, and fought against them."

I cannot see how all the above-mentioned things can with propriety be ascribed to anything but a *person*. To apply them to a *quality, an accident, a name, or a nonentity*, must be absurd to the last degree. And I have often thought that, if men were allowed to take the same liberties with the evidences of a purchase, a man's will and testament, title-deeds, and writings of estates, &c., that some take with the word of God, there are lawyers and counsellors wise enough to dispute every landholder in the nation out of all that he hath, and even out of his own personality and existence too. For it is but to prove that there is no such man, no such person; that it is only a name; and all the relative or personal characters are to be understood in a figurative or an allegorical sense; and that it means no more than a quality in man, or a power put forth by man on certain occasions; or that it signifies only the breath of a man's mouth, an accident, or a transient emanation flowing out with his words when he speaks. Allow a wise lawyer or counsellor to go this way to work, and we should soon see the greatest landholders in the nation begging in the streets.

Now, my dear brother, I must leave this subject for the present, submitting this my scribble to your perusal. And should your thoughts meet with any rubs in the way as they rove; should anything grate upon your ears! should anything sound harsh; should any of the things appear to clash, or seem unin-

telligible; or appear low, mean, unworthy, or unbecoming the glorious subject—signify the same, and offer your thoughts freely, and it will be kindly received by him who subscribes himself, in undissembled love,

Yours in Christ Jesus,

W. HUNTINGTON.

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### LOVE FOR THE TRUTH'S SAKE.

Liverpool Road, Islington, Mar. 10, 1859.

My beloved Sister in the Lord,—I am very low in my mind to-day, and little fitted for writing for anyone to see the thoughts and workings of my mind. I would be alone, that I might mope, and mourn, and grieve to myself, and keep everything from everyone but the Lord, for he alone knows the grief and sorrow that fill my breast, and moreover, it is in his sympathy and mercy that I can alone confide. I think I know well what the poet meant when he said,

“I feel forsaken and alone;

I hear the lion roar.”

I feel as if I had no companion, either in the ministry or out of it; no one to whom I could communicate my very thoughts and inmost feelings of my soul. My poor afflicted Mary is the nearest and most capable of comforting me of any one I know, but, poor dear, I am constrained to keep from her a vast deal of the suffering of my poor tempest-tossed mind, because she could not bear it; and that which adds immensely to the grief I have is, the Lord hides his face.

While feeling the absence of those things which nature delights to call her own, and viewing them in the possession of those who are manifestly the enemies of God and truth, it is no uncommon thing, I can assure you, for envy to raise her monstrous head within my bosom, and, in the fury of her rage, pronounce the ways of God unjust.

“With his own holy will content,

For ever I would be;”

but yet, with grief and shame I must confess, it is not so with me. It grieves me also when I think of you, that you should be so heavily afflicted and kept away from worshipping with us; for I used so much to delight to see you among us when we were at our Lord's table, and especially when the Lord saw fit to favour you a little in your soul, for then the beauty of the Lord your God was upon you, and “the smell of your garments was as the smell of Lebanon.” But this also, alas! hath passed away; but the love wherewith I loved you for the truth's sake has not passed away; no, or else your absence from us would not create pain.

I fear your affliction is of that nature that there is but little prospect of your being able ever to unite with us again upon earth; but although this privilege may be denied us, yet the thought that “our souls are bound up together in the bundle of

life with the Lord our God" is a thought of relief and comfort to my heart; for the highest enjoyment of the things on earth is but momentary, but the joy of the upper and better world is great, exceeding and eternal; also the sorrows of this life, however great, are but for a moment, but the torments we have deserved—the torments in hell—are without an end. O, grace! O, grace! What grace! O what grace is this, to be saved with an everlasting salvation by rich, sovereign grace! O praise him, praise him for ever and ever. Amen.

My wife and family all join me in love to you.

JAMES SHORTER.

## THE OPERATIONS OF THE HOLY GHOST.

BY JOSEPH HART.

VARIOUS are the Lord's dealings with his people, and different are the measures of his grace communicated to them. Some are babes in Christ, and some are strong men. Some, "who through fear of death were all their life-time subject to bondage," are comfortably enlightened in their last hours, and go off the stage of life triumphant. Some are converted in their early days, receive sweet and ravishing assurances of the love of God to their souls, and then are left for a long time to grapple with temptations and difficulties; often cast down, yet never in despair; ever doubting, yet ever hopeful; still retaining a firm resolution, however harsh and severe the dispensations of God appear to them at present, to confide in his mercy, and hope for his free salvation; often crying out with Job, in the midst of their dejections and bitterness of soul, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." Others again walk comfortably with God a great while, experiencing frequent and repeated testimonies of his distinguishing love, living in the sunshine of his favour, daily receiving fresh discoveries of light and knowledge from the Spirit of truth, and enjoying delightful communion with Christ by faith. These are commonly trained up and fitted for some work allotted them by God, either to vindicate the gospel and suffer for the truth, or to pass through some sore trial and temptation, or to fall into gross, notorious sins, for the glory of God, and the confirmation of their own and others' faith. And according to their day, so is their strength. Indeed it would be impossible to count up the various operations of the Spirit of God on the hearts of believers, which differ, according to the purposes of infinite wisdom, in such a manner as most conduceth to the glory of God and the edification of his church. But then it is to be remarked, that this difference is only in method, or order, or degree; for the influences of the Spirit are the same in kind in all the elect; and as face answers to face in a glass, so does the heart of one spiritual man to another; so that the experience of one Christian is, in some measure and degree, the experience of all.

The first thing generally done by the Spirit in the conversio<sub>n</sub>

of a sinner is to show him that he is lost in himself, and must die eternally without the free grace and mercy of God in the Mediator. The man now hangs as it were between heaven and hell. In his own apprehension there is but one step between him and endless misery. Thus is he continually distressed and unsatisfied, reaping no comfort from anything he reads or hears, till God shall shine in upon him by his Spirit, opening his understanding to understand the Scriptures, or the language thereof spoken to him by some other experienced believer with whom it is his lot to be conversant. He now begins to see a marvellous light in the sacred writings, unknown to him before by the letter. Christ is exhibited clearly in the word, and he is enabled to view him with spiritual eyes, and to close in with him savingly, laying hold of the promises of God, by faith in his Son, and with a holy boldness appropriating them to himself, and feeling raptures and transports of inexpressible joy and comfort. Thus faith is kindled in the soul, never to be extinguished, till it is lost in fruition. While it acts, the soul is in heaven; the world is despised; sin is unheeded; the devil is defied; for God being with him, who can be against him?

But this light of revelation must be clouded, and faith must combat with difficulties and dangers; for without opposition it lies inactive, and not to be distinguished from a false and dead faith. The believer has now a more amazing sight of his own vileness and deformity; sees that everything he thinks and acts is sin; yet faith tells him he shall notwithstanding be saved. Anon his corruptions grow more prevalent; temptations to infidelity assault him; his lusts and vices become predominant; and he falls into sins as gross and as frequent as before, and perhaps more now than ever. Yet God, in the very midst of his rebellions, or immediately after his acts of iniquity, breaks in upon his soul with new discoveries of his unchangeable love to him in his Son. This greatly strengthens his faith, and plainly shows him that, as nothing could move God at first to place his love upon him, so nothing can provoke him to take it from him. Nay, the viler he is, he finds the Lord the more kind and merciful to him; and where sin abounds, grace to him does superabound.

By this he learns that the love of God is, like himself, "The same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever;" that it was given him in Christ before the foundation of the world. He now knows the doctrine of election to be true, because he knows himself elected in his Head, Christ Jesus. He feels himself united to him by faith; made a member of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones. He sees, he knows, he feels, by faith, that he is one with Christ. If Christ can perish, he shall perish with him. If Christ is loved with an everlasting love, he is a part of his body, and is loved with the same love. If Christ was chosen by God before the world began, he was chosen with him, and in him. Upon this foundation, to wit, his union with Christ, he builds his belief of electing grace, and is sure that it will stand to all eternity.

Neither the persecutions of the world, nor the outcry of infidels, nor the temptations of the devil, nor his own transgressions, shall be able to overthrow this, his house, because it is founded upon a rock, even the Rock of Ages, Christ Jesus.

He knows and feels the difference between his present state and his former condition, and consequently between himself and the unregenerate world. He is chosen to eternal life, and they are left. But if any ask him what will become of the unbelieving multitude, he replies, "I am not the Lord's counsellor, nor do I desire to pry into things that do not concern me." He is, at times, enabled to rest satisfied in God's good pleasure, whatever becomes of his creatures. The Judge of all the earth will do right, what he sees to be right, and not what men think to be so. He delighteth in his own glory, and, blessed be his name, the believer in Jesus can sometimes delight in it also. The Scriptures are full to the point, and furnish abundant answers to every question which may be propounded. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." (Mark xvi. 16.) What that damnation is, either as to its nature or duration, I am not able to say. The Scriptures use the terms, "outer darkness," "fire and brimstone," and other terrible metaphors, and say, it shall endure for ever and ever.

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### THE FURNITURE OF THE PRIESTS.

THE blood of sprinkling upon the conscience is the atonement; the fine linen of an imputed righteousness is the ephod; truth in the mind and heart, the curious girdle; hope of salvation is the bonnet; a heavenly countenance the mitre; love to the brethren is the breastplate; gospel knowledge and perfect love are the Urim and Thummim; the joy of faith is the anointing oil; a believing heart is the golden censer; the graces of God's Spirit are the odoriferous spices; the Spirit is the fire that kindles the incense; and an earnest desire of being accepted is the cloud of smoke that ascends up before the throne.

This is the furniture of the priests, with which they are furnished for all the service of the sanctuary.

HUNTINGTON.

[While the dear man of God (Huntington) speaks of the furniture of the Priests in an experimental manner, and applies it, as he does, to the child of God, we are quite certain that he was too well taught of God to convey the idea that the person and priesthood of Christ are not intended to be set forth in the character of the priest, his attire, and service.]

Huntington, rich in his own experience, would draw experimental matter from places and things where many persons' eyes would fail to discern it, and where a less eminently gifted servant of God would pass over it.—Ed.]

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NEITHER experience of present evils, nor the remonstrances of friends, will or can have any true effect on a sinner's heart, except thou, O Almighty Spirit, vouchsafe to reveal the arm of thy grace, and quicken the dead in sin, by the effectual working of thy glorious power.—*Toplady.*



## Obituary.

ELIZABETH DAVIS.—On July 3, 1892, in her 77th year, at her late residence, Paran Lodge, Malvern Road, Glen Iris, Elizabeth, wife of James Davis, late of George Street, Fitzroy, and formerly of Bath, England.

I feel that the Lord called us together in a most wonderful way; that I dare not call in question. I had been a widower about three years, having four sons and two daughters. She came out with some friends, intending to return again in two years' time, as she had left an aged father and mother at home; but God had designed it otherwise. She called on a friend, at whose house I saw her as a maiden lady from Bath. We then met at the Cave, where the late Mr. Charlwood used to read the "Penny Pulpit" sermons. That morning he called on me to speak in prayer, and I heard afterwards that she made the remark to her friend, "That was a good man who spoke in prayer this morning." I thought if she were a gracious soul she would suit me for a wife; and from some conversation I had with her, I found she was a person who knew the truth, and had attended Providence Chapel, Bath, England, and knew many of my friends there. When I spoke to her respecting my thoughts about marriage, her mind was entirely against it, as she had only come out for two years. But I told a friend that I believed the Lord had appointed her for me, and that he would remove every obstacle out of the way, and that her heart and mind were in the Lord's hands. One night I was awakened with these words, "I will overturn, overturn, overturn, . . . until he come whose right it is." (Ezekiel xxi. 27.) From that time I felt sure about it, and in a short time the Lord brought us together. She was indeed a blessing to me and my family; in this they all acquiesce.

As I have taken in the "Gospel Standard" from the third or fourth volume, and have at times written Obituaries of some whom I knew, both in England and in this country, I thought I would gather up a little of her pathway through this dark, dreary wilderness, in her travels to that blest land where the inhabitants will no more say they are sick. Generally, the Obituaries are the first which we look at when the "Standard" comes out from month to month, to see who amongst our old friends have gone home, and how it was with them at their journey's end; and our hearts have often been gladdened in reading of their safe arrival at the close of their journey through the wilderness, while faith follows them landed safe in glory, where we hope to meet them at the end of the way. We had been married nearly thirty-five years, and had walked together in union and fellowship, both temporally and spiritually. She has travelled hundreds of miles with me in this country, to visit some of the poor sheep, and occasionally speak in the name of the Lord; and as I was always a poor, weak, nervous worm of earth, she was a great help to me,

both in body and mind. We have had some real friends, who have nearly all gone home. The dear sheep here are often scattered many miles apart, not like England, the favoured land, as at Studely, Calne, &c., where my wife and I were some thirty years ago, at the Calne Anniversary, during our visit to England; and the little flock at Allington, where I dined with the Perrys, Tuckwell, and J. C. Philpot, all long since gone home. It was a time I shall never forget. And I think of dear old John Warburton at Trowbridge, with whom I once had an interview, also friends Tiptaft, John Kay, and McKenzie, all of whom I was once privileged to meet in the wilderness—all now safe at home. O what must it be to be there? When you find out one or two of these sheep, you can pass the crowd, and really feel at home. There were some at Portland, Hamilton, and Camperdown, and many other places in this country, where we used to visit. O the sweet times we have had with these friends, many of whom are now gone home. Dear Huntley and his wife at Portland, whose Obituaries are in the "Standard" for March, 1869, and May, 1877. These were some of our friends whom we dearly loved.

And now my dear wife is gone. O how I do miss her, and long to land and be one amongst them there! She had been sinking, like myself, for some time, although seven years younger. Eternal matters were often a solemn and weighty thought with her, as she had not that clear manifestation which some of the children of God have had. We have often talked the matter over together, and I have often tried to encourage her to press on, when I could hardly walk myself; and she has also tried to encourage me, so that we were often two poor cripples walking along together. Nothing but the blessed truth would do for her in the ministry of the Word of Life; the pathway traced out in soul experience, so that she might pick up a crumb, as she was all her lifetime, at times, subject to bondage, longing to lay hold, but feared to presume. As she drew nearer her end, it became more and more weighty. She did indeed long for a crumb of gospel bread, and a drop from the fountain of life. Once in the night she said to me,

"His grace was sovereign, rich, and free,  
Which from the pit delivered me."

As I said before, my wife had been breaking up for some time, but many things seemed to tie her too much to earth. I would sometimes give her a gentle word about it. Some few months back that word came to her, "I will make thee sick in smiting thee" (Micah vi. 13), when she felt that something was coming upon her, and that she would be called to pass through some heavy trial. How soon we are made sick and have to vomit up all below, when some heavy affliction is laid upon us; such was her case.

As we live two or three miles away from Hawthorn, where we usually attend, we meet together on the Sabbath evening for

service in the house. At one of these services I gave out the 469th hymn in Gadsby's Selection. After the service she said to my grand-daughter, "It was a solemn hymn your grandfather gave out to-night; I could not sing it at all." Poor thing, there was still a clinging to the surroundings; she was not yet brought to vomit all up; but as affliction increased, the time came when she did; for one morning she said to me, "It is all gone now; I have wrapped up everything in the world." Every mortal tie she had cared for in this world—like Naaman, the leper, when he was healed—was to her but a bundle of earth. During her affliction, many hymns and texts of Scripture came to her mind. Once she said to me, "Say ye to the righteous, It shall be well with him." Hymn 300 (in Gadsby's) she often quoted, also "Pity a helpless sinner, Lord." (No. 447.) As she stood on the brink of the river, I asked her if she had any fear of death. She said "No." This I asked her several times, and her answer was always the same. The doctor being a professor, also asked her if she were afraid to die; and she told him No, and that she longed to go. Yes, she would ask me to kneel down, and beg the Lord to take her home, which I did, and prayed that the Lord would give her patience, for she suffered greatly with shortness of breath. It was dreadful to see her in such agony, and yet not to be able to relieve her. She often spoke of that passage (Joshua iii. 4). "Ye have not passed this way heretofore." Once she said,

"O that in Jordan's swelling  
I may be helped to sing,  
And pass the river telling  
The triumphs of my King!"

Then she added,

"Though not with sweet enjoyment blest,  
The Covenant stands the same."

The day before her death she said to my grand-daughter, "He saves to the uttermost. If the Lord did not save to the uttermost, he could not have saved me." Many whom she had known had crossed the river, but when about to enter herself, it was indeed a weighty matter; and what a mercy, without fear, though she had been a cripple all her lifetime. Here she realized the promise which the Lord gave her nearly sixty years ago, viz., "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." (Habakkuk, ii. 3.) On the Sabbath morning, after a night of intense pain, she seemed easier, the pain gradually ceased, and she slept a little. Once when her breath was very bad, and she breathed with difficulty, she said, "Do, Lord, take me; it is such misery. I can't understand all this misery; I hope it will not be long now." Some time afterwards, she wished Good-bye to the family and friends who were with her, thanked them for all their kindness to her, shook hands, and kissed them. After that she said but little, and went to

sleep, peacefully passing away in sleep without a struggle. As I stood and watched her, I could not help exclaiming, "The battle is fought, and the victory won." JAMES DAVIS.

LOUISA CLIFFORD.—On August 21, 1892, in her 76th year, Louisa, the beloved wife of the late Thomas Clifford, Baptist Minister.

She was for more than fifty years a member of the church over which the late Mr. Birch so long presided. She was a person who was much in prayer, passing through great trials, without and within. These she was wont to take to the Lord, saying that she had nowhere else to take them. About fourteen years ago she was taken suddenly ill, and we all thought she would die. After some time, however, she revived, and, looking very happy, quoted aloud two lines of that beautiful hymn—

"The glories that surround the saints  
When they resign their breath."

She gradually recovered, but was never quite so well as she had been. She liked a living religion, her delight being to walk in the fear of God, and was often blessed in hearing the proclamation of the gospel by his various ministers. She would recoil at the thought of being daubed with untempered mortar. She often repeated the two lines of the hymn—

"Ever on thy Captain calling,  
Make thy worst condition known."

The Lord's poor family will miss her greatly, their temporal as well as spiritual needs lying near her heart. I have many times heard her say,

"Give gladly to the poor,  
'Tis lending to the Lord."

The week before she died she enjoyed much nearness to the Lord, and longed to depart and be with Christ, which is far better than to remain here. She leaves nine children to mourn her loss, but which is her gain, eight of whom followed her to her last resting-place in the Chapel yard at Frittenden. She was interred by Mr. Butler, who said, "Here we have before us a dear saint, and we can say, in the language of dear Mr. Tiptaft, that 'she is well laid in the grave.'" L. B. P.

MARY LAWRENCE.—On August 15, 1892, aged 79, Mary Lawrence, a member at Zoar Chapel, Great Alie Street, London.

My dear mother feared the Lord from her youth. When a young woman she joined the church at Gower Street, Mr. Fowler being the pastor there. After his death she was baptized by Mr. Shorter, and became a member of the church under his ministry at Zoar, also at Wilderness Row. She afterwards attended that of Mr. Cowley, remaining there until his death, when she re-united with the church at Zoar, and profited much under Mr. Ashdown's ministry, attending as often as health would permit, but under much difficulty during the last few months.

She was laid aside only one week, but had been a great sufferer for some months past.

My mother and I were fellow-members at Zoar for several years. She was an humble walker, and lived to adorn the doctrine she professed, being ever ready to help any of the Lord's needy ones as far as her means would permit. We miss her much, but sorrow not as those who have no hope. During her last illness she was unconscious most of the time, and passed away quietly at last. Her remains were interred at Bow Cemetery by Mr. Eddison.

Since her death we have discovered the following, which appears to be a very brief account of her experience, written by herself:—

“How very good the Lord has been to me. When very young I was much concerned about my state, attending a Sunday School at the time. I much wished to hear Mr. Fowler at Gower Street, which was granted. His ministry was very searching; so much so that I thought some one had told him all about me, though I had opened my mind to no one. I resolved that if I were sent out on business, I would call at his house. I was sent out, and, strange as it may appear, Mr. F. answered the door himself. He spoke very kindly to me, and I came away much encouraged. His ministry was greatly blessed to me—on one occasion in particular, when his text was chosen from Isaiah xii. Some time after this I joined the church; but subsequently, believers' baptism being laid upon my mind, I was constrained to observe this ordinance, and thus became a member at Zoar.

“April 5, 1892.—I was much favoured at the Lord's table, being helped a little to sympathise with the Lord in his sufferings. O that I could enjoy more of the dear Lord's presence! He has brought me near the close of 78 years, but I wish to love him more. How much I grope about in the dark, yet not in despair! One thing I desire, and that is, to mourn for him as one mourneth for his first-born. Jesus hath said that he will give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him. How much I need him!”

I trust that the foregoing simple statements may be blessed to some of the Lord's tried ones. S. B.

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WILLIAM JOSEPH HATTON.—On Sunday night, August 21st, 1892, aged 44 years, William Joseph Hatton, son of the late Mr. Joseph Hatton, minister of Red Hill, was suddenly called away in his sleep to eternal rest.

Feeling a desire, with others, that there should be a little record of the Lord's mercies to my late dear husband, I have gathered these few particulars. Little can be said now he is gone, for he was a man of few words, and has not left a letter or a paper for our help. When he opened his lips on spiritual things, it was usually to drop some weighty remark or express some decided turn in his feelings, which clearly manifested his religion to others; but only a few points can now be remembered.

When quite young he attended his father's ministry at Smallfields, and gained some knowledge of truth. As he grew up, he lived in London about four years, and went to Zoar Chapel with a friend. At that time he was building himself up in a religion, and had a great fear of hearing Mr. Philpot, lest he should lose it. He has told me he would not go near the place when Mr. Philpot was preaching, though his friend tried to persuade him.

After this, when I first knew him, we were both light and careless together. His father always seemed to watch over us, and we were married by him in April, 1873. We were living in London when his father was taken ill in 1877, and I was sent for to attend to him, and stayed over two years. This brought my husband down to Red Hill every Sunday for two years; and it was at this time that the first clear impression was made in his heart. When hearing a sermon of Mr. Philpot's read one Sunday morning at Shaw's Corner, what he had feared came upon him. His religion was taken away, and his self-conceit cut down as the word entered, and he could never after be the same as before.

Again in London, towards the end of 1879, burdened and cast down, he was turning over a "Gospel Standard," when a few words met his eye, and made him fear exceedingly that there was a reality in religion he had not got. He wanted to know what they meant, and his trouble was so great, he was obliged to write and ask his father to tell him the meaning. It was some time before he received an answer, and he thought his father could see through his letter, and that he had no religion. Afterwards his father wrote and directed him to read the 7th of Romans, but would not give him any encouragement. I could see his trouble was so very real, I can never forget it. When it did begin, it was real right through. The Bible was always in his hand when he came home from business, and he was mostly in tears reading it and crying over it. I hardly saw him read it at that time without tears, and before this he seldom opened it; in fact, when we married, we had not one. Now he said he would read and pray with me every evening; and his prayers were nearly all confessions and crying for mercy, complaining of ignorance, and begging for our children. He was very tender, afraid of doing or saying anything wrong; yet at one time he was tempted to drown his convictions, and I think went once to the Albert Hall; but that did not do. His trouble continued and increased so much that he feared the houses would fall on him as he walked down the streets, and was obliged to walk down the middle of the road. He was often glad to hear his own voice, and once on his way to chapel spoke purposely to know that he was really alive. He was almost unable at times to attend to his business, and has often referred to one particular occasion when he was obliged to leave the shop and customers, and go down into the cellar to pray alone. We used to hear Mr. Brandon, and afterwards went to Gower Street for about twelve months.

When in this state, he was one day at Red Hill, standing by the table in his father's dining-room, when he felt the Lord sensibly draw near and speak some words to him to the effect that he was his child. It was exactly what he had been wanting, but a strong feeling came up with an answer, putting it away; and the Lord immediately withdrew. He was convinced it was the Lord, and was troubled for long after, because he thought he had grieved him by putting it away. One great part of his burden was his confusion and ignorance of truth.

After about a year in this deep distress of soul, he was first raised to a good hope while hearing Mr. Farvis, at Shaw's Corner, his father being away when he was at Red Hill for his holiday. This sermon was the means of showing him the way to God through Jesus Christ, and opened up to him the plan of salvation, delivering him out of his low state. This led to his joining the church at Shaw's Corner, January, 1881. He had the closest union to his father's ministry, and from this time attended at Shaw's Corner on the second Sunday every month. At the same time Mr. Ashdown settled at Zoar Chapel, London, and we went there several years till we left London. My husband has spoken of being much searched in hearing him, and often sank very low. Through family trouble in 1882 and 1883, trials followed us in providence, and I believe the work was deepened in his soul.

On April 16th, 1884, he met with a keen sorrow in the sudden death of his beloved father. We were staying in the house at the time, and it brought much anxious care upon him. But he received a direct promise that the Lord would provide, which came at a very marked time, when he was at a loss to know *how*. After some weeks, June 28th, ample provision was made for all the family by some property being left, contrary to what was expected, to his step-mother, who was always like a mother to us. This led to his giving up business and living at Red Hill, being unable to leave her alone.

With these changes he was brought into a most needy state spiritually, and great inward exercise. An earnest spirit of supplication was manifest in his prayers, and a pressing after Christ as all in all. He had also a real exercise about a Sunday-school which was being formed at Shaw's Corner, and about taking the office of superintendent. The friends pressed him to it, and I believe he entered into it with all the simplicity of his soul; but in time, as certain matters in connection with it went contrary to what he hoped, he was very much tried about having undertaken it, whether it was from a pure motive, and often wished it could be given up. Yet he kept on, and felt he could not give up. For several years he was in a most needy, restless state, unsettled at Red Hill; at the same time knowing the Lord had placed him where he was, and he would not go away.

In the spring of 1888 his step-mother died, and many outward matters pressed more heavily upon him. Shortly after, he was

brought to a point to remain in his place by a hymn given out one Sunday morning at Shaw's Corner. He said it entirely removed his unsettled feeling. The same summer a full answer was granted him by a revelation of the Lord Jesus to the satisfaction of his soul. The effect was manifest to us all at the time, especially in his prayers; but he was so backward in speaking that it was not till two years after that he referred to it, when he merely said he had had something from the Lord two years before that he had never told any one. A year later he gave a full and blessed account of it to some friends. The substance of it was that one day after long, deep conflict, when alone, the Lord Jesus softened his heart and drew him so near with a spirit of grace and supplication, that he was gradually overcome with a sense of his presence. Then he made himself known to him as his *Husband*, and the Three Persons were distinctly discovered to him. He could not tell what he saw in the words, "Thy Maker is thy Husband."

One marked time was when he heard Mr. Popham at Horley, but not with joy, from the words, "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you." (John vi. 53) It was a real searching time, and he trembled all over. There was a real drawing to Mr. Popham after that. On another occasion, May, 1889, he was sunk into such a low, desponding state, that instead of going to Smallfields to hear him, he went out in his garden to work. He was doing something on the roof of one of his greenhouses when some portion of Scripture came to him, and he threw down his tools and started to walk all the way, about eight miles, being too late for the train. Mr. Popham spoke from Prov. xxiii. 23: "Buy the truth, and sell it not; also wisdom, and instruction, and understanding;" and the word was so blessed to his soul, it seemed to be a turning point with him.

Those that knew him, know he sank into exceedingly low places at times. About two years ago he had been in a low and restless condition for some weeks, when hymn 1007 was given out:

"Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears,  
And gird the gospel armour on;  
March to the gates of endless joy,  
Where thy great Captain-Saviour's gone," &c.

The whole hymn was so applied to him, he said it was "like some one taking him by the arms and lifting him out of a deep, dark pit;" and he never sank so low after. Once at the Friday prayer-meeting last year, hearing Jer. iii. read, he had a clear view that that was his backsliding state, as he expressed it; and prayed with much feeling that evening.

During last winter (Feb., 1892) he suffered from the epidemic, influenza, with all the family, except myself. He was unwilling to see the doctor, who was coming to the house for six weeks together; and he never seemed to recover his usual strength. All the summer he continued prostrate, yet doing his work in the garden, and not aware there was any danger from his heart.



Each week in July he was much helped in hearing Mr. Popham, and remarked to several friends that Mr. P. had not come so much for nothing. I have never seen him so free and comfortable as he was all that month. After hearing on the 19th, from Eph. ii. 10, on Christ as the whole foundation of his people and Head of the new creation, "Behold, I create new heavens and a new earth, and the former shall not be remembered nor come into mind," he spoke with unusual freedom and brightness, and said, "Does it not seem to put the promise right into one's hand, to take hold of?" He also mentioned an exercise he had about the ministry at Shaw's Corner, and great longings to be satisfied with the fatness of his house.

In the week before his last he heard Mr. Ashdown with comfort on Thursday, at Zoar, and Sunday afternoon, at Red Hill. The text on Sunday was 2 Peter i. 19, "the day dawn and day star arise," &c. On his last day, Aug. 21st, he stayed at chapel in the morning and afternoon, and gave out the hymn in the school, as in the children's hymn-book, six verses :

"There is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign;  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain."

He seemed unusually cheerful, but complained of pain in his chest, and came home at about four o'clock. He went in the evening to hear Mr. Thomas, who returned home with him. After the evening prayer by Mr. Thomas, they parted at about 11.15; and he must have gone back to the Bible after that, as it was found open in the morning at Psalm cxxx., &c., and not as Mr. T. left it. It was about 12.15 when I noticed his breathing was rather heavy, and looked at him. It appeared he had gently passed away in his sleep before I could call anyone. As I stood by the bed, I felt what a blessed change, and could not wish him back. It seemed as if I had expected it, although not quite so soon. No further testimony from him, if it had been given, could add anything for our comfort as to his safety, that he has sweetly fallen asleep in Jesus.

H. HATTON.

AGNES ELIZABETH ALLEN.—On September 2, 1892, aged 31, Agnes Elizabeth Allen, of Jireh Lodge, Seburt Road, Forest Gate, E., from taking a chill four days after confinement.

The enemy was permitted to sadly worry her two days before her departure, but Jesus was made manifest to her after he had ended his temptation, and she made a good end. My great loss is her eternal gain. It may be truly said of her as Mr. Hart has it in Hymn 747—

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

She was interred at Ilford Cemetery on September 8. W. A.